Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- [x] Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [x] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [x] Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [x] Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- [ ] Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- [ ] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.

- [ ] Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached / Pages détachées
- [x] Showthrough / Transparence
- [x] Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [ ] Includes supplementary materials / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été numérisées.

- [x] Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Continuous pagination.

MIDSUMMER NUMBER

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

AND MASSEY'S MAGAZINE COMBINED.

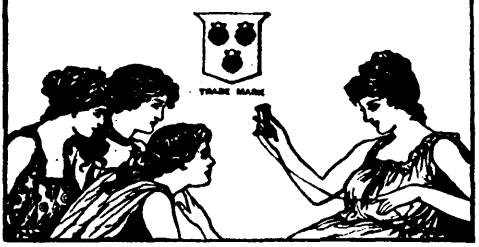
AUGUST, 1897.

F.H.Brigden DES. TOR. ENG. CO.

Prize Medals Wherever Exhibited

Strong, Even, Elastic and Free from Knots.

DEWHURST'S SEWING COTTON



Ask for the "THREE SHELLS" Brand.

Sole Agents for Canada

GEO. D. ROSS & CO.

648 Craig Street, Montreal,
and 19 Front Street West, Toronto.

THE FAMOUS . . .

20th CENTURY

Bicycle Headlight AND Driving Lamp

Two Sizes
Standard and Tandem

Three Styles
Nickel, Japan and Aluminum.

The Standard of Excellence all over the world, hence you see them on Wheels everywhere likewise.

:.On Sale Everywhere..

IMPROVED '97 MODEL

TWELVE FIRST MEDALS.

"Fits Like a Glove."

THOMSON'S

ENGLISH MADE
Glove-Fitting."
Long Waisted.

CORSETS

AT POPULAR PRICES.
The Perfection of Shape, Finish and Durability.
Approved by the whole polite world.
Sale, over ONE MILLION PAIRS annually.

A large stock of these GOOD VALUE Corsets always on hand at JOHN MACDONALD & Co's, Toronto. Manufacturers, W. S. THOMSON & Co., Limited, London, Eng. See that every Corset is marked "THOMSON'S GLOVE FITTING," and bears our Trade Mark, the Crown. No others are genuine.

Trade Mark.

THE NEW CROWN VIOLET.

AN

EXQUISITE - - - - PERFUME.

"The Delicious Essence of the Violet itself, distilled from the fragrant Violet gardens of the sunny Riviera."

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE CROWN PERFUMERY COMPANY,
177 NEW BOND ST., W.

FOR STYLE AND GRACE

Wear

"THE MAGNETIC."

Sold in all the Stores.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE
AND MASSEY'S MAGAZINE COMBINED.

VOL. IX. AUGUST, 1897. No. 4

CONTENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered, and should be addressed to

The Canadian Magazine, *Traders' Bank Building, 63 Yonge St.,*

$2.50 per Annum in advance. Single Copies, 25c TORONTO, ONT.

Royal Military College of Canada.

INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES.

THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION for Cadetship in the Royal Military College will take place at the Headquarters of the several Military Districts in which candidates reside, in June, 1897. Intending candidates who have matriculated in Arts, within 12 months previous to the Examination, in any Chartered University of the Dominion of Canada, will be exempted from passing the Obligatory or Preliminary Examination.

In addition to the facilities the College offers for an education in Military Subjects, the course of instruction is such as to afford a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all departments which are essential to a high and general modern education.

The Civil Engineering Course is complete and thorough in all branches. Architecture forms a separate subject.

The Course of Physics and Chemistry is such as to lead towards Electrical Engineering, Meteorological Service, and other departments of applied science.

The Obligatory Course of Surveying includes what is laid down as necessary for the profession of Dominion Land Surveyor. The Voluntary Course comprises the higher subjects required for the degree of Dominion Topographical Surveyor. Hydrographic Surveying is also taught.

Length of Course three years.

Five Commissions in the Imperial Regular Army are at present awarded annually.

Board and instruction $100, for each term, consisting of ten months' residence.

For further information apply to the Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General of Militia, Ottawa.

Department of Militia and Defence, 1897.

FORTHCOMING ARTICLES.

A STATEMENT showing some of the good things which will be given to the readers of "The Canadian Magazine" during the next few months, proving conclusively that this periodical is Canada's national publication.

The Makers Of the Dominion of Canada.

Beginning with the November number there will be run in "The Canadian Magazine" the most valuable series of historical articles ever given by the publishers of any Canadian periodical. This series will be entitled "**The Makers of the Dominion of Canada,**" and will consist of twelve illustrated papers on famous men and incidents of Canadian history from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Confederation (986-1867), and they will be written especially for "The Canadian Magazine" by **Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., F.R.S.C.,** author of "The Story of Canada" and other works on the history and government of the Dominion. Every citizen who takes an intelligent interest in his country should read these articles, and every family in Canada should study them. They will be profusely illustrated by historical pictures of persons and places. The publication of these articles will be the greatest piece of work that this periodical has yet done for the country that it represents.

The Provincial Premier Series.

The series of articles on the Premiers of the different provinces, which has been running for some time, was intended to enable the readers in each province to know something of the affairs and men of the other provinces. In the September number will appear an article on "**The Premiers of Manitoba Since Its Organization,**" which will be accompanied by five photographs. In the October number will be "**The Premiers of Prince Edward Island,**" by W. L. Cotton, editor of the Charlottetown *Herald.* In the November number will appear the most important, perhaps, of the series: "**The Premiers of Ontario Since Confederation,**" by J. S. Willison, editor of the Toronto *Globe.* As this article will deal with John Sandfield Macdonald, Edward Blake, and Sir Oliver Mowat and the present Premier, it will have more than a passing interest. In December there will be an article on "**The Premiers of the North-west Territories,**" by Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P., editor of the Regina *Leader.* Each of these articles is by a

man who has lived through the times and with the men of whom he writes, consequently the value of each contribution is much enhanced.

The Fenian Raid. In early numbers illustrated articles on **"The Fenian Raid"** will be given. This is one of the only two great Canadian military events of the past fifty years, and though not important as a campaign, it is important in relation to the events which led up to it and which followed. The whole country was profoundly stirred at that period, and this had an effect on Canada's national life which is certainly noteworthy. Moreover, our present military system was largely the result of lessons learned at that time. There will be some five short articles by different writers, and all will be profusely illustrated from special sketches and historic photographs.

Athletics. With this issue, "The Canadian Magazine" inaugurates a department of **"National Sport."** There is no country where athletics are so popular as in Canada, and consequently no apology is offered for the attention to be bestowed on this department. In the September number will appear an article entitled **"Sport in American Universities,"** by Geo. W. Orton, the champion mile runner of America. Mr. Orton, after completing his course in the University of Toronto, took a post-graduate course at the University of Pennsylvania, hence he is perfectly competent to write intelligently on this broad and important subject. The article will be specially illustrated.

Fergus Hume's Serial. The publication of Fergus Hume's latest novel, which commences in this issue, is undertaken at a heavy expense, but with the hope that the readers of this magazine will appreciate the effort to provide them with the best material which the literary market offers. Fergus Hume is one of the greatest of the living English novelists.

Short Stories. "The Canadian Magazine" is gaining a reputation for publishing bright, short stories. An attempt will be made to maintain and extend this reputation, and to publish the very best work of Canada's brightest writers. These will be, whenever possible, illustrated by sketches and drawings from the pens and brushes of Canadian artists.

AUCTION SALE OF TIMBER BERTHS.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS
(Woods and Forests Branch),
TORONTO, June 2nd, 1897.

NOTICE is hereby given that under authority of Orders in Council Timber Berths as hereunder mentioned in the NIPISSING, ALGOMA and RAINY RIVER DISTRICTS, viz., the Townships of Rathbun, Kelly, Davis, the North half of Scadding, and that part of Hanmer South of the Vermillion River, all in the District of Nipissing; the Township of Coffin Additional, and certain small areas on the Spanish and Biscotasing waters, in the District of Algoma; and berths 36 and 37 sale of 1892, D 3, D 4, D 5, D 6, on Manitou Lake, and certain small scattered areas in the District of Rainy River, will be offered for Sale by Public Auction, at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, at the hour of ONE o'clock, p.m., on WEDNESDAY, the EIGHTEENTH day of AUGUST next.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of Sale, with information as to Areas, Lots and Concessions comprised in each Berth, will be furnished on application, personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, or to the Crown Timber Offices at Ottawa and Rat Portage.

J. M. GIBSON,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

N.B.—No unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

Some Solid Facts

THE MAGNIFICENT BENEFITS PAID.

Benefits paid last year (1896)	$ 820,941 91
Benefits paid last five years	2,754,039 14
Benefits paid last ten years	3,462,142 79
Benefits paid since organization (to 30th April, 1897)	4,433,347 28

THE GROWTH OF THE MEMBERSHIP.

Membership 1st July, 1881	367	Date of Re-organization	
Membership 31st Dec., 1881	1,019	Increase, 6 months	652
Membership 31st Dec., 1886	5,804	Increase, 5 years	4,785
Membership 31st Dec., 1891	32,303	Increase, 5 years	26,499
Membership 31st Dec., 1896	102,838	Increase, 5 years	70,535

THE INCREASES LAST YEAR (1896).

Increase in Benefits Paid	$ 135,941 73
Increase in Assessment Income	228,932 00
Increase in Total Income	347,901 19
Increase in Net Assets	438,114 34
Increase in Surplus Funds	455,110 92
Increase in Insurance in Force	20,763,500 00

THE MEMBERS AND THEIR ASSURANCE
At 31st December Each Year.

Year.	Total Membership.	Insurance Carried.	Total Surplus.	Surplus per Capita.	Death Rate per 1000
1881	1,019	$ 1,140,000	$ 4,568 55	$ 4 48	4.50
1882	1,134	1,276,000	2,967 93	2 61	11.00
1883	2,210	2,490,000	10,857 65	4 91	4.73
1884	2,558	2,923,000	23,081 85	9 01	4.23
1885	3,644	4,283,000	29,802 42	8 18	7.76
1886	5,804	6,764,000	53,981 28	9 30	4.85
1887	7,811	9,120,000	81,384 41	10 44	5.78
1888	11,800	13,714,000	117,821 96	9 98	6.43
1889	17,349	20,078,000	188,130 36	10 84	5.85
1890	24,604	28,498,000	283,967 20	11 54	5.18
1891	32,303	39,395,000	408,798 20	12 65	6.40
1892	43,024	53,243,000	580,597 85	13 49	6.25
1893	54,484	67,781,000	858,857 89	15 76	5.47
1894	70,055	86,506,500	1,187,225 11	16 94	5.47
1895	86,521	108,027,500	1,560,373 46	18 03	5.67
1896	102,838	128,791,000	2,015,484 38	19 60	5.50

For further Information, Literature, etc., apply to

ORONHYATEKHA, M.D., S.C.R.,
Toronto, Canada.

HON. D. D. AITKEN, S.V.C.R.,
Flint, Mich.

JOHN A. McCILLIVRAY, Q.C.,
Supreme Secretary,
Toronto, Canada.

A. E. STEVENSON, AMERICAN AGENT.
6340 Monroe Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

FROM A PHOTO. FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

CANADIAN LAKE SPORT.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX. AUGUST, 1897. No. 4.

MEASURE MENDING.

BY AN ASSOCIATE MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

ALL our judgments are effected by comparisons, and the growing cosmopolitan tendencies of modern civilization are well exemplified by the desire for international standards for weights and measures. Every province and every metropolis, up to the beginning of the present century, had its own commercial units, to the great perplexity of traders. Time, even, was most variously determined till 1752, when arrangements were made to bring us abreast of the sun again. Railroads and telegraphs have led to the present boon of standard time, while scientists are held responsible to keep us in leaps if not in bounds.

Uniformity of weights and measures is obtainable by (I) Declaring the units of one place to be universal, as London weights and measures were made national by a British Act of 1824.

(II) By establishing a completely new unit obtained from terrestrial measurements and physical laws and phenomena, as the French metric system.

(III) By adopting a unit found convenient in practice by some large community of men, and arranging it to coalesce with those of other communities.

The English standards are the outcome of the report of the commission appointed early in the century. The Troy pound was found to have been preserved with most scrupulous accuracy, as precious articles have been constantly weighed thereby. On the brass Troy pound weight of 1758 our Avoirdupois or goods pound is based.

The seconds pendulum is the supposed basis of our foot, but when the platinum yard was destroyed by fire in 1860 it was found impossible to restore it exactly by this clumsy method, as evinced by the slight difference between the present Westminster standard and that at Washington. Our units of measure are the result of long established custom but, were the standards lost through national calamity in Great Britain, the foot measure would be obtainable only with difficulty; in fact, the best means would be to copy the Washington or Russian standard.

The Metric system is a paper constitution, as it were, the outcome of the French Revolution. A century of trial with some preliminary disciplining has forced it into popular use, but not by English-speaking peoples. The base of the system is a metre, the one ten-millionth part of the distance from the equator to the pole. This was

determined by actually measuring ten degrees of longitude between Dunkirk, in France (L. 41° 20′ N. 2° 10′ E.), and Barcelona, Spain (51° 2′ N. and 2° 23′ E.). It is a monument of practical scientific achievement, performed a century ago (1792-1799) and under adverse circumstances. The celebrated Delambre measured two bases of 6,000 toise each—about 7 1-2 miles. There were errors in the computation, and the metre, like the British foot (one-third yard), is not exactly what was intended; but as the error has been detected, it is reasonable to believe the exact measure could be obtained, if required, by the original method. The metre has not become generally popular among English people because its subdivision, the decimetre (4 inches), is too short a unit, while it itself is too long (40 inches) for domestic purposes. It is highly philosophical but not domestically applicable indoors and out like the foot.

The metric unit of weight, the kilo (2.2 lbs), was also found too large for domestic use, as common articles are daily sold in small quantities (ounces often), so the old measures were resorted to, whence the "metric pound" or half kilo (1.1 lbs. Brit.)

It is much to be deplored that the metre was not divided into three "metric feet" of 13 1-8 inches; but now, after a century of improvement, whereby the measures of the two systems—feet and metres—have become embodied into both great works and domestic life, it is difficult to make a change. The best worldwide measures, however, would be obtained, now, by using a "metric foot" (13 1-8 ins.), a "metric pound" (1.1 lbs.) and a five litre "metric gallon" (1.1 Imp.), each unit to be divided downward into "tenths" and upwards by "hundreds." This is borne out by the fact that in over fifty countries the old measures were about a foot and a pound.

However, there still remains a means of practically reconciling our English measures with the metric standards now used by all continental nations except Russia, where the American foot is in use. The method is to divide our foot into ten instead of twelve parts, thus facilitating all arithmetical processes, the *tenth* being subdivided decimally. Thirty-three *tenths* are to all intents a metre, the error being 30 3-4 feet in a mile.

This system has long been used by civil engineers. Unfortunately, the yard, both square and cubic, has remained, but builders use a "square" of (10′ x 10′) 100 square feet, which engineers should adopt, and the next step should be a "cube" of (10′ x 10′ x 10′) one thousand cubic feet to replace the "cubic yard."

The new woman, who, of course, can do sums, will surely appreciate the greater precision and economy of buying by the square foot than by the single or double width yard of an uncertain number of fingers.

A feature of the "tenths system" is that one cubic foot or (10 x 10 x 10) one thousand cubic tenths of water are assumed by the British to weigh one thousand avoirdupois ounces; so one cubic tenth of water weighs one ounce, and it contains one fluid ounce. Thus the specific gravity of any substance, solid or liquid, is its weight in ounces per cubic tenth. The assumption of a cubic foot of water weighing one thousand ounces is incorrect; at 62° F. it weighs only 997.872 oz.; but were the temperature reduced to 4° C., water's greatest density, the weight would be 998.8 oz., and weighing should be supposed to take place at the pole, thus also increasing the weight somewhat. Standard water should be weighed at the pole, temperature 4° Centigrade, and barometer 25 tenths (30 ins.). The Fahrenheit thermometer should be discarded altogether from domestic and scientific use.

Much of the English long measure table may be dispensed with; we practically need only the foot, with its subdivisions, and the mile. The metre may well take the place of the yard for sports, range tables, etc., but for engineering purposes the foot is preferable in the field.

LINEAR MEASURE.

10 tenths = 1 ft.
33 " = 3.3 " = 1 metre (apx.—really 3.28 ft.)
66 " = 20 " (" " 20.12 m.) = 1 Gunter's chain.
5280 " = 1610 " (" —0.8 ft. too long) = 80 Gunter's chs. = [1 mile.

SQUARE MEASURE.

100 sq. tenths = 1 sq. ft.
100 " = 1 "square."
(66x66) = 4356 " = (400 sq. metres apx.) = 1 sq. chain.
43560 " = (4000 " " ") = 10 " = 1 acre.

CUBIC—DRY AND LIQUID.

1 cub. tenth = 1 fluid ounce.
160 " " = 1 gallon (Imp.)
1000 " " = 6¼ " = 1 cub. ft.; 1000 cub. ft. = 1 "cube."
176 " " = 1.1 " = 5 litres.
1760 " " = 11 " = 50 " = 1 "phora."

"Phora," it must be stated, is contracted from "amphora," the most used Roman measure, and is introduced to replace the bushel.

WEIGHT MEASURE.

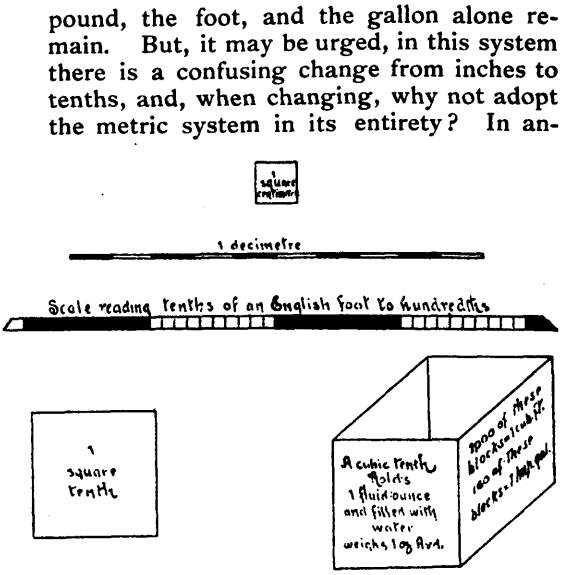
1 cubic tenth standard water weighs one ounce avoirdupois.
16 ounces = 1 pound.
1.1 pounds = 1 metric pound.
110 pounds = 100 "metra-centals."

A singular coincidence it will be noticed, is the factor of eleven in the above, thus:

11 pounds nearly equal 10 "metric pounds."
11 feet nearly equal 10 "metric feet."
11 gallons nearly equal 10 "metric gallons."

This factor also pervades the English linear measure 5,280 ÷ 11 = 480.

From the foregoing it would appear that the weights and measures of our ancestors can be remodelled into simple form, and a connection established with the metric system. By usage, the confusing units, rods, furlongs, roods, etc., have disappeared, and, in America at least, the pound, the foot, and the gallon alone remain. But, it may be urged, in this system there is a confusing change from inches to tenths, and, when changing, why not adopt the metric system in its entirety? In answer it may be stated that neither the metre nor quarter-metre is as handy a measure as



REPRODUCTION OF DRAWING SHOWING THE PROPOSED SYSTEM—REDUCED ABOUT ONE-HALF.

the foot, while the division of the foot into tenths and hundredths is similar to dividing the dollar into dimes and cents, and would be easily acquired.

The facility of employing tenths may thus be illustrated: Water pressure is dependent on its depth. A depth of 16 feet of water is a pressure of 160 cubic tenths piled one on top of the other; but a cubic tenth weighs one ounce; therefore the weight of the column is 160 ounces, or 10 pounds per square tenth, and (10 x 100) one thousand pounds per square foot.

The attachment to pounds, feet, and gallons is ascribed to insular prejudice, but it is really their convenience, as proven by time. America is no island; but when will we adopt francs and sous for our dollars and cents?

Our own system, modified as herein shown, possesses the relationship between space and mass in more simple form than the French, because the ordinary domestic standard, the foot, serves all purposes by one division by ten, whence are derived directly the small linear, square, and cubic unit, and the most minute domestic measure, the ounce, or cubic tenth of water which weighs an ounce. Our household measures are not affected by the transition.

In any event, our mile and acre stand, indelibly stamped upon this continent by the Western system of survey, and the foot is the root factor of these great measures.

C. R. Coutlée.

THE PINES.

THEY stand on the edge of a lonely moor,
And whisper and croon, in some unknown tongue,
A deep, mysterious and hidden lore,
Which sage has not written nor poet sung.

'Tis something about a golden prime,
With its dim, far-off, forgotten things;
And something about a song divine,
Whose music still to their branches clings.

When the winds run races across the moor,
They cheer them on with a mighty cheer,
That sounds through the peasant's bolted door,
And fills his heart with a nameless fear.

Weird singers of music wild and grand,
Of strains that are tender, melting, sweet,
What vaguest dreams of some long lost land,
What haunting memories, incomplete,

What echoes from out the eternal deep
Do your tones awaken, until I seem
Like one who wakes from uncertain sleep,
And strives to recall a forgotten dream.

Bradford K. Daniels.

THE TALEAK OF THE SOOSOON.

Being the Micmac Legend of How the White Bark of the Birch Tree became Covered with Innumerable Pink Marks: What they Serve to Indicate and Who Put Them There.

IT was many round moons before Glooscap fled away westward at the coming of the white man's big canoes, that those who passed along the shores of the inland lakes first felt the bite of the sticky black fly, and marvelled at the newly-acquired pink lines upon the silvery white bark of the birch trees. When men asked the sakumous the meaning of these things they told them that the marks upon the birch was writing ordered by the Great Spirit himself—the word is Soosoon in our tongue—and that Glooscap would tell them why it was thus made manifest. And even so did he unto them, and from father unto son has been handed the story that I now tell to thee.

Now, in those days there lived a certain widower whose name has been forever banished from our lips, by reason of the thing which he did, and only spoken under the title of the sakumou of the evil spirits called Mendon. This Mendon had one little son named Najumooktakunechk, who was secretly fed by the bats with blood from his own kinsfolk, by reason of which he grew stronger than most men and was able to see in the night time.

At last there came the day when this Mendon, the father of Najumooktakunechk, grew weary of hunting, and so he stored away an abundance of oil in a sack of moose-skin, and hung it from the door-post of his wigwam, so that all men might know it belonged to him alone. And Mendon slept by day and by night, and only awoke when he grew hungry for a drink of oil from the huge sack.

But Najumooktakunechk grew so quickly that he was a man before he had even gained his moose-skin moccasins; and one day he stole his father's war feathers and put them upon his own head, and journeyed many days towards the big sweet river until he came to a village of the mountain Indians, whose sakumous name was Onbogegechk.

Now, this Onbogegechk had a beautiful squaw, called Ulgedoo, and two little sons, and had purposely led his people among these hills so that there would be no need of fighting the battle of each feast with the other tribes. And they were all grown very fat and lazy, and kept no watch along the water-courses. So Najumooktakunechk was able to lie concealed behind a rock and listen to their speeches. And when the sun spirit had covered his camp-fire with earth he crept forward—for, by reason of the bats' nursing, he was able to see by night as well as day—and killed every soul in camp, excepting only Ulgedoo and her two

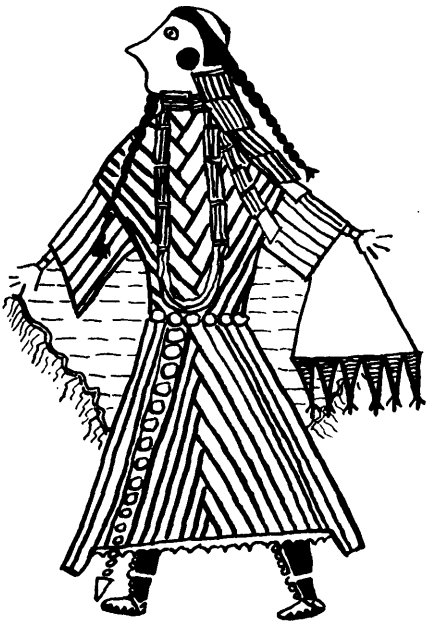
AFTER MICMAC ART—NAJUMOOKTAKUNECHK.

little sons. For his eye had gloried in her, and he meant her for himself. And Najumooktakunechk returned unto the wigwams of his own people, and there was much feasting over the scalps he had brought, and his father's life was given him so that he could not be burned alive for the taking of his father's war-feathers.

One day, while this Mendon still slept, Najumooktakunechk thrust his spear into the oil-sack, and laughed to see the sand swallow it so eagerly; but when his father awoke he told him that Ulgadoo, the squaw, had done this thing, and urged him to eat her in place of the oil. But Mendon put this thought from him for a time, and went to sleep again.

In the morning, however, he had grown very hungry, and bade her build a huge fire for him. When this had been done he called aloud to her to come near him; but Ulgedoo had overheard the words of her husband, and commenced to gather a number of poison berries. Then, while she hid herself in the bushes, she swallowed them all, and gave no heed to his impatience.

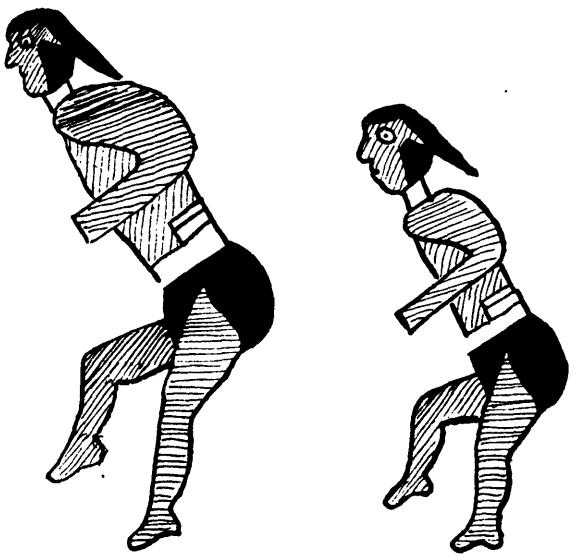
"Kwa tumun" (come here, I want you), again cried Mendon angrily, but



AFTER MICMAC ART—ULGADOO.

Ulgedoo began digging up some little pieces of fire-stone, which she handed unto the two little boys, and bade them punish the wicked Najumooktakunechk when they grew to be men.

By this time Mendon grew strong with hunger, and so, rising to his feet, he pursued her until she could run no longer. Then he brought her back to his wigwam and roasted her upon the campfire which she herself had builded, while the two little boys shrieked, and Najumooktakunechk sang and laughed. And Mendon was so greedy that he did not stop until he had finished it all; and then the poison berries that Ulgedoo had swallowed took effect, and Mendon made the hills echo with his dying agonies. And Najumooktakunechk would have likewise killed the two little boys, but Mooin Wopskw (the White Bear) called aloud to them, and



AFTER MICMAC ART—PULOWECK AND WIJEK.

they fled with him to the forest.

The names of these two little boys were Pulowech and Wijek, and much happened unto them that I should like to tell thee of; but I will only speak of what they did to Najumooktakunechk, which brought the black flies and the Soosoon upon the bark of the birch trees. It was Glooscap that sent a messenger unto them, to tell them how they could prevail over the great strength of Najumooktakunechk; and so they spent their days in gathering birch bark, until they had great store of it.

And while he slept, old Mooin Wopskw brought them and the bark unto the wigwam of Najumooktakunechk, and they crept quietly inside and laid the pieces of bark all over him until the tent was filled. Then, with the fire-stones that their mother had given them, they lighted it from the outside, and drew the door blanket tightly across.

And so the smoke smothered Najumooktakunechk, and the fire burned until there was nothing left but his bones. And Pulowech took a huge stone and pounded them into powder and blew them up into the air, while Wijek cut a long fir bough and whipped the birch trees. From these powdered bones of Najumooktakunechk flew the swarms of black flies, and the Soosoon upon the birch bark shows the number of them.

Put into understandable English by Percie W. Hart.

CANADA.

HOW fair her meadows stretch from sea to sea
With fruitful promise; changing robes of green,
Varying ever, till the golden sheen
Of autumn marks a glad maturity!
How gay 'mid orchard boughs the russets be!
The uplands, crowned with crimson maples, lean
Long cooling arms of shadow, while between
In sun or shade the flocks roam far and free.
From east to west the harvest is her own;
On either hand the ocean; at her feet
Her cool lakes' sweetest waters throb and beat
Like cool, firm pulses of her temperate zone.
Gracious and just she calls from sea to sea,
"No room for malice, none for bigotry."

Emily McManus.

MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

X—THE PROBLEM SEEKERS—SEA CAPTAIN AND LAND CAPTAIN.

IT is so long a time since Mr. W. H. Mallock published the "Romance of the Nineteenth Century" that the book might now very well be left alone, if it were not for the fact that in a fashion it marked an epoch in the history of English literature. It was, so far as I know, the first example of the School of the Downright Nasty. For half a year it ran in "Belgravia" side by side with a novel of my own, and under those conditions I read as much as I could stand of it. Its main object appears to be to establish the theory that a young woman of refined breeding may be an amateur harlot. The central male figure of the book is a howling bounder, who has a grievance against the universe because he can't entirely understand it. Within the last two or three years it has occurred to Mr. Mallock to recast the book, and in a preface dated 1893 (I think) he informs the world that on re-reading the story he personally has found portions of it to be offensive. These portions he declares himself to have eliminated, and he now thinks—or thought in 1893—that there is nothing on that score to cavil at. All I remembered of the story was that a certain Colonel Stapleton debauched the mind of the heroine by lending her obscene books with obscene prints attached. This episode is retained, in spite of the work of purification which has been performed; and it may be said that if the original novel were nastier than this deodorised edition of it, it is very much of a wonder how the critical stomach kept it down.

It is a refreshment to turn from this particular problem seeker to the work of a writer like Mrs. Humphry Ward, who, if she invests the questions she handles with more importance than actually belongs to them, is as wholesome and sincere as one could ask. She has read both deeply and widely, she thinks with sanity and clearness, she discerns character, she can create and tell a story, her style is excellently succinct and full, and any book from her pen may safely be guaranteed to fill many charmed and thoughtful hours. She is still a seeker of problems, and shares the faults of her school, inasmuch as she sets herself to the solution of themes which all thoughtful people have solved for themselves at an early age. It would be difficult perhaps to find a better and more salutary stimulant for the mind of a very young man or woman than "Robert Elsmere," to cite but one book of hers, but to the adult intelligence she seems a day behind the fair. She expends something very like genius in establishing a truth which is only doubted by here and there a narrow bigot—that truth being that a man may find himself forced to abandon the bare dogma of religion, and may yet conserve his faith in the Unseen and his spiritual brotherhood with men. "Robert Elsmere" is a very beautiful piece of work, and it is impossible not to respect the ardour which inspires it, and the many literary excellencies by which it is distinguished. But, all the same, it leaves upon the mind a sense of some futurity. It would be easy to write a story which would prove—if a story can be imagined to prove anything—the precise opposite of the truth so eloquently preached in "Robert Elsmere," and the tale might be perfectly true to the experience of life. There are men who, parting with dogmatic religion, part with religion altogether, and whose only chance of salvation from themselves lies in the acceptance of a hard and fast creed. It would be easy enough, and true enough, to show such

a man assailed by doubt, struggling and succumbing, and then going headlong to the devil. The thing has happened many a time. Mrs. Humphry Ward shows another kind of man, and depicts him most ably. Robert Elsmere is even a better Christian when he has surrendered his creed than he was whilst he held it, for he has reached to a loftier ideal of life, and he dies as a martyr to its duties. But the story has the air of being controversial, and fiction and controversy do not work well together. It is possible to establish any theory, so far as a single instance will do it, when you have the manufacture both of facts and of characters in your own hands. Accept an extreme case. A practised novelist might take in hand the character of a morose and surly fellow who was generous and expansive in his cups. So long as the wretch was sober he might be made hateful; half fill him with whiskey, and you gift him with all manner of emotional good qualities. The study might be real enough, but it would prove nothing. The novelist who assails a controversial question begs everything, and the answer to a problem so posed is worthless except as the expression of an individual opinion. It may be urged—and there is force in the contention—that there are many people who are only induced to think of serious themes when they are dressed in the guise of fiction, as there are people who cannot take pills unless they are sugar-coated. Again—as admitted already—a mind in process of formation might be strengthened and broadened by the influence of such a book as "Robert Elsmere." There are some to whom its apparent trend of thought will appear to be simply damnable. That one may have scant respect for their judgment, and no share at all in their opinion, does not alter the fact that the weapon employed against them is not and cannot be fairly used.

Many years ago, Mr. Clark Russell, whose name is now a household word, was the editor of an ill-fated society journal. I was a contributor to its little-read pages, and I came one day upon an article entitled "Pompa Mortis." This article was written in such astonishingly good English, so clean, so hard-bitten and terse, and yet so graceful, that I could not resist the temptation to ask its author's name. My editor modestly acknowledged it for his own, and when I told him what I thought of its style he confessed to a close study of Defoe and a great admiration for him. I saw nothing more from his hand until I read "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," the first of that series of sea stories which has carried Mr. Russell's name about the world. An armchair voyage with Russell is almost as good as the real thing, and sometimes (as when the perils and distresses of shipwreck are in question) a great deal better. Had any man ever such an eye for the sea before, or such a power of bringing it to the sight of another? Few readers, I fancy, care a copper for his fable, or very much for his characters, except for the mere moment when they move in the page; but his descriptions of sky and sea linger in the mind like things actually seen. They are so sharp, so vivid, so detailed, so true, that a marine painter might work from them. And the really remarkable thing about them is the infinite variety of these seascapes and skyscapes. He seems never to repeat himself. He is various as the seas and skies he paints. One figures his mind as some sort of marvellous picture gallery. He veritably sees things, and he makes the reader see them. And all the strange and curious sea jargon, of which not one landsman in a thousand understands anything—combings and backstays and dead-eyes, and the rest of it—takes a salt smack of romance in his lips. He can be as technical as he pleases, and the reader takes him on faith, and rollicks along with him, bewildered, possibly, but trusting and happy. And Clark Russell has not only been charming. He has been useful, too, and Foc'sle Jack owes him a debt of gratitude. For though he does not shine as a draughtsman where the subtleties of character

are concerned, he knows Jack, who is not much of a metaphysical puzzle inside and out, and he has brought him home to us as no sea-writer ever tried to do before. Years ago it seemed natural to fancy that he might write himself out, but he goes on with a freshness which looks inexhaustible. If I cannot read him with the old enjoyment it is my misfortune and not his fault. If his latest book had been his first I should have found in it the charm which caught me years ago. But it is in the nature of things that an individual writer like Clark Russell should be his own most dangerous rival.

