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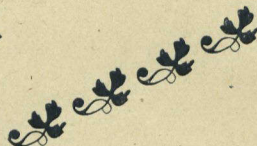
OUR MONTHLY
A Magazine
OF
CANADIAN
LITERATURE,
Science, AND Art.

MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

TORONTO,
CANADA.

MAY, 1896.

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OUR MONTHLY.

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Letters containing subscriptions or enclosures of value should be registered.

GEORGE MOFFAT, Editor and Publisher,
Manufacturers Life Insurance Company,
TORONTO, CANADA.

ARGUMENT.



OUR MONTHLY is an honest and earnest attempt to provide a home market for Canadian literary talent, if Canadian literary talent wants a home market.

Every line accepted for publication will be paid for at liberal rates (which will be increased in proportion to the success of the undertaking), but all contributions must be the work of Canadian writers (or by writers who are Canadian by adoption) and be upon Canadian subjects only.

A department which will be known as "KUTCHA-CHEEJE" will be allotted exclusively to contributions by amateur writers, and prizes will be offered from month to month, for stories, sketches, essays, poems, etc., by amateur writers CANADIAN BORN and no others. In addition to these prizes, all amateur contributions will be paid for, if they are worth publishing, even if I have to approximate their value by the ton or cord.

A purely Canadian literary Magazine has never been attempted in this country till now, and I know well the magnitude of the thankless, profitless task I have undertaken, but as Death remarked to Dr. Hornibrook, "Fowk maun dae something for their bread." The men who made Blackwood's *Maga*. the greatest magazine the world has ever seen, "cultivated literature upon a little oatmeal." It is the daily need of that condiment (with trimmings) which makes the editorial chores connected with OUR MONTHLY so charming to myself; with the possibility and probability of making OUR MONTHLY a Canadian "Maga" with the next number.

But all my friends, learned and unlearned, have told me that no Magazine upon the lines laid down for OUR MONTHLY can ever succeed in Canada; that the National Spirit, if ever there was one, is dead, or bedevilled by machine politics.

Let the politics be cast out.

A country is not made great by the blarney or astuteness of its politicians, the successful barter and exchange of its brokers, its manufactures, imports or exports, or by the prize turnips or bull-beef of its smiling homesteads, but by the deeds of its heroes, the blood of its martyrs, the songs of its singers and the literature of its writers.

The wayfaring man though a fool, cannot but be astonished at the enormous amount of literature consumed in this country, and what is it all about? Upon every subject under the sun but Canada! Let him take up a Canadian newspaper

ARGUMENT.

and he will find a greater portion of the news is foreign, and all the clippings are American. Let him take up any magazine published in this country, and if he can find a Canadian article therein, it got in by a fluke, forbecause there was no concurrent balderdash by Ian Maclaren or DuMaurier to apostrophise. Let him look for a Canadian story by a Canadian writer, and see how many he can find.

One of the best sonnets ever written in the English language, and one of the best novels, are both by Canadians. The sonnet cannot escape immortality, but if the novel had been written by a certain pawky Scotchman in half-broken English and worse grammar, it would have turned the heads of gods and men like unto Trilby.

Now I do not want to be misunderstood here. These allusions to present literary conditions are true, and are in striking contrast to the conditions existing in either America or England. I am not fool enough to think I can produce a Canadian Magazine which will drive every other out of Canada, but I am going to try and give to the public a Magazine ENTIRELY CANADIAN, which I hope and believe will be appreciated and encouraged as it deserves. The course I have marked out for OUR MONTHLY is a new one, it is outside the track of literary navigation, and will bump against no man's stonehooker. In a letter to Professor Goldwin Smith, I outlined my plans and requested his opinion thereon. He was good enough to reply as follows:—

THE GRANGE, TORONTO,

January 17th, 1896.

DEAR SIR,

You and your Company will render a service to this country if you can succeed in setting on foot a magazine which will reward native talent, and which will be really literary, keeping clear of political party and sectionalism of any kind. You are quite at liberty to cite my opinion to that effect.

To take part in your enterprise is beyond my powers. I labored long in successive undertakings, the object of which was to make Toronto a literary centre and afford Canadian pens remunerative employment at home. But the few days which remain to me are dedicated to other work.

Yours faithfully,

GEO. MOFFAT,

Editor "Our Monthly,"

Toronto.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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STEARNS

The Cycling Question

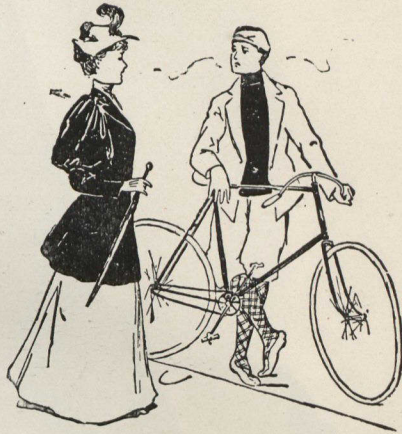
is not "Shall I ride a wheel?"
The value of cycling as a health-
ful exercise was long ago demon-
strated.

To-day the first question of
every convert is "Which wheel
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will prove.



