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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV.

DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 2.

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**E**IGHTY-TWO Numbers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE have been published, and no promise concerning proposed articles has ever been broken. It is, therefore, with much confidence, announced that the programme of articles and stories for 1900 will excel that of any of the previous seven years. THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE publishes the best work of the best authors. No other publication in Canada cares to pay the necessary high price for contributions by the leading Canadian authors, such as Gilbert Parker, Robert Barr, W. A. Fraser, and William McLennan. Each of these has contributed to the Magazine during the past, and arrangements have been made whereby they will again favour the readers of this publication during 1900. In addition, many other special features will be announced from time to time.

**W. A. FRASER** will contribute to the January number a splendid story of the Canadian North-West, entitled "The Home-Coming of The Nakannies." All Mr. Fraser's Stories are eagerly bought up by the leading Magazines in New York and London, and THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is exceedingly fortunate in being able to secure the Canadian rights of this story. No writer now living in Canada receives higher remuneration for his work than Mr. Fraser, and while this is not always a true test of merit, it is usually a fair one.

**CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL** in its history, comprises—to a very great extent—the history of England. From this point of view, an article on it is of great historical value. When this article is accompanied by twenty-five excellent illustrations, it is decidedly entertaining. Such an article will appear in the January Canadian Magazine. This will be the most elaborately illustrated article ever published therein.

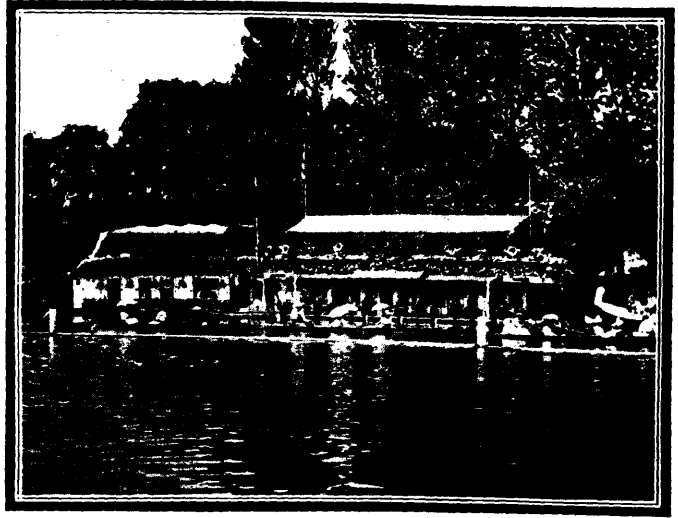
**SOUTH AFRICA.**—When the programme of the December number was announced, no mention was made of an article on The Canadian Contingent, yet an elaborate article appears in this issue.



CHARLES LEWIS SHAW,

Who reached South Africa on Nov. 14th, and will write for The Canadian Magazine.

When the War between Great Britain and the Transvaal was declared, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE at once arranged for a series of illustrated articles. Mr. Charles Lewis Shaw, whose excellent articles and stories have appeared in this publication from time to time, was at once sent to Capetown. He arrived there on



A HENLEY HOUSE BOAT.

Specimen Illustration for an Article on Henley.

the *Carisbrook Castle* (mail steamer) on November 14th, and his first article should be here in time for the February issue. These articles will not be full of hearsay remarks and unreliable clippings from the newspapers, but will be the actual experiences and observations of an intelligent Canadian. It is expected that this series will be supplemented by two illustrated articles on the voyage of The Canadian Contingent from Quebec to Capetown. These two articles will be written by an officer of the expedition, whose name must for the present be concealed. One of these articles may be in time for the January issue.

**CONSTANTINOPLE AND HENLEY.**—The two articles descriptive of these places announced for the December number will appear in early numbers. They were displaced by the article on The Canadian Contingent. Both articles will be profusely illustrated.

**FRENCH CANADA AND CANADA** is the title of a most interesting contribution by Mr. Errol Bouchette, who is proud of the progress which Quebec is making. In this connection it may be mentioned that two other forthcoming articles dealing with related topics are: "The French side of the Newfoundland Shore Question," by Dr. Bracq, and "The Noblesse of The Old Régime," by W. Bennett Munro.

**NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, ESQ., M.P., AND THE HON. J. W. LONGLEY,** will each contribute to the first issues of 1900. Mr. Davin will write of Mr. Disraeli's method of using adjectives in "Coningsby," and Mr. Longley will tell a Nova Scotian story.

**FREDERIC VILLIERS** will continue his graphic account of war experiences during the next eight issues.

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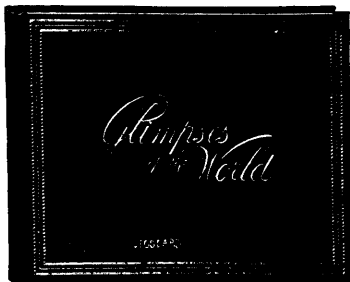
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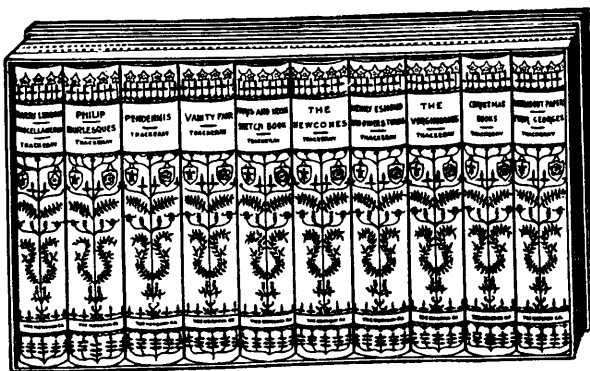
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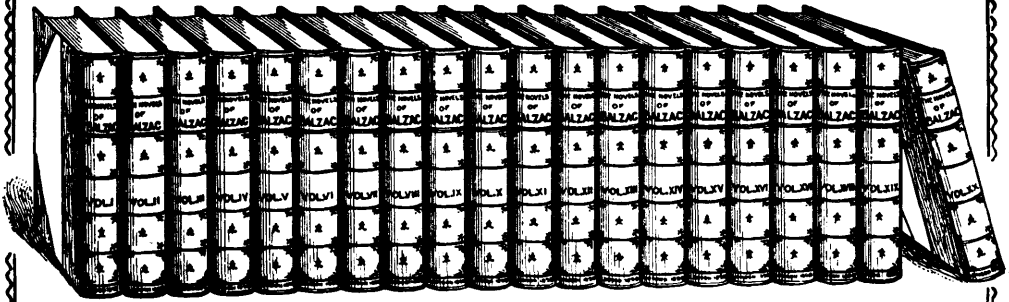
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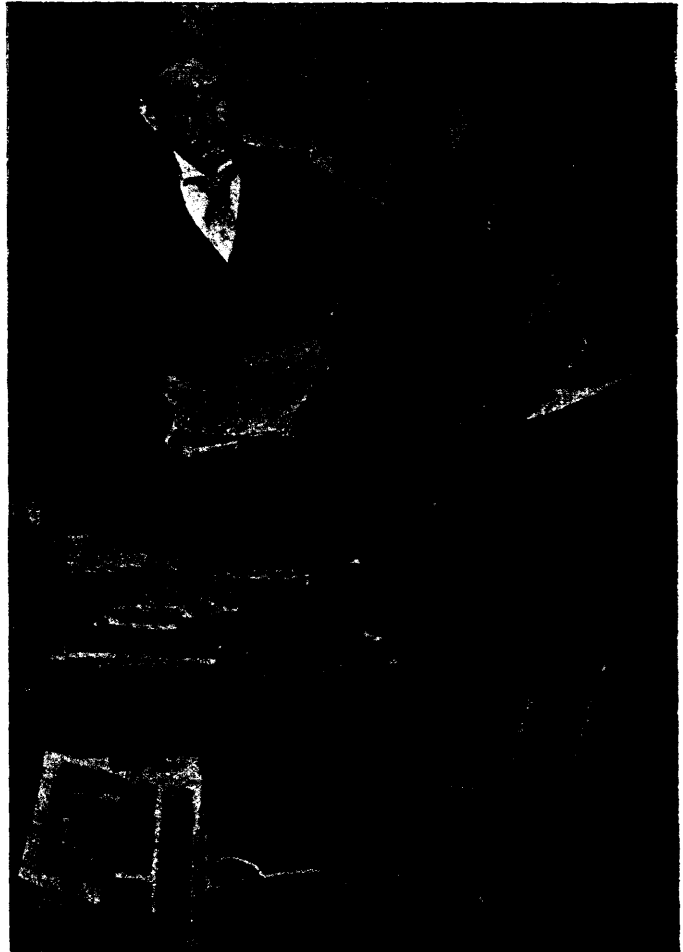
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"Clark, do you think if Jesus were the editor and proprietor of a daily paper in Raymond, he would print advertisements of whiskey and tobacco in it?"

"Clark, do you mean that we can't run the paper strictly on Christian principles and make it succeed?"

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Very cordially yours,

CHARLES M. SHELDON."

Topeka, Kan.

## Said by some friends.

*The Century Editor Says -*

able to discern the religious denomination, but you can gauge correctly the moral grade of the proprietor. That the public mind is vulgarized by the swash served in the sensational papers is certain, and it is to be hoped that there will soon be a reaction. Just what degree of excellence in journalism the public are prepared for is a question. It is, perhaps, not to be expected that people without culture will show fine taste and discrimination, but at the same time we know very well that some of the best literature has the widest circulation. One would think from this evidence that there is opportunity for the best in newspapers. The people have the notion that "a one cent crime is no sin." Readers ought to realize that they themselves are largely responsible for the sensationalism of the daily papers. They can't put all the blame on the speculative proprietors with their rotary presses and cheap processes. If readers are self-indulgent and willing to gratify curiosity by patronizing and helping support the more trashy publications, the moral responsibility rests on them as well as on the owners. Publishers will furnish better papers if readers refuse to buy poor ones. We should feel and act accordingly. Upon the public rests the duty of selection."—Interview with Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine*, New York, as reported in *The Outlook*.

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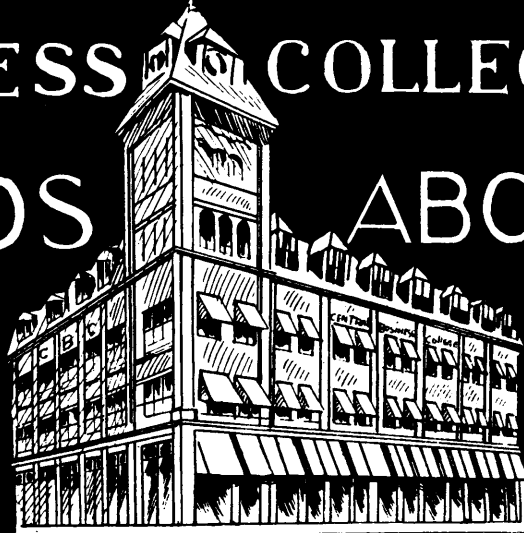
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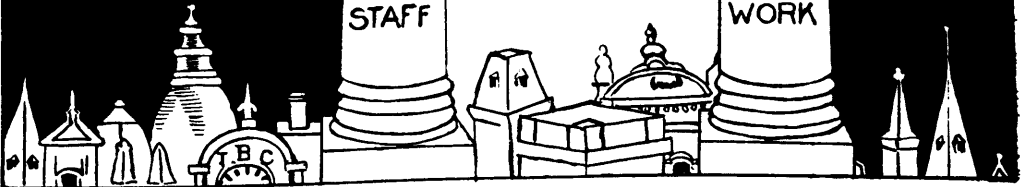
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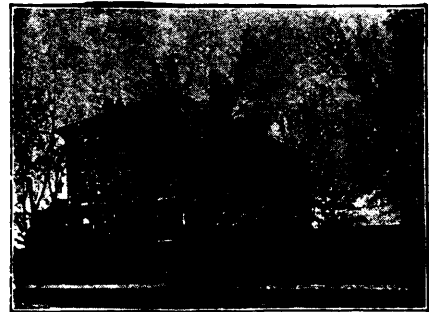
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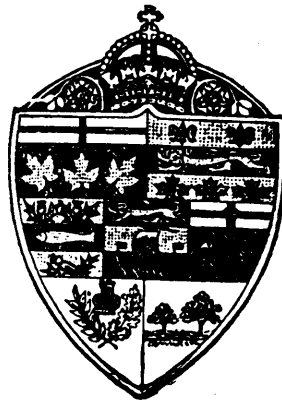
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Reserve for Security of Policyholders, 1898, - - - - -	3,838,815
Surplus over all Liabilities, Dec 31st, 1898, Actuaries' 4%	271,197
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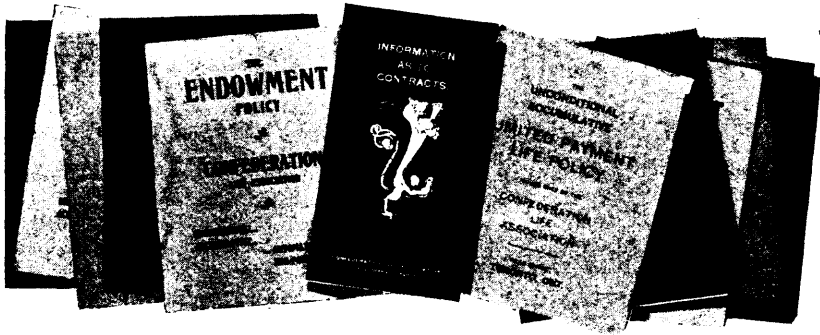
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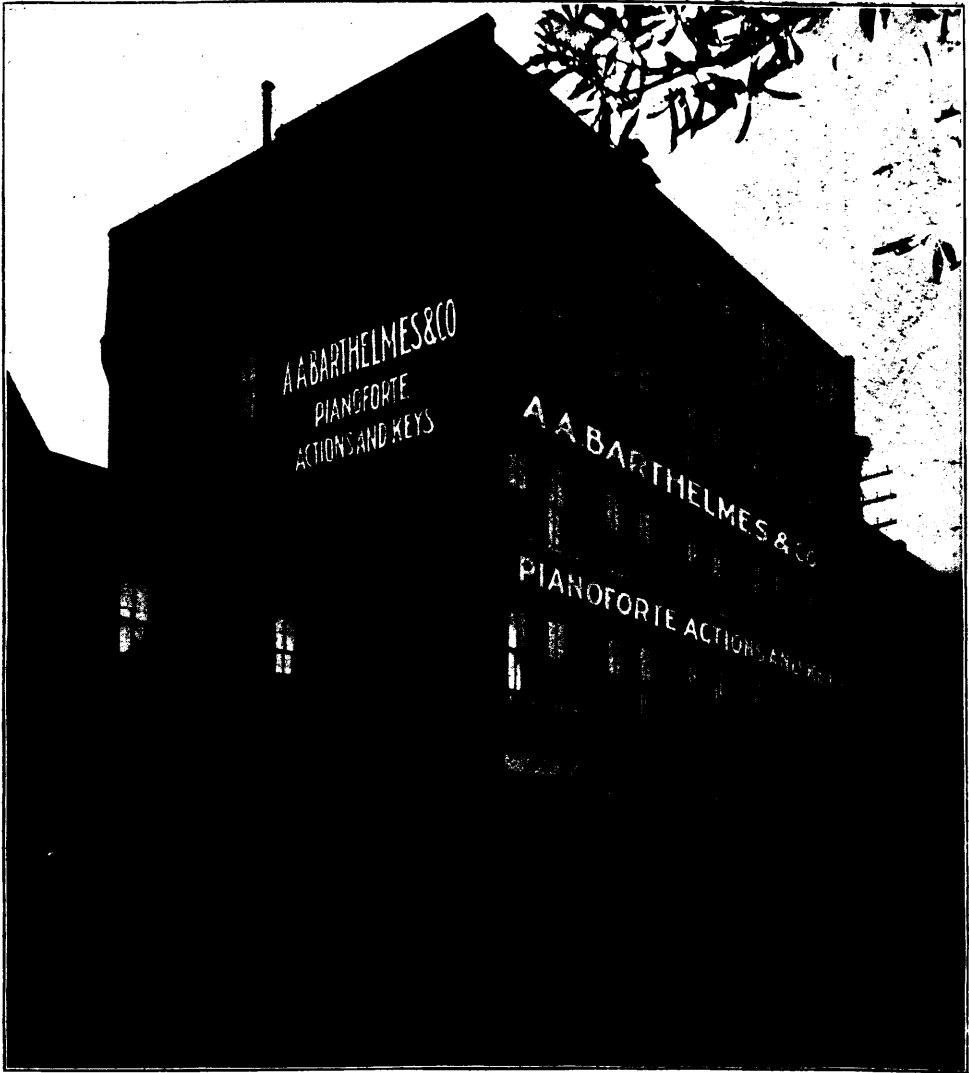
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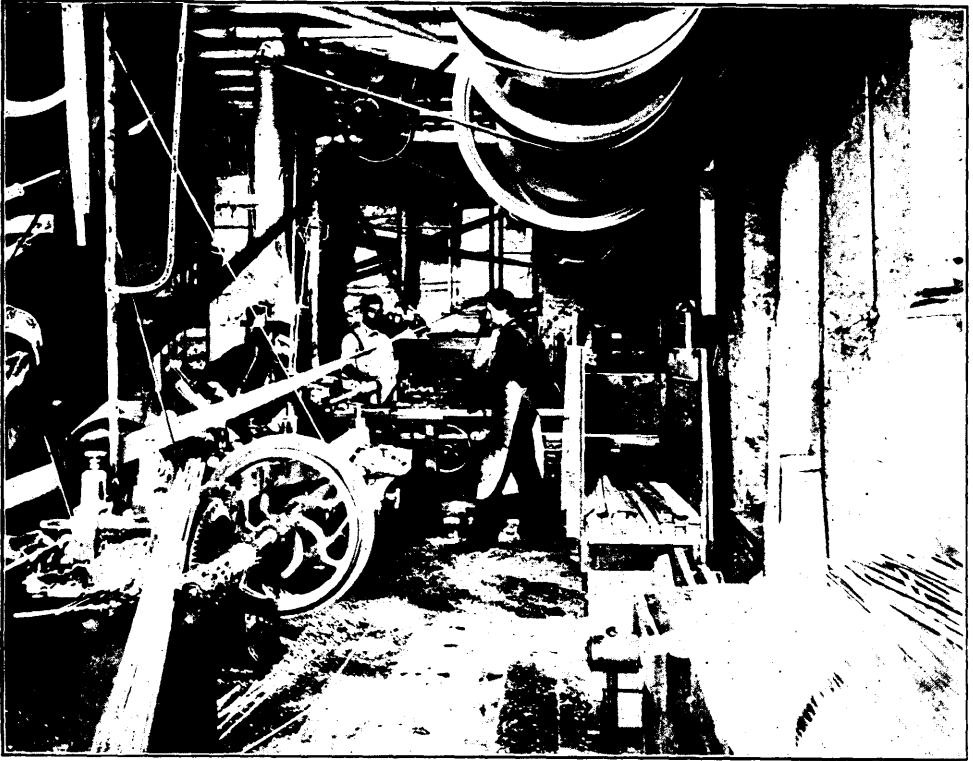
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**A**S the nineteenth century draws to a close how few people take the time to enquire into the wonderful improvements made in pianos during the last thirty-five years! And yet what strides this industry has made in Canada.

The time has past when they were considered a luxury only to be enjoyed by the wealthy. It may now be said that every home where prosperity reigns to any extent boasts a piano. And yet how blindly some are led into the purchase of an instrument without considering the delicate interior construction. How often we listen to the electrical effects produced by some virtuoso; as he sits down and plays for us we are filled with gratitude to the composer and admiration for the player. Yet how rarely are the merits of the skilled artisans—those who make the instruments—considered as tributaries to these varied dramatic effects. What we wish to impress upon the reader is the importance of a good pianoforte action, because without this *sine qua non* it is impossible for the player to do justice to himself or to charm his hearers. Messrs. A. A. Barthelmes & Co. are the pioneer action makers



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in Canada, having commenced in a small way and grown from year to year, until at present, as will be seen by the illustrations, this Canadian industry is one of the most important manufacturers of pianoforte actions and parts on the continent. This result has only been achieved by a constant struggle and endeavor to excel all others. In their earlier history they equipped their factory with what was at that time considered up-to-date machinery. Their untiring progressiveness, energy and ability, have enabled them to discard all those old machines and methods for new and improved ones. These machines are all made to work automatically and accurately to a point. As the delicate parts of an action require the most scientific knowledge and practical skill, the firm possesses this in their Mr. Barthelmes—a practical piano maker, and one who understands the construction of a piano in all its branches. The materials used, such as felts, leathers and hardware, are of the best quality that can be purchased in the leading markets of the world. The woods used are largely of native growth, and will, consequently, stand this climate better than the imported woods generally found in actions from other countries. These woods are cut in the winter season when the frost is in the log, leaving it pure and white. It is then piled and weather dried for four years, then kiln dried. No reliable action can be made without thoroughly seasoned lumber, as if the strictest attention be not given to this the action will "stick" in time, and cause no end of annoyance to the piano player. For this, with other reasons, it behooves piano purchasers to see that the instrument they select contains a reputable action. Messrs. Barthelmes & Co. carry in stock over 200,000 feet of lumber, which, to irresponsible action makers, means only so much idle capital, not being desirous of burdening themselves, but buy in small quantities of un-



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certain seasoning and using it only as they require it. This firm recognizes the fact that to keep in advance of the times, and be found in the foremost line of progressive development, can only be successfully accomplished by the employment of skilled mechanics at the highest wages, and the training of others to fill their places when the time comes. This policy naturally increases somewhat the cost of the action to the piano maker, and for this reason the Barthelmes' action is not found in some of the lower grade pianos. All of the leading piano manufacturers in Canada, however, use them in the majority of their instruments, so that the public, in purchasing from a reliable piano firm, can, by asking for it, have one of these high grade actions which, as the very soul of the instrument, will last a lifetime—a guarantee, in the name and trade-mark of the makers, being on every action. The factory of Messrs. A. A. Barthelmes & Co., at 89-91 Niagara Street, Toronto, is always open to visitors, and a cordial invitation is extended to the readers of the "Canadian Magazine," whether piano makers, professors of music, teachers or intending piano purchasers, to visit their factory at any time, where the automatic type of machinery has reached the acme of perfection.

### **Some Opinions.**

It would be an unpardonable omission in a review of Canada's music industries, however cursory, not to refer to the factory of A. A. Barthelmes & Co. For the piano actions of this firm have won a lasting fame, and the industry is one of the largest in Toronto. Mr. A. A. Barthelmes is in the strictest sense a self-made man. His success is the result of hard work and energy intelligently

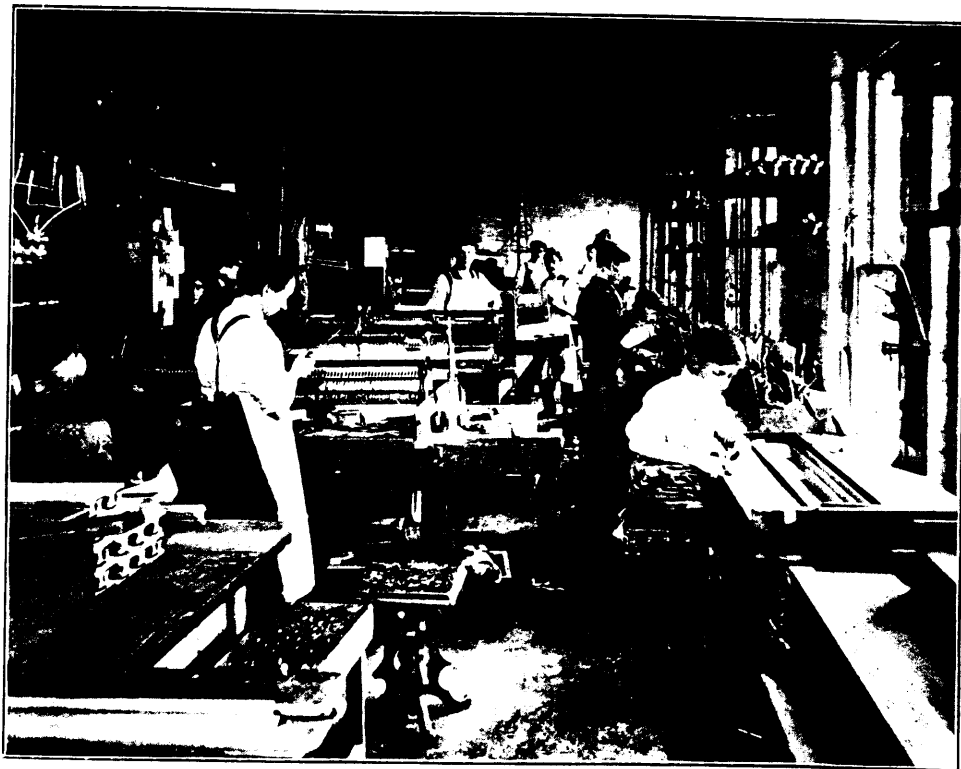


Bushing and Pinning Room.

applied. Beginning at the beginning—the first piano action maker of any extent in Canada—he has grown by natural stages and as the result of thoroughly good productions and most approved business methods. To meet Mr. Barthelmes is enough to give one the key to his success. He is honest and he is an enthusiast on the subject of good piano actions. In his factory are the very highest types of machinery—many of the appliances of his own devising—and always with the end of producing the best results. Personally Mr. Barthelmes is a pleasant gentleman to know. And it is by the combination of agreeable methods and good work that he has won his success and retains his customers.—‘*Presto*,’ Chicago.

This firm possesses the unique distinction of being the pioneer manufacturer of piano actions in Canada, and in its factory at Toronto over one hundred skilled hands find steady employment, filling the orders which are being received in increasing volume every year from all the leading piano manufacturers in the country. The day when articles of Canadian manufacture took second rank with those of the outside world is over, and this is forcibly illustrated in the productions of the above mentioned firm. Barthelmes & Co. manufactures one grade only—the highest—and this accounts in a large measure for the popular patronage which the house is receiving. Not only is the Canadian trade supplied but every year the firm sends quantities of its productions to England, where it competes successfully and favorably with the actions of British manufacture. The Barthelmes’ action received the highest award at the World’s Fair, a significant fact considering that the competition at the exposition was of the keenest character.

—*Ottawa Citizen*.



Section of Mounting Department, (Putting the Actions Together.)



A Corner in the Key Department.





Another Part of Key Room.

Many were the interested visits yesterday to A. A. Barthelmes & Co.'s exhibit of piano actions in the music pavilion. An exhibit of this kind is new in Toronto, and is well worth the trouble of viewing. It affords anyone who desires an excellent opportunity of studying the mechanism of a piano as manufactured by those who are the pioneers of the business in Canada. Messrs. A. A. Barthelmes & Co. received the highest award for their manufacture at the World's Fair, Chicago, and their actions are acknowledged the best made by leading manufacturers of pianos, all of whom use them. They positively cannot be surpassed for elasticity of touch and durability, and it is the unanimous testimony of all who use them that they give entire satisfaction.—*Mail and Empire*, Sept. 7th, '99.

A. A. Barthelmes & Co., pianoforte action makers of Canada. Yesterday this exhibit was an attractive centre for the thousands of visitors who passed through the music pavilion. The music from a score of pianos could be heard, but this was the only display where the actions and keys could be seen at once. The name Barthelmes is so well known throughout North America in connection with the excellence, durability, elasticity and reputation of piano actions that no one wishes to miss the opportunity of seeing him and his exhibit. The piano representing the action test was a wonder to them in its beauty of workmanship, and the knowledge that the makers of the best pianos in England and Canada use the Barthelmes' action and keys, and also that the World's Fair award went to him, has given the firm a unique position in the music-makers' world.

—*Globe*, Toronto, Sept. 7th, '99.



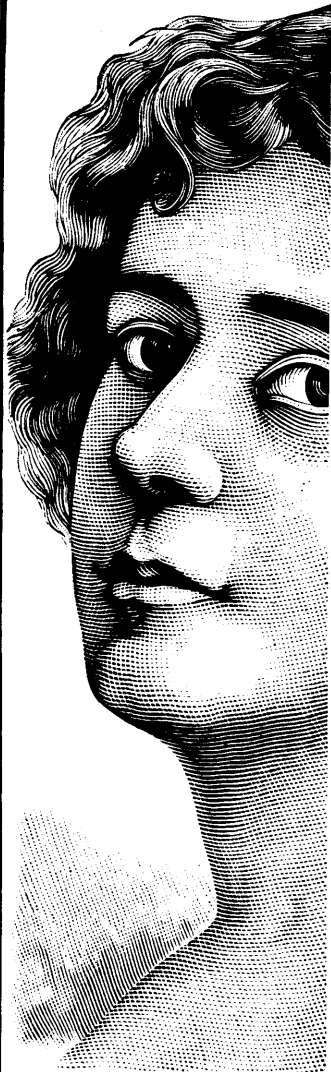
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FROM A PAINTING BY J. S. GORDON.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

A CANADIAN MADONNA.

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A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

*By Ouida.*

AUTHOR OF "UNDER TWO FLAGS," "PUCK," "TWO LITTLE WOODEN SHOES," "A DOG OF FLANDERS," "MOTHS," "THE MASSARENES," ETC.

NERINA TACCARI was a woman of forty-five years of age ; she was a brown, comely, stout person, finely built and strongly made, with a smile like sunshine, and teeth as white as a dog's, and brown eyes which were apt to have storms in them at times when the stupidity or viciousness of other folks provoked her. She had been born in a little hamlet on the Sabine hills ; high up on a mountain spur, where torrents ran, and snows often gathered ; and, far down below, one of the greatest and fairest scenes of earth was outspread, as in frescoes by old masters a volume lies open on the knees of Jehovah. She had been married at fourteen years of age to a herdsman of the Campagna, and before she was twenty had known most of the trials of life ; hunger, ill-treatment, and the bearing and loss of children, the fatigue of ill-fed toil, and the injustice of a spouse who expected her to make bread with stones. When she approached her thirtieth year her husband, after what seemed to her a lifetime of woe ; was killed by one of his bulls ; the animal, goaded into just rage by his cruelty, felled and tossed him, and the whole herd passed triumphantly over his body, which was trampled into a mere mass of bleeding grass-stained pulp. Nerina herself could not have recognized it when it

was brought on a hurdle home to her hut, a conical pile of red tufa, stones and turf, built under the shadow of the Castel Giubileo. Left without a support and ordered by the owners of the herd to leave the tufa cabin, in which she and her spouse had lived, she went back to her own people in the hills, and thence into service with a family she knew, to get away from the many miserable memories and hunger and toil, which had been alone her portion on the Agro Romano. She was mountain born, and the heat and drought of the plains were hateful to her. The little city to which she went was in a topmost spur of her own Sabine Apennines—a small grey ancient place, with gigantic walls and marble ruins and tenth-century houses, clustered round a Longobardo church. It still retained its thirteenth century ramparts, and a deep, though narrow stream foamed beneath its bastions, rushing down over rocks and through gorges to tumble into the Licenza, which in its turn fed the Arno, before the Arno fell into the Tiber. Here she spent sixteen peaceful years ; working hard, but living as one of the family and attaching herself to them with the affection of a dog. They were the people who had ever been good to her. Her mistress, Caterina Lorenzetti, always called Madama Tina by her neighbours and

servants, was a widow with three young sons, who had means enough to live with a certain ease, though frugally and simply in a small venerable house which looked from the ramparts on the valley of the Arno far below, and had withstood many a rough time of siege and assault in the wars between the Popes and the Lords of Tivoli and Palestrina, of Subiaco and Olivano, and of all the walled villages and grim strongholds which then frowned in the face of the setting sun.

Nerina loved the merry, good-natured, handsome lads, but she adored their mother, who had never said a harsh word to her; although her clumsiness and ignorance and violence in the first years had sorely tried the patience of Madama Tina, who had been reared in a convent, and possessed by both nature and habit, strong instincts of order, tranquillity, and calm.

"If I turn her out," the good lady replied to the counsels of her neighbours in those early days, "I shall have a crime on my conscience, for she knows nothing and is of a violent temper; in desperation she might do something rash; her heart is good, and I hope to guide her aright, so that she can take her own way safely when I shall be no more."

Her patience did not fail her in her task, and Nerina became a grateful and capable servant; never very peaceable, quiet or accomplished, but unremitting in effort, devoted in sickness, useful in all homely, hardy ways, and filled with a passion of loyalty and love for Madama Tina and the three bright boys who had all the old seraphic beauty of Italy in their handsome faces, and who, if they sometimes plagued her, loved her warmly in return.

Every drop of water which was used in the house she brought up in bronze pails from the well on the rampart; she went for the milk and did all the marketing; she made the bread and cooked the polenta; she scrubbed and swept and scoured all the coppers, and all the stairs and floors; she went to Mass at five o'clock in the morning in

all weathers; she washed all the linen in the river which ran beneath the city wall; and in her few leisure hours spun and sewed for the family and herself. It was a hard life, but she was content in it, and even enjoyed every hour in it with the vigour of a sane and robust temperament, a healthy constitution, and a grateful soul. It was so much to her to sleep soundly without fear of a brute kicking her off the bed of leaves on to the ground; and to hear the placid voice of her mistress and the gay songs of the children, instead of the curses of the herdsmen and the lewd jokes of the shepherds in drink.

She would have asked nothing more of the saints than to let this life go on for ever. "Only let me be worthier," she said in her prayers every time that she knelt down in the little dusky side aisle where she went for confession in the Longobardo church. In this town, perched so high, at a greater altitude than even the rocks of the Sagro Speco, the winters are exceedingly cold, and the summers cruelly hot; in midsummer the stones burn the feet which tread them, and in winter the icicles hang from the fountains and water-spouts, and the winds moan round the battlemented walls, as the mercenaries of Borgia and Farnese, Orsini and Barberini, were wont to ride beneath them in days of siege when all the country beneath was burning in the internecine wars of the pontiffs and princes.

But Nerina was a strong, mountain-born woman, who did not heed such small things as heat and cold, and she came and went up and down the steep streets, like a gust of wind herself. Several offers of marriage were made her by men of the town, by men of the hills above, and men of the plains below, but she would have none of them.

"Never more a master for me," she said to her mistress. "I am out of the net of the fowler; never more will I get in it; not I."

And this plain, peaceful tenor of her days might have gone on until death should have taken her, but for the restlessness of others which caught

her in its eddy as a swirling stream whirls away with it a bit of moss, a dead leaf, a snapped twig.

The beautiful tall boys grew up, and went away, one by one; the eldest, who was a priest, was sent by his church to Brazil; the second, perforce, became a soldier, and was in Africa; the third went to study painting in Venice. The young artist came back at intervals, but rarely; the two others had not returned, and the old grey house was silent and sad; the two women wept together, and all differences of rank and education were forgotten in a common sorrow. In a degree, however, the tenacious, fiery soul of Nerina rejoiced.

"Madama Tina has no one now but me," she thought; and then her better self smote her for such selfishness. How could she ever make up to the mother for the absence of the three sons? "I'm only a poor stupid servant," she said to herself with contrition.

The one who had gone to study art was the youngest, by name Romanino, a lad of twenty, with a face like the Pitti Ganymede's, and a temperament tender, impulsive, heroic, full of dreams. His mother had heavy anxieties about him which she could not confide to the unlearned brain of her woman. Yet Nerina vaguely understood the dreams which had sent Romanino, their darling, into danger.

"Ser Romanino wants to make the world anew," she said; "and it's too bad, and too old, and too cruel; he will only break his heart on it, as the poor mules break theirs climbing up over the stones of these steep streets."

She understood only a little, vaguely; but something she understood; Romanino had talked to her so much, leaning his curly head against her knees, and indifferent to the capacity of his auditor in the ardour of his own eloquence. "He wants to have nobody hungry, or cold, or shoeless any more," she said to her mistress. "Dear, sweet soul! He might as well wish the stones of the ramparts to turn into wheaten loaves. There are the gorged pigs on one side of the world and the

famished dogs on the other; and there always have been, and there always will be. Tell him so, Madama."

His mother did tell him so; but the youth in Romanino believed in its power to move mountains, as generous, noble, and holy youth ever has done, and ever will do to the end of time. The mountain does not move an inch in a million years; and the ever-renewing hosts of life are flung against it, and perish before it, in vain. But youth, when it is tender of heart and lofty of soul, does not believe this; it thinks such truths the embittered exaggeration of cynics.

In these times of anguish Nerina, herself miserable, redoubled her devotions and attentions to her lady: a peach on a vine-leaf, a honeycomb on an old china platter, a trout from the river, a bunch of Centofoglie roses, a flask of Falerian—something or other she always found, and brought in, as an offering for holy days, and at night scarcely dared let herself sleep lest her mistress should be ailing and want her.

These simple things were nothing in themselves, of course, to the aching heart of the anxious mother; but to the affection of her homely servant, which sought for and found them, she, in all her sorrow, was not insensible.

The coming of the post was, as it is to so many in days of suffering, the supreme event of the day. Nerina saw that the rare letters which did arrive brought tears more often than smiles to the worn face of the lady; and when she took a letter in her hand from the postman at the house-door, she shook it, and smelt it, and stared at it, and would have given her soul to have known what was inside it, so that if it brought anxiety, she would have burnt it before it could have reached Madama Tina. If she had known how to read, she would not have had any scruples about opening an envelope to see if the contents were messages of good or evil; and if she had found them, the latter would have thought it as right to have destroyed the missive as to stamp upon a scorpion. With strong



and primitive natures fidelity does not hesitate at evil ; if evil can spare any injury to the one beloved, it becomes no longer an evil, but a duty, a virtue, a heroism. Nerina could not have reasoned about it, but it was thus that she felt. To screen her lady from calamity, there was no crime which would not have seemed sanctified to her.

One winter these uncanny atoms of written paper, which had such magical power (she saw) to wound and to delight seemed to cause continual anxiety to her mistress ; especially those which came from Romanino. "He is vexing his soul again," thought Nerina. "O Lord ! why cannot he content himself with his brushes and sticks of charcoal, and let the world mend its way itself, or roll out of purgatory into hell as it will."

She had never heard of Il Maretto of Brescia. But his was a kind of life she would have wished her young master to lead ; always in the same little city, always painting pictures of the saints, growing grey in his native air, and leaving at death his name as a sacred trust to his fellow-citizens—all his life a noble, calm, beloved figure, pacing the same stones from the cradle to the grave, and in his tomb beloved and honoured.

In the spring which followed that winter, the "Maladetta primavera" of 1898, there was great trouble in the country. There were riots in many provinces, and hungry crowds pillaged and burnt, and the roar of cannon woke the echoes of many a street in many a town, and terror silenced the moans of a tortured people.

In the little city of Madama Tina all was quiet. The echoes of the cannonades and the shrieks of the wounded did not reach this high crest of the rock, and the church bells rang as peacefully as ever, and the daffodils blossomed along the river banks, and the sun set and rose, and the moonlight shone on the red-grey moss-grown roofs ; and only Madama Tina knew the terrible disquiet and desperation which there were elsewhere. The letters told her—wicked, white owlets of

woe, as they appeared to be to her woman.

Romanino had crossed from Venice to throw in his lot with the revolutionists in that terrible Maggio Milanese, and had been fighting with the populace in the streets of Milan, and what had been his after-fate no one could tell. He had been seen and heard of in Lombardy, so much his mother heard only from others. In irresistible need of someone to share her torture of anxiety she told Nerina all she feared, one day, when the letter-carrier passed down the steep street and did not stop—the seventh time he had not stopped. She was anxious for all ; for the eldest in the Americas, for the second in Erithrea, but most of all for the youngest, the beautiful boy with his altruistic visions, hurled on the harsh reality of brutal facts, and probably flying for his life across the Lombard Alps.

"Ser Romanino ! O Ser Romanino !" sobbed the servant, covering her head with her apron. She had fondled him on her knees, a child of four years old, like one of the golden-haired Putti on the church altar. But still her heart was wrathful and sore against him. He made his mother suffer. "What do all those other folks matter to him ?" she thought, indignantly.

"You should have kept him here, Madama," she said to her lady, "you should have kept him here, away from those mad, strange people."

"By force ?" answered his mother. "To see him die like a caged bird, beating his wings ? Oh, no. Besides, believe me, he is right, he does right."

Nerina, afraid she might utter hasty words, went away to her stove in the kitchen, and her tears fell fast into the hot charcoal and the palm leaf fan with which she roused its sparks. They did not even know whether he were not dead in Milan or swept away into the crowded prison as so many others had been. The rest of the week went by ; seven more days, and still another seven, and there was no news. No one heard or knew anything except garbled information from public prints, and very little of that, nothing which

anyone could be sure was true. News travels at all times very slowly; still, to these isolated places, and in periods of insurrection, there is no information at all which is not prepared and doctored by authority before it reaches the public.

Again a third week passed, and Madama Tina heard nothing of her youngest son. She dared not make any inquiries lest she should do him harm; he might be dead or in prison. She could not eat or sleep. Her strength, never great, failed her entirely; and nothing that Nerina could do could give her hope or solace. She crept out to the old church and prayed there for hours for her beloved boys.

Never in her life had a lament escaped her, but now suffering broke down her patience and she wailed aloud.

"We bear them with pain, and rear them with hardship, and what is the use? We are like the poor cows and sheep, who have all the woe of travail only to see their off-spring snatched away and done to death."

"What can I do for her?" thought Nerina, in desperation. "I would cut cut off my right hand for her, and I can do nought."

Madama Tina grew thinner and paler and more shadow-like with every day which left her without news. She would not hearken to her doctor, or take any tonic or cordial. "There is no cure for me," she said, "save to hear the voice of my youngest born."

And perhaps that voice was for ever mute.

"Hark ye, woman," said the old doctor of the town to Nerina where she was beating linen in the river. "Whenever any letter comes to your lady you must bring it to me before she sees it, for if it give her bad news of the boy she will die on the stroke of it."

"Bring it to you?" said Nerina, doubtfully,

"Aye, aye," said the leech, "for if Romanino have been shot, as we think, it must be broken to her gently, very gently; her heart is as weak as a thread of gossamer."

The leech, the only one in the little

town, was an old friend of the family, a gray-haired, brown-faced, long, lean man, wrapped up, no matter what weather it was, in a large black cloak, with a slouch hat over his eyes. He was a familiar figure on the bastions and in the narrow streets, and kept a pharmacy where jars and vases and big-bellied bottles of old majolica were in company with bundles of dried simples and herbs and charms of the middle ages. He was greatly esteemed and respected.

"How shall I know what letter comes from him?" she asked. "All letters look alike to me."

"Then bring me all," said Ser Lillo, as he was called by his sick folks. "'Tis a matter of life and death to Madama Tina. If she have a shock she will die of it."

And he argued the question so earnestly, so frequently, and with such persistence that she felt as if her mistress's life was in her hands. It was the letters, the cruel letters, which had been like a death-potion to her lady.

"I have often a mind to fling them on the charcoal," she said. "They stab her to the heart like knives."

"No, no, that would be wrong," said the doctor. "They are not yours to destroy. Bring them to me. I will judge if they be such as will do her no harm. Of course whatever news they bring she must know it some time, but softly, gently, by slow degrees."

Was it right to do this? Nerina was perplexed. She always saw Ser Lillo respected and listened to by the inhabitants. He was a learned man who read and wrote, and held the keys of the grave. She was a poor, ignorant soul. Could she dare put her judgment against his? She was torn in two by the doubt.

"Tut, tut," said the doctor, impatient after many a conflict with her. "Well, kill Madama Tina if you like, woman. 'Tis for a good service that she housed you and fed you and taught you all these years! Go to, you wicked imbecile! Never dare to summon me to your aid when your lady shall lie a-dying!"

By such stings and threats of cruel speech he made her believe that she would really cause the death of her mistress if she let her learn, unprepared, of the death or the imprisonment of her youngest boy.

"I fear me 'tis no little thing that Nina has done," said the leech, darkly. "If he lives still he hides for his life, as all rebels do with a price put out for him. Aye, aye, a good lad, I know that, but misled and mistaken, and a gaol-bird, I fear, like so many of them nowadays, the young lunatics."

He so wrought with such discourse upon Nerina's terror of written messages, that he made her feel that she no more dared give her mistress a letter or a paper of any kind than she would dare to smite the cheek of the Virgin in the shrine above their doorway. When a letter at last came she met the postman midway in the street, snatched it from him, and hid it under her apron, and ran with it to the doctor. He took it inside his shop where she could not see what he did with it, and reappeared after fifteen minutes. The letter was closed, and to all appearances was intact.

"It is good news, but news of Gino," he said. Gino was the eldest son. "Take it to Madama, and, of course, you will say not a word of me."

The stout frame of Nerina trembled. She believed that he had read it, without opening it, by some occult power. Two other letters came; but those were from distant relatives, there was nothing from Romanino. They passed through the doctor's deft fingers, and Madama Tina was never the wiser.

Only Nerina became afraid to meet her eyes. The doctor had told her that she did right in obeying him, but her conscience told her she did wrong.

The summer months passed away and it became autumn, and still there was no tidings of Romanino.

One evening, when she was drawing up water at the well on the rampart, in the silence and gloaming, whilst the bells tolled for vespers, a young man, a stranger, came out of the thicket of laurel and oleander and whispered

timidly, when he was close to her ear:

"Good woman, you are Nerina Tac-cari, the servant of Madama Caterina Lorenzetti, are you not?"

Nerina set her full pail with a clang on the parapet of the well, and answered curtly, looking askance at the unknown questioner, that she was so.

"Give her this when she is alone," said the youth, and slid a note into her hand, and made off again towards the shelter of the laurels and oleanders.

"Stop!" cried Nerina. But he did not stop, and was lost to sight on the shadows and foliage. The note remained in her hand. She would have looked at a dust-adder with less terror. "It must tell us of Ser Nino," she thought, in the shrewdness which love begets.

In front of the well was a steep flight of steps which led down into a street below. In that street was the shop of the apothecary. She hesitated a moment, her heart beating wildly against her leathern stays; then she put her pail on the rim of the well to await her return, and ran down the two score of granite steps worn by the feet of many generations, and rushed into the dark, pungent-smelling den where Ser Lillo was lighting the oil-wick of his red lantern.

"See, see!" she said with a gasp. "This must be from our Romanino. 'Twas given me just now by someone who ran away."

A keen eagerness flashed over the thin, hard face of the old man, brief as the flicker of a flame. He snatched the missive and glanced at it. It was unsealed. In a moment he returned it to her.

"Good news," he said cheerfully. "Take it to Madama, 'twill be the best of cordials."

Nerina crossed herself, then laughed with joy all over her brown face. She went like lightning up the flight of steps, snatched up her pail, and went home.

In another ten minutes her lady learnt that her youngest born would be with her at midnight.

"I shall come to the garden door," the note said. "Tell Nerina to watch for me, for if I am taken it will be seven years of prison. I have been sentenced by the Military Court, but have escaped."

At midnight she and Madama Tina were awaiting in the little damp garden behind the house, which opened by a postern door on the bastion. As the stroke of midnight sounded from the church clock a young voice whispered, very low :

"'Tis I—Nina. Are you there?"

Nerina wrenched the heavy door open; the mother pressed forward and fell into her son's arms.

At the same moment three Communal guards seized him, leaping from the shelter of the laurel thicket on the rampart. They dragged him out from his mother's arms and struck her servant to the ground.