Clark Russell is captain on his own deck, whether he sail a coffin or a princely Indiaman of the old time. Sir Walter Besant is lord of his own East End, and of that innocent seraglio of delightful and eccentric young ladies to which he has been adding for years past. Sir Walter Besant is chiefly remarkable as an example of what may be done by a steadfast cheerfulness in style. His creed has always been that fiction is a recreative art, and we have no better sample of a manly and stout-hearted optimist than he. He is optimistic of set purpose, and sometimes his cheerfulness costs him a struggle, for he is tender-hearted and clear-sighted, and he is the Columbus of "the great joyless city" of the East. He has had a double aim—to keep his work recreative and to make it useful. In one respect he has been curiously happy, for he once dreamt aloud a beautiful dream, and has lived to find it a reality. It was his own bright hope which built the People's Palace, and a man might rest on that with ample satisfaction.

He has given us many well-studied types of character, but he excels in the portraiture of the manly young man and the lovable young woman. In this regard I find him at his apogee with Phyllis Fleming and Jack Dunquerque, who are both frankly alive and charming. He is good, too, at the portraiture of a humbug, and finds a humorous delight in him, very much as Dickens did. There is more than a touch of Dickens in his method, and in this way of seeing people, and, most of all, in the warm-hearted cheer he keeps.

It is outside the purpose of this series to dwell on anything but the literary value of the works of the people dealt with; but little apology, after all, is needed for a side-glance at the work which Sir Walter Besant has done for men of letters. He has worked hard at the vexed and difficult question of copyright; he has founded an Authors' Club and an authors' newspaper; and he has devoted with marked unselfishness much valuable time and effort to the general well being of the craft. He has stood out stoutly for the State recognition of authorship, and in his own person he has received it. *Esprit de corps* is a capital thing in its way. Whether it is well to have too much of it in a body of men who hold the power of the press largely in their own hands, whilst at the same time publicity is the breath of their nostrils, is perhaps an open question. But of Sir Walter Besant's single-mindedness in this voluntary work there is no shadow of doubt. Remembering his popularity with the public, and the price he can command for his work, it is evident that he has expended in the pursuit of his ideal time which would have been worth some thousands of pounds to him. He has striven in all ways to do honour to letters, and the esteem in which he is held is a just payment for high purpose and unselfish labour.

(To be continued.)

THE TEMPTATION OF JOHN McNAIRN.

Illustrated in Design by J. S. O'Higgins.

IT happened when McNairn and I were at college together. We were chums there, for the reason, perhaps, that he was a hard student, and I was—anything but that. I confess I can explain in no other way his ready reply to the first advances of my friendship. However, I had found him at once interesting on account of the unconscious originality of his character, and, subsequently, doubly diverting because he cherished so romantic an affection for a society girl of my acquaintance. It was his confession of that regard, in fact, that laid the corner-stone of our enduring intimacy. He told me of it one evening when he was chatting with me in my room. I had asked him, incidentally, if he ever "went out" at all.

"I did last Thanksgiving Day," he answered in a way that stirred my curiosity.

"Oh! How was that?" I asked.

"Well," he said reflectively, "that night I was reading alone in my room—I call it *my* room," he added, interrupting himself with a smile; "though, of course, I'm only a transitory guest in it—a boarder, I mean."

"A roomer," I suggested.

"Yes," said he, "but I have slept there now some three years or more, and have acquired in that way, I suppose, a sort of 'squatter's right' in my own estimation. At any rate, no one would care to dispute my title to the place—a mere attic, you know, with low roof and bare walls—cold, too, and unfurnished, except for a single chair and table—and a bed."

I smiled at his description, the accuracy of which I knew from what I myself had seen of the student attic. McNairn answered the smile.

"I speak of the aggregation very often as 'my study,'" he said, slyly. "One studies in bed, you know, when it is too cold to sit up—and Madame the proprietress generally cuts off the hot-air supply from my room about eight o'clock (to save it for more paying boarders); so the bed is really a very important and necessary part of my equipment."

I had been filling him a pipe, foreseeing that his story was going to be a lengthy one, and he took the briar from me now with a reserved but grateful "Thank you." He had a self-respecting distance in his manner, which I thought one of his peculiar charms.

"Well, as I started to say," he continued, "I was sitting in my study on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, reading. It was after eight o'clock, but I knew the warm air would be left to me a little longer on account of the festival, and so had not retired." He was punctuating his sentences deliberately with clouds of tobacco smoke. "Besides, I was expecting one of my pupils, young Malcolm, to call on me. He generally does when he knows I am likely to be alone, especially on holidays, being good-hearted enough, though a trifle mischievous."

I nodded my agreement with this lenient description of his pupil's character. McNairn, of course, tutored for board-money.

He smoked a moment in reflective silence, then took up the narration of his story again, seeming to enjoy it very much himself. "I was sitting so, reading, as I said before, when I heard footsteps on the sidewalk below. Our street is rather deserted usually. I laid down my book to listen if it might be Malcolm. He stopped before the house, and I knew he was looking at my window to see if I were in; so I tilted the shade of my lamp to throw the light strong on the window-blind. Then I heard the bell ring and

the door slam, and settled back in my chair to receive him.

"He had three flights of stairs to come up: the first one padded and carpeted, the second carpeted but with no substrata of padding, the third neither padded nor carpeted—nor indeed painted, except in the corners, where the old colour had not been scrubbed away. Malcolm once made a joke of that. He said it reminded him of that gradual disappearance of vegetation which accompanies an ascent of the Alps."

I laughed encouragingly. I had never before known McNairn to be so fluent. He hurried on, brightening with my appreciation.

"I listened to Malcolm lazily, as he stumbled up towards the bald summit. But he opened the door with a startling vivacity. 'Hello, Mac,' he said. (You know he calls me 'Mac.' Rather too familiar in his manner sometimes, I think.) 'What are you doing in here to-night?' he asked. I motioned him to a seat on the bed. 'Come on out,' he said, sprawling out on the coverlet. I said 'No.' 'Come on,' he repeated. 'Come on, you old hierogriffin.' (He meant 'hieroglyphic,' I guess.) 'Where shall we go?' I asked, yielding a little to his enthusiasm. He is really irresistible at times, you know."

McNairn's imitation of his manner was equally so. I was enjoying it quietly.

"He thought for a moment," John continued, "'Why, I know!' he cried, jumping up. 'I know. I've an invitation to call on my cousin, Miss Bennett. And, say! there's a peach of a girl there now. Her name is Marjorie something. She's a stunner. Hurry up and get dressed, and we'll go. Come on!'

"I shook my head, languidly. 'No use,' I said. 'I haven't spoken to a young lady in three years. I wouldn't know what to talk about to one now. And besides,' I said, calling his attention to my clothes, 'I couldn't go in these!'

"They were somewhat attenuated," said Mac. "One can buy a great many books with the price of a new suit, you know."

I asked how did Malcolm get over that difficulty.

"Malcolm?" McNairn laughed, "Why, he said I was 'dead easy.' 'Come along with me,' he insisted, 'I know a place where they'll fix you up like a duke. Come on! Talk? Why, you couldn't get a word in edgeways with Miss What's-her-name. All you do is to sit still and smile. She does the rest—and, say! she does it up to the limit, too.'

"I protested," explained McNairn, apologetically, "that he shouldn't use so much slang. 'Oh, come off,' he said, 'hurry up. We're wasting time. You'll be dead in love with Marjorie when you meet her—brown eyes and all that. Come on—don't make me late.'

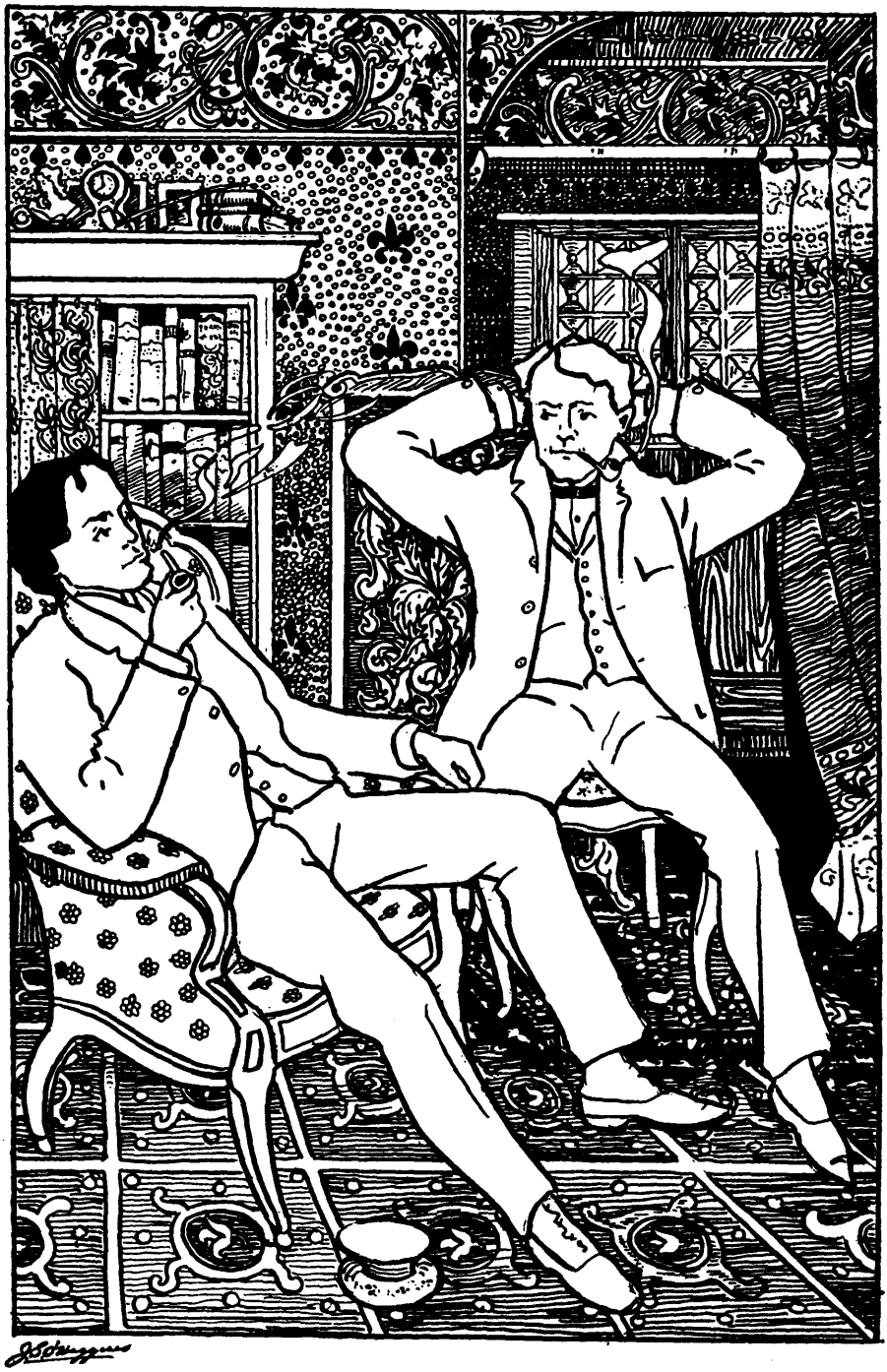
"I demurred again about the clothes. He swept away all objections. We could hire dress suits. It would be his treat. He went into an ecstasy about 'Marjorie.' I must admit I rather liked the idea of calling upon some good-looking young lady again. I used to be quite a society man, you know, (before I settled down to classics) at the picnics and skating parties around home."

McNairn seemed inclined to wander from his story. I brought him back to it. "And you went with Malcolm?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied, "I surrendered at last, and he hurried me over to his home immediately. (He lives in town, by the way). He had enough dress suits, he said, to fit out a negro minstrel show. I'm afraid I got a little excited, but his manner is irresistible at times. He kept talking Marjorie, Marjorie, Marjorie, all the while we were dressing, until I began to be afraid he was playing a joke on me—especially when he told me that I looked like Chauncey Depew in my evening dress."

I may have shown too hearty an appreciation of the joke. McNairn seemed a little piqued.

"Really though," he said, "I didn't look half bad—sort of *distingué* felt 'done over,' so to speak



" He was punctuating his sentences, deliberately, with clouds of tobacco smoke."

I apologized with my silence. John continued the tale of his adventures. "'Malcolm had me in the street again before I knew exactly where I was, but I woke up very suddenly when we turned into the grounds about a large, luxurious-looking residence. 'Hold on, Donald,' I said, 'where are you going?' 'We are going to call on my cousin,' he answered—without slackening his pace. 'I'm not going to call on anyone in that house,' I said. (Not that it was so very palatial—but I had been thinking of making a quiet little visit at some home-like place, you know—and all that sort of thing.) 'Say, you old crustacean,' he said, 'you're not afraid of a pair of live girls, are you?'

"I'm afraid I got rather angry. I called him an 'impertinent young pup.' 'Come on, then,' he repeated. 'I'll go,' I said, 'if it's only to make a fool of you.'"

McNairn smoked furiously.

"I marched stiffly up to the door," he continued. "Malcolm, the young idiot, was laughing so hard that he could scarcely find the button of the door-bell. Finally he discovered it, and my anger began to congeal into a different feeling as someone opened the inside door. 'It's cousin Kate herself,' I heard him say. There was no turning back now. I summoned all my faculties."

John relapsed again into a silent meditation. "Exactly what happened after that," he said at last, "I do not remember clearly. I was introduced, of course, and young Malcolm must have opened conversation with his cousin Kate, for I discovered myself, eventually, chatting with the young lady whom I had heard spoken of as 'Marjorie.' She made some remark about the weather—if I recollect aright—but I would not be sure of that. You know how confusing it is, coming in out of the dark that way."

I made no answer.

"However, when I got the glare out of my head I found that she had just remarked, 'You are a 'Varsity student, are you not?' 'Yes,' said I, calling up the ghost of a smile, 'I am a 'Varsity student.'"

He smiled, retrospectively, at the thought of it. He was speaking very slowly now, lingering especially over Marjorie's remarks.

"'How nice,' she murmured. She contemplated the toe of her slipper intently. I looked at the slipper, too. It was very dainty. 'And a friend of Donald's?' she went on. 'Yes,' I replied, banishing the memory of his insults, 'I think we are very good friends.' 'Indeed!' she sympathized, 'and what are you studying at 'Varsity?'"

"She looked at me," explained McNairn, "with her head just tilted a little to one side, as it were, admiringly. I must say she was a remarkably handsome girl. Her manner was rather reassuring. At least I felt it that way. 'I am studying the classics,' I answered. 'Oh, I just adore the classics!' she exclaimed. 'Plato, you know—and Mr. McNairn,' she added, suddenly, 'now what do you think of Platonic love?'"

McNairn smiled at his pipe. I vented my astonishment in an eloquent whistle.

"I confess I was somewhat nonplussed," John laughed, "though I flatter myself that I kept my countenance. I said I preferred the more common species—of love, you know. 'You evidently speak from experience,' she answered, with a smile. I wish you could see Marjorie smile. (I like to call her 'Marjorie', just to myself, of course. It's such a pretty name). But as I was saying, she has such an engaging smile. It is very catching. I laughed in spite of myself. 'And do you read Plato in the Greek?' I asked her. 'No, indeed,' she replied, 'in Emerson.' 'It is the same thing,' said I, 'at least to most people. I prefer it in Emerson myself.' 'Isn't that nice?' said Marjorie. 'And which essay do you like best?'

"I returned the question. 'Really,' she said, smiling, 'that is very ungallant of you. You should give me a lead, you know—as they do

in hunting.' 'Well,' I replied, desperately, 'I prefer his essay on Love.'

"Now I didn't, actually, you know," McNairn explained. "I preferred that on Self-reliance, but I was guessing at Marjorie's predilections. It was an unusually clever guess. 'On Love?' she cried. 'Oh, isn't that strange. That was always my favourite.' 'That and *Friendship*,' I said. 'Yes, and *Friendship*,' she repeated, beaming upon me. She is a wonder-fully pretty girl.

"'One doesn't often meet young men who appreciate Emerson, you know,' she continued, lowering her eyes. 'Oh, I suppose not, I said. 'They do not get time to read him, perhaps.' 'But *you* find time,' she insisted.

"Of course I had to explain how it was that I did find time—having no folks in town, or anything like that, and not caring for amusement. In fact, we grew quite friendly."

McNairn was gazing wistfully into vacancy. His pipe had gone out, but he still puffed at it with unabated relish.

"Miss Bennett began to play the piano, so Marjorie invited me to sit beside her on the sofa, where we could converse more easily. We talked on all sorts of subjects, especially Shakespeare. We found out that we both were very fond of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, and both thought Hamlet behaved himself barbarously towards Ophelia. Really I enjoyed myself very much," he added with a laugh. "I was quite loath to leave. She was such a charming girl."

His voice had dwindled down to silence. "And Malcolm?" I asked, spurring him on.

AN EDITION DE LUXE.

"Oh," he replied, "Donald was different when we got outside. He asked me if I wasn't glad I had come. I confessed I was. 'And isn't Marjorie a stunner!' he exclaimed. 'Her governor's worth a hard half million, too, by Jove.'"

"Why, Mac," I interrupted, "you *did* go out with a vengeance last Thanksgiving Day."

He had just discovered that his pipe was cold. He regarded it with an affected interest. "How much," he asked "how much would a man need to have to marry a girl like that?"

"Well," I said, "it depends on the man, I should suppose."

McNairn struck a light. I waited, but he did not seem to care about continuing the conversation.

"Have you seen her since?" I ventured.

"No," he said, "Donald came with an invitation to repeat our call. She thought I was 'very unusual.'" He laughed again, nervously.

"Did you go?" I asked.

"No," he said.

The lapses in our conversation were becoming pathetic. McNairn was exploring the bowl of his pipe with a pen

"How long," he said, digging viciously,—"confound the pipe!"

"Let me see it," said I. "How long what?"

"How long," he asked, "does it take a man to get really rich?" His expression of face was suspiciously indifferent.

"It depends," I answered. "Five or six years, I should think, if he applies himself."

"Humph!" I heard him say, "Marjorie cannot be more than twenty."

"But Mac," I protested.

"I beg your pardon," he said sharply.

"There's nothing the matter with the pipe."

"Oh, curse the pipe!" he snorted. "Let's go for a walk."

We went for a walk, but I heard nothing more of "Marjorie." McNairn was moody, and I did not care to disturb his meditations.

That was Monday night, and I did not see him again until Saturday of the same week. He had not called in upon me, and consequently I was worrying about him. I thought it probable that he might even abandon his "course" and the pursuit of knowledge, for wealth and Marjorie. I wished to tell him that a man with no capital, beyond an education in Latin and Greek, would not lower any records in the race for riches—that he was happier in his attic. In fact, I had a very tidy little sermon ready for him before I reached his lodgings.

He seemed glad to see me. I apologised for having broken in upon his studies. "Oh, not at all," he said, "I was loafing—reading poetry."

"Do you ever write it?" I asked, taking the only other chair in the room —to wit, the bed.

"No," he said, "I live my poetry."

I reflected, treasonably, that his attic did not show it. "What do you mean by poetry?" I asked.

"Well," he answered, "man is half brute, you know, and half angel. Whatever makes him more angel and less brute, *that* is poetry."

"So that religion, music, sculpture, —" I began.

"The woods and waters," he continued, "women—"

"I understand," I interrupted. "and the poet is the man who translates these into words, so to speak."

"Exactly," said McNairn. "He translates the songs which man has sung into colours and clay, which nature has sung into the green grasses, which God has sung into flesh."

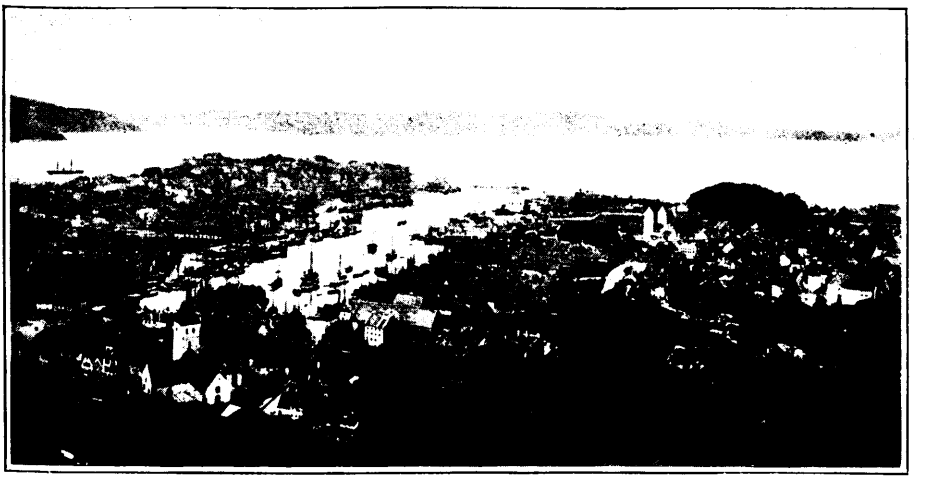
"Marjorie an instance of the last," I laughed.

"Yes," he said, regretfully. "She is a poem in the flesh, but—"

"But what?"

"She is an *édition de luxe*, I am afraid—and I am not a millionaire."

H. J. O'Higgins.



THE TOWN OF BERGEN, NORWAY.

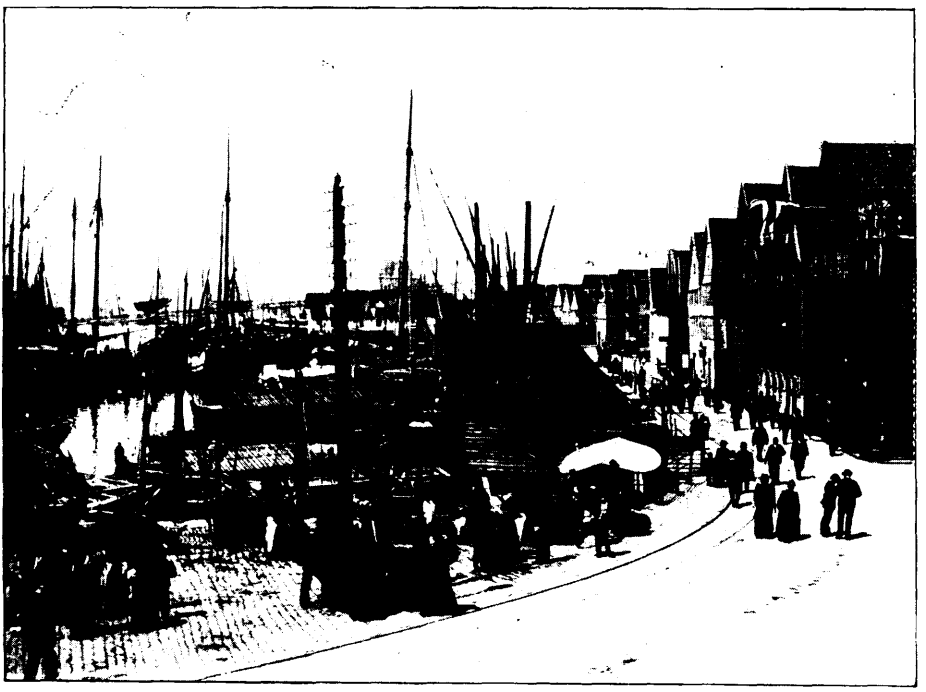
A GLIMPSE OF NORWAY.

The account of a Canadian Woman's Summer Trip through Norway, to be completed in four numbers and to be illustrated from special photographs and sketches.

II—DESCRIPTION OF BERGEN, AND OF THE ONLY NORWEGIAN RAILROAD.

IT was not raining the next morning, and we were in Bergen, where it snows or rains 365 days in the year! In what proportion the weather is divided in leap year we did not ask our informant, as we were only too glad that we had reached the damp town on a clear day. Armed against the hostile clouds we marched up the nearest street, which was laid with grey stone pavement. At every step the fishy odour increased, till we found ourselves in the famous fishmarket. Here a wharf ran around three sides of a square; the fourth opened to the sea, allowing the fishing smacks to enter, and moor themselves side by side. The purchasers walked round the wharf, and, peering over the edge into the boats below, chose their dinners. If doubts should arise in a purchaser's mind as to the freshness of the catch offered in the boats below, he would have no such doubt as he examined the fish in the tanks upon the wharf. These tanks were about the size of a washtub. As we were admiring the shapes and colour of the inhabitants of one of them, and speculating as to the quality, one very handsome fellow was suddenly caught up in a net. He resented this treatment with all his vigour. In spite of his indignation he was duly weighed and considered, but as he did not suit he was once more set at liberty. Another smaller fish had his turn next, but he, poor unfortunate, suited; so after the weighing process he was deposited in a pink coal scuttle, and had his head thrust through with a knife. As we watched his further journey, scuttle and all disappeared round the nearest corner. After seeing the manner in which fish were caught and carried home, we did not relish the second course at dinner as we might have done.

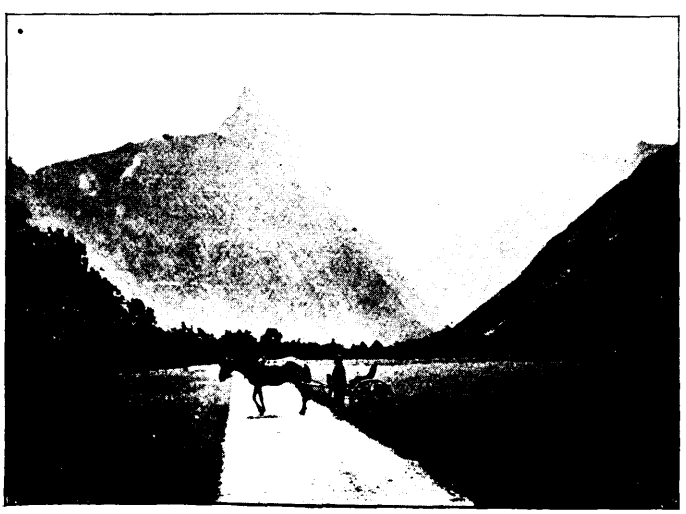
Continuing our walk, we discussed the problem as to how often a Norwegian fish could stand the process of



A SCENE IN BERGEN.

being weighed and examined and returned to its natural element.

The next object we encountered was a bank. This we found to be a plain building without; but the decorations of dainty cream and gold within quite caught our fancy. To gain time for admiration one of our number thought he needed change, so, as we were being stared at, we learned how the Norwegians do their banking business. The room looked just like a bank at home, only the ceiling and walls were prettier.

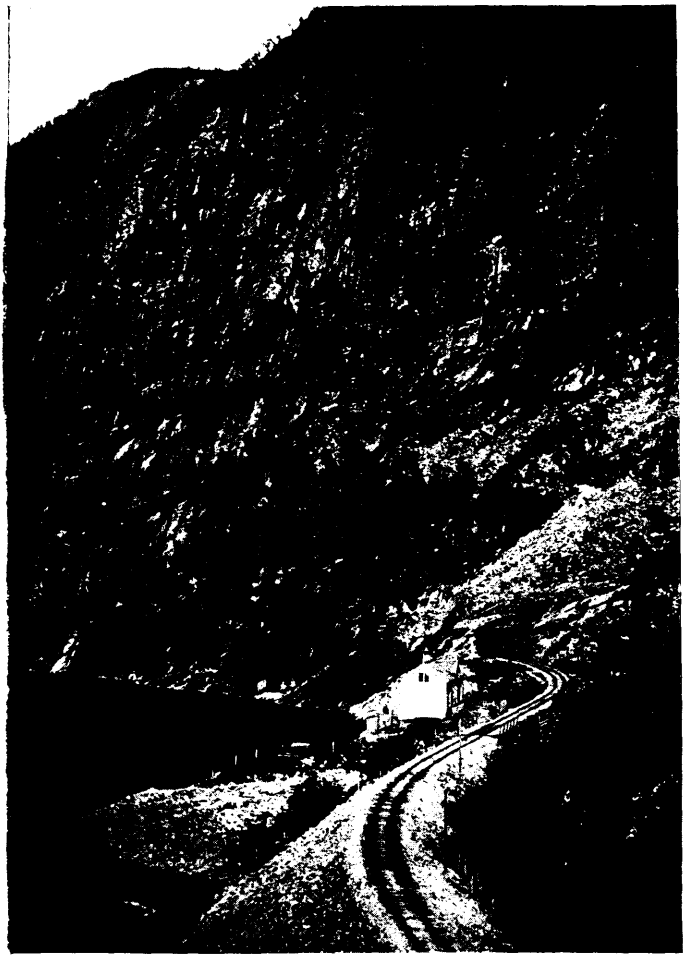


A BIT OF NORWEGIAN SCENERY.

Leaving the bank behind us we were soon among the shops, with windows full of odd things. The name of one of the latter had been given us, which after a short search we found. This name not even the boldest of us would attempt to pro-

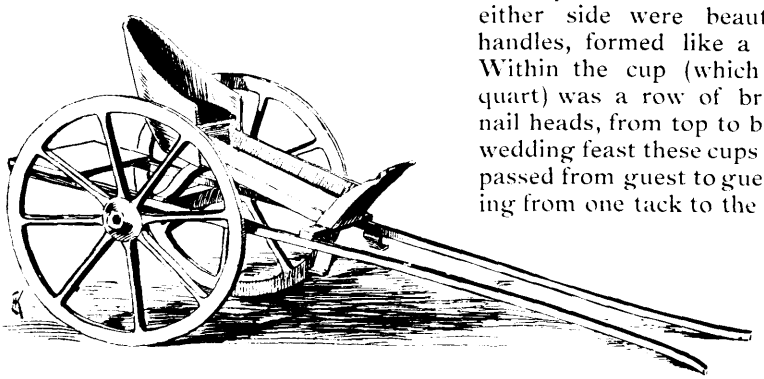
DRAWN BY W. F. PEACOCK.

SKETCHES MADE IN BERGEN HARBOUR.



THE VOSS RAILWAY AND A TUNNEL.

nounce; but that shop took the remainder of our morning. It was like a museum to us, with its curious stock, including buttons of silver, carved or figured in outlandish devices, the underside concave having, close to the shank, the date of its manufacture; coins of all sizes and dates; and odd wedding rings, with half the hoop full of tiny links, to which were attached coins, about the size of a 25 cent gold piece. After many surmises as to how any woman could wear such a ring, we learned it was only at the ceremony and on great occasions that these rings were worn. As soon as the marriage ceremony is over, a plain silver ring is put on for use, while the more elaborate one is doubtless put away as a treasure. The drinking cup, so often read of, next claimed our attention. This was round or oval, and made just like a wee tub, while at either side were beautifully carved handles, formed like a swan's neck. Within the cup (which held about a quart) was a row of bright tacks or nail heads, from top to bottom. At the wedding feast these cups were filled and passed from guest to guest, each drinking from one tack to the next below it.



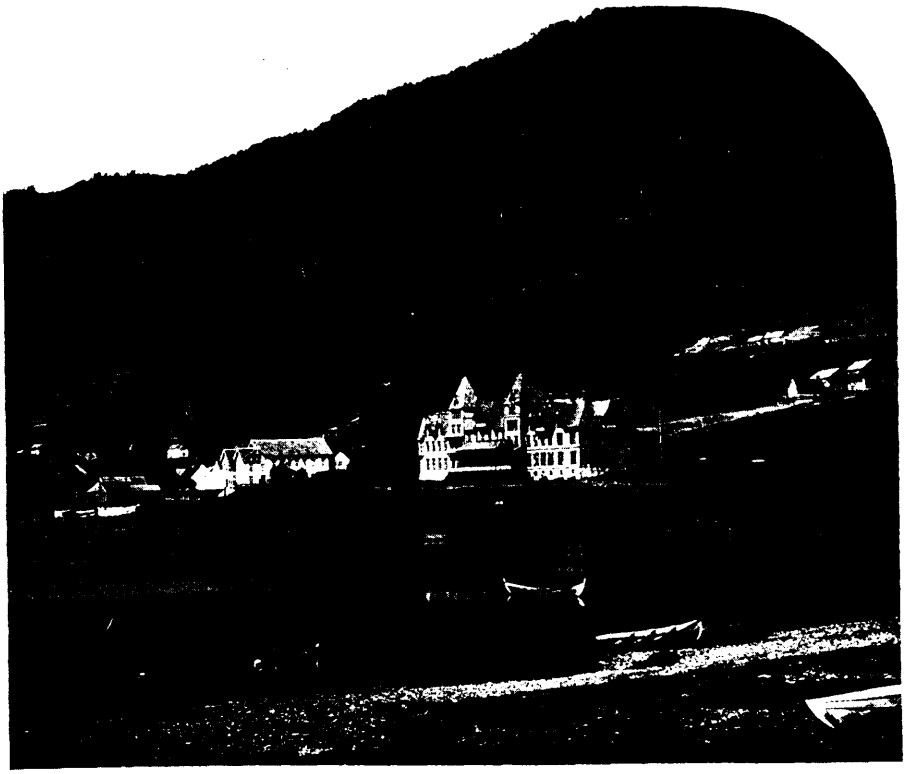
MODEL OF A CARRIOLE.