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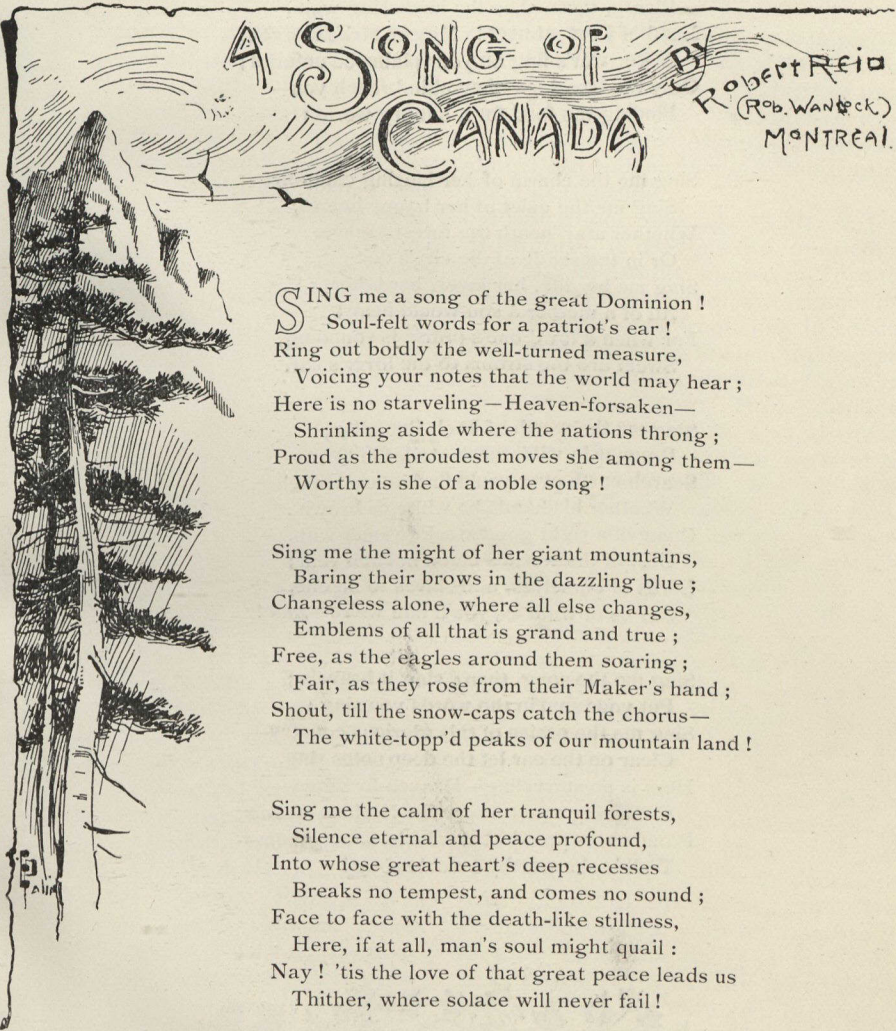
OUR MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Canadian Literature, Science and Art.

Vol. I.

MAY, 1896.

No. 1.



A SONG OF CANADA

By Robert Reid
(Rob. Wanket)
MONTREAL.

SING me a song of the great Dominion !
Soul-felt words for a patriot's ear !
Ring out boldly the well-turned measure,
Voicing your notes that the world may hear ;
Here is no starveling—Heaven-forsaken—
Shrinking aside where the nations throng ;
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—
Worthy is she of a noble song !

Sing me the might of her giant mountains,
Baring their brows in the dazzling blue ;
Changeless alone, where all else changes,
Emblems of all that is grand and true ;
Free, as the eagles around them soaring ;
Fair, as they rose from their Maker's hand ;
Shout, till the snow-caps catch the chorus—
The white-topp'd peaks of our mountain land !

Sing me the calm of her tranquil forests,
Silence eternal and peace profound,
Into whose great heart's deep recesses
Breaks no tempest, and comes no sound ;
Face to face with the death-like stillness,
Here, if at all, man's soul might quail :
Nay ! 'tis the love of that great peace leads us
Thither, where solace will never fail !

A SONG OF CANADA.

Sing me the pride of her stately rivers,
 Cleaving their way to the far-off sea ;
 Glory of strength in their deep-mouth'd music—
 Glory of mirth in their tameless glee.
 Hark ! 'tis the roar of the tumbling rapids ;
 Deep unto deep through the dead night calls :
 Truly, I hear but the voice of Freedom
 Shouting her name from her fortress walls !

Sing me the joy of her fertile prairies,
 League upon league of the golden grain ;
 Comfort, housed in the smiling homestead—
 Plenty, throned on the lumbering wain,
 Land of Contentment ! May no strife vex you,
 Never war's flag on your plains be unfurl'd ;
 Only the blessings of mankind reach you—
 Finding the food for a hungry world !

Sing me the charm of her blazing camp-fires ;
 Sing me the quiet of her happy homes,
 Whether afar 'neath the forest arches,
 Or in the shade of the city's domes ;
 Sing me her life, her loves, her labors ;
 All of a mother a son would hear ;
 For when a lov'd one's praise is sounding,
 Sweet are the strains to the lover's ear.

Sing me the worth of each Canadian,
 Roamer in wilderness—toiler in town—
 Search earth over you'll find none stauncher,
 Whether his hands be white or brown ;
 Come of a right good stock to start with,
 Best of the world's blood in each vein ;
 Lords of ourselves, and slaves to no one,
 For us or from us, you'll find we're—MEN !

Sing me the song, then ; sing it bravely ;
 Put your soul in the words you sing ;
 Sing me the praise of this glorious country—
 Clear on the ear let the deep notes ring.
 Here is no starveling—Heaven-forsaken—
 Crouching apart where the Nations throng ;
 Proud as the proudest moves she among them—
 Well is she worthy a noble song !





MUSICAL NOTES

BY Allan Douglas Brodie ...

MADAME STUTTAFORD.

The interesting career of a Prima Donna. A talented pupil of the famous Lablache. One of Toronto's most widely-known vocal teachers.

ONE of the most charming personalities in the artistic musical world of Toronto is Madame Stuttaford, who, for the past thirty years has taught the vocal art in this city, and achieved the rare distinction of having turned out more capable professional artists than any other single master in the country. This well-known and universally esteemed lady comes of a very musical family. Born on the 16th of May, 1834, in Russell Street, Brixton, London, England,—“within the sound of Bow-Bells”—Charlotte Pringle received her early musical education from her father, and it could not have been in better hands, for Mr. Alexander Pringle was one of the ablest musicians of his day. This gentleman, a son of Lieut.-Adjutant Alexander Pringle of Her Majesty's 82nd Regiment, showed a decided inclination for a musical career at a very early age, and eventually became organist of the Chapel of Ease, St. James' Church, London, of which the celebrated divine, Dr. Hussey, was Rector; and also conductor of the South London Philharmonic Society. The singer's brother, Mr. George Robert Grant Pringle, was organist of South Hackney Church, London, and afterwards of the Anglican Cathedral in Melbourne, Australia. Mr. George Pringle was named after an uncle, Captain James Robert Grant, R. N., who distinguished himself in action on several occasions, and once, in a skirmish with the enemy during the old Revolutionary War, lost both his eyes in a most remarkable manner. A ball entered one eye, and, after deflecting under the bridge of the nose, passed out through the other,

carrying away both organs completely, and Captain Grant lived for several years afterwards too. This most peculiar incident in the “fortunes of war” occurred on board Admiral Cochrane's ship, Lord Nelson being Admiral of the Fleet at the time.