Nerina gathered herself up, blind, sick, reeling.

"Beasts! How did you know?"

The guards laughed brutally, and dragged Romanino away in the gloom of the faint oil-light, their pistols held to his temples, their hand-cuffs on his wrists.

Madama Tina had dropped to the ground in a syncope. She was carried into her house and into her chamber. She died in an hour's time.

The doctor stood by her bed, having spent all his science in vain. He seemed kind, pitying, wise.

"My poor soul, you should go to your room and rest after such a shock," he said to Nerina, where she sat mute by the corpse.

She had never spoken a word since the seizure of Romanino. It was now late in the forenoon. She stared at him continually, with her dry, fierce eyes, and the gaze made him uneasy and troubled.

"I can do no more good here," he said with regret, a little later, and rose and left the chamber of death. The parish priest accompanied him.

All the last services of life were rendered that night by the servant to her mistress. No other hand but her ser-

vant's touched the body of Madama Tina. All the thirty hours which followed Nerina watched by the bed, watched by the bier, seemed dumb, seemed deaf, seemed blind.

When all was over, and she alone had been the mourner at the tomb, her head covered, and her face muffled in a black, woollen shawl, she slunk like a lost, wounded animal under the shadow of the church, where her lady had been left forever, laid in her leaden coffin beside the dust of her forefathers.

Distinct, in the bewildered torment of her thoughts, one supreme idea stood out as written in fire. How had they known? Who had told them of Romanino's return?

As she went slowly across the few score of yards that separated the church from the house which had sheltered her through so many years, she saw a lean, black, tall form passing across the roadway. It was the figure of the apothecary. A sudden light like that of an electric flash through a murky night pierced the stupor of her dull brain. There was the traitor—there!

With a bound she was upon him, her hands clutched his shoulders, her tearless, hollow eyes blazed into his.

"You sold their secret!"

Startled and thrown off his guard by the sudden charge, he stammered denial, grew livid, shook in all his limbs.

"You sold their secret!"

"No, no," he muttered. "No, no! What I did I did from duty. The law must be obeyed."

"You sold their secret!"

It was as clear to her as though a voice from heaven or from hell spoke in her ear. He had laid his trap for her to learn the truth for the law-makers, and had been paid by the law like Judas. He had made her betray the dead. He had made her betray the living.

"You sold their secret!" she said for the fourth time, and she read his guilt upon his face where the yellow flicker of his lamp before the shrine fell on it.

"Ah, wretch! Ah, beast! Ah, Judas!" she screamed in his ear, and with all her might she clutched him in her strong arms and swept him off his feet as though he were a broken, rootless tree.

With whirling force, as though a mountain storm had entered her and lent her all its power, she propelled him across the roadway, still lifting him off his feet, and bearing him towards the river wall.

He struggled in vain to free himself and to shake off her hold. He was a weakly and aged man, a coward always, and more than ever a coward now, through quivering consciousness

of guilt. As a hurricane sweeps dead wood before it, she drove him across the width of the rampart road, and with the natural strength which was in her, intensified a hundredfold by agony, remorse and hate, she lifted his frail body over the low wall above the river, and plunged with him into the river below.

The water was deep with the first rainfalls of autumn. They sank together like stones. In the morning their bodies were found half a mile lower down the torrent; the hands of Nerina were close locked round the old man's shoulders, her teeth were fastened in his throat.

#### A MOTHER'S TOUCH.

A WANTON heart—thus did I muse at first—  
 The momentary whim her Soul's Desire appears ;  
 No shame betrayed ; regret unfelt ; she fears  
 Not, quaffing Life's hot Wines with sensuous thirst ;  
 An unblest lot—I almost said accursed ;  
 For God had lavished Beauty, Grace and Wit  
 With open hand ; most dangerous gift to fit  
 Such form and mind, if Virtue be unnursed.

Her story told, I wondered much and long,  
 How she, when fallen so, could yet, withal, appear  
 So womanly ; her eye undimmed ; no tear ;  
 Nor e'en excuse made she for wooing Wrong.  
 'Tis pictured never thus in tale and song.  
 She hinted not of change for future life,  
 And spurned contentment as a happy wife ;  
 In such a sphere she never could belong.

And, so, I knew her thus as time went by,  
 She joyous seemed always and smiling ; satisfied  
 To seek her pleasures through acquaintance wide ;  
 No shadow on her face ; nor care, nor sigh.  
 What less than Happiness could this imply ?  
 A sweet caress—not man's, nor passionate—  
 This touch of Love Unsought (Came it too late ?)  
 Tear-stained her cheek, gave to her life the lie.

*Brenton A. Macnab.*



# CHRISTMAS DAY AT SEA

by Clark Russell

AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE AT SEA," "THE ROMANCE OF A MIDSHIPMAN," ETC.

COULD any man standing shadowless under the sun on December 25th, no matter in what part of the earth, be able to realize that it is Christmas Day? Could any sailor, who had used the sea for forty years, of which he had spent thirty-five Christmas Days upon the ocean, gather into his understanding the shore-going significance of December 25th as Christmas Day? On what should he base his memories and expectations? On a handful of currants for his dark and greasy duff? There is no element of festivity in the harness cask. The beef is as hard and bitter on Christmas Day as it was on Good Friday. Still does the weevil, even on Christmas Day writhe in its sepulchre of biscuit. It is true that in some of the mail lines a sort of plum duff is served out to the sailors, and the freezing compartment may supply the captain with an excuse for giving the men, on Christmas Day, something more than "Harriet Lane."

What is "Harriet Lane"? asks the landlubber. A woman of this name was murdered in Liverpool, and the sailors, to this hour, hold that her remains are still served out to them in the shape of canned meat.

But when we talk of the sailor we must think of the merchant steam tramp. The second mate of a tramp of fifteen hundred tons told me the other evening that he had crossed the Atlantic in mid-winter in quiet, almost warm weather throughout the passage, though it had blown with hurricane force before the ship started, and blew

with hurricane force very shortly after her arrival. I said to him:

"No difference was made in my time in the Christmas fare of the fore-castle, unless it might have been a cupful of raisins for the crew's pudding. How do you fare now on Christmas Day?"

"Not so well as you did," he answered, "because rum was served out to you, and that is denied to us."

"You got no extra rations, then?"

"No, nor extra time below. I relieved the bridge at eight bells in the forenoon watch. It was Christmas Day. I sat down, put on my palm, and began to stitch at a weather-cloth. Four Dagos and two Fins formed our crew. Three in a watch! It was mild weather for that time of year, and a Fin was at the wheel, and two Dagos were painting the bulwarks. When I had done with my weather-cloth I left the bridge, took a pot and paint-brush, and painted the bulwarks along with the Dagos."

"Who looked after the ship?" said I.

"She looked after herself," he answered.

"Hard work, I suppose, all day long?" said I, "and nothing better for the men to eat on Christmas Day than the regular fok'sle fare?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Those bluddy foreigners are shipped for ill-treatment," said the second mate. "You can boot 'em, and make 'em run and leave their wages behind 'em. If Christmas Day isn't kept for the English sailor, why should it be kept for the foreigners who fill our ships?"

Hard work!" he continued. "See here," said he. "Those men were kept hard at work all Christmas Day, and when the evening came a Dago who had been toiling eight hours took his trick at the wheel. I had charge of the ship. The skipper lay boozed in his cabin. I set my course by a star, and we were then going about nine knots. That is to say, my course being, call it E. by N.  $\frac{1}{2}$ N., I fixed a star close against the pole-mast to save myself the trouble of constantly looking at the compass. Suddenly I saw that star sliding away on the weather-beam. I sprang to the wheel, and found the man standing upright, sound asleep, grasping the spokes. I kicked him into life and yelled with all my lungs: 'Hard a-port!' The beggar tried to put the helm hard a-starboard. He didn't understand English, especially the language of the wheel, so with another kick I drove him clear of the spokes and brought the ship to her course."

"A festive Christmas!" said I.

"You will get no Christmas where the shipowner is," he answered.

Now, this is true, though not of the great mail lines, and I defy any shipowner to contradict the statement. Of all the myths ever begotten by ignorance in active conjunction with salt water the most ridiculous myth is the myth of Christmas Day at sea. Upon what is it based? I have some knowledge of sea life and sea literature, and protest I do not understand why people ashore should think that Christmas Day is kept by the sailors at sea on board the cargo ship, whether steam or sail. Though the ocean teems with tradition, I find no tradition of Christmas Day in its abounding annals. Lieutenant Bassett, of the United States Navy, compiled, in 1885, an interesting volume about the legends and superstitions of sailors, and though he looked very deep into letters, ancient and modern, he could find no more to say about Christmas Day at sea than this: "No fishing is done in Sweden on Christmas, but the nets are set that night for luck." And this: "A ship

with sails set is still carried in Christmas processions in Siberia, with the figure of a saint seated on it." This is all that Lieutenant Bassett can find to say about Christmas in a volume five hundred and five pages big.

In truth, Christmas is not a sea-going day; it is a shore-going day. Did any sailor in all his going-a-fishing ever see a sirloin of beef carried into the fok'sle on Christmas Day? Did ever he see the procession of good cheer making its way down the fore-scuttle swelled by a turkey and a black plum-pudding? He may have dreamt darkly of such things. He may have seen plum-puddings in shop windows ashore, and guessed that they were eaten at home once a year. He may have seen dead turkeys hung up in shops, but his experience of beef so greatly differs from the experience of the same thing by the landsman that it may be doubted whether if a sailor saw a sirloin of beef he would know what it was.

But does the sailor miss much by the shipowner's omission of Christmas Day as a few hours of festival in the fore-castle calendar? What Christmas Day signifies to us who live ashore we all know. The boys are at home, and the house is chaotic. The cook gave notice last month, and the housemaid prepares the Christmas meal with the help of a charwoman and half a bottle of gin. Tradesmen dream softly in church of the little accounts they are going to render shortly, and our dreams of those accounts are not soft. If Jack goes without his plum-pudding he, at least, likewise goes without the obligations of the plum-pudding. He is not waited upon by the water company's man; the patient dustman takes no heed of him; the postman does not expect from him the annual tip. It is never rent-day with the sailor, and the tax-collector need not call twice for the poor rates.

I have passed several Christmas Days upon the wide waters, and never realized that it was Christmas Day, or even thought of it. Why should I have thought of that which could not

come without excitation of memory? Had the Captain called all hands aft and addressed them thus:

"My lads, to-day is Christmas Day, and I mean that you shall celebrate it just as though you were all ashore, living in first-rate homes. The steward has my orders to serve out plenty of flour, raisins and suet, and some of the best cabin eatables. I have also ordered the butcher to kill a pig for you, for, as I cannot give you roast beef, you shall have plenty of roast pork, and I trust, my lads, you'll enjoy the crackling. Half a bottle of rum will also be served out to each man. Now, my lads, go forward and enjoy yourselves."

Had such a festive passage as this occurred on Christmas Day it would have sharpened to my understanding the dull perception that it was December 25th, and, therefore, Christmas Day at home. But these freaks of idealistic sea-life happen only on board whalers, which were held in such contempt by sailors in my time that you will find Dana, in "Two Years Before the Mast," feebly apologizing to the people of New Bedford for the disgust he expresses in his immortal book for the whaleman as a sailor.

In the first voyage I made, my Christmas Day happened in the Kingdom of Christmas—at least, in the Southern realms of the white-haired old monarch. We were hove-to off the Horn, and our latitude was 58 deg. S. The longitude does not make much difference when the South Shetlands are not far off. We had ice ahead, and ice abeam, and ice astern. Ice as big as St. Paul's. Ice like huge tomb-stones. Ice like the Turkish mosque, like the spire under which we worship, like the Lion's Rump at Table Bay. We were hove-to under a close-reefed main-top-sail, and fore-topmast stay sail, and the ship soared and sank, and King Christmas roared with laughter in her shrouds, and we had plenty of daylight in which to see the rushing snow, to feel the barbs of the ice-lance, and to watch the majestic altitude of the Pacific surge. The galley fire was washed out. The cook could do no business, and lay drunk and harmless in bed on a

pint and a half of rum which he had stolen from Heaven knows what or where. What did I get for my Christmas dinner? We had been hove-to for three days, and all this time the galley-fire had been washed out, and we had eaten up every vestige of cold remains. My Christmas dinner, then, was a ship's biscuit honey-combed with worms, on which I pasted some salt butter, and this butter I sweetened with foot-sugar. There was no cold tea even, nothing but cold water, the stinking water of the scuttle-butt. My people at home, no doubt, eating roast beef and plum-pudding, drank to the safe return of the absent little midshipman, and the dear old mother would, of course, believe that, like herself, he was faring very well indeed on this same Christmas Day.

Of course, it was supposed to be midsummer with us off the Horn. Ask the sailor what he thinks of midsummer in latitude 58 deg. S., or if he is a steamboat man and cannot answer, let the reader follow Commodore Wilkes's narrative and turn the pages of Churchill—Hakluyt probably being a little too venerable and untrustworthy when it comes to wonders, such as rainbows and ice mountains, and the manatee mermaid.

Many are the delusions which fill the page of the sea book, and none is more delusive than the landsman's idea about Christmas Day at sea. And yet sailors enjoy delusions which do not, in any way, refer to Christmas Day. One of the delusions is that a sailor's personal narrative of what he has seen and done and heard, whether in a steam tramp or in a sailing ship, will excite wide-felt sympathy and interest, and be devoured in particular by the ladies. I am an old hand, and beg to caution Jack. If he wants to be interesting he must not be too nautical, and he must seize the petticoat to the fore-lift, and keep that signal flying, or his book, superior to anything by Marrayat, Cooper, Herman Melville and Michael Scott, will go the way of many other books, profoundly accurate, full of extraordinary descriptions, and unreadable ashore.





A TRUE STORY OF LOWER CANADA.

Poised for an instant in the Master's hand,  
 Body and Soul like to a compass stand—  
 The Body turning round the central Soul,  
 He makes a little circle in the Sand.

I HAD been combining work and pleasure most delightfully for three August weeks. Every afternoon, as the sun inclined to the mountain and shade could be had under the north-western river-bank, I paddled my bass-wood canoe far up the Yamaska into the sunset, and turning came down with the current close to the southern shore, sometimes brushing against lance-like reeds and swaying willow boughs, and again being swept slightly from my course by an infantile eddy playing beside a huge granite boulder.

Every evening, at the Pointe-des-Fourches, I saw two figures against the afterglow, one, an old woman in "habitant" dress of grey homespun, with apron and Normandy cap of snowy linen; the other, a man, evidently an invalid, always gazing intently down the river toward the falls. At last my curiosity reached such a pitch that I drove fifteen miles across the "terre-noire" or burnt lands to the one well informed man in the Seignory, a clergyman, enthusiastic in country work, therefore young, and a great favourite among his peasant parishioners.

"This is truly kind," he said, leading my horse from between the buggy shafts to the sweet smelling haystack by the snake fence.

"Don't mention it, old chap," I said, feeling guilty. "Never mind water, he had a ten minutes' drink at

St. David's Creek," and I led my host from the yard.

A few moments later we were smoking comfortably on the wide verandah overlooking the brilliant garden spread beneath us like an Eastern rug.

"By Jove! this is a perfect spot," I said. "Are you your own gardener?"

He smiled happily. "Butcher, baker, gardener, everything but tailor. I suppose you think this a strange life for a university man, but the field is enormous for good work, and one meets with golden natures that repay one occasionally."

The conversation was heading my way. "Your parish includes 'Pointe-des-Fourches,' I believe?"

"Yes, a rich hunting ground for you ornithologists—Do you go there?"

"Not as yet, but pass every night. By the way, I regularly see two people at the extreme point before dew-fall; who the dickens are they?"

Lampton's face changed perceptibly, and his voice was low and sad as he replied: "Poor Léon Galarneau and Mère Gendron. It's an awfully pathetic story, Yorke. The poor chap is only twenty-seven, handsome as a Greek god, one of Nature's noblemen, and dying by inches—acute rheumatism, phthisis, lungs gone. Fortunately an uncle in the States left him a little money. Only a "habitant," but with the exquisite responsiveness to Nature of a Taine, and manners of

"l'ancien Régime." There is a peculiar affinity between us. He is a Roman Catholic, and one of the purest, truest Christians on God's earth. No, old man I cannot tell you his story."

"Can I not try for birds about there, and meet him," I said.

"No; when passing to-morrow evening, go ashore to the right of the Fisherman's creel. You will find a small sand beach. Give him this."

He pencilled a few lines on an "Ice Cream Social" ticket, and handed it to me.

"Interest him in your work. I am sure you will find much in common and in time appreciate him as I do."

The following evening I came down the river earlier than usual. Yes, they were there. I found the landing place, and, after pulling out my canoe, stepped quickly up a bank, daintily fringed with golden rod and fern. To this day golden-rod softens and fills me with sorrow as vaguely sweet as its own scent. The woman came protectively forward.

"Que voulez-vous, M'sieu?" she asked.

I bowed as to a duchess, for her worn old face was noble.

"Monsieur Lampton gave me this for Monsieur Galarneau, Madame."

She laid her hand gently on the dreamer's shoulder. They spoke together for a moment, then she signed to me. Never will I forget that man's face. Clear olive skin, waving hair black as night and fine as a sable brush, perfect nose, and eyes terribly sad but of wonderful beauty. The mouth thinly delicate, rather drawn by constant pain, but as I discovered afterwards, capable of the gentlest, soulful smile I have ever seen.

"The friend of M'sieu Lampton is 'certainment' most welcome. Pardon my not having the power to rise. Ah! M'sieu speaks French, that is good."

The peaceful evening that followed was the pre-runner of many. The sun went down behind Beloeil Mountain, leaving a golden halo above the crouch-

ing giant's head, birds throbbled the air with full evensong, boatloads of silver-voiced "habitants" swept past, singing their plaintive minor folk-songs; while from the tin-roofed "Paroisse," far across the yellow wheatfields, came, soothingly, the low-toned Angelus.

## II.

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure."

A week passed and such was that man's unconscious fascination, that every sunset found me at his feet on the grassy point. One glorious September day I wheeled him to the pine-wood some distance from his cottage. He had been more silent than usual, and I was drowsily watching an industrious woodpecker through blue wreaths of cigar-smoke, when his sad voice broke the silence.

"Would the poor story of my life interest you, my friend? For some indefinable reason, the desire to tell it to you is strong upon me this afternoon."

I looked into those deep mournful eyes, mine answering his question. For a second our hands met, and he began.

"Yorke—four years ago there came to Sainte Cecile an English lady and her two daughters. The elder, Jeanne, most clever and an artiste, the other—mon Dieu—fair as a lily of St. Joseph and only eighteen. I was engaged as their 'guide' and took them far up the river, to the burning 'Terre-noire,' and sometimes up the mountain. Frequently, while Madame and Jeanne sketched, Félice and I explored the woods about them. Then, to me, the woods were Heaven, the birds messengers of the Angels, and the murmuring pines their gentle benediction. Mon Dieu! I suffered the pain divine. My face would flush and my eyes burn with the mere touch of her small hand as we climbed some giant boulder or crossed some singing trout-stream. This went on for some weeks, when to me it came that Félice loved me. She laughed more softly, and no longer

desired to be always moving. Instead, we sat in constrained silence, she working daintily, I carving with my knife, or lying on the deep moss watching her in secret. At last the dénouement came. I had taken them to the lake on the mountain. Madame and Jeanne remained behind to sketch and sent us around the bluff for Cardinal flowers. I jumped from the grassy ledge to the pebbly shore below and turned to assist Félice; she, flushed, tried to jump, and her skirt, catching in some 'Bois tortu,' she might have fallen heavily, but I caught her in my arms. *Nom de Dieu*—the exquisite agony of that moment—so young we were and mad with love."

Here he stopped, breathing heavily, then resumed with a tremor in his voice—

"That evening I went to Madame and told her all. You can imagine her anger—she drove me forth despairing, and cruelly hurt.

"All next day clouds gathered, the air was sulphurous and at dark the storm broke. I had not left my house, and was sitting with my aching head buried in my hands, when my dog barked, the door opened, and Félice stood in the doorway! Trembling, wet, but with shining eyes.

"'I have come to you, my darling,' was all she said in her charming patois, and using that perfect English love-word.

"With one bound I had her in my arms—but I cannot tell you of our joy, our perfect happiness, it was too sacred. My life was crowned and never king on throne of gold experienced such bliss.

"The summer passed to us as swiftly as the swallow's flight. My Dear One's sister had sent her clothes and a little money before their hurried departure from the country. Our life was idyllic. She taught me the ways and language of her people. I showed her how to bake in our brick oven—*Dieu*, how gracefully those small hands managed the heavy wooden bread shovel—cast a fly, and rowed a boat. God in Heaven, we were happy. I occasion-

ally acted as guide to a day's fishing or hunting party, but every leisure moment we spent together, sometimes working in our small garden, or preparing our home for the coming winter.

"As the days grew shorter and the cold increased, my Félice became pale, her spirits flagged, and, at times, a trace of tears caused me untold agony. Then when the cruel winter gripped us, and the nails sprang like pistol shots in the still clear night, she would moan and cry in her sleep. Dear brave heart, she never knew my sufferings as I listened.

"Think of it, Yorke, unaccustomed to our bitter climate—and—in poor health."

His voice broke with deep emotion—"God alone knows what she, formerly surrounded by every luxury and for whom I would have given my life's blood, suffered uncomplainingly. Her incoherent murmurings in her sleep grew constant—developed into delirium. Mother of God, it was awful. I got *Mère Gendron*, who worshipped her. Lampton came. She smiled sweetly, pitifully, disguising her loneliness. Yorke, it broke my heart, I loved her so, and she—my wife—was wearying of my love. Had it not been for the coming child I would have died willingly and left her free. So time went on, and late in March the thaws came and winter passed away. In April the ice broke, and great green-white masses floated swiftly down the black, swollen river, grinding boat-houses to matchwood, and carrying away everything in their course. Félice now seldom spoke, and her eyes had a wild, stricken look that cut me to the heart. The roar of the Falls fascinated her, she said it reminded her of some of Wagner's music, that it was a spirit chorus calling her.

"Distracted with sorrow and despair, I started one morning, before the dawn, to *Sainte Cécile*; I would cable for her sister. But the bridge was gone and the ford impassable, so I was obliged to turn back reaching our home two hours after I had started.

"What was my horror to find Félice had gone out, apparently without stockings and in her night-dress! At the door the roar of the Falls struck meaningly on my ears! I ran to the point, Oh, my God, my God! Far down the river, kneeling in our old boat—her golden hair blowing about her—swept Félice to her death.

"I shrieked like a madman, and flung myself into the icy water, swimming as only I could swim. She never looked back. Men called from the shore, but on she whirled—faster—ever faster—and I lost sight of her as something glittering and sharp struck me into unconsciousness.

"Yes, my dog held me until help came. For weeks I lay between life and death, and finally emerged the wreck you see before you.

"They found my love. Ah, God! broken and quite lifeless. She lies where we had so often watched the waters meet. You know the place.

"My only desire is that Félice will soon come for me. Surely, in God's home, where all is warmth and pain unknown, she will be mine again. Throughout my long and lonely waiting I have prepared for our meeting. May the Holy Mother intercede for me!

"Your good priest wrote her people, and the sweet Jeanne sent me this."

I took the miniature reverently from his trembling hand.

"Good God! Phyllis Anstruther!" I cried.

"You knew Félice?"

"Love for her drove me from civilization," I replied, thoughtlessly and bitterly.

"Dear friend," the thin hand fell gently on my shoulder, "our good God must have sent you."

"I know, transplanted human worth  
Will bloom to profit, other where."

I never left him again.

As Autumn's hectic bloom faded from the maples we knew the end was near. One wild night, as he lay before the fire, and the last storm of the season rolled overhead, a wailing gust of wind blew wide the door as a white glare of lightning illumined the outer darkness. With a joyous cry the dying man rose to his feet, stretching out wide, welcoming arms—"Félice—Pour moi!" he cried, and fell forward on his face.

A red stain on the white pine floor, and Leon's patient waiting was over. Had Phyllis come for him?

I think so.

*Jane Fayerer Taylor.*

## THE CANADIAN WINTER.

O SEASON sparkling for the young and strong!  
When forest leaves are scatter'd far and wide—  
When merry hearts the frosty airs deride  
To grasp the joys that to thy days belong!  
What chime of bells! What clink of steel along  
The glinting ice! What shout and swinging stride  
Of snow-shoers! What frolic on the slide!  
Oh! for all these we hail thee with a song!  
Here breeds a race for every wind that blows:  
And worthy of the flag that o'er them floats  
Hath been the answer of their lusty throats  
When challeng'd by o'erwhelming host of foes.  
They ken the tone of Kipling's bugle notes,  
The bairns of Our Lady of the Snows!

*T. R. E. McInnes.*



## A BACKWARD & § GLANCE AT PARIS

text and Drawings by  
J. S. Gordon § § §

WHEN the Editor of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE asked me to write an article on the City of Paris, as a sort of verbal decoration for some drawings I had made for his journal, I confess that I felt flattered. We all do when we are asked to do something which is not altogether in the line of our usual occupation, and no matter how indifferently we do it, we feel that Providence has been very unkind in not discovering to us earlier our ability to shine in this our undoubted vocation.

As time has gone on however, (and it is a considerable period since the article was suggested to me), a sense of my own incapacity has gradually grown on me, and I fear that if any more articles in the meantime appear in other magazines on the "City of Dreyfus," there will be little if anything new left to say, or even an opportunity of saying old things in a new way.

In the limited space of a magazine article devoted to a subject upon which volumes have been written, it is perhaps superfluous to say that a great deal of interesting matter must be left untouched; and, as it is impossible to please everyone in a matter of choice, if I seem to skip about rather aimlessly, and hold some dishes back, the fault must not be attributed to the larder so much as to the size of the table.

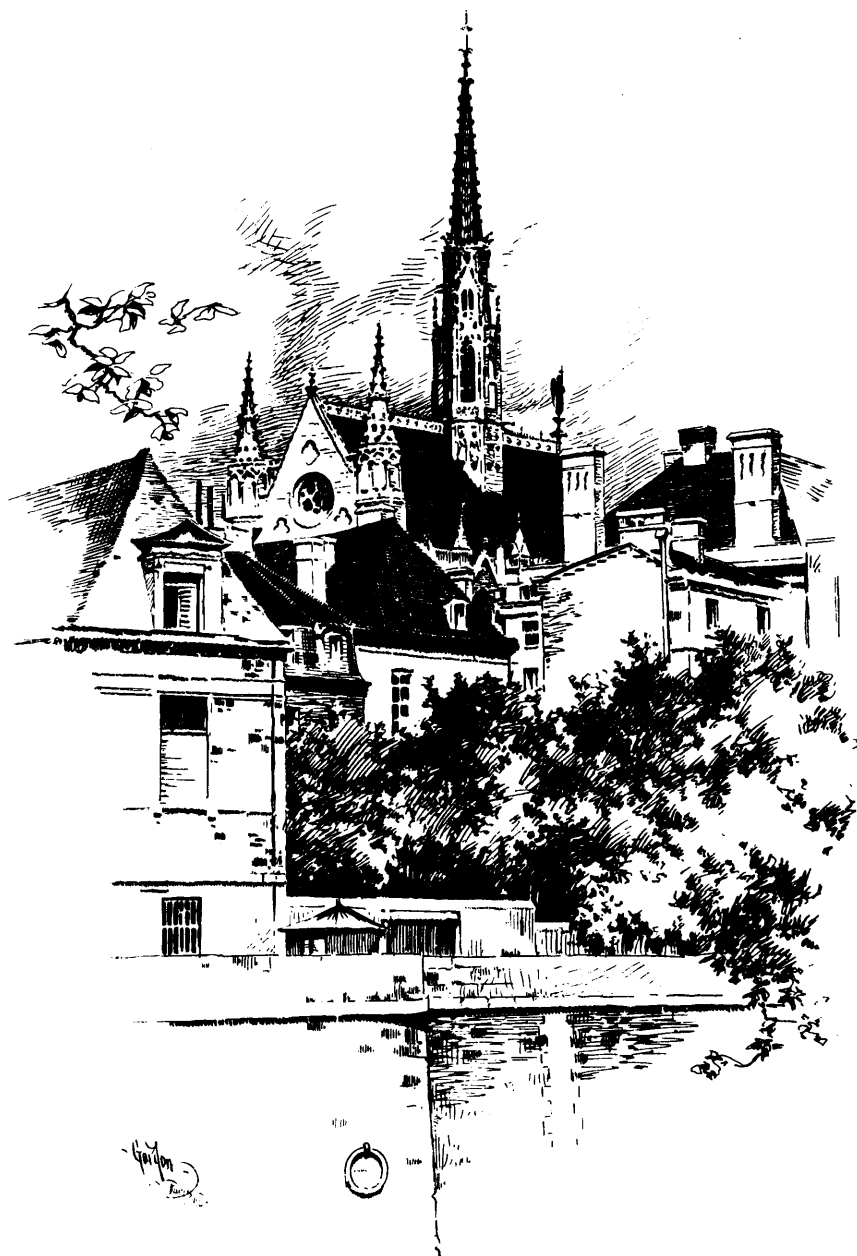
Paris practically was born upon the

Ile de la Cité, the largest island in the Seine, which was in early days known as Lutece. It began to reach out about the time of the Roman invasion of Gaul, and continued steadily to absorb the scattered dwellings and hamlets on either side of the river, until at the present day the city, which had origin in a few fishermen's huts clustered about a cathedral which has been an ecclesiastical centre for fourteen centuries, dominates the affairs of a Republic numbering some forty millions.

Formerly there were two small islets, not more than mere rocks, which broke the force of the current flowing seaward. These were joined to the main island in the reign of Henri III, when the Pont Neuf was commenced with a view to connecting the islands with the mainland, although it was not until the reign of Henri IV, some twenty-five years later, that it was completed to both banks of the river.

After it was finished, Henri, then in the height of his popularity, conceived the idea of immortalizing himself by erecting his statue upon the open space created by the joining of the islands. The work was entrusted to a sculptor named Franqueville, and was to have been cast by John of Bologna, but death allowed the sculptor to get no farther than the modelling of the horse.

Tacca, a pupil of Franqueville, was employed to carry out the work of his master, but had accomplished nothing when, two years later, Henri was assassinated. In 1613, however, Tacca completed the statue, spurred on, no doubt, by the promise of large rewards, and when, after various vicissitudes and delays, the work was received from



DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

THE SAINTE CHAPELLE FROM THE PONT NEUF.

Italy and placed in position, the likeness was so good that for years it became a sort of shrine before which the poorer classes came to present petitions and solicit the good offices of the departed monarch. The present statue on this spot dates only from the restoration, however, the original having been made into cannon during the revolution of 1792. But here to-day, as years ago, acrobats and strong men gather to give exhibitions of their prowess, and incidentally to gather in a few sous from the light-hearted and enthusiastic audience. The bridge is still one of the most picturesque remains of old Paris, although it has been much changed at different times, and from it is to be had one of the most enchanting views. Looking up the river the long lines of the Louvre lose themselves in the rich foliage of the Tuileries Gardens, above which, upon an eminence at a turn in the river, rise the twin towers of the Trocadero. Farther on are the hills of Meudon, upon whose slopes Rabelais ministered and wrote. Crossing to the other side of the bridge, on the arches that reach from the Isle de la Cité to the south bank we have another fine prospect. The setting sun is flooding the towers of Notre Dame with crimson and gold, while nearer at hand the single delicate spire of the Saint Chapelle towers above the surrounding roofs and points to the topmost heavens. Below in the river lay lazily sleeping a fleet of barges from Rouen, or perhaps one or two great unwieldy scows being filled with ashes and refuse to be dumped farther down. The entrance to the Saint Chapelle is close to the Palais de Justice, but I think that the view from

the Port Neuf is superior to any near hand view that can be obtained of it.

In 1242 St. Louis employed Montereaux the architect to prepare a building worthy to receive and enshrine those sacred relics, the Crown of Thorns and a portion of the True Cross which he had received from the Emperor of Constantinople, and the Saint Chapelle was the result.

It is considered one of the most perfect specimens of its kind in existence, and I have listened to many a lengthy architectural discourse on its fine points by some of my student friends, the repetition of which I do not feel justified in imposing upon you. One of the

little towers to the side still contains the wooden stairway by which Louis IX (the Saint) ascended when he proposed to take the sacred relic from its resting place, and expose it to the people. These relics are now in the treasury of Notre Dame, and the Saint Chapelle has instead the head of St. Louis, which formerly was retained by the treasury of St. Denis. It also contains the tombstone of Jacques Boileau, the poet, which forms part of the pavement,



A DEVIL OF NOTRE DAME.

although I am not in a position to say whether the remains are there or not.

It will not be necessary to more than mention some of the public buildings, which have their foundations fixed in the rock of the Cité. There is the Palais de Justice brought prominently before the notice of the reading public by the reports of the Zola trial in connection with the Dreyfus affair, and from here to the Conciergerie is not a far cry, especially when one considers that according to French law a man is guilty until he can prove himself innocent.

Then again, if the rigours of con-

finement in this famous prison are such that the constitution breaks down, why it is only a stone's throw to the Hotel Dieu (the hospital); or a little farther on to the Morgue, and on the way between these two, by a slight stretch of the imagination, one may have all the comforts that the church can bestow on the passing soul through the offices of Notre Dame.

The mention of Notre Dame tempts me to linger around this romantic pile, but I could only repeat the traditions and tales told so much better by Drumont in his "Paris à Travers les Ages," or that incomparable romance of Victor Hugo, the "Hunchback of Notre Dame."

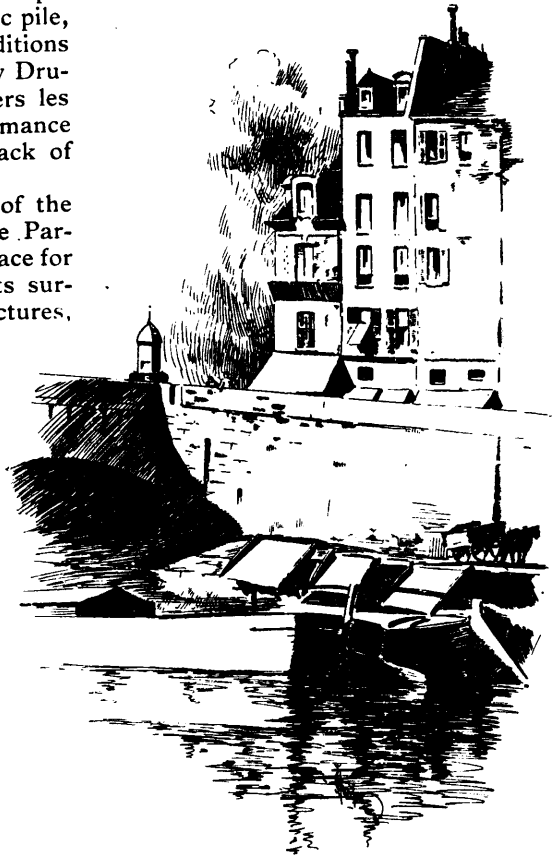
If one desires a fine picture of the Cathedral in her glory before the Parvis was cleared away to make place for the present open square, with its surroundings of uninteresting structures, in no way can one be better served than by a careful perusal of this work of Victor Hugo. For the satisfaction, however, of such as wish for only snapshots in the way of archæology, the following data may be of interest. The site upon which Notre Dame is built was occupied as far back as the fourth century by a church dedicated to St. Stephen, which is again supposed to have been preceded by a pagan altar. The present structure suffered much for years by the meddling of monarchs and restorers, and it was not until the Revolution had swept away the greater mass of these disfigurements, that the church again stood, naked perhaps, but with something of her old imposing beauty. Then in 1845, Viollet-le-Duc, the celebrated architect, repaired these injuries, and restored the edifice to as near its original state as it is possible for careful research to do.

Such is the vandal nature of the French mob that when Paris came under the Commune, an attempt was again made to destroy the Cathedral by

fire; an event which was providentially prevented by a prevailing dampness.

To mention only one of the attractions of Notre Dame, the view from the towers fully repays the toil of some 300 steps to be taken to secure this.

The panorama of Paris stretches away in all directions, and the Seine, like a silver thread, winds backwards and forwards between sloping banks



AN ASH DUMP BELOW THE PONT NEUF.

dotted with white villas until it is lost in the blue haze on the horizon. A gallery runs around the bases of the towers and across the west front, and it is from here that the best and closest study is to be made of those curious monsters known as the Devils of Notre Dame, which are supposed to have been placed there in the early ages to protect the church from evil spirits.



Behind Notre Dame is a small square, containing a beautiful gothic fountain, and across the street, overhanging the river, is the Morgue, but let us shudder and pass on.

Having sounded the heart of Paris, let us proceed to feel its pulse. To do this it is necessary to find the Boulevards, and, although these wide arteries extend entirely around within the city, the word is generally applied to that part of the system that lies between the Madeleine and Place Bastille. Here, as it extends along, it changes its name from des Capucines to des Italiens to Montmartre, at almost every street intersection.

Lined on either side with large stores for the sale of those luxuries and refinements upon which the French place so much importance, and which are at the same time the source of great profit to them, the street falls little short of fairy land. Every novelty, alike in dress, furniture and art objects, is exhibited here to tempt the unwary foreigner to indulge himself to the advantage of his charming hosts. These shops are plentifully interspersed with theatres and cafés, and it is on the pavement before one of these cafés that the visitor may take a seat, and

after ordering a *consummation*, enjoy a better presentation of the "*Comédie Humaine*" than he is privileged to have by any other means.

Here it is that journalists, actors, artists, musicians and other celebrities congregate. Here the latest gossip is exchanged, and there is discussion on the contents of the paper published to-day, or the matter of to-morrow's journal. Some take a chair and idly

smoke a cigarette until an acquaintance comes along and is invited to share the same table. Then if one is reasonably near, the amount of gossip one hears relative to the different personages as they saunter by is certainly surprising. Even on the fine days in winter the outside of the cafés is the place most frequented by the Frenchman who likes to live out of doors as much as possible.



WET DAY ON THE BOULEVARDS.

At New Year's the Boulevards are somewhat enlivened by a fair, held for two or three days, when booths are set up and novelties of all descriptions are sold. Some of these are decidedly clever in construction, and others make their bid for popularity solely from their indecency, but I have never noticed that this feature gave any very decided shock to the moral sensibilities



DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

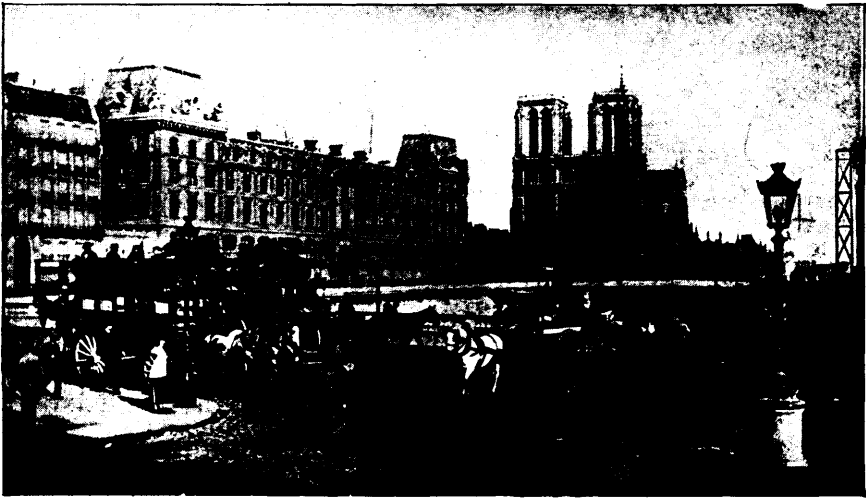
THE MOULIN ROUGE—A DANCE HALL.

of our Gaulish friends. I will not dwell any longer on these Boulevards, however, neither would you unless your credit be somewhat larger than that of the student who is trying to be respectable on \$500 a year. Of course it might raise my social standing among those who don't know me very well, if I were to claim an intimate acquaintance with the *cuisine* at Margery's, or the interior decorations at Pousset's. Nice descriptions of these I could easily translate from the novels of Bourget or Daudet, but in spite of the temptation I prefer to speak of the things whereof I know. Then let us to the

with every step and culminates in disaster.

This is one of the places that the student generally takes friends coming from his native heath to see as an attraction not included in the trips of the "personally conducted," and I do not know of one better qualified to conduct these extra tours than an art student of about a year's standing.

On more than one occasion I have myself supplemented Mr. Cook's efforts to the satisfaction of the person in my charge, although I must confess that it was upon a scant amount of knowledge that I did so. But then "Provi-



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

HOTEL DIEU AND NOTRE DAME FROM PLACE ST. MICHEL.

Boulevard Saint Michel, or, in the slang of the "Quartier" the "Boul 'Mich.'" This is the main thoroughfare of the Latin Quarter, and extends from the river almost to the Observatory.

It is upon this street that the student life congregates, and the Café d'Harcourt is the acknowledged centre. When the Dreyfus agitation was at its height in 1898, it was at this resort that the police devoted their attention to nipping any small disturbance in the bud, for past experience has taught them that once a crowd of these hot-heads begin a disorderly movement it generally gathers impetus and weight

dence takes care of fools and drunken people," and I have never been able to decide to which source my success was most largely due.

An incident occurs to me in connection with one of these excursions, which I think is worth repeating since it will give a slight idea of what is to be encountered at this café.

I had made the acquaintance of a gentleman from Toronto, who, for convenience' sake and also to cover his identity, we will call Smith, and after being entertained by him on his side of the river (which entertainment included a dinner at Margery's and an

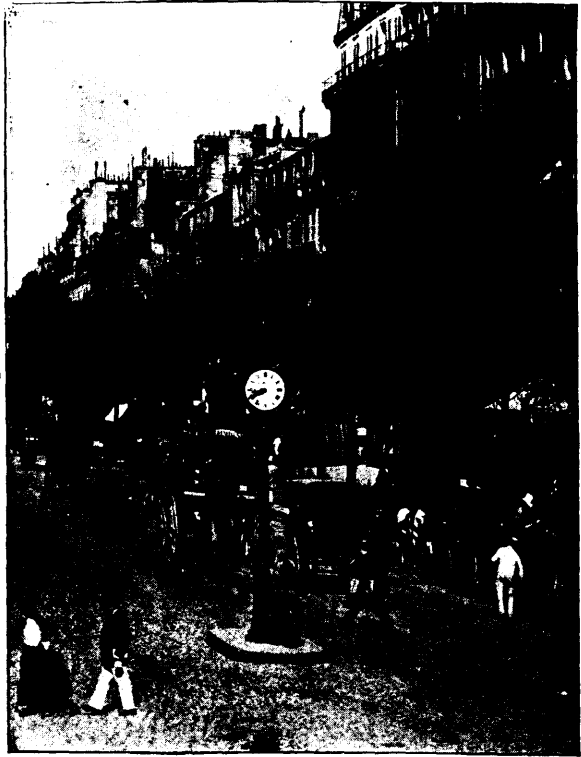
evening at the Moulin Rouge), in reply to some questions asked in the course of conversation about the studio life, I suggested that probably he would like to take a trip around the *Pays Latin*.

He confessed to being eager to avail himself of the opportunity, and after arranging details, fixing on the next Monday evening. I had hinted that a bohemian air of *abandon* both in matter of dress and manner would be a trifle more in keeping with the atmosphere of the studios than that usually adopted in making visits in the vicinity of the Place d'Etoile.

Imagine my surprise when the evening arrived and with it Smith, whose best attempt at a bohemian outfit was an immaculate shirt-front, from which blazed a *solitaire*, gloves of the latest hue, a seal-lined top-coat, and the whole surmounted by a tile from the best London makers. I made some vague remarks about the lack of titled folk embraced by the society of the Quartier, and in a lame endeavour to overcome the difficulty, I hinted that perhaps the rounds of the studios would not be exactly to his tastes, and I suggested that we spend the evening at the opera instead. No doubt this change in the trend of affairs called for some explanation, and, after receiving sufficient encouragement from Smith to overcome any fears I might have of hurting his feelings, I said that his get-up was hardly keyed down to the bohemian standard. I continued, in a mild way, that such a set of sails would single him out as a good mark for the fair sex who frequented the resorts of the students and had the reputation of being endowed with a decidedly free and amiable manner. In spite of all this, Smith was prepared to follow out our pre-arranged plan,

and, as I saw my way to a little entertainment, I complied and we started.

The life class at Colorossi's was first visited, and the amount of attention his hat came in for deluded my friend into the belief that he himself was escaping notice. Not so, however; for after a number of witticisms of more or less breadth had been hurled in our direction, we became the objects of so much comment and gazing that it had a decidedly disconcerting effect on



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

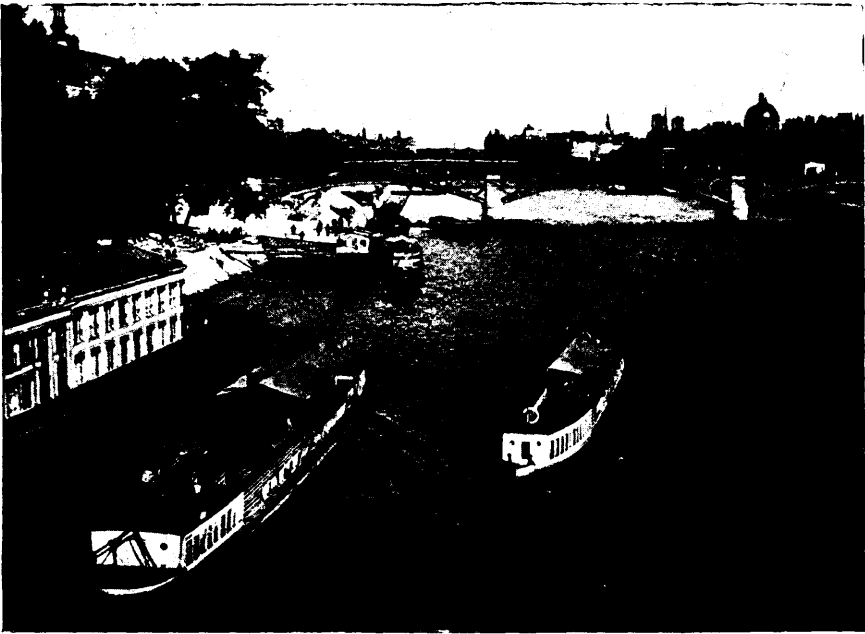
A REFUGE ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Smith, who retired somewhat mortified and expressed himself quite satisfied with what he had seen of studio life. From here we went to the Café d'Harcourt, and I felt that our reception here would be even more enthusiastic. The hubbub here is always great, but I think it slightly increased as my friend followed me in.

We threaded our way among chairs, tables and the general impedimenta of

the café to the nearest unoccupied table, despite the attention and other things that were directed our way. Out of the general medley of sound familiar English phrases, with a decidedly foreign accent, found their way to our ears, such as: "spik Englisch," "Oh, yes!" "plum pudding," "shocking," and so on, which plainly evidenced that we had been preceded here by others of our countrymen who had each left some trace of his refining influence on the hardy denizens of the

After the preparations had been completed, and Smith had fallen on his share of the lay-out, I think the procession behind our chairs rather increased, and, judging from the generous amount of comment on the contents of our table, and our manner of disposing of it, the spectacle rather out-balanced the counter attractions going on in other parts of the Café. This means considerable when these events embraced a hot political discussion between two long-haired *savants*



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

BATEAUX MOUCHES ON THE SEINE.