Dolls in pretty native costumes tempted us at every step, while the carved boxes

and paper knives were a marvel of beauty and cheapness. Brooches, and aprons generally white with stripes of all colours across them, held out their charms ; while above all were the lovely furs in every form one could use them. The fur-lined dainty opera cloaks proved almost irresistible.

The next charm offered us was a drive past the important public buildings, which were mostly built of stone. During our drive we were taken round a road overlooking the harbour, and as we rounded a point another harbour came in sight, where the King's yacht was again lying at anchor. We were told his Majesty was just about to land, so we drew up close to the line formed by a few of his subjects. Soon the sailors from his yacht came ashore and also drew up in line. Then came the policemen of the city, who followed the example of the sailors, and just as they had taken their places, a carriage with pink spokes in the wheels, and lined with the same delicate tint of silk, drew up at the end of the line. His Majesty stepped ashore ungreeted, except by the music of *one* kettle-drum. Soon a solitary cheer arose and fell, and after a short silence it was followed by a second and third cheer with a becoming interval of silence (that might be felt) between. By the time these cheers had died away the King had reached his carriage and stepped into it. The amazingly cool manner in which the Norwegians received their sovereign (unpopular though we knew him to be) exasperated us, and as he passed we stood on tiptoe and gave him a good English cheer, which he recognized with a gracious bow. My first glimpse of royalty was thus under circumstances disappointingly tame, for the people of Bergen did not go half a block out of their way to see their sovereign, and you might have counted on one hand all the handkerchiefs that were waved. Whether it was lack of handkerchiefs or enthusiasm I do not know.

A NORWEGIAN CHURCH OF THE TWELFTH CENTURY.



"Our hotel at Vossevangen."

Having seen the King and the shops, the gathering clouds intimated that they had concluded not to let us off with too favourable an impression of Bergen weather, so we hurried back to our steamer just in time to escape a downpour. As we passed along the streets we had a good view of the bay, with its surrounding hills, the town lying in the great amphitheatre which they formed. Some of the old buildings, especially the fortress, claimed our attention. It is a high grey building, barred and bolted, and grim enough to suit the many tales told of it.

Four o'clock in the afternoon found us at the station from which the only railway in Norway runs. Its arrangements we found were very similar to those of a railway in Canada. Much to my surprise, I found the passenger cars built on the same plan as our own, the only difference being that several partitions crossed the car formed little rooms. The reason for this I could not find out, as all were travelling second-class. In fact, there was neither first nor third-class to travel by. Why they don't call it first-class I cannot tell, unless they expect to improve on the present accommodation. There was room for improvement in one respect, at any rate, as the seats were all wooden, guiltless of such a luxury as a cushion.

As soon as we left Bergen the scenery grew in beauty, so we all crowded close to the windows. I began to wish I could look two ways at once, and to wonder why the row of seats on the left side of the aisle were so much less sociable than those on the right. The seats on the left were intended evidently for only one, unless two thin people decided to be really friendly, and there was certainly no room for dispute. We

were just comfortably seated when exclamations grew so strong that I decided that even Scotchmen could use adjectives upon *occasion*, and this evidently *was* an occasion. All was attention at our windows until curiosity got the better of me, when one swift glance revealed the fact that my neighbours were Irish. Sandy had not wakened up even yet! A bright thought occurred to us, and we took ourselves out to the platform at the rear of our car, which had iron gates at either side; here we made ourselves comfortable on the soft side of a box. To be sure we were crowded, but the fun of it all compensated for the loss of comfort.

How we sped along! Through farm lands, where they were working among the hay, past a pretty hamlet, when lo! sudden darkness fell upon us and the round spot of light grew smaller and yet smaller. Just as we began to speculate as to how long this midnight darkness was to last, we dashed out into daylight, where close below the track lay a lake of royal blue, while away across the water a white village on the green hillside caught our eyes. On we sped, never a lake but a tunnel succeeded it. Often the same village caught the eye two or three times as we wound round the lakes, and that whole ride was just a succession of dainty mountain villages beside lovely lakes, while tunnel after tunnel followed each other in quick succession. After about an hour's ride we stopped at a wee station for coffee, and a real scramble livened us up. Everyone paid for a cup of coffee, but drank his neighbour's in dire confusion, suspecting the train was about to move out every second. What fun we had in the ordering and drinking of the delicious coffee, which we sincerely hope is all paid for! After passing through fifty-two tunnels in a ride of sixty-six miles, Vossevangen was announced; but this was our destination, so we all filed out, hunted up our grips, and started up the road to the usual yellow hotel, where we discovered preparations for the King's reception were being made.

Winnifred Wilton.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER PATHS.

WHEN the mild lily queens in her sweet world,
Breathing benignance in the shady coves;
When dewy buds, for soft tomorrows curled,
Are sleeping; when the silence in the groves
Is wonderful; when morning-glories free
Their deep Aurora-bells to praise the morn,
Thrilled by a summer luxury I stray,
Led by a melody
To budding copses where the rose is born,
And fields where larks rise singing from the hay.

John Stuart Thomson.

CHILDREN OF THE TOWN.

II.—YOUNG MOSES.

DO you know anything about Moses Lischniski—little Moses as he is called? He is in no way related to baby Rachael, so I fancy you are not acquainted with the little chap. Mosey may be found at any time playing policeman or soldier in the alley where Rachael lives. He shares the castle coal cart with her. The children love each other dearly, and some day, when he is a man, Mosey says he will marry baby Rachael.

I was sorry to hear the child express himself in this way. It is sad when baby minds have crept so far beyond the period of infancy that they have the power to even use such after-life words as "sweetheart" and "marriage."

Baby Rachael dropped her eyes when Mosey called her his sweetheart, and a pang shot through my heart, for I seemed to see the first shadow of a cloud creep over the pure innocency of that baby life. Is there any childhood, any babyhood at all in the world? We have sweethearts and lovers and beaux at four years. It is sad to think about. When Mosey called Rachael his sweetheart I lost patience, and, shaking him gently by the shoulder, asked him where the black crows flew to when the winter days crept in. He spread out his little arms and tripped lightly down the path towards the bay. Rachael and I clapped our hands in approval, and I regretted the previous annoyance I had felt. After all, why should one worry over the mind or moral formation of every street waif? Why lament over the dawning possibilities of the boyhood of Moses Lischniski, whose father fried fish in a common street dive, and who no doubt looked to fish frying propensities as the highest possible ideal in his son and heir.

Then as for baby Rachael, why worry? Ah, as for baby Rachael, the wee mite with the big black eyes had somehow crept into my heart unconsciously, much as a sunbeam creeps unnoticed into the dark corner of a room, but when the sun sinks, and the day dies, we wonder what strange change has come over our vision.

I first saw Mosey in a Sunday School for little waifs. Baby Rachael tugged him in by one hand, while Mosey, dragging behind, open-eyed and open-mouthed, took in the community. Now Rachael's mother, though by birth a Jew, had desired her little girl to come to the Mission School as a means of keeping her for a time off the street. Mosey had come, it appeared afterwards, without parental permission, and if one person can prevent it, Mosey Lischniski shall not again visit the Mission Sunday School. He loved the entertainment provided; poor little soul, he was easily pleased. He loved particularly one line of a certain hymn:

"Yes, Jesus loves me."

As soon as he had grasped the swing, and it is a very swingy hymn, he roared the words as loudly as his strong young lungs would admit. Moreover, he insisted upon contributing disconnected solos while prayers were going on, and upon being reprimanded, crooned the air softly to himself while his little knees rested on the floor, and his face was buried low in his hands.

Now Mosey has a remarkable memory. He carried the fragment of the hymn carefully home with him, and it came to pass on the following day that while Papa fried fish for the mid-day meal in his restaurant, Mosey doled forth several editions of his recently acquired accomplishment.

It was Rachael who retailed the story to me, and it was after hearing it that I became determined Mosey should never again visit the Mission, much as he loves its attractions.

"Mosey's papa mad at Mosey," said baby Rachael, raising her big eyes to my face, while she endeavoured to straighten out the folds of my skirt to suit her taste, and then stood off at a short distance in order to take in the effect (Rachael will be an artist some day. The seeds are sprouting already. She has a remarkably true eye for artistic effect, has this offspring of a Jewish washerwoman).

DRAWN BY TOM WILKINSON.

"The next Sunday I saw Rachael and Mosey hand in hand."

"I suppose Mosey was not kind to father or he would not become angry with his little boy," I said, answering the child.

"What did he do?"

"O, he *would* sing," said Rachael sadly, clasping her little brown hands dramatically, and looking as though a world of sorrow and anguish were held in her words.

"Perhaps he sang too loudly," I ventured.

Rachael crept up to me, and placing her little thumb and forefinger almost together, signifying the smallest possible space, she said earnestly:

"O, when he sang the teeniest, weeniest bit like that his papa got mad, and slapped him, an' his mama came an' cried, and she slapped too. An' the man who was eating fish got mad, an' talked loud, an' they was all cross, an', an' I saw them all, for I was peeping in through the window, an' I stood on my tip-toes just so I could see Mosey over the top of the roast beef that's on the big blue plate in the window."

I became interested.

"What did he sing, dear?"

Rachael pulled at her black curls for a moment, looked down at her little toes, and then rolled her eyes all around the room until they reached the highest point above her. There she seemed to find what she wanted.

"O, he *would* sing, you know. It goes, 'Yes, Jesus loves me,' an' he singed it over in the little house where I go when my hair is curls."

"O," I said knowingly. This accounted for the wrath of the Jew father.

"An'," went on Rachael—

"Mosey, he say, 'I will sing it. Rakey sing it, an' all the little boys sing it, an', an', Yes, Jesus loves me,' an' his papa slap him again, an'—"

The next Sunday I saw Rachael and Moses hand in hand trotting off to the Mission School. They were chatting by the way, and I hurried to overtake them, longing to hear their conversation, which was always interesting. To-day it was theological. Rachael was sympathizing with Moses on account of the slapping he had received for singing his loved hymn. I stepped up behind them unnoticed. They were wandering along as children are wont to do, from one edge of the sidewalk to the other, oblivious of everything but their own little selves. Rachael,

with her wonderful little reasoning powers, was repeating what she remembered of a little Christmas story she had heard in her kindergarten. There was little she ever forgot.

"An' you will, an' we will, sing 'Jesus loves me,' wont we, Mosey?"

Mosey grunted assent while Rachael hummed off a very high bar, tripping along as she did so, and dragging Mosey by the hand after her.

"O Mosey, I know all 'bout it. An' when we had the Christmas tree they told us a story, an' we singed 'bout Him, an' they had a red an' yellow picture, an' He carried lots of little sheeps in His arms, out in the woods. An' He didn't have on no boots, but He had curls all hanging down." She stopped for a moment and drew out one of her black curls to look at it.

"Not like mine, Mosey, not black, but curls like, like the sunshine. An' he died an' went to Heaven. An', an' He likes ye to save up your coppers an' not buy copper sticks. An', 'Yes, Jesus loves me.'"

Again the little treble voice broke into song, Mosey joining in, while the urchins hand in hand trotted off at a faster run, Mosey always bringing up the rear.

"I won't ever no more buy copper sticks, Rakey," he said breathlessly, "An' I will sing, Rakey, won't I?"

I overtook them at the door of the Mission. Rachael clung to my skirt, which is her usual greeting. I disengaged myself, however, and despatched her into the school. Then I took Mosey by the hand and led him home. We had a struggle at first. He cried bitterly for "Rakey," and stood firm as a little rock. Eventually, however, I led him away. Mosey is a dear child and has an iron will. I admire him for it. This mental strength in children is sometimes called obstinacy. It invariably degenerates into that when improperly trained. One of the best traits in the future man is frequently weakened and distorted by ill-treatment in childhood. One could reason with Mosey. He was not bad tempered, simply determined.

When we reached the little home, Mosey's father was smoking in the room back of the shop. The blinds were lowered in the front window, so that one could not see the stationary roast beef on the blue

DRAWN BY TOM WILKINSON.

"He cried bitterly for 'Rakey'."

plate which interested baby Rachael, nor was there any fried fish visible to tempt the appetite of the passer-by.

Papa Lischniski smoked and thought, his arms folded over his broad chest, his eyes fixed on the floor. It is a mystery to know what occupies the minds of numbers of these lower class people who have such a passion for sitting in the sunshine and idly looking into space—whose weeks and months and years are spent within an area of a few feet, and whose mental strength is taxed only to the extent called upon by such accomplishments as frying fish or following the profession which is symbolized by three golden balls.

Nevertheless, Papa Lischniski smoked and dreamed. To be just, perhaps the good man was working out an entirely new menu for the coming week. There was certainly some deep hidden meaning on that thoughtful brow.

Mosey ran into the room, after which I introduced myself, and gently suggested the advisability of looking after the small boy on Sunday afternoons in order to prevent his running into the temptation of the Mission Hall.

When the Jew heard where the little lad had been he became wrathy, and shook his fist in the urchin's face. Mamma cried, and said Mosey had always been a trouble to them, but he would now grow to be a curse. They would thrash him, and if necessary lock him up. Poor little chap? These are the people who not unfrequently train up and supply the world with convicts. Moses has naturally a straightforward and honorable disposition. It will no doubt be dwarfed in his infancy.

We talked together for a short time, and gradually the Jew melted and promised to give Mosey another trial. Then the man courteously led me to his little front door, called me "one good young friend," and invited me to "call again."

And now the factotum of the Mission School has become at once angry and sorrowful. He says I have lost a little soul which we might have led to Christ. There are good people in the world who seem to find it difficult to distinguish between right and wrong, religion and conscience, creed and parental subjection—a soul lost that might have been led to Christ—a religion instilled into a child which would omit childhood's strongest commandment? What inconsistency! At present Mosey possesses an honest little heart. Soon he will have a clear understanding of right and wrong without the necessity of bringing discord and unhappiness into that little Jewish home behind the fish store. If his present nature clings to him till manhood, there is little fear but that the desirable religious attributes will attach themselves to him. Meantime one feels sure that should little Mosey and baby Rachael wander hand in hand into the presence of that Christ whom Rakey loves to picture as carrying little sheep, out in the woods, with no boots, but long curls like the sunshine, one feels quite sure that the Good Shepherd will be quite satisfied to allow Mosey time, after he has wandered into the fold, to learn the rest of that baby hymn he loved so well.

Esther Talbot Kingsmill.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY.

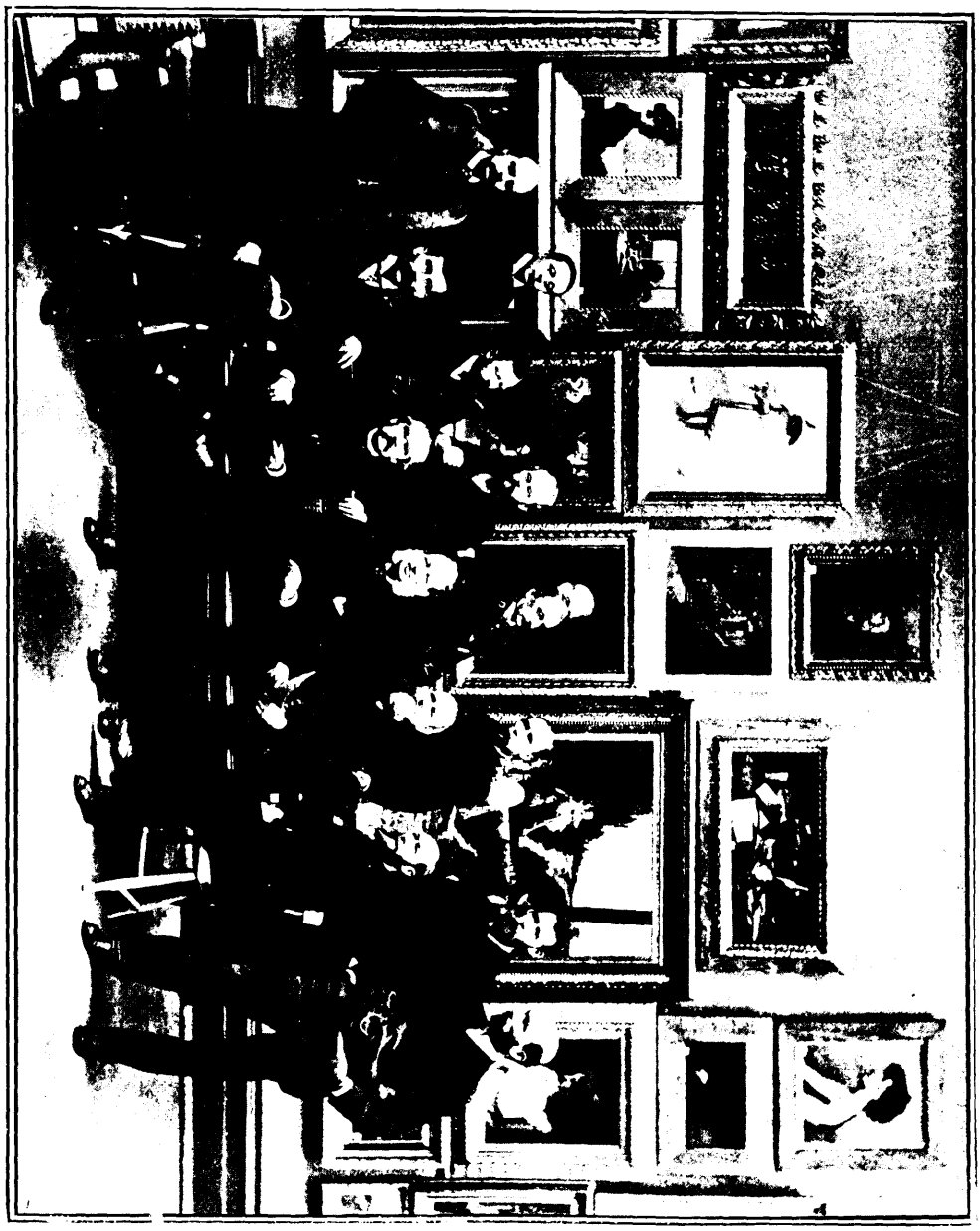
BY ITS SECRETARY.

NEITHER so well known nor so powerful as the Royal Academy of Great Britain, yet with considerable influence and with a hope of a great future is the Canadian Royal Academy of Art. For over eighteen years it has been in existence, doing a good work, but being none too widely known, and none too generously appreciated. It has done something for those engaged in painting, sculpture and designing, and has aimed at improving the art quality of such Canadian manufactures as furniture, carpets, wall-paper and general house decorations.

His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, on being requested to become the patrons of the Ontario Society of Artists, in February, 1879, expressed the hope that it might not be long before a Royal Canadian Academy of Art would be instituted, to be composed and managed by Canadian artists. On May 26th of the same year the new building of the Arts Association of Montreal was opened by his Excellency and Her Royal Highness, and on this occasion the former again alluded to the prospects of forming a Royal Canadian Academy. In the June following, Mr. O'Brien, president of the Ontario Society of Artists, received a letter from His Excellency setting forth his scheme. It provided for the formation of a Dominion Art Association, having for its objects the exhibition of loan pictures, pictures of artists not previously exhibiting at any Dominion Exhibition, architectural drawings, designs for manufactures and all kinds of useful things for household purposes; and that these exhibitions be held in Ottawa, Halifax, St. John, Frederickton, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg. In September of the same year His Excellency and Her Royal Highness visited the gallery of the On-

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BUST OF MR. O'BRIEN, BY HAMILTON MCCARTHY.

ITS FIRST PRESIDENT.



A GROUP OF ACADEMICIANS.

TAYLOR. BELL-SMITH. HARRIS. DAY. FORSTER. MCCARTHY.
BRYMNER. WATTS. JACOBI. O'BRIEN. HUTCHISON. SMITH. FORBES.

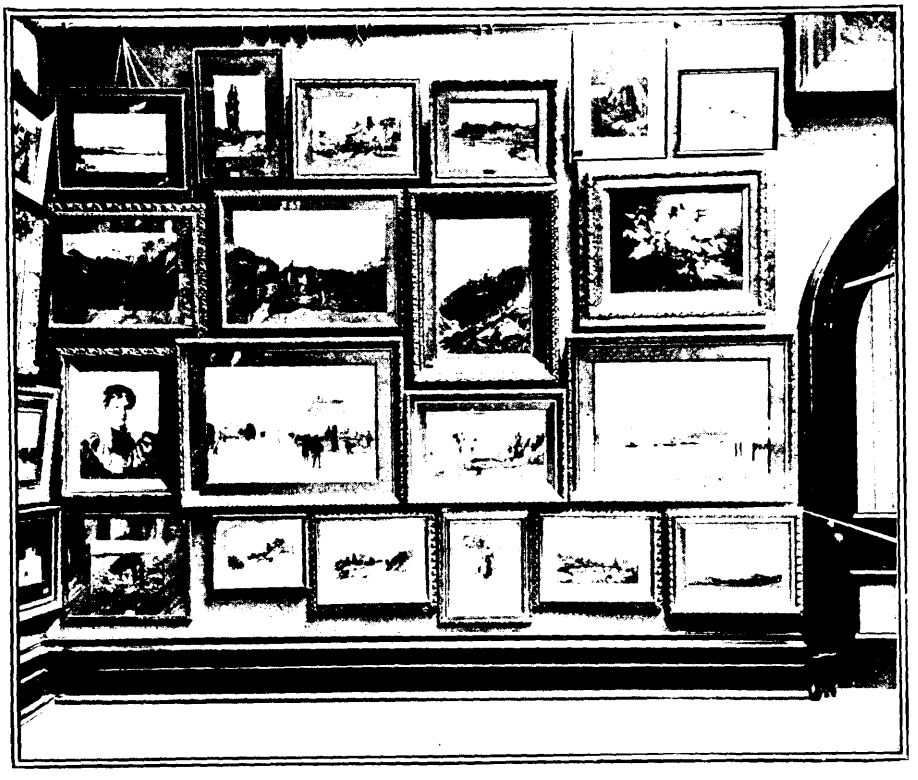


PHOTO. BY TOPLEY.

A CORNER OF THE OTTAWA EXHIBITION OF 1894.

the Ontario Society of Artists, and presided at a meeting of the artists in Totonto, when the project of the formation of an academy was discussed, and the following resolution unanimously adopted :

Resolved that the members of this Society, having listened to the valuable suggestions of His Excellency in regard to the enlargement of the Society's usefulness by the establishment of a Royal Canadian Academy, to embrace the whole Dominion, (leaving all present art organizations intact), desire to express their cordial approval of His Excellency's views, and also that an early meeting of the Society be called for the purpose of taking practical steps in that direction

At a subsequent meeting of the officers of the Ontario Society of Artists His Excellency submitted the following draft to the Ontario Society of Artists and the Art Association of Montreal, "they being the only important art societies in Canada," as a basis for the formation of a Canadian Academy of Art :

1. That a central Dominion association be formed, to be called "The Canadian Academy," and when formed the association apply for permission to be called the Royal Canadian Academy.

2. That academicians be selected from ladies and gentlemen of the present Art Association of Montreal and the Ontario Society of Artists who exhibit paintings or sculpture for sale.

3. The academicians so chosen shall be the governing body of the new Academy ; that they shall elect a certain number of new members at intervals to be subsequently determined and that the Associates of the Academy be also elected by them.

4. That architecture and engraving be represented among the academicians.

5. That local associations shall in no way alter their present arrangements.

6. That the Academy hold the exhibition each year in the capital city of each province when possible.

A GROUP OF WELL KNOWN ARTISTS EXAMINING A PIECE OF POTTERY.

PHOTO. BY TOPLEY.

PART OF THE OTTAWA EXHIBITION OF 1897.

THE ACADEMY'S ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN.

7. The exhibition to consist of oil and water-colour pictures of the year, sculpture, architectural drawings and decorative designs.

8. That a loan collection be also shown at the same time.

In accordance with the request of His Excellency, a list of members was proposed for His Excellency's consideration. This small list, after much enquiry and consideration with artists and others interested in the subject was considerably enlarged, and finally received His Excellency's approval. His Excellency then directed that the Constitution, mainly founded upon that of the Royal Academy of Arts, should be printed and sent to those whom he had nominated as first members of the Academy. With very few exceptions all those nominated accepted the offered position, and undertook the responsibilities thus devolved upon them.

His Excellency appointed the following gentlemen as the first officers of the Academy, after which they were to be elected by the academicians as provided in the Constitution: L. R. O'Brien, President; M. Matthews, Secretary; N. Bourassa, Vice-President; Jas. Smith, Treasurer.

The Government of Canada gave the most generous and cordial support to the Academy, and placed at the disposal of the Academy for its first exhibition a commodious building.

On March the 6th, 1880, the first meeting of the members of the Academy was held, the Council for the ensuing year elected, and the first exhibition opened by His Excellency the Governor-General.

This first exhibition proved as interesting and successful as the promoters expected. It was attended by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne. As Her Excellency the Princess Louise was unable to be present, she forwarded a message to the Academy saying that she regarded it as a great privation to be unable to be present to look upon the works of Canadian artists, as her whole heart and soul was with them in the object they had in view. She wished the Academy all prosperity and signified her willingness to render any help in her power. The members of the Government and the Parliament, and very many of the prominent citizens of Ottawa, were present, and expressed their pleasure at the exhibition.

The Council on May 17th, 1880, addressed a memorial to His Excellency the Governor-General to be forwarded to the Queen, respectfully praying that Her Majesty would be pleased to confer on the Academy the title Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, which was graciously acceded to by the Queen sanctioning the title as above.

The following is a portion of the form of diploma granted by the Governor-General to the Academicians of the Royal Canadian Academy:

Founded by the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, 1880.

Whereas a Society for the purpose of cultivating and improving the Arts of Painting

FROM A PAINTING BY G. A. REID, R.C.A.

MORTGAGING THE HOMESTEAD.

THE EXAMINING COMMITTEE AT WORK.

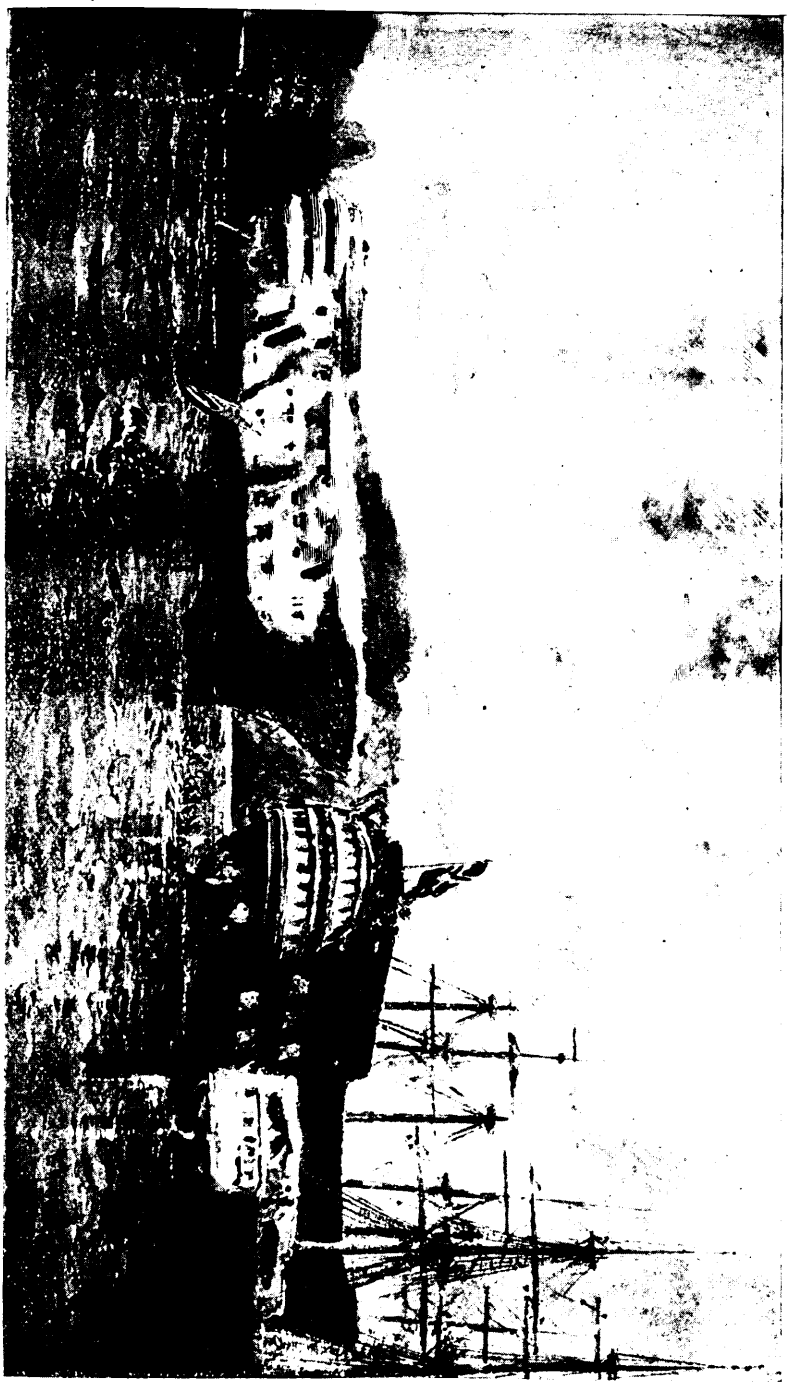
Sculpture, Architecture and Industrial design has been established in the Dominion with the sanction of Her Majesty Queen Victoria has been entitled the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts ;

Therefore, in consideration of your skill in the art of———, you are by these presents constituted and appointed to be one of the forty Academicians of the said Royal Canadian Academy.

The Academy has held since its formation eighteen annual exhibitions in Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, one in St. John and one in Halifax. The expense in connection with the holding of exhibitions in St. John and Halifax alternately with the other cities has been found to be too great for the financial ability of the Academy at present.

Since the formation of the Academy it has been enabled to accomplish much for art in the Dominion, and as one of its chief objects has been the establishment of a National Gallery in Ottawa, this has been done by the Academicians donating a picture as their diploma work, approved by the Council of the Academy. The Council has also from time to time, "as the funds of the Academy permitted," purchased important pictures from the members, and donated them to the National collection. The Government has also purchased pictures of eminent artists. Pictures have also been given to the gallery by private individuals, and by eminent English artists. Sculpture is represented by a work of Van Luppin, and a bust of the first President by Hamilton MacCarthy. The collection has now outgrown the space in the gallery, and the Government is considering the desirability of giving this National collection a home in the Geological Museum about to be erected in Ottawa.

The Academy, in addition to forming the National Gallery, has been enabled to give annual grants to the local Academicians of Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal for the establishment and



A REMINISCENCE OF ENGLAND'S NAVY OF THE PAST.

FROM A PAINTING BY L. R. O'BRIEN, R.C.A.

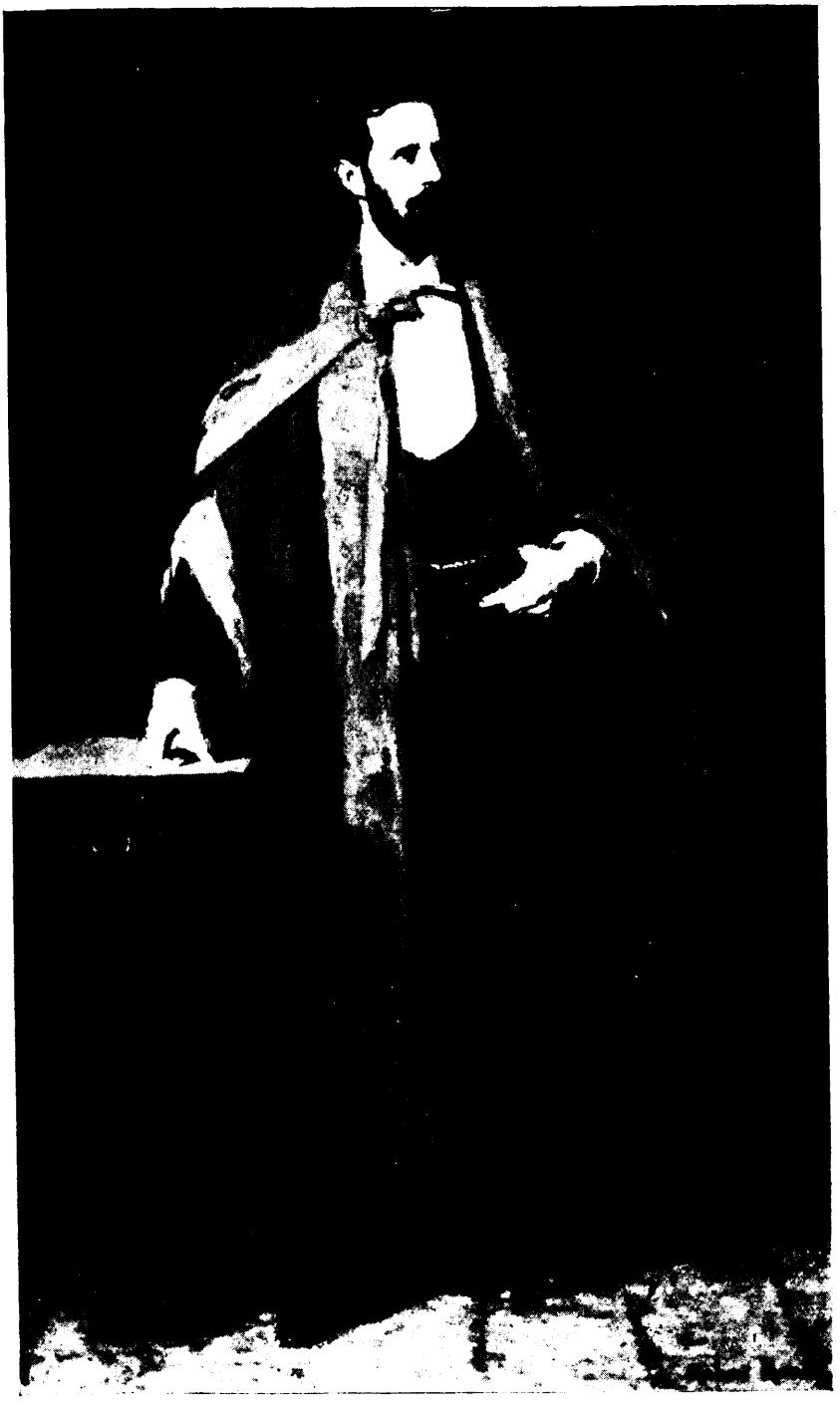
FROM A PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS, P.R.C.A.
A PORTRAIT.

maintenance of free art schools of an advanced nature, attention being given to such subjects as lithography, wood-carving, and designing for wall papers, carpets, and other manufactures. These classes have been well patronized, and in consequence great success has been made in the various departments of art design.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien, of Toronto, retained the office of President of the Academy for ten years, and was succeeded by Mr. O. R. Jacobi, the veteran Canadian artist, who held the position for three years. Mr. Harris, of Montreal, has been the president of the Academy for the last four years. Mr. A. C. Hutchison, of Montreal, has been the vice-president since the resignation of Mr. Bourassa, about sixteen years ago. The present membership of the Academy consists of fifteen active academician painters, eight architects, one sculp-

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS, P.R.C.A.