Prior to her marriage to Mr. A. J. S. Stuttaford, a Devonshire gentleman, well and favorably known in Toronto, and an ardent patron of the art sublime, Miss Pringle sang frequently in concert and oratorio, taking the leading soprano parts in the *Messiah*, *Creation*, *Elijah* and *St. Paul*, at Exeter Hall, London; Manchester and Leeds, and also took part in the festivals given yearly at the last two places named. She enjoys the rare distinction of having sung *Elijah* at a Philharmonic concert in Exeter Hall under the baton of Mendelssohn himself. On this occasion she sang in the double quartette “For He shall give his angels charge over Thee,” and also in the *Terzetto*, “Lift thine eyes,” the other artists being the Misses Birch, and Martha Williams, Madame Sinton-Dolby, Mr. Lockie, and Mr. Henry Phillips. Here is an interesting little episode which occurred on this occasion. Mr. Surmon's (the conductor of the Philharmonic) office at Exeter Hall, and the hall itself were decked out with beautiful draperies, and Miss Pringle remarked, with reference to the same, “Is all this finery on account of Mendelssohn?” when she was rebuked with: “No, you silly girl, it is for the Queen, who is expected.” On another occasion, when she was engaged to sing with Sims Reeves at Richmond, under the patronage and presence of the Duke of Cambridge, Sims Reeves

did not put in an appearance. The Duke felt annoyed, and rose, stating that the tenor's absence he considered a slight to himself and party, and that in the future he would never patronize a concert in which Mr. Sims Reeves' name appeared on the programme.

Shortly after her marriage, Madame

the basso, and Messrs. J. W. Morgan, Richard Seymour, and Charles Sherwin. Farquharson-Smith, the brother of Sydney Smith, the pianist and composer, also sang occasionally at these concerts, while on special occasions were heard such famous artists as Jenny Lind, Patti, Nilsson, Sims Reeves



MADAME CHARLOTTE STUTTAFORD.

Stuttaford was engaged as Prima Donna Soprano at the Royal Surrey Gardens, where the famous composer and pianist, George Loder, was Director, and Herr Schallehn, Conductor of the orchestra. Here were associated with her Miss Susannah Cole, soprano; Mr. George Perren, tenore robusto; Mr. Bartleman,

and Madame Anna Zerr. Many who read this sketch will doubtless have heard of the erratic actions of Sims Reeves about this time. It was George Perren who stepped into the gap on such occasions, and he won great distinction in consequence. It is interesting to note that this gentleman



MISS LUCY ESCOTT.
Soprano—Lyster Opera Co.

first began seriously the study of the vocal art at the instance of Mr. Alexander Pringle, the prima donna's father, Mr. Perren having previously been engaged in a totally different branch of art, namely, painting.

Madame Stuttaford also appeared at Lady Don's Grand Morning Concerts at the Theatre Royal, where also sang Lady Don, herself a ballad singer of some note, Madame Caradini, and Mr. Farquharson-Smith. Our prima donna was again heard in conjunction with the South Hackney Choral Society, assisted by the London Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of Mr. George Pringle. Then again at the City Hall Saturday Evening Concerts in Glasgow, where she received the most flattering notices from the Scottish press, as she had already done from that of England.

Mr. Pringle, the elder, was a personal friend of Mons. Tolbeque, leader of the orchestra in Her Majesty's Opera House, and through his good offices the young singer was accepted as a pupil by Signor Louis Lablache, the famous singer and teacher, who was vocal master to Her Majesty Queen

Victoria. This was an honor which cannot be too highly estimated, as Lablache was rather exclusive, and had only a limited number of pupils.

In the year 1860, Madame Stuttaford and her husband sailed for Australia in the sailing vessel *Yorkshire*. Most of us can imagine what that meant. Simply a tedious ocean voyage occupying three months' time. But, in this case, the tediousness was somewhat relieved by the numerous concerts and other functions given *en voyage*, at which the prima donna was always to the fore, her fresh, ripe young voice rousing the passengers to a pitch of enthusiasm which rendered her one of the most popular persons in that little ocean world.

An interesting little incident is associated with Madame Stuttaford's first public appearance in Australia. A concert was given in Melbourne under the distinguished patronage of the Governor-General, Sir Henry Barkley, K.C.B., and Lady Barkley, and Major-General Sir Thos. Pratt. The prima donna's father called on Sir Thomas Pratt to ask him to subscribe his name as one of the patrons of the concert. Sir



GEORGE PERREN.
Tenor—Lyster Opera Co.



ROSALIE DURAND.

Contralto—Lyster Opera Co.

Thomas was courteous and civil, but remarked that as he was asked to so many functions of the kind, and his time being valuable, he was afraid he would have to refuse the request, and the old soldier bowed as an intimation that the interview was at an end. "Well, Sir Thomas," said Mr. Pringle, as he moved towards the door, "perhaps it may make no difference; but allow me to say that Madame Stuttaford's grandfather was Lieutenant and Adjutant Alexander Pringle of the 82nd Regiment, and a brother officer of yourself." "What!" exclaimed the soldier-Baronet, "Pringle, of the 82nd! Pringle of Ours! And Madame Stuttaford his granddaughter, did you say? And you, sir; who are you?"

"I am his son, Sir Thomas."

"My dear sir, pardon me. This, indeed, makes all the difference in the world. I am delighted to meet you, and will not only subscribe my name as a patron, but assure you that I shall make a point of being present at this concert, as will also Lady Pratt."

And he kept his word.

At this concert there appeared with Madame Stuttaford, Signor and Signora Bianchi, Miss Octavia Hamilton, Signor Grossi, Mr. Beaumont, and Mr. John Gregg, all artists of some note.

Madame Stuttaford's first important engagement in Australia was with the Poussard—Douay Concert Company.

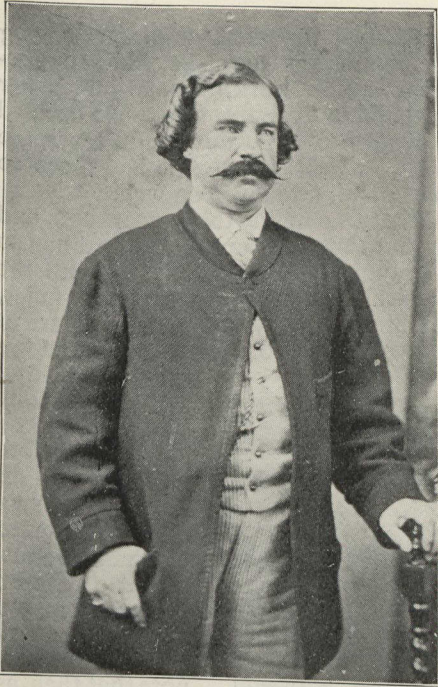
Mons. Poussard was a celebrated violinist at this time, while Mons. Douay was a 'cellist of some repute. The company travelled all over the continent, the tour lasting about six months. Then came a series of concert and oratorio engagements in Melbourne and vicinity, under the direction of Mr. George Pringle, the prima donna's brother. She took the principal soprano roles in the *Messiah*, *Creation*, *Elijah*, *St. Paul*, and other standard oratorios. It was at this time also that she took the title role in Henry Leslie's *Judith* under the same direction, and received the warmest plaudits from both press and public.