*Quartier.* When we had been seated, and all the empty chairs in our immediate vicinity had been occupied by the more aggressive members of the frail sex, Smith called the *garçon* and asked what I wished in the way of refreshment. I modestly replied that a glass of beer would be all I required and hinted that probably he had better confine his order to the same, with possibly the addition of a cigarette. But, no! he evidently was in for a full course dinner, so I resigned myself and said nothing.

of rather youthful appearance, the pathetic endeavours of an old flower-woman to dance a few steps recalled from a long past youth, and a hair-pulling and bonnet-annihilating contest between two rival beauties, the admirers of a Latin Quarter Adonis, who had thoughtfully withdrawn himself to the outside of a circle of enthusiastic onlookers, who did their best to encourage the ladies in question to finish the encounter to the satisfaction of all concerned before the police intervened.



DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

THE LION OF BELFORT BY BARTHOLDI—PLACE DENFERT ROCHEREAU.



THE TOWERS OF SAINT SULPICE.

any more experience that night ; consequently I hailed a cab and despatched him in it after assuring myself that he had lost nothing more serious than a confidence in himself to command respect. Then I set out on my road home, which lay in the Montparnasse Quartier, following as I did so a band of students and their sweethearts, who were making for the *Bal Bullier*, singing as they went songs expressing a somewhat profound contempt for the police. The "Gilded Hell," as the place is sometimes called in mock denunciation by the students, stands just opposite the scene of Marechal Ney's execution, and his statue by Rude marks what is supposed to be the exact spot where it took place.

It is almost a counterpart of the celebrated Moulin Rouge in the Montmartre Quarter, with the exception that it still retains some of the original flavour of the students' dance hall of the time of Murger, while the Moulin Rouge has lapsed into a show place where the Anglo-Saxon visitor is regaled with an entertainment at once blasé and coarse. It is, moreover, a standing rebuke to the English and

Our neighbours, finding that their efforts to place themselves on terms of good-fellowship had failed so far, resolved to adopt other tactics in spite of the fact that we were only there to see what was going on about us. A small brunette installed herself on the settee alongside Smith, and after affectionately putting her arm around his neck, considerably altered the direction in which his fork and its burden of chicken was travelling, so that any dire effects likely to result from the digestion of that particular morsel would be borne by herself. Another martyr finished his beer (my own had long since been placed out of reach, for experience is a great teacher) while a third appropriated the remainder of a package of cigarettes. Others invited him to buy them beer, while some, already surfeited in this direction, showed such an affectionate leaning towards him that I feared for his shirt-front and the *solitaire*. But I must draw a veil over the proceedings at this point, as I am not anxious to raise any doubts or fears in the minds of those whose friends have travelled in France unaccompanied by a chaperon.

After escaping from the Café d'Harcourt and its attendant vestals, Smith did not hanker for



IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS.

American visitors at Paris, that if it were not for them the Red Mill would have to close its doors for lack of patronage. I have been there myself and contributed my quota to its running expenses, but I have always lacked the courage necessary to take my place alongside of my fellow-countrymen who are always to be found in the inmost circle surrounding a rather florid performance of the Can-Can.

Nor is there an absence of ladies, for I have seen plenty, especially American girls, whose desire to be mildly shocked is abundantly gratified.

But enough of the seamy side ; if we must see the puddles there is no occasion for wallowing in them, and there is no place that affords a better panacea for all the contagion and filth to be met with at these resorts and upon the streets, than the parks and public gardens. Here, more than anywhere else, does Paris justify her claim to be the play-ground of the world, and here one would be led to believe that this city is entirely devoted to pleasure and populated only with people of leisure.

Here all the resources of science and art have been devoted to the creation of "fairy pleasure domes," such as Kubla Khan conceived and we can al-

most realize Coleridge's dream when we stand in the Gardens of the Tuileries and watch the little *bateaux mouches* flitting about on the glittering surface of the Seine as it flows past.

On fine afternoons, and especially on Sundays, when everyone seems to be taking a little relaxation, the citizens

are strolling about watching the children sail their boats in the large basins, feeding the ducks, or, if in the vicinity of the Louvre or Luxembourg, edging their way through the galleries, absorbing the accumulated wealth of the art of all ages gathered there for their benefit.

The Gardens themselves are generously studded with works of sculpture, which seem to have stood for years without being disfigured or broken by the youthful vandal we are so well acquainted with at home. I am an admirer of the sturdy, honest Canadian lad of ten or twelve years in preference to the somewhat effeminate

boy of the same age in France, but I think I would admire his robust qualities more if his mind forbade him indulging in the wilful disfigurements of such little attempts at beautifying public places as we do make.

Standing at the western extremity of the Tuileries what an enchanting



A FRENCH DRAGOON.



spectacle meets our gaze! At our feet spreads the immense Place de la Concorde with its two fountains splashing in the sun, its obelisk and harmonious architectural surroundings, the only sinister spot being the draped statue of Strasbourg which the Republic hopes some day to dress in her bridal robes again when she is wrested from her northern captor.

From here away to the Arc de Triomphe by which Napoleon glorified his triumphs, extends the Avenue des Champs Élysées, in the shade of whose trees the children are playing in the

an excursion to the Champ de Mars, the site of the exposition of 1889, and to be included in the grounds of that of 1900. But as the principal buildings are being erected on the Cours de Reine where the old Palais de l'Industrie used to stand, it will be more to the purpose to hasten there.

Round about the Palais de l'Industrie are situated the various open air theatres, Café Chantants and summer gardens where Yvette Guilbert, Polin and other stars of a like nature, flash for a time and grow dim, for so fickle is the French audience that few can



DRAWN BY J. S. GORDON.

POST DU CARROUSEL.

sand or watching the Punch and Judy show, while their nurses indulge in a flirtation with a dragoon or other member of the "Grande Armée," for whose benefit she may indulge in a stream of anathema on the *Cochon Dreyfus*, who is bringing disgrace to this particular atom.

Beyond the Arc stretches the Avenue des Bois de Boulogne leading away to the woods of that name, and on either side of this fashionable parade the rich rear their luxurious palaces.

From here it would be nice to take

retain its homage for a very long time.

I can no more than glance at the Grand Opera, and if I go down the Rue de la Paix, I see as little of the dress-makers' and jewellers' establishments with which it is lined as the paterfamilias, who, accompanied by three or four daughters, is endeavouring to reach the Place Vendôme with sufficient left in his pocket to purchase stimulation for his exhausted energies at the nearest café.

Traversing the continuation of the Rue de la Paix under the name of the

Rue Castiglione we find our further progress blocked by the Tuileries Gardens, and are compelled to turn under the arcade of the Rue de Rivoli. This street is no doubt the *Men's Paradise*. Here everything is marked in plain figures, and the amount of English *spik'd* is astonishing. The ease with which one becomes acquainted with the various wares of each individual shop, whether it is a necklace of paste diamonds or a copy of the confessions of Madame du Barry, calls forth involuntary admiration.

There is no necessity here for asking for "what you don't see," for there is an abundance of signs stating that *fancy photographs* can be seen inside, unabridged translations of Zola, etc., etc., making questioning unnecessary.

A statue of Jean d'Arc by Fremiet dominates this portion of the Rue, but not to much purpose, I fear.

The Luxembourg Gardens lie half way between the south bank of the river and the heights of Montparnasse, well inside of what used to be the Latin Quarter.

From the western terrace may be seen the majestic dome of the Panthéon, consecrated to France's illustrious dead. A little farther to the left, over

the balustrades that sweep around the open court upon which faces the Palais de Medici, can be seen the Odéon, perhaps the oldest theatre in Paris, while the unequal towers of Saint Sulpice appear above a magnificent grove of chestnut trees.

The Lion of Belfort on the Place Denfert Rochereau is a noble work by Bartholdi, sculptor of the statue of Liberty at the entrance of New York Harbor, and commemorates the heroic defence of a fortified town of that name on the German frontier by the French garrison who held out until after the capitulation of Paris. Not far from here is the entrance to the Catacombs which extend for 200 acres beneath that portion of Paris lying towards the Jardin des Plantes. Here, dear reader, we will part company and you will excuse the absence of that flourish of rhetoric which we are so accustomed to expect at the conclusion of a descriptive article. I might go into rhapsodies and play a few notes in a minor chord or borrow a few apt quotations from St. Beuve, de Musset or Hugo, but the desire to do so is quite overwhelmed by another emotion, that of thankfulness that this task is finished.

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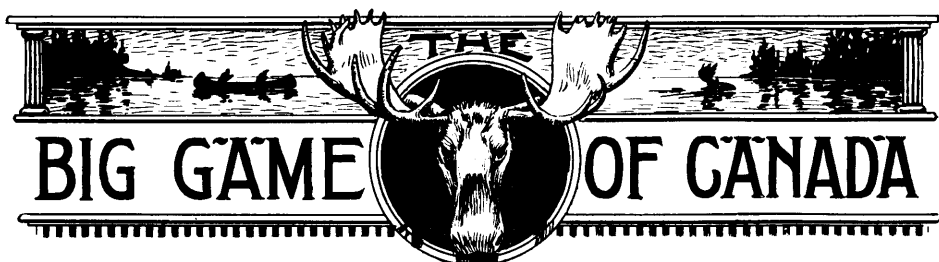
#### TRANSLATION FROM THE RUSSIAN OF LERMONTOF.

NO! not for thee this yearning love of mine;  
I scarcely see those charms which take the town—  
I see a dear dead sweetheart of Lang Syne  
And my hot youth before its wreck went down.

And when from time to time our glances meet,  
If *you* should see a soul look thro' mine eyes,  
It is not thee that soul springs up to greet,  
Not thee it calls, not thy voice that replies.

To whisper me, my boyhood's love has come,  
I see in thine the features that I know;  
In thy quick lips, lips that have long been dumb,  
In thine eyes fire the world quenched long ago.

*Clive Phillipps-Wolley.*



# THE BIG GAME OF CANADA

BY C. A. BRAMBLE

## II.—CARIBOU AND MUSK OX.

**G**IRDLING the polar regions between the eternal ice and the warm-temperate zone is a broad belt of country, over most of which in the long ago the reindeer or caribou—for these are synonymous terms—roamed in herds. To-day the European representatives of this squat, wandering deer have been crowded into the Scandinavian peninsula and the Archangel provinces of Russia, but during the stone age they penetrated so far to the south that their bones have been found in Central France, in the kitchen middens and bone breccias of the paleolithic period.

Here in Canada our stone age lasted so much later than that of Europe, that the caribou has not yet been driven completely into the remote fastnesses of the north, and may even yet be met with in small numbers beyond our southern border in Maine, Montana and Idaho. Its southern range is almost identical with that of the moose, but it is more generally distributed, and the Arctic sub-species, known as the barren ground caribou, may be found hundreds of miles nearer the pole than any moose ever ventures.

Caribou seem to reach their highest development in Newfoundland, though there is little to choose between the island deer and those of British Columbia. These regions undoubtedly produced the biggest beasts and the biggest antlers, and I have rarely seen a caribou bull from any part of the great intervening region that I thought would tip the beam at more than 300 lbs. live weight, though animals weighing 400 lbs. and even 450 lbs. are to

be found in the localities I have specified.

Although neither graceful nor imposing, the caribou is my ideal of a sporting beast; a stalk on the breezy barrens, when the first snow lies fresh and unsullied upon the ground, and the deer are too busy scraping it away to notice the hunter, is something a man will not forget in a hurry. Moreover, such bright moments do not happen to the most favoured every day. The caribou is an Ishmael among deer, and even the Wandering Jew himself would be hard put to it to keep up with a band of these animals, for they abide but a short time in any one locality, and often put many a weary mile behind them between supper and breakfast.

Cow caribou differ from the females of most deer inasmuch as they often carry antlers lighter and less imposing than those of the bulls, but nevertheless well-developed horns. No two sets of caribou antlers are alike, though all bear a general type-resemblance. The brow tines are always palmated, one much more so than the other, and this has given rise to a mistake which cannot be explained too soon. Many American writers call this palmation protruding above the forehead "the plough," evidently believing that the animal uses it to shovel snow. But, as all sportsmen who have seen caribou feeding in winter must know, this is not the case, the broad forefeet being able to do all the digging the case requires—the horns are for defence and ornament and for no other purpose whatever. Our American cousins had better drop "the plough"

ere it is too late; they have quite enough to answer for in their "robins," "elk" and "buffalo" without making any additional slips of nomenclature.

Woodland caribou are fairly abundant from Newfoundland to Alaska, yet it is quite possible that, could each be counted, we should find them inferior in number to the great bands of smaller deer that inhabit the barren lands. These barren lands have an area of 350,000 square miles, exclusive of Northern Labrador and the Arctic islands, and from end to end they are tracked up like a cattle yard by the hoof prints of the caribou. They winter in the woods, pass the summer on the barrens, and each spring and fall file by certain points in numbers comparable only to the sands of the sea.

In weight the barren ground caribou are fully a third smaller than the woodland animal. Their antlers, on the other hand, are larger in proportion, more gnarled and erratic in form, and altogether more desirable as trophies than those usually carried by the more southern animal—that is, if we except the Newfoundland bull, which is famous for its magnificent head.

A few years ago I found caribou very abundant about the head of the Humber River in Newfoundland, but I have reason to believe their numbers are being very materially reduced all over the island, and some day the gallant caribou bulls of the Land of Fog and Codfish will have followed their fellow islander, the Great Auk, to extinction. Game laws are most excellent things, but they form a poor cuirass against three fingers of slugs from a sealing gun at short range, and it is difficult to see any possible protection for the poor caribou. Of late their carcasses have reached St. John over the new railway by the box-car full.

Caribou are suspicious or foolish by fits and starts. One day you may run into a band and get two or three before they decide to clear out, and on the next you may find yourself outwitted at every turn by the companions of the very animals you slew like sheep. As a rule, caribou are easiest to ap-

proach in mild weather, and during the warmest hours of the day; a fresh fall of snow also helps matters, by deadening the sound of the hunter's footsteps. In very cold weather caribou are never still, and this restlessness, especially should there be the least crust upon the snow, makes them particularly difficult to stalk or "still hunt" on such occasions. The caribou makes up for a drop in temperature by hustling a little more, and thanks to a remarkably robust constitution and naturally active habits, gets along quite comfortably in a merciless cold that would freeze a steel horse. By-the-bye this is as it should be, for Mr. Allen, of the Smithsonian, considers the arctic portion of North America to be "part of a homogeneous, hyperborean, faunal area of circumpolar distribution," which evidently accounts for the cold and the caribou being found together.

In British Columbia caribou inhabit nearly all the high ranges from the Rockies to the coast. In the Selkirks they are particularly abundant, being found close to the everlasting glaciers and snow fields of the higher peaks during the summer, but gradually working down the passes and valleys as the ever-deepening snow compels them to vacate their much-loved upland forests. The caribou can stand a lot of snow without grumbling, but twenty feet on the level is rather too much of a good thing, and that depth is frequently exceeded on the western shores of the Selkirk range.

The mountains between the Okanagan and the Fraser; the Bridge River country; the high lands lying between the Thompson and Lillooet; the range lying north-east from Fort George on the upper Fraser; and the Babine and Fire Pan mountains in the Skeena district, are each and all famous caribou countries. And there are dozens of others in that favoured province. From the American boundary north to the 60th degree of latitude, which is the limit of the province toward the Yukon, the caribou is more or less abundant; at first they are confined to the higher



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING. A POT-HUNTER OF NORTHERN ONTARIO—WOODLAND CARIBOU.

chains, but as you travel northward you find the caribou at altitudes growing less and less, until in the valley of the Tanzilla and Upper Stikine they winter at an elevation of but a few hundred feet above sea level.

There are northern passes, known generally only to the Indians, through which the caribou file each spring and fall by the hundred thousand. In the first instance they are making for those vast, silent white ranges lying southward of the Stikine, and some 30 miles back over the bench hills. There, in peace and quiet, the cows drop their calves, the latter grow lusty and strong in the clear mountain air, and the big bulls recuperate and get their antlers in condition for the coming struggles of the rutting season.

No sooner have the first snows of August, for winter is parted from winter by the briefest of intervals in that region, begun to creep down the mountains, than the caribou once more commence to round up, and once again file adown the long passes into the lower country, in bands ten thousand strong. On these occasions the Indians lie in wait for them, and kill all they require. Once the Indians were numerous and took heavy toll of the passing deer, now they are few and the caribou herds grow greater year by year.

The Indian women keep an exact mental memorandum of the length of

the caribou antlers from the time they show through the skin in spring until the last scrap of velvet has been rubbed off against the northern bricks in August. In other words, they know at any moment just how "ripe" the beasts are; in that condition they would be found, and the condition of their pelts. The squaw of a certain

Stick hunter I camped with in the summer of '98, would mark off on her arm the length the caribou antlers had reached each week, until, just as her arm was proving all too short for further demonstration, we ascertained the truth of her infirmative by going to a caribou pass and killing a few.

It is not generally known that caribou may be called even more readily than the moose, but so it is, and in Newfoundland "tolling" is the fashionable way of getting them in September and October. The call is a mere grunt, and when the bulls are on the rut is a certain means of luring the biggest bulls within easy range. Provided you keep down wind, so as not to taint the air with the dreaded scent of man, a cari-

bou in autumn may often be called up to within a few yards right out on the open barren. This primitive method might not, and probably would not, succeed in districts that have been much shot over, but in Newfoundland fifteen years ago it hardly ever failed. A young bull might work round to leeward, and so become warned of his



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HEMING.

A BARREN-GROUND CARIBOU.

Although smaller animals than Woodland Caribou, their antlers are larger in proportion.

danger, but a big fellow not being afraid of a drubbing from a rival would usually come up straight to the caller ready to do battle.

Fat caribou cow meat is one of the most dainty dishes the hunter secures; it is better than porcupine, and equal to beaver, or mountain mutton; but the bulls are pretty garney in the fall, and a man must be fairly hard set to relish such strong food. Caribou venison always reminds me of that of the small European roe deer, which, likewise, is delicious when in prime condition but decidedly inferior when out of season.

It is hardly feasible to discuss the caribou without alluding to his co-partner of the barren grounds, the musk ox. My personal acquaintance with the animal is extremely limited—that is to say, I have seen many robes made from its skin, taking the place of those of the buffalo in the Northwest, and in certain museums I have studied the animal as interpreted by the taxidermist. Moreover I have enjoyed the intimate acquaintance of a man who dwelt for ten years in one of the Mackenzie River forts, and had hunted the beasts near Great Bear Lake, but beyond that I cannot claim much. It is possible that I shall some day kill one myself, and if I do I will contribute something on the subject to the CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Warburton Pike and Casper Whitney are the two greatest living authorities on the musk ox, not because they have killed more than anyone else, but on account of their being men of education, able to give the world the benefit of their observations. What a pity it is that so much valuable knowledge is wrapped up in an envelope of ignorance, which prevents its ever reaching the world at large! I do not believe we ever found out one-tenth part of what the primitive Indians knew of woodcraft, and the habits of game, and now that they have passed away the book is closed, and may not be re-opened. It will be the same with the half-breed and the Hudson's Bay officer. Here and there an oc-

casional one would put his discoveries on paper and transmit them to the headquarters of the great company he served; four or five have during the past two hundred and thirty years even gone to the length of publishing a book, but as a rule the Hudson's Bay Company officials have not made these contributions to science and general knowledge, that might fairly have been expected from unusually shrewd men, living long lives in the wild woodlands of the north.

Pike gives lat. 60 as the southern boundary of the musk ox, which is, of course, reliable testimony as regards the particular region he hunted in, but further east it occurs in a lower latitude by at least a degree. The isothermal lines have a general northwest trend all through the Territories, and as the valley of the Mackenzie is approached bear more and more decidedly toward the north, hence it follows that the forest reaches nearer toward the polar sea in longitude  $110^{\circ}$  west than in  $95^{\circ}$  west by several hundred miles, curtailing by an equal amount the great treeless stretches on which the musk oxen dwell. They never seek the timber. The long drooping coats in which they are clothed, together with the heavy woolly under pile, seems to keep them warm during the bitterest blizzard that ever blew, so that the man who is determined to possess a prime musk ox robe of his own killing must seek them between October and April in one of the most desolate regions we know of. They exist in Greenland, and in all the islands north of the continent, but have become extinct within comparatively recent times in northern Europe and Asia.

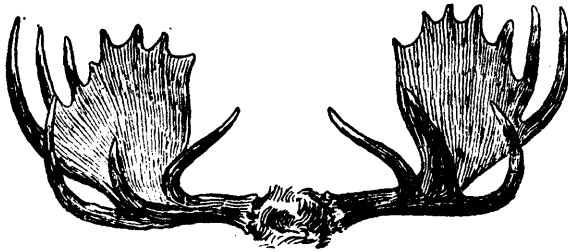
Warburton Pike says the musk ox is not decreasing. More skins are now brought into the Hudson's Bay posts than was formerly the case, but this does not prove that more are killed. Once they had no trade value, and were either left behind or used for the thousand and one uses to which Indians turn the pelts of any big game they may kill; now a certain percentage

of those killed in not too remote regions are saved and brought to the trader, as there is a demand for such skins, seeing that the robes of the buffalo are no longer obtainable. The headwaters of the Great Fish River are about the best grounds for musk oxen, that is to say they are as good as any to which our decidedly limited knowledge of the animal and its habits extends. A few years ago the wild oxen roamed west to the basin of the Mackenzie, but they have not done so of late years, and the Copper Mine River is said to be their present western limit. East they may be met with to the very shores of Hudson's Bay.

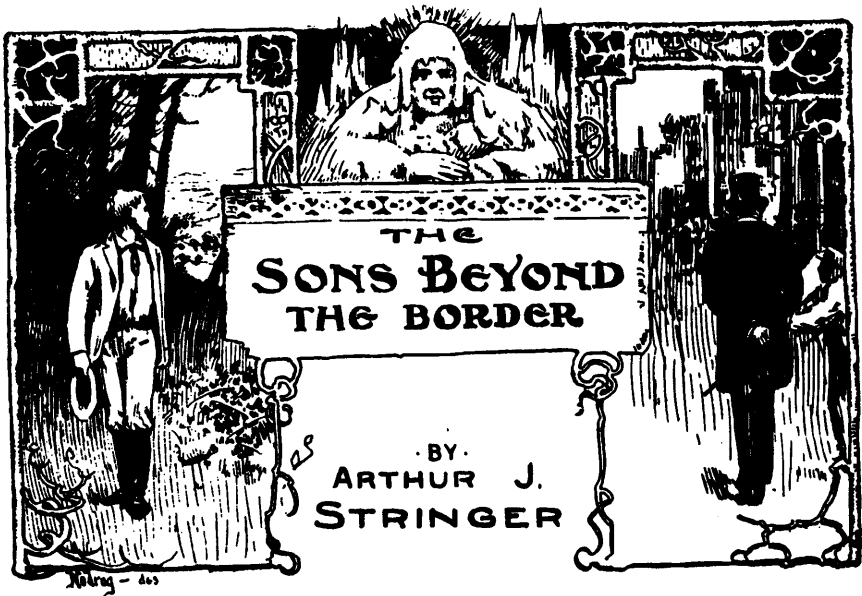
Very little is known of the natural history of the musk ox, but it appears to be probable that the cows calve every two years, dropping their young in May and June. Fat cow meat is undoubtedly good food, but the bulls are horribly musky and the calves insipid and tasteless. The robe is warm, but too heavy for most uses, and is never likely to be in very lively demand. A big bull probably weighs at the very least 1,000 pounds, for no animal is more solidly put together, but owing to its long coat it appears much larger than it really is. An arrant coward in

reality, its aspect is most savage, and against the ravenous wolf of the north its big sharp horns no doubt form effective weapons, but it fails to recognize man as an enemy, so that the actual shooting of the musk ox is a simple matter—the only reason the inoffensive animal lingers on a stage he once shared with the extinct Irish elk and mammoth is that few men can tear themselves away from the charms of civilization long enough to visit those distant barrens, where alone the quarry may be killed. But the prospector is already penetrating the region north-east of the lobe of the Great Slave, and before long the musk ox will find the bullets flying thick around him, and excepting on the outlying Arctic islands his doom is sealed. Let civilized man once make a lodgment on the barren lands, and the musk ox will disappear as rapidly as did the American bison from the similarly open plains of the Great West. Nature is kind when she creates a forest loving animal; cruel when she fashions one that seeks the open country, for the latter has but one protection—solitude. And where will solitude exist in another generation or two?

*To be Continued.*







*“ They held us but a puny folk,  
A paltry few, at best ;  
Aye, but a handful, so they spoke,  
Flung o'er our Arctic West.”*

**Y**OU who are born of a mother, soft-handed, deep-bosomed, grave-eyed,  
You who have lived your lives, have forgotten your tears, at her side,  
Tho' drunk with the Wine of Content, thrice happy, in truth, are you,  
—You who are Sons of the North, that is silent, and dark, and true,—  
Where golden and green and dusk thro' the pines we half forget  
Lie the Hills of grey Remembrance and the Valleys of Regret !  
But of old it was writ that the Son must turn from the roof of his sires,  
In quest what the Morrow demands, and not what his heart desires.  
So they who are born of our Homeland, e'en they whom the North gave birth,  
Must mingle with sons of the Southlands in the far-off ends of the earth ;  
And the smoke of the moving camp-fires and the dust of the rumbling wains,  
Shall follow the plume of the liner and the shriek of the hurrying trains ;  
Oh, some for the trail to the South and some for the luring West,  
But each shall hold to the end that the Home of his Birth is best.

*“ They knew us not as it was meet,  
For wide our Norland Home,  
Aye, wide her million leagues of loam,  
Where five good seas lap at her feet,  
And five great rivers foam.”*

Yet the Son who goes out in the world shall Home as a stranger return,  
And not as they once have gleamed shall the old glad home-fires burn,  
Aye, tho' he be one of their blood, e'en the kin he has come among  
Shall turn at his sunburned face and the alien touch to his tongue ;  
And he who had not forgotten, tho' his feet had far to roam,  
Shall know, in his broken heart, that his home is not his home.

*“What know they of the lives we live?  
Or what the deaths we died?  
That we our childrens' children give  
The dreams we are denied?”*

If we who are blood of her blood and bone of her very bone,  
By a hand less soft than hers were swept from the hearths you own,  
If we into stranger cities and far-off countries fared,  
If we have journeyed and wandered, have battled, been beaten, despaired,—  
Was it aught for the lordlier bounty that comes with the emptier name?  
Was it done for an unknown people, who would hold us up to shame?  
Was it, in truth, that we, grown tired of our own dark North,  
In quest of the softer road and the lighter task, came forth?  
Or was it the touch of unrest that troubled our wilding youth?  
Ask us who are over the Border, and, Canada, know the truth.

*“If snow winds crooned our cradle song,  
And of the North we are,  
Shall we regret, O kindred strong,  
Our northern birth, or star?”*

Where smoke lies black on their cities and the dust eats deep in their hearts,  
Where they who are feverish-hearted make clamour in feverish marts,  
We solace their nights with legends, with song we lighten their days,  
And selling our best for its price, we asked not ever their praise,  
But bartered and bought with their people and sought of the things they sought;  
Yet think not, Bountiful Mother, that ever your sons forgot.  
For with all of the gold they lavish they have so little we need,  
And for all of their thanks out-doled, know they the cost of the deed?  
Ah! The migrant Son looks Homeward, no matter whither he goes,  
For the Broom is never the Maple Leaf, nor the Golden Rod the Rose!  
Only your own grave eyes, we ask, shall follow us on our ways,  
Since yours is the deeper passion and the more enduring praise.  
Though unto the ends of the world Fate drives us wide and far,  
Our heart's with the land of the pine, our home with the Northern Star,  
And tho' we have housed with strangers, and journeyed by sea and land,  
We are ever the Sons of the North, as the world shall understand!

*“'Twas well our fathers' blood of old  
In norland veins did flow,  
For by our brumal strength I hold  
Not weaklings could our Northland mould,  
Cubbed as they are in boreal cold,  
And nursed in northern snow!”*

Not easy of speech are we with you, for whom we feign no art,  
And if little our lip has spoken, you know how full our heart!  
So work, we shall work for you, till the name that is ours be yours,  
—Work, we shall work, knowing well we stand while the North endures:  
With a faith as the faith of children, and the hunger of homeless men,  
Awaiting the time we Northward turn, tho' we know not how nor when,  
—We, Canadians to the heart-core, Canadian, blood and bone,  
We yet shall turn to our Homelands, and some day know our own!

# LITERATURE IN CANADA



## Second Paper



BY ROBERT BARR.

IN a previous article I devoted some attention to the somewhat benighted condition of the average citizen of the Dominion who, according to his own statistics, loves whiskey better than books. I now turn with equal horror to the contemplation of the educated Canadian.

Canada has suffered much at the hands of her cultured class. Mr. Cooper, in his article in the May number of this magazine, says the educated Canadian is conservative. This is putting it mildly, but I believe the statement is accurate as far as it goes. The educated Canadian is conservative because he has no opinion of his own. In literature he waits until a definite judgment is pronounced outside of Canada; then your educated Canadian knows it all. He retails this second-hand estimate to admiring listeners with all the confidence of a man exploiting his own discovery. This is a very happy state of things for the educated Canadian, for if you contradict him he waves you off by saying, "Oh, the *London Times* agrees with me," or "*The Athenæum* has given expression to my view," and thus you are floored. But the unfortunate thing for a young Canadian endeavouring to make his way in literature is, that until he leaves his own domicile and has achieved commendation from other people, he has no chance whatever of making any impression on the second-hand opinion of his educated fellow-countrymen. The cultured Canadian glosses his ignorance with a hard polish, which is utterly impervious to thought that is Canadian in its origin. He says of Canada as they of old said, "Can there any good come out of Nazareth," and it is not until Jerusalem has deified, or crucified the Nazarene, that he becomes of honour in his own land.

Mr. Cooper tells an interesting story which is not related for the purpose of confirming my argument, but which, nevertheless, goes some distance in that direction.

Six men of education and culture, he said, were taking dinner in a private room in a Toronto restaurant. Being cultivated persons their talk naturally turned towards literature, and the good old stock question came up. If all the books were to be blotted out with exception of the Bible and Shakspeare and one other volume, what should that one other volume be? Please note the conventionality of the exception. There are many men of culture and education who are not in the habit of reading either the Bible or Shakspeare, yet when this stock question arises, this stock exception is invariably made; sometimes Milton and Homer are lugged in, usually suggested by a posing man of education and culture who has never read a line of one or the other. Here then are the authors preserved to us by the six men of culture and education in Toronto—Scott, Dickens, Carlyle, Kipling, Macaulay, Parkman, Thackeray, Ruskin, Elliott, Pope, Lecky, Stevenson, Browning, Tennyson, Goldsmith and Arnold, in the order named.

Imagine, if you can, the depth of decadence into which critical judgment has fallen in Toronto, when there can be found half a dozen men throughout that ill-fated city who actually place Dickens before Thackeray, and who, at this age of the world, seriously consider Macaulay, when right in their own town, doubtless within a street car fare of where they were dining, lives Goldwin Smith, a writer incomparably superior to Macaulay, whether considered as a literary stylist or as an accurate historian. If cultured Canadians would only import

their opinions with reasonable celerity, such mistakes could not occur, and there is really no excuse for this tardiness when there are several lines of steamers running from England to Montreal each week. Doubtless the distinguished diners themselves will be shocked to learn that, to use a commercial phrase, Dickens stock began to decline on the day of his death, and has been declining ever since, while in like manner Thackeray stock began to appreciate and has continued to do so.

But there are six prigs in other places than Canada. The editor of an English magazine told me a while since that six English novelists dined together and the usual question came up with the usual exception. It took this form:—"If you were sentenced to a term of imprisonment and could get only one book to read, which book would you choose, Shakspeare and the Bible excepted?" The answer was unanimous; the six novelists chose George Borrow's book, 'Lavengro.'

I sat silent for a moment or two when this was told me, and then said with deliberation, "I think I should have chosen 'Lavengro' too."

"So should I," replied the editor.

Thus there were eight of us, like the little niggers. On leaving my editor friend I went at once to my favourite book-store on the Strand, and said to the man in charge: "Have you got a copy of a book entitled 'Lavengro'?"

"Well," replied the attendant, "there isn't much call for it, but I think I have a copy. Yes, here it is; two shillings; by George Borrow."

I paid the money, took the book home with me, and since then I have read it.

Now these six English prigs differed from the six Canadian prigs in this; there was at least some originality about their choice. Without knowing who the six were, I surmised that probably an article on George Borrow had appeared in one of the reviews, and each man supposed he alone had

read that article, so he thought he would surprise the others by naming a book of which they had never heard. I take some delight in imagining the long faces pulled by the six novelists when the poll was declared. Next year, Mr. Cooper, when your six men are dining again in their private room, I'll bet you a year's subscription to this magazine that they choose 'Lavengro.'

Rather more than a year ago, when I was in America I had the pleasure of listening to a lecture by Mr. James L. Hughes, Inspector of Schools for Toronto. The lecture was the last of a series on the same subject, and the subject was Charles Dickens. I sat entranced, listening to the rounded periods of Mr. Hughes. For the time being the years rolled off my shoulders, and I was once more a boy of seventeen listening to the estimate of the noted novelist whom I had cherished at that period of my existence. It staggered me at first, I confess, to learn that any educated man considered the exaggerations of Charles Dickens worthy of six discourses, but once in the auditorium all that was forgotten, and I bathed in the eloquence of the Inspector as if I had discovered the fountain of youth which Ponce de Leon failed to find in Florida.

I quote here from an inaccurate memory, and so cannot reproduce the exact words; but this was their substance:

"Murdstone"! The sonorous voice of Mr. Hughes rolled out the cognomen, dwelling thrillingly on the "r's." "Think of the significance of that name! 'Murd,' the first syllable of murder, and 'stone,' typical of the hard heart of this wonderfully drawn character."

This was most impressive, but still, if Mr. Hughes had wished to get names with meanings, he had only to go back a little further in literature to the old dramatists, and there he would have found Mr. Lovemore, Mr. Bashful Constant, Mr. Brilliant Fashion, Mr. Lively, Mr. Sombre, Mr. Moody, Mr. Joyful, Sir John Reckless, Lord Graball,

a miser ; indeed he might have had a more recent example, for an American novelist once wrote : " Mr. Winterbottom was a cold, stern man."

But after the discourse was over and I had removed myself from the magnetism of the lecturer's presence, I began to ponder on the disquieting position of things which this oration displayed. If the chief educational official in the largest and probably the most enlightened city of Ontario, held literary opinions which perhaps it would be too harsh a term to call infantile, what must be the state of mind of the ordinary teachers throughout the Province, and what chance is there of any of their unfortunate pupils becoming a Judge Haliburton or a Gilbert Parker, an Archibald Lampman or a Dr. Drummond? The fact that the country does produce such men is merely an example of the amazing fertility of nature. To expect it to do so as a matter of course, would be as absurd as if a farmer looked for fall wheat to sprout in the spring, when he had neither ploughed the land nor sown the grain the year before.

During all my school days in Canada, whether in the humble log chalet of the backwoods or the more imposing educational halls of Toronto, I never once heard the name of a literary man mentioned. Never once was I told that I lived in a country containing the grandest scenery the world has to show. Never once was the information given to me that the history of the deeds which won an empire from the wilderness was more absorbingly interesting than the most thrilling romance ever penned. And here I come to the chief indictment I have to bring against the conservative educated Canadian. The school books which he compiled for his unhappy victims throughout the Province reflected his own second-hand state of mind. Unfortunately I have not in my possession the school books at present in use in Ontario, but the third, fourth and fifth books of my day were as bad as if I had compiled them myself. Canadian history was represented, when I first went to school in

Canada, by a little yellow book, which was as dull as a page of logarithms. Later we had a larger book containing many bad wood-cuts, and this volume was even duller than the other, because it was bigger. The selections for the reading books were mostly chosen from English sources, and if we saw Canada at all, it was through English eyes. There were some turgid poems on Niagara, if I remember aright, but they were all by Englishmen, and I think the prose description was by Charles Dickens himself.

The other night I was invited by the Whitefriar's Club to attend a dinner given to Mark Twain. One of the speakers was Dean Hole, of Rochester, celebrated alike as an orator and a bookmaker. He told a story which he credited to Dr. Conan Doyle, but which, nevertheless, was my story. Discussing the very point I am endeavouring to throw light upon now, I told this story to Dr. Doyle, to emphasize my remarks, and he asked permission to use the anecdote, on his lecture tour, which permission I most cheerfully gave, and now Dean Hole has got the story in one of his books, and if my name were only attached, I should have some chance of going down to posterity. Here is the yarn :

As a boy I worked my way from Detroit on a schooner to the Welland Canal. The schooner was the *Olive Branch*, and I believe her bones now lie exposed to the winds on the shore near Toronto. My objective point was the Niagara Falls, and as soon as I got off the schooner I tramped from the canal to the cataract, one hot, dusty summer's day. I sat and looked at the Falls, but was bitterly disappointed with them. No reality can ever equal the expectation of a boy's lurid fancy. However, I consoled myself by saying, " Never mind ; some day I shall have money enough to go to England and see the Falls of Ladore." In the third, or the fourth, or the fifth book, which was then used in all schools throughout Canada, Southey's poem, the Falls of Ladore, was given :

Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
And steaming, and beaming, and gleaming,  
and streaming,  
And dashing, and flashing, and splashing, and  
clashing.

All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
And this way the water comes down at Ladore!

Naturally I thought such a cataract must be the greatest downpour in the world, and sure enough, neither money nor opportunity being lacking, I had a chance of viewing the wonder of nature which inspired Southey's muse. I landed one summer evening at a lake-side town two miles from Ladore. My impatience would not admit of my waiting till daylight, so I started on foot along the beautiful well-made road which skirts the lake, then almost as light as day under a full harvest moon. After I had tramped about two miles I began to fear I had lost my way, for, pausing every now and then, I could hear no sound of water, so I sat down on the rocks by the wayside until some belated passerby should happen along and give me more definite directions. At last a countryman came slowly down the road and I hailed him.

"Can you tell me where the Falls of Ladore are?" I asked. The man paused in astonishment.

"Why, sir," he said finally, "you're a-sittin' in 'em."

The fact was the falls had gone temporarily out of commission because of the dryness of the summer. Now, however picturesque the surroundings of a cataract may be, I maintain that a little water is necessary as well, and yet, thanks to our Canadian school books, I had waved Niagara contemptuously aside for this heap of dusty stones!

Canada always underestimates her own, and my reason for writing this article is to enlarge, if possible, her bump of self-appreciation; self-conceit, if you like. I have done it before in an instance which I shall relate, and so I do not despair even with so large a handful as the Dominion. Once when spending a winter in the lovely English watering place of Torquay, I took my map and walked towards the

village of Babbacombe. Nearing the place I met the local policeman and asked him if there was anything worth seeing in Babbacombe.

"No," he said slowly, "there isn't. You ought to see Torquay, that's a great place."

"But," I objected, "I have just come from Torquay. You don't think it would be worth my while then to go on to Babbacombe?"

"Oh, no, sir," he said, "there's nothing a-goin' on there. I was born and bred in the place, and nothing much has happened ever since."

Nevertheless, I continued my journey across the wind-swept down and came to the edge of a precipice, where an astonishing view burst upon me. The cliffs were of red sandstone, resembling in colour the Esterel mountains in Southern France; the water was as deeply blue as the Mediterranean, and down the densely-wooded Devonshire Combe, embowered in foliage, straggled the thatched roofs of the quaint old cottages of Babbacombe, the floor of one house level with the peak of another, and so on to the edge of the glittering sand, and the white line of foam from the rippling tide. On returning I again met the leisurely policeman.

"Look here," I said, "Babbacombe is the loveliest place I ever saw in my life. The next stranger you meet, tell him that whatever else he misses, he mustn't miss Babbacombe. The cliffs are the colour of the mountains of Judea, near Jerusalem; the water is as lovely as the Golden Horn at Constantinople."

"Do you mean to tell me so, sir?" he asked, opening his eyes wide in astonishment.

"I do, and I don't want you to forget it either. A man who was born in such a place should be proud of it."

When I looked back from away down the hill the policeman was still standing where I left him, gazing after me.

Six years passed before I met that policeman again. He did not recognize me, but I recognized him.

"Well, officer," I said, "I'm tramping on to Babbacombe. Is it worth while going there?"

"Worth while?" he cried, with enthusiasm, "it's the prettiest village in the whole world; them as travels has told me so. Part o' Babbicum is just like Jerusalem, and another part is like Constantinople. You mustn't miss Babbicum, sir, for I was born and bred there."

Now I should like to do for Canada what I did for that policeman. He got his similes rather mixed up, but he was on the right track, and I believe he will remain on it until he is superannuated.

The thing that seems to me to stand in the way of the Canadian Walter Scott, is Canada's persistent undervaluation of her own men and women. Mr. Cooper in his article commented on the fact that his six prigs dining in a private room had included no modern author except Kipling and Stevenson, but what strikes me as emblematical of their limited minds is, that not one of the half dozen gave any chance to a Canadian. Mr. W. A. Fraser, in his address to the newspaper men, to which I took exception on this same count, said that above all else we must have Truth, and he spelt it with a capital T. I think there must be truth in fiction, otherwise it will not live. It is probably the absence of truth in the writing of Charles Dickens, all his pictures being exaggerations, and his character sketches, caricatures, which accounts for his gradual decline, and which will account for the ultimate extinction of his work. Stevenson is another of the men chosen by the learned six, and in some of his books he has ventured on American topics, which he treats with a lack of truth which must ever distinguish the work of a foreigner writing of a country not his own.

"A man should write what is in his bones," said Kipling once, and the phrase has stuck to me ever since I heard it. Kipling himself is the exception which goes to prove his own rule, for he has written truthfully of a life which, so to speak, was not in his

bones, as is shown in his story of the fisher folk in "Captains Courageous."

"The Master of Ballantrae" is generally admitted to be one of Stevenson's most notable books, and the character of the Master is drawn by a vigorous and sure hand, while an even more subtle creation is the old servant, MacKellar, who tells the story. But the moment Stevenson brings his people across to America the element of truth escapes from his novel, and it goes to pieces. He has his company wander blundering through the north woods from Albany for something like three weeks, when any one who knows the Indian and the time is well aware that every member of that company would be decently scalped and dead before they were half an hour in the forest. Stevenson has his Indians do what no Indian ever thought of doing. He has the aborigines stroll listlessly along the valley with the white foreigners gazing down on them from the ridge, when in reality the incident would have been the other way about.

This is what comes of dining in a private room in a city restaurant instead of camping out in the valley of the Don and learning the ways of Indians. I hope Mr. Cooper will take his six, next time they are hungry, to the city limits on an electric car and treat them to a picnic where they may see the methods of the wilderness. If there had been a single original idea in the brains of the six they would have given a vote for at least one Canadian book, and so against their next meeting in a private room, I'll bestow upon them a hint. I shall not go to any author so well known as Gilbert Parker, whose splendid array of books is now heading the lists both in England and in the United States. I shall take a writer much less famous perhaps, but no less deserving of fame. In a book written by Mrs. Harrison, of Toronto, entitled "The Forest of Bourg Marie," there is a chapter describing an ancient ruined chateau in Canada which has been made a store-house for furs by the grim old man who is the striking

hero of the book. Not only has Robert Louis Stevenson, nor any one mentioned by the six, never written anything so striking as that description of the furs, but, to find its equal in literature, you will have to go back to the time of the Arabian Tales. I know nothing of Mrs. Harrison beyond what may be surmised by a reading of her book, but I stake whatever little reputation I have on the statement that "The Forest of Bourg Marie" is a notable work of genius, a book superb in its character drawing, noble in diction, thrilling in incident, and so strongly constructed that it dispenses with conventional love-making, without losing an atom of its interest, a feat which has not been accomplished, to my knowledge, since Robinson Crusoe, and I doubt if there is a novelist living, however famous, who would have the courage to put forth a romance without a heroine in it.

I must apologize to the immaculate six, for mentioning a work which emanates from mere Toronto.

Now what is the remedy; what can be done to get Canada out of the literary slough of despond in which it wallows? I think it will help to clear the way if we admit that, with the present generation, all effort is useless. The six cultured and educated men who dined in the private room are hopeless, and perhaps even I am not able to convince them that they are six egregious asses, holding the same literary opinions now to be found only in the colliery districts of England; opinions which have been discarded by men of intelligence everywhere else in the world. Our endeavour at reform must begin with the rising generation and so, if possible, an attempt should be made to civilize the school teachers of Canada. I am taking it for granted that the school books are nearly, if not quite, as bad as they were in my day, and I arrive at this estimate of them because the Inspector of Public Schools in an imperial city like Toronto holds good old matured literary opinions that are of the vintage of 1876. I doubt also if

the Normal School has improved, and so it were useless to look to that institution for help in reclaiming the teachers. In my day the Normal School was a sort of educational pork-packing factory. It gathered in to itself the raw material from all parts of the Province, rushed it through the machine, scraped off some of the ignorance, but not much, and there stood the manufactured article, produced in so many minutes by the watch. I was captured from my native lair, soaked, scraped and so flung upon a defenceless Province, certified as being of correct weight and size, all in something less than four months.

We must get at the teachers direct. My plan is to place THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE into the hands of every teacher in Ontario. To expect the teachers to pay two dollars and a half a year for it is absurd; because Canada, although willing to lavish millions on railways or on telegraphs to the other end of the earth, is graspingly penurious where her teachers are concerned. She pays them meagre salaries, so that every woman among them is looking towards the day when she will get married, and every man is anxious for the time when he can step into something that will bring him in more money. My statistical hand-book of Canada shows that in the year 1887 there were something like five thousand schools in Ontario. I suppose that by this time the number has doubled. Placing the figure then at ten thousand, how are we to get the magazine into those ten thousand schools? Of course it would be a small matter and quite unnoticeable in the tax list if each school section in Canada were to appropriate two dollars and a half a year for the magazine, but to look for that is to look for an impossibility, although this would be the natural way out in a civilized community. I propose, therefore, to start a fund. I will place a hundred dollars in the hands of the Editor of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE if forty-nine other prigs, educated and cultured, will put up a like amount each; that would be five thousand dol-



lars. I should expect the ten thousand teachers to subscribe on their own account fifty cents apiece, and I should expect the proprietors of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, on getting an order for ten thousand copies, to let us have them at a dollar a year, each subscription.

Then if I were the editor of the magazine I would get a number of the bright young people to write articles on the stirring historical events of Canada. The war of 1812 alone is a mine of wealth, and in the United States, not to mention Canada, there is a vast amount of ignorance regarding the outcome of that historical episode. What writer could wish for a more attractive hero than General Brock, or a more romantic character than Tecumseh? Where, even in the history of Scotland, is there an act of more womanly devotion than the night excursion taken by Mrs. Secord through swamp and forest to warn her countrymen of the enemy's approach? Literally, the woods are full of incidents like these.