"THE SANDS O' DEE."



FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS, P.R.C.A.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.

tor, two designers, and six non-resident honorary academicians, in all thirty-two members. Ten members have died since the formation of the society. The present associate membership of the Academy consists of thirty-one painters and nine architects.

"GOING WRONG." FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS, P.R.C.A.

The Academy at present is supported by an annual grant from the Dominion Government, supplemented by the fees of the academicians and of the associates; and as the expenses of the annual exhibition are so great, in consequence of the Academy being required by the constitution to exhibit in a different city each year, the freight and other expenses of the various works of art sent for exhibition by its members, and the grants to the free art schools of Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, the Academy is not able to do as much in the advertising of art matters generally as its members would like. In order that it may be possessed of as ample information of art matters in the

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT HARRIS, P.R.C.A.

"PERE LE JEUNE IN THE FOREST."

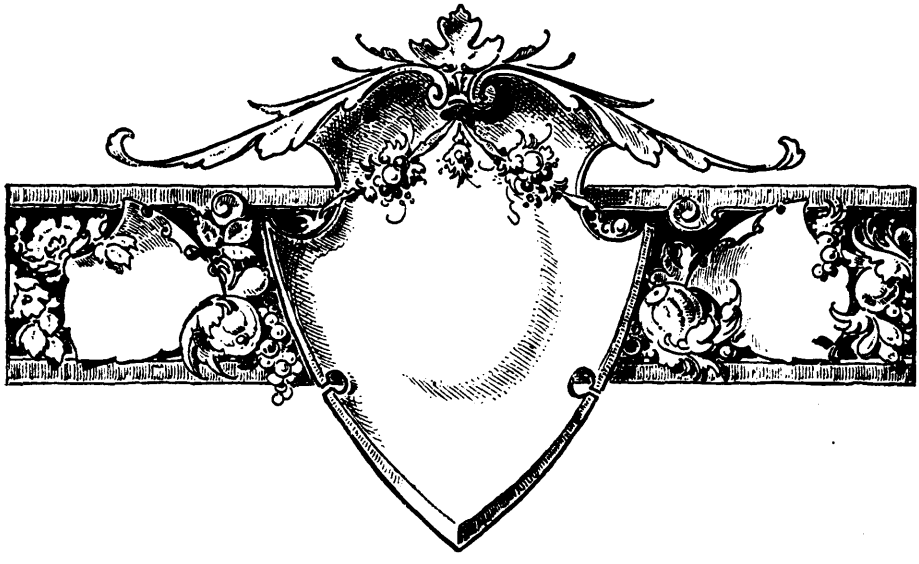
Dominion as possible, it has in contemplation the gathering of information from the various Provinces of the Dominion as to what is being done in the way of art education; and should the finances of the Academy be increased by an extra grant from the Government, there is every reason to believe an extra effort will be made to increase the present grants to the local academicians in the cities of Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, so as to enable them to encourage the free art schools in the above places with larger grants, and thus increase their usefulness in art education.

The next annual exhibition of the Academy will probably be held in the city of Toronto, when it is expected the artists of the Dominion will make an effort to provide an exhibition, not only of paintings, but of architectural drawings, sculptures, engravings, and other kindred works of art, such as will justify the establishment of the Royal Canadian Academy of Art.

A paragraph from the last report of the president in regard to the future of the Academy's progress is as follows:

"It may not be out of place again to draw attention to the great importance of deliberate quality in the works sent to the Academy exhibitions. It must be remembered that now we have to place our exhibitions in comparison with occasional displays of good foreign works, and it is to the interest of Canadian artists, collectively and individually, to keep the standard as high as possible, and to show no ill-considered productions. The ripest harvest of the year's work of our artists will provide an exhibition at which those interested in Canadian art need not blush."

James Smith.



HAGAR OF THE PAWNSHOP.*

BY FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "Monsieur Judas," "The Clock Struck One," Etc.

I.—THE COMING OF HAGAR.

JACOB DIX was a pawnbroker, but not a Jew, notwithstanding his occupation and the Hebraic sound of his baptismal name. He was so old that no one knew his real age ; so grotesque in looks that children jeered at him in the streets ; so avaricious that throughout the neighbourhood he was called "Skinflint." If he possessed any hidden good qualities to counterbalance his known bad ones, no person had ever discovered them, or even had taken the trouble to look for them. Certainly Jacob, surly and uncommunicative, was not an individual inclined to encourage uninvited curiosity. In his pawnshop he lived like an ogre in a fairy-tale castle, and no one ever came near him save to transact business, to wrangle during the transaction thereof, and to curse him at its conclusion. Thus it may be guessed that Jacob drove hard bargains.

The pawnshop—situated in Carby's Crescent, Lambeth—furthermore resembled an ogre's castle inasmuch as, though not filled with dead men's bones, it contained the relics and wreckage, the flotsam and jetsam of many lives, of many households. Placed in the centre of the dingy crescent, it faced a small open space and the entrance of the narrow lane which led therefrom to the adjacent thoroughfare. In its windows—begrimed with the dust of years—a heterogeneous mixture of articles was displayed, ranging from silver teapots to well-worn saucepans : from gold watches to rusty flatirons ; from the chisel of a carpenter to the ivory-framed mirror of a fashionable beauty. The contents of Dix's window typified in little the luxury, the meanness, the triviality and the decadence of latter-day civilization.

There was some irony, too, in the disposition of incongruous articles ; for the useful and useless were placed in

significant proximity, and the trifles of frivolity were mingled with the necessaries of life. Here a Dresden china figure, bright-hued and dainty, simpered everlastingly at a copper warming pan; there a silver-handled dagger of the Renaissance lay with a score of those cheap dinner knives whose bluntness one execrates in third-rate restaurants. The bandaged hand of a Pharaohonic mummy touched an agate saucer holding defaced coins of all ages, of all nations. Watches, in alternate rows of gold and silver, dangled over fantastic temples and ships of ivory carved by labourious Chinese artificers. On a square of rich brocade, woven of silks multi-coloured as a parrot's plumage, were piled in careless profusion medals, charms, old-fashioned rings set with dim gems, and the frail glass bangles of Indian nautch-girls. A small cabinet of Japanese lacquer, black, with grotesque gilded figures thereon; talismans of coral from Southern Italy, designed to avert the evil eye; jewelled pipes of Turkey, set roughly with blue turquoise stones; Georgian caps with embroideries of tarnished gold; amulets, earrings, bracelets, snuff-boxes and mosaic brooches from Florence—all these frivolities were thrown the one on top of the other, and all were overlaid with fine grey dust. Wreckage of many centuries; dry bones of a hundred social systems, dead or dying! What a commentary on the durability of empire—on the inherent pride of pigmy man!

Within doors the shop was small and dark. A narrow counter, running lengthways, divided the whole into two parts. On the side nearest the entrance three wooden screens by their disposition formed four sentry-boxes, into which customers stepped when bent on business. Jacob, wizened, cunning, and racked by an eternal cough, hovered up and down the space within the counter, wrangling incessantly with his customers, and cheating them on every occasion. He never gave the value of a pawned article; he fought over every farthing; and even when he obtained the goods at his own price he grudged payment; for every coin he put down was a drop of blood wrung from his withered heart. He rarely went outside the shop; he never mingled with his fellow creatures; and, the day's chicanery ended, he retired invariably into a gloomy back parlour, the principal adornment of which was a gigantic safe built into the wall. Here he counted his gains, and saw doubtful customers not receivable in the shop, who came by stealth to dispose of stolen goods. Here, also, in his lighter moments, he conversed with the only friend he possessed in Carby's Crescent—or, indeed, in London. Jacob was in no danger of becoming a popular idol.

This particular friend was a solicitor named Vark, who carried on a shady business, in a shady manner, for shady clients. His name—as he declared himself—proved him to be of Polish descent; but it was commonly reported in the neighbourhood that Vark was made to rhyme with shark, as emblematic of the estimation in which he was held. He was hated only one degree less than Jacob, and the two, connected primarily as lawyer and client, had struck up a mistrustful friendship later on by reason of their mutual reputation and isolation. Neither one believed in the other; each tried to swindle on his own account, and never succeeded; yet the two met nightly and talked over their diverse rascalities in the dingy parlour, with a confidence begotten by an intimate knowledge of each other's character. The reputations of both were so bad that the one did not dare to betray the other. Only on this basis is honour possible among thieves.

Late one foggy November night Jacob was seated with his crony over a pinched little fire which burnt feebly in a rusty iron grate. The old pawnbroker was boiling some gruel, and Vark, with his own private bottle of gin beside him, was drinking a wineglass of it, mixed sparingly with water. Mr. Dix supplied this latter beverage,

as it cost nothing, but Vark—on an understanding that dated from the commencement of their acquaintance—always brought his own liquor. A guttering candle in a silver candlestick—a pawned article—was placed on the deal table, and gave forth a miserable light. The fog from without had percolated into the room, so that the pair sat in a kind of misty atmosphere, hardly illuminated by the farthing dip. Such discomfort, such squalor, was only possible in a penurious establishment like that of Jacob.

Vark was a little, lean, wriggling creature, more like a worm than a man made in the image of his Creator. He had a sharp nose, a pimply face, and two shifty, fishy eyes, green in hue like those of a cat. His dress was of rusty black, with a small—very small—display of linen; and he rubbed his hands together with a cringing bow every time Jacob croaked out a remark between his coughs. Mr. Dix coughed in a rich but faded dressing-gown, the relic of some dandy of the Regency; and every paroxysm threatened to shake his frail form to pieces. But the ancient was wonderfully tough, and clung to life with a kind of desperate courage—though Heaven only knows what attraction the old villain found in his squalid existence. This tenacity was not approved of by Vark, who had made Jacob's will, and now wished his client to die, so that he, as executor, might have the fingering of the wealth which Dix was reported to possess. The heir to these moneys was missing, and Vark was determined that he should never be found. Meanwhile, with many schemes in his head, he cringed to Jacob, and watched him cough over his gruel.

"Oh dear, dear!" sighed Mr. Vark, speaking of his client in the third person, as he invariably did, "how bad Mr. Dix's cough is to-night! Why doesn't he try a taste of gin to moisten his throat?"

"Can't afford it!" croaked Jacob, pouring the gruel into a bowl. "Gin's worth money, and money I ain't got. Make me a little present of a glass, Mr. Vark, just to show that you're glad of my company."

Vark complied very unwillingly with this request, and poured as little as he well could into the proffered bowl. "What an engaging man he is!" said the lawyer, smirking—"so convivial, so full of spirits!"

"Your spirits!" retorted Jacob, drinking his gruel.

"What wit!" cried Vark, slapping his thin knees. "It's better than *Punch!*"

"Gin-punch! gruel-punch!" said Dix, encouraged by this praise.

"He, he! I shall die with laughing! I've paid for worse than that at the theatre!"

"More fool you!" growled Jacob, taking up the tongs. "You shouldn't pay for anything. Here, get out! I'm going to put out the fire. I ain't going to burn this expensive coal to warm you. And the candle's half-burnt too!" concluded Jacob resentfully.

"I'm going - I'm going," said Vark, slipping his bottle into his pocket. "But to leave this pleasant company—what a wrench!"

"Here, stop that stuff, you inkpot! Has my son answered that advertisement yet?"

"Mr. Dix's son hasn't sent a line to his sorrowing parent," returned the lawyer. "Oh, what hard-hearted offspring!"

"You're right there, man," muttered Jacob gloomily. "Jimmy's left me to die all alone, curse him!"

"Then why leave him your money?" said Vark, changing into the first person, as he always did when business was being discussed.

"Why, you fool!—'cause he's Hagar's son—the bad son of a good mother."

"Hagar Stanley—your wife—your gipsy wife! Hey, Mr. Dix?"

Jacob nodded. "A pure-blooded Romany. I met her when I was a Crocus."

"Crocus for Cheap Jack!" whined Vark; "the wit this man has!"

"She came along o' me to London when I set up here," continued Jacob,

without heeding the interruption, "and town killed her; she couldn't breathe in bricks and mortar after the free air of the road. Dead—poor soul!—dead; and she left me Jimmy—Jimmy, who's left me."

"What a play of fancy——" began Vark; when, seeing from the fierce look of Jacob that compliments on the score of the dead wife were not likely to be well received, he changed his tone. "He'll spend your money, Mr. Dix."

"Let him! Hagar's dead, and when I die—let him."

"But, my generous friend, if you gave me more power as executor——"

"You'd take my money to yourself," interrupted Dix with irony. "Not if I know it, you shark! Your duty is to administer the estate by law for Jimmy. I pay you!"

"But so little!" whined Vark, rising; "if you——"

At this moment there came a sharp knock at the door of the shop, and the two villains, always expectant of the police, stared at one another, motionless with terror for the moment. Vark, who always took care of his skin, snatched up his hat and made for the back-door, whence, in the fog, he could gain his own house unquestioned and unseen. Like a ghost he vanished, leaving Jacob motionless until roused by a repetition of the knock.

"Can't be peelers," he muttered, taking a pistol out of a cupboard, "but it might be thieves. Well, if it is——" He smiled grimly, and without finishing his sentence he shuffled along to the door, candle in hand. A third knock came, as the clock in the shop struck eleven.

"Who is there, so late?" demanded Jacob, sharply.

"I am—Hagar Stanley."

With a cry of terror, Mr. Dix let the candle fall. For the moment, so much had his thoughts been running on the dead wife, this unexpected mention of her name made him believe that she was standing rigid in her winding-sheet on the other side of the door. One frail partition between the living and the dead! It was terrible!

"The ghost of Hagar!" muttered Dix, white and shaking. "Why has she come out of her grave?—and so expensive it was, bricked, with a marble tombstone."

"Let me in! let me in, Mr. Dix!" cried the visitor, again rapping.

"She never called me by that name," said Jacob, reassured, and scrambling for the candle; then having lighted it, he added aloud: "I don't know anyone called Hagar Stanley."

"Open the door, and you will. I'm your wife's niece."

"Flesh and blood!" said the old man, fumbling at the lock—"I don't mind that."

He flung wide the door, and out of the fog and darkness a young girl of twenty years stepped into the shop. She was dressed in a dark red garment made of some coarse stuff, and over this she wore a short black cloak. Her hands were bare, and also her head, save for a scarlet handkerchief, which was carelessly twisted round her magnificent black hair. The face was of the true Romany type: Oriental in its contour and hue, with arched eye-brows over large dark eyes, and a thin-lipped mouth beautifully shaped, under a delicately-curved nose. Face and figure were those of a woman who needed palms and desert sands and golden sunshine, hot and sultry, for a background; yet this Eastern beauty emerged from November mists like some dead Syrian princess, and presented herself in all her rich loveliness to the astonished eyes of the old pawnbroker.

"So you are the niece of my dead Hagar?" he said, staring earnestly at her in the thin yellow light of the candle. "Yes, it's true. She looked like you when I met her in the New Forest. What d'ye want?"

"Food and shelter," replied the girl curtly. "But you'd better shut the door; it might be bad for your reputation if any passer-by saw you speaking to a woman at this time of night."

"My reputation!" chuckled Jacob, closing and bolting the door. "Lord! that's past spoiling. If you knew how bad it is you wouldn't come here."

"Oh, I can look after myself, Mr. Dix, especially as you're old enough to be my great-grandfather twice over."

"Come, come! Civil words, young woman!"

"I'm civil to those who are civil to me," retorted Hagar, taking the candle out of her host's hands. "Go on, Mr. Dix, show me in; I'm tired, and require sleep. I'm hungry, and wish for food. You must give me bed and board."

"Infernal insolence, young woman! Why?"

"Because I'm kin to your dead Hagar."

"Aye, aye, there's something in that," muttered Dix, and dominated, in spite of his inherent obstinacy, by the imperious spirit of the girl, he led her into the dingy parlour. Here she removed her cloak and sat down, while Jacob, in an unusual spirit of hospitality, induced by the mention of his late wife, produced some coarse victuals.

Without a word he placed the food before his guest; without a word she ate, and was refreshed. Jacob marvelled at the self-possession of the gipsy, and was rather pleased than otherwise with her bold coolness. Only when she had finished the last scrap of bread and cheese did he speak. His first remark was curt and rude—designedly so.

"You can't stay here!" said the amiable old man.

The girl retorted in kind: "I can, and I shall, Mr. Dix."

"For what reason, you jade?"

"For several—and all good ones," said Hagar, leaning her chin on her hands and looking steadily at his wrinkled face. "I know all about you from a Romany chal who was up here six months ago. Your wife is dead; your son has left you; and here you live alone, disliked and hated by all. You are old and feeble and solitary, but you are by marriage akin to the gentle Romany. For that reason, and because I am of your dead rani's blood, I have come to look after you."

"Jezebel! That is, if I'll let you!"

"Oh, you'll let me fast enough," replied the woman carelessly. "You are a miser, I have heard; so you won't lose the chance of getting a servant for nothing."

"A servant! You?" said Dix, admiring her imperial air.

"Even so, Mr. Dix. I'll look after you and your house. I'll scrub and cook and mend. If you'll teach me your trade, I'll drive a bargain with anyone—and as hard and fast a one as you could drive yourself. And all these things I'll do for nothing."

"There's food and lodging, you hussy!"

"Give me dry bread and cold water, your roof to cover me, and a bundle of straw to sleep on. These won't cost you much, and I ask for nothing more, Skinflint."

"How dare you call me that, you wild cat!"

"It's what they call you hereabouts," said Hagar with a shrug. "I think it suits you. Well, Mr. Dix, I have made my offer."

"I haven't accepted it yet," snapped Jacob, puzzled by the girl. "Why do you come to me? Why don't you stay with your tribe?"

"I can explain that in five minutes, Mr. Dix. We Stanleys are just now in the New Forest. You know it?"

"Truly, lass," said Dix, sadly. "'Twas there I met my Hagar."

"And it is from there that I, the second Hagar, come," replied the girl. "I was with my tribe, and I was happy till Goliath came."

"Goliath?" inquired Jacob doubtfully.

"He is half a Gorgio and half Romany—a red-haired villain, who chose to fall in love with me. I hated him. I hate him still!"—the woman's bosom rose and fell in short, hurried pantings—"and he would have forced me to be his wife. Pharaoh, our king you know, would have forced me also to be this man's rani, so I had no one to protect me, and I was miserable. Then I recalled what the chal had told me about you who wedded with one of us; therefore I fled hither for

your protection, and to be your servant."

"But Goliath, this red-haired brute?"

"He does not know where I have gone; he will never find me here. Let me stay, Mr. Dix, and be your servant. I have nowhere to go to, no one to seek, save you, the husband of the dead Hagar, after whom I am named. Am I to stay or go, now that I have told you the truth?"

Jacob looked thoughtfully at the girl, and saw tears glistening in her heavy eyelashes, although her pride kept them from falling. Moved by her helplessness, mindful of the wife whom he had loved so well, and alive to the advantage of possessing a white slave whom he could trust, the astute ancient made up his mind.

"Stay," said he quietly. "I shall see if you will be useful to me—useful and faithful, my girl. If so, bread and bed shall be yours."

"It's a bargain," said Hagar, with a sigh of relief. "And now, old man, let me rest in peace, for I am weary, and have walked many a long mile this day."

So in this fashion came Hagar to the pawnshop; and it was for this reason that Vark, to his great astonishment, found a woman—and what is more, a young and beautiful woman—established in the house of Jacob Dix. The news affected the neighbourhood like a miracle, and new tales were repeated about Dix and his housekeeper, who, report said, was no better than she should be. But Hagar did not mind evil tongues; nor did the old man. Without a spark of love or affection between them, they worked together on a basis of mutual interest; and all the days that Jacob lived Hagar served him faithfully. Whereat Vark wondered.

It was not an easy life for the girl. Jacob was a hard master, and made her pay dearly for bed and board. Hagar scrubbed walls and floors; she mended such pawned dresses as required attention; and cooked the frugal meals of herself and master. The old pawnbroker taught her how to depreciate articles brought to be pawned, how to haggle with their owners, and how to wring the last sixpence out of miserable wretches who came to redeem their pledges. In a short time Hagar became as clever as Jacob himself, and he was never afraid to trust her with the task of making bargains, or with the care of the shop. She acquired a knowledge of pictures, gems, silverware, china—in fact, all the information about such things necessary to an expert. Without knowing it, the untaught girl became a connoisseur.

It required all Hagar's patience to bear cheerfully the lot which she had voluntarily chosen. Her bed was hard, her food meagre, and the old man's sharp tongue was perpetually goading her by its bitterness. Jacob, indeed—sure of his slave, since she had no other roof save his to cover her, exercised all the petty arts of a tyrant. He vented on her the rage he felt against the son who had deserted him. Once he went so far as to attempt a blow; but a single glance from the fierce eyes of Hagar made him change his intention; and, cowed for once in his tyrrany, Jacob never again lifted his hand to her. He saw plainly enough that if he once raised the devil in this child of the free gipsy race, there would be no laying it again. But, actual violence apart, Hagar's life was as miserable as a human being's well could be.

Stifled in the narrow shop in the crowded neighbourhood, she longed at times for the free life of the road. Her thoughts recalled the green woods, so cool and shady in summer; they dwelt on the brown heath lonely in the starlight, with the red flare of the gipsy fire casting fantastic shadows on caravan and tent. In the darkness of night she would murmur the strange words of the "calo jib," like some incantation to compel memory. To herself, while arranging the curiosities in the shop window, she would sing fragments of Romany songs set in minor keys. The nostalgia of the wilds, of the encampment and the open road, tortured her in the heat of summer;

and when winter descended she longed for the chill breath of country winds sweeping across moors laden with snow, over pools rigid in the cold embrace of smooth and glassy ice. In the pawnshop she was an exile from her dream paradise of roaming liberty.

To make bad worse, Vark fell in love with her. For the first time in his narrow, selfish life, a divine passion touched the gross soul of the thieves' lawyer. Ravished by the dark loveliness of the girl, dominated by her untamed spirit, astonished by her clear mind and unerring judgment, Vark wished to possess this treasure. There was also another reason for the offer of marriage which he made, and this reason he put into words when he asked Hagar to become his wife. It took Vark twelve months to make up his mind to this course; and his wrath may be guessed when Hagar refused him promptly. The miserable wretch could not believe that she was in earnest.

"Oh, dear, sweet Hagar!" he whined, trying to clasp her hand, "you cannot have heard what your slave said!"

Hagar, who was mending some lace and minding the shop in the absence of Jacob, looked up with a scornful smile. "What you call yourself in jest," said she quietly, "I am in reality; I sold myself into bondage for bare existence a year ago. Do you want to marry a slave, Mr. Vark?"

"Yes, yes! Then you will no longer need to work like a servant."

"I would rather be a servant than your wife, Mr. Vark."

"The girl's mad! Why?"

"Because you are a scoundrel."

Vark grinned amiably, in no wise disturbed by this plain speaking. "My Cleopatra, we are all scoundrels in these parts. Jacob Dix is——"

"Is my master!" interrupted Hagar sharply. "So leave him alone. But this offer of yours, my friend. What benefit do you propose to gain if I accept it? You're not asking me to be your wife without some motive."

"Why, that's true enough, my beauty!" chuckled Vark; "Lord, how cunning you are to guess! The motive is double: one part love——"

"We'll say nothing about that, man! You don't know what love is! The other motive?"

"Money!" said Vark curtly, and without wasting words.

"H'm!" replied Hagar with irony. "Mr. Dix's money?"

"What penetration!" said the lawyer, slapping his knee. "My word, here's intelligence!"

"We'll pass over the usual compliments, Mr. Vark. Well, how is Mr. Dix's money to benefit you through me?"

"Why," said Vark, blinking his green eyes, "the old man's got a fancy for you, my dear; and all the liking he had for me he's given to you. Before you came, he made a will in favour of his lost son, and appointed me executor. Now that he sees what a sharp one you are, he has made a new will——"

"Leaving all the money to me, I suppose? That's a lie!"

"It *is* a lie," retorted Vark, "but one I wasn't going to tell you. No; the money is still left to the son; but you are the executor under the new will. Now d'ye see?"

"No," said Hagar, folding up her work, "I don't."

"Well, if I marry you, I'll administer the estate in your name——"

"For the benefit of the lost heir? Well?"

"That's just it!" said Vark, laying a lean finger on her knee—"the lost heir. Don't you understand? We needn't look for him, so we can keep the property in our own hands, and have some fine pickings out of the estate."

Hagar rose, and smiled darkly. "A nice little scheme, and worthy of you," said she contemptuously; "but there are two obstacles. I'm not your wife, and I am an honest girl. Try some of your lady clients, Mr. Vark. I'm not for sale!"

When she walked away Vark scowled. A scoundrel himself, he could not understand this honesty which stood

in the way of its own advancement. Biting his fingers, he stared after Hagar, and wondered how he could catch her in his net.

"If that old miser would only leave her his heiress!" he thought, "she'd have no scruples about taking the money then; and if she had the money, I'd force her to be my wife. But Jacob is set on giving all his wealth to that infernal son of his, who so often wished his father to die. Aha!" sighed Vark, rubbing his hands, "I wish I could prove that he tried to kill the old man. Jacob wouldn't leave him a penny then, and Hagar would have the money, and I would have her. What a lovely dream! Why can't it come true?"

It was such a lovely dream, and offered such opportunities for diplomatic dealings, that Vark set to work at once to translate it into actual facts. He had many of the letters and bills of the absent Jimmy, who had been accustomed to come to him for the money refused by the paternal Dix. Counting on the old man's death, Vark had lent the son money for his profligacy at a heavy percentage, and intended to repay himself out of the estate. Now that Hagar was to handle the money instead of himself, he thought that there might be some difficulty over his usury, owing to the girl's absurd honesty. He therefore determined to give proofs to Jacob that the absent son had designed to rid himself of a troublesome father by secret murder. Once Dix got such an idea into his head, he might leave his wealth to Hagar. The heiress would then be wooed and won by skilful, scheming Mr. Vark. It was a beautiful idea, and quite simple.

Among his many shady clients Vark possessed one who was a clever forger, and who occasionally retired into one of her Majesty's prisons for too frequently exercising his talents in that direction. At the present moment he was at large. Vark gave him a bundle of Jimmy's letters, and the draft of a memorandum which he wished to be imitated in the handwriting of the absent heir. When this was ready, Vark watched his opportunity and slipped it into a Chinese jar in the back parlour, in which he knew Jimmy had been accustomed to keep tobacco. This receptacle stood on a high shelf, and had not been touched by Jacob since his son's departure. Vark, like the clever scoundrel he was, ascertained this fact by the thick and undisturbed dust which coated jar and shelf. The trap being thus prepared, it only remained to lead Jacob into it; and this Mr. Vark arranged to do in the most skilful manner. He quite counted on success, but one necessary element thereto he overlooked, and that was the aid of Hagar. But as he had designed the whole scheme primarily for her benefit, he never thought she would refuse to forward its aim. Which blindness showed that he was incapable of appreciating or even of understanding the honesty of the girl's character.

According to his custom, he came one evening to converse with Jacob. The room, with its solitary candle, the starved fire, and the foggy atmosphere, was the same as on the night when Hagar had arrived, save that now Hagar herself sat sewing at the table. She frowned when Vark came cringing into the room, but beyond greeting him with a slight nod she took no notice of the smiling scoundrel. Vark produced his bottle of gin, and sat down near the fire, opposite to Jacob, who on this night looked very old and feeble. The old man was breaking up fast, and was more querulous and crabbed than ever. As usual, he asked Vark if Jimmy had answered the advertisement, and as usual he received a negative reply. Jacob groaned.

"I'll die this winter," said he with moody face, "and no one will be by to close my eyes."

"What is this I hear Mr. Dix say?" cried Vark, smilingly. "He forgets our beautiful Hagar."

"Hagar is all very well, but she is not Jimmy."

"Perhaps if our dear friend knew all, he would be pleased that she isn't."

Hagar looked up in surprise at the significant tones of Vark, and Jacob scowled. "What d'ye mean, you shark?" he demanded, a light coming into his faded eyes.

"Why," replied the lawyer, luring on the old pawnbroker, "Jimmy was a scoundrel."

"I know that, man," snapped Jacob.

"He wanted your money."

"I know that also."

"He wished for your death."

"It's probable he did," retorted Jacob, nodding; "but he was content to let me take my own time to die."

"H'm! I'm not so sure of that!"

Guessing that Vark had some scheme in his head which he was striving to bring to fulfilment, Hagar dropped her sewing, and looked sharply at him. As Vark spoke she saw him glance at the Chinese jar, and mentally wondered what possible connection that could have had with the subject of conversation. On this point she was soon enlightened.

"Vark," said Dix seriously, "are you going to tell me that Jimmy wished to kill me?"

The lawyer held up his hands in horror. "Oh, dear, that I should be so misunderstood!" he said in a piteous tone. "Jimmy was not so bad as that, my venerable friend. But if someone else had put you out of the way, he would not have been sorry."

"Do you mean Hagar?"

"Let him dare say so!" cried the girl, leaping to her feet with flaming eyes. "I do not know your son, Mr. Dix."

"What," said Vark, softly, "not red-haired Jimmy?"

Hagar sat down with a pale face. "Red-haired!" she muttered. "Goliath! No, it is impossible!"

Vark looked at Hagar, and she stared back at him again. With the approaching senility of old age, Jacob had ceased to take part in the conversation, and was moodily gazing into the miserable fire, a trembling and palsied creature. The idea hinted at by Vark—that Hagar had been employed by Jimmy to destroy him—so stupefied his brain that he was incapable even of expressing an opinion. Seeing this, the lawyer glided away from the dangerous topic, to carry out the second part of his scheme.

"Oh, dear, dear!" he said, hunting in his pockets. "My pipe is empty, and I have no tobacco with me."

"Then go without it, Mr. Vark!" said Hagar sharply. "There's no tobacco here."

"Oh, yes; I think in that jar," said the lawyer, pointing one lean finger at the high shelf—"Jimmy's jar."

"Leave Jimmy's jar alone!" mumbled Jacob savagely.

"What! will not Mr. Dix spare one tiny pipe of tobacco for his old friend?" whined Vark, going towards the shelf. "Oh, I think so; I am certain," and with this one of his long arms shot upward to seize the jar. Jacob rose unsteadily as Vark took down the article, and he scowled fiercely at the daring of his visitor. Indifferent to what was going on, Hagar continued her sewing.

"Leave that jar of Jimmy's alone, I tell you!" snarled Dix, seizing the poker. "I'll break your fox's head if you don't!"

"Violence—and from gentle Mr. Dix!" cried Vark, still gripping the jar. "Oh, no, no, not at all! If he ——"

At that moment Jacob lost patience, and delivered a swinging blow at the lawyer's head.

Ever watchful, Vark threw himself to one side, and the poker crashed down on the jar, which he held in his hands. In a moment it lay in fragments on the floor. A pile of broken china, a loose bit of dried tobacco, and a carelessly folded paper.

"See what your angry passion has done!" said Vark, pointing reproachfully to the *débris*. "You have broken poor Jimmy's jar!"

Jacob threw the poker inside the fender, and bent to pick up the folded paper, which he opened in a mechanical manner. Always methodical, Hagar went out of the room to fetch a dust-pan and broom. Before she could return with them she was recalled by a

cry from Vark; and on rushing back she saw Jacob prone on the floor among the broken china. He had fainted, and the paper was still clutched in his hand.

"Bring water—salts!" cried Vark, his eyes filled with a triumphant light at the success of his plot. "My venerable friend is ill!"

"What have you been doing to him?" demanded Hagar, as she loosened the scarf round the old man's neck.

"I? Nothing! He read that paper which fell out of the jar—Jimmy's jar," added Vark, pointedly—"and went down like a ninepin!"

There was a jug of water on the table, used by Vark for diluting his gin, so Hagar sprinkled the wrinkled face of her master with this fluid, and slapped his hands. Vark looked on rather anxiously. He did not wish the old man to die yet; and Jacob was a long time coming out of his swoon.

"This paper made him faint," said Vark, removing it from Jacob's feeble grasp. "Let us see what it says." He knew the contents quite well, but nevertheless he read it aloud in a distinct voice for the benefit of Hagar. Thus ran the words: "Mem.: To extract the juice of foxglove—a poison difficult to trace—nothing can be proved after death. Small doses daily in old man's tea or gruel. He would die in a few weeks without suspicion. Will trust nobody, but will prepare drug myself."

Hagar looked steadily at Vark. "Who wrote that," she said in a low voice—"the old man's son or—you?"