Then came a four years' engagement with the Bianchi Opera Company, the principal soloists of which were Mesdames Stuttaford and Bianchi, mezzo-soprani; Miss Emma Houson, contralto; Signor Bianchi, tenor; and Signor Grossi, basso. The company gave with well-merited success, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Il Trovatore*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Ernani*, *La Sonnambula*, and other standard works, the critics daily vying with each other in their enthusiasm over the young English prima donna,



HENRY SQUIRES.

Tenor—Lyster Opera Co.



FARQUHARSON-SMITH.
Basso—*Lyster Opera Co.*

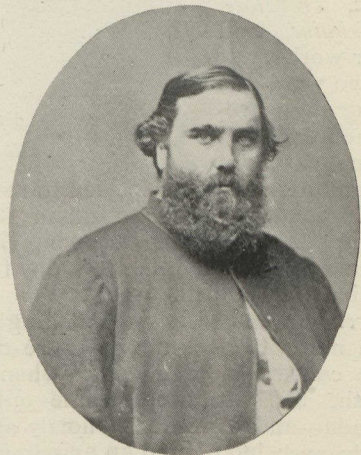
one paper declaring that never since the departure of Madame Anna Bishop had such audiences turned out to hear an operatic star.

It was in *La Sonnambula* that an interesting little incident occurred one night. It seems that Miss Emma Houson at times allowed her better nature to be overshadowed by the green-eyed monster. The object of her envy in this instance was Madame Stuttaford, who, on every occasion, was accorded the lion's share of public approval. Miss Houson was ably seconded in her kind regards for her rival by her brother who was conductor of the orchestra. Before leaving England, Signor Lablache had presented Madame Stuttaford with a transposed copy of the opera which was within the proper range of her voice in the upper register, namely high C, and had several little cadenzas in the finale written by Lablache himself. The original score called for E.

Every member of the company was aware of the change, including the conductor, of course. What was the con-

sternation of Madame Stuttaford and all the other artists—save Miss Houson—therefore, to hear the orchestra begin from the *original score*. Signor Bianchi's hands opened and closed in impotent fury as if in the act of throttling the gentleman who wielded the baton. He felt that this horrible *mistake* would cause his favorite soprano to break down, and what then?—disorder and ruin! For a moment Madame was stupefied—but only for a moment. A sudden determination seized her. She vowed to herself that she would go through with the trying ordeal, cost what it might. She would die first before she allowed herself to be thus humiliated. How she accomplished it she does not know to this day; but, as the last notes died away, tumultuous and deafening applause greeted her dazed senses, while flowers were showered on her thick and fast, until the trembling girl found herself in a perfect bower of roses. Escaping quickly to her dressing room, she threw herself upon a sofa and burst into tears, which brought Madame Bianchi to her side with caressing words of comfort, and congratulation on the result of her supreme and unlooked-for effort. Madame Stuttaford declares that this was the first and last time that she ever attempted to go beyond her legitimate range.

After the Bianchi tour was ended there came more concert and oratorio



CHARLES LYSTER.

engagements in which the young singer nightly added to the many laurels she had already garnered. Then she accepted an engagement with the Lyster Opera Company, who opened their season in Adelaide. In this company were Lucy Escott, a soprano already well and favorably known in England; Rosalie Durand, contralto; Henry Squires, tenor; Signor Borani and Farquharson-Smith, basses; Armes Beaumont, Fred. Lyster, J. E. Kitts, Mr. Labertouche, Mr. Sutcliff, Mr. Levison, Mr. Ramsden, Mr. Springhorn, Miss Ada King, and Miss Fanny Simonsen, and taken all together it was a notable organization. The company aroused much enthusiasm among the very best class of music lovers in the city, the work of Madame Stuttaford, especially, calling forth the warmest plaudits from her audiences. The company presented the *Bohemian Girl*, *Maritana*, *Lucia*, *Trovatore*, *L'Africaine*, and other works.

Two years the young singer remained with this company, then she and her husband decided to return to England, which they did in 1867, taking passage in the steamship *Great Britain* just seven years to a day from the time they landed.

Arriving safely in Merrie England once more, twelve months were filled with concert engagements, when, at length, Mr. Stuttaford came out to Canada—and Toronto. Shortly afterwards, on being offered an engagement with the Taylor Operatic Concert Company for a tour of America, Madame

Stuttaford accepted, and, on leaving the company at the close of her engagement in New York, at once joined her husband in Toronto, where she decided at length to settle down and teach the art in which she herself had been so successful, and loved so well.

That was nearly thirty years ago, and in that time Madame Stuttaford has so thoroughly identified herself with the musical world of Toronto, in her quiet, unobtrusive way, as to need no blare of trumpets to record her worth—that we

already know, and try to fully appreciate.

I have before me a record of the many successes achieved by Madame Stuttaford in Toronto in days gone by, and more recently, and I take note that then, as now, she was always to the fore in offering her services and those of her pupils to the noble cause of charity whenever a worthy object was brought to her notice. In the many concerts that were given in the old Music Hall, where the public library now stands, and else-



EMMA HOUSON.
Bianchi Opera Co.

where—some of which were under the auspices of the old Grand Trunk Battalion, and the Garrison—I notice the names of many local artists now almost forgotten, and others again whom we can never forget. There was Mr. Gaston Smith, a famous baritone, who was given a right royal send-off when he departed to reside in the United States; Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Hillary (afterwards Mrs. Grassick), Mr. Nelson, Colonel Hazzard, Mr. Stewart, Miss Scott, Mrs. Carter, Dr. Strathy, and many others.

Madame Stuttaford has had among her pupils the daughters of some of Toronto's best known and most highly respected families, including that of the late Lieutenant-Governor Crawford and many others of note. Several of her pupils have become eminently successful in the professional world, in both

was obliged to refuse many of them. It was in touching terms that this young lady thanked her former teacher for having been the means of her achieving such artistic success. Then there was Miss Mary Jardine-Thomson, whom we all remember as the leading spirit in many comic opera successes in Toronto.