The recent success of *McClure's Magazine* in New York shows what can be done on these lines. Miss Ida M. Tarbell, a girl unheard of before the magazine was founded has been, as it were, the backbone of that publication. She began by writing a life of Abraham Lincoln, and is still at it, having sandwiched Napoleon between the two histories of the Martyred President, and I must confess I read the account of that great plain man's life with as intense an interest as I did some years ago, when the articles first appeared.

Now, in Canada there are hundreds of girls who are as bright, as clever, and as well educated as Miss Tarbell, but there is no opening for them in the Dominion. The United States' publications are closed to them because readers on the other side of the line are not interested in the historical annals of a foreign country. When I

offered my first book, which dealt with the Fenian Raid in Canada, to a New York publisher he refused it, but said if I changed the venue of the incidents over to the States he would publish the book. "We have no interest in Canada," he added. Well, as I was unable to transport the Fenian Raid from the Province of Ontario to the State of New York, my book had to be published by another fellow, who took it with some reluctance, having exactly the same objection to it. This shows the disadvantage under which Canadian writers labour when they seek an outlet for their wares across the border.

Last year, when I visited one of the High Schools of Buffalo, I found on the desk of each teacher files of every New York magazine. Stories and articles from these magazines were read to the classes, explained and commented upon. Such a course not only interested, but brightened the pupils, and made them alert and up-to-date. I propose then that THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE be read in the Canadian schools; that the children should be taught something about the leading writers of the day, especially those who belong to Canada, or who write about Canada; that they should be taught something of the grandeur of their country, of its scenery and its history. They should be told that the important things of life are right around the schoolhouse door, and not over in England, or on any other distant shore. To this end I am ready to contribute a hundred dollars a year for the next five years, if there are forty-nine men in Canada willing to do the same. In such a way I think the chances of Canada producing a Sir Walter Scott or a Jane Austin from among the present boys and girls of Canada will be considerably enhanced, and, perhaps, when the boys now in school grow up, they will be willing to buy more books and less whiskey.

## ANOTHER LEASE OF LIFE.

*By C. W. Peterson, Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture, Northwest Territories.*

THE agricultural world has hardly recovered from the shock occasioned by the presidential address of Sir William Crooks, before the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The statements of a man of Sir William Crooks' scientific attainments were naturally regarded by the layman as gospel truth, and it is but recently that a number of inquisitive persons have ventured to suggest with a great deal of timidity, that after all, our chances of obtaining the regular supply of "the staff of life" a number of years hence, may probably not be quite as desperate as Sir William Crooks would have us believe.

As intimated by Mr. Hyde in an article on the subject contained in a recent number of *The North American Review*, the address of Sir William should be regarded more in the light of a warning or a plea for more advanced methods of cultivation, than a prediction; but the figures quoted by him in support of his argument are wholly misleading, and in his effort to emphasize his point, he has taken undue liberties with the economic laws governing supply and demand.

Sir William's remarks respecting the position of Great Britain in the event

of a prolonged blockade are worthy of most serious consideration. It would, indeed, be but the bitter irony of fate, if the wealthiest and best armed country on earth should ever be compelled to sue for peace owing to a shortage of grain. The warning is a timely one, and if the address of the President of the British Association bears no other fruit than the speedy establishment of the proposed national granaries, which might ultimately avert the danger of Great Britain finding herself in the humiliating and ruinous position indicated above, the scientific and agricultural world will readily overlook its shortcomings in other respects.

Sir William has fallen into the error of regarding wheat as the sole food of nations. Nothing can be more fallacious. It cannot be doubted that wheat is at present, and is always likely to be, the most important factor in the food supply of the world; but a glance at the statistics below will show the elasticity of the wheat demand of Europe, and the ability of the human race to struggle along comfortably on short wheat rations, presumably substituting more concentrated and economical articles of diet in times of scarcity and high priced wheat.

Year.	World's Crop.	Yearly Shipment of Wheat from all countries to Europe.	Production of Europe.	Per cent. of world's crop taken by Europe.	Visible supply stocks available on 1st Dec. in each year.	Average farm price in U.S. Cents per bushel.	Consumption of Europe.
1892	2,441,000,000	380,700,000	1,411,000,000	15.6	176,000,000	83.9	1,791,700,000
1893	2,512,000,000	396,500,000	1,514,000,000	15.8	190,000,000	62.4	1,910,500,000
1894	2,593,000,000	261,500,000	1,521,000,000	10.7	185,000,000	53.8	1,784,500,000
1895	2,469,000,000	399,800,000	1,437,000,000	16.2	161,000,000	49.1	1,836,800,000
1896	2,384,000,000	352,200,000	1,484,000,000	14	149,000,000	50.9	1,836,200,000
1897	2,224,000,000	330,900,000	1,146,000,000	14.9	130,000,000	71.6	1,476,900,000

According to the theory of Sir William Crooks, we should now be at the point of starvation. In 1892 the number of bread eaters of the world exceeded 475 millions, while at the present time they are estimated at 516 millions;

an increase of no less than 41 millions, requiring an additional supply of wheat, according to his own calculations, of about 4½ bushels per head of population or, at least, 184 million bushels. What, however, do we find is the

actual state of affairs? The consumption of Europe was some 316 millions of bushels less in 1897 than in 1892, although the average price was apparently higher in the former than in the latter year, and still the world jogs along comfortably with a visible supply of stocks, only a mere bagatelle of 46 million bushels less last year than in 1892, and a great world crop to fall back upon this year. We decidedly seem to be holding our own. Another feature of the wheat problem to which I would direct attention, is the peculiar fact that our largest crops during the past eight years all followed years of high prices, namely, 1892, when wheat was worth 83.9 cents per bushel, and 1897, when the average farm value is shown to be 71.6 cents per bushel as against an average farm price during the period mentioned of 61.95 cents per bushel. It is also a fact to be noted that low world crops have a tendency to follow low prices of preceding years; for instance, the crops of 1896 and 1897. Is this mere chance? I trow not. I would venture to assert that dollar wheat for four years would almost double the volume of production of the United States and Canada, but I fear that Sir William's statement to the effect that a permanently higher price for wheat is a calamity which must ere long be faced by European nations, is as yet very far off realization. Statistics would seem to indicate that the wheat problem is one susceptible of easy adjustment.

It may be argued in support of the theory that we have almost reached our full expansion respecting wheat lands, that the introduction of labour-saving machinery enabling one farm hand today to perform the work of at least two a decade or two ago, should have materially added to the world's production of wheat were this theory not a sound one. This could, and would, be the natural effect were prices such as to invite wheat growing, which, it is needless to say, is neither the case at present nor at any time during the past few years.

Sir William now goes on to deal

with the future possibilities of the various wheat producing countries of the world. I am not in the position to criticize his conclusions as regards countries other than Manitoba and the Northwest Territories of Canada; but in respect to these, I can unhesitatingly state, that he displays a degree of ignorance, quite incompatible, one would think, with the position of a president of the leading scientific organization of the world.

The following is an extract from Sir William's address referred to :—

“ . . . Expectations have been cherished that the Canadian Northwest would easily supply the world with wheat, and exaggerated estimates are drawn as to the amounts of surplus land on which wheat can be grown. Thus far, performance has lagged behind promise, the wheat-bearing area of all Canada having increased less than 500,000 acres since 1884, while the exports have not increased in greater proportion. As the wheat area of Manitoba and the Northwest has increased, the wheat area of Ontario and the Eastern Provinces has decreased, the added areas being little more than sufficient to meet the growing requirement of population. We have seen calculations showing that Canada contains 500,000,000 acres of profitable wheat land. The impossibility of such an estimate ever being fulfilled will be apparent when it is remembered that the whole area employed in both temperate zones for growing all the staple food crops is not more than 580,000,000 acres, and that in no country has more than 9 per cent. of the area been devoted to wheat culture.”

If “ performance has lagged behind promise”, it is for the simple reason that the low wheat prices prevailing during previous years have proved an insurmountable hindrance in the way of the settlement of the Canadian Northwest. The time-worn saying that “ the successful settler is the best immigration agent”, applies with peculiar emphasis to this portion of the world, and while I do not wish to imply that the settlers here have not, as a rule, been prosperous, there can be no doubt that high wheat prices during the past ten years would have hastened the development of the country to such an extent that Sir William would have had no occasion to complain in his recent presidential address, of performance having lagged behind promise,

as far as the Canadian Northwest is concerned.

The statement adversely commented on in the historical speech under discussion, to the effect that Canada lays claim to 500,000,000 acres of wheat lands, is one which I doubt very much was ever seriously entertained.

I shall now, however, proceed to estimate the area within the Canadian Northwest, including the Province of Manitoba and the Provisional Districts of Assiniboia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Athabasca, which could, under favourable market conditions, be made to contribute to the world's wheat supply. Mr. A. M. Burgess, late Commissioner of Dominion Lands, fixed the area of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories fit for agricultural operations at about 390,000 square miles. I am inclined to think, however, that this calculation is far too liberal. A moderate estimate of the tract lying within the wheat belt, as defined by the Geological Surveys Branch of the Department of the Interior, would be 262,000 square miles. This includes the Peace River District where wheat has been successfully grown for years. Out of this area, 101,000 square miles are located within the semi-arid district, leaving 161,000 square miles of wheat lands under favourable climatic and soil conditions. An allowance should be made of some 25 per cent. of the total to cover lands unfit for cultivation owing to adverse topographical features, which would leave a balance of some 121,000 square miles, or 77,440,000 acres.

The Canadian Irrigation Surveys Corps has carefully measured the water supply available for the irrigation of the semi-arid district, and the supply which could readily be made available through the construction of a system of storage reservoirs on the east slope of the Rocky Mountains, and it has been found that, estimating on the basis of one second foot of water for every hundred acres (the duty of water as fixed at present), an area of 6,500,000 acres can be artificially watered within the semi-arid district. This,

added to the area under humid conditions, would bring the total wheat lands of Manitoba and the Northwest up to about 84,000,000 acres.

Sir William states that in no country does the area under wheat culture exceed 9 per cent. of the total, but the cause of this may again be attributed to the recent series of low prices. I think, I am safe in stating, that taking into consideration the economic value of the enormous area of excellent grazing lands not included in the above estimate, over 50 per cent. of the 84 million acres of agricultural lands could be depended upon in estimating the quota of the Canadian Northwest to the wheat supply of the world, leaving the remainder to produce the necessaries of life for the enormous population which would be required to carry on such stupendous agricultural operations.

I might go on *ad infinitum* enlarging on these dazzling figures and facts, but I will content myself with having directed attention to the possibilities and resources of this great and very much underestimated portion of the world, and to have done my best to allay any possible fear in the minds of our younger generation of being ultimately destined to submit to the stern fate of short rations. I cannot, however, bring this article to a close without a few words of comment on the following assertions contained in Sir William Crook's address:

“ . . . The fertility of the Northwest Provinces of the Dominion is due to an exceptional and curious circumstance. In winter the ground freezes to a considerable depth. Wheat is sown in the spring, generally in April, when the frozen ground has been thawed to a depth of three inches. Under the hot sun of the short summer the grain sprouts with surprising rapidity, partly because the roots are supplied with water from the thawing depths. The summer is too short to thaw the ground thoroughly, and gateposts or other dead wood extracted in the autumn are found still frozen at their lower end. . . ”

Sir William is decidedly misinformed as to the sowing of wheat when the ground thaws to the extent of three inches below the surface. Under the "hot sun" he refers to, the thawing of the ground to a sufficient depth to admit of ploughing is only a matter of a very few days. Before the grain sprouts, all frost is usually entirely out of the ground. I, therefore, fear I cannot endorse Sir William's recital of the curious and mysterious circumstances in connection with wheat growing in the Canadian Northwest. The final statement in the above quotation, however, although of minor importance, is of such a preposterous nature, that one involuntarily pauses while the conviction slowly presents itself that if Sir William's elaborate calculations and alarming conclusions are based upon such a very superficial knowledge of the conditions in the various countries he undertakes to discuss in his address, as is exhibited here, the credence due the statements of a gentle-

man and a scientist occupying his position, should not be accorded in this instance. The mere cursory scanning of our meteorological records should have indicated to the ordinary mind, that although facetiously dubbed "Our Lady of the Snows," the possibility of the presence of frost in the ground at the lower end of gate-posts in any portion of the Canadian Northwest, after a hot sun has exerted its influence during a long summer season, involves a flight of imagination worthy only of an eccentric faddist. I may here mention that Sir William travelled through this country a year or two ago, and presumably speaks from personal observation regarding Canada, and particularly the Canadian Northwest, as a wheat-producing country. How much importance can be attached to his observations in connection with the possible expansion of those new countries and colonies which he has not had the privilege of inspecting personally?

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#### WHERE GLORY 'WAITS US.

AN Empire's coping-stone was set to-day—  
 A house not built with hands, a countless store  
 Of hearts that beat as one the whole world o'er,  
 With blood, bone, sinew, for a common fray.  
 Upon the ebbing tide has sailed away  
 The first armed transport from this Western Shore  
 To uphold Britain's arm in foreign war,  
 That Canada a daughter's part might play.  
 Past Lévis and Orleans, the cheering throng—  
 Ten hundred Britons chosen for the fight—  
 The best we had we gave; their warlike song  
 Floats back upon the Citadel. The night  
 Comes down, a lonely cannon booms; and we  
 Find joy and sadness with our sons at sea.

*Claude Bryan.*

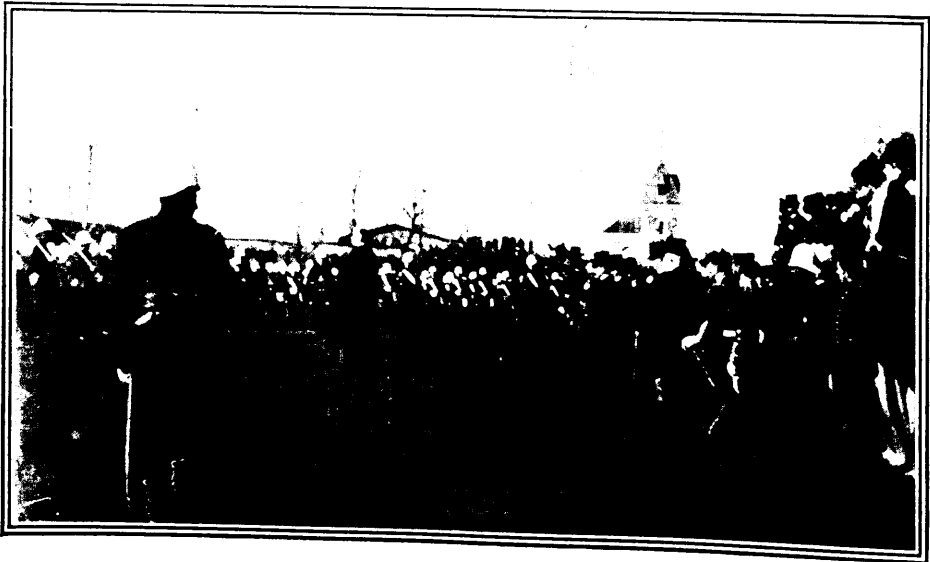


WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE."

SINCE Wolfe won on the Plains of Abraham and made Canada a colony of Great Britain, there has always been some talk of what Canadians owe to the British Crown. The coming of the U. E. Loyalists strengthened the bond; the steady accession of British immigrants added to that strength. The French Canadians developed a spirit of loyalty which was shown when Montgomery appeared before Quebec, and again when the United States armies invaded Canada in 1812-13-14. But with the Confederation of the colonies

in 1867, Canada became a greater colony of which more might be expected. Canadian statesmen since 1867 have never overlooked the duty, the reverence and the respect which Canada owes to the British Crown. When, in 1897, the Queen's forces were paraded to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty's succession to the throne, a Canadian contingent represented our part, our place in the strength of the Empire.

The Imperial feeling has lived in this country since Wolfe died victorious.



THE PREMIER SPEAKS.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier (centre of picture) addressing the Canadian Transvaal Contingent at Quebec. On the left of the picture is Col. Buchan, and on the right in front of the Grand Stand, the Governor-General, General Hutton, Mr. Blair, and other Cabinet Ministers.

Sometimes it smouldered, but again and again when the ashes of unconcern were stirred the live coals were revealed. The Imperial feeling has developed with the growth of the Empire and with the growth of Canada. No one man can be credited with being its author; no one man nor one set of men can be honoured by being called its sole exponent. It may have varied in aims, in strength, in direction, but it has been of the people always.

Sir John Macdonald, the central

kind. I believe it will have the contrary effect. I believe that as we grow stronger, as we become a people able, from our union, our population, and the development of our resources, to take our position among the nations of the world, she would be less willing to part with us than now. I am strongly of opinion that year by year, as we grow in population and strength, England will more see the advantage of maintaining the alliance between British North America and herself. Does any one imagine that when our population, instead of 3,500,000 will be 7,000,000, as it will be ere many years pass, we would be one whit more willing than now to sever the connection with England? The colonies are now in a transi-



HIS EXCELLENCY SPEAKS.

Behind His Excellency is General Hutton, Sir Wilfrid and other Cabinet Ministers.

figure of nineteenth century Canadian history, shared this feeling and on many occasions gave expression to it. In so doing he but represented the people of the country in which he was so long its chief citizen. That he foresaw the future with unusual clearness, the following from one of his pre-Confederation speeches will be ample proof:—

“Some are apprehensive that the fact of our forming this Confederation will hasten the time when we shall be severed from the Mother Country. I have no apprehension of that

tion state. Gradually a different colonial system is being developed, and it will become year by year less a case of dependence on our part, and of overruling protection on the part of the Mother Country, and more a case of healthy and cordial alliance. Instead of looking upon us as a merely dependent colony, England will have in us a friendly nation, a subordinate, but still a powerful people—to stand by her in North America in peace or in war.”

Sir John Thompson in 1890 uttered words which seem almost prophetic. “The day has come when friends and foes alike, in considering the strength

HON. MR. BLAIR.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

SIR MACGLENZIE BOWELL.



MAJOR MACDONELL.

LT-COL. BUCHAN. LT-COL. PELLETIER.  
LT-COL. O'NEIL.

RAJ. CHAPMAN

THE OFFICERS OF THE CANADIAN TRANSVAAL CONTINGENT.

This photograph of the Officers was taken in front of the Grand Stand at the conclusion of the review. On Sir Wilfrid's right are Lieut.-Gov. Jetté, Mrs. Jetté, Mr. Fielding, Mr. Dobell and Mr. Blair. On Sir Wilfrid's left is His Excellency, the Governor-General. The photograph is copyrighted, by J. E. Livermore, Quebec.

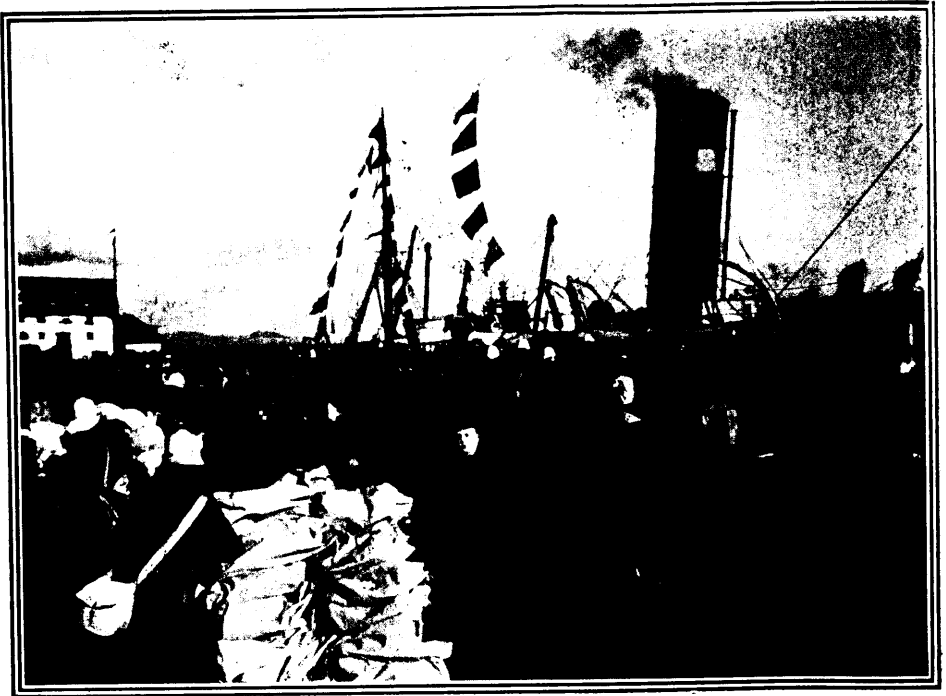


of the empire, must take into account the strength of the colonies across the sea." Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and others have voiced similar sentiments expressing their conviction that in the day when Britain called, Canada's sons would not be found missing.

Britain has called.

She hath raised her hand, the Island Queen,  
From a hundred hills a flood pours down  
Of stern-faced men in khaki brown.  
Ghoorka, Afridi, Sikh, Sepoy,

is reported to have said that a united empire means a Zollverein and a Kriegsverein, a union for customs and a union for war. The union for war has come, suddenly, swiftly. Six months ago we were not thinking of it, to-day it is an accomplished fact. The man who did the deed was the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. He knew and understood the colonies; he called, and they responded. If certain colonial premiers and colonial cabinets hesitated, the Colonial Secretary knew how to



LOADING SUPPLIES ON THE SARDINIAN AT QUEBEC.

Highlanders, Heroes of Dargai,  
Line and cavalry, rifleman, guide,  
Hurrying down to the trooper's side.  
Children of the Queen.

She hath raised her hand, the Island Queen,  
And a shout comes up from the Austral land --  
"We sent our best for the Motherland";  
And Canada's cry rings round the world  
Wherever the meteor flag's unfurled.  
"Saxon sired, full kin are we,  
Sprung from the 'Mistress of the Sea.'"  
Children of the Queen.

In 1891, in addressing an Imperial Federation deputation, Lord Salisbury

force their hands. The people who imagine that the Secretary for the Colonies does not hold those colonies in the hollow of his hand, have not read the inside history of the present crisis. He is above politics, and can occasionally make and unmake politicians even at Ottawa.

The man who would say that Canadians ever were or are now a unit in believing that Canada should take part in the wars of the Empire, would be making an incorrect statement. The



THE TROOPS ALL READY TO EMBARK.

This photograph was taken from the side of Cape Diamond's celebrated Cliff, at a point not far from where Montgomery fell in 1775. Across the St. Lawrence is the town of Lenoir.

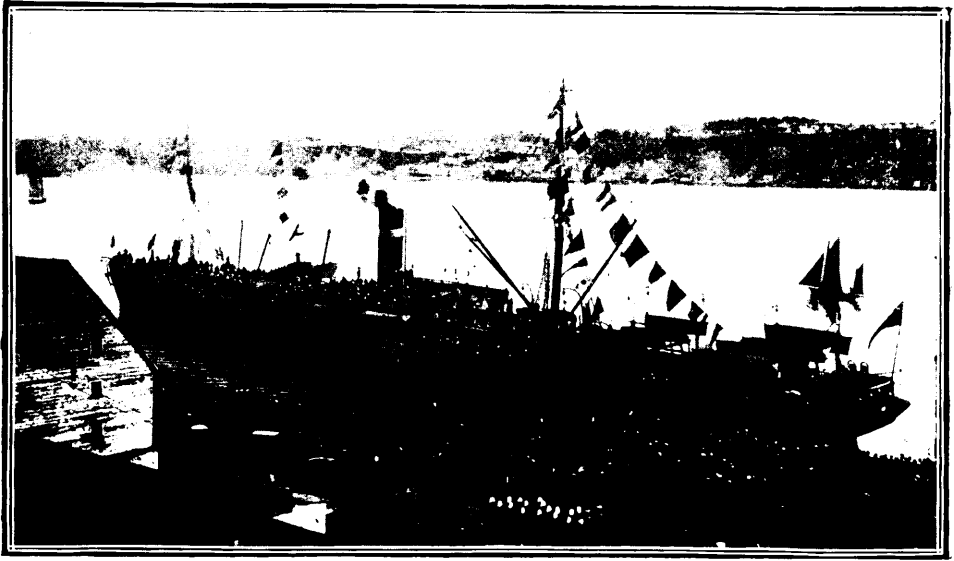


PHOTO. BY NOTMAN, MONTREAL.

THE SARDINIAN LEAVING THE WHARF AT QUEBEC.



THE REVIEW ON THE ESPLANADE AT QUEBEC.

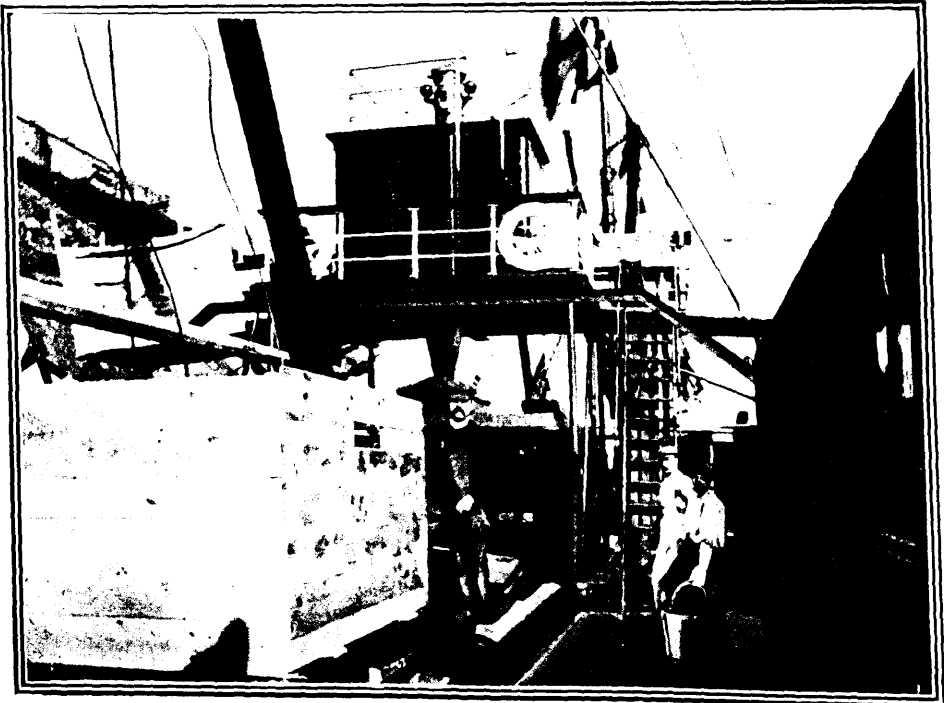
The thousand "Royal Canadians" were drawn up in lines of half battalions, the flank companies being afterwards formed, as shown in the photograph. In the distance is Kent Gate, and on the left the glacis and old wall of Quebec.

majority of Canadians realize the debt that this country owes to the British crown. They know that Great Britain bought this country with the treasure of her people and with the blood of her soldiers; that she has retained it by allowing its citizens to think and speak and act as they saw fit. The people, whether French, English, Irish, Scotch or German in origin, know that this is a British country, a nation acknowledging the sovereignty of the British crown. They admire and respect our British connection. But when it comes to deciding to take an active part in the affairs of the Empire, Canadians have never been and are not now a unit in being in favour of it. They desire to be a part of the Empire, but are doubtful of being an active part, in the sense of being represented in its councils and its armies. The sentiment in favour of taking this active part does, however, seem to be growing. If it keeps on developing as it has done during the past ten years, Canada may soon be clamouring at

Westminster for representation there. But undoubtedly the responsibilities of such a request will be well considered before it is officially made.

But to return to the Canadian contingent. The British Government desired it, and the Canadian people gave it, gave it freely and gladly. The only objections were that it was to number but 1,000 men, and that only a part of the expense was to be borne by Canada. The Canadian Government wired to London that a contingent would be sent and it was sent one day ahead of time. The one thousand picked militiamen came from all parts of Canada. From the great island of the Pacific Coast to the beautiful island-province of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from Victoria to Charlottetown, there was but one sentiment and that was: "We send our best for the Motherland."

I stood on Dufferin Terrace at Quebec between four and five o'clock on October 30th, and saw the steamer *Sardinian* pull away from the wharf below.



THE SARDINIAN—PENS ON UPPER DECK FOR HORSES AND PROVISIONS.

From the Citadel above the minute guns thundered their farewell. A thousand brave Canadian lads cheered and wept on the decks and in the rigging; fifty thousand Canadian men and women on the shore, waved and hurrahed—and prayed. And the *Sardinian* was joined by the screaming, whistling tugs and yachts and steamers; the bands played "Auld Lang Syne," "The Maple Leaf," and "God Save the Queen," and I saw no more.

The gaily-decorated *Sardinian* may be an old tub which the Government thought good enough for the common soldiers who were to sleep in the deal bunks and eat Tommy Atkins' fare from wooden tables, she may in a few years be laid up to rot on some unfrequented shore, but to everyone who stood on those heights, leaned over the terrace walls, or crowded decks and docks below, the *Sardinian* is a hallowed memory, a shrine wherein is stored much hope.



DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

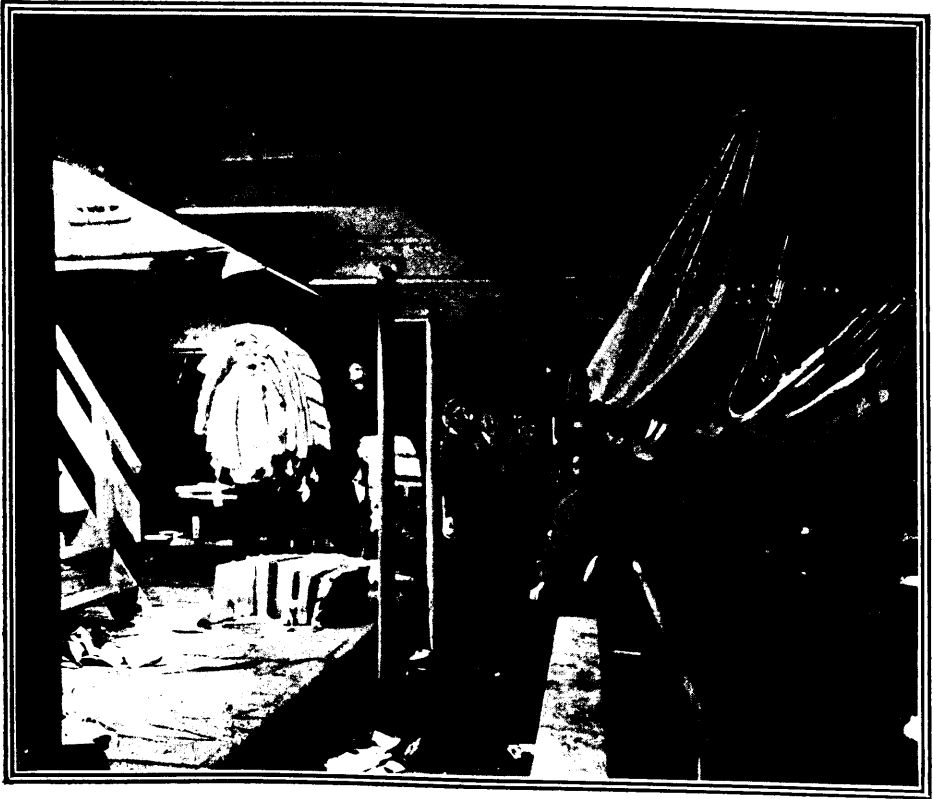
THE SARDINIAN—THE OFFICERS' GENERAL QUARTERS.

That I saw no more was not due to the thought of the danger to beloved comrades — but because I rejoiced with those who rejoiced, and my joy blinded my eyes and scorched my throat. I recovered my vision as the staunch vessel was slowly fading from sight—in a few minutes she rounded the Island of Orleans which Wolfe made immortal, and she was gone to help the motherland of Wolfe and of us all.

"Sentiment" did you say? Yes, sentiment; it affects our friendship, it affects our business methods, it affects our opinions of governments and of princes; it controls our wills and our minds; it is all-powerful. Yet to arouse it, is not always easy. Sometimes it is in a dead slumber. But a great man dies, and a nation mourns; a sovereign celebrates her Diamond Jubilee, and a nation goes wild with joy—such events as these have shown us that

Canadians are not lacking in sentiment. A thousand lads go to serve the Empire in foreign lands, and a nation rises to cheer, to give three times three and a tiger. The public purse is opened, the private purse untied, the people throng the streets and shout. Aye, at Quebec I saw strong, hard business men, whose sons were safe at home, who had not a relative aboard the *Sar-*

drove down to the Immigration Sheds in company with a patriotic citizen whose generosity rose to a cab-load of tobacco. Here were lodged several companies in a very comfortable building. We passed the sentry and found that already the men had donned their new rifle uniforms and were buckling up their new Oliver equipment. As the tobacco was being stored away in



DRAWN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE SARDINIAN—WHERE THE MEN EAT AND SLEEP.

*dinian*—I saw these men weep. Sentiment? I know not what it is, or whence it came. I only know that it was here before I was born, and that it seems to be founded in patriotism entwined with loyalty.

That thirtieth of October was a great day in the city which Champlain founded under the shadow of Cape Diamond. Early in the morning, we

numerous haversacks we were asked to take a few telegrams and postcards for despatch. The last good-byes were being sent, but there was still much cheerfulness.

From the Sheds we went to the Citadel, and it was the same scenes over again, amidst much more military surroundings. Here E and F Companies from Montreal and Quebec



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OTTER—IN COMMAND 2ND BATTALION, R.C.R.I.

were the first on parade. The Mayor of Montreal was present to bid the company from that city good-bye, to give each man four sovereigns, and each officer a purse of gold and a pair of field glasses, a similar donation having already been made by the mayors of other cities to their various local detachments.

From the Citadel we went to the Esplanade, an historic open space bordering upon that portion of the old city wall which lies between the St. Louis and Kent Gates. Here all the eight companies came together and the Second Royal Canadian Regiment was on parade for the first time. Colonel Otter was in command, and looked like a man whose fondest dreams are

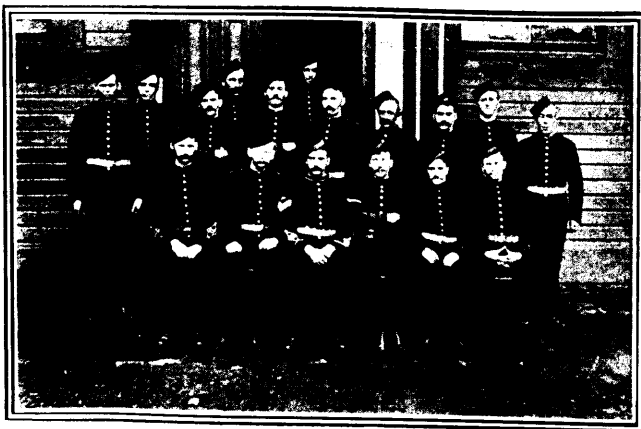
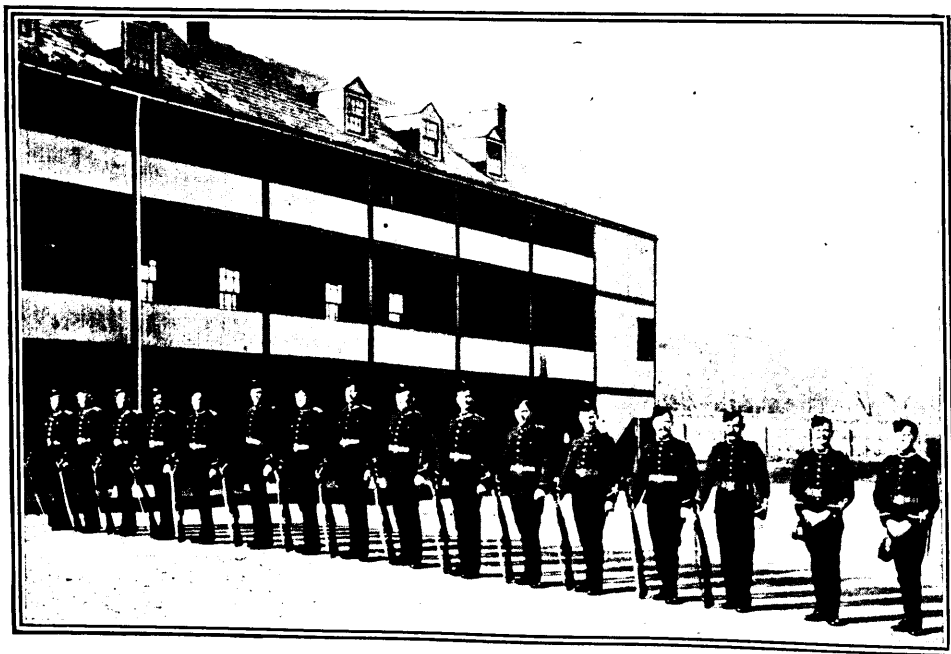


PHOTO. BY H. M. HENDERSON.

THE VANCOUVER CONTINGENT.

being realized. A half hour later General Hutton arrived and inspected each of the eight companies. Another half hour passed, and on the stroke of noon the Governor-General entered the enclosure. He was proceeded by his staff and accompanied by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and several members of the



PHOTOGRAPH BY H. F. ALBRIGHT.

THE FREDERICTON QUOTA TO CONTINGENT.



Cabinet. There were short speeches from His Excellency, the Premier and the General, and a lengthy address from the City of Quebec. Then the stalwart Royal Canadians were marched through decorated streets and enthusiastic crowds to the point of embarkation, which they reached about two hours past noon. In another two hours the booming of the Citadel guns announced that the task of enrolling and equipping a thousand volunteers scattered over 3,500 miles of territory had

To be Captains—Major H. M. Arnold, 90th Battalion; Major J. E. Peltier, 65th Battalion; Major W. A. Weeks, Charlottetown, Engineers; Capt. H. B. Stairs, 66th Battalion; Major D. Stuart, 26th Battalion; Capt. R. K. Barker, 2nd Battalion; Major S. M. Rogers, 43rd Battalion; Capt. C. K. Fraser, 53rd Battalion.

Machine Gun Section—Lieut. and Capt. A. C. Bell, Scots Guards, A.D.C. to the Major-General commanding the Canadian Militia.



PHOTO. BY WESTLAKE BROS., CHARLOTTETOWN.

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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND TRANSVAAL CONTINGENT.

The battalions contributing were the 82nd, 4th Regt. Canadian Artillery, and Charlottetown Engineers. The officer in the centre is Major Weeks.

been accomplished in little more than a fortnight. The *Sardinian* had started for Cape Town.

The list of the principal officers is as follows:—

To command—Lieut.-Col. W. D. Otter, Canadian Staff, A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor-General.

To be Major and second in command—Lieut.-Col. L. Buchan, Royal Canadian Regiment.

To be Major—Lieut.-Col.—O. C. C. Pelletier, Canadian Staff.

To be Adjutant—Major J. C. McDougall, Royal Canadian Regiment.

To be Quartermaster—Capt. and Brevet-Major S. J. A. Denison, Royal Canadian Regiment.

To be Medical Officers—Surgeon-Major C. A. Wilson, 3rd Field Battery, C.A.; Surgeon-Major E. Fiset, 89th Battalion.

To be attached for Staff duty—Major L. G. Drummond, Scots Guards, military secretary to His Excellency the Governor-General.

The following officers will be attached to the Royal Canadian Regiment for whatever duty may be allotted to them in connection with the campaign:—Lieut.-Col. F. L. Lessard, Royal Canadian Dragoons; Lieut.-Col. C. W. Drury, A.D.C., Royal Canadian Artillery; Major R. Cartwright Royal Canadian Regiment; Capt. W. Forester, Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Medical officer—Captain A. B. Osborne, C.A.M.S. (provisional).

Nurses—Miss Georgina Pope, Prince

doubt, that there will be few real hardships on the long ocean voyage.

On the day that the Contingent sailed, His Excellency the Governor-General received the following telegram from the Secretary of the Colonies:

LONDON, 30th Oct., 1899.—Referring to your telegram of Oct. 29th, Her Majesty's Government offer hearty congratulations to Canadian Government and Military Authorities for rapid organization and embarkation of Contingent. Enthusiasm displayed by people of Dominion a source of much gratification here. (Signed) CHAMBERLAIN.



PHOTO. BY SHANNON & MCCONNELL.

THE LONDON CONTINGENT.

Edward Island; Miss Sarah Forbes, Halifax, N.S.; Miss Annie Affleck, Lennox, Ont.; Miss Elizabeth Russell, Hamilton, Ont.

Four newspaper correspondents and a regimental historian accompanied the Royal Canadians. There were chaplains representing the Anglican, Roman Catholic and Presbyterian bodies. Every comfort had been provided for the men, as some of the accompanying photographs indicate, and there can be no

The address presented to the Contingent by Mayor Parent, of Quebec, is worthy of preservation as being the expression of the loyal feelings of a French-Canadian city. The full text is as follows:

“To the Commandant, the Officers and the Men of the Contingent of Canadian Volunteers enrolled for Active Service in South Africa:

“The citizens of Quebec offer you

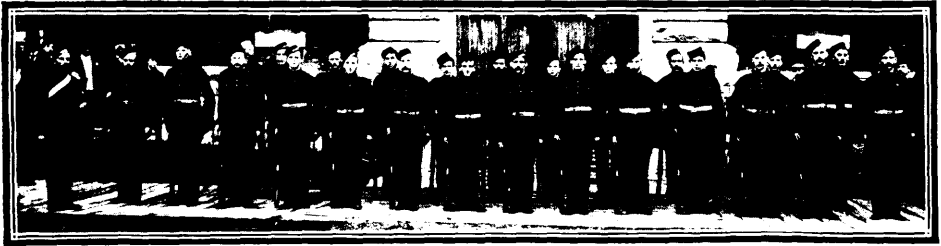


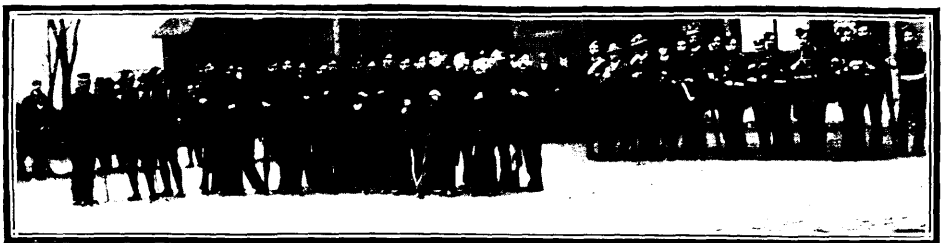
PHOTO. BY SAVANNAH. THE VICTORIA QUOTA TO THE CONTINGENT.

the most cordial welcome in this old fortress, so often stormed by war and tempest, whose inhabitants from their earliest years have been accustomed to the music of military bands, to the smell of powder and the smoke of battles. We are proud of the honour that has been done our city in its selection as the scene of the mobilization of this select regiment which the Canadian people send to the assistance of our mother country. The presence in our midst of the representative of our Most Gracious Sovereign, His Excellency the Governor-General, and other dignitaries of the State, adds not only lustre and eclat to this day's ceremony, but gives to our proceedings a deeper and wider meaning.

"It was no vain appeal that was made to our valour and our loyalty for along the way from Victoria to Halifax 1,000 picked men, representing the physical strength, the discipline and the courageous daring of our people, freely volunteered to serve under the British flag. The people of various origin and different religious creeds that go to make up the population of this country are represented in your

regiment, and now that we are for the time being assembled within the walls of the most French city of the new world, let us claim for the French Canadian element a large share of the warm and spontaneous outbursts of sentiments of loyalty to England which marked your triumphal progress from your homes to Quebec.

"No matter how diverse may be our origin, and the languages that we speak, who is there that will dare to affirm that we have not all the qualities necessary for the making of a real nation? Who dare say, upon such an occasion as the present, that we are not all sincerely united and loyal towards the Canadian Dominion and loyal to England, which has given us so complete a measure of liberty? We French-Canadians have loyally accepted the new destinies that Providence provided for us upon the battle-field of 1759. Is it possible that anybody can have forgotten 1775 and 1812? On the summit of this proud rock of Quebec, rendered illustrious by Jacques Cartier and Champlain, behold but a few steps from this place the superb monument erected by an English



THE OTTAWA QUOTA TO THE CONTINGENT.

governor to the memory of Wolfe and of Montcalm.

“Why may we not make it the emblem and the symbol of our national unity? Let us leave to each individual amongst us the privilege to retain as a sweet souvenir worthy of a noble heart, the rose or the thistle, the fleur-de-lis or the shamrock, and even the pot of earth that the Irish immigrant brings with him from under distant skies, and let us be united for the great and holy cause that we have in hand, the foundation of a great nation and the development of the boundless resources of a rich and immense country. Our best wishes accompany you in the long journey, at the end of which you will no doubt find glory

as well as sufferings, privations and perhaps even—heroic sacrifices.

“When you will be under the burning sun of Africa, you may be sure that our hearts will follow you everywhere, and that in our long winter evenings, you will be the principal object of our fireside talk and solicitude. Be quite sure, too, that this Canada of ours will watch with a maternal care over the loved ones that you leave behind, and who in parting with you are making so great and so generous a sacrifice. May the God of battles crown your efforts; may He preserve you in the midst of danger, and may He bring you back safe and sound to the beloved shores of your fatherland.”



SPECIAL BADGE OF CONTINGENT.

EXACT SIZE.



FROM A PAINTING.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN BY THE VILLAGE CHOIR.



# THE PLAYING OF THE GAME

❁ ❁

## A Football Story by MARJORY MAC MURCHY

When word of song, when word of song  
Brings back a memory tender,  
Think of the days when we were hers  
Whose glories ye now render,  
You're playing up where once we played,  
And we can but remember.

*Songs of the North.*

ANTHONY had said to her when he was at college, "Take the finest personal feeling in the matter and follow that." It may not have been the best advice for the rest of the world, but they had no mother, and Mab trusted Anthony. Since then she had been in the habit of remembering what he had said, especially when it was something that she wanted to do herself. Poor dear papa had again involved his remnant of a family in a difficulty, not a serious one but tantalizing. Professor Le Clear was naturally a forgetful man, and his wife had been dead many years. They had called their only daughter Cecilia Mab. But a daughter is handicapped when she endeavours to frustrate absent-mindedness, for while she may feel certain of what is going to occur, it is not always filial to take it for granted; and that was how it happened that Mab, despairing of her father's appearance, had jumped on the train as it was moving out of the station, and in the afternoon found herself sixty miles from home, seated on a bare grey bench, one of a tier that extended along the campus-side of an alien university. She was alone and surrounded by passionate adherents of the red and yellow; but she had come of a football family, and her situation afforded her a grim

and yet mirthful satisfaction. She was as conscious of the knot of colours on her coat as if it had been the flower of her loyalty: her brother Rufus, her only brother since Anthony had lived his brief life so quickly, was playing his first great match. He had gone down to Prince Edward the night before, but he knew that she would be there to see him play, and would she not? Mab smiled, and as she stooped to tuck her rug under her feet and bring it over her knees, Professor Le Clear was emerging from the rapt contemplation of a Sanscrit root to find himself in a general atmosphere of suspicion that the train and probably Mab had gone.