"I?" cried Vark, with well-simulated indignation, "why should I write it?—or how could I write it? The penmanship is that of James Dix; it was concealed in his tobacco-jar; the jar was broken by accident; you saw it yourself. Do you dare to——"

"Be silent!" interrupted Hagar, raising Jacob's head; "he is reviving."

The old pawnbroker opened his eyes and looked wildly around. Little by little his senses returned to him, and he sat up. Then, with the aid of Hagar, he climbed into his chair, and began to talk and sigh.

"Little Jimmy wants me to die," he moaned feebly. "Hagar's son wants to kill me. Foxglove poison—digitalis—I know it! Not a trace does it leave after death. Hagar's son! Hagar's boy! Parricide! Parricide!" he said, shaking his two fists in the air.

"He wanted the money, you know," hinted Vark softly.

"He shall not have the money!" said Jacob with unnatural energy. "I'll make a new will; I'll disinherit him! Parricide! Hagar shall have all!"

"I, Mr. Dix? No, no!"

"I say yes, you jade! Don't cross a dying man. I am dying; this is my death-blow. O Jimmy, Jimmy! Wolf's cub! My will! my will!"

Pushing back Hagar, who strove to keep him in his chair, he snatched up the candle and staggered towards the safe to get his will. While he was looking within, Vark hastily fumbled in his capacious pockets. When Jacob replaced the candle on the table, Hagar saw thereon a sheet of paper covered with writing; also pen and ink. Jacob, clutching the will, beheld these things also, and anticipated the question on Hagar's lips.

"What's all this?"

"Your new will, Mr. Dix," explained Vark smoothly. "I never did trust your son, and I knew some day that you would find him out. I therefore prepared a will by which you left everything to Hagar. Or," added the lawyer, taking another document from his pocket, "if you chose to make me your heir——"

"You? You? Never!" shrieked Jacob, shaking his fist. "All shall go to Hagar, the namesake of my dead wife. I'm glad you had the sense to see that, failing Jimmy, I'd leave her my money."

"Mr. Dix," interrupted Hagar firmly, "I do not want your money; and you have no right to rob your son of—"

"No right! No right, you jade! The money is mine! mine! It shall be

yours. I could have forgiven anything to Jimmy save his wish to poison me."

"I don't believe he did wish it," said Hagar bluntly.

"But the paper—his own handwriting!" cried Vark.

"Yes, yes; I know Jimmy's handwriting!" said Jacob, the veins in his forehead swelling with rage. "He is a devil—a par—par—!" The violence of his temper was such that Hagar stepped forward to soothe him. Even Vark felt alarmed.

"Keep quiet, you old fool!" said he roughly; "you'll break a blood-vessel! Here, sign this will. I'll witness it; and—" He stopped, and whistled shrilly. A man appeared. "Here is another witness," said Vark. "Sign!"

"It's a plot! a plot!" cried Hagar. "Don't sign, Mr. Dix. I don't want the money."

"I'll make you take it, hussy!" snarled Jacob, crushing the will up in his hand. "I shall leave it to you—not to Jimmy, the parricide. First I'll destroy this." With the old will he approached the fire, and threw it in. With the swiftness of a swallow Hagar darted past him and snatched the document away from the flames before it was even scorched. Jacob staggered back, mad with rage; Vark ground his teeth at her opposition. The stranger witness looked stolidly on.

"No!" cried Hagar, slipping the will into her pocket. "You shall not disinherit your son for me!"

"Give—give—will!" panted Jacob, and, almost inarticulate with rage, he stretched out his hand. Before he could draw it back he reeled and fell; a torrent of blood poured from his mouth. He was dead.

"You fool!" shrieked Vark, stamping. "You've lost a fortune!"

"I've saved my honesty!" retorted Hagar, aghast at the sudden death. "Jimmy shall have the money."

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" sneered Vark wrathfully. "Do you know who Jimmy is?"

"Yes—the rightful heir!"

"Quite so, you jade—the red-haired Goliath who drove you to this pawnshop!"

"It is a lie!"

"It is the truth! You have robbed yourself to enrich your enemy!"

Hagar looked at the sneering face of Vark; at the dead man lying at her feet; at the frightened countenance of the witness. She felt inclined to faint, but, afraid lest Vark should steal the will which she had in her pocket, she controlled herself with a violent effort. Before Vark could stop her, she rushed out of the room, and into her bedroom. The lawyer heard the key turn in the lock.

"I've lost the game," he said moodily. "Go and get assistance, you fool!" this to the witness; then, when the man had fled away, he continued: "To give up all that money to the red-haired man whom she hated! The girl's mad!"

But she was only honest; therefore her conduct was unintelligible to Vark. So this was how Hagar Stanley came to take charge of the pawnshop in Carby's Crescent, Lambeth. Her adventures therein may be read hereafter.

(To be Continued.)

A WORD FROM CANADA.

BY

FRANCIS SHERMAN,

LEST it be said,
One sits at ease
Westward, beyond the outer seas,
Who thanks me not that my decrees
Fall light as love, nor bends her knees
To make one prayer
That peace my latter days may find,—
Lest all these bitter things be said
And we be counted as one dead,
Alone and unaccredited
I give this message to the wind:

Secure in thy security,
Though children, not unwise are we;
And filled with unplumbed love for thee,—
Call thou but once, if thou wouldst see!
Where the grey bergs
Come down from Labrador, and where
The long Pacific rollers break
Against the pines, for thy word's sake
Each listeneth,—alive, awake,
And with thy strength made strong to dare.

And though our love is strong as Spring,
Sweet is it, too,—as sweet a thing
As when the first swamp-robins sing
Unto the dawn their welcoming.
Yea, and more sweet
Than the clean savour of the reeds
Where yesterday the June floods were,—
Than perfumed piles of new-cut fir
That greet the forest-worshipper
Who follows where the wood-road leads.

But unto thee are all unknown
These things by which the worth is shown
Of our deep love; and, near thy throne,
The glory thou hast made thine own
Hath made men blind
To all that lies not to their hand,—
But what thy strength and theirs hath done:
As though they had beheld the sun
When the noon-hour and March are one
Wide glare across our white, white land.

For what reck they of *Empire*,—they,
Whose will two hemispheres obey?
Why shouldst thou not count us but clay
For them to fashion as they may
In London-town?
The dwellers in the wilderness
Rich tribute yield to thee their friend;
From the flood unto the world's end
Thy London ships ascend, descend,
Gleaning—and to thy feet regress.

Yea, thou and they think not at all
Of us, nor note the outer wall
Around thy realm imperial
Our slow hands rear as the years fall,
Which shall withstand
The stress of time and night of doom;
For we who build, build of our love,—
Not as they built, whose empires throve
And died,—for what knew they thereof
In old Assyria, Egypt, Rome?

Therefore, in my dumb country's stead,
I come to thee, unheralded,
Praying that Time's peace may be shed
Upon thine high, anointed head.
—One with the wheat,
The mountain pine, the prairie trail,
The lakes, the thronging ships thereon,
The valley of the blue Saint John,
New France—her lilies,—not alone,
Empress, I bid thee, Hail!

THE PILLARS OF THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.*

II.—THE SECOND MRS. BLAIRE.

SHE was from the back township, and the whole church membership had on its funeral face the day she came to meeting, a bride.

John Blaire's first had been dead and gone five years in June, and we'd grown accustomed to making allowances for his motherless children and pitying him, when, all of a sudden, he up and marries this Miss Spanner that nobody knew anything about. We all felt lost, and angry with him too, for marrying a second time, and pitied the children with all our hearts.

Now, up to that time, I had a feeling that stepmothers were always sure to make mischief. I've changed my mind. They're not to blame for everything. Neither are the children. They'd usually get along as well as could be if outside folks would only pay strict attention to their own affairs. But they don't. The children's maternal relatives rub them the wrong way. They tell them things that make them feel their own dead mother is being insulted, and by the time the stepmother gets home the children are buzzing like mad bees, and ready to swarm if they're big enough.

We all had those bad feelings—that this Miss Spanner would sit in Marthy Blaire's place in meeting, and maybe be cross to little Bessie, John's youngest. But she was a Christian ; not that she professed much, but she worked at it ; and we all felt like sinners when she showed us where we stood.

As I said, we didn't know anything about her. She was in a store out at Peter's Landing when John Blaire met her, and the general joke was that she had grown tired working for wages and had somehow been attracted by this chance to work without them. There was no doubt that work was lying around just aching to be done, out at the Blaire farm, for John was not counted a good manager. He was kind-hearted enough ; but he said he'd been crushed by trouble, and he seemed to find it easier to bear when he sat around and half-cried than when he worked it off. Of course, we aren't all built on the same plan ; but most of us can lift more with our hearts if we keep lifting steadily with our hands. He was n't much to look at—John Blaire was n't—skimpy around the shoulders and small-eyed ; so we didn't count on his getting much of a wife. But she made a big commotion the day she came to meeting. She had the sweetest, prettiest smile, and a soft colour in her cheeks and a lot of fuzzy hair. Her clothes were cut smart, but they were dark coloured, and she acted as if she had been coming to that meeting house and sitting in that seat ever since she was born.

Goody Thompson had said that like as not John and his new wife would come off to church alone and leave the children home, and she had worked herself up into a mournful state over the neglected little tribe, abused and left in tears by their "bossy new ma." But that was all a mistaken conclu-

* No. 1 of this series, entitled "Dr. Jordan," appeared in the July number.

sion. The whole family came in the old democrat (notwithstanding that John had just bought a new top buggy), and the bride held Bessie on her lap. Bessie was sickly, and it was for her we felt most. The boys could take care of themselves, except Patsy, and he was ten; and it looked as if Sarah Ann was going to marry Tom Perkins; so really Bessie'd mind it more than the rest. But she did n't seem to need our pity that day; for she was dressed all sweet and clean, and she snuggled up to that stranger as if she loved her already. Goody Thompson looked beat. She could n't say, "I told you so," and even those of us who had kept "shet mouths" were nonplussed at the happy looks of that family of eight. She was a little woman, (the new Mrs. Blaire) and Sarah Ann and those lumbering boys looked like beef beside her. If it came to rough-and-tumble, she would get the worst of it; but it often happens that a woman with that kind of a mouth and chin can turn people with her tongue, and so slow and gentle, too, that they have an idea they're going their own way, while they're doing her bidding.

Of course the Ladies' Aid and the Dorcas, the Missionary Society, the League, the Temperance Band, the Circle of Earnest Workers, and all the rest of them got right after her. She was nice to them all, but she just smiled and said that she and Mr. Blaire had talked it over and they had decided (the idea of John Blaire deciding anything almost made us laugh, but that was her nice way of putting it) that there was so much in their own home to work at just now, that they really could n't see their way clear to doing any labour in any of the "foreign fields." There was a good deal of discussion among the members about that, but most of them upheld her. It had been no secret that the Blaire boys were out every blessed night, and Sarah Ann could n't ask Tom Perkins into the house because that Patsy and Bessie behaved so badly. John had been pretty much mixed up in all sorts of doings, which gave him excuses to be away most of the time, so it was no news to us that the Blaires would be pretty busy for some time if that untidy, neglected house was to be made into a home.

It was a square brick house, and it used to have brown shutters and a white veranda, but it hadn't been painted since Jack was a baby and he's the same age as the twin Currie girls, and they're eighteen. Poor Marthy used to say John was going to "next spring," but she only meant she wanted it done, and that did n't mean anything to John. It's a mean sort of a thing to say, and of course a body can't be sure, but I do think John had the upper hand of Marthy all her life, and she would n't have gone so soon if she hadn't been too broken-spirited to care whether she lived or died when the fever took her.

We didn't any of us think he'd get the upper hand of this one, and no one complained of her on that account. Seeing there is no marrying or giving in marriage in the next world, it is only fair that a man who has two marriages here should have them varied.

Things began to look better and better for the Blaires. They painted the house inside and out and sodded the front yard, and Bessie got doctored up, and stopped crying if you looked at her, and Dan, who had some cowboy notion or other, and wouldn't wear anything but one of those turn-down flannel collars, came out in a decent white collar and a very red face, exactly three weeks after the wedding.

It's queer the effect a woman who's a good manager has on a family. You could see the marks of Mrs. Blaire's fingers on every boy and girl in that pew, and they were not red marks either. Till she came Patsy's hair had been cut with a bowl, but a good shingling made him look as smart as the minister's son. Sarah Ann was good-natured like her father, but she was fat, and she seemed to be always coming out of her clothes. If she wore a tie it was under one ear. If the feather in her hat was meant to go up straight it laid over at 45°. If her gloves hap-

pened to be clean they were sure to have holes, and she never blacked her shoes at the heels. In fact, Sarah Ann was just the kind of a girl who is a load on any tidy woman's mind, and it's likely her neat little step-mother had her own times with her.

John Blaire had always had the idea that the children were neglected, and merely because they had no mother, but it hadn't seemed to occur to him that he had any duty or example towards them. For instance, Patsy had been caught smoking and his father had threatened him. That was a year back, and it did n't cure him, of course. But Patsy's new mother settled it. She told Patsy that he and his father had better swear off together, and that struck Patsy as so unlikely that he said he would, and felt awfully important. Then she went to John and laid it all before him.

"You can't expect to train children," said she—John told all about it in class-meeting—"if your're not willing to train yourself. I'll do what I can, but this tobacco business is all yours."

John owned up he was ruffled. He was quite anxious she should find fault with the bringing up of his motherless little ones, but he did n't bargain she should get her training in on him.

"And it was a tussle;" he told us he never would have believed that it would be so hard to give up the chew and the pipe, but there was young Patsy, with the grit of a grenadier, and Patsy's old father could n't be outdone by his ten-year-old. They have both clean mouths now, and it may or it may not be of much account, but it showed John Blaire where he stood in relation to his family. He was chief monkey in a tribe of imitators and he had n't sensed it before.

Billy, the second boy, was a little weak-minded. You would n't notice it at first sight. But he talked queerly and was clumsy with his hands when he went to do anything. Well, she set herself to teach him things no one else had ever bothered with—things that quick-witted folks learn with seeing done, and the others do not. We all saw how he was improved and it went to our hearts. Teaching clever children is a pleasure, but teaching another woman's dull child has a good deal of christianity in it.

We all came to approve of the second wife, though everyone still wondered why she married him, and that's natural enough—it's said of most every bride and groom, at most every wedding, and the family on each side thinks its representative is getting the worst of it (part of which is thick-headedness, and part, just human nature).

Well, Mrs. Blaire had been married three years before she was much of a "pillar," except in helping her husband and his children to do their plain duty, and doing hers as well as she could all the time; but in the fall the apple crop failed. Sarah Ann and Dan both went to homes of their own, and the others were grown up and smoothed down so as they could behave, and then John and his wife began to come to all the meetings. She didn't talk much, but she was a worker. She wasn't one of those women who always want to wear sashes or caps at socials, and sprogge around so much that they are sick in bed for a week afterwards. If she could n't do a thing without neglecting her family she would say so, but she was always one of the faithful few who turn up to help wash dishes after a tea-meeting or tidy the church after a Christmas tree. We were beginning to lean on her, for she was a good manager, when something happened to throw us back on ourselves and to take her right out of the meeting house to be a home-staying pillar as long as ever she lives.

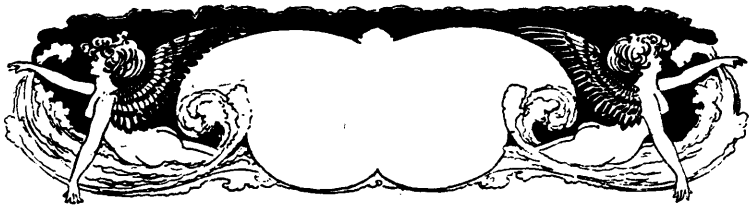
She was walking down the lane with Bessie one evening, and Thompson's bull, which ought to have been killed long before, broke through the end gate and chased them. Mrs. Blaire could have got away herself, but Bessie, being weakly, was paralyzed with fear and had to be dragged along, and the mad creature caught up to them. John's hired man saw the whole thing and was running like wild to get to them. When the beast was

just on them Mrs. Blaire let Bessie fall to the ground and she lay right over her and covered her arms over her head, and the bull charged and tramped and tried to gore the heap that the woman and the girl made. Old Jake gave them up for dead, but after a while they both came to, and Bessie was n't hurt a bit, but the stepmother was gored and bruised a good deal. At first they thought she would get over it, but her spine was hurt where the beast tramped on her, and she's paralyzed in one side, and always will be.

Her head's clear as a bell though, and she can smile and talk in a queer sort of way. Bessie waits on her hand and foot in a manner that's wonderful to see. It is strange how Bessie got strong all so quickly—just braced up when there was something for her to do. And she ought to, dear knows, for that stepmother laid down more than her life that day.

John has said since that she was a blessing to him and to his home from the day she first set foot in it, but more than ever since she was tied to her chair. He says he never saw her out of patience yet, and her face is the most peaceful one in the house. Every one respects her, every one loves her, and she's a sermon that has more effect on us than even our minister's. That is why we always count her in as one of the pillars of the church.

Ella S. Atkinson (*Madge Merton*).



A MOOD.

SONGS of birds and buzz of bees,
The air is full of sound,
The branches bow to the passing breeze,
And the brave old world moves round.

I hold in my hand a leaf that is dead,
And it whispers sad tales to me,
My heart becomes filled with an unknown dread
Of the sorrows that are to be.

The wind moans in the trees,
The air is full of sound,
The branches bow to the passing breeze
While the brave old world moves round.

Augusta Helen Thompson.

THE YOUNG 'SQUIRE.

RICHARD, the young esquire, has ridden out—
Casque on his head and gauntlet on his arm,
Across the hills that circle round about.
Oh pray, Cordelia, that he meets no harm
From soldier's spear or angry wizard's charm.

The wooded hills are crimson in the west,
And eastward from the dusk, out-breaks a star;
Pray that the only crimson on his breast
Is that silk coat he won in Acavar,
And not the woeful hero-stain of war.

All night he rode. At early break of day
He reached a gloomy castle in a plain.
A mighty dragon slept beside the way—
Its scales all clouded with a horrid stain.
The young esquire, with quickened heart, drew rein.

He couched his lance—the monster's lurid breath
Scorched all the grass—it raised its head to him;
He spurred along, as if he courted death,
And drave his good lance in with knightly vim.
The monster fell—its eyes were wide and dim.

He fought the warders at the castle gate—
Three fierce, black men, and left them in their gore.
Beyond, a swordsman eyeing him with hate—
The cavalier quick forced him to the floor,
And dashing past flung wide the castle door.

He saw a comely maiden standing there,
Who smiled, and kiss't his hand with homage sweet.
All gold and glisten fell her perfumed hair,
And dazed, he knelt before her jewelled feet.
She led him out where there was wine and meat.

Oh pray, Cordelia, that he meets no harm,
From soldier's spear or angry wizard's charm.

The lady served him bread with her white hands,
And filled his golden flagon with the wine.
He told her wondrous tales of foreign lands,
And watched her eyes—she, with a black design,
Let fall her golden bracelet for a sign.

And as he stooped to raise it, o'er her face
Flashed silent laughter, that could scarcely hide
The hatred underneath. With knightly grace
He raised it to his lips—the door swung wide
And some one drave a dagger through his side.

Can you not see, in this my ancient rhyme,
Something that may apply to our own time?

Theodore Roberts.

TO CAPE NORTH

BY HON. J. W. LONGLEY, ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NOVA SCOTIA.

THE scenery of Cape Breton is world-famed. Charles Dudley Warner heard of it and made a tour thither, and the result was a charming book, "Baddeck and that Sort of Thing." Since then Cape Breton has become a favourite resort for summer tourists who care to escape from the great watering-places near home, or do not care or cannot afford to go to Europe.

The scenery of Cape Breton is lovely—all of it. The Strait of Canso, especially when calm and glassy, is a most striking bit of scenery, while the Bras d'Or Lakes, studded with foliage-covered islands and surrounded by wooded hills, reaching at places the dimensions of mountains, afford a most charming sail in the summer months. The lakes have two outlets to the ocean—one, the Great Bras d'Or, the other, the Little Bras d'Or, both of them long, narrow channels with a constant variety of shore scenery. The sail, on an early summer morning, through the Little Bras d'Or, when the surface is like a mirror, is unexpectedly charming. The steamer which bears you winds through channels so narrow that a pebble could be tossed to the shore on either side. The shores are a mixture of green fields, evergreen trees, and white cottages, and the whole scene is beautiful in the highest conception of beauty.

But, to speak truly, the great numbers of tourists who visit Cape Breton summer after summer and speak with rapture of its natural beauties have never seen its wonders of scenery at all. The part that is really sublime in its heights and sweep is rarely visited. I refer to the stretch of country extending for seventy or eighty miles above St. Ann's Bay to Cape North, the most northern point of Nova Scotia, and nearly the most eastern point on the continent of North America.

Some years ago there was a great short line enterprise conceived in New York, which was to run a fast line of railway to Cape North and thence transport it on large ferry boats to Newfoundland over the Bellisle Straits, across the island to an eastern point, and thence by steamer to Ireland. By this means it was alleged that the distance between New York and Ireland could be reduced to four and a half days, and with an enormously diminished sea voyage—about 1,700 miles, I believe—this route would supersede the present luxurious ocean steamers. The scheme has apparently fallen through, but it is referred to in order to induce the reader to take down his map and study this point of the continent. To follow me in the famous journey I made to Cape North, it would add greatly to the interest to follow at the same time the course of the map.

To be precise, the tourist may assume that he is in Halifax. To reach Cape Breton he will take the Intercolonial Railway to the Strait of Canso—the narrow bit of water which separates the Island of Cape Breton from Nova Scotia proper, to which politically it belongs. This is about 180 miles. The strait is crossed by ferry, and a train is taken on the opposite side which will carry him to the Sydneys, and intermediate points. Grand Narrows, Baddeck, Whycocomagh, Margaree and Sydney are the chief objective points, and all are well worth visiting. But to see them all will not afford any idea of the scenic grandeur of Cape Breton.

For the purposes of my journey, Baddeck shall be the starting-point. This was Mr. Warner's objective point. It is a thousand pities he had not ventured the journey to Cape North. Mr. Warner's book did Baddeck a great deal of good, for it has

steadily grown as a favourite summer resort. Since then, Professor Alex. Graham Bell, of telephone fame, has fixed his residence there on the romantic tongue of land called Red Head, which lies across the harbour in front of the village. Professor Bell has spent a great deal of money and has already a most delightful place, with abundance of park land and all the facilities of comfort and luxury.

Not far from the village, and almost directly opposite Prof. Bell's residence, Mr. George Kennan, the celebrated Siberian explorer, and the author not only of the famous series of articles in the *Century* on Siberian Exiles and Prison Life, but of other literary work, has a most cosy and romantic residence, at which he and his wife seem to thoroughly enjoy themselves. From Baddeck to Cape North is about ninety miles, and this is the journey which will reveal wonders of scenery.

It was in July, 1892, that I made the journey. It is not a frequented section. Few persons from outside ever penetrate Cape Smoky. Public business called me thither—the investigation of certain alleged irregularities in the expenditure of Government road moneys. As it bade fair to be an interesting and romantic summer outing, my wife desired to accompany me. That settled it. Together we went.

To Baddeck is very easy. To Grand Narrows by rail. Then twelve miles by steamer to Baddeck. This is ordinary travelling. Nothing unusual about it in any way. Since Dudley Warner made his visit, however, there has arisen a brand new court house, and a new jail, and the edifice that gave so much scope to his grim humour has disappeared from among the interesting landmarks of the town.

At Baddeck we obtained a horse and buggy—that is, a top-chaise, as it used to be called in my early days. I have no fault to find with the outfit. The covered buggy was very comfortable as a protection against the rays of the scorching sun which pelted upon us from the beginning to the end of the journey. The horse was a very kind animal, with only one fault, namely, that nothing could induce him to walk down hills. He was steady and sure-footed, and behaved excellently in all cases of danger, but this determination to go at an accelerated pace down steep declivities constituted an important factor in that journey, as will be seen.

The first stage was to Englishtown, a settlement less than twenty miles north of Baddeck. This part of the journey was nothing different from an ordinary drive in any other part of the country. It is a very pretty section. Englishtown is on St. Ann's Bay, and most beautifully situated. The settlement is on one side of the bay, and slopes gently from the water. On the other side of the bay, which is not over a mile wide, is a steep and lofty hill—almost entitled to the dignity of mountain. When the bay is still, the whole wooded elevation opposite is reflected from the surface of the water, and the top peaks seem to extend to vast and mysterious depths.

Englishtown is the home of Angus McAskill, who, a generation ago, was exhibited over most of the continent as the Nova Scotia giant. He was between seven and eight feet high, of enormous frame, and weighed, I am afraid to say how many hundred pounds. At the house where we remained over night and over Sunday, we were shown one of his slippers which had been preserved as a sacred relic. At the first sight we exploded with laughter. It did seem positively ridiculous to see a regularly made leather shoe or slipper nearly a yard long, and broad in proportion. A piece had been cut out over one of the toes to relieve a corn. A child's shoe could have been made out of the piece. We visited his grave, which still seems gigantic, though its outlines are obscured considerably by a growth of grasses and weeds.

But Englishtown is only by the way. On Monday morning we started in earnest for Cape North. Even at Englishtown we could see the range of hills which stretched along the North

Shore in front of us, terminating thirty miles distant in the famous Cap Fumee of the French, now, under English rule, developed into Cape Smoky.

At this distance of thirty miles its outlines were quite clear, and it looked formidable even though softened by a haze which hung over it like a drab veil.

To reach the North Shore road from Englishtown it is necessary to cross a ferry, and this we did, horse, carriage and all in a lumbering row boat, which landed us serenely in a bank of sand. Then we followed the road at the foot of the chain of hills along the North Shore, till Smoky was reached and had to be crossed.

This drive is nothing unusual. It is very pretty and very much out of the way. We saw the witch of the North Shore, a sort of local Meg Merrilies, about whom a great number of stories are told. We heard of the bottomless well and other incidents which might be worked up, but not here and now.

It was about three or four in the afternoon when we approached the foot of Cape Smoky. The road we were taking terminated on one side of this rocky eminence. To go farther it had to be crossed. Until very recently it had not been crossed. The people who settled in Ingonish, Neil's Harbour, Aspy Bay, Cape North and Bay St. Lawrence had for years their only communication with the rest of the world by water. Why any person should have settled in such a place may be a source of wonder. But it is an excellent fishing locality. Men have made small fortunes in the fisheries there. Besides, the land is fertile and the climate genial. To all this must be added the unaccountable hunger for land characteristic of the age, and the unexplainable impulse which takes settlers to unopened regions in every part of this continent.

At last, by special grants from the Government, a road was projected over this steep and rugged Cape Smoky, so that the people north of it should have land communication with the rest of the world. A road *over* it would be utterly unpracticable. Nobody could traverse such a road. But the problem was solved by constructing a road around it, winding up along its steep sides by a gradual ascent. To accomplish this a path about ten feet wide was cut to a level on the side of the mountain. This is wide enough for a horse and carriage to pass, and a foot or two on either side to spare, and not any more.

For the last two or three miles my wife and I had been wondering how the great monster was to be surmounted. It was getting near and the question grew every moment more formidable. It was all strange to us, and we were alone. Presently, looking up at the frowning eminence above us, we perceived at the same moment what seemed a line winding along the steep side of the precipice, and constantly ascending till it was lost to sight near the top as it passed beyond the line of observation.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "It cannot be that we pass over that hanging precipice along that little winding line."

"I have been watching it," rejoined my wife. "That must be the road. What other way is there to pass?"

Both of us held our breath. The cowardly thought of turning back occurred to me, but it was not cherished long. Others had gone with safety—why not we?

Then our road turned into a dense bit of woods at the foot of the mountain. This was comforting, for it hid everything from our view, so that when the ascent began we could see nothing but what was about us.

For the first hundred rods or so it was nothing but the ordinary ascent of a mountain road. We walked, and the horse was steady and pulled in a perfectly satisfactory manner. The mountain was covered with foliage on the one side, full grown trees forming a perfect shield on the other; we were getting along splendidly; crossing Smoky was nothing very wonderful after all.

But soon the trees disappear. We have got far enough up to see pros-

pects below. Then we suddenly find that we are traversing the side of a steep mountain—a narrow path is our way. On the left the rock-masses; on the right nothing but a declivity, and one carriage wheel within eighteen inches or two feet of the edge of it!

Up, up, we go, the pathway seeming to get narrower, and the sense of danger increasing; up, up we still mount, proud of the horse who walks as steady as an ox. Now we come to a turn on the side of the mountain. The pathway had to be cut through the stone. The carriage hangs over a precipice, apparently perpendicular for hundreds of feet. It is a trying moment for nerves. If we had some one with us who was familiar with the road. But we are alone, and a feeling of deepening awe is coming over us. Up, up, we still go, and so absorbed are we with the perils and excitements of the way that we have not ventured to look about. At last I take a glance towards the sea, which lies at the foot of the mountain, and stretches off to the hazy headlands of Cape Breton near the Sydneys and northward to the wide and wakeful Atlantic.

Heavens, what a view! Here is the sublimity of scenery. I touch my wife upon the arm and point my hand in the direction of my eyes. Overcome with the majesty and sublimity of the scene, she stays her course and stops to gaze.

At this point the pathway widens a little and I stop the horse, bracing large boulders under the wheels of the carriage. The horse behaves beautifully, and we have time to stand and take in the magnificent and stupendous scene. We are only a little more than half way up, but the view is as grand as at the summit. We are practically clinging to the side of a precipitous mountain. The little pathway is all that sustains us. To pass over the precipice on our right would be to roll into the sea. No foliage shields us.

But the sea—the view, it cannot be described. There is no limit to the view. It is vast, and, at our height, this hot and hazy summer afternoon, there is a dimness, a haze over the water which is indescribably soft, mystic, enchanting. The idea of beauty is merged in a sense of the sublime. All seems vast, wondrous, awful.

Mrs. Longley's sight is better than mine, and soon she exclaimed, "See the sail boat beneath us." I could see nothing, but she guided my eyes to the spot. I caught sight of the sail. It seemed like a bit of birch bark floating on the water, and it was so completely beneath us that it seemed to me that I could destroy it by dropping a pebble over the precipice.

After we had gazed upon the scene for some minutes—with rapture and with a sense of grandeur altogether unknown before, I started the horse and we finished the ascent, a mile and a half in all. As we neared the top we wound round out of the sight of the sea, and at the summit we were again in thick foliage. The view from Cape Smoky had passed out of our sight, but into our visions forever.

Descending gradually on the other side for some three miles or more, in an instant the Bay of Ingonish bursts upon the vision. It is now nearing sunset, and the water is like a sea of glass. Every object from the shore is reflected from its bosom as from a mirror. The white cottages of the fishermen, the small fields of green, and the darker green of the clusters of spruce and fir trees, fringing the bay, on that summer night constituted a picture of beauty and repose rarely seen. But it was not the sublimity of Cape Smoky. That is a view which will destroy one's taste for scenery. Everything seems tame and common after the awful grandeur of Smoky.

From Baddeck hotels are laid aside. There are none such. Travel is very rare in those regions, and those who go have to rely upon private hospitality. No one need fear in this regard. The preponderating population is highland Scotch, and these are certain to extend a warm and open hospitality. We fared well. At one time it was at Big Rory's and at another in some very well ordered home, where every kind-

ness was accorded and every comfort secured.

Between Ingonish and Cape North the road is through a sea of mountains, so many and so varying in their direction that no idea of their geographical location can be formed. The roads in the main are bad, and under certain circumstances dangerous. Those were the circumstances under which we made the journey.

The roads are necessarily threaded through and across the mountains, following the sides in various windings. There are severe hills to climb and long and steep hills to descend. I have spoken of our horse as the victim of one weakness—the determination not to walk down hills; and as a consequence on this road from Ingonish to Cape North we had several thrilling adventures. The descent of one of these hills is long, from a quarter to a half mile. At the beginning the decline is gradual, but it steadily increases, until near the foot it is very steep. The road is one series of windings, so that it is impossible to see the way more than a few yards ahead. Every few moments a sudden bend in the road introduces a new vista.

With a steady horse, which would quietly and sedately walk down these hills holding the carriage back with the breeching, the journey would be fairly exciting. There would still be a sense of danger in the precipitousness on one side of the curving way. The road is not fenced, and often enough it looks like standing on a plank a thousand feet in mid-air to glance the eye on one side and feel that a very slight movement of the carriage would plunge you into an abyss.

But on the descent of the first of these hills our position was altogether more stimulating. The horse began the descent at a moderate trot. Noting that the hill seemed to be of some length and growing steeper, I felt it necessary to pull him up. As I pulled the reins and called out "Whoa," it had just the opposite effect from that intended. The horse was determined to go faster. Another sharp turn revealed not only a steeper descent, but a road way exceedingly rough, full of stones and with gullies left by rain storms. On goes the horse still faster. I stand up and make desperate efforts to give him a check—worse than useless. He dashes on faster. The carriage flounders with rattling force over the loose boulders. Every few moments a fresh turn in the road reveals new dangers. We are now tearing down absolutely without control. At last the end bursts in view. It is terrible! We see the hill ends in a fearful gorge, fifty feet deep, through which mountain torrents flow in the spring, while in midsummer a small stream runs, and about it masses of white rocks. Over this gorge is thrown a bridge. And such a bridge! Two beams are thrown across, and upon these are placed loose poles not over twelve or fifteen feet long, and with no rail whatever. The approaches to the bridge are narrow. The last curb in the descent reveals the gorge and the bridge. We are almost upon it. The bridge is very low, and the last twenty feet are enormously precipitous, and at a sharp curve. The horse is at full tearing speed. What will be the result?

If the last leap lands horse and carriage in the middle of this frail bridge of poles, there is a hope of life. A misstep means that we shall be hurled fifty feet into a rocky gorge and be dashed to pieces. My wife clasped her hands and closed her eyes in terror. In desperation I rose, and holding the reins as steadily as possible, sought to guide the horse. Then came the last furious leap. The horse struck the bridge exactly in the centre, and the carriage followed safely. We rattled and shook over the old structure till the other side was reached with a similar incline upward. The horse comes to a walk, we draw a long breath of relief, and mutely thank God we still live.