MISS MARY JARDINE-THOMSON.

opera and concert. Among these I must mention Miss Brokovski, who some years ago wrote to her old teacher with reference to her good fortune in being appointed leading soloist in a prominent church in San Francisco at a salary of \$1,000 per annum and so many outside engagements that she

Miss Jardine-Thomson is now singing in opera in England and meeting, I hear, with much well-earned success. Miss Eveline Severs, daughter of Toronto's well-known Deputy-Sheriff, and Miss Lillie Scott will also be remembered. The former is with an American opera company, while the latter, now

Mrs. Brokovski, has retired from professional life. Miss Alice Burroughs, another talented pupil, is now soloist in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto. Mr. W. Harold Parr is singing the tenor roles in opera, while Mr. Fred. Baker still resides in Toronto, and is often heard on the stage and concert platform under worthy auspices. In May, 1889, the pupils of Madame Stuttaford gave successful presentations of *Maritana*, first at the Horticultural

and Musical Gardens in Toronto; Herbert is a medical student in Kansas City, while Arthur is also in business in Toronto. Her only daughter, Lottie, is now Mrs. Will H. Sells, of Buffalo.

Fresh of face, with her snow-white hair, Madame Stuttaford presents that aristocratic appearance and dignified bearing which we have seen in portraits of the ladies of a perhaps more chivalrous age—in the days of Maid Marian and Knight-Errantry. Her noble ap-



MISS EVELINE SEVERS.

tural Gardens and afterwards in the Grand Opera House, and since then portions of many of the standard grand operas have been given yearly before large and appreciative audiences. These yearly "Reunions" are regarded as red letter days by her many pupils, and serve to bring together those of the past and present in pleasant social intercourse.

Madame Stuttaford's family are all grown up now, and three of them married. Archie, the eldest son, is in busi-

ness in Toronto; Herbert is a medical student in Kansas City, while Arthur is also in business in Toronto. Her only daughter, Lottie, is now Mrs. Will H. Sells, of Buffalo. Fresh of face, with her snow-white hair, Madame Stuttaford presents that aristocratic appearance and dignified bearing which we have seen in portraits of the ladies of a perhaps more chivalrous age—in the days of Maid Marian and Knight-Errantry. Her noble appearance, combined with a gentle, whole-souled, generous-hearted nature—a nature that is not easily ruffled, she being one on whom the cares of life sit lightly—such is Madame Stuttaford as we know her to-day. Her pupils adore her, and others, like myself, can only endeavor to vie with them in wishing her many days of happiness and usefulness yet in that noble art which,

— "slight emblem of the bliss above,
— soothes the spirit all to love."

SENSE & NONSENSE



HAVE had to listen in silence to so much old-fashioned nonsense about the unwomanliness of the bold creature who ventures to ride a bicycle, that I'm going to say anything I like for the next ten minutes, and no one shall contradict me!" cried Mary, as she came into my room the other day, and subsided with an impatient little half laugh, half sigh, into an easy chair. "It's not very often you listen in silence, is it?" was my doubting commentary.

"Well, I did this time—had to. Old Uncle Bob is staying with us, and mother won't let me say a word to him in reply, for fear of offending him or hurting his feelings,—so I came in to ease my mind to you, for I'm really bursting with indignation! He's a dear old fellow, only so prejudiced."

"Do you know," she went on meditatively, after we had discussed her uncle's objectionable ideas, "I often think that if horses and bicycles had been invented at the same time, horses would not have been 'in it' with the wheel as a safe, genteel, and truly lady-like and refined way of getting over the ground." (She's a dear girl though a trifle slangy). "But you see the horse came first, and custom established its steaming back as a proper and seemly perch for my 'ladye faire'—and what custom has established is strongly built

and hard to displace from its pedestal in the human mind. People don't think a thing out sensibly for themselves, half of them accept things as they are, and think they must do as their fathers did—just because their fathers did it."

I nodded an understanding of her somewhat indefinite words.

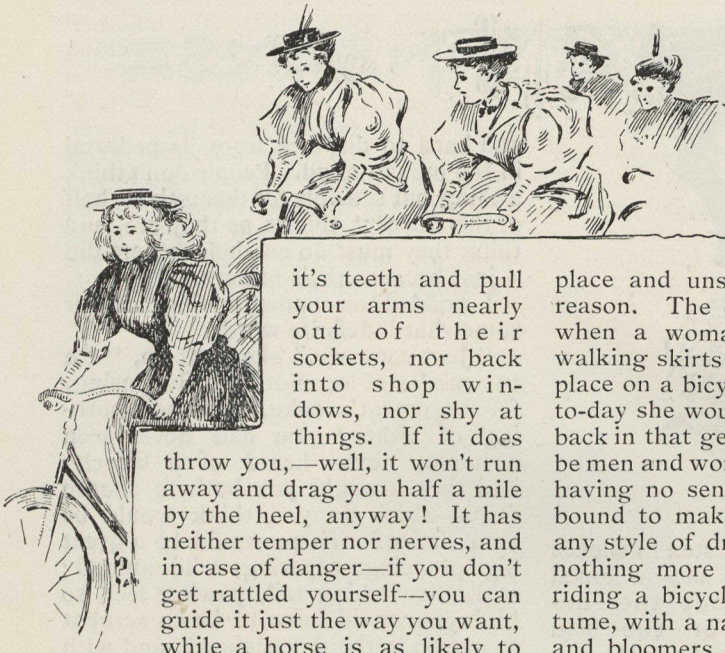
"Just compare," she went on, "the two modes of locomotion. Supposing, for argument's sake, you knew nothing of either; you had never seen a horse, never heard of a bicycle, and they brought you both to choose from—which do you think would be your choice? There would be a great big prancing, capering, wild animal; with a switching tail, pawing feet, so high you would have to be an acrobat to get on without assistance, and with an uncertain temper, and—ugh!—perspirey. Beside it a nice, quiet, clean, bicycle, of a convenient height for mounting, and which do you think you would like best? Besides, when you once learn to ride the wheel you know pretty much what the thing is going to do."

"Do you," said I, doubtfully, remembering some of my experiences, "but don't you fancy a horse seems to have a better grip on the ground, and a rather more even balance owing to its four legs—not so likely to tip over?"

She looked at me with contempt.

"A bicycle can't get the bit between





it's teeth and pull your arms nearly out of their sockets, nor back into shop windows, nor shy at things. If it does throw you,—well, it won't run away and drag you half a mile by the heel, anyway! It has neither temper nor nerves, and in case of danger—if you don't get rattled yourself—you can guide it just the way you want, while a horse is as likely to get frightened as you are."

"There's something in that," I admitted.

"And as for dress—what's to choose between a riding habit and an outing dress?"

"Ankles," I suggested, but she went right on.