It was not because they were certain of victory that Mab had gone; for the last three years they had camped with defeat. They had carried it out with them, had brought it home, had shaken off the crowd who go with success, had been slighted by the newspapers, had trained, and had said nothing after the manner of their university. There seemed to be something the matter with the team every year, but those among the undergraduates who really cared for football clung to it with a sad determination. This season they were in the finals—by a fluke the newspapers said—but everyone knew what would happen when they met Prince Edward, and

with one universal voice the two thousand undergraduates, the staff, and the President said in the University of the North, "If only Datch Bonamy were here we might have some chance of winning." It was hard, for Prince Edward was a minor constellation, not large but unanimous, sporty, and untroubled by a glimmer of opinion from any world outside their own. Their players were of a hardy strain, some of them had been attached to their academic halls for many years, and sure there was a berserk derivation to Prince Edward's plunges upon his college field.

Mab Le Clear was thrilling with anticipation. The air, the sky, the field had a thousand subtle associations for her. There was a vague excitement in the autumnal keenness. The sky was gentian blue, against it a line of haze-covered hills, near by painted trees, red and russet and yellow. Clouds vexed the eastern horizon; there was a westerly wind and the wide field was flooded with sunshine.

Datch Bonamy had been Anthony's captain; and that was Mab's story, which is the primal right of any woman, even one of three-and-twenty. She was going over it now word by word as the pent crowds about her waited for the players to come on the field and enlivened the time variously with heart-quickenings cries and phrases. When Datch Bonamy had been captain Mab had called it her own team, but immediately after Datch and Anthony had played and won their last game something had happened, not even Anthony had been able to find out what it was. In the following spring they both had graduated, Datch had gone away to wear the harness of his ancestral business, and then Anthony, who was to have been the great Le Clear, had died; that was six years ago. Mab now was a woman—"not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve."

His real name was Cordwainer Bonamy, and after calling him that his parents had left him to sustain it without any assistance from them; but the

boys in the lowest form of a reputable boarding school, of a more practical turn of mind, had changed it to Datch, struck out in a moment from nowhere to fit a boy who had a ridiculous name. And Mab remembered him, as he rallied and commanded his men, as he walked about the streets of the university city; his hands, his stride, his dark head, his burly form, nothing had faded away. But Datch Bonamy, who had played football well enough to maintain a sweet if gaudy immortality at the University of the North, was not a person of whom Mab could think aloud. She kept her displeasure in reserve. At seventeen, however, one quarrels frankly, and Datch Bonamy knew quite well when he left college that he might not speak to Mab unless she indicated her special permission, a thing that had not happened since the day he saw her last, when Professor Le Clear had put away ambition, and Anthony.

The red and yellow about her was rampant, pervasive, stimulating. The people were multitudinous and dissimilar, but all buoyant, gay, kindled with enthusiasm. She looked with tolerant sympathy on rows of girls, of men, coteries of urchins, upon the family who had come together to avert the evil eye from one of their own who was playing. She saw about her all manner of unattached persons, and all manner of trains, laughing, smiling, speaking, shouting, and wearing the red and yellow.

Mab drew in her breath, they could but do their best. Opposition was begetting within her a fatalistic courage, and she summoned all the knowledge and coolness she possessed so that she might regard what was to follow with the unambiguous eye of a sportsman, ready to praise a foe, unshrinking from defeat, swayed only by sound play, persistent to the true understanding of combination, craft, headwork, force and chance, as she had been taught from her youth, for their windows looked out upon the university lawn at home.

On the seat below and immediately in front of her sat the only other wearer

of their colours within the radius of her glance. His presence, in her judgment, had caused the vortex of red and yellow to recede perceptibly. He was the kind of man who might be an agent of some sort abroad on business and had dropped in to see the game on a Saturday afternoon and say a good word for the North, but was now penetrated with the isolation of his position. His spirits had risen in a surprising degree to meet with defiance the easy superiority of the Prince Edward supporters, and had it not been for his powers of expression Mab's heart would have ached with checking, but his speech was free and pungent, and he was not the man to speak well of a foe.

Then the players dribbled slowly on to the field from the college clubhouse, a quarter of a mile away, and thunder answered thunder upon the campus side. To the left, fierce and far away, came the cry that Mab had been waiting to hear, but it was overwhelmed and thrown aside, and then, straining her eyes to see Rufus, who was right outside wing man, she saw Datch Bonamy.

Dark, long-armed, keen-faced, unhandsome Datch Bonamy was loitering in front of the benches, with his eyes set in a wistful stare on the old blue jerseys out on the field. He had a flag tucked under one arm where it hung expressionless until he should need it. The realization of his presence swept upon Mab like a tempest, but how natural it was on a football day! She wished with all her heart that she could let herself go and feel as she used to when Datch had been a friend, and they had all breathed as it were an atmosphere of glory. But a woman can't be a girl again, life is a more difficult game, and its score is often too indistinct to be readable. But Datch was there, and—he had not seen her.

When he did, Mab's attention had been caught for the moment by the protestations of the crowd, and Cordwainer Bonamy said, "Little Mab," under his breath, standing still until he could feel what it meant. Then he climbed into a seat near her, crowding

imperturbably where there had seemed to be no room before, and felt that it was pretty hard that he could not go to her. It would have been better to have kept friends, but he had thought he couldn't stand it, and now she was alone and he couldn't go to her. It was strange that Mab should be alone, and it was devilish that he could not go to her. He never could understand why a girl should resent a man's caring too much. But anyway she was there, and it was going to last about two hours.

The man in front of her looked upon the Prince Edward players, and his expression proclaimed that he found them strong and heavy, but he asked his immediate right-hand neighbour how many of the team they had had to bail out for the day, and if any of them could read. It was not a case for ethical approval, and Mab held herself hard, but being intensely human she sympathized with the man and felt the spur of the crowd. She had never acquired the education which can resist anything interesting, and she listened to what was going on, and was swayed by it with open avidity. She had discovered Rufus, whose eyes were searching for her, and she knew that he was nervous. Her dear, dear boy—she would have given anything she had to lessen his suspense, but no one could do that. And, above all, she knew that Datch Bonamy saw him too. She couldn't bear him, she said to herself; but there was not a cry flung upon the wind, not a colour seen, not a movement that did not mean to him what it meant to her.

Then there was a gasping silence, and with incredible swiftness the game had begun. It was Prince Edward's ball, one of their players had tried to break through, but with a will the other side had cast themselves upon him, and it was the first scrimmage.

Mab knew—she felt as if she knew in every fibre of her being—that their scrimmage was young, and as scrimmages go, not heavy. Would they be able to hold Prince Edward? Would the new signals work? The North



were giving way a little, they were holding again—almost, it wasn't bad. Then the whistle blew, the mass of players dissolved, was formed again, and again when that was over. They were holding, in some way, by a miracle. It was going to be a scrimmage game. If she could only ask Datch what he thought!

Stabbard was their captain. He had won the toss and had chosen to play against the wind, piously trusting that it would hold until the second half when their chance would come, for he believed with the generous courage of youth that his men were better trained, and if the wind held that would tell in the end. What they had to do now was to keep the ball in scrimmage, and hold down Prince Edward's score.

Mab understood why he had done it, but she feverishly distrusted the wind. At the same time she saw with pained delight Prince Edward's screw running round, and having its nose, which consisted of a tough scrimmager, broken on the body of one of the men of the North, who had cast himself, regardless of wind and bone, before the rolling mass of men, where he and Stabbard knew that he would do most good. Not once did this happen, but again and again, as often as it was needed. Mab shivered and was glad. They would stop them someday, but could it last? Meanwhile public attention flagged, and then one of the players had to wait until he was able to stand again.

When the game began after that the ball was put in play not a dozen yards from where Mab was sitting. The plugging scrimmage, reeking from the earth, were locked together beneath her very eyes, and the crowd began to talk,

"Look at his red 'ed; don't touch him, he'll burn!"

It was Rufus they meant, but Mab wouldn't mind. He was shouldering up against a big fellow who was the pride of Prince Edward's town, and that was why they were calling him names. The large man seized Rufus by the arm and tore his sleeve out.

Then he stood the boy on his head, and loud rose the acclaim, "Ho, Rafty, give it to him; ho, Rafty, do him up." But Rufus clung to him and wouldn't be thrown off. His man wasn't going into the scrimmage, not if he died for it, so he stood upon his auburn head and twined his legs and arms around Rafty. He was absurd, boyish, persistent, and he stayed. Mab was crimson but severe, it was all in the game. Then a voice rose not far away, "Now you're playing the game, young never-say-die," and the long University yell, carrying pride and salutation. It was Datch Bonamy, and he had scored, although he had not meant to, one.

But it could not last, and it didn't. The lank Prince Edward captain said, "Get that ball," and they got it. That time they scored, and after a little more scrimmaging they scored again. At half time the score stood twelve to one, and as the newspapers had said, "The Champions have already entered upon their fourth season. This is a sure thing."

Mab's compatriot, broken in spirit, glared at the ebullient crowd. "If that captain of yours was a gentleman, and if he could play, and if he had a head, which he wont ever grow one, I would say he knew football, but he don't!"

But Mab sat, her rug half-slipping away in the wind—which had not weakened nor changed, praise heaven for one mercy—with her profile turned as far as possible from the direction in which Datch and his flag were hopefully regarding her. She was cold, and she was very much discouraged in spite of the wind, and, indeed, in her present ruffled and disconsolate condition she looked like a widowed bird upon an autumn tree.

Datch looked at her and didn't smile. He wanted to wrap her rug about her a great deal better than it had been since the beginning of the game. He wanted to say a number of cheerful things to her about the match, and especially he wanted to assure her that Rufus's mouth which had been cut and was bleeding when he went off the field

wasn't half as bad as it looked. Besides, he wanted to see what like it would be to sit beside Mab while the game was going on, for in former years he had always been bracing himself in a combative and comparatively lonely position out in the field.

He said to himself that if he didn't begin to play the game he would never win anything, and that nothing could be worse than the present state of affairs anyway, and then he found his way through the moving crowd and presented himself gently at Mab's averted shoulder. He knew that they were going to play again in a minute, and she was not the kind of person to send him away when there was no other seat left.

"Don't you want to help to hold up this flag?" he said, putting it into her hand with a smile. It was a long time since she had seen him smile and it made her feel as if she might be turning into a girl again by mistake.

If he had said anything else—but that was what he had said. The flag was the thing that kept her from being disagreeable, or she thought it was.

The Prince Edward people were beyond enthusiasm, they had attained a dispassionate certainty, but they took a kindly interest in the game. When Stabbard trotted on to the field he sniffed rapturously the rumouring wind that blew from the west; and the play changed. There was no longer any need to check the young players who had been holding their men and breaking their hearts outside the scrimmage. Stabbard knew that they could tackle with the irresistible force of a machine, and he meant to show Prince Edward if they could run and pass. Mab felt Cordwainer Bonamy stir on the seat beside her with a sudden influx of joy, and she thrilled to the play of the captain.

Datch Bonamy began to feel that this match was going to mean a good deal to him. He knew, when his reason overpowered his feelings, that Mab really did like him, if he could only get her to think so, but she was so self-controlled for a girl, and so inclined to

consider before she said anything. If that captain out on the field could only manage to play the game in the right way, it might mean a good deal to him. And if they could win—there is nothing so shaking to self-control and consideration as a game of football played to a brilliant ending.

And oddly enough it was a good deal for Mab that Stabbard out on the field was playing. The game meant a lot to him, for it was his last year and his last chance; and Mab had been a kind of vision to him all through his course at college, not what she had been to Datch Bonamy, but an ideal, someone to please and to honour. Among all the other things that make it worth while to win a game of football, Stabbard imagined that he could see Mab smiling, and in his own way he thought of that out on the field, and played the better for it.

There were many good players on the Prince Edward team, but there was one great man, he played centre scrimmage, and by a happy succession of generations his name was Goode Smith. When the first scrimmage after half-time was formed Stabbard said something with intensity and Goode Smith rose from the mass, heels uppermost, and was cast away much as if he had come from a geyser. And now at last it was the turn of one of Stabbard's men to kick with the wind. The ball went into touch at the Prince Edward twenty-five yard line, and from the gracious crowd of spectators there arose a moderate clapping. But when the ball was thrown in it was one of the North men who caught it, and then when Prince Edward braced to meet another kick, Stabbard saw his men run and pass, dodge and leap aside, and at last the centre half, avoiding with one outstretched arm the petulant embrace of Prince Edward's full back, fell upon the ball right between the posts. That meant four points and more than a chance to convert a kick, and the astonished spectators sat up and said, "Nonsense."

If Datch Bonamy could have gone into the game then he would have done

it, but he twisted his legs under the seat and groaned in spirit instead. Mab was deliriously biting holes in her small wound-up handkerchief, but neither of them would say anything—Datch because he wanted to play and had forgotten that there was anything wrong except for a dull aching sense of estrangement—Mab because she had been hurt too much long ago. But when, a quarter of an hour later, the score standing eight to twelve, a Prince Edward player with the ball under his arm fled away for their goal posts, with Rufus, a square-built lad, but with amazing wind, speeding after him, it was more than Mab could bear, and she laid hold of Cordwainer's left wrist with a vigour of which she was quite unconscious. Bonamy glanced at her sideways, but the scarlet spot on her cheek was not a blush, it was pure excitement and Rufus. He could say nothing to her, but he hoped with meekness that she wouldn't be angry when she realized what she was doing. Rufus shot out a sinewy arm and laid hold of his old friend Rafty's shoulder, and that not sufficing he cast himself bodily upon the runner, clasping him above the knees. Rafty came down and so did Rufus, but Mab wrung her hands together in sheer gratitude to an overruling providence which had in the first place given Rufus strong legs and in the event of his using them had kept him from breaking his neck; so Mab never knew what she had been doing to Cordwainer's wrist.

She turned and beamed upon him however.

"I have not been so happy since you were the best captain the North ever had."

It was at this critical moment when Mab was beginning to feel that the most justified feud may be unduly prolonged, that the man on the seat below, drenched with emotion and invective, became sentimentally reminiscent.

"Ah, you ought to have seen Datch Bonamy play, he was a perfect lady."

Then after a pause, during which he had considered the startling effect of describing Datch as a perfect lady—

not that it startled him at all as it startled Bonamy who squirmed on the seat behind him—he continued to the Prince Edward townsman whom he had reduced to a condition of respectful silence.

"You didn't see the last match he played in? That was a game, they had to be driven away in cabs, so done they couldn't climb on a drag. He was carried off the field on a stretcher himself insensible, and when they came to take his jacket off what do you suppose they found?"

"Armour," suggested the spectator listlessly while the players lined up for a new kick-off.

"A lady's photograph, that was the kind of armour he wore. But there is no use trying to describe Datch Bonamy; he was a romance, he was."

Mab looked straight at the game and said to herself, "I hope I know how to behave." Datch Bonamy screwed himself down on the seat in case he might be tempted to destroy the man in front of him, for that photograph had been the beginning of the difficulty. But Mab hardened her heart. She remembered too well how after that beautiful game, an evening paper had come out with the story of Bonamy's jacket and the photograph, and how she at seventeen had made light of the football man who could be so silly. Here she paused in her recollections while Goode Smith rallied and for five long howling minutes Prince Edward showed how they could play football. But that was not the worst of it. She had seen Datch the next day and had said what she thought about photographs and College players who were only boys after all. As it happened Datch was remembering exactly the same thing at the same moment. But what Mab could really never forgive was the fact that being only a girl herself she had let slip in some way, not meaning to in the least, that she thought it was her photograph. Datch had said nothing, listened to all her slighting speeches in shamefaced silence, and had gone away. Afterwards Mab saw in another edition of

the same evening paper which had been already published when Datch was with her the name of the lady whose photograph it was, and she was a married woman—poor Mab.

But in spite of these disagreeable recollections the game went on, and it seemed to become evident that unless Stabbard had some other plan to try the scoring was going to stop—it stood nine to twelve now. Prince Edward could play and they were playing. They were quite willing that the ball should stay in the scrimmage now, and Goode Smith was finding his way beneath, undermining his lighter opponents. The ball was passed out, it disappeared, flew from hand to hand, rolled, slipped, was buried from sight, but always away from the Prince Edward goal.

“Do you see Rufus? I can’t look,” gasped Mab, her eyes fascinated by the ball.

“He’s all right. There can’t be more than five minutes to play now.”

“No,” said Mab with a groan.

“No,” said Datch and he groaned too.

The ball was in touch again, thirty yards down the field from the Prince Edward goal. Stabbard was holding it ready to throw in. His arms were lifted and Goode Smith glared at the sharp, cool face, ready to strike the ball down. Like a flash he had thrown it straight at Smith’s shoulder and it had bounced back obliquely into touch, gaining three yards and was Stabbard’s ball again.

“Don’t you do that.” Goode Smith was bursting with indignation.

“Do what?”

“Strike me with the ball, don’t you do it again.”

Stabbard looked away, glancing here and there, weighing, considering, springing up from his heels in nervous haste, but desperately at ease. He knew that the time-keeper was coming, but not too quickly, from the far-away touch line; he saw automatically where each player was—and if he didn’t win this game—all that meant beat through his steady pulses. Then like a flash he had thrown the ball

again, it struck Goode Smith on the same shoulder, and bouncing back, almost three yards more were gained, and still the ball was his. Then as Goode Smith sprang at him and the other Prince Edward players crowded angrily down upon the touch line, he shrieked a word that meant something to a couple of North men who were hovering on the outskirts of the crowd of players, and sent the ball high over the heads of those nearest to him, straight away to the field. One of the two caught it and before Mab almost could see there was a touch down. The North were one ahead, and then the whistle blew.

To know what it means, victory and defeat, one must be there. The crowds that melt away, the suppressed disgust, the inexpressible reverse, upon the field a parting cheer, laughter that makes light of anything that has been done—and haste to be away.

When Cordwainer Bonamy and Mab came to the corner of the station road, nothing had changed much for the better. Bonamy had tried to be frank but Mab had been evasive; still she was polite and anyone but Datch would have thought her cordial. Then at the corner the drag with the North team swung round upon them. It was a rampart of waving blue and blown horns. There was something that almost satisfied the moment in the light on their faces, their laughter, the delirious height of their joy. Rufus hung down over the wheel holding out his hands to Bonamy, and they all shouted aloud to see him. Mab was shaken by it, disdained its effect upon her, and wished she could be somewhere else, for a very little more and she would be no longer able to contain herself. Then swinging past, but with their faces still turned towards them, they broke into a verse of song of which the happy Stabbard had reminded the quarter-back who was also a tenor:

“Life is a game, life is a game,  
Men say, not worth our paying.  
But on the field when Autumn comes  
Our game there’s no gainsaying,  
So we will say that this is life,  
The game is in the playing.”

Anthony had written it long ago for the team he loved to sing upon a gala night ; and to know that they still remembered it and thought it worth the singing was more sweet to her than Mab could tell. Two tears ready to fall hung upon her cheeks, and Bonamy who had loved Anthony well enough to weep for him, and someone else a great deal better, stretched out his hand to her with a beseeching frankness.

"I can't help it, Mab; I can't help it. There is no use saying we don't belong to each other, for we do. It was too late to say anything else a good many years ago."

"Oh, I forgive everybody," cried Mab, shaking away the tears and realizing suddenly that one can't expect too much from the world, "I forgive even Mrs. Harris, for I'm too unhappy without you."

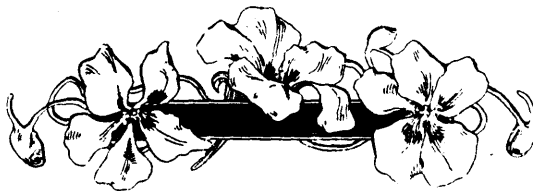
"Mrs. Harris," said Datch Bonamy in a horrified whisper, stopping short to make sure that it was Mab who said it, for up to this moment he had always supposed that Mab knew that it was her picture, and wouldn't have anything to do with him because it was. "It was Sairey Gamp's Mrs. Harris, I thought you would understand. I thought it was better to have that paper say so than to run the risk of people saying it was your picture."

Datch Bonamy had been going to college when this happened, and that was just the kind of thing a college man would do. If she had not cared for him perhaps Mab would have understood; as it was, Mrs. Harris just meant a married woman to Mab, and it almost broke her heart.

She looked at Datch, and the words that would mean what her eyes were saying already were trembling on her lips, when Professor Le Clear's hasty, stumbling feet carried him up the clean, dry gutter of Prince Edward's town, and precipitated him upon them. His overcoat being unfastened, was flying widely open, and underneath it could be plainly seen the disreputable house coat whose use Mab had forbidden except in the secrecy of his own apartment. But his face was shining with pride and exultation, derived from a passer-by at the last street corner, and his hands were generously extended.

"My dear Bonamy, my dear Bonamy," he cried; "it is almost worth attending a football match in order to see you."

It is to be observed that Professor Le Clear spoke as if he had been present at the football match with his daughter, instead of merely dropping off an express train in time to meet Mab coming down the street; and this belief he retained to the end of his life, confirming on many subsequent occasions, with exuberant laughter, Cordwainer Bonamy's statement, that his wife had thrown her arms round his neck and hidden her face against the shoulder of his coat when the referee's whistle blew. Mab should be supported in her denial, but there is no one to do so, although Cordwainer repeats that he cannot be mistaken, for he remembers thinking at the time what a waste it was that Mab should have chosen his coat against which to hide her face.



TWENTY YEARS  
ON THE  
WAR PATH.  
By FREDERIC VILLIERS, WAR ARTIST & CORRESPONDENT.

II.—“RUM AND ASPARAGUS.”

SPLASH, splash, through the mud, sometimes over the ankles and occasionally up to the knees. Splash, splash, more and more in the mire. “Reeves, when is this blooming fun going to end?” said one Tommy Atkins to another. “As soon as yer think yer on terry-firmy yer off ag’in into the slush. ’Eavens! We only wants to meet the Fuzzy Wuzzy, and snipe shooting wouldn’t be in it.”

These two soldiers, with about a hundred others, had placed their socks in their boots and had slung the latter articles round their necks. Their trousers were tucked up over their knees, and many had slung their rifles across their backs to give their hands more freedom; these men were actively assisting the progress of the commissariat waggons, when the deep ruts in the ooze of the track caused the carts to sink up to their creaking axles.

The whole British force under General Sir Gerald Grahame, which had set out from the coast that morning for the relief of Tokar, had to wade through this belt of liquid mud and sand.

A tropical rain, though the fall was only for an hour or two, had deluged the usually marshy plain of Trinkitat, and converted it into a slough of mud, for as much water falls on the Red Sea

littoral in that time as in a week of steady downpour in an European climate.

Afar off on the plain where the water had subsided, for the light no longer glinted, was the advance guard of the British Army in bivouac on a dry sandy stretch outside a mud fence-work called Fort Baker. The men dribbled into the bivouac puffed, blown, and weary, after the strain of the toil across the belt of mud. To add to their discomfort no sooner were the fires burning briskly, kettles boiling, and the chill gradually thawing out of their weary limbs, than heavy clouds gathered and another downpour deluged everything, putting the fires out as quickly as an extinguisher on a burning rushlight. We were all drenched and lay soaking till morning. However, the hot sun of the Soudan, within an hour after he had shot up from the horizon, scorched up every sign of moisture, and imparted suppleness again to our stiffened joints.

With the dawn the General’s pacific envoy, who had left the night before with a message of warning to the enemy to disperse and not to obstruct our advance, had returned with the proverbial flea in his ear.

The Arabs meant fighting. At 8 a. m. the simple breakfast having been eaten, the order “Stand to!” was given, the arms were unplied, and our little army

was formed up in oblong square, and the advance was sounded.

The cavalry, consisting of the 10th and 19th Hussars, moved slowly forward on the left flank of the square. As I was not mounted I thought I should stand a better chance of seeing the fighting if I were outside the formations, since, directly firing commenced, the force would be enveloped in smoke. I therefore followed in rear of the cavalry. As the 10th Hussars moved off to their position an officer rode up to me and called out :

“ Is that you, Villiers ? Do you remember when we last met up in the Khyber ? ” My friend was Captain Slade, of the 10th. “ Look me up after the fight,” he continued ; “ we’ll have a drink over this.” And he laughingly rode away.

Poor fellow ! His life’s blood was dyeing the colourless sand of the desert before the sun was down that day. He fell in trying to save a comrade, Lieutenant Probyn, who had been dismounted, and alone was trying to hold three of the enemy at bay. This gallant action was just like poor Slade, always generous and self-sacrificing.

An hour’s march brought us in touch with the enemy, who opened fire on our left at long range. Presently from the direction of the coast the shriek of shells became audible, and I observed H.M.S. *Sphinx* from the Trinkitat roadstead trying to cover our left flank by shelling the enemy ; but the range was too great, and the result was as little damaging to the Arabs as was their rifle fire directed on us. In fact, the shells from the *Sphinx* much inconvenienced our own cavalry, and one shell burst so close that our troopers were obliged to scatter for a time.

Marching as if on an Aldershot field-day, over trying, undulating, sandy country, the square moved briskly to the weird screech of the bagpipes, taking no heed of the desultory shots of the enemy, who gradually retired as our men pressed forward towards the village of El Teb. The square was soon to me a simple blot on the desert. Sometimes, indeed, a depression in the

ground completely hid it from my view, and at last I had to depend on the screech of the bagpipes for guidance.

It was only about ten o’clock in the morning, but the heat was intense, and at times the atmosphere quite stifling. Presently the air became charged with an odour that was sour and sickening in the extreme. In another moment I nearly stumbled over a dried-up corpse. It was a mere mummy, the skin and flesh had shrunk to the bones, and seemed untouched by beast or carrion bird.

The body was lying on its stomach, with its head in the direction of the coast. A gash in the throat and a stab in the back told me how the poor fellow had died. As I moved forward I came across many bodies, always lying with their heads in the same direction towards Trinkitat, and evidently when alive in full retreat towards that place. The dead lay thicker and thicker as I advanced, till at last on a clear patch of sand their glassy skins shimmering in the heat of the sun—for they were all stripped—I came upon hundreds of bodies piled up, little mounds of shreds and tatters of dried flesh and bone and grinning skulls. In one place massed in considerable numbers, in others trailing off in twos and threes, but always in the same direction, towards the sea.

In a little heap of brave men who had died with their faces to the foe were the bodies of two Europeans, baked by the sun almost to the colour of the Fellaheen around them. Though the face of one of them was blackened and withered, I could trace the delicate features of handsome Dr. Armand Leslie, my friend and companion in many a trying situation. Some seven years previously we had nearly met our death together when in Bulgaria in a most inglorious way, by the poisoned fumes of a charcoal brazier. He had been saved then, only to survive for this end ; and where was the glory even now ?

A chill seemed to pierce me through and through in that ghastly, sour valley of the dead—a chill that even the scorching, blasting heat of the noon-

day sun could not dispel. I was almost spellbound with the gloom and horror of my surroundings, when the sound of distant cannon told me that our work had begun, and so I hastened in the direction of the square, for we were now about to avenge the deaths of those heroic Englishmen and that sad remnant of Baker Pasha's army which lay rotting on the desert.

As I gained the crest of the rëeking hollow, I found that a shell had just burst in the rear of our square, then another exploded in front, tumbling over several of our men. Up till now we had kept steadily moving in the direction of El Teb without firing a shot. When within about a thousand yards of the Arab position the square was halted, and we opened with our screw guns. So well aimed was their fire that they seemed at once to cause the enemy's musketry to slacken.

After a brief halt the bugles were sounded and our men stepped forward, steadily firing at the Arab sharpshooters, who quickly sought cover behind their entrenchments, which curtained a large mud fort in front of the village. Then, in another moment, our advance face became entangled in a veritable hornet's nest. From out of innumerable pits, as intricate as those of a rabbit warren, black fuzzy heads popped up, then the muzzle of a rifle gleamed for a moment in the sunlight, a puff of smoke, a whiz of a bullet, and the head disappeared.

No wonder, when the order was given to charge the trenches, the front face of our square lagged a little, for the occupant of each pit had to be dealt with, and many who had assumed death became troublesome customers to those of us who were too eager to reach our objective, bounding out of their pits and charging us with their spears and knives. From the embrasure of the mud fort a Krupp field piece occasionally belched a yellow flame, and a shell shrieked its way over our heads to find a billet in the desert beyond. Looming through this cannon's smoke a gaunt figure suddenly appear-

ed on the parapet; with Terai hat and shooting breeches a silhouette against the grey cloud from the cannon.

"See! there's Burnaby, sir," said a man who was limping with a hole in his sock and a bit of good flesh torn away. "Ain't he a-givin' them beans?"

The gallant Colonel certainly seemed to be doing remarkable execution among the Arabs with his shot gun. Three natives protecting the Krupp rushed at him, but he calmly plugged into them with his left and right. The first charge of buckshot at close quarters knocked the one clean off his feet; the other two staggering with the sting of the pellets were subsequently bayoneted by some of the Highlanders following closely on Burnaby's heels. Before the captured field piece had fairly recoiled from its last discharge at us Major Turner was repeating an operation which he also performed at Tel-el-Kebir by blazing away at the retreating enemy with the shot and shell they had left behind them.

Poor Burnaby was a remarkable character, full of strange ideas, but always sane as regarding actual execution.

I was lunching with him and a friend in the Temple only a few days before we left England for the Soudan. As he was not going out in any official capacity, my friend asked him why he was so anxious to go. He laughingly replied:

"For a very good reason. I am about to run for Parliament, and there is nothing like the adventures of war to talk of to my constituents; so I am going to pick up material with which to interest them."

This conversation I was forcibly reminded of when, a few months afterwards, we were all back from the Soudan, I happened to read in a Midland newspaper Burnaby's speech to his constituents. There was a touch of grim humour in it in reference to the recent campaign. This was the gist of the address:

"The widows and orphans of the Arabs who had so heroically fallen in the defence of their country, were



wringing their hands and tearing their hair, cursing the name of Mr. ———," the British Minister who was responsible for the war; and yet poor Burnaby himself made many a widow and orphan that day—"snipeing the niggers," in the language of the soldiers—whenever they showed their heads. Though the Arabs were beaten there was no running about this retreat. It was merely a retrograde movement; when they were followed too closely, they turned and fought again.

Of course, in ordinary tactics, it was time for cavalry to be at work; and the 10th and 19th Hussars were ordered to charge the broken enemy. I happened to be standing by a mounted officer in Egyptian uniform; two keen grey eyes sparkled with excitement from between the bloody folds of a towel which had been hastily banded round his head, as they eagerly followed the movements of the cavalry. I turned to him and asked if he were seriously hurt, and found the wounded man to be Baker Pasha. On expressing my regret for his mishap, he took my hand and, pressing it, said:

"No, Villiers, I am not seriously hurt, but just look," said he, and for the moment tears stood in his eyes, his hand trembled in mine. "Look! look at my old regiment charging!" The troopers of the 10th, their swords gleaming in the sun from out the whirling eddy of dust, were bearing down on to the scattered bodies of retreating Arabs. "That's it! See how the boys go through the——"

Here he was rather incoherent, and his wound began to bleed afresh. He still held my hand, however—not heeding the ruddy drops rapidly pattering down his dusty tunic—and when the *mêlée* was at its height, he grasped it as if he were closing on a weapon.

Backward and forward the cavalry charged, but still the enemy were not flurried; they stood their ground and gave battle, and some rolled under the horses' bellies, cutting and slashing with their two-handed swords, hamstringing several animals and bringing

their riders to the ground. Those who bit the dust never rose again. In this *mêlée* poor Slade and Probyn met their fate.

Lancers would have done more execution with an enemy of this description. The sabres of the Hussars were not long enough to give the Arabs a quietus, as they threw themselves under the horses. At last, out of sheer weariness, the enemy made off, and the field was left to the British troops. The scene after the fight was ghastly enough, especially round a square brick building, which we found was intended for a boiler house. With great surprise, we looked upon this curious relic of Western civilization in this savage spot. Near it an old iron boiler lay rusting on the desert—one of the follies of Ismail Pasha in the course of his efforts to open up the Soudan and establish all kinds of industries in the Egyptian territory.

Civilization had gone to the wall since the days when that now dilapidated boiler was in useful service. Round the emblem of a peaceful industry barbarity in its cruelest mood was seen. The old iron cylinder had been used for a breastwork, and here the Arabs had made a bold stand. Bodies were heaped up on one side of it till no more cover was afforded; but on the top of the pile was a lad doubled up, his head between his legs. I was preparing to sketch the weird group.

Two soldiers were picking up some spears and shields, and to do this they had placed their rifles on the ground, when suddenly the lad I was sketching sprang up into the air, and flourishing a broad knife, bounded at us. At first I was bewildered by the sudden onslaught, but soon finding that I was not dreaming, and that the boy meant mischief, I beat a hasty retreat, till I was able to draw my revolver. The two soldiers seized their rifles and followed my example. The boy at times came so close on our heels that we could hear the rush of the knife in the air as he cut at and missed us.

Just as I felt the warm flush of his breath on my neck, my companion on

my right turned and shot the lad dead before I could pull trigger, and he fell a quivering mass at my feet. He was still clenching the knife—a short blade, twisted like a corkscrew.

The fanatical glare was still in his eyes, the peculiar cry when an Arab strikes seemed still lingering on his parted lips. It was a piteous thing to be compelled to kill so brave a lad. I was glad that his death did not fall to my lot. It was always the saddest phase of Arab fighting, that no quarter was either given or taken. The slightly wounded were obliged to be disposed of, for they showed no desire to take quarter and were all dangerous.

After this little incident of the boiler, I was, for safety's sake, obliged to cover with my revolver every apparently dead body I came across. We bivouacked on the battlefield that night with the dead and the dying for our companions.

When the stars studded the purple vault above us, and the heavy breathing of the slumbering soldiers and low whimperings of the wounded broke the stillness of the night, one sorrowing little voice was distinctly heard above the snore of the sleeping soldiers—the bleatings of a kid that had lost its mother and was now closely embraced in the arms of a stalwart Highlander, who had fallen asleep with the little animal in his arms.

Before sundown Major Cholmondeley Turner, of the Egyptian Service, had pluckily volunteered to return to Fort Baker for rum rations for the men; it was a hazardous service, for no one was safe when without the British lines. Turner was now overdue, and we were becoming rather anxious about him. Towards midnight a large fire was lighted as a beacon to guide the belated convoy into camp. My overcoat was so saturated with rain during the previous night that I was compelled to leave it at Fort Baker. A heavy dew fell over the desert, which chilled me through and through. I could not lie down,

for the ground was as wet as sand between the tides, so I kept pacing by the glowing embers of the beacon. Hungry and weary I was, for I had not tasted food since early morning, and by this time I was miserable enough. I was loth to ask any of the officers for food, since they had only short rations themselves; but I thought I might make an appeal to Major Turner, for I had been of some service to him during the day in keeping his water convoy from stampeding during the fight.

Presently the grouching of camels stole over the plain, and soon the rumbling of the rum carts was distinctly heard, and a file of camels glided past the fire. On seeing me, Turner at once offered me a tot of rum. I was about to ask him for something to eat, but my nerve failed me. The rum gave me courage. I soon hit upon a plan of delicately approaching him on the matter. I had a number of excellent cigars with me. I handed him one, for which he seemed most grateful. He immediately lit it with a burning ember from the fire, and passed the stick to me.

"No, thanks," said I, as I threw the stick into the fire.

"Don't you smoke?" said he.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "but not now, I should be ill; I have not eaten since dawn."

"Great Scott!" he cried, "that's twenty-four hours ago; you must be starving. Here, boy! bring my saddle-bag." After probing its depth, he laughingly said: "I have not much to offer you, Villiers—only a tin of asparagus. Let us share it."

I found that rum and asparagus were not bad things in a way, even if taken together; but, in spite of Turner's hospitality, I also found that short rations and a damp desert do not go so well together. I was down with fever in the morning, and was taken back to the coast on the tailboard of an ambulance cart.

# A HISTORY OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.\*

By A. C. Casselman.

"The strength of criticism lies only in the weakness of the thing criticized."  
—LONGFELLOW.

"THE Great Company" is the title of a book of 541 large octavo pages, purporting to be a "History of the Honourable Company of Merchants-Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay." The author is Mr. Beckles Willson, "a talented young Canadian, who has been for some time connected with the London (Eng.) *Daily Mail*, and whose book on Newfoundland was well received."

Whenever a history relating to Canada is announced, all students of our interesting and romantic story look forward to its publication with a certain degree of expectancy. This is especially the case when the writer is a Canadian who has been connected with a great English daily and who has already written a book. For it is supposed he has special opportunities of obtaining facts heretofore inaccessible, and that he possesses eminent qualifications to present them in a manner peculiarly suited to the great work he has undertaken. When the production has appeared and does not realize the reader's expectations, one feels a keen disappointment. To say that Mr. Willson has disappointed us in this book is stating our feeling very mildly. The redeeming features of the volume are the excellence of paper, printing and binding; and the pithy and comprehensive survey of the Company's work by its present Governor, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

Although there are a few purple patches such as—the description of the promoters and of the founding of the

Hudson's Bay Company, the report of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's brilliant explorations, the story of the Earl of Selkirk's ill-starred attempt at colonization, the narrative of Hearne's travels in the far north, and the totally irrelevant account of Franklin's overland expedition—it is a matter of regret that a Canadian who aspires to authorship should produce a work so completely open to criticism. The pictures are often poor and the pages disfigured by lack of careful proof-reading. Not seldom do we find both errors and inconsistencies, not only in chronology but also in statement. Irrelevant incidents and incoherent sentences occur in almost every chapter. Unusual locutions and false English are not by any means infrequent; while the style seems to reflect all the vices of the most faulty passages in Parkman without exhibiting any of that author's numerous virtues.

The production is in general lacking in local colour. It is not necessary for us to demonstrate the obvious truth that no man can hope to write even "the larger annals of the Hudson's Bay Company" without examining at least a portion of the vast territory that was the scene of the activities of the men who did the work of that Company; without placing himself in their *habitat*; without reproducing, as far as possible, the past by the suggestiveness of the present; without reinforcing and correcting the shadowy figures of the imagination by the contact and the inspiration of the surround-

\* The Great Company, being a History of the Honourable Company of Merchants-Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay, by Beckles Willson, with an Introduction by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Present Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company with Original Drawings by Arthur Heming, and Maps, Plans and Illustrations. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., 1899.

ings. Scott wrote the best battle-piece in the language after visiting Flodden-field. Byron looked over the plain of Waterloo, and we have his spirited threnody on its dead. Carlyle applied the same methods to the more serious work of history when writing his "Cromwell" and his "Frederick." But into Mr. Willson's book, the reader will look in vain for the disembodied spirit of the old pioneer Company; or to follow out the metaphor, even for the frame or skeleton of the giant corporation. We have but a scant account of its constitution, its methods of working; of the transfer of its rights to the Government of Canada; of its present organization, and of the work that now engages its hundreds of servants throughout the vast area of our North-West. In fact, we have here nothing but bones, disjointed bones, instead of an organized structure, and here and there a biceps or a femur, that does not belong to the original, flung into the heap.

Mr. Willson has certainly not made a hero of the Hudson's Bay Company. Notwithstanding the special materials at his command, he has failed to disprove the commonly received view that the exploration and the development of our North-West were due in a greater degree, not to the Hudson's Bay Company, but to its great Canadian rivals, the North-West Company and the X. Y. Company, having their headquarters at Montreal. We are told that after the first hundred years of the Hudson's Bay Company's existence they had established but few posts in the interior; while he adds to the evidence that the North-West Company before its absorption by its rival, had extended its operations from the sources of the Missouri and the mouth of the Columbia to the Arctic Ocean, even trading with the Indians almost under the shadow of the Hudson's Bay Company's forts. Perhaps the very constitution of the North-West Company, with its opportunities for advancement and its strong personal interests in the future of the country, stimulated emulation in initiative, enterprise, and exploration as

could not be done by the great English corporation, with its managers in London and its factors collecting tribute beyond the Atlantic. At least the volume under consideration gives us no reason for an opposite view; and some of the most successful passages in it are devoted to an enthusiastic description of the adventures of Mackenzie and Thompson who reformed the work that made them famous while in the employ of the Canadian company.

No attempt will be made in this short article to prove all the charges which it has been so easy to make and which it would be so easy to establish, but in order that the reader may judge for himself, some examples of Mr. Willson's weaknesses are given. *Ab uno disce omnia.*

Here are some instances of careless writing:

"A good hunter of these nations could kill six hundred beavers in the course of a season; he could carry down to the factory rarely more than one hundred, using the remainder at home in various ways. Sometimes he hung them upon branches of trees by way of votive offering upon the death of a child or near relation; often they were utilized as bedding and bed-coverings; occasionally the fur was burnt off, and the beast roasted whole for food at banquets." (p. 233.)

A hundred beavers, weighing from forty to sixty pounds each, would be a good load! Either as bedding or bed-covering a beaver would not be a pronounced success, however much food it might furnish for a banquet.

"The distance between Albany and Port Nelson was by water two hundred and fifty leagues, and the road overland was as yet unknown to the French. But it was not their purpose that it should long remain so. In a letter to his official superior at Quebec, Denonville, pursuing his way amongst the tribes of the Upper Mississippi region, boasted that the next year would not pass without their becoming acquainted with it." (p. 137.)

This is truly a suggestive passage. When was Denonville in the Upper Mississippi region? Who was ever his "official superior at Quebec?" If Denonville is "the official superior at Quebec," who is "pursuing his way amongst the tribes?"

"The mercantile revival came; it found the

Orient robbed of none of its charm, but monopoly had laid its hand on East India." (p. 18.)

Is this a fine imitation of Artemus Ward's famous sentence, "I am an early riser, but my wife is a Presbyterian?"

If so, here is another from page 500 :

"Single men, clerks, and others made the bachelors' hall their place of resort, but artisans and servants were not admitted."

On page 439, we learn that the Americans "alter the Treaty of Ghent began to send ships from Boston to New York."

On page 497, there is an exquisite mixture of pronouns :

"The old lion has been shorn of its mane, and his roar is now no longer heard in the great North-West. It no longer crouches," etc.

Please unravel this, who can :

"From two to six guns were mounted in each of these bastions—four six or twelve-pounders, each with its aperture like the port-hole of a ship." (p. 499.)

As a blending of confusion, carelessness, and utter incoherency, the following choice bit is offered :

"The New Englanders and Iroquois were trafficking with the Iroquois." (p. 214.)

Here are three quotations from page 193 that illustrate a confusion of facts similar to his confusion of language :

"Captain Barlow was Governor at Albany Fort in 1704, when the French came overland from Canada to besiege it."

"Barlow, who was on watch, told them that the governor was asleep."

"At sundown Fullerton, the governor, . . . spoke to the man in French."

Barlow's rank is not clear from reading these statements, and the reader is still further mystified when he meets this sentence on page 212 :

"One of these, called the *Albany*, a frigate, was commanded by George Barlow, whom we have already seen as Deputy-Governor at Albany in 1704."

The next passage illustrates both confusion of thought and confusion of language :

"On the arrival of the French ships at Placentia, Iberville took command, embarking in the *Pelican*, of fifty guns. The others

were the *Palmier*, *Weesph*, the *Pelican*, and the *Violent*." (p. 158).

Were there two *Pelicans* in the fleet? In the chapters as published originally in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE, the *Profond* is named instead of the second *Pelican*. The editor must have pointed out the error and had it corrected. This conjecture is confirmed when we find the "*Profound*" mentioned on the next page of the text. Throughout this chapter Mr. Willson does not seem to have good control of the fleets. The vessels wander up and down the bay, sink and are sunk, capture others and are themselves captured—all with a frequency which would puzzle the most careful reader.

He is not much happier in his gratuitous information in the foot-notes; on page 133 the information is no doubt very good in itself, but unfortunately it lacks the element of truth, so necessary in all historical writing and so often wholly ignored in the work before us. The Chevalier de Troyes and his men were not massacred at Niagara—but died of dysentery; as Mr. Willson might have learned for himself had he consulted Charlevoix, with whom Garneau, Wm. Smith and Kingsford agree. Again, in the note on page 195, apropos of nothing, the statement is made that in 1714 the Committee in charge of the Company's affairs, waited on the Lord Bishop of London in order to return thanks for his care of their interests in the Treaty of Ryswick. If this is correct the Company was rather slow in returning thanks, as the Treaty of Ryswick was signed seventeen years before; we fear, however, that the thanks should be for the Treaty of Utrecht, which was signed in 1712. This is more probable, because we learn on page 191 that the Company's "interests had undoubtedly suffered at the peace of 1697."

The same contempt for accuracy marks the list of forts on page 197, the first of which is called Fort Rupert, founded by Gillam in 1668. On turning to the events of 1668 in the text, page 47, it is found that the river

was christened Rupert's River and the fort named after King Charles; on pages 70 and 77, it is also called Fort Charles. Again, in this list he states that Fort Nelson was founded in 1670; and in the text, page 93, that Fort Nelson was built by Zachary Gillam in 1682. In the same list Fort Nelson is taken by the French in 1682; while the text gives the date as the spring of 1683. Just one other point in this admirable list: he gives the date of Iberville's retaking of this fort as Oct. 12, 1894. This last error may be credited to the printers, but such palliation cannot be claimed for the others.

On page 151, Fort Nelson is spoken of as being burned by Governor Phipps to prevent its falling into the hands of the French. A few lines further on it is stated that York Factory was rebuilt the next spring. Apparently the same fort is meant in these passages, and this confusion of names occurs on many other pages. If the author had made himself thoroughly familiar with his subject, or bestowed due attention upon his MS., such simple mistakes would have been avoided.

We find on page 134 that Governor Bridgar was taken prisoner by Iberville before Fort Rupert on the Company's sloop. Iberville at once sails for Fort Albany, and among the persons mentioned as being in that fort is Bridgar. This man Bridgar must have been a will o' the wisp.

On page 242, when speaking of Verandrye's explorations, Mr. Willson says: "Crossing Lake Winnipeg, he (Verandrye) ascended the Assiniboine River." A rather long jump apparently, but Mr. Willson neglects to inform his readers that Verandrye designated that part of the Red River between the present city of Winnipeg and Lake Winnipeg as the Assiniboine; in other words Verandrye considered the present Assiniboine as the main stream. Again on page 243, Mr. Willson would lead the reader to believe that Verandrye died in the Saskatchewan district, whereas, as stated by Kingsford, he died at Three Rivers.

The author takes great pains on page 333 to describe the occupants and cargoes of the four canoes in Mackenzie's expedition to the Arctic Ocean, but fails to state how the leader himself made the journey. On the following page, however, he says that Mackenzie "ascended" the river towards its mouth, when every school-boy knows that most rivers flow down hill.

We shall say nothing concerning the lack of true historic insight, concerning the bizarre constructions and inversions that occur on almost every page; but we do object to such newly-coined words as "Northamerica" (preface), and "sexagonal," (p. 500). As for the artist who places a Union Jack on Fort Nelson (p. 161) in 1697, we shall leave him to the tender mercies of Mr. Barlow Cumberland.

Scarcely any of the localities are identified, and seldom are the modern equivalents of the almost obsolete names given. How many general readers know the position of Fort Langley? or of Alexandria? The difficulty is increased by a persistent lack of accuracy and consistency in spelling and use. "Stickine" (p. 453) and "Stickeen" (p. 448) both occur; so do "Burnet" (p. 208) and "Burnett" (p. 214); "Vancouver's Island" (p. 473) and "Vancouver Island" (p. 461); "Pérouse" and "La Pérouse" both on p. 321; "St. Therese" (p. 157) and "St. Theresa" (p. 156); "York" (p. 421) and "Little York" (p. 429). Fort Nelson appears as Port Nelson, Fort Bourbon, Fort York and York Factory, when it is stated on page 96 that Fort Bourbon and Fort Nelson are fifty miles apart.