The danger is past, but the incident lives. It fills our dreams for many nights, and it lives, with all its rushing terrors and dread visions, in our mem-

ories forever. Not this appalling scene alone, but others which marked that ride.

We had time in ascending the hill to think upon and talk over the marvellous escape we had just had. We had undertaken the trip in a spirit of adventure. We supposed the roads would be bad, the hills steep and the surroundings exciting. But real danger we had not counted on. I began to think that, perhaps, I had been a little rash in venturing my wife on such a journey over a route which had seldom been traversed by ladies, and that, too, without guide and with a strange horse, which proved to have one very serious fault. But what was to be done? It was idle to think of turning back. There was only one alternative, and that was to go forward. Perhaps no such dangers were ahead.

And so on we went. The hilltop was reached, and then we encountered a few slight hills, a mere ordinary undulation. About us on every side were peaks and mountain sides, and the sea was not in sight. Still we rode on until we reached what seemed the beginning of another descent. It was gradual as before. Still we were nervous. A sharp turn in the road revealed to us that we were really once again face to face with another condition of things similar to that which we had passed. Perhaps it might be worse. The horse began to go. I made a more desperate effort to hold him in. It was futile. My wife wanted to get out of the carriage. I would have given anything to have allowed her; but it was impossible; we were again at full rush, with a road rougher and rockier than before; with the horror of the former scene fresh in our minds the situation was terrible, both in the sense of the danger present, and of danger unknown. As a last resort I leaped from the carriage and seized the horse by the head. In this move I gained a momentary advantage; I was able to give quite a check to the beast. Still we were tearing on, I clinging to the bridle and bit, and pulling in desperation with all my might. At length in one of the turns I saw the end. It was appalling. Another gorge wider and deeper than before, a bridge narrow, but differing from the other in having upright posts on either side connected by framework. I had no power to guide the horse, on my feet as I was, and struggling to prevent his bolting. If he failed to strike the centre, the carriage would be dashed against the posts on one side, and all would be lost. As at this moment I was struggling with the horse I caught a glimpse of my wife, the picture of despair, holding her hands together in a fearful clutch, and expecting the worst. We had almost reached the bridge. It was now terribly precipitous, and the last leap for the bridge would be at an angle of nearly forty degrees. On the side of the horse at which I was struggling the horrible precipice leading to the gorge began before the bridge was reached, and I suddenly discovered that I had pulled his head round, and looking about me I saw I was on the brink of the gorge, and unless I let go the horse's head I should be hurled on to the bleached rocks sixty feet beneath, and the horse and carriage would follow. Quick as a flash I let go the bridle, shouting to my wife to guide him. The moment my hold was loosed the horse sprang. The wheels of the carriage grazed by me, standing as I was on the very brink. It was twenty feet from where I stood to the bridge. God, it was terrible! The way narrowed so that the road at the bridge was exactly the same width as the bridge. I had drawn the horse to one side, so that in trying to make the last leap for the bridge, the wheels on one side of the carriage actually overhung the side of the road; but the speed was great, and the centrifugal motion of the carriage was towards the road, and for several feet the carriage was supported by the two right wheels, while those on the other side were actually passing over space!

Never, never shall I forget that moment. The instant I let go the reins and saw the situation of the carriage, I believed no human power could prevent horse, carriage and wife going

over the precipice into the yawning chasm beneath. In imagination my wife had gone forever, and I should never see more of her than the mangled remains of her loved form. The whole scene was over in less than two seconds, and yet in those supreme moments I solemnly declare that the whole history of the mysterious relations of man and wife flashed through my mind. I thought of her as the fresh young girl whose free and innocent heart I had sought to win. I saw her standing at my side at the altar. I felt the tender embraces of years, the dear children who nestled about her, and cherished her image as sacred, and the loss of whose love no one could weigh or measure. Alas! I thought, it is all over. I closed my eyes in horror for a moment. When I opened them the horse was upon the bridge. The wheel of the carriage had struck the post, as it must. The animal behaved wonderfully. The instant he was checked by the carriage he stood still, and, to my unspeakable astonishment and ineffable joy, the carriage was secure, and my dear wife was seated in it safe, safe, safe!

With a little effort I so adjusted the carriage that it could pass the bridge. Up to this there had not been a word said. When the bridge was safely passed I stopped the horse, and turning, looked at my wife, who was still clutching her hands in mute agony.

"My dearest wife!" I exclaimed, throwing my arms about her. "I have you still. Only one instant ago and I thought I had lost you forever."

She threw her arms about my neck and broke into tears of gratitude. The terrible tension was over, and the reaction had come.

Above us were the trees, laden with the rich and luxuriant foliage of early summer. Cloudless sunshine illumined the world about us. And in those moments of wrought up feelings again flowed the stream of pure, deep love, which, while never running dry, often has its periods of abatement amid the multitude of monotonous cares which make up the routine of this mystic life of ours.

We continued the journey to the Halfway House with no incidents worth noting except that the roads were generally bad, and we had some down-hill work, which, however, did not involve danger. The Halfway House is a sort of halting place between Ingonish and Cape North, where the traveller can feed his horse and get a plain meal himself. The Government has been paying $300 a year to keep it up for many years. From this place a view can be obtained of the sea about a mile or two distant. Neil's Harbour, a fishing village, lies upon the shore in full view.

After refreshments we passed on to Aspy Bay, under the shadow of Cape North, which we reached before sunset. The scene was magnificent. The bay nestles among the hills as quiet and serene as a pond. Between it and the harbour is a rushing shallow, which prevents vessels from entering the bay. In the background to the left is the chain of mountain peaks which ends abruptly at Cape North. Conspicuous in the range is Sugar Loaf Mountain, named for its shape, and most perfect in its outline. In front is the ocean wide and blue.

Soon after our arrival we were comfortably lodged in a very pleasant private house. In a tiny boat we rowed over the beautiful placid bay as the sun went down behind the mountains. No scene in Switzerland could be more entrancing. At last we were in a comfortable bed, and asleep—but not a peaceful and undisturbed slumber. The horrors of the day came back in troublous dreams again and again. At least a score of times in the night I started with visions of deep gorges, and of unsubstantial bridges spanning awful chasms, and hung in the air like frail stems which the moment they were touched crumbled and fell. As soon as the horror was banished by a sense of being safe and snug in a Christian bed, and once again a sense of slumber stole over me, a fresh vision of fathomless gulfs and fairy bridges

would return. And thus passed the night. My wife had an exactly similar experience. And strange to say these nightmares lasted for several nights. All the while we were at Cape North, though the scenery was grand and the people most kind, we had an ever present dread of the return journey.

It came and passed; we had fresh dangers and most thrilling adventures. The only incident to which I am going to make a reference is the descent of Cape Smoky. The ascent has been described. But there is a new sensation and an added thrill to the descent. Going up, the horse simply walked quietly, and the only idea of fear was the sublimity of the view and the sense of the terrible precipice on the edge of which we were treading. The descent involved the conduct of the horse, and then while on going up we had only occasional glimpses of what was behind us, on the descent we should be facing the view, at once awing with its grandeur and thrilling with terrible possibilities of danger. At the top of the mountain we both left the carriage. My wife, full of nervous anxiety, walked behind, and I took my place at the horse's head. I do not mind confessing that I planted myself on the upper side of the roadway. If the horse became unmanageable, which seemed likely, I was fully determined that he and the carriage might go over this precipice, but I intended to remain to enlighten and amuse the world for a bit longer. With considerable effort I kept the horse well in hand, though the ceaseless effort spoiled to a considerable extent my enjoyment of the wonderful scene—one of the greatest, I believe, to be found in America, not excepting the Rockies. When we reached the spot where the road was hewn out of the rock, around a sharp corner with an abyss of hundreds of feet perpendicular beneath, I preferred to close my eyes. At a wider place in the road I braced the wheels and took a few moments of leisure, during which we had a long and profoundly impressive view. It was indescribable. Let the artist go thither, if he wishes to behold a scene which would arouse him to the phrensy of despair. He could not throw it upon canvas. Never!

We got safely to the foot without accident, and with no incident unusual in ordinary travel we returned to the city. We had, before this, made many tours, some of them covering thousands of miles, over the various favourite resorts on this continent and we have had delightful tours since; we have heard Niagara's roar, and threaded the wonderful pass of the New River through the Alleghanies; but the tour to Cape North will outlive them all in the impressions it made upon us. Since then, I confess it, my taste for scenery has been spoiled. One who has crossed Cape Smoky, and seen the frowning and gloomy grandeur of old Cape North will see little in ordinary sights and scenes, even in this country, so full of the picturesque, that will suggest comparison.

To conclude. Let me say a word to the romantic traveller in search of the beauties of nature and yearning for rustic grandeur. When visiting Cape Breton be not content with the tame beauties of the usual travelled routes. Be bold. Starting from Baddeck, journey northward until Cape Smoky has been passed and Ingonish Bay lies in sight. Let the journey be made when the weather is fine, when the sun is bright and when summer mists throw their mystic haze over earth and sea and sky.

J. W. Longley.

THE RIDICULOUS COURTING OF URSULE CLARISSE.*

A French-Canadian Story.

BY G. M. FAIRCHILD, JR., AUTHOR OF "ROD AND CANOE IN QUEBEC'S ADIRONDACKS," "NOTES OF ANGLER," ETC.

PRAXADE JENESSE stood leaning over his pig-pen one early morning quite unmindful of the noisy clamour of its two occupants. They had, however, reminded him of a conversation the curé had had with him the night before, after he had made his confession. The good man had rebuked him again for continuing to live like a—yes, like one of his own pigs, instead of marrying and becoming a respectable citizen. Mon dieu! this getting married was a very great responsibility; but what could the curé know of this, who had never thought about such matters. Where was he, Praxade Jenesse, to find a wife who would fulfil all the conditions so necessary in a life partnership? Had he not canvassed the possibilities of every spinster in the parish, and they were all wanting in some particular. He wished the curé was not so set about his marrying, so that he might take more time to look about him; for really one could not be too careful in taking so important a step. At this point his meditation was interrupted by the sound of an approaching cart, and looking up the road he saw Prudent Tranquille, the pork butcher from Terre Blanche, his round red face beaming like a sun burst as he stopped in front of him and dismounted.

"*Bien* Praxade! wishing you had a wife as fat and tender as one of your own pigs?" Here Prudent laughed at his porcine wit. Everything was piggy with Prudent, from long association with that animal alive and dead.

"How do you know I am thinking of a wife?" answered Praxade somewhat sheepishly.

"Bah! when a man of your age is not married he thinks of nothing else, my friend, and it keeps him poor in flesh, and mangy. What you want is a nice plump little wife."

"Perhaps."

"With some streaks of lean through her?"

"Of course!"

"Not too heavy or old."

"The Lord forbid!"

"And easy on her feed."

"Quite true!"

"With a nice little outfit and a full bin."

"You are inspired, Prudent!"

"And lots of root in her."

"Ha! ha! Prudent, you have described an angel!"

"Bah! I find such every day grunting because they can't find husbands. It takes a pork butcher to weigh you all up and pen you," laughed Prudent. "Come, Praxade, promise me the fattest pig in your pen here in exchange for a wife."

Prudent's freehand sketch of charming femininity had quite captivated Praxade, and the offer seemed to promise him relief from his perplexity. He closed with Prudent at once, only cautioning him to be very sure, one could not be too careful in such a matter.

"*Bon*, you will see. Come to me Sunday after mass," replied Prudent, as he drove off.

About half way down the long hill, which led directly into the heart of the village of Terre Blanche, lived Urbain Clarisse and his daughter Ursule. His house was high peaked and dormered, and stood flush with the roadway. It

was painted a pale green with orange trimmings. A highly polished brass knocker graced the door, but the house's principal claim to distinction lay in its windows, which were ablaze with gorgeously printed paper shades representing pots of rare exotics in fullest bloom. It was very deceptive, very gay, considered, in fact, quite ha-ha ; but then Urbain could afford such luxuries. Was he not entered on the rolls of the Secretary-Treasurer of the parish as a *rentier*, and his income from his investments was certainly not less than one hundred and fifty dollars a year. To live up to all this with dignity, Urbain did nothing but smoke and talk politics with his neighbours. He was a widower with only the one daughter, Ursule. She had passed the first blush of maidenhood, but was still comely of appearance, dark-haired, black-eyed, and round of figure. As became the daughter of a *rentier*, she possessed a number of accomplishments not given to girls less fortunately born. She could play an accompaniment on the wheezy little harmonium that graced the parlour while she sang "A la Claire Fontaine" and "Vive la Canadienne" in fair voice, if in somewhat uncertain time with the instrument. At the village convent she had also learned that pleasing art of embroidering on perforated board the figures of saints and angels in heavenly colours, so much admired when framed and hung in the Sunday room. She was a thrifty housewife, moreover, and could spin and knit and make her own *catalagne*. The only reason she had not married will shortly appear.

Close beside the pretentious house of Urbain Clarisse, hovering under it, as it seemed for protection, stood the modest tiny home of the Widow Denancour. It was whitewashed very clean and red gabled. In the one little window, which looked upon the street, were several pots of real geraniums, by no means as effective as the printed flowers upon the shades of the windows in Urbain's house ; but the Widow Denancourt was not entered as a *rentier*, and such things make all the difference in this world in the point of esteem in which our surroundings are viewed.

The widow at one period of her loneliness had cast tender eyes at Urbain, and had hoped—but that was all past. Her woman's subtle arts for some years prior to our story had been directed to making a match between her son Joe and Ursule, as the only means left for uniting the fortunes of the two families. The Denancour's consisted of the little cottage, two feather beds and a chest of homespun, hand-woven linen carefully packed in bergamot ; but then they had expectations. The widow's uncle, the Abbé Pontin, was very old and rich, and he had no other relatives. This relationship enabled the Denancours to hold their heads high in the parish.

When the widow went to *veillée* for the afternoon with Ursule, and the two spinning wheels were humming in unison, the former would cunningly turn the conversation to Joe. Poor fellow ! he worked so hard, she was really anxious about him. M'sieu' La Farge, the mill owner, had told her that Joe was the steadiest fellow in his employ Had Ursule noted how thin Joe had grown lately ? Her uncle, the Abbé, had made Joe his heir and some day he, too, would be a *rentier*.

There was a time when Ursule enjoyed listening to these praises of Joe, but of late she had grown somewhat impatient of the discourse, and the subject of it Her wheel would go completely out of time with the widow's, an occurrence which never failed to break the latter's thread, as well as the thread of her argument.

It was about time Joe proposed if he was ever going to, thought Ursule. Her looking-glass told her she had lost some of the freshness of youth, and the hour-glass of Time that she was older. Most of her school companions were married, while she remained single. She would soon be called an old maid, and that was a disgrace. Here a vicious dig on the pedal was certain to break her own thread ;

then she would leave her wheel to make the cup of tea that brought the spinning to a close for the day.

A friendship had begun between Joe and Ursule in mud-pie-making childhood. It had endured through the callow period of youth, when it found expression in bouquets of marguerites on Joe's part, and book-markers on hers, inscribed in wools "*A mon ami.*" In maidenhood and manhood it found its note in a liking for each other's company, and that perfect freedom of intercourse that follows an early and uninterrupted friendship; but Joe had never breathed of love or marriage, though he was impatient of any other suitors, and Ursule had hitherto been indifferent to them. Urbain had once said to Joe: "Whenever you want to marry Ursule I will buy you a farm and we will all live together." Joe had laughed and replied, that there was no hurry, that his mother must be cared for yet awhile. Sly Joe! It was all so pleasant as it was. He felt so sure.

When Prudent Tranquille drove into Terre Blanche in the evening of the day of his interview with Praxade Jenesse, he met Ursule coming from vespers.

"Good evening, little piggy,"—Prudent was on terms of easy familiarity with everyone in the parish, as a man of substance and weight, and of intimate acquaintance arising from his frequent visitations in the way of business—"I found a fine bachelor grunter to-day who is coming to be weighed next Sunday after mass, but he is losing flesh fast in his anxiety to meet you, and he is soft, very soft of heart. What do you say, little squealer, shall I bring him to you to be cured?"

"You may do just as you like, Prudent Tranquille. Bachelors are always pigs, anyway, and I've no use for them."

"So, so, little one, but not after they have had their bristles shaved and the matrimonial ring put through their noses. They lead easily then."

Praxade came on Sunday, but with some misgivings—one had to be so very careful. He made a fine appearance, however, in his *castor*, frock-coat, flaming red tie and kid gloves. He drove in a *buggie*, and seemed to have difficulty in restraining the fiery ardour of his horse, and actually brought him on his haunches at Prudent's door before he could be stopped, after many *ayes-doncs*. It was very well done, and showed a high spirit in the horse and a nice mastery on the part of Praxade. Prudent awaited him, and after *un coup* they drove away to the house of Urbaine Clarisse.

Ursule welcomed them in the parlour, and during the general conversation both she and Praxade took note of each other. Prudent quickly departed to walk home.

"Have you ever been in the parish of Belle Isle, Ma'mselle?" asked Praxade.

"No, M'sieu'," replied Ursule, then, somewhat inconsequentially, "but I sometimes go to Quebec."

"Ah! Quebec is grand, magnificent! Belle Isle, though, *Ma'mselle*, is a paradise for tranquillity. I have a *beau cage* there, but"—with a slightly nervous laugh—"no bird in it yet."

"Birds in Belle Isle, *M'sieu'* Jenesse, must be shy of cages."

"Not so, Ma'mselle, but when one has a *beau cage* one does not want a crow for an occupant, and sometimes we must go far for a *rossignol*. They are scarce, Ma'mselle, and one must be so very careful."

"Rossignols soon cease singing when caged," M'sieu' Jenesse, and then what matters it, there is only the difference of plumage."

"If fine feathers make fine birds, Ma'mselle, then there are two important differences. Will you permit me, Ma'mselle, to offer to drive you as far as my *beau cage*, that I may have the pleasure of showing it to you!"

"You are too kind, M'sieu' Jenesse. I should, however, like to see the church of Belle Isle."

When Praxade gallantly handed Ursule into the *buggie* she glanced triumphantly towards the Denancourt house, but as neither Joe nor the widow was

visible her pleasure was somewhat dampened. She made herself agreeable to Praxade, however, and the drive was an enjoyable one.

The following Sunday Praxade came again, but this time he drew up before Urbain Clarisse's door with a great flourish. His caution had now given place to the ardour of a man whose mind was quite made up to a certain line of action without having to lose any further time in considering it. Ursule played and sang for him, and when she had finished she seated herself at one end of the little hair-covered sofa. Praxade took the other. The time had come for him to declare himself.

"I trust, Mamselle, that you found a liking for Belle Isle after your drive there?"

"The church of Belle Isle, M'sieu' Jenesse, is very pretty."

"And what do you think of my *beau cage*, Mamselle?"

"An empty cage, M'sieu' Jenesse, is but a dreary place."

"You are right, Mamselle, but all that would change if you would consent to occupy it."

"But my papa, M'sieu' Jenesse?"

"He shall live with us, Mamselle."

"In that case, M'sieu' Jenesse, I consent."

"Ursule, you are an angel."

"Praxade, you are crushing my sleeve."

"Will you name the day, Ursule?"

"Let us say the Wednesday before Michaelmas, Praxade."

"I will tell the curé to publish the first notice next Sunday."

Gossip sped swiftly in the parish of Terre Blanche; Madame Sylvain, who kept the toll bridge, was the receiver and despatcher. As she slowly made the change for passer-by she asked the news, and then gave her own budget, interspersed with liberal comments considerably tinged with maliciousness. It was not good to come under her unsparing review, but it was quite delicious to listen to her discussing the affairs of others. When old Madame Neveau, early on Monday morning, on her rounds through the village with her little load of eggs, parsley, onions, potatoes, and other odds and ends, came to the bridge, Madame Sylvain held her in conversation while she fumbled about in her pocket for a penny in change.

Bon Dieu! the duplicity of some people. To think of Ursule Clarisse keeping Joe Denancour hanging about her, and yet receiving the attentions of Praxade Jenesse. Unmarried women no longer possessed any modesty. When Praxade passed last night she had asked him if he were coming often to Terre Blanche, and he had replied with a laugh, not after Michaelmas. What did that mean? If Joe Denancour had any spirit left in him he would send Praxade to the right-about and give Ursule a piece of his mind. But he is so soft and slow, one has no patience with him. "Ah! here is the penny, Madame Neveau."

Before midnight everybody in Terre Blanche had discussed the affair, but it is a curious phase of gossip that the parties most concerned in it are always the last to learn what is said. This lends to it that delightful charm of mystery. Joe and his mother had spent the Sunday with Madame's uncle, the Abbé Pontin. Monday evening, however, he dropped in to pass an hour with Ursule, as was his wont. She wore a ring which Praxade had given her, and she took several occasions to make it conspicuous, but Joe seemed most stupid, and failed to notice it. Neither did he observe a nervousness of manner on her part. Would he never understand? Was he never to show any sign, thought Ursule; must she tell him?

"Joe."

"Well, Ursule."

"I am going to be married at Michaelmas."

"What!" exclaimed Joe, and his heart gave a big thump.

"I have accepted Praxade Jenesse."

"That fellow!" said Joe in disgust. "Why, Ursule, I always intended marrying you myself some day."

"Did you Joe; and do you still feel the same about it?"

"Such a question, Ursule."

"Would you marry me yet, Joe?"

"*Mon dieu!* just you try me, Ursule."

"But what about Praxade, Joe?"

"Bother Praxade!"

"Let us go to the curé, Joe, and hear what he has to say."

"He must be made to listen to us, Ursule."

Curé Saucier was at work in his little garden when they arrived. He pushed his spectacles over his forehead, and just the faint tremor of a smile appeared at the corners of his mouth. He more than half suspected the errand which had brought them. Searching minds through the confessional must, in time, give one the power of divining motive.

"Good evening, my children."

"Father Saucier," said Joe, after acknowledging the curé's salutation, "Ursule's banns with Praxade Jenesse were to be called next Sunday in church."

"Yes, my son."

"Now, father, for Praxade you substitute Joe Denancour."

"How is that, my son, we do not marry by proxy?"

"Praxade's proxy," roared Joe, "the saints forbid! No, Father Saucier, Ursule has changed her mind and she is going to marry me."

"This is a serious matter, my children, and we must consider."

"But it must be done," persisted Joe.

"And what do you say to all this, Ursule?" asked the curé.

"I will marry only Joe now, Father Saucier."

"You have received a ring from Monsieur Jenesse."

"Yes, father, but Joe will send him its cost, and I will keep it as Joe's gift."

"Since it must be, my children, come into the house and I will dictate a letter for Ursule to send to Monsieur Jenesse."

It read about as follows: "I have reconsidered my answer to you, Monsieur Jenesse, and I am to be married to Joe Denancour at Michaelmas. Accept my sincere wishes for your future happiness."

Praxade's reply came a few days later. It was laconic, but appeared to breathe a generous spirit. "Mademoiselle Clarisse will receive a wedding present from me the day after she becomes Madame Denancour."

"How nice of him," said Ursule. "What do you think it will be, Joe?"

"Perhaps the pig he promised Prudent," slyly insinuated Joe.

"O, Joe!"

The wedding was a very smart one. After the ceremony the bride and groom entered an open barouche drawn by a pair of white horses, driven by by a coachman in top boots and livery, with whip bedecked with bright ribbons. A retinue of friends followed in less pretentious rigs, and a round of the parish followed with much feasting and dancing wherever they stopped; the fiddler accompanied the party from the start. When the bride and groom reached home the following morning a courtly stranger met them at their threshold. "Madame and Monsieur Denancour, I presume," politely touching his hat.

"Yes," said Joe.

"I've a wedding present for you both from your friend Monsieur Jenesse," and the courtly gentleman smiled and handed each of them a bulky envelope.

Ursule quickly tore hers open. "The wretch!" was all she said as she handed the paper to Joe.

The courtly gentleman came to Joe's assistance. "It is the service of a writ at the instance of Praxade Jenesse in a suit for $40.00 damages against Ursule, wife of Joe Denancour, for the loss of her affections, the cost of a stove, and the value of a new suit of clothes," and here the courtly gentleman smiled again.

"Pshaw!" said Joe, "it were cheap to get rid of Monsieur Praxade at such a price."

G. M. Fairchild, Jr.

BELLAMY AND HOWELLS.

A Comparison and Some Remarks.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS has a most thoughtful article in the July *Harper's*, entitled "The Modern American Mood," in which he endeavours to explain the peculiar genius of the United States nation. Mr. Bellamy in his new book, "Equality," has some significant chapters dealing with the same subject. A comparison of the sentiments of these two great writers is decidedly interesting.

Mr. Howells points out that a signal change in the mood of his fellow-citizens has been effected since the "effulgent days following the close of the civil war." This new mood is marked by seriousness and thoughtfulness; while the old mood was distinguished by the quality of "vainglory." "The American who now goes exulting, and deriding and pitying through Europe, if there is such an American at all, is infinitely outnumbered by his compatriots, who are quite silent in making comparisons which may be in our favour, but which cannot flatter us when we consider our advantages."

He points out that "after once indulging a riotous exaltation that we had more millionaires than any other nation in the world, it is safe to say that our national pride no longer centres in them, nor even in their money. . . . . Our plutocracy cannot turn aristocracy on this soil. . . . . The time is past when it could be said that our best young men were tempted away from the arts and humanities by the greater allurements of money-making. On the threshold of a new century, the portal of the future, we see more clearly than ever that America is the home of work, of endeavour, of the busy effort in which man loses the heavy sense of self as he can in no pleasure, and tastes the happiness of doing something, making something, creating something. Our problem is how to keep the chance of this free to all; how to find work for all; how to render drones impossible, either rich drones or poor drones, voluntary or involuntary. We have been a little drunk with our prosperity; our luck had gone to our heads, perhaps; but we had not forgotten our duty, which is not the duty of people to prince, of class to class, but of man to man. . . . We intend the good of all; that is what we understand America to mean; and those forms (monarchy, aristocracy, autocracy) have been found by quite sufficient experiment never to be for the good of any. . . . If our literature at its best, and our art at its best, has a grace which is above all the American thing in literature and art, it is because the grace of the moral world, where our women rule, has imparted itself to the intellectual world where men work. When it shall touch the material world to something of its own fineness, and redeem the gross business world from the low ideals which govern it, then indeed we shall have the millennium in plain sight. The common man, with his rights and needs, is here forever."

Mr. Howells, it will thus be seen, is in a most complacent mood. He believes that the United States nation will work out its destiny in such a way as to make all its citizens men. He sees much in the present position to gratify, and much to be changed; but at present there is nothing very much to raise a row over. While he flatters the nation, he points out that progress is just as necessary in the future as it has been in the past.

When we turn to Mr. Bellamy's remarks, we find a man much less complacent, and a much more disgusted citizen of the country which is supposed to hate monarchy, aristocracy and plutocracy. Mr. Howells says

that America, which being translaetd means the United States, has solved the problem of inequality ; Mr. Bellamy says, "It is doubtful if there was ever a greater disparity between the conditions of different classes than you would find in a half hour's walk in Boston, New York, Chicago, or any other great city of America in the last quarter of the nineteenth century." Further, speaking as a man looking backward at the present era, he says, "There was more difference in the position of the rich and the poor man before the law than in any other respect. The rich were practically above the law, the poor under its wheels. . . . . Capital had practically monopolized all economic opportunities ; there was no opening in business enterprise for those without large capital save by some extraordinary fortune." The capitalists were the rulers of the country. The kings of olden times professed to govern for the welfare of their people, but the new kings did not even pretend to feel any responsibility for the welfare of their subjects.

Bellamy maintains that the government has enough to do to keep the peace. "The strife for wealth and the desperation of want kept in quenchless blaze a hell of greed and envy, fear, lust, hate, revenge and every foul passion of the pit. To keep this general frenzy in some restraint, so that the entire social system should not resolve itself into a general massacre, required an army of soldiers, police, judges and jailers, and endless law-making to settle the quarrels. Add to these elements of discord a horde of outcasts degraded and desperate, made enemies of society by their sufferings, and requiring to be kept in check, and you will readily admit there was enough for the people's government to do. . . . . The capitalists advanced the money necessary to procure the election of the office-seekers, on the understanding that when elected the latter should do what the capitalists wanted. . . . . The people who voted had little choice for whom they should vote. That question was determined by the political party organizations, which were beggars to the capitalists for pecuniary support. No man who was opposed to capitalist interests was permitted the opportunity as a candidate to appeal to the people. For a public official to support the people's interest as against that of the capitalist's would be a sure way of sacrificing his career. . . . Our politicians and office-holders, with few exceptions, were vassals and tools of the capitalists."

In an outburst of anger he caps the climax by designating republicanism as "the colossal sham of our pretended popular government"; a mere mask for plutocracy; and, in its susceptibility to corruption and plutocratic subversion, the worst kind of government possible.

Apparently Mr. Howells is exceedingly well satisfied with the present position of social affairs in his country, though he admits that there are "low ideals" in its "gross business world." Mr. Bellamy, having a new scheme to boom, can see nothing noble in the systems of economics and of government that at present obtain in the United States. Perhaps the true thinker would be a man who is slightly less complacent than Mr. Howells, and slightly less desirous of economic revolution than Mr. Bellamy.

Both have lessons for the Canadian student of affairs. There is a tendency in Canada to give to him that hath, and to take away from him that hath not. A close study of Mr. Bellamy's idea of "economic equality" may lead Canadians to see more clearly the danger of large financial accumulations, of corporations and of monopolies, and may lead to legislation more in the interests of the mass of the people. The number of private bills which pass through the federal parliament and the provincial legislatures each year is enormous, and every one bears with it some special privilege. In the business world combination on the part of capitalists is a recognized expedient with which to obtain some special advantage, either with or without the aid of legislation. Whe-

ther this combination is expedient and beneficial, or whether it should be carefully regulated and kept within bounds, is one of our greatest problems.

Mr. Howells and Mr. Bellamy both touch on the form of government, and have to some extent opposite ideas of the value of a democratic republic; (for Mr. Howells admits that there are monarchical republics in England, Italy, Sweden, Belgium and Holland.) Mr. Howells is quite confident that the United States' form of government is the only proper one, and the only possible one for this continent. If this is so, and a few Canadians agree with him, then it would be well for us to study it thoroughly. Mr. Bellamy condemns it out and out, not theoretically, but in its practical working as exhibited in the country of which he is a citizen. He seems to believe that democratic republicanism will be worked out successfully only in a country where one man cannot buy the votes of a hundred others; that is, in a country where credits cannot be transferred. If the financial men thus control the United States government—and few will deny it—then it behooves Canadians to so direct their legislation and their economic system that this danger may be avoided.

Canada seems to be entering upon a golden age of development, and it is necessary for her thinkers and her legislators to see that the benefits shall be distributed among the many and not among the few. The middle classes of the present are the backbone of our country, and all progress must be along the line of transforming and eliminating the classes which lie above and below. If our present and future prosperity leads only to a growth in the number of our millionaires, our trusts and our monopolies, then it will do little to elevate the masses and we shall soon be face to face with a state of affairs similar to that which is to-day worrying the leading men of the United States. If men learn to become members of our legislative bodies in order that they may secure special privileges for their friends and fat berths for themselves, then we cannot expect legislation which will do the greatest good to the greatest number.

John A. Cooper.

A PROPHECY.

THOU shalt walk the earth by the radiant light
Of high desire:
In thy soul shall burn, unquenched and bright,
A holy fire.

From the thing that is false, or low, or base,
Thou shalt turn aside:
Thou shalt spurn the power of gold, or of place,
With a noble pride.

Towards the lofty heights where the Truth holds state
Thou shalt aye aspire;
Till thou com'st at last to the Golden Gate,
And the deathless choir.

Lee Wyndham.

THE NOVELS OF BALZAC.

AN English publisher, to whom we are already indebted for an altogether delightful little edition of Shakespeare (The Temple), as well as of the British Dramatists, and British Classics, has increased our gratitude by the recent publication of an excellent edition in English of Honoré de Balzac's "La Comédie Humaine."* The volumes have appeared at short intervals during the past year, and, if I am not mistaken, we have not yet received the entire series.

Until one looks over a list of the books composing "The Human Comedy," one can have no adequate conception of the immensity of the task undertaken by Balzac, or of the enormous field covered. The best known edition of the original text comprises fifty-five volumes, divided into "Scènes de la Vie Privée," "Scènes de la Vie de Province," "Scènes de la Vie Parisienne," "Scènes de la Vie Politique," "Scènes de la Vie Militaire," "Scènes de la Vie de Campagne," "Études Philosophiques," "Études Analytiques," "Contes Drolatiques," "Théâtre," and "Œuvres de Jeunesse."

In the present translation this arrangement has been pretty closely followed, though not absolutely. It has, apparently, not been attempted to issue the separate volumes in the original order, as the introductory volume contains "The Wild Ass's Skin," a portion of "Études Philosophiques" in the original; and the succeeding volumes have appeared with equal disregard of the order followed in the French edition.

In the first volume is included a General Introduction to the entire series. The whole is under the editorship of Mr. George Saintsbury, than whom no better man could be found to carry such a work to a successful issue. In critical insight, conscientious and impartial treatment, and breadth of knowledge and of view, he is a worthy successor to the greatest of all English critics, Mathew Arnold.

The translations have been done by several hands, but the bulk of the work has fallen to Miss Ellen Marriage. Her translations, though they might in some slight particulars be improved, are on the whole careful and accurate, and much superior to the English versions that we have had to be satisfied with in the past.

Although many volumes have been written on the subject of Balzac and his life's work, but a small proportion of these have been in English, and what there is, beyond Frederic Wedmore's valuable but too brief account, and perhaps one or two other books, lies scattered far and wide in the pages of magazines and journals. Consequently the following very brief sketch of Balzac and his novels may perhaps not be out of place.