"—and who ever saw a bicycle girl sporting a ridiculous high silk hat! But people are used to the idea of horseback riding, and the smoking palfrey, high hat, top boots and whip, are considered perfectly correct and womanly, for custom has established them. Fancy the brutal idea of a tender woman slashing at her tired steed to make him go! I think suitability is what should be considered first in dress, and what is more suitable than a neat short skirt for bicycle riding. To my mind a long full skirt that may tangle up in the wheel at any moment may be modest, but it certainly is not sensible. And why should the sight of a neatly covered ankle be more shocking than a bare wrist?"

And for my part I agree with a great deal she said. Certainly suitability is a great thing to consider in dress. Who is shocked at seeing a woman attired in a reasonable bathing suit—

provided she is going in for a swim, or wearing a low cut bodice at an evening party? No doubt either would be rather startling met on King Street. Why? Because it would be out of

place and unsuitable, that's the only reason. The day will probably come when a woman dressed in ordinary walking skirts will look as much out of place on a bicycle, in the public eye, as to-day she would if she rode on horseback in that get up. There always will be men and women here and there, who, having no sense of the becoming, are bound to make guys of themselves in any style of dress; but there is really nothing more modest and proper for riding a bicycle than the outing costume, with a narrow rather short skirt, and bloomers, and like the bicycle it has come to stay—despite 'Uncle Bobs.'

By the way, you know the men themselves have really driven us to adopting the bicycle. Time was, when you could arrange your walks or your shopping so that you nearly always happened to meet or be overtaken by some nice man who would walk down town or home with you, as the case might be. But now a poor girl sees them go whizzing by without time to lift their hats even half the time. And what is the good of looking sweet, and having a few little parcels to carry, if there is no one to bend down to hear what you are saying, and you have to carry the miserable stuff yourself! So the next thing she does is to coax father to get her a wheel.

Then the young married women see their husbands going off for a spin when they have an hour or two to spare, and it's the duty of a wife to be a companion, so presently you meet Darby and Joan mounted alike—and why not?

* * *

It was the evening of the municipal election day. The Deputy Returning Officer and the elderly man who had assisted him had returned from their

day's work, and, under the mellowing influence of a comfortable dinner, were deigning to answer the foolish questions of the young woman of the house, without showing too much disgust at the manifestations of her ignorance.

"And tell me, did any women vote in your division?" she asked, with interest.

"Women!" repeated the elderly man in outraged tones, before the other had time to more than look intelligent and swallow the mouthful of pudding that was taking up his attention at the time.

"Women! Yes, about fifteen of 'em, and an ugly, sour looking lot they were, too—ought to have been at home! No place for petticoats—no business there taking up our time!—Ah—!" and he relapsed into speechless indignation accompanied by disapproving shakes of the head, that clearly meant more feelings of resentment and conventional disgust towards the "advanced woman," than words could express.

The young woman tried to look properly meek, and as if nothing earthly could ever tempt her out to vote.

Feelings of gallantry and justice (the pudding had been very decently made, too), here prompted the younger man to remonstrate mildly with regard to the age and ugliness specified, and he was understood to remark that some of them "weren't half bad."

"All spinsters, poor things, I suppose?" she ventured after a moment.

"Oh no,—widows," laconically.

"But, what I mean is," with the air of one who wishes to thoroughly understand the matter, "even if a woman

has property she can't have a husband and a vote too, can she?"

"No. Not both living."

"We would probably be too blest. You have to draw the line somewhere, haven't you, and a vote is a sort of compensation for not having secured a voter, I suppose," she returned sweetly.

When the elderly man had left the room with the exasperated air of one upon whom the subject of conversation palls, she induced the D. R. O. to enlarge upon the sayings and doings of those of her sisters who had presented themselves in the light of intelligent voters.

"Were they really all old and ugly?"

"No, not at all. Of course some were, but others were comparatively young and quite good looking—one was really as handsome a girl as you'll find in the city. After she went out one of the scrutineers confided to me that he'd known her for years. She 'was the finest girl in Toronto,' and he would be proud to provide her with a good husband 'any day

she'd fix'—but I gathered that she was not encouraging."

"Poor fellow! Think of having the ballot box for a rival. Tell him to get the law altered so that she can keep her vote even though she acquires a husband, and perhaps she'll marry him."

"The worst thing about the women," he went on, "was the time they took up."

"Why, it couldn't take them long to mark their ballots!"

"Couldn't it, though! Some knew what to do and whom they wanted to



vote for, and were nearly as smart as an ordinary man, but others—Oh, my! We had two rooms, and they'd take their ballots and go into the inner room and stay there for half an hour at a time. You'd hear them walking around, going to the window to examine them, then back to the table—and the outer room all the time filling up with men in a hurry to get back to their business. Then perhaps the old girl would come out after all and ask me to explain how to mark the thing. I really lost patience with one lady. A man and she happened to come in about the same time, and in a misguided moment I politely suggested we'd take the lady first, so in she went. She stayed there fifteen minutes—thought she must be dead—and then came out with her ballot papers not folded. I said 'Fold your ballot, madam, I don't want to see who you voted for.' 'Oh, yes,' said she, and was making for the other place again. I thought she might never come out if I let her go back—and the men who had accumulated began to look dangerous—so I stopped her and said firmly, 'Madam, if you'll kindly fold that and let me put it in this box at once, you'll oblige about thirty men!' She thinks me the worst kind of a brute no doubt, but, by George, I was mad. Such a way to go on."

"Perhaps she had plenty of time to spare, herself, and didn't think of other people being in a hurry," suggested the young woman, gently.

"Hum, yes, probably," he agreed, with a meditative look, "I didn't think of that,—she might have brought her knitting and spent the afternoon."

"Now, don't be horrid!"

"Well, why couldn't she have sense to see that she was detaining others, she made me tired."

Afterwards she was telling me of the conversation, and we both concluded that it is not because women are incapable by nature that they lay themselves open to the unkind criticisms of unsympathetic returning officers. It is because going to vote is a recent experience to most of them. It is something new and interesting, quite an undertaking, a thing entirely out of the common in their lives. A woman

voting for the first time, either feels very foolish or very important, and is apt to imagine she is the centre of interest. She has thought of the event for days beforehand, and will refer to it in conversation with her friends for weeks afterward. I know I would! Most likely I'd feel, when I put on my outer garments and sallied forth to vote, that every one on the street knew where I was going, and that envious sisters were saying to one another in awed tones as I passed, "See that woman? *She has a vote.*" I can fancy my proud look and airy tread, and I have a certain amount of sympathy with the woman who lingers over the pleasant task, feeling as she does that it is the proof that she is lifted above the level of Indians, idiots, infants, and—married women, (I think that is the list of human beings who have very little weight on election day). I don't know if it is quite a compliment the men pay themselves by deciding that a woman who is foolish enough to be married has not sense enough to be allowed to vote—but they know best.