Elliott Coues has very well said in his "New Light on the Early History of the Great North-West:"

"Geographical synonymy is the subject which for many years has occupied my attention; it is a field more fruitful of historical data than most persons would suppose, and one which has never been thoroughly worked out for any considerable area of Western or North-Western America. The trouble seems to be that the best geographers have seldom been historians, while historians so good that

they would blush to be caught afoul of a date wrong by a day, are often found miles out of the way in the location of their events."

Judged by this standard, Mr. Willson is certainly not a geographer; and no one would accuse him of being an historian.

The history of "The Great Company" remains yet to be written. As will be readily inferred, the contributions of Mr. Willson to either the facts or philosophy of that history are scarcely worth mentioning. But, surely, an organization that was old and firmly established when our most populous cities were a primeval wilderness;

that carries us back in memory and associations to the days of the dashing Prince Rupert; that has absorbed the genius, intelligence and energy of master minds for ten generations; that in resources, development and far-reaching interests could have satisfied the sighs of an Alexander, and in extent of territory concerned, surpassed the conquests of Cæsar or Napoleon. Such a corporation deserves a historical treatment worthy of the past it has played, worthy of the high place it occupies in the history of our country. Doubtless, at no distant date it will find its Macaulay.

## "LAYS OF THE 'TRUE NORTH' AND OTHER CANADIAN POEMS."\*

A REVIEW.

*By Emily McManus.*

"WHAT'S in a name?" Shakspeare asks; and, doubtless, many of us who have bought a book on the strength of its title have answered that frequently a delusion and a snare lurk therein. A particular instance of this may be found in a prettily-bound, blue-and-gold volume, entitled "Canadian Folk Lore," which contains not a single page of lore of any kind, and whose "Canada" includes merely a few hundred miles of some lumber district in Quebec, with its French-speaking inhabitants. Fortunately such an extreme case of glitter and emptiness is rare among Canadian books, though we do find titles that mislead and covers whose designs bear little relation to their contents.

But in a later addition to Canadian books—"Lays of the 'True North' and Other Canadian Poems,"—there is such a suggestiveness in the artistically arranged cover with its sprays of pine and maple, its rugged landscape, and quiet elegance of colouring,—all the special design of the author herself,

—that one scarcely needs the assurance of the title as to the nature of the poems within. That promise is abundantly fulfilled, for not only are the poems peculiarly and distinctively Canadian, but they show that affection for and appreciation of the Mother Land which is so marked a feature of the 'True North,' and which makes it most appropriate that this volume should be dedicated, as it is, (by special permission) to Her Majesty:

Our Sovereign Lady, whose fair woman's  
hand  
Has held so firm and well for three-score  
years,  
Through changing cloud and sunshine,  
smiles and tears,  
The sceptre of our Britain's sea-girt land.

No Canadian reader, we hope, needs to be introduced to the author of these poems. Even were it not the growing fashion to read and be familiar with Canadian books, no general reader can have failed to come across some trenchant article on a growing evil of the day, some review of a notable

\* "Lays of the 'True North' and other Canadian Poems." By Agnes Maule Machar; The Copp Clark Co., Toronto. Cloth, \$1.25.

book, or some suggestive poem or timely article signed *Fidelis*, Miss Machar's favorite pen-name. To many, however, “Stories of New France,” “Roland Græme, Knight,” “Marjorie's Canadian Winter,” or “Down the River to the Sea,” will have told more of the character and aims of this able and versatile writer whose books are known beyond our borders, and whose poems are frequently found in the better magazines of the United States and England.

These poems, the work of many years of love and labour, are now collected into book form for the first time. In Canada during the last twenty years no anthology, no series of school readers, scarcely a special periodical has appeared without an article or poem from Miss Machar's pen, so that in this volume we find many familiar poems and can often trace to its rightful source some haunting line or favourite stanza of whose authorship we were before doubtful. But the most distinctive feature of these poems is the true and fervent patriotism which runs like a golden melody through so many of them. Not the cheap sort which echoes some party cry or lifts up its voice merely for effect, but a patriotism which can see its country's faults and failings as well as her progress and promise, and which not only loves her, but believes in her as well. With the exception of Roberts' “In Divers Tones,” no Canadian book has finer patriotic chords than we find here. Take for example, the “Prayer for Dominion Day, 1890,” or the national sentiment in “Our Canadian Fatherland”:

What is our young Canadian land?  
Is it fair Norembega's strand?  
Or gray Cape Breton by the sea?  
Quebec? Ontario? Acadie?  
Or Manitoba's flower-decked plain?  
Or fair Columbia's mountain chain?  
Can any part from strand to strand,  
Be a Canadian's Fatherland?  
Nay, for our young Canadian land  
Is greater, grander far than these;  
It stretches wide on either hand  
Between the world's two mighty seas.  
So let no hostile foot divide  
The fields our feet should freely roam;

Gael, Norman, Saxon, side by side,  
And Canada our nation's home;  
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,  
Spreads our Canadian Fatherland.

Where'er our country's banner spreads  
Its folds o'er free Canadian heads—  
Where'er our land's romantic story  
Enshrines the memory and the glory  
Of heroes who with blood and toil  
Laid deep in our Canadian soil  
Foundations for the future age,  
And wrote their names on history's page—  
Our history—from strand to strand,  
Spreads our Canadian Fatherland!  
So each to each is firmly bound  
By ties all generous hearts should own;  
We cannot spare an inch of ground:  
No severed part can stand alone.  
So Nova Scotia and Quebec  
Shall meet in kinship real and true;  
New Brunswick's hills be mirrored back  
In fair Ontario's waters blue.  
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,  
Spreads our Canadian Fatherland!

Where'er Canadian thought breathes free,  
Or strikes the lyre of poesy—  
Where'er Canadian hearts awake  
To sing a song for her dear sake,  
Or catch the echoes, spreading far,  
That wake us to the noblest war  
Against each lurking ill and strife  
That weakens now our growing life,  
No line keep hand from clasping hand—  
One is our young Canadian land.  
McGee and Howe she counts her own;  
Hers all her eastern singers' bays;  
Fr chettes is hers, and in her crown  
Ontario every laurel lays;  
Let CANADA our watchword be,  
While lesser names we know no more;  
One nation spread from sea to sea,  
And fused by love from shore to shore;  
From sea to sea, from strand to strand,  
Spreads our Canadian Fatherland.

We find here, too, that melodious poem which Lord Dufferin recognized as having the true Canadian spirit and to which he awarded the highest praise and honour from among a choice of several hundred.

Our Canada, young, strong and free,  
Whose sceptre stretches far,  
Whose hills look down on either sea,  
And front the polar star—  
Not for thy greatness, half unknown,  
Wide plains or mountains grand,  
But, as we hold thee for our own,  
We love our native land!  
God bless our mighty forest land  
Of mountain, lake and river,  
Whose loyal sons, from strand to strand,  
Sing, Canada for ever!

In winter robes of virgin snow  
We proudly hail thee ours;



We crown thee when the south winds blow  
 Our Lady of the Flowers ;  
 We love thy rainbow-tinted skies,  
 Thy mystic charm of spring ;  
 For us thine autumn's gorgeous dyes,  
 For us thy song-birds sing.  
 God bless our own Canadian land  
 Of mountain, lake and river,  
 Whose loyal sons, from strand to strand,  
 Sing, Canada for ever !

Fair art thou when the summer wakes  
 The cornfield's yellow gold ;  
 Thy quiet pastures, azure lakes,  
 For us their treasures hold ;  
 To us each hill and dale is dear,  
 Each rock and stream and glen,  
 Dear scattered homes of kindly cheer,  
 And busy haunts of men.  
 God bless our own Canadian land  
 Of mountain, lake and river,  
 Whose loyal sons, from strand to strand,  
 Sing, Canada for ever !

Our sires their old traditions brought,  
 Their lives of faithful toil ;  
 For home and liberty they fought  
 On our Canadian soil.  
 Queenston, Quebec, and Lundy's Lane  
 Can stir our pulses still ;  
 The lands they held through blood and pain  
 A free-born people fill.  
 God bless our own Canadian land  
 Of mountain, lake and river,  
 Whose loyal sons, from strand to strand,  
 Sing, Canada for ever !

Saxon and Celt and Norman we :  
 Each race its memory keeps ;  
 Yet o'er us all, from sea to sea,  
 One Red Cross banner sweeps.  
 Long may our Greater Britain stand  
 The bulwark of the free !  
 But, Canada, our own fair land,  
 Our first love is for thee.  
 God bless our own Canadian land  
 Of mountain, lake and river ;  
 Well may thy sons, from strand to strand,  
 Sing, Canada for ever !

What Canadian boy or girl—yes,  
 what Canadian man or woman would  
 not be the better and truer patriot for  
 having these stored away in memory ?  
 "Let me make the songs of a nation  
 and I care not who gives them laws,"  
 contains the seed of a great truth.  
 While Miss Machar is not particularly  
 a phrase-maker, these poems have  
 many very quotable lines descriptive of  
 Canada, as :

A brighter gem to deck the royal crown.  
 A country on whose birth there smiled  
 the genius of romance.  
 Her place  
 Between the rising and the setting day.

or  
 The Britain of the West.

The very word "Canada" itself is  
 poetical. Unlike our neighbours to the  
 south with their nameless country, we  
 have in "Canada" and "Canadian,"  
 words in themselves melodious and  
 effective, rich in vowel sounds, and  
 therefore pleasing in poetry. Natur-  
 ally the author has taken advantage of  
 this, as the refrains to her patriotic  
 poems amply testify.

Like most Canadian poets Miss  
 Machar is a lover of nature, and in that  
 division of her book called "Canadian  
 Woodnotes," many charming pictures  
 may be found, whether describing  
 "how sweet the charmed stillness  
 everywhere," of an April day ; or how

The shy Hepatica from downy screen,  
 Opens her soft-hued cups in lovely bloom,  
 Filled with the spring's most delicate perfume.

Indeed, the changes of every season  
 have found here a loving interpreter,  
 for the twelve sonnets of "The Cir-  
 cling Year" are finely conceived, and  
 well sustained throughout. They all  
 show an artistic restraint, and an im-  
 agination of a high order. How true  
 this picture of September !

Most changeful of the months—September—  
 thou  
 Comest, the last of all the summer train,  
 Cheating us ever with illusions vain !  
 Thou dost out-April April—dreaming now,  
 With summer sunshine on thy pensive brow,  
 Then, changing swift, to drive, with loos-  
 ened rein  
 Wild winds and sobbing storm—gusts o'er  
 the plain,  
 And toss the yellowing leaves from writhing  
 bough.

Is it the symbol of thine own regret  
 For early closing days and dying flowers ?  
 Well might we deem thine eyes with tears are  
 wet  
 For all the lost delights of summer hours  
 That pass so swiftly from our sight—and yet  
 A thought of spring shines through Sep-  
 tember showers !

Unlike much of the poetry that is  
 written to-day we find running all  
 through this work a definite moral pur-  
 pose, an attempt to lift the mind above  
 the mere accidents of time and place.  
 Sometimes the thought thus evolved is

very beautiful, and there is about it all a fine optimism, a feeling that

There is no wrong but growing years shall right it,

which in this too pessimistic age is very attractive. Such a poem is

TO THE HEIGHTS.

"Sic itur ad astra."

As fair to the eyes of the prophet,  
The desert pathway through,  
Were the distant shadowy mountains,  
So dreamy and soft and blue,

Although on their sunlit summits,  
His feet might never stand ;  
And, but from the Mount of Vision,  
He might view the Promised Land !

So fair to the inner vision,  
As on through life we go,  
Loom the shadowy hills of promise,  
Soft in the morning glow.

How long is the the way to reach them,  
But little we heed or care ;  
How hard and steep the climbing,  
To the summits that seem so fair !

Yet still they recede before us,  
And ever their promise sweet,  
Like a spell they have woven o'er us,  
Lures on our wandering feet.

And although we may reach them never,  
Till the cold death-stream is passed ;  
For us they shall keep their promise,  
And the heights shall be ours at last.

Many of these poems treat of religious subjects, as, "An Advent Hymn," "Who Shall Roll Away the Stone?" "Lord, That I May Receive My Sight," or "The Spring in the Wilderness." Here and there in the minor poems a touch reminds us of the kindly Whittier, whose personal friend Miss Machar was. Several poems relating to him show how deeply she esteemed him and felt his loss. A particularly beautiful and appreciative poem is "The Grave of Elizabeth Barrett Browning," in Florence, of whom it is said

If she must out of England sleep, then happiest sleeps she here.

She tells us how

She grew—a fair young girl—amid  
The English daises springing,  
And learning from the English larks  
The secret of their singing.

And how

Love followed softly through the strain,  
Ere yet its course was run ;  
And blent in sweetest unison  
Two poet hearts in one.

The great variety of subjects treated under the headings "Echoes of Life and Thought," and "Ballads of Love and Labour," testify to the wide reading and catholic spirit of the author. "The Winged Victory: A Dramatic Poem," showing more literary grace and delicacy of imagery than of dramatic vigour, but containing the most beautiful lyrics in the book, closes the volume.

For many reasons "Lays of the 'True North'" should meet with a hearty welcome from Canadians everywhere. It is marked throughout by earnestness, high thought, and purity of utterance. It is thoroughly Canadian and loyal, and treats of incidents and phases in our history with which we cannot be too familiar. It voices our growing national life as no other poetry has done ; it is hopeful, confident, and has no provincial note. Canada is one, not many, it reminds us. As poetry it is of a high order, graceful, melodious, varied, abounding in fine imagery and beautiful touches of Nature :

Her poetry is sweeter far,  
Than all men write about her ;  
Old Homer, though his theme was war,  
Had scarcely sung without her.

Little would be gained in an article such as this by making comparisons as to the relative merits of our writers. Too often a personal bias prevents a just estimate of a living author's work ; or the subject matter comes too near us to get a true perspective. It is only fair each recent book should stand on its own merits ; and, assuredly, if this is the case, these poems, not only because of their melodious love of country and of nature, but also because "they have tried to make the world a little better," will be welcomed as a valuable addition to our slowly but surely growing Canadian literature.



## STORIES OF PRESIDENT KRUGER.

AS TOLD BY A CANADIAN WHO LIVED IN SOUTH AFRICA FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS.

*By E. B. Biggar.*

**P**AUL KRUGER (usually pronounced Kreeger by the Boers) was born on a farm in the Cape Colony, Oct. 10th, 1825. His parents were farmers and so poor that it is said they could scarcely provide him with clothes. He grew up uneducated, like most of his compatriots, and inherited, along with a strong constitution, a double portion of the obstinacy attributed to his countrymen. He was born to rebellion. He must have imbibed it with his mother's milk. It was a rebellion against his parents and a quarrel with his brothers which first set him loose among men. A young man of great strength, he was once, when unarmed, attacked by a panther, but in spite of its cruel clawing, held it by the throat till it was strangled, and became quite a hero in the neighbourhood.

While hatred of the English was the over-mastering passion that has

brought ruin upon his country, he has quarreled with his own people when no other subject presented itself. It is a matter of almost forgotten history that he and M. W. Pretorius—a former president of the Transvaal, after whom Pretoria was named—entered the Free State without provocation and in a time of peace, and at the head of an armed force attempted to upset the Free State Government. Kruger led his Boer followers and incited the Free State Boers to rebellion, while Pretorius, operating with Kafirs, instigated the natives to revolt. Kruger only gave way when he found a Free State commando as well armed as he, and provided with a number of cannon. This was forty years ago, and some of the South African historians have since attempted to deny the facts, which, however, are too well recorded in the Free State annals. Having failed in a raid, which had none of the excuses of

Dr. Jameson's episode, he and Pretorius stirred up rebellion in the Transvaal itself, this civil strife being fomented among near relatives whose blood was thus spilt by Kruger's ambitious schemes. His rebellion against British authority—which, be it noted, had been established in the Transvaal without the shedding of a drop of blood—is history that is better known.

When the chronicles of the Transvaal under Kruger shall have been written, people will wonder how this "high priest of corruption" ever gained the reputation of the sturdy old saint which he has. It is not generally known—and certainly would not be believed by many, if the facts were not on record in the archives of the colonial office—that Kruger's embezzlement of funds was a determining cause of his rebellion during the late British regime. As field-cornet of his district he failed to account for tax money paid in by certain Boers, and adopting the bluff so characteristic of his late public policy, sought to cover up his defalcations by demanding an increase from £200 to £300 in his salary. This was of course refused, and the trouble began, but in the greater affairs of the subsequent rebellion the small shortage dropped out of sight and memory.

At the beginning of the present year Kruger's wealth was estimated at £25,000,000 and his ungovernable greed of gold is no doubt the true reason why he, personally and governmentally, squeezed the Uitlanders so mercilessly, even when he must have seen it was leading to the destruction of the republic. While he and his co-delegates were in England negotiating the convention of 1884, a quarrel arose among those to whom he had entrusted the affairs of state in the Transvaal and it developed to such a degree that his supplies were stopped. While convention matters were still unsettled the delegation's funds ran so low that they were unable to pay their hotel bill. At this crisis a far-seeing Englishman, who had been to the Transvaal and

taken note of the concessions which a paternal government was granting here and there, came with a rich friend and held out the benefits that would accrue to the country and themselves if a concession were given for a wool washery and a woolen factory. If such a monopoly were granted they would pay the hotel bill, and it was hinted that Mr. Kruger himself would lose nothing by the transaction. The bargain was made, the hotel bill was settled and a cheque for £1,000 was given to Kruger himself. The machinery was ordered, but while it lay at the docks ready for shipment a friend who had had a little more experience of Transvaal methods, urged the concessionaries not to ship the machinery till the arrangement was confirmed by the Volksraad. It was well they heeded this advice for the Volksraad refused to ratify the concession. When asked afterwards to refund the money, the foxy Kruger said he had received the little attention as Stephanus Johannes Paulus Kruger and not in his capacity as President of the Transvaal. Personally he could do nothing, and to this day the money has not been refunded. Now, this concession was to have included a tract of land of 75 square miles, and it was the intention of the concessionaires to locate the works on a stream of very clear and soft water, known as the Witwater, and this tract would have included the richest part of what became celebrated two years later as the Witwatersrand gold fields on which Johannesburg now stands. When the terrible dynamite explosion occurred at Krugersdorp in 1897 a fund was raised at Johannesburg for the sufferers. A number of poor Boers were killed but not a single Englishman, yet the entire amount of the relief fund was raised by Uitlanders. Oom Paul had his name put down for £25, but he never paid the money, though repeatedly called upon for it.

Illustrative of Kruger's peculiar faith, an amusing anecdote is told by a fellow Boer. Once in the early days, when

game was scarce, he was one of a party who went out to hunt the hartebeest. After scouring the veldt for days without a sign of game, Paul said he would retire over the hills to pray for food as the patriarchs of old. After several hours he returned and solemnly prophesied to the party that in three days a large troop of hartebeest would pass that way. The party made their camp there and, sure enough, in two days a number of these animals appeared. The Boers were struck with wonder, and Kruger became celebrated as "the man of prayer." Afterwards the Kafir who accompanied him over the hills gave this version of the incident: When Kruger got out of sight he struck for a neighbouring Kaffir kraal where, calling the Induna, he informed him that the men were starving for want of game; that a large number of armed Boers were on the other side of the hill, and that unless the induna and his men discovered game in less than three days they would all be shot. Dear bought experience of Boer methods frightened the Kafirs so that they set out, found the game, and drove it towards the Boer camp.

We cannot wonder at the density of the average Boer's ignorance when their president firmly believes that the earth stands still and that the sun moves round it. A well-intentioned man who was anxious to gain Kruger's favour, laid himself under deep suspicion when he attempted to reconcile the revolving-earth theory with the miracle of Joshua's battle. All his arguments are fortified by scripture, but the chances are nearly even that his citations are misquotations. In the only interview Sir Barth Frere had with him that statesman, who was a deep student of the Bible, proved too much for him. At the beginning of the conference Kruger started, as usual, quoting scripture to strengthen his arguments. But Sir Barth not only had two texts ready to refute each of his, but carefully pointed out to him how each one of his texts was misquoted, and bore quite a different meaning from that

put on it. After several defeats Kruger gave up, and sat silently wondering at Sir Barth's immense bible knowledge.

It is well known that he has deprived Catholics and Jews of the franchise of educational privileges and of holding any government office. Dr. Hertz, the Rabbi of the Jewish synagogue, recently went with a Jewish deputation to Pretoria to make a plea for the Jews, and the following is a quotation from his amusing account of the interview: "He (Kruger) would hear nothing till he had gone through the usual preliminary discussion on the Bible. It cannot be denied that he has his Bible at his finger's ends. With this he combines an old Haggadist's faculty of twisting an irrelevant text into his service when he is getting the worst of the argument. After an hour's wrangling, during which he tried to prove from Genesis, Habakkuk and John, that the Boers are the descendants of Isaac, and the Jews the descendants of Ishmael, and that it would be against the letter and the spirit of the scriptures that they should both inherit the land together, we came to the real point of the interview. Of course he maintained that he personally was in favour of religious equality, but pleaded that in measures involving an amendment of the *grondwet* (Constitution), he had to carry his burghers with him. One by one he began to repeat the stock arguments of the Boers, and we exposed his fallacies as fast as he uttered them. At last, when driven into a corner, he resorted to his trump card, which is to shout. But we shouted still louder, and the three of us shouting and gestulating on the president's stoop must have been a ludicrous sight to the passers by."

Kruger is a man feared by nearly all his fellow burghers and loved by few, even of his own relations. Probably the best description of the man is given in a single line of Kipling's latest poem:

"Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled."

## CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

VII.—ROBERT BARR.

CANADA is a country almost without national heroes. Where are our Burkes, our Pitts, our Nelsons, our Wellingtons and our Napoleons? We have none, apparently because we are an unenthusiastic people. We are so sensible, so respectable, so full of self-importance, that we seldom throw up our hats and cheer. Good old Sir John Macdonald could make us all shout occasionally, but no other man that I have ever seen has had the power. Less than a year ago, Gilbert Parker made an after-dinner speech to about a hundred Torontonians, and at its conclusion the enthusiastic applause was tremendous, but within a week afterwards, the same hundred people were chastizing themselves for their unseemly conduct.

Robert Barr should be a national hero to Canadians, but he is not. He has done much for his native land, and a great deal for her literature, but his reward has not been great. To-day, France and Germany each give him more monetary reward than does the country in which he was born and bred. In fact, his income from Canada is so easily handled that he gives it away in Canadian benefactions.

And Canada's affection for him is not much greater than the royalties which are collected in this country by his publishers. Otherwise he might be living amongst us. And the same might be said of Gilbert Parker, of Sara Jeanette Duncan, of Charles G. D. Roberts, of Bliss Carman, of Arthur J. Stringer, and of other members of that band of literary exiles, who occasionally cast loving glances towards their native heath—towards the blue waters of Lake Erie, the beautiful islands of the broad St. Lawrence, or the blossoming orchards of old Nova Scotia.

Robert Barr is a Canadian, although

he was five years of age when his parents sailed from Glasgow for this country. He attended a country school in the township of Dunwich during the winter months of his boyhood years, and there Canada marked him for her own. No boy who has ever spent five years in a Canadian public school can ever be anything but a Canadian. It is not from our mothers and our fathers that we get our patriotism, but from our school teachers. If Canadians lack in patriotism, it is because our schools are filled with teachers who have not been touched with a live coal from the national fire.

Like many another country lad Robert Barr went to school in the winter, and worked with his father in the summer. He learned to drive nails, to use a saw and plane, and was, perhaps, taught some of that constructive skill which he has since displayed in his novels. He was eventually clever enough to secure a teacher's certificate, and the rural scholar became the rural school master. By luck and merit, he rose to be the head master of the public school in the town of Windsor, and it was while occupying this position that he made his first contribution to the world's literature. He wrote a humorous account of a trip around the south shore of Lake Erie, which he and a companion had made in a small boat. This was accepted by the *Detroit Free Press*, pleased the people, and paved the way for further contributions. Others, equally good, were forthcoming, and Barr was asked to vacate his schoolmastership and enter the ranks of journalism. The young man of twenty-six was not long in complying, nor was he slow to profit by the opportunities thus afforded him. He was a worker and knew what hard work could accomplish for the young man without friends or

real estate. He had also a great well of humour, always bubbling up and running over, and "Luke Sharp," his pen-name, was soon known to those who read the *Detroit* and *Toronto* newspapers. In 1881 he went to London, England, to establish a weekly edition of the *Detroit Free Press*, and Luke Sharp's humorous tales, were introduced to the British public with encouraging success. Immediately afterwards his books began to appear. "Strange Happenings," "In a Steamer Chair," "From Whose Bourne," "The Face and The Mask," and "In The Midst of Alarms." The first was published in 1882, and the others between 1892 and 1894. "The Mutable Many," and "One Day's Courtship," appeared in 1896. "In the Midst of Alarms" and "One Day's Courtship" are the most distinctively Canadian; the former deals with the events of the Fenian Raids, and the latter glorifies the scenery of the St. Maurice River and Shawenegan Falls. But after these two books, Barr deserted Canada for the Rhine, and "Tekla" and "The Strong Arm" are the two volumes which were inspired by the romance of that great river. I understand that his next story will have a Canadian setting, and will be more pretentious than most of his former efforts. After that, he may write a story of the Danube, a river which he visited this summer.

It is not the purpose of a short sketch such as this to enter in detail into the characteristics of Robert Barr's literary style. Let it suffice for the present to say that Robert Barr is a journalist, a humorist and a novelist. Sometimes his novels are humorously journalistic, Jessie Baxter, for example; sometimes they are journalistically humorous in that they have the appearance of being the hurried work

of a man who did not lay too much stress on literary form. But all his stories are readable, breezy, clever and founded upon a wide knowledge of people of the past and the present.

His beautiful home is in the County of Surrey, just seventeen miles from Charing Cross Station — address, Hillhead, Woldingham, Surrey, England. From an eminence, a hundred feet higher than Mount Royal at Montreal, Mr. Barr can behold three of England's most famous counties, the one in which he lives, and in the distance Sussex and Kent. Not far away is Brighton and its beautiful beach, Tunbridge Wells and the cherished home of the immortal Wolfe, London and the literary centre of the world. In this delightful spot Mr. Barr spends happy days with his wife and two children. He has the blessings and privileges of the peace-loving county squire, and is not too far removed from the hurly-burly of business life in which he has won fame and competence.

As may be judged from his photograph, published in the November CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Robert Barr is a stalwart, broad-shouldered individual, whose iron-grey beard and hair indicate that their owner has borne the burden of a half century of years. His eyes are kindly in expression, his manners easy and unostentatious, his voice manly and inviting. His characteristics are his love of cigarettes and the humour of his easy-flowing speech. I have never seen him in a top hat and frock coat, but I should judge that in that conventional garb of London he would be distinguished looking; in his favourite dress of tweeds and fedora, he looks more like a Canadian than an Englishman.

J. A. C.





# THE RED CROSS NURSE

## A TALE OF MAJUBA HILL

BY KATHLEEN BLAKE COLEMAN

A BRIGHT-looking girl whose nurse's cap framed a frank English face came hurriedly into one of the wards of the Charing Cross Hospital.

"Nurse Gray," she said, "you are wanted in the emergency room—a street accident."

Nurse Gray straightened from her stooping posture over the bed. Then she drew the sheet softly over the face of the man who was lying so quietly there.

"Dead?" asked the bright faced girl, peering over her companion's shoulder.

"Dead," answered Nurse Gray in a colourless voice.

"Poor fellow," said the little nurse.

"Not poor any more," said Nurse Gray. "I am glad he is at rest. It was an awful case. A street accident did you say?" She walked quickly out of the ward.

Down stairs, in the room set apart for emergency cases, she found two doctors working over the insensible figure of a man, which was stretched out on the operating table. One of them called to her hurriedly for basin, sponges, and the instruments necessary for the occasion, and presently she was working steadily with her quick hand and alert eye—the best of the younger nurses in the great London hospital.

The man lying there had been knocked down by a hansom and tumbled directly under a big dray which was coming up a side street. He had suffered some damage from the horses' feet and the wheels before he was extricated and carried to the hospital. To this the doctors were attending.

"A couple of stiff scalp wounds and

a broken rib or two," said the house surgeon, as he finished his examination. "Better have him moved into one of the private wards for a day or so, at least till we find out who he is. Looks to be a gentleman—a bit of a swell, too," he added in a lower voice to his companion. "You had better take charge of this case, nurse," he continued, as he rang the bell for the male attendants who appeared presently and lifted the wounded, but now conscious man, to the litter. "Let me know when he is in bed and I'll come up."

An hour or so later Nurse Gray stood beside the bed of the sick man looking down at his face very much as she had looked at that of the dead man a little while before. It was a very good-looking, though hardly handsome face, being too strong in its curves to come under the ban of masculine beauty. Passion spoke upon it, even in its sick tranquillity, and great will, and some temper—the face of a strong character. His frame, though he was quite a young man, gave promise, half fulfilled, of extreme massiveness and power. His hair was dark and crisp. It had been cut from about the wounds on the back and sides of his head, but it grew thick and straight about his temples. Some spirit of courage and daring spoke in all the length of goodly manhood that was lying there loose-limbed, inert. It appealed strangely to the quiet nurse. His name was David Kenneth, Captain in Her Majesty's Light Horse; this much they had discovered from some envelopes in his pocket. His mother, Lady Kenneth, had been sent for and was expected every moment.



Presently she came—a tall and aristocratic woman who had been lovely in her youth, and bore a gentle beauty still. Just now a horrified and heart-broken woman. Her only son! Knocked down in the streets in broad daylight like that! What would Sir William say! She must have him home directly! What did the nurse think? Where were the doctors? She would consult the family physician at once. All this in agitated whispers. Nurse Gray calmed her by saying that perfect quiet had been ordered, and that if Lady Kenneth would sit down, she, the nurse, would notify one of the house surgeons of her arrival.

But there was to be no going home for Captain Kenneth for some days, so Nurse Gray comforted her Ladyship as well as she could and assured her that she would take faithful care of her son. When he was able to be moved to his own home Lady Kenneth stipulated that Nurse Gray was to accompany him and it was then that the Fates began to interest themselves in this young woman.

Joan Gray was not a beautiful person, but she was tall and slender, and had tender grey eyes, and soft, dark hair, and a strong chin. For she came of a strong race—Scotch-Irish—and she had the caution of the one and the tenderness (that is so rich a quality in the true Scottish nature); and she had the poetic feeling and vivid imagination and fearless temperament of the other, with much of its mystic melancholy added. Joan Gray's eyes were of the kind that haunt, deep set, with soft shadows lurking about them and long, curled, black lashes veiling them. Yes, that in some curious way expressed loneliness, as though the owner of them were set apart and in a vague way different from others. For the rest, her features were irregular, her mouth rather large but good-tempered, her complexion pale with warm undertints, and her age twenty-five. In character she was reserved and reticent, given to silence, which is good in woman and tiresome in man. Fear found no place in her dictionary;

neither did failure, as is usual with the lexicon of youth.

She fell in love with David Kenneth mainly because propinquity got in its deadly work. She would have been horrified if you had presumed to hint at such a thing, but it was true for all that. Her hand was tenderness itself when she changed the bandages on his dark head, or wiped the heat of the heavy London summer from his forehead. Those deep gray eyes of hers spoke all the love lore of the two peoples from which she sprang, as she bent over this sick soldier and ministered to his needs. As he grew towards convalescence and became restless and impatient with the irritability of one who is growing whole again, she comforted him with readings in her quiet voice from such tender and almost wistful books as *Cranford* and *John Halifax, Gentleman*. He liked to look at her as she sat close by the window, reading. The neat gray gown and white apron crossed over her shoulders became her immensely, he thought. As did the little white cap tied in a short bow under her chin—that strong up-turned chin with its deep fossette that told of bull-dog pertinacity. Joan Gray, the name suited her—she was all gray—gray eyes, gray gown—gray—no, not hair—What a pity it would be if all that mass of soft dark hair ever did get gray—but it wouldn't—not for a long time anyhow.

“Were you ever in love, Nurse?” The question startled the girl out of all composure. Her face crimsoned. Her great sad eyes took a frightened expression strange to them.

“I beg your pardon,” said Captain Kenneth, ashamed of himself, and trying by restless movements to divert attention from his miserable daring; “I—I really didn't mean to be rude, you know. Forgive me, won't you? This lying idle here makes a booby of a chap. Please, say you forgive me.”

Nurse Gray made no answer. She was busy measuring out his medicine at her little table. “Drink this,” she said a trifle peremptorily; “you are

talking too much. It is time for you to go to sleep."

He took the medicine glass from her and drank off its contents as obediently as a child.

"Was I ever in love," said Nurse Gray, as she stood an hour later looking down on the strong though pallid face of this man who had come into her life to make or mar it. "Of course not—and never will be." But later on, the moon, peering down through a chink in the shutter saw a girl kiss passionately a lock of short, dark, crisp hair, and then sink on her knees to utter a prayer for the man she loved. And the moon, who has ears as well as eyes, thought she heard his name, but being wise and old, and having heard all the love stories in the world, she retired shaking her horns and thanking the gods who rule moons that never a maid could enter her dominion to play havoc with the solitary bachelor who made his home in her chaste heart. No, the Man in the Moon was safe as no mortal man can ever be—from the wiles of womanhood. But the Man in the Moon found it rather dull.

Captain Kenneth thanked his nurse warmly and gratefully the day she came to say good-bye, and give him over to the charge of his mother and sister. He could never forget her kindness and attention. He would never as long as life lasted forget *her*. Might he come to see her at the hospital now and then? If it was ever in his power to do her some good would she let him know? She replied quietly that she had but done her duty, that—this with a slight bitterness that for the life of her she could not keep out of her voice—she had been well paid for what she had done, that she did not think that he would care to come to see her) he vehemently protested; whereat she smiled) and that finally if ever she wanted a recommendation—

"Recommendation! Joan!" the name burst from him before he was aware of it. Her surprised and crimson face first told him. He rose from his chair, staggering a little as he sought to steady himself. But her

arm was ready, that faithful arm which had so often helped him. He was very weak. He leaned his face down against her shoulder for a moment. "I—I can't, Joan," he half whispered, half groaned; I—I love you, girl. I've battled and fought it down, but—oh, Joan! I'm engaged to another woman and that held my lips silent till now—now that you are going from me. Joan—girl—," and then this big man fainted quietly away.

Five years later a great marriage took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, when David Urquhart Kenneth (Major in the Gordon Highlanders—formerly Captain in Her Majesty's Light Horse) fulfilled his long-standing engagement to the Honourable Alice Hayter Aveline, amid the crash of organ music, and the perfume of myriads of flowers, and the swish of silken skirts. No one noticed the veiled figure of a hospital nurse wrapped about in a long gray cloak—a most unfashionable figure in such a brilliant assemblage—no one but an old lady who sat beside her. She was not a pretty woman nor a very young one, this nurse, the old lady told her friends afterwards, for once she raised her veil—it was just as the newly married couple were walking down the aisle to the measure of the marriage hymn, and she saw her white, set, rather worn face—a curious face to see at such a gay wedding surely. She did not know—this garrulous old lady—that the woman who sat beside her was looking for the first time in many years on the face of the man who was all the world to her, while to him she was nothing.

Many years after all this a land-drost out in South Africa set his foolish finger in the web the fates were weaving around the life of Joan Gray and the lives of many others. He only seized a waggon—this foolish land-drost—a waggon belonging to one Boer called Bezuidenot, which wooden vehicle he put up for auction in the square of Potchefstroom, one beautiful summer day in November, 1880. The volk kicked the land-drost off the waggon and also kicked him around the town.

Then was the match lighted that set the Transvaal aflame. One month after the affair of the waggon, a mass meeting of the Boers at Heidelberg proclaimed the Transvaal once again a Republic and sounded the tocsin of war. At that moment, though she knew nothing about it, the web of the Fates began to close round Nurse Gray in the big Charing Cross Hospital, London.

About the end of December, or, more properly, the beginning of January, 1881, a battalion of the Gordon Highlanders was ordered to the front, which meant South Africa. Nurse Gray, hurrying through a dismal London fog back to the hospital from her daily walk, heard the "Speshuls" roaring out the headlines. She bought a paper and devoured its news under the nearest street-lamp. "Troops ordered to the front. Gay Gordons to be in the scrimmage. Transports already chartered. List of officers accompanying the troops." Of course his name was there. Her eye caught it in a moment: Major David Kenneth. What mattered all the others! At that instant the strong pertinacious chin of Nurse Gray began to interfere in her destiny. He was ordered to the front. Her place was at the front too. What was to prevent her going? She was alone in the world, a woman past her youth, strong, even robust, a head nurse at the very top of her profession; skilled in surgical cases, used to attending the most serious and terrible operations, trained in the nursing of fever patients, and indeed to all the ills that torment frail humanity. She would send in her application for Red Cross work at once she told herself, as she pushed through the human river that ever surges towards the Strand and the City.

Solitary as she was, she was not without friends. Her Irish mother had been related to Lord Roberts, "Bobs" as the people fondly called him. She would write to him. He would, he must help her. She would go, would go, would go. The dominant chin was standing well to her now.

On January 10th, 1881, three trans-

ports set sail from Woolwich carrying less than a thousand troops and about seven hundred horses, bound for the Transvaal, and incidentally carrying also a band of four Red Cross Sisters, among whom was Joan Gray, formerly a head nurse at the Charing Cross Hospital, London. The Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, bade the troops farewell, telling them at the same time that, "It was the wish of the Queen that the soldiers should make a mild use of their victories in South Africa." They cheered, promised and sailed.

Somewhere about the 31st of January, the transports reached their destination, and, disembarking, were moved as rapidly as possible to the relief of Sir George Colley. They were held, however, at Pietermaritzburg to await the coming of other reinforcements. The four Red Cross nurses with the medical staff were, by order of the Surgeon-Major, sent on under a convoy towards Laing's Nek, where it was known Sir George Colley then was. Thus, by the 23rd of February, the little detachment found itself nearing the spot where Colley was struggling bravely to make head against the Boers, who were already drunk with their victory over Anstruther at Bronkhorst Spruit. Nurse Gray, going quietly about her duties in the hospital tent that evening, heard some one say that Kenneth, of the Gordons, had been attached to Colley's Staff, and was with him now at Laing's Nek. Her heart gave a great bound. She was near him at last. All her immense world—that of the needy and sick and sore—was from this moment forward filled by the figure of one man. Self-contained, reserved, and apparently cold, this woman had made few friends and had permitted but one man's love to enter her life. Her whole soul had long ago been absorbed by David Kenneth—a man who had never kissed nor caressed her, whose ebullition of love for her had been so transient—so weak a thing that it had died in the very moment of its birth.

Joan Gray was now forty years old;

but never having been a beauty, she had not suffered as much at the hands of time as a handsomer woman would have done. Her splendid gray eyes were brighter and deeper than ever, her chin just as dominant. The warm tints had faded from her cheeks, which were lined, and a trifle worn. And her hair was gray, all gray now; name, and gown, and eyes, and hair—and gray, gray life.

On the evening of Friday, February the 25th, the medical contingent reached Sir George Colley's camp at Mount Prospect, just below Laing's Nek, beyond which on the veldt lay the camps of the Boers. That night the Red Cross Sisters were busy preparing lint and bandages and first aid for the wounded, for in the morning it was expected that a sortie would be made, the result of which, judging from the ill-luck that had attended previous encounters, would give the devoted women plenty of work to do. The hospital camp was pitched in a sheltered spot in the rear, and above it waved the sign of mercy—a large red cross on a white field. Few in the camp slept that night—men and women were too terribly strung to the tension of the moment to make any deliberate attempt to seek a rest that might fail to come. Almost till the dawn the surgeons and nurses worked, none more vigorously than Nurse Gray. Dawn—the sun leaping above the horizon, already caparisoned for his splendid ride across the blue African skies. No stealing of the god of day across the world's rim in pale though rosy splendour. Day breaks at once in South Africa as quickly as night descends when the light shows faint traces of failing. There was no sortie that morning. Sir George Colley had decided to wait for the night; then he would steal across to Majuba Hill, a square precipitous peak on the Drakensberg range, which overlooked the Boers' laager, beyond Laing's Nek, and put a few of those Dutch farmers. That day Colley sent word that he was coming with his staff to inspect the hospital-tent and the medical arrange-

ments. Prompt to the hour he arrived, attended by Major Kenneth and Captain Davis, but almost as they entered a summons came that called them back to headquarters. But Joan Gray had seen David. He, too, had grown old, and the crisp straight hair about his temples was no longer dark. What a splendid man he was! All the promise of his youth had been more than fulfilled. David Urquhart Kenneth was talked of as the finest man in the British army.

That night, Saturday, the 26th of February, Sir George Colley with a small force moved out of camp at Mount Prospect and occupied the Majuba Hill. Early next morning the Boers attacked the Hill, and under cover of some desultory firing, three Boer storming parties began the ascent almost unseen. Later a fugitive, wounded, almost dying, crawled into the hospital camp. "It's all over," he said, gasping the words out. "The General's killed, and more than half the officers are shot. The Boers stormed the hill—it's all over."

"More than half the officers are shot." These words reached the brain of Joan Gray and stayed there. For the first time in her life she deserted her post. When the wounded began to come in, the others missed her, and made a little search, but there was too much to do to spend the precious time looking for anybody. Nurses and doctors had more to do than they could manage.

The light was failing as Joan Gray went toiling wearily up the precipitous sides of Majuba Mountain. There is scarcely any twilight in South Africa, but the nights are so radiant and beautiful that they exceed in clarity any twilight or evening light. Joan crept up cautiously, now stopping to hide behind the mimosa bushes, now resting a moment under the shoulder of a gray boulder. She had walked all the afternoon guided by cries and shots and the booming of the big guns that were covering the flight of the British. These had ceased now, but she knew from a fugitive soldier, who

was hiding in a bunch of mimosa bush, that she was on the right path. "Gord bless you, sister," the man had said; "there's many a pore chap up there as'll be glad to see you." The man's blessing seemed to fall about her like a sheltering garment. She had her little satchel with her under her gray cloak. If only she can reach him in time. Dear God! if only she can get to him before it is too late! "More than half the officers are shot." The words sang in her brain as she crept steadily on. Her strength and her will of iron stood well to her now. She is gaining the square plateau on the top of the hill.

What was that? A faint skirl of bagpipe music came whimpering down the slope. Her heart beat furiously. The gay Gordons! the bonnie Gordons! Again the pipes whistled uncannily, then a shot rang clear and sharp and the music stopped—forever.

But Joan Gray never stopped on her onward journey, and as the full African moon broke in superb splendour through the clouds, the sister reached the spot where the heaped dead lay thickest. On her hands and knees she groped among the slain. Far off some figures were moving, and now and then a shot rang out, and there arose a clamour of voices, but the Red Cross Sister heeded them not. She took off her gray cloak and opened her hospital bag lest some groaning wretch should need her skilful services. The pallid light of the great moon shone on the faces of the dead, some peaceful, some distorted and strained by the agony of a violent death. Face after face—but never his—and yet "more than half the officers are shot." David so tall and strong—how could he escape? He must be here—here. Pushing her white cap from her head, the Red Cross Sister stood erect, a tall, slight figure under the full wash of the moonlight. It shone on her gray gown, turning it to dull silver; it shone on the vivid cross that glimmered—a blood-red sign—upon her sleeve. It shone

too into the deep and wonderful eyes that were filled at that moment with silent prayer. The next instant the tall figure staggered slightly—then toppled over and down among the slain that lay that night upon Majuba Hill.

She was not dead. The spent bullet had torn through her shoulder, wounding her indeed past all remedy, but leaving life in her yet awhile. The cool night air revived her after a little, and feebly—a failing and dying creature—she resumed her search for the man she loved and whom she believed to be lying dead beside her. A groan from a wounded soldier near by woke in her the old grand sense of duty. She rallied under that call, and with supreme difficulty twisted her body round till she could reach the little hospital bag in which lay the first aid for the wounded. With her unmaimed hand she took out the roll of bandage and slowly dragged herself over the heap of dead to where the man lay groaning. With one noble effort she feebly tried to bind the lint about his wound—

It was then that the lonely gray eyes closed.

\* \* \* \* \*

They carried her down into the camp next day when they came to gather home their dead. When the story was told to Major Urquhart Kenneth—who was almost the only officer who had escaped without a scratch—he asked to see the Red Cross Sister who had died at the post of duty. They took him to the tent where she lay in her simple nurse's gown with some wild flowers of the veldt lying loosely in her idle hands. Major Kenneth looked down at her. "What was her name?" he asked. But when they told him he gave no sign of recognition. "I think, I think," stammered Sister Dora, "that she used to know you. She said something once that made me think you and she had met long ago." "No," said David Kenneth, "it must have been some one else. Poor soul! I don't remember her."

# CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD

by W. Sanford Evans

**S**OUTH AFRICA continues to be the chief centre of interest, not only for the British people, but for the world, since Britain is regarded as being on her trial. The Boers have shown the highest kind of strategy and most of the best soldierly qualities. In everything that has been done there has been evidence of the most thorough forethought and preparation. The Boer plan of campaign was to capture the small British garrisons in Rhodesia, at Mafeking, Kimberley and other places in the west, and then concentrate a strong force to resist a British advance through Cape Colony and at the proper time to march on Cape Town; while in the east their main body was to overwhelm General White's forces in Natal and advance on Pietermaritzburg and Durban, there to dispute the landing of any British reinforcements. The plan was good, and their great superiority in numbers gave grounds for believing that it might be carried out. But British courage has proved a fatal stumbling-block. At the time of writing (November 17th) Tuli, Mafeking and Kimberley are still holding out, and General Joubert has not been able to move his main body beyond Ladysmith. About one half of the British army corps has arrived and is rapidly preparing to take the aggressive.

On October 12, three days after the issue of the ultimatum, occurred the first actual fighting, when an armoured train was derailed near Mafeking and Captain Nesbitt and fifteen men were captured. On the same day the Boers entered Natal from three sides. The British evacuated their advanced post at Newcastle and fell back on Glencoe. At this point General Symons was in command with about 4,000 men. During the night

of November 19th the first detachment of the enemy established themselves with guns on Talana hill, three miles from the British camp, and in the morning opened fire. General Symons ordered an attack, which was most brilliantly carried out, the charge of the King's Royal Rifles and the Dublin and Royal Irish Fusiliers against an almost impregnable position being beyond praise. General Symons was mortally wounded during the attack. The victory was decisive, but it was gained over only a fragment of General Joubert's army, and the advance of the main column necessitated a somewhat hasty retreat. The wounded, including the dying General, were left behind under medical supervision, and a considerable quantity of stores was also abandoned. General White, who was in command of the Natal force, was stationed at Ladysmith with about 8,000 men. He had come into touch with the Free State forces advancing on Ladysmith from the west, and discovered that the enemy had also taken possession of the railway line between Ladysmith and Glencoe. To clear the way for the retreat from Glencoe he despatched Major-Gen. French with about 2,000 men to drive the enemy from their position at Elands-laagte. This was accomplished with quite as conspicuous bravery as was shown at Talana hill, and with even more complete success. Three days later General White forced the Free State troops back to the westward by a series of engagements at Rietfontein, and the way was clear for General Yule, who had succeeded General Symons. On October 27th the two British forces united at Ladysmith. General Joubert, with two or three times the number of men, steadily closed in upon the British. To check the process of investment, General

White made a sortie on October 30th. This was only partially successful at any point and resulted in the capture of the whole British right wing, consisting of about 1,000 men. This was a serious disaster. Since that time Ladysmith has been surrounded and no definite news has reached the public. Reports of British successes have been circulated, and it is evident that General White has been conducting a gallant and able defence. Boer outposts have advanced to the south of Colenso. In the west, Colonel Baden-Powell's spirited defence of Mafeking and the equally successful defence of Kimberley are entitled to rank with any similar performances in the annals of the British army.