What Charles Dickens has been to the English-speaking race, Honoré de Balzac has been to the French. In spite of many points of difference, notably Balzac's lack of that sense of humour so remarkably characteristic of Dickens, there is a striking similarity between the two great writers. Each was strongly imbued with the national spirit; Dickens a simple and typical Englishman, Balzac a simple and typical Frenchman. Each was a born novelist, gifted with the faculty of faithfully interpreting and reproducing for all time in the form of books the actual life of his country and period. Each possessed a keen analytical mind, a wide and varied knowledge of human nature in its varying moods and manners, as the result of strong and ac-

* "Comédie Humaine," edited by George Saintsbury; translated by Ellen Marriage, and others: "The Wild Ass's Skin," "The Chouans," "At the Sign of the Cat and Racket," "The Country Doctor," "Eugénie Grandet," "The Quest of the Absolute," "Ursule Mirouet," "Old Goriot," "The Unknown Masterpiece," "César Birotteau," "Louis Lambert," etc., etc. Published by J. M. Dent, London, and the Macmillan Company, New York.

curate powers of observation, and a habit, either natural or acquired, of minute and conscientious workmanship.

Balzac was born in the town of Tours, on Saint Honoré's Day, May 16th, 1799. He came a little too late to witness the fury of the great revolution in his country. The house in which he first saw the light, No. 39 Rue Royale, still stands almost unchanged, after the lapse of nearly a century, bearing silent witness to the lasting qualities of old-time architecture.

His father had been an advocate under the old government of Louis Sixteenth. Afterwards, and for some time before Honoré's birth, he had been the fortunate occupant of an important office in the Commissariat Department of the Army. He is spoken of as being of a genial and affectionate disposition, but of no particular ability. His mother, who was much younger than her husband, was of a rather domineering nature, but possessed "a rare vivacity of imagination and mind."

Honoré was the eldest of a family of four, consisting, besides himself, of a brother and two sisters. The brother was a good-for-nothing, and "went to the Colonies," as others have done before and since. The younger sister, Laurence, died early. The elder, Laure, (afterwards Madame Surville) became her brother's first and chief literary confidant. To her he carried all his youthful aspirations, his hopes and fears; and from her he received such warm and tactful sympathy as the affection of a sister and the appreciation of a kindred spirit could supply.

His education practically began at the age of seven, when he was sent to the College de Vendome. His career here was anything but a successful one. Every spare moment, and every minute that could be borrowed or stolen from study hours, was devoted to the eager reading—devouring one might properly call it in his case—of all kinds of books, but especially those of a mystical nature; and to long reveries. The inevitable result was that he was branded as a mere dreamer, who was simply wasting his time at school, and was sent home almost in disgrace, and in miserable health. His most unhappy life at this school he afterwards embodied in one of his novels, "Louis Lambert." Those who have read the book can picture to themselves the kind of existence he lived at that time. Years afterwards he speaks of a wonderful treatise which he had written while at school, on the Will, a "Theorie de la Volunte," which was intended to supplement and complete the works of Mesmer, Lavater, Gall and Bichat. His genuine sorrow over its loss (it was burned by one of the masters at the school) at a period when he was at the very height of his fame, and was publishing his masterpieces, makes one wonder what kind of precocious theorizing this treatise contained.

A few years were now spent in desultory study, and in long rambles in the country, absorbing the natural beauty of his native hills and valleys, and storing up in his wonderful mind a mass of information regarding animate and inanimate nature, to be developed in later years into a marvellous series of novels, or studies, powerful and realistic in the truest sense.

At the request of his father, who designed him for the practice of the law, he next attended lectures at the Sorbonne, in Paris, where the family had by this time removed. Here he heard Guizot, Villemain and Cousin, and became much impressed by their eloquence and logical methods. Incidentally he acquired a minute acquaintance with the tricks and chicanery of the law, afterwards turned to good account in his books. Without any desire to adopt this as his profession, he yet obtained in a short time a thorough knowledge of legal principles and practice. Indeed a story is told by his sister of a certain notary of her acquaintance, who gravely assured her that he kept "Cesar Birotteau" among his law books not by accident or for recreation, but, he protested, as a text-book, invaluable

for reference on any question of Bankruptcy. The anecdote is rather amusing under the circumstances, but we must take it with a very considerable grain of salt.

Although his parents at length yielded reluctantly to his strong desire to adopt literature as his profession, in preference to the law, they, or rather his mother, hoped by lodging him in a small garret, and allowing but a pittance for living expenses, to convince him that the paths of literature were thorny and unprofitable. With what success his future career showed. Here he spent ten long years, not altogether unhappily, in spite of physical discomforts and a perpetual fight against actual poverty. Here also he attained his first actual triumph in literature. He had made a brief excursion into the realm of verse, and another into that of the drama, but with little or no success. He now launched out into what was beyond all question his true vocation, novel-writing. The earlier attempts in this direction do not compare at all favourably with his later and more finished work, but they served to introduce him to the public, and give him that practice in composition which he chiefly needed. They are now comprised in the division of the Comédie Humaine known as "Œuvres de Jeunesse."

The first book which brought him any lasting fame was "Les Chouans," published in 1829. This was one of the few of his novels which might be called historical. In it may be traced the influence of one for whom he always expressed a great admiration, Sir Walter Scott. After this book came an exquisite tale of rural life, "La Maison de Chat-qui-pelote," now forming part of the section "Scènes de la Vie Privee." Following these appeared in rapid succession "Eugene Grandet," "Illusions Perdues," "Peau de Chagrin," "Le Médecin de Campagne," and a host of others. With "Le Père Goriot" he may perhaps be said to have reached the summit of his fame. It is too well known to require any detailed description. It has been called the "Lear of the Bourgeoisie."

Space will not permit me to touch, even briefly, upon Balzac's acquaintance with his famous contemporaries, Victor Hugo, De Stendhal, Theophile Gautier, Charles Nodier, Charles de Bernard; and among women-writers, Madame Emile de Girardin and Madame George Sand. His was a nature always susceptible to the gentle influences of women, and he was particularly fortunate in securing the warm friendship of such women as Madame de Berny, Madame Zulma Carraud, and Madame de Hanska. The latter became his wife. With her, after years of incessant literary toil, in the accomplishment of an almost superhuman task, he was permitted to spend a few months of perfect happiness. Finally, however, his overwrought constitution broke down, and he sank to rest on the 18th of August, 1850, in his beautiful home in the Rue Fortunée. Victor Hugo, for many years his warm friend, visited him on his death-bed, and went away deeply affected. He paid this splendid compliment to the genius of his departed friend, a notable tribute from France's chief poet to her chief novelist: "Europe is on the point of losing a truly great mind."

Lawrence J. Burpee.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE NEW EMPIRE.

MEMORIES, pictures, and journalistic and official records are all that remain of the great celebration having the London pageant of June 22nd for its centre, but being made up of smaller displays in all parts of the world. Throughout the British Empire especially there was universal rejoicing over the fact that for sixty years, under the guidance of a beloved Empress-Queen, the British people had made such progress as the world had not before seen. The purpose of it all was to lead the people of this Empire to think upon their own greatness, their own power for good or evil, for progress or regression, for civilization or barbarism. Above all it was intended to stir up the affections of the people in the distant parts of the Empire, so that the mother nation might have a chance to know whether or not she still retained the loyalty and good-will of those nations to which she has given laws and government and protection.

And what a stirring of that affection there has been! Canada is ten times as British to-day as she was a year ago. Her debt to the Mother Land has been clearly shown, as have been the advantages which she may yet reap by maintaining that connection. And the same must be true of the South African and Australian parts of the Empire—we must not call them colonies now. On the other hand, the attention of the people of the British Isles has been drawn in a greater degree to these distant parts of the Empire. The presence of colonial troops has shown what latent military strength lies in Canada, Cape Colony, and Australia. The presence of the colonial premiers has proven that the new generations arising abroad possess culture, grace, and mental strength which may be brought to bear on the general statesmanship to be employed in directing the affairs of this great combination of nations. Thus on both sides there has been a drawing together which has resulted in the real creation of the Empire.

No man can foretell the future of this new Empire, and no man can foresee what manner of government will control it hereafter. Canada has, by the adoption of preferential trade, set a ball rolling which may gather force enough to connect the whole Empire in one great Trade League. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has intimated that he desires to see Canada more thoroughly and practically represented at Westminster, and the other colonial representatives seem to be of the same mind. Five years ago the man who ventured to advocate such representation was counted a dreamer; yet to-day no one dares class the greatest statesman of Canada as such. The Jubilee celebration has broken down all the barriers, and the dreams of five

years ago are to-day practical suggestions. The statesmen of Great Britain would not five years ago have condescended to ask the colonies for either moral or financial support; to-day they are asking for both, knowing that if the request is granted, Great Britain will cease to be wholly controlled by the residents of the British Isles.

The new Empire will be based on this new general sentiment which has so suddenly been produced, but this sentiment must rest on material welfare and financial advantage. If this great combination of English-speaking nations can be made a financial and material success, there is no reason why the lost tribes should not return. The United States would find, perhaps, that their well-being, moral, intellectual and material, would be best promoted by a reunion of the Anglo-Saxon races. Such a union would be productive not only of great benefit to all concerned, but of the best interests of civilization, progress and development. Such a union would mean that Christianity and Liberty would rule the world.

RAILWAY STEALS.

According to the present tone of our best newspapers, there is a chance that Canada may soon cease to create a railroad aristocracy. Up to the present time too many of the rich men of Canada have become such by means of our railroad policy. There are men to-day who are rapidly amassing wealth by reason of their connection with railroad charters, railroad building and railroad bonding—not railroad running, for there is only strict business in that. In short, as has been said before in these columns, Canada's generous railroad policy has done but one great good, that of creating a number of exceedingly rich men. This policy has not developed the country, has not made circumstances better for the producer, has not enriched the community. What progress has been made, has been made in spite of this extravagant system of bonusing every individual who can find a piece of land on which to lay ties and rails.

The Toronto *Globe*—and no journal in Canada has devoted so much energy to elucidating this problem—says in its issue of July 10th: "*The system of granting public money to railway builders has led to abuses which may not yield to any treatment less heroic than a radical change in the railway policy of the Dominion.* . . . In the past the granting of railway charters has been almost as free as the incorporation of other companies, and public aid has been so liberal that the profits from building have been a more material object than the subsequent returns from operation. It is time for a thorough revision of this policy, to the end that useless and unprofitable railways may not be promoted for the sake of the public 'aid.'"

This is an exceedingly frank statement from a government organ, and Mr. Willison deserves the sympathy and commendation of all independent individuals for his continued pleas for honest government.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Kingston *Whig* (Liberal) writes in a similar vein. He says: "Then look at plundering roads of the class of Qu'-Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan. Western members say that railway was built for a song, with the aid of a Dominion land grant and a postal subsidy of $80,000 a year, and was then bonded in England for $3,800,000, or $16,000 a mile. It runs for the most part through an alkali plain. The charge is that in order to get all the land they could the promoters carried it by a circuitous route to Prince Albert, so circuitous indeed, that they have made the distance from Prince Albert to Winnipeg by rail 175 miles further than it need have been." After citing other incidents of similar plundering, the writer concludes: "It would be well, I repeat, to appoint a commission to look into all the companies that have received Federal subsidies, so that the honest men in the country may learn the truth. It is all very fine talking about the 'development of our great

THE INSOLENT TURK.

—*Mail and Empire.*

natural resources' and so on, but it is plain that under the subsidy system we are developing altogether too much talent for boodling and chartermongering, and acquiring an unenviable name abroad by our depredations upon others."

The frankness and honesty of these two Liberal organs, and of the Montreal *Witness*, reflects great credit on the Liberalism of this country, and if the party now in power can rise to the height of these sentiments it will earn the gratitude and votes of all those who earnestly desire honest and upright government.

However, the credit does not lie wholly with the Liberal Party, for the Opposition in the Senate, led by Sir Mackenzie Bowell, did a great deal to call public attention to our wasteful railway policy, when it refused to rush through the Drummond County Railway Bill. The graceful yielding of Sir Oliver Mowat to the request for a thorough enquiry made by Senators Bowell and Miller, showed clearly that "the Grand Old Man" from Ontario is on the side of honest and economical administration.

Both political parties require purifying, and it is gratifying to note that the best men of each party recognize this need.

FATHER AND SON.

A brilliant citizen is always admired, and if he gives his services to the State he is accounted a public benefactor. If he becomes one of the leading citizens of the country his name is engraven in brass and carved in stone, and his deeds are recorded in the annals of the nation. But amid all this praise and honour he will go down to his grave with the marks of discontent upon his brow if he leaves not behind him descendants who will worthily guard and honour the name he bore. Many a man who has done honour to the good name which he has inherited, or who has been successful in bringing a previously unknown patronymic into some prominence, finds that he has no sons worthy of the trust which, on his deathbed, or perhaps sooner, he must transfer to other hands. Sons he has, but, owing to physical, intellectual or moral weakness, none of them are capable of carrying on the work which the father must lay down.

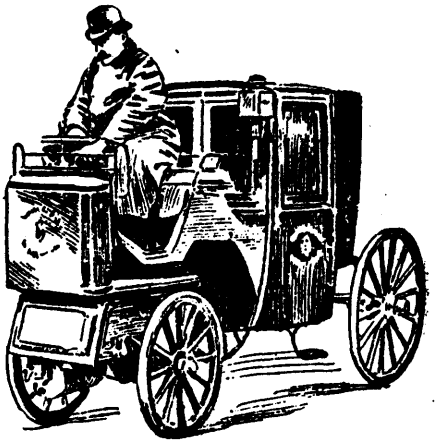
It is commonly believed, in this democratic country and age, that the children of rich parents cannot be raised and educated amid wealth so as to be as efficient men and women as the children who are raised under circumstances which make their lives one long fight for existence aud subsistence. The offspring of poor parents are made to labour at an early age, are thrown on their own resources, and soon learn the severe lessons of life. But there is no reason why the children of weathy parents should not be disciplined in a somewhat different way, yet with the same result. If they are taught to prac-

tise self-control and temperance, if they are filled with ambition and the knowledge that "life is not an empty dream," if they are fed with the proper ideas of what is heroic in mankind, they may become even more useful citizens, for they will possess more culture, more refinement than their less wealthy competitors.

Where a rich, progressive father has but prodigal sons it is usually the father's fault. He has allowed his pursuit of wealth and fame to engross all his time, attention and energy. He has neglected his children or has out of his great love for them given them "too good a time." He has not gone with them to the swimming-bath, the gymnasium or the library; he has not learned their difficulties and their perplexities; he has not, as only a father can, placed before them the ideals which should be theirs; he has not disciplined them and taught them self-control; in short, he has been their procreator but not their father. He has left his work to the modern schoolmaster and to the world—but he would not leave his business affairs in the hands of another.

The father who gives his son abundant leisure, perfect freedom to do as he pleases, and a plenteous supply of money, is committing a crime against the youth and against the commonwealth. If the son become a profligate, a gambler or a drunkard, his father has made him such. It is a terrible accusation to make; but to be the father of children is to be saddled with duties which may not be shirked.

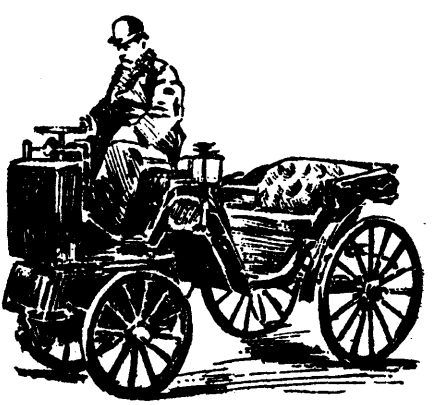
The education of our children is the great problem of this country's citizens, for Canada's future is in the hands of those children; therefore, unless we have a proper ideal of education, we cannot perform our duties as citizens. It is, perhaps, safe to state that not over five per cent. of the parents of Canada have any ideal of education. To many it means a few years in a public school, a few more at a high school and four years at a university. But all this is but a small part of real education; it may make the boy a true

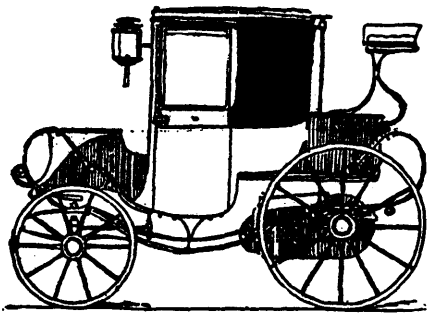


man, but if it does it is because the teachers and companions of the boy have furnished what the father has withheld. Education includes much that cannot be got from books. It includes teaching a boy to do, to will, to love, to think, to know. He must learn to take care of his body, to develop his spiritual and moral natures, to gain and use knowledge—and he cannot learn these things out of books. He may be a university graduate and still be uneducated.

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE.

When the safety bicycle with its pneumatic tires was introduced some six years ago the bicycle was generally thought to be a more or less useful and pleasant fad, but to-day it is re-

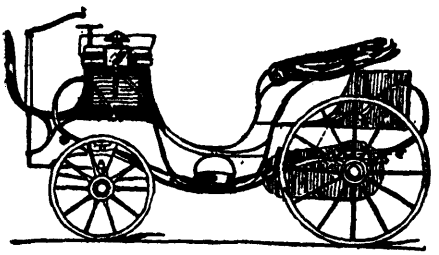




garded as a necessity by a very large number of people. It is ridden by both sexes and all ages, and even the deformed and the crippled find it useful. It was at first used by the middle and upper classes; now a good bicycle can be purchased anywhere from $30 to $90, and thus the poor man may afford it. The larger towns and cities are studded with bicycle liveries, and the street car and the horse-carriage have a strong competitor.

In New York to-day some ten or a dozen electric carriages are being used every day. This is the latest novelty, and those who should know predict that inside of ten years the cities of America will be full of horseless carriages. These vehicles are especially suitable for delivery waggons and for cab service. They are easily guided, quickly stopped and need but little attention. They require recharging every few hours, but as soon as a system of electrical stables is worked out for the large cities this difficulty will be overcome.

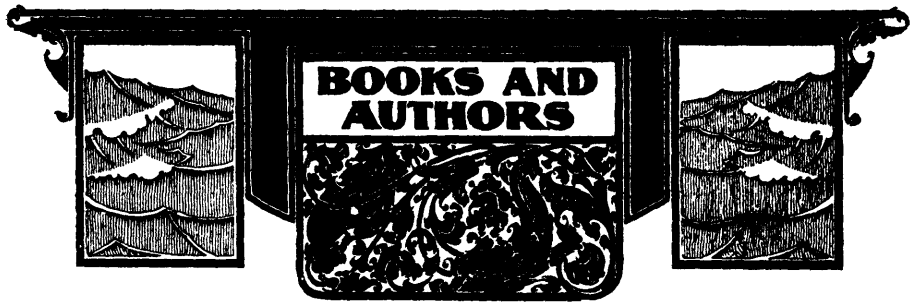
One of these modern conveyances has been running on the streets of Toronto during the past month, and Canadians are thus becoming familiar with the novelty. The manufacture of them in this country will soon commence. It is reported that one of the largest bicycle firms in the United States contemplates entering upon the manufacture of the new vehicle, recognizing, no doubt, that the day for large profits in bicycles has gone forever. A similar course here is quite probable.



A UNITED STATES VIEW OF THE COLONIES.

Harper's Weekly refers editorially to "The Jubilee and the Colonies" as follows:

"The greater colonies which Englishmen have established are no longer colonies, but in every essential sense but one they are independent nations. Notwithstanding the Governor-General, the colony governs itself, just as, notwithstanding the Queen, the English people at home govern themselves. Through their years of growth they have had the protection of the home country. Her splendid navy and her army have been at their service, and they have gone on asserting themselves and taking lands from inferior races, in the confident belief that if they got into difficulties, England would never enquire into the justice of their cause, but would defend them against all assaults. It is doubtful if in all material respects the mother-country has been repaid for the great cost of her colonies. It is enough, perhaps, that she has seen the English race spread over the earth and flourish, and the English tongue become dominant in every quarter of the globe. However that may be, she has nourished her colonies until they have become great states, and none knew better than the premiers of Canada and Australasia that their people and their lands are as truly independent of England as are the United States. It is because these colonies are great and self-governing nations, their growth having been fostered and hastened by reason of their relief from all cost of military establishments, which the mother-country has assumed, that it was well for England, and well for the English-speaking world, that an opportunity was given to them to manifest their loyalty. England deserves the loyalty of her colonies, and all the sacrifices on their part that her needs demand. From the demonstration of last week in London it may be assumed that England has her children behind her, and that they will do for her all that they have expected that she would do for them when the time came. That this is so is an added proof of the character and the worth of what we are wont to call the Anglo-Saxon race."



HE TRIED TO DO HIS DUTY.

THERE are some novels in which it is extremely difficult to find a flaw; yet they do not stir or stimulate the reader. They fail to enthuse. This is not the kind of story which Octave Thanet writes. His new book,* entitled "The Missionary Sheriff," contains six splendid stories, each describing a charming incident in the life of a plain man who tried to do his duty. Sheriff Wickliff lost his mother when he was a baby, and about the same time his father was killed in battle. But he had their pictures and the report of his father's captain that his parent had been "a good man, who could always be depended on to do his duty." That report was his guide through life, and whether he was a detective or a sheriff he tried to do good to his fellow man. He was sorry for those who were down in the world, and was always willing to lend a helping hand.

The author delineates this noble character in such a way that his manliness is most striking and stimulating, and tells his story with the power of the true raconteur. The women whom he introduces are cleverly drawn, and the common life of common people is pictured with a true appreciation of the drama which it displays. The stories are not of society life, but of the people.

OLIVE SCHREINER'S SERMON.

Olive Schreiner's "The Story of an African Farm" had a popularity which few books receive because it possessed force. It is just a question whether her new book † does not possess too much of this quality. Trooper Peter Halket, of Mashonaland, is free with black women, and does not value very highly the lives of the natives of Africa. Yet he is described as being more merciful than most of the soldiers and adventurers who have established European governments and control in South Africa. Being lost one night on an African plain, he is forced to spend the night on a koppje, a little hillock, and is there visited by the Man of Galilee. He points out to Peter the cruelty of this invasion of Africa by Europeans, and touches his heart. This conversation is the whole of the book. It is a bitter invective against the treatment now being accorded to the natives, and severely scores Rhodes and Barnato, and those who follow in their footsteps. It condemns the marauder and the speculator in a bold and vigorous manner such as is seldom found in books. One cannot help but feel, while appreciating the author's earnestness and vigour, that the picture is some-

* "The Missionary Sheriff," by Octave Thanet. Illustrated by A. B. Frost and Clifford Carleton. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cloth, 248 pages.

† "Trooper Peter Halket, of Mashonaland," by Olive Schreiner. Boston: Roberts Brothers; Toronto: Tyrrell's Bookshop. Cloth, $1 25.

what overdrawn. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged to be a powerful story masterfully told.

BELLAMY'S NEW BOOK.

To the thousands of Canadians who have read and re-read "Looking Backward," Bellamy's companion volume,* "Equality," will be most welcome. To those who have not read the first volume, the preface of this second volume, with its admirable digest of what was there covered, will be instructive. The basis of the whole of Bellamy's ideas and ideals is set forth in a paragraph on page 7:

"But, dear me, Julian, life itself and everything that meanwhile makes life worth living, from the satisfaction of the most primary physical needs to the gratification of the most refined tastes, all that belongs to the development of mind as well as body depend first, last and always on the manner in which the production and distribution of wealth is regulated."

He believes that to be happy a man must have enough wealth to satisfy all his reasonable wants, but no one must be overburdened and no one stinted. There must be simple *economic equality*. This is his text, and on it he bases his sermons.

A few headings of chapters will give an idea of what Mr. Bellamy treats in this most remarkable and interesting of recent economic books: Why the Revolution did not Come Earlier; A Twentieth Century Bank Parlour; Life the Basis of the Right of Property; How Inequality of Wealth Destroys Liberty; Private Capital Stolen from the Social Fund; The Revolution Saved Private Property from Monopoly; What the Revolution did for Women; Protection and Free Trade; What Universal Culture Means; Theatre-Going in the Twentieth Century. The contents of the whole volume are devoted simply to an explanation of the economic position of affairs in the United States as Mr. Bellamy thinks they should be worked out. It is lamentable that he believes a revolution necessary; evolution would be much better. But he is impatient of delay, although this impatience does not lessen the value of the Utopian picture which he so strongly delineates.

The book should have an enormous sale in Canada, as it is decidedly readable. The Canadian edition is exceedingly creditable to the publisher; the type being clear, the paper bright, and the cover chaste yet striking.

TWO NOVELS FROM HARPERS†

William Dean Howells' "The Landlord at Lion's Head" is now published in book form, with a number of excellent illustrations by W. T. Smedley. The Lion's Head is a mountain whose top resembles a sleeping lion, the head being especially distinct. The best view of this is from a farmhouse owned and occupied by a shiftless farmer named Durgin. A painter happens along, arranges for board, and commences to paint this freak of the New England hills, and this event starts the family into the summer-boarder business. The old man passes away, and Mrs. Durgin, a strong, energetic woman, comes to the fore. She, her son Jeff, and the artist Westover are the leading characters, although some others appear rather prominently. The progress of summer hotel keeping is noted side by side with Jeff's educational progress; and these finally combine to place him at Harvard. Here he has some sad experiences, due mainly to the fact that he is neutral in his moral feelings—neither very bad nor very good. The book is certainly a clever piece of work, although at times the work seems to be done too mechanically.

---

* "Equality," by Edward Bellamy. Toronto: George N. Morang, 63 Yonge Street. Cloth, 412 pp.

† "The Landlord at Lion's Head," by William Dean Howells (illustrated), and "Leonora of the Yawmish," by Francis Dana. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Somebody should, however, invite Mr. Howells over to Canada for a season. His Canuck is an under-sized tree-chopper; and his Canadian year is divided into three months summer and nine months winter. Mr. Howells is unjust. In Ontario last week the thermometer ranged during the day from 90° to 99° in the shade. Canada has eight months of weather which is very little different from that of New York, and Mr. Howells should know this.

Another volume, just issued by Harpers, is "Leonora of the Yawmish," by Francis Dana. It is also a tale of the mountains, but this time of the Pacific Coast elevations. The style of the author is free and easy like the life he is describing, and is always on the verge of the ludicrous. Mr. Dana apparently intends to create a style of his own, a free, careless, caustic, and see-the-joke style. Personally I cannot say that I care for it, but nevertheless I am quite prepared to hear that it "took." The tale is simply one of adventure, or rather a series of adventures, with the usual love-story thrown in to please the female reader—and the male reader.

TWO THESES.

A University professor remarked to the writer a few months ago that Canada had too many schools, too many pupils, but no scholars. Occasionally a young Canadian attains to the dignity of being termed a scholar. Two of these have recently published their theses. H. Rushton Fairclough, of Stanford University, California, has had published by Rowsell & Hutchison, Toronto, "The Attitude of the Greek Tragedians towards Nature," being his thesis accepted for the degree of Ph. D., by Johns Hopkins University; Arthur Beatty chose as his subject "Browning's Verse-Form: Its Organic Character," and Columbia University accepted his work. Canada's national publication is always pleased to notice the work which Canada's sons may accomplish abroad.

THE HISTORY OF PORT ROYAL.

"History of the County of Annapolis, including Old Port Royal and Acadia," by the late W. A. Calnek, edited and completed by A. W. Savary, is one of the most important and scholarly of recent Canadian historical publications.* When a resident of this country publishes a Life of Queen Victoria, of Mr. Gladstone, or Prince Bismarck, one may be quite sure that there is nothing original about it, and that it is simply a rehash, though possibly a good rehash, of what original workers have collected and published. When, however, a man publishes such a book as the one under consideration, one is inclined to consider it with reverence, to view it as the honest contribution of an intelligent and enterprising citizen. Mr. Calnek did not live to receive from Nova Scotia's sons the praise to which he was entitled for his labours, the finishing touches to which have been given by Judge Savary. The book is bulky, contains over six hundred pages and sixteen illustrations, and its style may be gathered from the opening paragraph:

> What memories cluster around the basin of old Port Royal! What visions of brave hearts and strong hands, of adventurous enterprise and religious zeal, of toil and hardship, and of alternate success and failure, rise before the mind at the mention of its name! It was beside its waters that the first permanent settlement was made by European immigrants in this great Canadian Dominion. Three years before a white man's hut had been built on the site of Quebec, a fort and village were to be found on its shores, and the problem of the cultivation of Acadian soil had been successfully solved by the production of both cereal and root crops. Its waters also received on their smiling bosom the first vessel built on the continent, and the first mill constructed in North America was built on a stream whose limpid waters found their way into its hill-surrounded and protected reservoir. Its shores, too, witnessed

* County of Annapolis, Nova Scotia—Calnek and Savary. Toronto: William Briggs; London, Eng.: Phillimore & Co., 36 Essex St., Strand.

the first conquest made by Christianity in the conversion of the brave and friendly old Indian Sachem, Memberton, and there also echoed the first notes of poetic song heard in British America—sung in honour of the founder of the French Dominion in the New World. Its shores formed, for more than a hundred years, the centre of civilization and progress in Acadia—a civilization that was to extend to the valleys of the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence; and its waters were reddened by the first blood shed in the long and fiercely contested struggle between France and England for the possession of the continent. . . . . .

A POETICAL ROMANCE.*

"John St. John and Anna Gray" is a poetical romance of old New Brunswick, by Margaret Gill Currie. Anna Gray was the child of a U. E. Loyalist who settled in New Brunswick. She had an honest lover named John St. John, but preferred to marry a dashing stranger, "Marmaduke, of Tempest Hall," who took her to England and subsequently, at his mother's instigation, put her in an insane asylum. Her friends in New Brunswick heard of this after many years and procured her release. So she returned to spend her last days in her old home, though many of the neighbours were dead, among them John St. John. Several poetic fragments are introduced in connection with a crazed but gentle young woman who tries to charm away Anna's sadness when in the asylum. The smooth flow of the versification is well maintained, but it seldom rises to noticeable beauty. Perhaps the finest lines are the following, which occur in a descriptive account of John St. John's death. They strike a true note in emphasizing the colour contrasts that form so distinct a beauty of our scenery. The reference to the dark appearance of pine trees at a distance is very good:

Blue as the sapphire of the heavenly pavements,
Glittered the cloudless sky of the winter morn,
White as the linen vestments of the ransomed,
Seemed the pure garb by hill and valley worn.

The woods of evergreen stood black and comely,
Cresting the little hills, the mountains' brow,
The spectral leaves of winter beach were tapping,
With every breath of wind, both trunk and bough.

—*Montreal Witness.*

TWO SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.†

Sir William Dawson has added another book to his long list of contributions to scientific literature. It is entitled "Relics of Primeval Life," and deals with the beginning of life in the dawn of geological time, the letter-press being supplemented by sixty-five illustrations. In this book the venerable author explains more fully and with more proof why he maintains that life existed in earliest geological period, and those who have been interested in his great discovery will be pleased to have this further and conclusive information.

Herbert Brown Ames is also a scientific student of strata, and the forms of life therein; but he studies the strata of society, and the habits and characteristics of individual humanity. His book, "The City Below the Hill," is a sociological study of a portion of the city of Montreal, and he deals with such subjects as Employment, Family Incomes and Workers' Wages, Homes of the Wage Earners, Comparative Rentals, Death Rate, etc. It is an exceedingly valuable and painstaking piece of original work, the charts being especially instructive and interesting.

Both these books merit more extended notice, which will be given later.

* John Saint John and Anna Gray, by Mrs. Margaret Gill Currie. Toronto: William Briggs.

† Relics of Primeval Life, by Sir J. William Dawson. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, $1.50. "The City Below the Hill," by Herbert Brown Ames, B.A. Montreal: Bishop Engraving and Printing Co.

A CANADIAN ROMANCE.

The novel of the next few months, as far as this country is concerned, will be "The Romance of a Jesuit Mission," by Mary Bourchier Sanford* (of Barrie, Ont.). It is a seventeenth century love story, the scenes being laid in the almost unknown regions in and about the Georgian Bay, where the Jesuits had established their missions among the doomed Hurons. From the moment that the story opens, to describe the mysterious arrival of the first white woman at the mission of Fort Sainte Marie, to the last little episode, there is always something to interest. Dorothy's tangled love-tale, her trials and her adventures, her buffets and struggles add romance to the wonderfully adventurous life led by those noble and self-sacrificing sons of the cross who, banished from society, civilization and kindred, lived, served, preached, prayed and died among the Redmen of the Canadian forests. But beyond the story is the admirable picture of the forts of the missionaries, the dwellings of the Indians, the troubles among the tribes, the conflicts, the converts and the other varying excitements of this backwoods life. It is a panoramic view of life in this country two hundred and fifty years ago.

The style of the author is gentle and pleasing, always forceful enough, however, by virtue of its quiet strength. Both the style and the language have a quiet dignity which would convince any reader that the author had learned the true art of writing through much experience—and yet it is this gifted lady's first bread cast upon the literary waters of her beloved country.

A RARE MANUSCRIPT.

There are in existence a few printed copies of an anonymous "Lettre D'un Habitant De Louisburg," containing a narrative by an eye-witness of the siege of that great Cape Breton fortress in 1745. George M. Wrong, M.A., professor of history in the University of Toronto, has taken the trouble to translate this and to publish† both the original and the translation in one volume.

* Romance of a Jesuit Mission, by M. Bourchier Sanford. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, illuminated cover, two-color title page, rough edges, 292 pp., $1.25.

† Louisburg in 1745. Prof. George M. Wrong. Toronto: Wm. Briggs, paper, 74 pp.

NATIONAL SPORT.