No doubt when the charm of novelty has worn off, a woman will record her vote in much the same business-like way a man who is accustomed to doing it, displays. Meantime, perhaps a hint to my sex regarding the light in which their so-called dawdling ways are viewed by the men, may not be amiss.

* * *

"Oh, I'm so tired!" said Mary with a sigh, as she returned just in time for luncheon the other day.

"Have you been walking down town and back? It's too far, you should ride one way at least."

"Walking down town!" she exclaimed in a tone of derision, "why after what I've seen this morning I'd be ashamed to admit that I couldn't walk from here to Hamilton and never feel it. I've been in the gymnasium of one of the clubs with Edith Bennet, watching the girls go through their exercises for the last two hours,—and every bone and muscle in my body aches just looking at the things they did. You needn't laugh, it's true!"

By and by she gave me a description

in her funny little way. Not very explicit nor connected, but amusing, with graphic touches.

"You know the lady associate members have the use of the gymnasium in the mornings, and an instructor teaches them to do all sorts of things just like the men. It's a lovely big room, bright and airy, and there are all varieties of things to jump over, and climb, and swing on—and they seem to do it as easily as possible.

Edith is like a monkey, she can hang on by any part of her body it seems to me—circus is nothing to it, I thought they'd kill themselves. Mother would have a fit, I know, if she saw me going through any such gymnastics. — And their funny short skirts and bloomers!

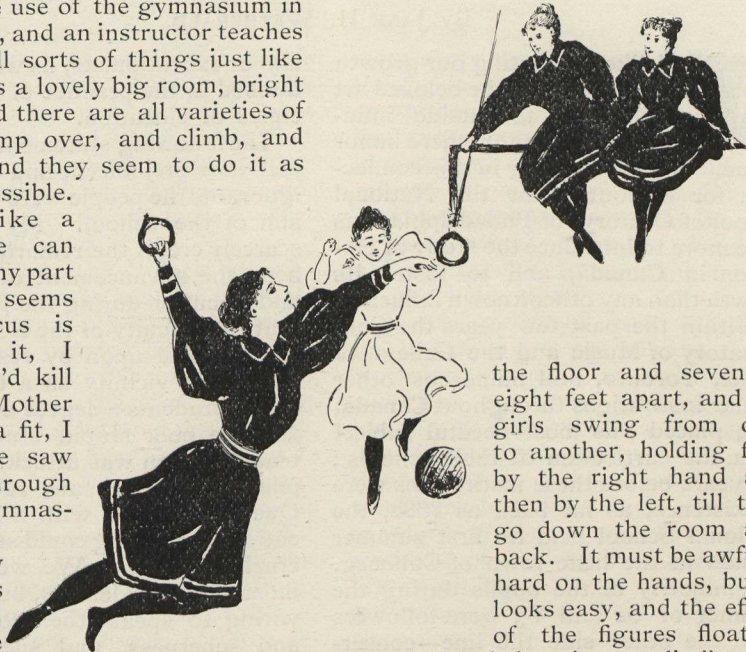
There was the most varied display of 'limbs' you ever saw; but one girl about eighteen was the most graceful creature you could conceive of. It was a pleasure to watch her, and really she could do any mortal thing—I believe she could have hung on to those rings by the hair of her head."

"Oh, Mary!"

"Well, what if I am exaggerating a little! I'm sure I don't need to, though, for they can do wonderful things. They went through exercises with chest machines, and sticks with knobs on the ends that he called

bar-bells; and twisted themselves, and bent themselves, and stretched themselves, till I thought they'd break something. But the prettiest thing

was their going to and fro on the travelling rings. The rings are hung from the roof about seven feet from



the floor and seven or eight feet apart, and the girls swing from one to another, holding first by the right hand and then by the left, till they go down the room and back. It must be awfully hard on the hands, but it looks easy, and the effect of the figures floating

through the air is quite angelic."

"I wonder if all this exercise is good for women," I said, "It's a great fad now-a-days."

"Oh, I suppose they gradually work up to it. Edith says she never was so well in her life as since she joined the class. But I nearly forgot to tell you what struck me most—it was the kicking. Do you know," and she lowered her voice to the properly impressive key, "those girls can kick over six feet high. Edith kicks six feet five herself, and they say that Bell Shaddon can touch the kicking plate at seven feet. You'll have to go down there some morning and see it all yourself."

But I don't think I will. I'll just take Mary's word for it all—as I'm not quite up to date, I don't know that I altogether approve of such violent exercise for women. Besides, I know Mary. She is apt to be carried away by her subject, and exaggerate somewhat. It may be that she has idealized things a trifle—I'll not put it to the test.

PROGRESS OF ELOCUTION IN CANADA.

BY JANE H. WETHERALD.



E dislike attributing our growth and progress in the beloved art of elocution to outside influences, but "honor where honor is due," is a trite saying in this connection, for without doubt the National School of Oratory, of Philadelphia, has done more to introduce the study of elocution in Canada, and to foster its growth than any other known influence.

Within the past few years the Conservatory of Music and the College of Music, Toronto, and numerous other similar institutions throughout Canada, have placed this most needful subject upon the curriculum of their schools; but years before these institutions were in existence, as far back as 1882, the National School held its first summer session in the little town of Cobourg. The majority of the pupils during the summer of '82 and '83 were followers from the other side the line—conservative Canadians, always suspicious of the new, even though it bear the guinea stamp, hardly daring to enter the classes.

The late Chancellor Nelles and family, of Victoria College, then situated in Cobourg, were firm friends of the school, which was held in the college building, and encouraged the students to join the classes. To this fact may be attributed the improved delivery of many ministers in our pulpits to-day, but to quote a well known hymn "Yet there is room" for improvement, how much room only those know who sit Sunday after Sunday under the untrained droppings of the sanctuary, and as the water-drop wears out the rock, so the monotonous, unnatural, sing-song delivery of the average member of the cloth, wears out the none too eager ear of the listener.

In 1883 and each successive summer since, the School of Oratory has held its session at Grimsby Park, Ontario. In '83 and '84 the writer was privileged to join the ranks with other elocution-

ists or executionists, as we were at once dubbed in the practice of the first principles of elocution.