A *modus vivendi* has been arrived at with

regard to the Alaskan boundary. On October 20th, Mr. Tower, the British *chargé d'affaires* at Washington, handed Secretary Hay a note accepting on behalf of his Government the propositions contained in a note received from Secretary Hay on the previous day. This exchange of notes, rather than the signing of a formal document, was the method chosen for

ratifying the agreement reached by Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Louis Davies and Mr. Choate in London. This agreement is a very simple affair. It provides for the marking of a temporary boundary at three points—the three trails going in from the Lynn Canal. On the Dalton trail the boundary is fixed at a point  $22\frac{1}{4}$  statute miles from Pyramid Harbor, and on the Dyea and Skaguay trails at the summits of

the Chilkoot and White Passes. The Canadian Government has all along been collecting customs at the summits of these two passes, so the *modus vivendi* is in reality only an official recognition of an existing state of affairs. Its purpose is to prevent local friction. What is done is "without prejudice to the claims of either party in the per-

manent adjustment of the International boundary." Canada has yielded nothing and the United States has yielded nothing, and a permanent settlement is no nearer than before. It is interesting to note, however, that this temporary boundary divides the land in dispute in that region. In that respect it is a sort of compromise, but it is one Canadians could not accept for



DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPH.

SIR GEORGE WHITE.

a final settlement, unless a court of arbitration should decide that our interpretation of the wording of the treaty of 1825 is wrong, for it leaves to the United States the whole of the Lynn Canal.

Undoubtedly the most important development of the time in International politics is the understanding established between Britain, the United States and Germany. It would be too much to speak

of it as an alliance, but a condition now exists which would make an alliance for a definite purpose an easy matter. This result has been brought about by Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain. These three nations have interests in common and it is possible for them to co-operate without undue friction. And it is necessary for all three to resist the spread of

the principles and methods of government for which Russia and some other powers stand. Lord Salisbury was the first to grasp the facts of the world situation, and with broad statesmanship he set himself to find a solution. About that time President Cleveland issued his Venezuela message and Emperor William sent his telegram to President Kruger. The United States and Germany were engaged in a bitter

war of tariffs, and Germany's suspicion of the United States has continued up to the present, for she was inclined to interfere in the war with Spain and almost came to an open rupture in the harbor of Manila. Out of this involved and apparently hopeless situation Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain have brought amity and co-operation. Lord Salisbury met President Cleveland's Venezuela madness with a calmness and conciliation that disarmed hostility;

and when the war with Spain broke out he displayed such unmistakable, though unobtrusive, friendliness that all sentimental obstacles to closer relations disappeared. Emperor William's impertinence he first met with a flying squadron, which inspired a wholesome respect, and then he began negotiations for an understanding on points of difference.



DRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPH.

SIR REDVERS BULLER.

The first result was a secret treaty, signed about the first of September, 1898. We do not know the exact terms of this treaty, but we see some of its fruits in the liberty of action Britain now enjoys in South Africa. Another difference in which all three powers were involved arose in Samoa a few months ago. The situation was decidedly strained, but such an adjustment has been arrived at as would be





THE LATE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY.  
Wife of the Premier of Great Britain.

possible only when each power had full confidence in the friendliness of the others. Mr. Chamberlain outlined the policy, which the British Government has so successfully pursued, in his famous speech at Birmingham on May 13th, 1898, which Mr. Asquith afterwards characterized as a "touting for alliances." In it he said isolation was no longer best for Britain. Under existing conditions there were two clear duties. The first was to draw all parts of the Empire closer together; and the second was to "establish and maintain bonds of permanent amity" with the United States. Then, without naming it, he went on to advocate, in general language, an alliance with Germany saying that "we must not reject the idea of an alliance with those powers whose interests most nearly approximate to our own." To have conceived such a policy and then to have carried it out in the face of enormous difficulties must be regarded as one of the

greatest achievements of statesmanship.

General Sir George Stewart White, appointed to the command of the Natal forces shortly before the outbreak of the war, is a man sixty-four years of age, with forty-six years' experience as a soldier. He has seen service in the Indian Mutiny, the Afghan War, the Egyptian Campaign of 1885 and the Burmah War. He won his promotion step by step, and held the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Forces from 1893 to 1898. He was then appointed Quartermaster-General of the British army. His record as a fighter has been a most distinguished one and he wears the Victoria Cross. It is too early to judge of his record in South Africa.

Sir Redvers Buller, the commander of the British army in the field, is a typical fighter. In his strictness of discipline and unswerving determination he is said to resemble Lord Kitchener. A soldier since 1858, he served in the war in China in 1860, took part in the Red River Expedition in 1870, fought through the Ashanti war in 1874, the Kaffir war in 1878, and the Zulu war in 1878-79. It was during this last war he won the Victoria Cross, for personally rescuing at different times ten men who had been wounded and were about to fall into the hands of the enemy. His spirit is shown by the crushing remark he addressed to the man who came to tell him of the death of the Prince Imperial: "And how is it that you are alive?" He is said to have secured the promise of a perfectly free hand in South Africa before he would consent to accept the command. A conversation has recently been reported in which he made the significant statement that he would not go down to history as another Sir George Colley.

# EDITORIAL COMMENT

IT is difficult to write of "Peace on earth, good-will toward men" when both branches of the Anglo-Saxon people are engaged in subduing inferior races. The coming Christmas season will certainly be somewhat peculiar in so far as Great Britain and the United States are concerned. And Canada, too, will share in the peculiarity of the occasion, for while we at home will be singing our carols of peace and brotherly love, a thousand of our sons will be in South Africa looking for Boers over the sights of their rifles. However, war is sometimes necessary in the interests of peace, and in the case of this Boer war it will perhaps be best to assume that it is really in the interests of security and of progressive civilization. The rulers of the British Empire consider that there exists such a justification for this war, and they are Christian gentlemen. Her Most Gracious Majesty, who has resolutely opposed wars of all kinds, has apparently sanctioned this, and she is a Christian lady. The ministers of the gospel of nearly all creeds have tacitly approved of the war, and they without doubt are Christian gentlemen. As the war has the express or tacit endorsement of all these persons to whom we are accustomed to look for guidance, it would scarcely be wise for any writer to disapprove. Let us therefore hope that when the Boer and the Filipino have been made to realize that the Anglo-Saxon race never errs, that it makes war only for the benefit of humanity, a more secure peace shall be assured and the gospel of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man shall have a wider scope for its beneficent rule.

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In this memorable year of the peace conference, the Anglo-Saxon Christmas

festivities will be tinged with more sadness than has been the case for thirty years. There will be vacant chairs in the homes of Australia, Canada, the United States and Great Britain. Many a darling boy has been sacrificed on the altar of war since the last Christmas season, and many another equally brave youth is at the front doing the duty which in the end will require his life-blood.

Although we had our small troubles in 1870 and 1885, never in the history of federated Canada has there been a Christmas season in which her sons have been bearing arms in the defence of British freedom and British equality. It is well, perhaps, that we Canadians should learn what war means, and if this war be not ended before December 25th, we shall be forced to think of its import. For generations we have been living a life of perfect security. The Union Jack has waved over us. The British fleet has patrolled the high seas and protected our commerce. We have been allowed to work out our intellectual, industrial and commercial development without hindrance or interference, being asked merely to remember that we are British. But the tranquil days are past. We have claimed the glory of being a part of the great British Empire, and our claim has now been recognized. It has been recognized by allowing us to contribute a thousand of our young men to the Empire's army. Henceforth we need not shout the fact in the ears of the people, for now the world knows that the Colonies are really and truly a part of Greater England. The day of claims and assertions has passed, and the day of deeds and contributions has come.

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This change from a sharer in bene-

fits to a sharer in burdens was inevitable. Had Canada chosen to become independent, the maintenance of an army and a navy would have been onerous. Had she chosen to annex herself to the United States, her burden would have been very heavy. As she elected to be considered a not inconsiderable part of a great Empire, the burden-bearing must be faced with a manly and unshrinking attitude.

With exultant feelings we saw our Jubilee contingent parade with the other forces of the Empire ; we saw our Premier take his place among the great servants of a great sovereign ; we saw our country rise from an unconsidered outpost to a great and important part of a confederation of nations. We have desired these honours, and therefore we must cheerfully pay the price. If we pay more than we expected, it is because our claims were extravagant.

✱

Mr. Tarte and Mr. Bourassa, the two French-Canadians, who have protested against the sending of a Canadian contingent without the sanction of Parliament, were right. Their motives in making the objection may not have been equally praiseworthy, but this is not a time to judge motives unless they are very strongly expressed. These two gentlemen have kept their motives hidden. What they have done is to raise and to insist upon the point which the Premier raised and then overlooked. Mr. Tarte and Mr. Bourassa are entitled to more credit for bravery than Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Every proposed expenditure of public money must first be approved by Parliament. That is the point. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was at first disposed to insist upon its observance. Under pressure, he agreed to overlook it, as it has been overlooked before. Public opinion, which was almost a unit in favour of sending a small contingent to South Africa, will prevent his getting into any trouble over this course of action, and Parliament when assembled will unanimously pass the bills contracted without authority. In spite of that inevitable approval, Sir Wilfrid has lost something by his course of action.

Once having raised the point before the public, he should have fought the Governor-General and Mr. Chamberlain to the bitter end. By so doing he would have won our respect, and our respect would have remained when the present warlike enthusiasm has passed away.

✱

Sir Charles Tupper has been one of the chief promoters of the sudden rushing forward of a Canadian contingent. Sir Charles has always been of the Imperialist party and his course was to be expected. He might have helped Sir Wilfrid Laurier out of his constitutional difficulty by backing him up in the desire to call Parliament together before sending the contingent. Sir Charles would probably have done so had he been requested. However the very severe and discourteous letter Sir Wilfrid wrote on receipt of that notable telegram from Halifax, showed Sir Charles and the public that Sir Wilfrid disdained the advice or the assistance of the leader of the Opposition. It was there that Sir Wilfrid showed his lack of shrewdness.

Did Sir Charles bear the rebuke with equanimity? Not he. He has ever since been trying to throw discredit on Sir Wilfrid's course. On various platforms and in the columns of the various Tory newspapers he has indulged in all sorts of foolish comment upon Sir Wilfrid and Mr. Tarte and the Government as a whole. He has talked and talked until the public has been wearied. He has proved himself as lacking in shrewdness, as deficient in the nobility of statesmanship as Sir Wilfrid himself.

Both these gentlemen are possessed of qualities which are uncommon ; both have to a very great extent the confidence and admiration of a great majority of the people ; both are making for themselves niches in our historical national structure ; both have opportunities for leading public opinion and elevating our conception of politics ; yet each at times shows political weaknesses which are lamentable. To sum these up ; Sir Wilfrid lacks firmness, Sir Charles lacks dignity of speech.

We lament these weaknesses, although ever ready to raise our hats to these gentlemen for what they are and what they represent.

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But while approving of the constitutional objection raised by Sir Wilfrid and Mr. Tarte, one cannot help feeling proud of the unanimity of the Canadian people in their willingness to aid the British Crown in this the greatest struggle in which it has engaged during the past forty years. The latest news from the Australian colonies shows that their loyalty was almost as spontaneous as ours, though most of the legislatures were consulted before troops were sent. The whole Empire seems to have throbbled in unison, and that unity of thought and feeling augurs well for the future peace of the world. Even if this unity were discovered only through the medium of a great war, still it makes for peace. After this struggle is ended, the British Empire will stand before the world a power to be feared and respected by all other powers or by any combination of powers. And I do not think it is necessary for a British Canadian to say, what the world already recognizes, that the British Empire stands not for oppression of any kind, but rather for that equality of opportunity and that freedom of thought and action which make white man and black, Saxon and Slav, Jew and Gentile, Roman Catholic, Buddhist, Mohammedan and Protestant—make every lover of freedom a possible British subject.

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As this is the last issue of 1899, it may not be amiss to point out that this year has been a rather memorable one in the history of *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*. It is now almost seven years since this publication was founded by a number of gentlemen who were anxious to encourage Canadian literature and to promote an organ of independent thought. These seven years,

contrary to public expectation, have seen the establishment of a magazine on firm financial ground, and in permanent favour with the people. The magazine is now found in the homes of the majority of reading Canadians, and is quite up to the standard of the leading monthlies in New York and London.

This steady growth and pleasing development is simply one of the minor evidences which point to the prosperity of Canada and the growing unity of her people. The greatest litterateur Canada has ever possessed once tried to make a Canadian monthly a success, but he failed because the conditions were unfavourable. *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* owes its success mainly to changed conditions, which are making Canadians more willing to read and to encourage Canadian literature.

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The value to this country of a national magazine is well exemplified by the fact that *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* is the only publication in this Dominion the contents of which are indexed each month in the New York and London *Review of Reviews*, and in the various annual indexes to current literature published in Great Britain and the United States. It circulates freely in every part of Canada and in a dozen foreign countries. Its numbers are bound into volumes and preserved for future reference in various public and private libraries in this and other countries.

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During the year 1900 the publishers of this periodical will spare no effort to keep it in the van of literary development. Every Canadian writer of note whose work is available has been listed for contributions to Canada's only national publication, and particulars of forthcoming articles will be found in the announcement pages of this and subsequent issues.

*John A. Cooper.*

# BOOKS AND AUTHORS

CANADA knows very little of social inequalities because the country is new ; but these are developing. During the last fifteen years, Canada has created more millionaires than in all the previous centuries of her existence. A millionaire was a rare being in this country before 1885 ; now we have half a hundred at least. With the growth of a monied class goes the development of cities, of large factories, and of the starving poor. Our social inequalities will soon be more glaring. In the City of London, England, these unequal conditions are decidedly striking. The man who earns but half-a-crown a day lives within a few minutes' walk of the man who spends ten thousand pounds a year. Indescribable dirt, squalor and want are within sight of equally indescribable cleanliness, luxury and superfluity.

It is this pitiful feature of London which Richard Whiteing has so exhaustively and graphically described in "No. 5 John Street,"\* a book which has held the attention of England for over a year, and which is now in its eighteenth edition. No. 5 John Street is a model lodging-house, in which are crowded a score or two of London's "bone and sinew,"—Low Covey, a factory labourer ; Tilda, the Amazonian flower-girl ; the Hooligans, who begin to quarrel every night at two sharp ; the Anarchist Society, under the leadership of "Izreel, Esquire" ; the Galician fur-dresser, working for the Hebrew manager of an illicit enterprise ; the thief who is always waiting for the detective to summon him to journey to a far country for a time ; old '48, the socialistic publisher, and the

tailor, whose argumentative battles are regular and entertaining ; poor little Nance, who is fading away from the effects of the naphtha and bisulphide fumes inhaled day by day in a rubber factory ; and various other types of labourers, idlers and unwashed. To this place goes an English gentleman for experience and "copy." What he sees and hears, what he feels and does, makes interesting reading. What he tries to teach is excellent, but perhaps impracticable. But no one can read the book without being led to think more of the apparent weaknesses of our present economic and industrial system which seemingly is but making "the rich richer and the poor poorer," to think more of the inhumanity of man toward men, and to ponder upon the unexplainable decree which makes the few the masters of the many. In the days of Sheba and Solomon, or of Antony and Cleopatra, in the time of Arthur and the Doges of Venice, or that of Elizabeth and Louis, in the days of Cromwell and Napoleon there were Bosses as there are to-day. No. 5 John Street is one of the latest protests against the ancient evil.

During the past hundred years, since printing began to be a common art, there have been numerous pamphlets and books endeavouring to point out the dangers of the Roman Catholic system of convents, nunneries and private colleges. The Church of Rome has withstood all these protests, and stands forth to-day stronger and more invincible than ever. Occasionally she has bent to the storm, but she has never yielded ; she has varied details to suit the changes of the times, or the differences of national peculiarities,

\* Toronto: William Briggs.

but her system stands forth in the same unrivalled magnificence. She realizes to-day, as she did a hundred years ago, that if she can control the women and the children of a nation, she is sure of the men. For this purpose she has her schools, her convents, her nunneries and her hospitals, and she has them in all countries and among all peoples, sometimes different, but always a part in the great system whose head is the Pope.

Against some of the seemingly crescent parts of this system, Joseph Hocking protests in his novel "The Scarlet Woman."\* He cannot understand how men tolerate the Jesuitical "system of self-suppression," which makes them meek, subdued, resigned, but clay in the hands of the potter—a system which "stultifies the critical faculty." He admits the conscientiousness, the sincerity, the unyielding to enemies of the Jesuits and the nuns, but he cannot see why they should scarify, crucify, degrade the body, in order to save the soul. He can understand why a man may live a life of self-sacrifice, if by that means he may help his fellow-men to be truer and brighter and happier; but fails to see how a life spent in an isolated cell can be of any benefit to the world.

Mr. Hocking's book is clever, and his love-story is certainly thrilling, with its numerous adventures and uncertainties, and its tragic climax.

There are some subjects, some important topics, some peculiar phases of life, which it is well to leave out of books which are intended to have a general circulation. Such subjects, topics and phases of life can be better treated in special books, or with all that other special information which is transmitted from generation to generation without being put in print. Wallace Lloyd endeavours to deal with certain phases of sexual and physical passion in his novel, entitled "Houses of Glass," † and produces a

book which may or may not be productive of good. That Wallace Lloyd is another name for a Canadian doctor of good standing in the community in which he lives is some, but not a total justification. The Doctor would have been much more worthy of praise if he had put his teaching in a less dangerous form. All novels are supposed to be fit and suitable for general circulation, but this is certainly not of such a character. It is a book which will be clear only to those who know the secrets of life, and therefore only to those who do not require its teachings. The revelations of these secrets to young people should come from parents, guardians or medical books, not from sensational novels. "Houses of Glass" is sensational, and this particular character, combined with the fact that it is a United States novel written by a Canadian, shows that this was the significance which its author intended. If out of his generosity toward his fellow citizens the Doctor has turned his magnificent talent to writing a Canadian novel for Canadians, it might have been possible to find some excuse for the theme.

The chronicles of Canadian village life have not yet been written. There, perhaps, would not be many to appreciate them if they were written—for we are prone to admire Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, steel-nerved warriors and statesmen—and tragedy and comedy in high places. We must have soul-stirring spectacles in which human life wavers in the balance before our sight. We must have our pictures in strong colours, reds and yellows and blues. It takes years of education and refinement of the feelings to appreciate the browns and greys of village life such as we have in Ontario and the West. Occasionally a description of these rural scenes and people gains the light of day—not often. "The Widow of Mums," published in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE last year, was an example.

Le Roy Hooker, a Canadian clergyman now living in Chicago, has just

\* Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

given us "Baldoon,"\* in which he attempts to paint the people and the atmosphere of a Canadian frontier village on the St. Clair River. It is somewhat similar to "The Widow of Mums" in general features, but is much brighter and less given over to abruptness and dialect. Mr. Hooker has a keen sense of humour, and he has also what is perhaps more valuable, a smooth, even style which makes his story easy reading. Every Canadian should make the acquaintance of old "Dod-a-bit"; Bill Wilson, the oathless drunkard and profligate; Mary Jane Somers, the village gossip; Dan Littleton, the village satirist, and all the other quaint figures of this Scotch-Canadian village. "Baldoon" is almost as humorous as "David Harum," and decidedly of a better grade as far as literary art is concerned. Lest it should be thought to imitate "David Harum," the publishers announce that the MS. of it was in their hands before Mr. Noyes' book appeared.

The boys of to-day make the men of to-morrow. That is a truth often forgotten in America, but not frequently overlooked in England. In that country they seldom tell the boys that some day they will be the men—they make them feel it. Englishmen are not a nation of shouting patriots or howling flag-flappers. They hang an old sword in a passage or above a breakfast-room table; it is seen by the boys; it is fingered by stealth, but it is seldom if ever talked about. Then these boys go to tradition-littered public schools, where Heads preach and discipline only occasionally. There they learn honour, self-dependence, self-restraint, courage and how to think without talking. In due time, these boys become M.P.'s, Under-Secretaries, Bimbashis in Egypt and Sahibs in India.

That is the process of a Britisher's growth. Rudyard Kipling in his literary work began by chronicling the doings of the Sahibs and Bimbashis. Then he discovered the process outlined

in the foregoing paragraph, and he went back home to study it. He has studied it and "Stalky & Co"† is the result—the school-lives of Stalky, Mc-Turk and Bettle. And on the last page he shows his hand when he says "India's full of Stalkies—Cheltenham, Haileybury and Marlborough chaps . . ." Wise, long-headed Kipling! The critics thought, when "Stalky & Co." began to appear serially, that Kipling had deserted Imperialism for school-boys' tales. Not he. In "Stalky & Co." he has written a history of the British Empire which beats Macaulay and Freeman and Justin McCarthy. The critics say he has written a silly tale; Kipling knows that he has told in amusing accents the life of a nation. Some day the Kipling clubs will discover the meaning of "Stalky & Co." and they will heap contempt upon the critics by forgetting that they ever rose to say a word. Kipling is a dare-devil in literature, but yet he is Shakespeare to modern Anglo-Saxons.

The world of letters does not all agree with or approve of Mr. Kipling's Imperialism. In "The Crown of Life,"‡ George Gissing avers that personal arrogance lies at the root of English freedom and that personal arrogance accounts for everything best and everything worst in the growth of English power. Again when describing Arnold Jacks, a cool-blooded, matter-of-fact young Englishman, who embodied much of this arrogance, he says: "His religion was the British Empire; his saints, the men who had made it; his prophets, the politicians and publicists who held most firmly the Imperial tone." Mr. Gissing also laments loud-mouthed patriotism, agreeing with Mr. Kipling that the finer patriots are quiet and unobtrusive.

But what is the essence of "Stalky & Co." is but by-play, an aside, in "The Crown of Life." The latter is a love-story in which Piers Otway, a student, falls in love with Irene Der-

\* Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

\*Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

†Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.



DRAWN BY F. S. COBURN.

BY PERMISSION G. N. MORANG &amp; CO.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "CHRISTMAS IN FRENCH CANADA."

went whom he feels is hopelessly above and beyond him. In the end he wins her because men sometimes rise in social position while women usually remain in the class to which they are born. The story of their lives is a present-day story, reflecting much of the life which is so keenly apparent to us all. In its telling Mr. Gissing shows to excellent advantage his power to make clear the delicate differences and the elusive qualities in character. Each of the dramatis personæ is a clear-cut individual, and yet each bears some resemblance to the average person. His characters are not oddities, and their peculiarities are not emphasized unduly as they would have been by a less skilful writer. In fact, there is much to be learned from Mr. Gissing's mastery of style and characterization. He is not, perhaps, the equal of Hope and Hardy, but he is certainly far above the average.

The series of short stories to which the well-known and eminent Canadian

litterateur, Louis Frechette, has given the name of "Christmas in French Canada,"\* will be read with deep interest, not only because they show the French Canadian life and customs as they are, but because they are imbued with the very spirit of Yuletide. These narrations are simple, earnest and touching. There is, of course, in them much that betokens their French origin, although they are written in English. Respecting them Mr. Frechette says in his preface :

"In writing it, I had two objects in view. The first was to find a new mode of recreation, and the other, to do something to popularize, among exclusive English readers, this portion of the American soil called French Canada, with the characteristic features that she borrows from her *sui generis* climate, and especially from her people, whose language, manners, customs, traditions, and popular beliefs bear an exceptional stamp, and must thereby be invested with a peculiar interest in the eyes of the surrounding populations.

To attain this last object, I have tried, in a few pen sketches, to convey some idea of the

\*Toronto: George N. Morang Co. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.00.



wild rigour of our winters, by putting, in turn, face to face with them, our valiant pioneers of the forest, our bold adventurers of the North-West, and our sturdy tamers of the fies, whose exploits of the past are gradually being forgotten in the presence of invading progress. I have endeavoured to evoke some of the old legends, to bring back to life some picturesque types of yore, whose idiom, habits, costumes, and superstitious practices have long ago disappeared, or are disappearing rapidly. In the meanwhile, I took pleasure in leading the reader to some of our country abodes, into the settler's isolated cottage, into the well-to-do farmer's residence, beyond the threshold of our villagers, inheritors of their forefathers' cordial joviality. I have also invited the stranger into some of our city homes, initiating him into our family life, into our intimate joys and sorrows, and introducing him occasionally to some old and pious guardian of our dear national traditions. This I have done with no other concern than to strike the right key, to place the groups in their natural light, and to draw each portrait faithfully.

Are these pictures in any way interesting? I can claim for them at least one merit: that of being true.

But why should I have penned these sketches in more or less awkward English, when it was so simple to write them in French and so easy to secure a good translation from some experienced critic, familiar with the beauties and literary resources of the English language? The reason is no mystery: a translation would not have been my own work, and I would have missed my first aim, that of securing a few weeks of pleasant recreation."

The book is illustrated with half-tones and photogravures from original drawings by Frederick Simpson Coburn, the well-known illustrator of Dr. Drummond's famous book, "The Habitant." As a handsome gift-book "Christmas in French Canada" will no doubt have a large sale this season. The binding, paper and typography are of the very best and it may be said that no more ambitious attempt at high-class book-making has been made in Canada.

Pastor Russell, of Allegheny, Pa., is out with his fifth volume of religious writing, but his power seems to be on the wane. His fourth volume contained 660 pages, but his fifth contains only 500 pages. Perhaps the work which Pastor Russell has been doing is not so great now that Charles M. Sheldon, who lives nearer the Mississippi, has begun to give the world one

or two long religious tales each year. Pastor Russell's books, however, have had a great sale and have been very widely discussed. It is said that 660,000 copies of one of his books have been circulated. This new volume is entitled "The At-one-ment between God and Man."\*

Canadians who desire to wander through the distant outposts of the British Empire, may do so through Unwin's "Over Seas Library," (1s. 6d.) There are already eight stories in the series, one African, one South American, another Australian, and so on. "In a Corner of Asia" is a collection of Malayan tales and sketches, some of which have already appeared in Temple Bar and Blackwoods, and an excellent collection it is, with bright pictures of that sleepy, sun-steeped land. "A Wide Dominion" is the record of an Englishman's experiences learning to plough on the prairies of Canada, to gather salmon from the Fraser, and to hunt fur-seals in the Northern Pacific.

One scarcely expects to find a book for children in a Colonial Library, but "The Treasure Seekers," by E. Nesbit, in Unwin's Colonial Library, is of this character, and a rather charming story it is too. "As Others See Us," in the same series, is a musical story by Watson Dyke, in which he endeavours to point out that while we are trying always to see the faults in others, we are usually possessed of equal weaknesses and like peculiarities.

The patient and persistent work which Major Ernest Cruikshank is putting on the history of the war of 1812 is worthy of all praise. His third volume of the "Documentary History of The Campaign on the Niagara Frontier," compiled and edited for the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, contains the Militia Law of 1808, and many valuable reports and letters. Many of

\*Watch Tower Bible and Tract Soc'y, Allegheny, Pa. Paper 25 cents.



DRAWN BY F. S. COBURN.

BY PERMISSION G. N. MORANG & CO.

ILLUSTRATION FROM "CHRISTMAS IN FRENCH CANADA."

these are communications written by Major-General Isaac Brock in 1811 and 1812 to Sir George Prevost, Colonel Proctor and other military authorities and acquaintances. There are orders issued by Brock in 1812, by VanRensselaer and Dearborn. There are Canadian state papers and United States official records. All are arranged in chronological order, and edited with a view to giving only the necessary and valuable portions.

Parts I. and II. complete of this valuable work may be secured from the editor, Fort Erie, Ont., for \$1.25. and part III. for 75 cents. Every library in Canada should be supplied with these excellent volumes. The index at the end of each is most exhaustive, and a great aid to students of the most famous war in the history of British Canada.

The Government's Statistical Year

Book, edited by Mr. Geo. Johnston, has been issued again in its abbreviated form. It brings our statistics up to the end of June 30th, 1898, and is issued in October, 1899. To a general student of Canadian affairs the book is a mine of valuable information, but to keep the publishing of it back so long is hardly what might be expected of an end-of-the-century white-man's government. Perhaps some day our rulers will realize that we prefer our information of this character through departmental books which can be relied upon, to receiving it through the tainted medium of political speeches and party editorials.

Among the other important books received recently, are: "Ione March," by S. R. Crockett, Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. "The Sky Pilot," by Ralph Connor, Toronto: The Westminster Co.; "Two Miss Jeffreys," by



FROM "PIONEER LIFE, IN ZORRA."

BY PERMISSION WILLIAM BRIGGS.

## INTERIOR VIEW OF A CANADIAN PIONEER'S HOUSE.

David Lyall, Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.; "The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone," by Ignatius Donnelly, Minneapolis: The Verulam Pub. Co.; "Young April," by Egerton Castle, author of "The Pride of Jeunice", Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.; "A Trip to Venus," (poem) by Hobart W. Parrott, Cranbrook, B.C.



The hearts of many maids and youths will be gladdened again this year with the bound volumes of "The Boy's Own" and "The Girl's Own."\* It is somewhat surprising the enterprise displayed by the publishers of these two great papers in the securing of coloured pictures, suitable illustrations

\* Canadian Publishers: Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Toronto.

and wonderfully clever stories and articles. Last year "The Boy's Own" celebrated its 1000th number; this year "The Girl's Own" has done it—a long life, showing the confidence the mothers and fathers of England have placed in these publications.

From the same old printing office in Paternoster Row, London, come those two old-fashioned annuals, "The Sunday at Home" and "The Leisure Hour." The illustrations and pictures are much better printed this year than in former years, and the improvement is pleasing. "The Leisure Hour" is exceptionally well printed, the coloured plates being quite artistic in quiet, impressive colourings. Occasionally, too, one finds an article from a Canadian writer and, in editorial notes, comments on Canadian men and events.

# THE MOMENTS

## THE GUILILESS INDIAN.

IT happened down in the Province of Nova Scotia, near the famous Tantrimar marshes, whose vast expanse of waving grass, dotted here and there with barns, remind one of the great prairies of the West.

And the hero was an Indian. He was not a Government protégée like his brother of the West. He had to hustle for the meagre living he eked out by making baskets, and hunting, and trapping. The powers that be were blissfully unconscious of his existence. If he could not vote neither did he pay taxes, and probably to his "untutored mind" the latter was a blessing, and the former never troubled him at all—though it is said that the great I.C.R. carry ministers and Indians free of charge. But not belonging to either class I cannot vouch for the truth of this.

This Indian aforesaid, whom we will call Joe, did most of his trading at a small country store, the proprietor of which was very fond of a joke, and whenever Joe would call he would be told some very improbable yarn which would greatly astonish this innocent child of Nature.

On this particular day Joe called, first carefully depositing his gun outside the door. The merchant was in his office and noted the Indian's arrival. Calling his clerk he asked him to go out the back way, slip around and carefully remove the shot from Joe's gun. Being an old-fashioned muzzle-loader, this was performed by twisting the screw of the ramrod into the wadding, withdrawing it, then pouring out the shot. The clerk performed the task successfully, and returned. A

wink notified the merchant that it was all right.

After Joe had exchanged his wares for ammunition and tobacco he prepared to depart—no doubt surprised that no terrible massacre had taken place in the West, or that no huge meteor had fallen since his last visit.

The benevolent tradesman followed him to the door, and pointing to an exceptionally fine flock of turkeys which he owned, enquired how much Joe would give for a shot at the flock. But Joe was not buying fowl wholesale.

"Come," said the merchant, "you can have all you can kill at one shot for a dollar."

The Indian looked at him as though he thought the man was going mad. A shot at that closely packed mass of feathers for a dollar!

"Only got eighty cent," muttered Joe, "what you want me shoot 'em for!"

"Oh, well," urbanely replied the merchant, "eighty cents will do; I know times are hard with you."

Joe hastily produced the coin, all he had—and going to a distance which he thought would be most effective, fired.

The turkeys gobbled, but that was all; and Joe hastily decamped amid the laughter of the merchant and the howls of his clerk.

About a week after this Joe again appeared at the store, leaving his gun outside as before. The merchant gave the clerk a wink and he disappeared.

"Well, Joe," quoth the genial proprietor. "What was the matter last week, you could not kill any turkeys? You don't get chances like that every day."

"Huh! Joe gettin' old, forget to put

shot in his gun," the Indian replied.

"Oh, well, it's too bad you are getting old," replied the merchant; "so are we all, but I think it was because you can't shoot straight."

Joe did not agree to that at all.

"Well then," said the merchant, "I'll give you another chance."

But no, the Indian didn't want to—had no money.

"How much have you got?" asked the merchant, intending to give it all back to him when he explained the joke.

Joe produced his whole wealth—two dimes and three coppers.

"Oh, well, that will do," replied the joker, "but I know you won't hit any, and you must stand thirty yards away."

They went out to make the trial. The merchant, at Joe's request, paced off the distance. The Indian took his stand, the clerk snickered, the merchant smiled. Joe uttered a wild yell. The turkeys ran up close together. Bang went the gun. Nine fine birds were fluttering on the ground. Joe smiled as he went forward to secure his birds. The merchant swore at the clerk, who protested that he had extracted the shot as before.

The Indian was well loaded, and as he started away he turned and said:

"Me heap fool, you heap smart, fool me once. Me put shot in gun twice this time."

The closing remarks are needless. Joe trades his baskets and muskrat skins in other stores now. He never got the money back which the merchant took from him and which, as he had repeatedly told, he meant to return. And lastly, if you have turkeys to sell, or wish to buy any from that tradesman, approach the subject gently, very gently.

*J. Harmon Patterson.*

#### A DISCLAIMER.

A horse had fallen on the slippery street, and an excited policeman was trying to keep the crowd back. To add force to his frowning countenance he called out fiercely, "Quit that shoving or I'll run you in!" "I ain't shov-

ing, and you know it; so don't get fresh!" cried a wee, squeaky voice. It came from the smallest bit of humanity in the mob, a six-year-old newsboy who felt that he had been unjustly accused of exerting his strength to crowd the policeman. There was a roar of laughter at this speech, in which the policeman joined, and during the good humor the horse got on his feet without assistance.

#### THE DUNCE WAS SURPRISED.

A good story is told by Sir Walter Scott. It seems that he was far from being a brilliant scholar, and at school he was usually at the foot of his class. After he became famous he one day dropped into the old school to pay a visit to the scene of his former woes. The teacher was anxious to make a good impression on the writer, and put the pupils through their lessons so as to show them to the best advantage. After a while Scott said: "But which is the dunce? You have one, surely? Show him to me." The teacher called up a poor fellow, who looked the picture of woe as he bashfully came toward the distinguished visitor. "Are you the dunce?" asked Scott. "Yes, sir," said the boy. "Well, my good fellow, here is a crown for you for keeping my place warm."

#### SHREWD GALLIFET.

A good story is told in Paris of General Gallifet. The first appearance of the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry before the Chamber of Deputies, as is well known, was the occasion of an unusually stormy session. Most of the attacks were made against the War Minister. Gallifet, who was not to speak, sat quietly on the Ministerial bench. Every now and then he inquired of a colleague the names of the most violent speakers, which he at once jotted down. "What are you doing?" one of the Ministers asked him. "Just what you see," answered Gallifet; "taking these fellows' names down." "What for? To have them shot, I suppose." "No; to invite them to supper!" was Gallifet's quick reply.

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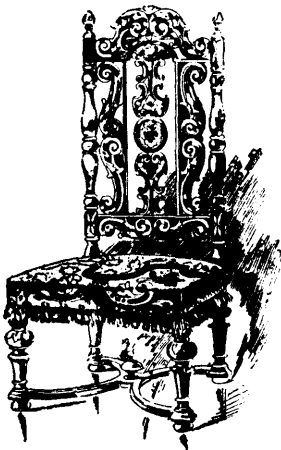


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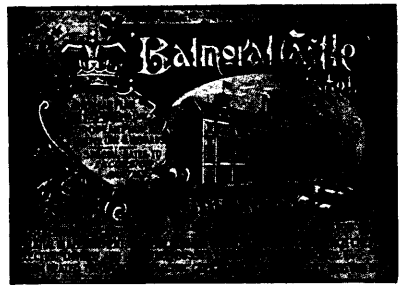
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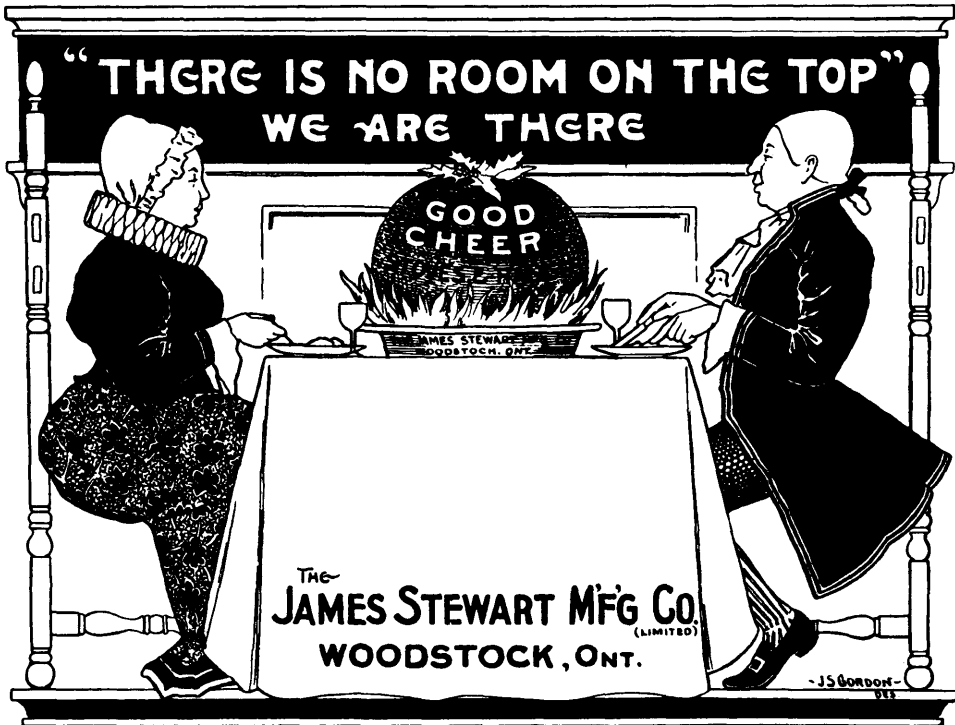


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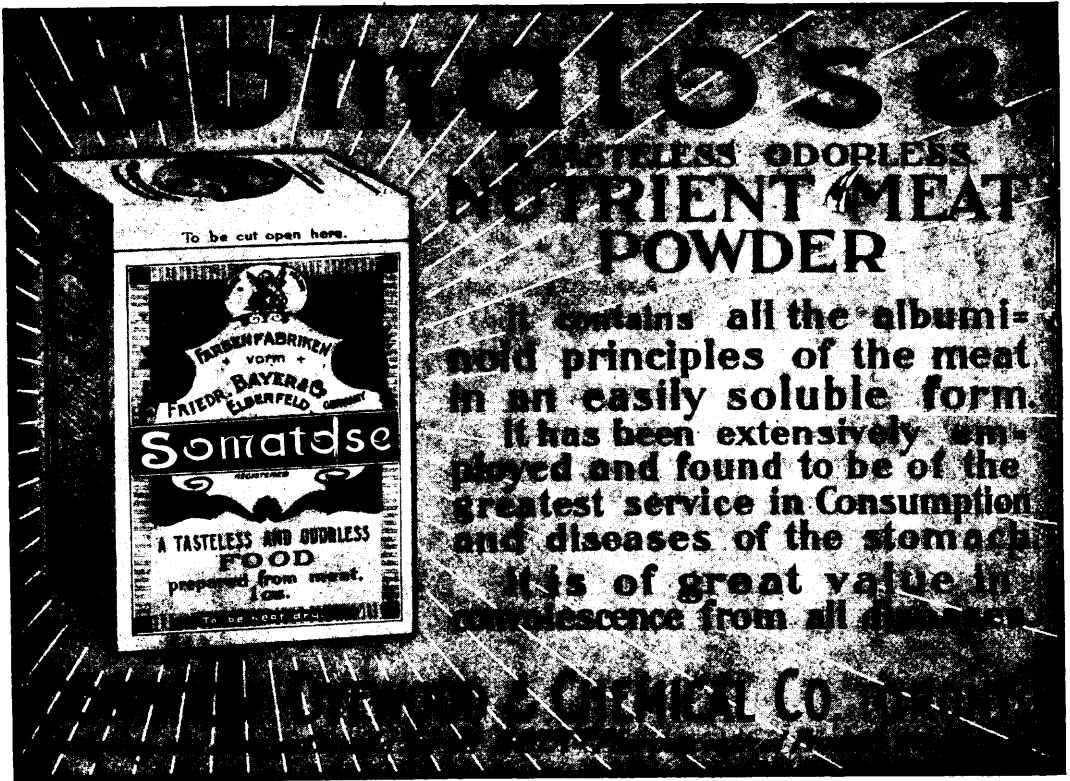
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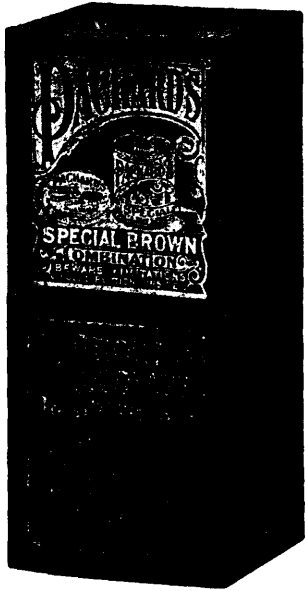
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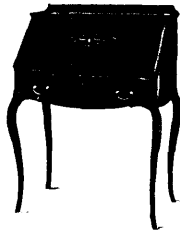
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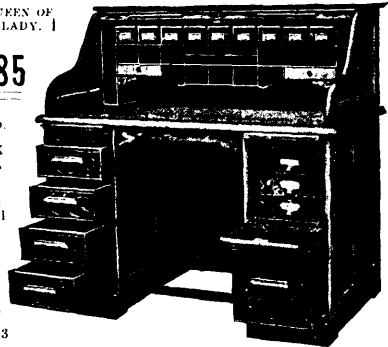
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## HOW IT IS.

In the streets of the town where I live I sometimes meet a poor fellow who is so badly off that his appeal for a penny or two is hardly to be resisted. He has lost both his legs above the knees and punts himself along the pavement with his hands, like a loaded barge in shallow water. Thank Mercy, one doesn't often see human hulks like him. Where there is a single instance of a man having lost both legs or both arms there are a dozen where only one limb of the pair is missing. And where there is a single case of the latter sort there are a hundred cases of people who are lame, or more or less disabled, by disease or minor injuries which are scarcely noticeable, yet in the long run very serious to those so afflicted.

Consequently, when we sum up both classes we perceive that it isn't the total wrecks and the incurables that are most expensive to society, but the prodigious host which *must* work, and *does* work, yet always under difficulties and against hindrances. Men and women regularly employed, but who are continually breaking down in a small way, thus losing fragments of time and fractions of wages, are of the kind I mean. The amount of income lost in this way in one year in England is immense. And so far as the cause of all this is *disease*, and not accident or born bodily imperfection, it is almost always preventible and generally curable. Look at this, for example, and take heart.

"In the spring of this year (1897)," the writer says, "my health began to fail me. My appetite was poor, and after meals I had pain and weight at the chest. I could not sleep owing to the pain, and I got weaker every day. I had so much pain that I dared not eat, and rapidly lost flesh.

"I was in agony night and day, and often sat by the fire at night as I could not rest in bed. I had a deal of muscular pain, particularly in the arms. I gradually got worse and worse, and in two months *lost two score pounds weight*.

"I saw a doctor who gave me medicines and injected morphia to ease the pain; but I was no better for it. Then I met with a friend who told me of the great benefit he had derived from the use of a medicine called Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle of it from Mr. S. Richardson, Chemist, Bridgman Street, and in a week I could eat well and food no longer distressed me.

Therefore I kept on with the medicine, and soon was strong and well. I am now in the best of health and recommend this remedy to all I meet with. You are at liberty to publish this letter as you like."—(Signed) William Bridge, Grocer and Baker, 65 Bridgman Street, Bolton, October 5th, 1897.

Here we have an illustration of the proposition with which this article sets out. From Mr. Bridge's account of his own case we see that he lost a considerable time from his business. How much that represents in money he does not say; nor is it important to the argument. For two months or more he lost from his business practically all he was worth to it; and what that situation would have signified, had it been indefinitely continued, any intelligent person can imagine. Men frequently become stricken with poverty as with illness in that way. However well any business may be managed in an emergency by others, it is not to be supposed that it gets on as prosperously as when the proprietor is himself at the helm. And he cannot be there while he is suffering agonies from disease. This is true even if we make no calculation of the direct expenses created by illness, nor of the suffering experienced—the latter not computable in terms of money.

Now, please remark how quickly Mr. Bridge was cured of his ailment—bad as it seemed and really was. Dating from the time he began using Mother Seigel's Syrup, he says:—"In a week I could eat well, and the food no longer distressed me." His trouble was of the digestion only (acute dyspepsia), for which this preparation long ago proved itself a specific. Had he known of and employed it when the attack began he would have lost no time, felt no pain.

The lesson of the case is this:—As indigestion is a common complaint, and dangerous also when neglected, the remedy should be at hand for immediate use when needed. The more valuable the treasure the more strict should be the guard over it. And health is a jewel compared with which rubies are as the glass beads of savages.

# NORTHEY

Gasoline Engines are the most popular small power in Canada. If contemplating a purchase of this kind, write for Catalogue.