MR. GEO. W. ORTON, who has just taken the degree of Ph. D. at the University of Pennsylvania, is spending his holidays in training for the championship races that take place in the States in August. He will contribute an article to the September CANADIAN MAGAZINE on "Athletics in American Universities."

Mike O'Neill, of Ridgetown, claims the wrestling championship of Canada for having defeated Harrison. William H. Quinn, of Montreal, also claims the honour, and is anxious to meet O'Neill.

At the Sheepshead races which closed July 12th, the Seagram (Waterloo, Ont.) stables won four firsts and a third, netting $4,130.

Mitchell Bowling Club seem to be the champions of Ontario. They won the Walker Cup at the recent Dominion Bowling Tournament in Toronto.

The St. Lambert, Montreal, Boating Club held its annual regatta on July 10th, and fourteen races were decided. The Single Canoe open was won by A. De Repentigny, and the Men's Double Scull by Laing and Scott.

The *Avoca* (Duggan and Shearwood) seems to be the champion 20-footer of Montreal, and the *Viva* (Routh and Shearwood) the champion 15-footer.

The friends of the Canadian representatives in the Eastern Baseball League are jubilant over the Toronto team's continued wins. At the time of writing they have a firm hold on third place, and as in the series of eight games with Buffalo they won five, and in a similar series with Syracuse they won six, the hope that the pennant will come to Toronto is amply justified.

While negotiations were going on for the transference of the Wilkesbarre franchise to Montreal, the grand stand at Rochester was burnt down, and immediately the name of the Rochester team was changed to "Montreal." Although Canadians would like to see another

team from this side of the border in the league, it is doubtful whether the Rochester team, with the start at the bottom of the ladder, even if the strengthening that has been going on were continued, would draw paying crowds in Montreal.

Although the games in the Canadian Baseball League have been close and interesting, everything does not appear to be "lovely." One drawback is the absence of a fourth team, which seems to be necessary to create the desired enthusiasm. There were rumours a few weeks ago to the effect that the Guelph team would disband, but lately, after a little strengthening, it has been winning games and drawing larger crowds. It is to be hoped that the champions will stay in the race. At the present time London seems the likeliest team for the pennant, with Hamilton a close second. New players are being signed by the managers of all three teams, and the complexion of the race may soon be changed.

The Executive of the Canadian Wheelman's Association is to be congratulated on the success of the annual meet which was this year held at Chatham. The Chathamites opened their gates and brought in the crowds, while the racers did the entertaining. The races were all interesting, and in the amateur championships the competition was so keen that the Executive of the Association could scarcely decide whom to send as Canada's representative to Scotland at the National Meet, but they have finally decided that to C. W. Richardson of Toronto will be given the difficult task of competing with the fastest riders of the world. The championship races at Chatham resulted as follows :

PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

(1) Half mile—Won by Harley Davidson, Toronto ; T. B. McCarthy, Toronto, second.
(2) One mile—Won by Harley Davidson, Toronto ; T. B. McCarthy, Toronto, second.
(3) Five mile—Won by Angus McLeod, Brantford ; Chris. Greatrix, Toronto, second.
(4) Two mile tandem—Won by Harley Davidson and Angus McLeod ; T. B. McCarthy and Chris. Greatrix, second.

AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

(1) Half mile—Won by F. A. Moore, Toronto ; James Drury, Montreal, second.
(2) One mile—Won by R. E. Axton, Brantford ; Frank Moore, Toronto, second.
(3) Five mile—Won by G. W. Riddle, Winnipeg ; R. E. Axton, Brantford, second.
(4) Two mile tandem—Won by Robinson and Cousserat, Montreal ; McEachren and McGill, Toronto, second.

Everything in connection with the "Big Four" Lacrosse League is decidedly doubtful. Each of the clubs claims that its team is the best in the league, and those that are not recorded at the head are not there, in their own opinion, only through hard luck. The Capitals, however, have, if reports are true, and they surely must be when such determined action has been taken, had the hardest luck, and yet they have a tight hold on the coveted position. The Shamrocks seem to have the weakest team, but still it has never been beaten badly, and their old prestige ought to be of value. The Cornwalls are this year putting on the field almost the same team that won so many games at the end of last season, and that lost the championship on account of poor condition in the first games. The Torontos in every game that they have played have scored the most number of games during the first part of the two hours, but poor condition, ignorance of one another's style of play at the beginning of the season, and a series of accidents in the last games have contributed to their losing sometimes to weak teams.

The people of Winnipeg, and indeed of all Canada, felt disappointed when they heard the news that the Winnipeg four were defeated in the semi-finals at Henley-on-Thames. It had been hoped by the admirers of the crew that the Canadian four would at least be in the finals. Now consolation must be sought in the direction in which the friends of the Argonauts obtained it when their crew were defeated in the semi-finals. It was claimed that the Argonauts gave the winning crew the hardest race they had, and the same result has again occurred as Winnipeg had a race with the winner, the New College crew having vanquished the Leanders in one race and being barely beaten in another. Canadians are assured that the Winnipeggers put up a stubborn fight, and that they have well earned the welcome home that is in store for them. If they could not win, no other crew in Canada could.

When the Canadian team of cricketers left to do battle with St. Louis and Chicago, it was hardly expected that the weakened eleven would make such a record in all departments of the game. Their bowling and fielding, however, won them every match, as the batting did not make as many runs as a national team should score. Below is a list of the matches played :

July 3 and 5, v. All Chicago—All Chicago, 39 and 139 ; Canadian eleven, 110 and 71 (for five wickets). Won by five wickets.

July 6, v. St. Louis—St. Louis 53 and 60 (for six wickets) ; Canadian eleven, 150. Won by 97 on the first innings.

July 8 and 9, v. The Wanderers—Wanderers, 105 and 124 ; Canadian eleven, 171 and 61 (for four wickets). Won by six wickets.

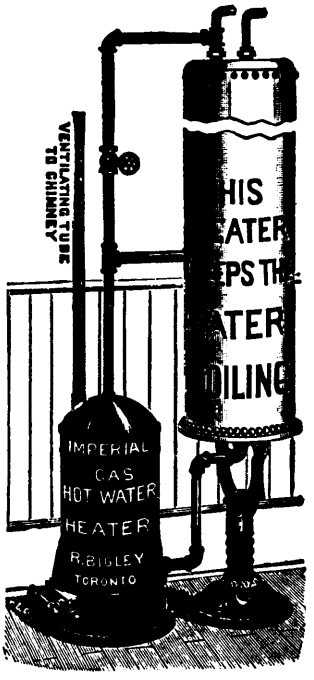
July 10, v. The Chicago Club—Canadian eleven *198 (for eight wickets) ; Chicago C. C., 86. Won by 112 runs.

*Innings declared closed.

Terry's batting and wicket-keeping, and the bowling of Lyon Mackenzie and Wadsworth were the chief features of the Canadians' play.

MISS FLIEHIE—"Miss Galley was the belle of the evening."
MISS CAUSTIC—"Yes, but nobody tried to ring her."

"Imperial" Gas Hot Water Heater



The accompanying cut shows how the heater is attached to a kitchen boiler. It also can be attached in connection with range or furnace to a kitchen boiler. It will boil sufficient water for a bath in 15 minutes, at an expense of less than ½ a cent. The heaters are strong and durable, being tested to 150 lbs. pressure. Manufactured in 3 sizes.

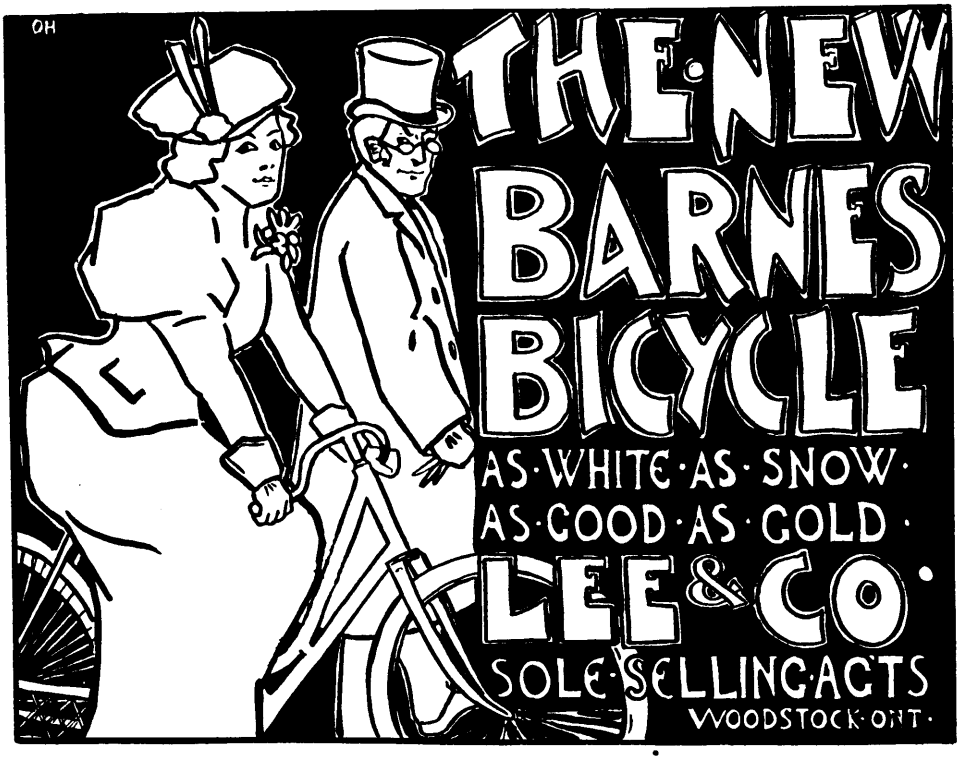
No. 0, $18. No. 1, $22. No. 2, $30.

Call and see them in operation, or send for Catalogue. . . . . .

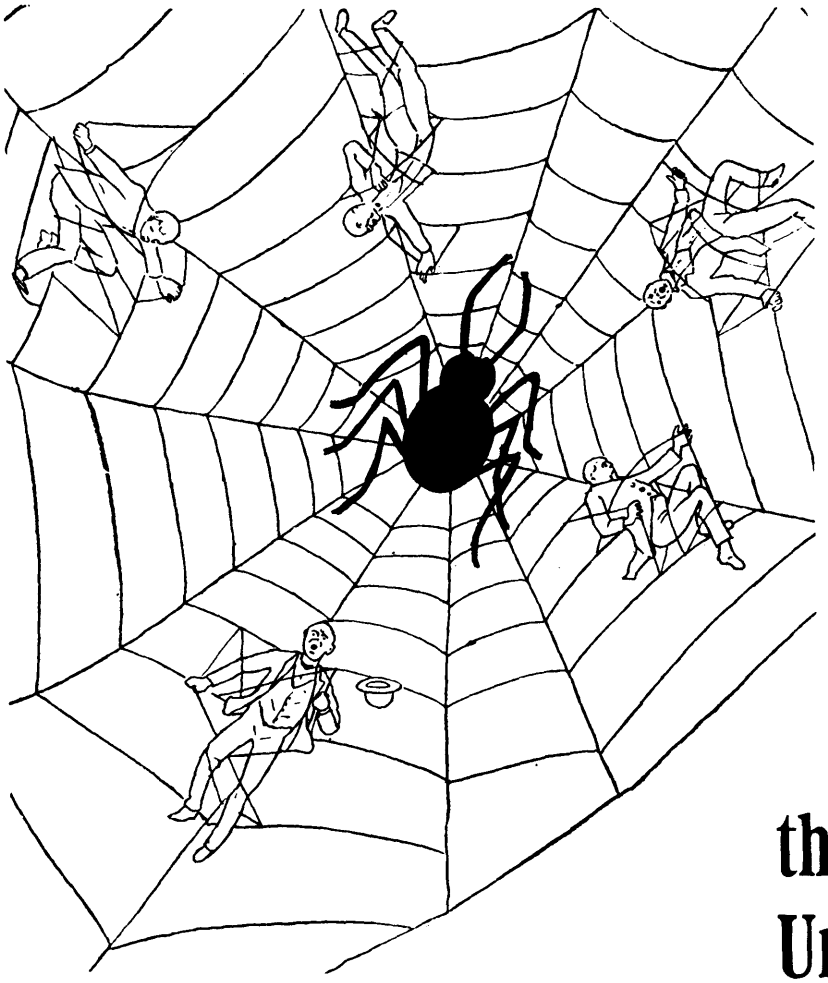
Manufactured by

R. BIGLEY,

96 to 98 QUEEN ST. EAST, - TORONTO, ONT.



SHE—"Does your brother play the violin?"
HE—"Well, I would not like to say that he plays, but I often hear him fiddling with it."



Don't Get Mixed Up in the Web of Uncertainty

by experimenting with advertising mediums. There is only one channel through which you can directly and economically reach retail buyers and probable buyers, and that is through the MacLean Trade Publications. If you want to verify this statement, ask any of their advertisers. They are the best references. Fifty per cent. of them consider no other advertising medium necessary.

The retailers and general merchants of Canada subscribe for and read these publications because they give direct information about the goods to buy, the way to handle them, the way to show them, the way to sell them, and all departments of retailing are discussed each issue. By using papers of such high standing, advertisers are sure of an entrance into all the best houses in every province. There's no uncertainty about it, as it is proved by unsolicited testimony.

(SEE OTHER SIDE)

JOHN BAYNE MacLEAN, President. HUGH C. MacLEAN, Treasurer.

MacLeans' Trade Newspapers

THE CANADIAN GROCER
The grocery and general store paper of Canada. The only exclusively grocery paper in the country.

HARDWARE AND METAL
The only paper in Canada circulating among hardware, paint and oil dealers, plumbers and steamfitters, mills, machinists, foundrymen and other manufacturers.

THE DRY GOODS REVIEW
Only paper in Canada devoted exclusively to dry goods, millinery, men's furnishings, hats, caps and clothing trades.

THE BOOKSELLER AND STATIONER
The official paper of the Booksellers' and Stationers' Association of Canada.

THE PRINTER AND PUBLISHER
Official organ of the Canadian Press Association and The Employing Printers' Association.

THE MILITARY GAZETTE
The military paper of Canada. The only paper having an extensive circulation among the gentlemen of Canada.

TORONTO and MONTREAL

Lehigh Valley Railroad System

THROUGH DRAWING-ROOM AND BUFFET

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE

BETWEEN

Toronto, Hamilton and New York via Niagara Falls.

Fastest Time Toronto to New York.

The new route between all CANADIAN POINTS and BUFFALO.

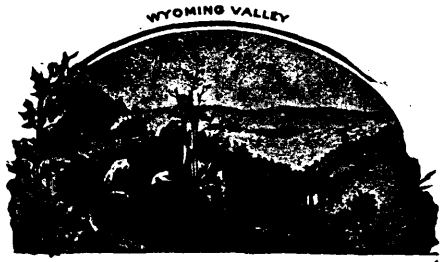
DIRECT LINE TO AND FROM

New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, via Niagara Falls and Buffalo,

AND

Toronto, all points in Canada and Chicago.

Solid Vestibule Trains through.
Dining Cars a la Carte attached to Day Express Trains.
Route of the **BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS.**
Handsomest trains in the world.



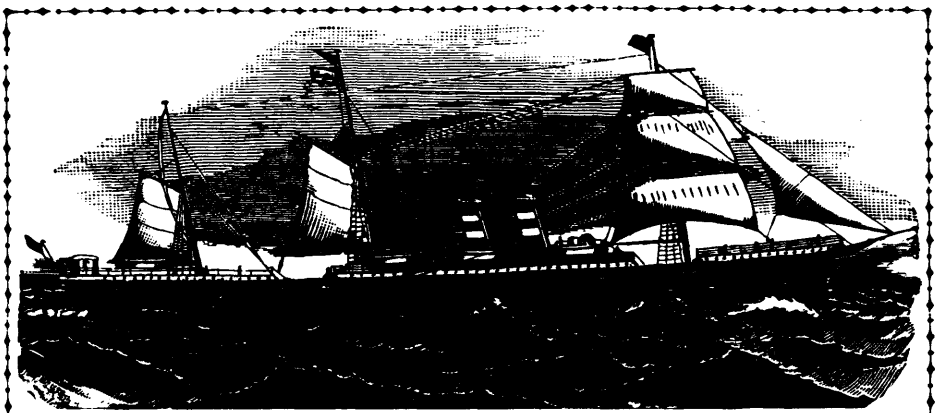
For Tickets, Time of Trains, etc., apply to Agents of Grand Trunk Railway System, or to

A. A. HEARD,
Western Passenger Agent,
223 Main St., BUFFALO.

CHAS. S. LEE,
General Passenger Agent,
PHILADELPHIA.

NEW YORK OFFICES—355 and 273 Broadway.

DEPOTS—Foot of West 23rd, Cortlandt or Desbrosses Sts.



BEAVER LINE STEAMERS

PROPOSED DEPARTURES.

From Liverpool.	STEAMERS.	From Montreal.
Sat., July 3	LAKE WINNIPEG	Wed., July 21
Tue., " 13	LAKE HURON	" " 28
Sat., " 17	LAKE ONTARIO	" Aug. 4
" " 24	LAKE SUPERIOR	" " 11
" Aug. 7	LAKE WINNIPEG	" " 25
" " 14	LAKE HURON	" Sept. 1
" " 21	LAKE ONTARIO	" " 8
" " 28	LAKE SUPERIOR	" " 15

SUMMER SERVICE.

From Liverpool.	STEAMERS.	From Montreal.
Sat., Sept. 11	LAKE WINNIPEG	Wed., Sept. 20
" " 18	LAKE HURON	" Oct. 6
" " 25	LAKE ONTARIO	" " 13
" Oct. 2	LAKE SUPERIOR	" " 20
" " 16	LAKE WINNIPEG	" Nov. 3
" " 23	LAKE HURON	" " 10
" " 30	LAKE ONTARIO	" " 17
Fri., Nov. 5	LAKE SUPERIOR	Sat., " 20

Steamers sail from Montreal at daybreak on the advertised date, passengers embarking evening previous, after 8 o'clock.

The above arrangement is subject to change, notice of which will be promptly given to agents, and passengers who may have been booked accordingly.

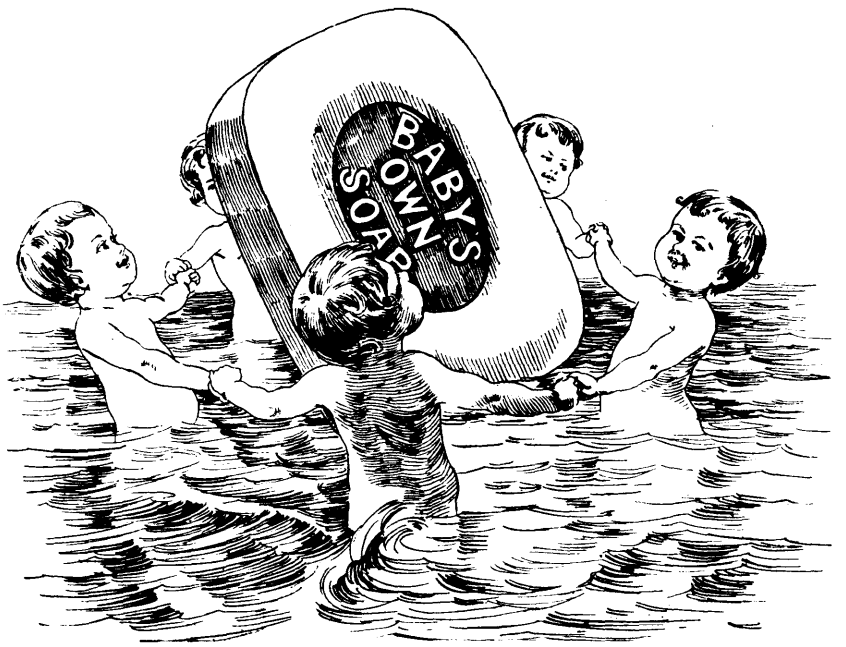
For further information, or to book passage, apply to any local agent, or

D. W. CAMPBELL, Manager, 18 Hospital St., MONTREAL.

AMBIGUOUS.

ARTIST—"I am trying to get the effect of mist."

CRITICAL FRIEND—"Well —— —— you have missed all right."



BABY'S OWN SOAP adds greatly to the pleasure of Baby's Bath. It leaves the skin soft, fresh and sweet-smelling, and helps to soothe irritations caused by the heat.

But be sure you get "BABY'S OWN" and not one of its many imitations, which are often dangerous to use on infants.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP Co., Mfrs., Montreal.

HUNTERSTON

THIS fine sanitary hotel, on the Netherwood Heights, overlooking Plainfield, New Jersey, erected at a cost of over $300,000, is designed to meet the needs of delicate people requiring a mild climate and uniform temperature.

Great numbers are so sensitive to damp and cold air that their lungs become irritated with the advent of autumn, and continue so as long as cold weather lasts. Persistent irritation of the breathing organs, sooner or later, produces lung disease, and must be prevented if we would avoid the perils of consumption. Thousands each winter try in vain to shield themselves from this danger by going South to a warmer climate, but past experienc has abundantly proved this to be but a delusive and temporary palliation of the evil. It neither strengthens the lungs nor remedies their morbid sensitiveness, from which all the danger arises.

No natural air exists, in any climate of the globe, which prevents consumption among its own people, or has power to effect the cure of any form of lung disease in those who seek it.

Hunterston affords a perfect winter home, in which those having delicate lungs and great susceptibility to colds can spend the autumn, winter and spring months with more **safety** and **benefit** than in any natural climate of the known world. It is a massive brick structure, having broad piazzas, large, airy rooms, high ceilings and perfect ventilation, and is maintained at a uniform temperature day and night throughout the entire seasons. Four chambers are provided for those having any bronchial or pulmonary trouble, by which soothing, healing and antiseptic medicated airs are breathed and brought into direct contact with the internal surfaces of the nose, throat, larynx, air tubes and air cells of the lungs by **inhalation.** Soothing the sensitive air passages arrests irritation and prevents inflammation, while the antiseptics in the air destroy all germ life.

Hunterston is an ideal home and perfect sanitary residence. It is under experienced hotel management, and is open to all who desire to avail themselves of it as a home.

In appointments it is the acme of comfort and conveniences, and provision is made for amusements, games, and every kind of health-giving exercise.

It affords a splendid view of the surrounding scenery, including the Orange Mountains, which are covered with forests and traversed by magnificent macadamized roads. Its situation is high; the climate dry and invigorating, and absolutely free from all malarial tendencies. It is supplied with the **purest** of crystal water from its own Artesian well, two hundred and eighty feet in depth.

The medical experts of the establishment will see that all sanitary requirements are maintained, but have nothing to do with the guests of the Hotel except as their services may be required.

Those who desire admission to Hunterston as patients will apply for examination to Dr. Robert Hunter, 117 West 45th Street, New York, or Dr. E. W. Hunter, Venetian Building, Chicago, Ill. Hotel guests desiring rooms as a sanitary residence will apply, personally or by letter, to W. Hunter Bremner, Manager, "Hunterston," Netherwood, N. J.

The cost of treatment, in lung cases, is $25 a month. No objectionable cases of any kind are received. Board and hotel charges are moderate, and governed by the rooms required. All the rooms are large and airy, and many of them have private baths and closets.

Hunterston is but 45 minutes from the foot of Liberty Street, New York, 90 minutes from Philadelphia, and 3 minutes from the Netherwood Station of the New Jersey Central Railway.

There are two kinds of Ranges the BEST and the REST. The **"Happy Thought"** Range, made by Buck's Stove Works, Brantford, has an assured position as the BEST. 50,000 users proclaim it so.

BUY THE BEST.

See your Dealer, or Write the Manufacturer.

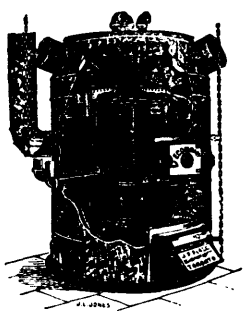
THE

"ECONOMY"

FURNACES AND HEATERS

Are made in many sizes and styles to suit all classes of buildings and to use all kinds of fuel. We make Hot Water Combination Heaters, Warm Air Furnaces and Steam Combination Heaters, also Wood Furnaces and Soft Coal Burners. Our Heaters are *built on honor and made to last.*

We know that we make the highest class of apparatus that ingenuity can construct or money will buy—the veritable "Gold Standard" in Heating Apparatus. We don't ask you to take our word for it—any manufacturer can do that—we simply ask you to investigate our claims, and we refer you to any of the thousands who are using our apparatus.



The "Economy" Hot Water Combination Heater.

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

J. F. Pease Furnace Co.

Heating and Ventilating Engineers,

189-193 Queen Street East, - TORONTO.

WIND ENGINES.

PAINTED OR GALVANIZED.

POWER AND PUMPING.

A Modern Luxury is a

CANADIAN STEEL AIRMOTOR

For Farm, Dairy, Irrigation, etc.

No complicated parts. Designed to give the greatest power, combined with strength and durability . . .

Steel Towers,
Halladay Mills,
Tanks,
Grinders,
Hydraulic Rams.

...Water Supply Material a Specialty...

Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co., Limited,
395 Spadina Ave, Toronto, Ont.

RYAN'S PATENT ADJUSTABLE HEAD REST

Can be attached to any ordinary chair, railroad car seat, or settee, is adjustable to any position which secures rest and comfort to the head, and can be detached and packed for travelling in one minute. Occupies but small space when boxed, and is light and durable, having no springs or ratchets to become worn from use. It is indispensable to professional men, and all who travel much on the cars. It has only to be seen to be appreciated. They are all made of the very best material, beautiful silver finish, maroon plush cushion, and are very ornamental as well as durable. Weight, complete, 15 ozs.

Price—$3.00, sent Freight Paid on receipt of price.

CANADIAN SPECIALTY CO., 38 Front St. E.
Dominion Agents, TORONTO, Ont.

RUPTURE.

The Dorenwend Truss has

CURED

hundreds of cases without a risky operation. Holding the hernia by two distinct motions, IN and UP, it is just as if you "had your fingers there." Something never accomplished by other Trusses. If you want a Truss that will cure you, this is your opportunity. Send $5 and full particulars of case and we will send our regular $8 Truss—guaranteed. Remember, this Truss is altogether different to others, both in construction and materials.

THE DORENWEND E. B. & T. CO.,
383 Queen Street West,
Book Free. **TORONTO.**

SAFETY APPLIANCE FOR WOMEN

Absolute Security. Convenient.
60c. by mail—Sealed.
DORENWEND APPLIANCE CO., TORONTO
(Mention this Paper).

CHAMPAGNE

G. H. Mumm & Co.

EXTRA DRY AND BRUT

The Choice of Connoisseurs

Highly recommended by the Medical Profession of London and Paris.

Over 70,000 cases consumed in United States in 1896.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY.

Consumption Can Be Cured.

(From The Golden Rule.)

"The fact has been established that the honored and distinguished chemist, T. A. Slocum, of New York City, has discovered a reliable and absolute cure for Consumption, and all bronchial, throat, lung and chest diseases, stubborn coughs, catarrhal affections, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh, and all conditions of wasting away; and to make its wonderful merits known, he will send THREE FREE BOTTLES (all different) of his newly discovered remedies to any afflicted reader of this magazine who will write for them.

"Already his 'new scientific system of medicine' has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases by its timely use, and it seems a necessary and humane duty, therefore, to bring such facts to the attention of all invalids, that they may be benefited thereby.

"He considers it his professional duty—a duty which he owes to suffering humanity—to donate his infallible cure to all afflicted.

"Chemistry and science are daily astonishing the world with new wonders. It is no longer safe to say that anything may not be achieved. The researches and experiments of this great chemist, patiently carried on for years, have culminated in results as beneficial to humanity as can be claimed for any modern genius or philosopher.

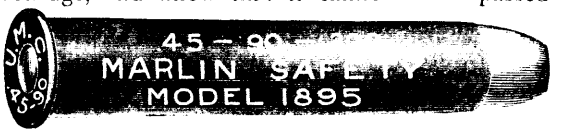
"The doctor has proved the dreaded consumption to be a curable disease beyond a doubt, in any climate, and has on file in his American and European laboratories, thousands of 'heart-felt letters of gratitude' from those benefited and cured in all parts of the world.

"The medical profession throughout America and Europe are nearly unanimous in the opinion that catarrhal affections and pulmonary troubles lead to consumption, and consumption, uninterrupted, means speedy and certain death. No one having, or threatened with any dangerous disease should hesitate a day. Simply write to the Canadian Laboratory, The T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., Limited, 186 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Canada, giving express and post-office address, and the free medicine will be promptly sent. Every sufferer should take advantage of this most liberal proposition."

When writing, please mention that you saw this offer in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

FOR BIG GAME

we can recommend the following rifles: **Our 30-30 Smokeless,** using our 30-calibre Smokeless cartridge, which is loaded with 32 grains of Military Smokeless Powder, giving an actual velocity of 2,000 feet per second. This cartridge is extremely accurate, showing targets which are not surpassed by the black powder target cartridges, while of course with a soft pointed bullet the tremendous energy developed by the velocity can be utilized. We believe that this is without a superior as a hunting cartridge, and know that it cannot be surpassed in accuracy. Our big calibres, namely, 40-65, 40-70, 40-82, 45-70 and 45-90 take these well-known cartridges, which for years have been used and are very popular all over the globe. We can recommend these rifles perfectly.



Then, too, in the Model 1893 we also have the good old 32-40 and 38-55 cartridges. These are too well known to need description.

All of these rifles have barrel and action of our Special Smokeless Steel, guaranteed to the highest requirements, giving more worth for the money than can be found in ordinary rifles for these cartridges.

Our new catalogue is a veritable encyclopaedia of information regarding ammunition, rifles and similar subjects. Free for the asking, but stamps are acceptable as they help to pay postage.

THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CONN., U.S.A.

These Competitions will be conducted monthly during 1897.

FIRST PRIZES—
10 Stearns' Bicycles EACH MONTH.

SECOND PRIZES—
25 Gold Watches EACH MONTH.

HOW TO OBTAIN THEM. Competitors to save as many "Sunlight" Soap Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper—that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called "Coupons") are to be sent enclosed with a sheet of paper on which the competitor has written his or her full name and address, and the number of coupons sent in, postage paid, to Messrs. Lever Bros. Ltd., 23 Scott St., Toronto, marked on the postal wrapper (top left hand corner) with the number of the district competitor lives in. The districts are as follows:

NAME OF DISTRICT.	
1	Western Ontario, consisting of Counties York, Simcoe and all Counties W. and S. of these.
2	Eastern Ontario, consisting of Counties Ontario, Muskoka and all Counties E. and N. of these.
3	Province of Quebec.
4	Province of New Brunswick.
5	Province of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

$1,625 Given Away EACH MONTH IN BICYCLES AND WATCHES FOR SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS.

The bicycles are the celebrated Stearns, manufactured by E. C. Stearns & Co., Syracuse, N. Y., and Toronto, Ont. Each wheel is guaranteed by the makers, and has complete attachments.

LEVER BROS., LTD.,
23 SCOTT STREET, TORONTO.

RULES. 1. **Every month during 1897,** in each of the five districts, prizes will be awarded as follows:

The two competitors who send in the largest numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gent's Stearns' Bicycle with complete attachments.

The five competitors who send in the next largest numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside, will each receive, at winner's option, a lady's or gent's Gold Watch, value $25.

2. The competition will close the last day of each month during 1897. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in dealer's stock will be disqualified. Employees of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., and their families are debarred from competing.

4. A printed list of winners in competitor's district will be forwarded to competitors 21 days after each competition closes.

5. Messrs. Lever Bros. Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Messrs. Lever Bros., Ltd., as final.

RADNOR *Empress of Table Waters.*

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injuriant.

Established 1780.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED,

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their **Breakfast Cocoa** is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their **Premium No. 1 Chocolate** is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their **German Sweet Chocolate** is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children.

Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine

Walter Baker & Co.'s

goods, made at

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

CANADIAN HOUSE,

6 Hospital Street, - - Montreal.

Genuine Fibre Chamois Interlining

gives the dressmaker unlimited latitude in which to make the most pleasing fashionable effects, supplies tone to the finish and shape to the form. It not only drapes and shapes the folds to the same perfection as they are pictured in the fashion plates, but keeps them in perfect shape, FREE FROM CREASES AND CRUSHING WHEN PACKED, SAT ON OR OTHERWISE CRUSHED, AND THOROUGHLY PROTECTS AND PRESERVES THE MATERIAL AT ALL TIMES UNDER ALL CONDITIONS.

Dressmakers who have had experience using all the different interlinings now use only **GENUINE FIBRE CHAMOIS** for all their skirts, puff, butterfly wing sleeves, interlinings, etc., and now enjoy the happy dream of peace and quietness, with the full knowledge that all garments which they have interlined with the **Genuine Fibre Chamois** can absolutely be depended on, and that all their labor, skill and material have not been ruined by some poor imitation which has been palmed off on them for the sake of the saving of a few cents.

Latest Parisian Skirt Pattern will be mailed free to Dressmakers sending their business cards to Selling Agents or to the Company.

THE CANADIAN FIBRE CHAMOIS COMPANY, Limited, - - Montreal.

TO TONE ENTIRE SYSTEM, BODY AND BRAIN, USE THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC

Endorsed by eminent Physicians everywhere — **VIN MARIANI** — Used in Hospitals and Religious Institutions

SENT GRATIS; 33 portraits, autographs, original sketches, of celebrities, selected from many thousands who testify to uniform excellence of "VIN MARIANI." Address.

"VIN MARIANI" is sold at Druggists and Fancy Grocers. Avoid Substitutions. L. A. WILSON & Co., Montreal, Que.

USE IVORY BAR SOAP

BRANTFORD SOAP WORKS CO., Ltd.

CONGRESSIONAL No. 28 ... NEW YORK

Samples of the leading numbers for all styles of writing sent on receipt of return postage in Canadian or United States stamps.

Established 1860

SPENCERIAN PEN CO. NEW YORK