**Northey Mfg. Co.,**  
King Street Subway, Toronto.

USE THE GENUINE

**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**

**FLORIDA WATER**

THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME FOR THE **HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET & BATH.**

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

## ELECTRO-SILICON

SILVER POLISH

### THE KING of Silver Cleaners

*That it's in every way the best*  
*You quickly learn by test.*

At Grocers or Postpaid  
15 cts. in stamps.  
Trial quantity for the asking.  
"SILICON"  
30 CLIFF ST. NEW YORK

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal, Sole Agts. for Canada



# A COMPLEXION

OUTRIVALING IN BRILLIANCY THE  
WONDERFUL HOPE DIAMOND

Gained and Maintained by the use of { **Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers,**  
**Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap, and**  
**Fould's Arsenalene Cream.**

The three greatest beautifiers of the complexion, skin and form in the world. These preparations are safe, sure and reliable, and incomparably superior to all other advertised complexion remedies. They get to the very root of all skin blemishes, such as **PIMPLES, FRECKLES, BLACKHEADS, MOTH, LIVER SPOTS, Tan, REDNESS of FACE or NOSE, Dark Rings under the Eyes, MUDDY SALLOW SKIN,** and all other beauty-marring defects. Wafers by mail, 50c. and \$1.00 per box; six large boxes, \$5.00. Soap, 50c.; Cream, 50c.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

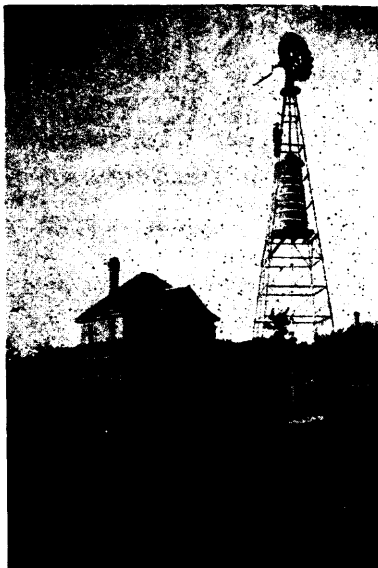
Address all Mail Orders to

**H. B. FOULD, 20 Glen Road, Toronto, Canada.**

**LYMAN BROS., Wholesale Agents, 71 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.**

**BRANTFORD "Steel King."**

Galvanized roller-bearing Windmill erected for



Charles Mills, Esq., Architect, Hamilton, at his summer home, Burlington, Ont., by **GOOLD, SHAPLEY & MUIR CO., Limited, BRANTFORD, ONT.**

# The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF

## CANCER

**WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE.**  
**THE LARGEST AND BEST EQUIPPED PRIVATE INSTITUTION IN THE WORLD.**  
 For the exclusive treatment of cancer, tumors and all other forms of malignant and benign new growths, except cancer and tumors within the abdominal cavity. The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium is conducted by a graduate of the regular school of medicine. Remedies are not withheld as secret from physicians of standing. Ask your family physician to make a personal investigation. He will be given every opportunity to gain a knowledge of our method and its success. When writing for information please describe the case as clearly as is possible and state its situation. Address  
**Drs. W. E. BROWN & SON, North Adams, Mass.**

**212 LOAVES IN 8 HOURS**

**FAMOUS**

**PHARAOH NEVER BUILT A PYRAMID LIKE THIS**

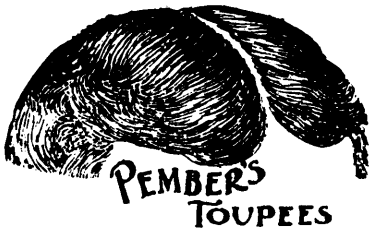
# FAMOUS ACTIVE RANGES

Forty-Two Styles and Sizes.  
**Every Range Guaranteed.**

- Thermometer** in oven door, showing exact heat of oven, without opening door.
- Aerated Oven** continually drawing fresh warm air into oven, and carrying fumes from roasting up the chimney.
- Basting Door** in oven door, which can be opened to look at baking, without cooling oven.
- Heavily Cemented Bottom**, giving all the baking qualities of a brick oven, and browning bread evenly all over.
- Duplex Coal Grates. Flush Reservoir.**
- Cast Iron Coal Linings**, cannot crack. Water fronts for heating water can be easily attached.
- Will Bake Perfectly with Less Fuel than any other Range.**

**THE McCLARY MFG CO**  
 LONDON, TORONTO MONTREAL  
 WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

**Woman's Best Friend  
Dirt's Worst Enemy**



*SPECIAL PRICES IN*  
**HAIR GOODS**

*FOR ONE MONTH.*

Now is the time to buy

**HAIR GOODS.**

Never before have we offered such inducements to purchasers. And when you buy at **Pember's** you may be sure of the latest and most up-to-date styles in buying Waves, Wigs or Switches. We can suit you better and more reasonable than any other firm.

Our reputation for natural wavy hair goods is well-known, and we ship our hair goods all over the continent, such as Canada, United States and Europe.

Our Scientific Scalp Treatment for hair falling or after fevers, as Alopecia and Exemia, has no equal. We guarantee satisfaction.

**W. T. PEMBER,** Hair Dealer and Scalp Specialist,

127, 129 and 778 Yonge Street, TORONTO.





# The Eyes

of the musical world are all centred on the justly celebrated Stanley Pianos, than which it is hard to find a superior in the qualities that appeal to

# The Ear

and we invite you to discover for yourself if a musician could desire anything better or more facile to

# The Touch

than every Stanley Piano we make. It is conceded and thoroughly justifies

# The Judgment

of those who endorse this Piano that it is not price alone that has brought such a wonderful success to this instrument, but rather its ever full tone which deserves the strongest praise.

Where not represented we will send instrument on application, at our expense, to any responsible parties, on cash or easy terms of payment. Write for Catalogue and prices.

**STANLEY  
PIANOS**  
are Guaranteed  
Seven Years.

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**Stanley Piano Co., Ltd.,**  
11 Richmond St. West,  
**TORONTO.**



# FOR THE "KING"

A BOOT WITH A RECORD.

## King Quality

For a quarter of a century we have been studying, perfecting and improving footwear. We have now got close to perfection.

THE KING SHOE of to-day is the survival of the fittest.

THE KING SHOE is to be had at all first-class shoe stores in Canada.

THE J. D. KING CO., Limited,  
TORONTO.

## Grey and Premature Grey Hair



Restored to its Original Color and Beauty by the use of

### Armand's Instantaneous Grey Hair Restorer.

IT NEVER FAILS.

It is not one of the old-fashioned nitrate of silver or lead preparations, but an entirely new composition of elements, which acts upon the grey hair instantaneously. Natural in effect and lasting color, the hair can be washed and curled.

It is not sticky or oily, nor has it any offensive odor. It is perfectly harmless, once used always used. Thousands of ladies and gents use it all over Canada and the United States. We are sure you will be pleased.

PRICE—\$3.00, or Two Boxes for \$5.00.

Sent by express to any part of Canada and United States. No person can afford nowadays to go grey young either in social, business or professional standing, you have just as much right to use something for your grey hair as to dress nice. When ordering send a sample of your hair and the amount, and we will send you by return express the right shade with full instructions how to use it. All correspondence and goods sent concealed from observation.

## GREY HAIR

often is the result of neglect of the hair and scalp. If the scalp and hair is dry, dandruffy and colorless, it requires attention at once to save it from falling out and turning grey. Armand's Eau de Quinine and Cantharides used every evening for about two or three weeks, and Armand's Brilliantine Nourishment for the scalp and hair in the morning, will not only stop your hair from falling and promoting its growth and healthy action of the scalp, but it will effectively Prevent the growth of Grey Hair.

Price of Armand's Eau de Quinine, \$1.00 ;  
Armand's Brilliantine, \$1.00.

Hundreds of the best families in Toronto use Armand's Preparations. Sent by express to any part of Canada and the United States.

Tel. 2498.

J. Trancle-Armand & Co.,  
441 Yonge St. and 1 Carlton St.  
TORONTO.

When ordering please mention "The Canadian Magazine."




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### GENTLEMEN.

ENGLISH AND GERMAN  
RAZORS.

RUSSIAN LEATHER STROPS.  
BADGER HAIR GOODS.

SHAVING SOAP.

STAR SAFETY RAZORS.

TOILET CLIPPERS.

SCISSORS.

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## RICE LEWIS & SON

(LIMITED)

King and Victoria Streets

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Toronto

**A Better Cocktail at Home than is Served Over Any Bar in the World.**



# THE CLUB COCKTAILS

**Manhattan, Martini,  
Whiskey, Holland Gin,  
Tom Gin, Vermouth and York.**

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well-matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

**For the Yacht—for the Summer Hotel—for the Camping Party—for the Fishing Party—for any one who likes a good cocktail—all ready for use and requires no mixing.**

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal rail roads of the United States.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

**AVOID IMITATIONS.**

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors,**

39 Broadway, New York.

Hartford, Conn.


20 Piccadilly, W. London.

**WALTER R. WONHAM & SONS,**

Distributing Agents for Canada.

315 Board of Trade Building, MONTREAL, CANADA.

## GOWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA





No better test of the merit of

### Cowan's Hygienic Cocoa

is needed than the fact that it is so generally used by all who appreciate pure goods. It is healthful and nutritious, builds up and strengthens the system.

**Sold Only in Tins.**







# GOURLAY WINTER & LEEMING

188 YONGE ST TORONTO.

As a Christmas gift, one of enduring permanence and delight, nothing is more appropriate than a

GERHARD  
HEINTZMAN  
PIANO.

**REMEMBER!** That we make UPRIGHTS, PARLOR GRANDS, and CONCERT GRANDS of express beauty and express values for Christmas customers.

**REMEMBER!** These instruments are endorsed by every leading musician and institution for musical instruction in Canada.

**REMEMBER!** That just now we have a few Gerhard Heintzman Pianos, slightly used, at bargain prices.

**REMEMBER!** They are good as new, guaranteed, but having been out with local agencies now closed, they are sold as used, tho practically new.

WRITE US FOR PARTICULARS AND PRICES.

# GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

188 YONGE ST. TORONTO



# Vapo-Cresolene

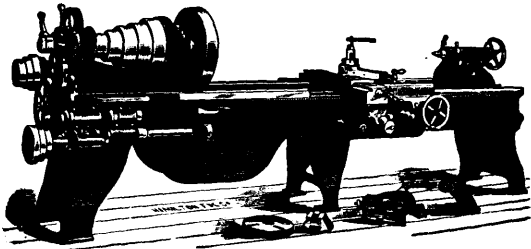
## Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Colds.

Hundreds of thousands of mothers use Vapo-Cresolene. Do you! Cresolene cures Whooping Cough every time; stops Croup almost immediately, and if used at once will cure a Cold before any complications can arise. I. N. Love, M.D., of St. Louis, says: "I have instructed every family under my direction to secure it." Mrs. Ballington Booth, says: "I recommend that no family where there are young children should be without it." W. R. Chichester, M.D. of New York, says: "As a vehicle for disinfecting purposes Cresolene is immediately successful." Anthony Comstock, says: "Malignant Diphtheria in my house; Cresolene used; cases recovered in two weeks; no others were affected."

Descriptive booklet with testimonials free. Sold by all druggists.

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 69 Wall St., New York.

Schleffelin & Co., New York, U. S. Agents.



*Correspondence Solicited.*

*Send for Catalogue.*

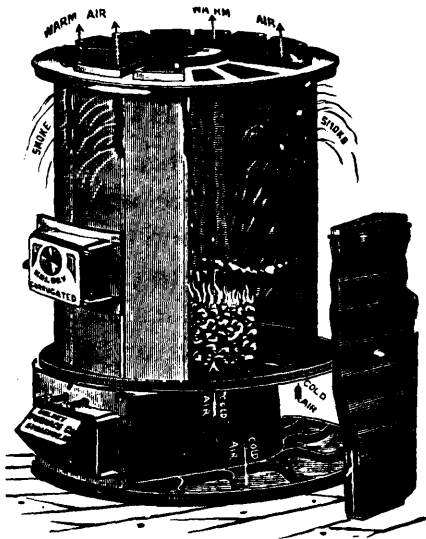
## John Bertram & Sons

Dundas, Ontario, Canada.

**EQUIPMENTS FOR**  
Ship Yards, Boiler Shops,  
Locomotive Shops, Car Shops  
Machine Shops, etc.,

Consisting of Machine Tools for  
working Iron, Steel or Brass.

# NEXT WINTER



you will be just as badly off as you  
were last winter unless you get a

## KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR

(PATENTED)

This is the apparatus that will  
**WARM ALL YOUR HOUSE ALL  
THE TIME.**

Send for our "Kelsey" Booklet that tells  
all about it.

Toronto Agency - 90 YORK ST.

Exclusive Makers for Canada.

**THE JAMES SMART MFG. CO., Limited, BROCKVILLE, ONT.**



Trade Mark for

**W. ROGERS, ★**

Knives, Forks and Spoons.

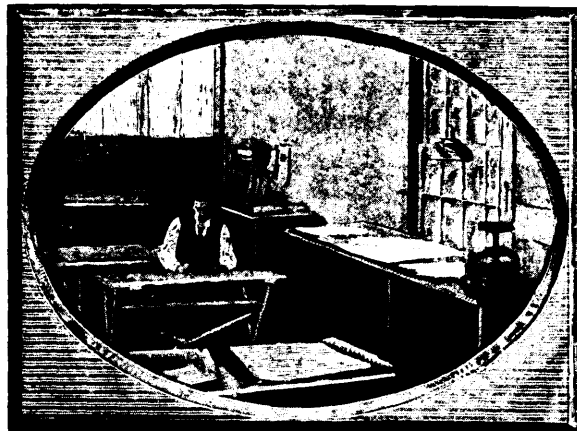
# Prepare a Smile

for wife or loved one on Xmas by a judicious purchase of silver-ware. Our Sterling Trade Mark assures you—metal  $\frac{925}{1000}$  pure silver—our plated mark the very best plate made. Its worth your while to insist on your dealer showing you these goods, which are made in all the latest patterns.—If he will not write us direct and we will fill your order at lowest retail prices.

## SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.

A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager for Canada.

1794 Notre Dame Street, - - - - Montreal.



A Corner in the Draughting Room.

## Our Customers Benefit

by the advance information we are able to supply them and the full detail drawings and foundation plans freely furnished when an order is placed with us.

We invite inquiries

from those about to instal high-grade Steam or Water-power plants. Representative sent to any point for Consultation.

**The Jenckes Machine Co.,** <sup>23 Lansdowne Street,</sup> **Sherbrooke, Que.**

HAS NO EQUAL.

# LEA & PERRINS'

World-Renowned

# SAUCE

Messrs. LEA & PERRINS were the originators of the particular type of Sauce known since their introduction of it about Sixty years ago as

## “Worcestershire Sauce,”

none of the inferior imitations of it now before the public being heard of until a generation later.

The fact that unscrupulous parties designate their crude productions “Worcestershire” Sauce, makes it necessary that those who desire THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE ARTICLE should be careful to ask for LEA & PERRINS' Sauce, and not to accept cheap substitutes.

Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester.  
Crosse & Blackwell, Limited, London, and Export Oilmen, generally.

**RETAIL EVERYWHERE.**

**AGENTS:**

**J. M. Douglas & Co. and C. E. Colson & Son,  
MONTREAL.**



**FOR FIFTY YEARS!**  
**MRS. WINSLOW'S**  
**SOOTHING SYRUP**  
 has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.  
**Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.**

**Mrs. Winslow's**  
**Soothing Syrup**  
*An Old and Well-Tried Remedy*  
**FOR CHILDREN WHILE CUTTING THEIR TEETH**  
 For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.  
**Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.**

**Vegetable Meat.**

The latest addition to food science is Protose, a vegetable meat with a taste that can hardly be distinguished from best beef, containing 25 per cent. more food value and 10 per cent. more fat making properties.

**SAMPLE CAN FREE.**

For six cents (to pay postage, and name of dealer who does not sell Sanitas Nut foods) we send free a sample can and booklet giving 60 ways to prepare delicious delicacies from Sanitas Nut Foods, the original scientifically prepared nut foods in a digestible form.

**Sanitas Nut Food Co., Limited,**  
 No. 83 Washington St., Battle Creek, Mich.  
 Canadian Office—320 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

**The Oliver Typewriter.**

Visable Writing  
 Lightest Touch  
 Strongest Mechanism  
 Double Type-Bar  
 Strongest Manifold-  
 ing Power  
 Unequaled Speed



Automatic Line  
 Spacing  
 Writing in Various  
 Colors  
 Lines Ruled Neater  
 and Quicker than  
 with a Pen

The only Free Type-Bar Visable Writing Standard Machine Manufactured. The price of the OLIVER is \$95.00, \$30.00 less than any other Standard Machine manufactured, because it is a "CANADIAN." Write for Catalogue.

Manufactured by  
**LINOTYPE COMPANY,**  
 55 Victoria Street, TORONTO, ONT. 156 St. Antoine St., Montreal, P.Q.

# The Ostermoor Patent Elastic Felt Mattress



This shows the mattress in course of construction. Several layers of pure white elastic felt closed in the tick by hand, and never mats, loses shape, or gets lumpy. It is non-absorbent, and guaranteed absolutely proof against moths or vermin.

## \$15.00

4 feet 6 inches  
by 6 feet 3 inches,  
delivered at your  
house. We pay  
express charges.

The ideal bed on account of its purity, softness and durability. It is sold at the same price as the Ostermoor mattress in the U.S.A., thus saving you 35% duty. One million of these mattresses are in use in the United States.



Over ten thousand are now in use in Canada, where the best dealers in every town recommend them to their best customers.

**WE WANT YOU TO TRY ONE**, and make you the following liberal offer of a thirty nights' free trial.

**Sleep on it for a month, and if it isn't all you have hoped for in the way of a mattress; if you don't believe it to be the equal in cleanliness, durability and comfort of any \$40.00 hair mattress ever made, your dealer will return you your money and ask no questions. We authorize him to do this.**

Write for our handsomely illustrated catalogue, or call at

**The Ostermoor Bedding Co.,**  
434 Yonge Street, Toronto.

**The Lockhart Bedding Co.,**  
St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

In all other towns of Canada one up-to-date dealer will book your order. If he fails to do so, write us direct.

**The Alaska Feather and Down Company, Limited**  
292 Guy Street, Montreal.

## ANOTHER GREAT BATTLE.

Oh ! everyone is raving over British battles won  
 Against the backward, brutal Boers 'neath Afric's blazing sun,  
 And Poets, by the Muse inspired, write stirring poems long,  
 While Bards tune up their instruments and break in fervent song.

The enemy we'll put to rout,  
 We'll drive the brutal Boers out,  
 The Union Jack shall wave o'erhead,  
 While ring the cheers for Ensign Red.

But there 're other kinds of vict'ries as difficult to win  
 As those for Queen and Country amidst battle's horrid din,  
 And a fateful, bloodless conflict has lately here been fought  
 By the Agents for typewriters :—for twenty must be bought

By the Central Business College  
 Where young people go for knowledge  
 In the different business branches  
 Ere in Life they take their chances.

A motley crowd of typewriters were promptly in the field,  
 And not a sign that any *one* would to the others yield ;  
 Principal Shaw, the purchaser, a man of perfect taste,  
 Each one inspected carefully nor showed the slightest haste.

But on the best he did insist,  
 And all their wiles he would resist,  
 So at the last he chose for good,  
 That perfect beauty—UNDERWOOD !

From out among the number of machines he had up there  
 Not one against the Underwood he thought could well compare,  
 So half his stock he traded, twenty Underwoods then bought,  
 And quite enchanted was he with the splendid work they wrought.

Of Underwoods he's now two score,  
 For he's just purchased twenty more ;  
 The rest have shared the Boer's fate,—  
 Thrown out,—because, not " Up-to-Date !"  
 M. W.

{Sole Agents for Canada :

**CREELMAN BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.,**

15 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. 97 St. Francis Xavier St., Montreal. 36 Elgin St., Ottawa.  
 24 King St. East, Hamilton. 436 Richmond St., London.

Bovril means Health in Winter

*Bovril*

*"On Her Majesty's Service"*

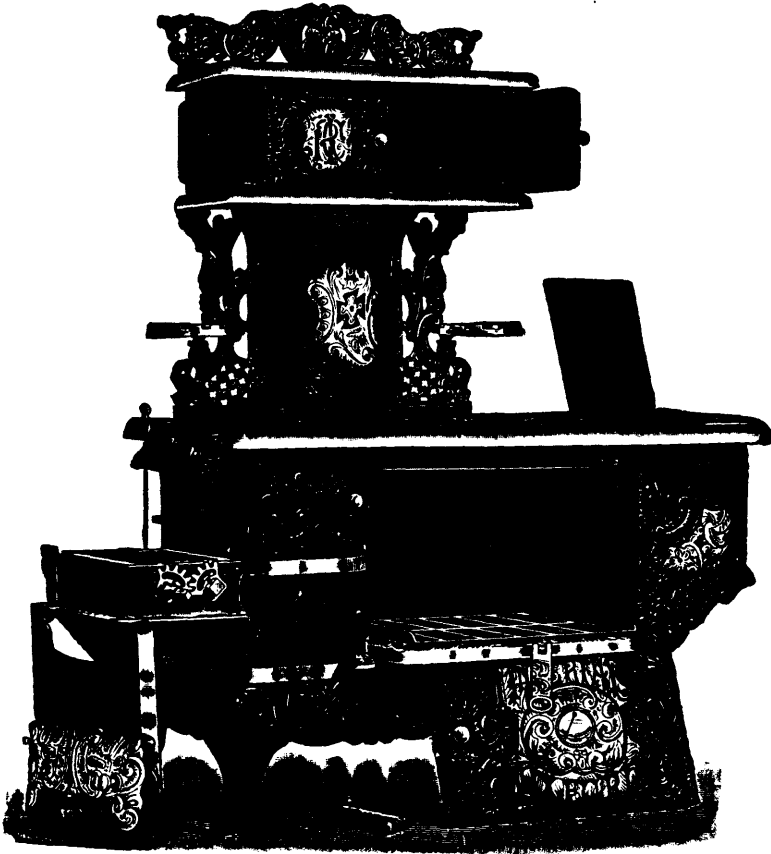
SAVE FUEL AND YOU SAVE MONEY.

BUY A NEW

# IMPERIAL OXFORD RANGE

And You Will Save Fuel

And besides—have all the advantages of its patented improvements which make it the most perfect baking, quickly regulated and delightfully convenient range ever made.



You'll be made welcome if you call to see them at our agents in any locality.

**The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited,**  
TORONTO.

The "Dominion"  
Pianos

60,000  
IN USE

An  
instrument  
of which

Canada is justly proud

**DOMINION Organ & Piano Co.**  
LOWMANVILLE, ONT.

## Why do you drink Tea?

Merely because you have become accustomed to drinking some discolored water with a bitter taste, or do you drink it for its dainty flavor, fragrant aroma, and the delightfully refreshing sensation it produces? If you relish a cup of really high grade tea, try one package of Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea. It costs more than much that is offered, but its worth more. It will brew more liquor, and the quality will be better.

## Ram Lal's <sup>Pure</sup> Indian Tea

is for those who want *good* tea. It is not expensive because its great strength necessitates the use of less weight.

It comes only in sealed packages.



# SURPRISE SOAP

is a pure hard soap.

**Your Grandmother**

knows the economy of using **Surprise Soap**. She has tested and proved its merits.

**Anyone** who has used **Surprise** can tell you such a pure soap with its hardness and wearing qualities is by all the means the best soap to use.

**You** who haven't yet given **Surprise Soap** a place in your household have overlooked an economy and labor-saving article.

Surprise isn't high-priced. 5 cents buys a cake.

## ADVERTISING

# Any Manufacturer

who wants to increase his output can find a means of doing so in judicious advertising.

We will gladly make plans, and submit them, free of charge, to any would-be advertiser.

**The E. Desbarats Advertising Agency**  
Montreal.

**Newspapers.**

**Magazines.**



## TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES, 1900.

The undersigned will receive tenders for supplies up to noon on **MONDAY, DEC. 4, 1899**, for the supply of butchers' meat, butter, dairy and creamery, giving price of each, flour, oatmeal, potatoes, cordwood, etc., for the following institutions during the year 1900, viz:

At the Asylum for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville and Orillia; the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishene; the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and the Blind, at Brantford.

Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract.

Specifications and forms of tender can only be had by making application to the Bursar of the respective institutions.

**N.B.**—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the Asylum in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Mimico, nor to the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the department will not be paid for it.

(Signed), R. Christie, T. F. Chamberlain, James Noxon, Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Nov. 20, 1899.

## Card Index Outfits

Trays, Cabinets, Desk Drawer Boxes, Cards, Indexes, Guide Cards, etc. Special systems prepared without extra charge.

### The use of Card Indexes

- Will turn inquiries into orders.
- Will follow up trade systematically.
- Will keep accurate factory costs
- Will buy intelligently.



**\$2.25**

Buys a

**CARD SYSTEM**

Worth any number of pigeon holes or books. With it the busy business or professional man can collect in a small place all the information and loose details that are scattered throughout his office and desk. Each day is brought to his notice those matters which should have immediate attention. Consists of 400 Record Cards Ruled, 1 Alphabetical Index, 20 Blank Index Cards, and 1 Desk Drawer Box nine inches long. If not perfectly satisfactory you can have your money back.

Catalogue for the asking.

**CHAS. E. ARCHBALD,**

45 Adelaide Street East, **TORONTO.**

Branches—Ottawa, Hamilton.

## The Electropoise IN THE PHILIPPINES



### MARINE BARRACKS,

*Naval Station, Cavite, P. I., July 20, 1898.*

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your note relating to my experience in using the Electropoise.

It gives me great pleasure to state that I have used it very frequently for insomnia and have found it reliable and always effective. I consider it invaluable, and cheerfully recommend it. You are at liberty to use this letter for publication in your book of reference. Yours very truly,

**F. C. POPE,**

*Colonel Com'd g Manila Marine Battalion.*

The Electropoise is a THERMOPILE producing electrical force of low power. It has another action which is purely thermal. Franklin wrote of this force, which has now been first effectively utilized in the Electropoise. By this action the body is made positive strongly attracting and absorbing oxygen which is a negative gas, and oxygen is essential to health.

### CURES WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS.

BOONTON, N. J., March 27, 1898.

I can bear witness to the curative effects of the Electropoise. In December of 1895 I was threatened with complete nervous prostration, and was also troubled with insomnia and dyspepsia. My case was so serious that some of my friends advised me to quit preaching for at least a year. I consulted several physicians, one of them an eminent specialist, but nothing seemed to help me. At the time when I was suffering most, the Rev. Dr. Boole urged me to try the Electropoise. I regard it as an instrument of great curative value.

REV. GILBERT C. MOULSDALE, B.D., PH.D.

The Electropoise cures Rheumatism, Paralysis, Bright's Disease, Dyspepsia, La Grippe and Nervous Troubles.

Send for our new 128-page illustrated book containing letters of endorsement from Archdeacon Gates, Miss Clara Barton, Dr. W. H. DePuy, Rev. Mr. Needham and hundreds of others.

AGENTS WANTED.—We want 1,000 live agents before the first of the year. One agent writes: "I have earned \$1,600.00." For particulars telling this agent's experience, write for "The Electropoise Agent," mailed free, address—

**THE ELECTROPOISE CO., 1125 Broadway, N. Y.**

N. B. We have legal decisions against imitators of the Electropoise. If interested, write for printed matter exposing frauds.

## DEFEATS DISEASE



DEFEATS  
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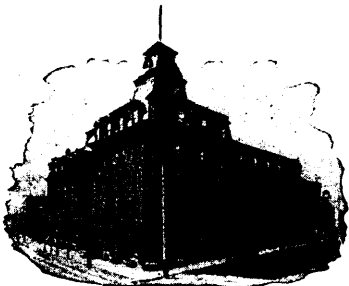


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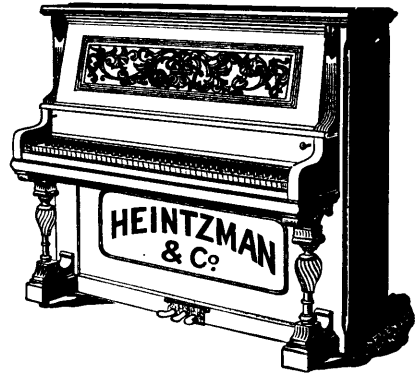
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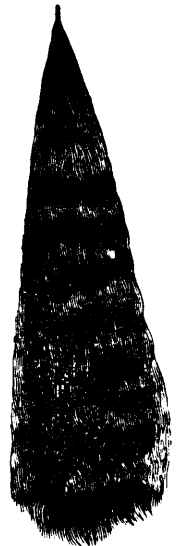
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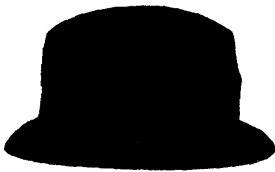
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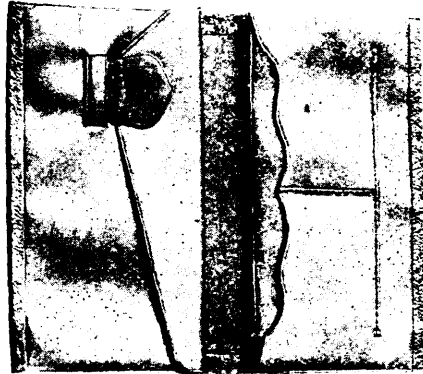
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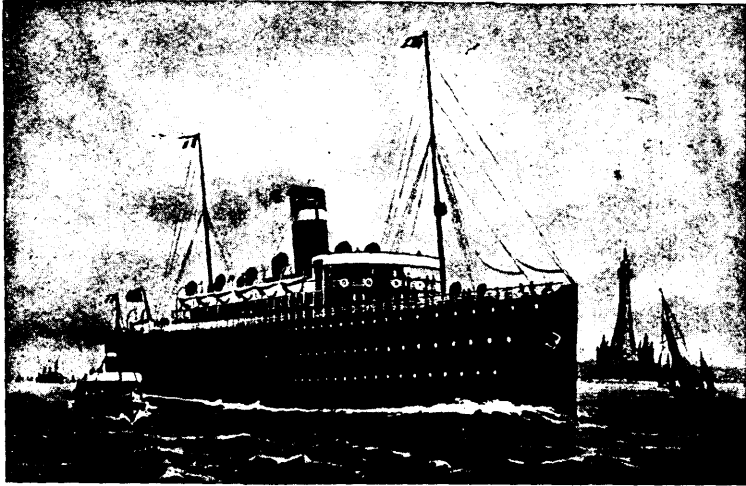
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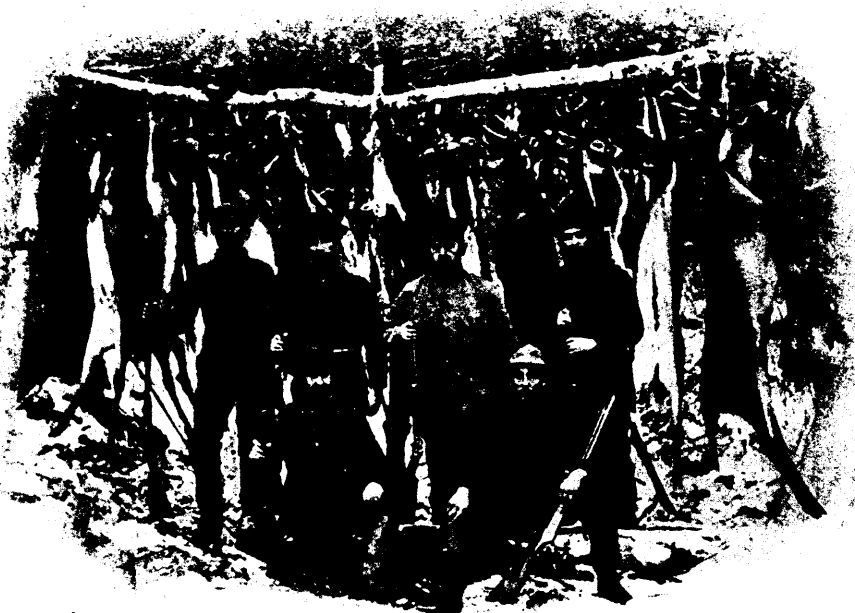
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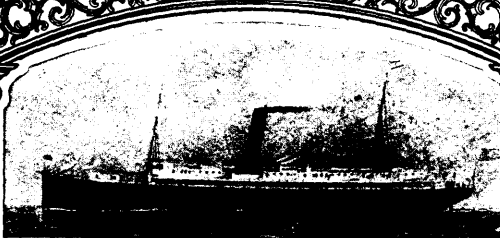

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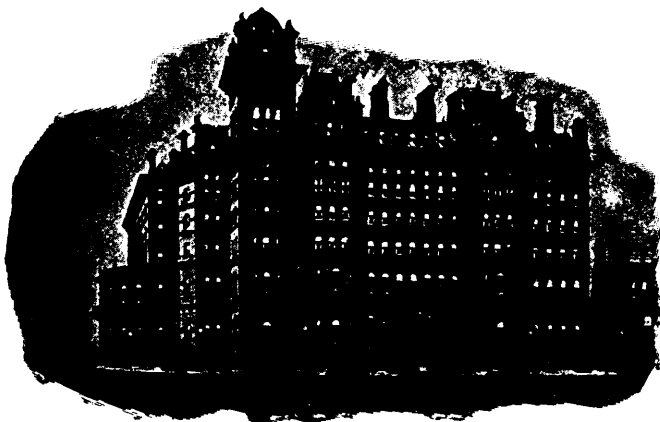
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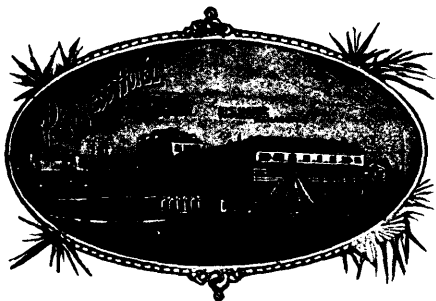
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The  
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Every Modern Improvement  
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THIS new and commodious Hotel is built entirely of wood, (making the most comfortable house in the Islands), will be open for the reception of guests from **DECEMBER** to **MAY**. It is modern in all its appointments. Hot and cold water : Fresh and Salt Water Baths. Electric Bells and Gas throughout. Over 400 feet of broad piazza overlooking harbour and surrounding country. **Finest location in Bermuda.** Accommodation for 200 guests.

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REGISTERED TRADEMARK



GRANTED 1882

or pen knife will be twice as pleasing to your boy if it is a genuine "RODGERS." Boys have an idea, which they have acquired by practical tests, that no other blades give the same wear—and what's more, they are right. "Rodgers" Cutlery is unexcelled.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited, (Cutlers to Her Majesty), Sheffield, England.

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MANUFACTURERS OF CELEBRATED

## NORDHEIMER PIANOS.

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YOU CAN MAKE 12 TO 20 PAIRS PER DAY

## Klondike Knitter.

YOU CAN GET 10, 15, & 20¢ PER PAIR.

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For Power Knitting Machines and Visible Writing Typewriters, write us. Catalogues Free.

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Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair-dressing for the family. 25 cents per bottle.

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Gives the key to all secret power; richly illustrated by 27 superb photo-engravings; anybody can learn and exert a magic influence over others, cure diseases and bad habits, and give the finest parlor entertainment ever witnessed. Write today.  
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# THINGS USEFUL and ARTISTIC for CHRISTMAS

There's abundance of choice in the stores when selecting your Christmas presents, but the difficulty is to give something different to what everybody else is giving.



View of the Rug Section—Thousands of Oriental Rugs.

This store solves the difficulty and never so well as this year. We've planned for a special Christmas exhibit of new, exclusive and artistic goods. Many things come from the Orient in drapes, rugs, pillows and goods of that class.

**A beautiful showing of single articles in Majolica ware, Vases from Canton, China, and exclusive lines in Dutch and Italian goods. Many specialties in handsome French Goods.**

And the prices of any of these goods will surprise you. We have been surprised ourselves in the marking of not a few of these special lines.

**John Kay, Son & Co., 36-38 King St. West, Toronto**

For Constipation

**USE**

**Hunyadi János**

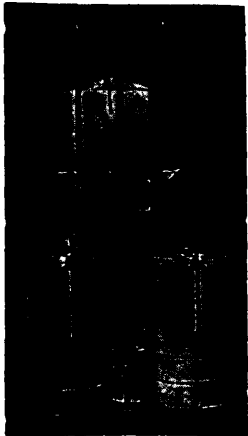
NATURAL APERIENT WATER.

AND BE

Sure

YOU GET THE

**GENUINE**



The "SAFETY" Acetylene Gas Machine

Manufactured by

THE SAFETY LIGHT AND HEAT CO.,  
DUNDAS, ONT.

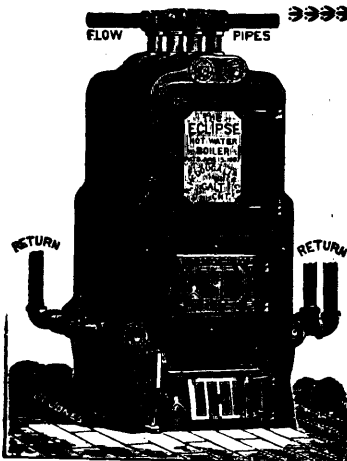
Read what some of our friends say of us:—

Dear Sirs,—I purchased last fall from your agent, Mr. Isaac McKee, one of your Safety Acetylene Gas Machines. I find it very economical and quite satisfactory. I light my store and dwelling. We have a beautiful, clear, steady light and no hitches. I believe it much safer to handle than some machines that I have examined.

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Dear Sirs,—We find the machine to give perfect satisfaction in every respect. We have had several in looking at the light and machine of late and I am sure you will hear of many being sold in the near future in this vicinity. In our mind the Dundas machine is the best in the market.

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Is an abomination, not more so than a heater on a cold night that gives no heat, although a large quantity of coal is being consumed. You are always sure of plenty of heat when an "ECLIPSE" Hot Water Boiler is used

Manufactured by

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# BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS,

GOUT, FOR  
RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA,  
LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA.

The Excruciating Pain is quickly relieved, and cured in a few days by these celebrated Pills. Sure, safe, and effectual. All Chemists, Stores, and 229 Strand, London.

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FRAGRANT,  
DELICIOUS,  
NUTRITIOUS.

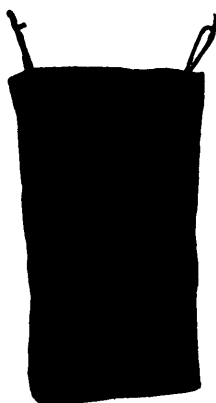
Prepared from genuine Mocha and Java Coffee. Made in a moment by the addition of boiling water or milk. In ¼ lb., ½ lb. and 1 lb. bottles.

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**TEABERRY** For The  
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Most popular  
TOILET-PREPARATION  
25-CENTS-A-BOX-

LOPEJA-CHEMICAL Co-TORONTO



FEARMAN'S  
FAMOUS



ENGLISH  
BREAKFAST  
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Address,

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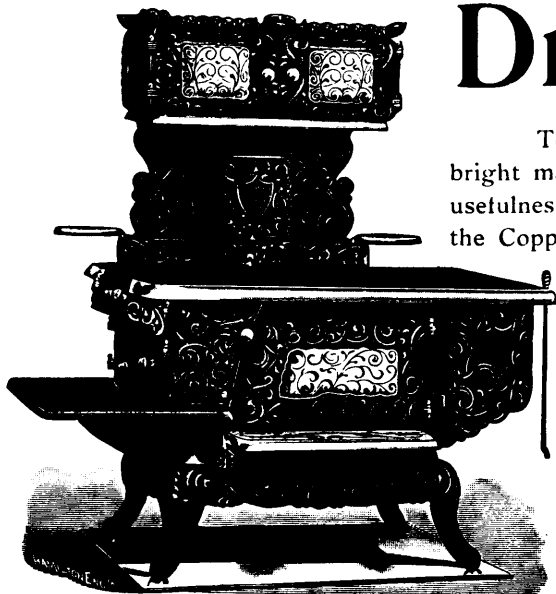
# "RADNOR"



Is a Brilliant, Sparkling, Natural Mineral Water, which is delicate to the taste and possesses remarkable tonic property."

THE BRITISH TRADE JOURNAL - - - London, Eng.

Write for Descriptive Booklet.



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Too much draught has killed many a bright man—too little draught has killed the usefulness of many a bright range—but in the Copp Ranges,

The **ABERDEEN**  
(For Coal and Wood)

The **VICTORIAN**  
(For Wood Only)

there is remarkable draught—and hand in hand with it are the other essentials to a perfect stove—economy, good cooking and baking qualities—artistic design and splendidly mounted.

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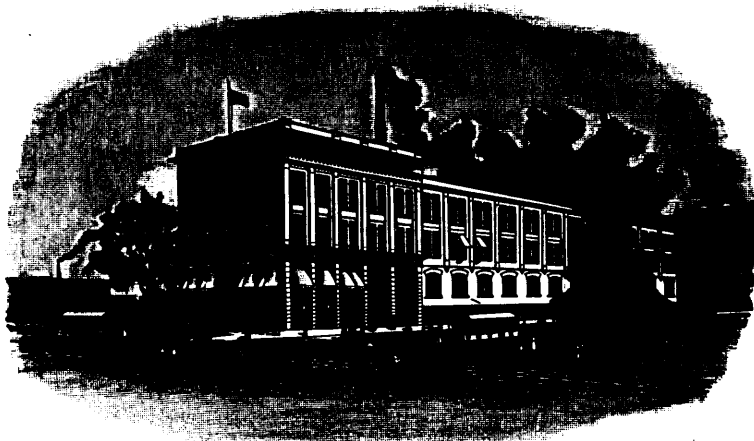
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FOR SATISFACTORY RESULTS.  
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# Children's Teething

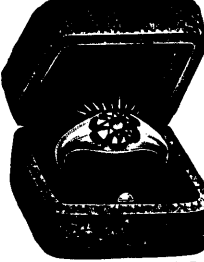
**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup** has been used for over *Fifty Years* by Millions of Mothers for their Children while Teething, with Perfect Success. It Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pain, Cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea.

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For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

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OR  
MARTIN, Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON.

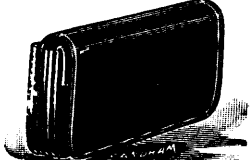
# APIOL & STEEL PILLS

for Ladies

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# SAPOLIO

# SULPHOLINE LOTION

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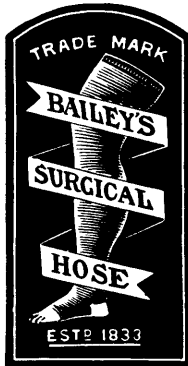
**ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, Disappear in a few days.**

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to **SULPHOLINE** in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness vanish as if by magic; whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, **SULPHOLINE** successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin.

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A badly fitting stocking, or one made of unsuitable material, is not only no good, it is positively harmful.

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Reader, do you desire to become a Hypnotist? Do you want to know how to utilize the powerful and mysterious force of nature? Do you value control over others? Do you value the means of securing friendship, love and personal influence? Do you value the power to conquer pain and banish sickness, to reform a misguided friend, to gain business success, to win wealth, position and happiness? If you do, you must learn to Hypnotize. Why not? No other accomplishment is so easily acquired. It can be mastered in a few hours time, without leaving your home. It costs nothing to find out all about it. The greatest Hypnotist of the century has just issued in book form a large and exhaustive **TREATISE, or Instructor in Hypnotism**, covering the whole ground of his Science, and he will send it while the edition lasts, absolutely **FREE TO ALL** who apply. The book is profusely illustrated, containing hundreds of beautiful and artistic engravings, and shows as never was done before the principles, features, wonders and uses of this mysterious Science, all in a popular and pleasing style. It tells you just what Hypnotism is, and what you may accomplish with it. It shows you how you may sway the minds of others, perform astounding feats and produce amusement by the hour. New and instantaneous methods. Success absolutely guaranteed. Remember, this grand work costs you nothing. It benefits everybody who reads it. It places you in touch with the wonder-science of the age. Read it anyhow. It is absolutely **FREE**. A postal card will bring it by return mail, all charges paid. Apply at once to

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CURES COLDS & BREAKS FEVERS

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for the  
**TEETH**

"What handsome teeth" may be remarked of your teeth if you use Teaberry regularly. It is a dentrifice that gives completest satisfaction to all users—cleans the teeth, hardens the gums, keeps the breath sweet.

Sold by all first-class druggists, 25c. a bottle.  
ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO., TORONTO.

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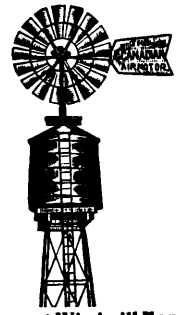
The Cheapest Power—WIND.  
The Best Engine  
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Will { Grind, Chop, Pump Water } Wherever Required.

At your service all the year around,  
**PUMPS, TANKS, WATER BASINS, Etc., Etc.**

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WASHING MADE EASY

Half the labor in half the time, and no rubbing to wear out the clothes, better and cleaner washing with a soft smooth finish that makes ironing easier, and the articles keep clean and wear longer.

For Sale by Grocers, Druggists and General Stores.

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AS USED IN TURKEY.



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The symptoms of Dyspepsia are well known, especially at this jovial season. Each and every one of them may be cured by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They work on the sound principle of giving the stomach a rest. Containing pepsin and diastase and other natural digestants, they themselves actually do the work of digestion, thus relieving the stomach of that responsibility. The stomach thereupon recuperates by natural means, no other organ or function of the body being interfered with in the meantime.

### DODD'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

cure all forms and symptoms of Dyspepsia, including Indigestion, Headache, Fermentation, Nervousness, Flatulence, Poor Appetite, Heartburn, Waterbrash, Etc.

**FIFTY CENTS A BOX.**

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We don't know of any easier way to catch cold than to be caught out in the rain, do you? Many a person can date his attack of bronchitis or pneumonia from such a time. And it often produces the first congestion that finally terminates in consumption.

If you have a weak throat or weak lungs, just a sprinkling is often enough to give you a hard cold which hangs on for weeks. It's just the same with children — there's nothing that will bring on an attack of the croup quicker than wet feet.

Stop this trouble before it goes any further. It's very easy and very simple. Take a hot foot-bath, drink a bowl of hot lemonade, and get thoroughly warmed up. Then take a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and go to bed. The chances are you will be all right in the morning. Continue the Cherry Pectoral for a few days until all coughing has disappeared.

Asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, laryngitis, influenza, grippe, consumption, and all hard coughs and colds begin with a "catching cold." Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cures these sharp colds quickly, and it cures the results of neglected colds, also, only it takes a little more time.

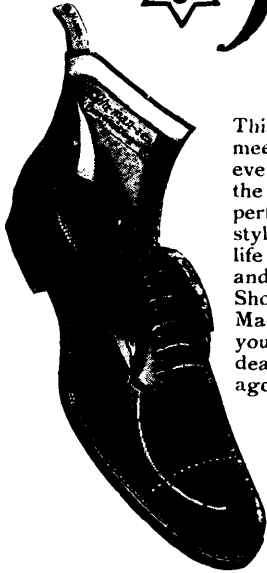
*You Can Now Buy Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for 25 Cents.*

The 25c. size is just right for an ordinary, everyday cold. For asthma, whooping-cough and such diseases, and for colds that have been hanging on, the 50c. size is better. For consumption and for chronic cases, the \$1.00 size is most economical.

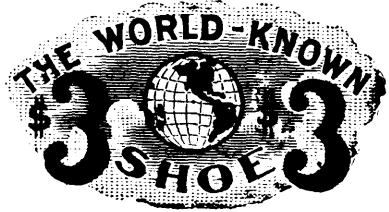


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It will pay dealers to communicate with the manufacturer if they know these shoes are not on sale in their city.

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**fit**  
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The "Endwell" at 50 cts. A cheaper model at 25 cts. Sample pairs post-paid on receipt of price. Nickeled drawer supporters free to purchasers who send their furnisher's name, IF HE DOES NOT KEEP CHESTER'S.

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