The following statements go to prove just how prejudiced, and we might say ignorant, the people were regarding the aim of the school. My readers will scarcely credit the remark, so rapid has been the advancement of elocutionists and elocution during the past few years that the Faculty of the National School were looked upon by residents of the Park and vicinity as a crazy lot, the clever students a degree or two crazier, and the poor stupid students—whose true vocation was attacking the wood-pile with a bucksaw, rather than the Queen's English, with a voice no elocutionary training could smoothen—the craziest of all. We were not mad, most noble residents, but were endeavoring to speak the words of truth and soberness, and speak them in a way never before attempted by our uninitiated vocal organs.

'Tis a truth, hard to be understood, that it takes a vast amount of training before embryo elocutionists realize how little they really do know, and a vast deal more before they come to the conclusion that they know nothing at all about the subject. When this point is reached the heart of the professor waxeth glad, and the pupil feels prepared to sell himself and his books for less than the proverbial mess of pottage and take the first train for home. Wise teachers seize upon this crisis to give their first appreciated lesson, and the pupil regains confidence in himself and in his fellow-students to such an extent that he devotes himself humbly to overcoming his faults and kills the pet guttural frog in his throat with genuine fervor.

To give a tithe of our experience as students at Grimsby Park that first summer would be to fill a volume, but only a few incidents will we quote because they prove what erroneous ideas

individuals have of practice when applied to elocution. A pupil may strum away on the piano from early morn till dewy eve and she receives only encomiums for her faithful work, but let a pupil of elocution, in her own room, shut off from other occupants of the house, attempt to practice a simple selection, or a little imitative modulation in the imitation of the wind, bells, bugles or birds, and immediately footsteps sound in the hall, subdued titters and half-muffled tones are heard saying "Is she going to do any more? My! don't it sound crazy?"

At our hotel, the "Park House," roomed a very earnest student, one of the "don't-care-what-others-think" style; the hotel also boasted of a jolly Irish porter. One day Pat came rushing into the manager's office, with a white-scared face, and spluttered forth "Och, Mr. ——— would yez plaze go up to room 49 and, och, be takin' some remedies wid ye, for there's a man up there what's got the agonies dridful!" Poor deluded Pat; the unconscious cause of all the disturbance was simply practising the vowel sounds a, e, i, o, u, with the different degrees of force required by the teacher of voice culture.

Sequestered glades were much sought after by timid students in which to declaim, but even here they were not free from interruption, for the scared little native who had been sent to search for bovines, is seen to hurriedly run in the direction of his home screaming out his pitiful tale into his mother's ears. "Oh! there's wild people in the woods, and they've scared the cows away, and me too (shamefacedly), and I'm 'fraid to go back so I am!"

As the years passed, Canadian prejudice and conservatism melted in an earnest desire to "go and do likewise," and the fall and winter sessions of the school saw many Canadian students enrolled at Philadelphia, where true progress was made.

Plain elocution, minus such artistic adornments as Delsartean poses, Swedish movements, Grecian attitudes, etc., was the theme in those early days and we were well content to study voice culture, articulation, gesture, and vocal expression, the kingly four, with may-

hap a private lesson occasionally to those who could afford the luxury. Physical training, now known as physical culture (or *cuchaw*), was not neglected, for we had a complete set of free-hand gymnastics or calisthenics, which were vigorously practiced to the detriment of the uninitiated late-comer and the careless looker-on. *Free-hand* was an apt name certainly, to judge by the way those long wind-mill armed theologs wound their arms around themselves and everything else within reach. It was enough to scare away the grasshoppers, to say nothing of the danger of being brought to book for a breach of church discipline.

A true progress and enthusiasm marked these first years in the study of elocution, and many an awkward self-conscious pupil was given a glimpse into his real possibilities that encouraged him to more zealous work on his return home. Public school teachers went back to their schools determined to reform their own and their scholars methods of reading, and found, as a first result, greater ease in teaching and governing, because their vocal organs were completely under control. Bad habits of speech, such as a slipshod articulation, nasal tones and impure qualities of voice, were painstakingly dealt with, and in the main, overcome, while awkward gesture, incorrect standing and walking were made to disappear both by force of example and knowledge of the right way.

Years ago when elocutionists were as scarce as money when the collection plate is being passed around, those who did follow the profession must have been much given to stagey elocution, but one remove from the theatrical, for we find churches in Canada, even at this late day, loth to admit reciters at their entertainments, for fear of fostering in the people a love for the stage. The line of demarcation, however, between church and stage recitation is a plain one, and more strongly marked now than ever it was; it is the exception rather than the rule for elocutionists to go upon the stage. Would that we could boast an altogether pure profession and claim a high standard of purity for the beloved art, but we

cannot. There is a form of bastard elocution that should hold no place in legitimate delivery, we refer to the reciting of such selections as "Ostler Joe," and kindred ones written by George R. Sims. There is a vein of true tragedy running through the lines that allows them to be classed as elocutionary, but underneath there is such a strata of filth that no pure mind can listen without saying, "well, if that is elocution, may I be excused." A few years ago there was a great fad for musically accompanied reciting, but this, too, we consider false elocution. Surely the art of simple recitation is strong enough to stand on its own merits without resort to claptrap of any kind. The introduction of musical accompaniments caused the reciter to measure her sentences accordingly, thus all words musically accompanied had the same emphasis, and the result was "monotony," not a disagreeable form, but monotony just the same.

But a brighter era for elocution is dawning in Canada, and we view with pleasure the natural true work of the pupils of to-day. Perhaps the greatest progress has been made along the line of choice of selections, and rarely, if ever, are we called upon to listen while some tragic damsel tells us that "Curfew shall not ring to-night." The word curfew points the suggestion that if Ald. Bates had called the bell which he proposed ringing to shoo the children off the street at nine o'clock at night, by any other name (warning bell would do) the by-law would have been passed, but the word "curfew," on account of its historic associations with a recitation of that name, is more than mortal man, woman or child can tolerate.

Choice is now made of some of the master pieces of master minds, and advanced elocutionists refrain not from choosing selections from Victor Hugo, Thomas Carlyle, John Keats, Matthew Arnold and others of that standard stamp. This is a grand step forward, and cannot but result in great good to both speaker and hearer.

Comedy of course plays an important part in the elocutionist's repertoire, but there are numerous serio-comic

writers whose selections contain the pill of moral worth, sugar-coated with fun. Most audiences clamor for the comic, but the true reader who has pride in her art will not stoop to pander to this almost universal demand by giving nothing but comedy, but will judiciously arrange her programme so that the parts are equally balanced.

Agnes Knox Black has done more to raise the standard of elocution in the choice of selections than any one else in Canada to-day.

A short time ago it would have been folly to try and persuade a reader that there was food for popular platform work in the writings of the veteran Matthew Arnold, but Agnes Knox has solved the problem by reciting such, and holding her audiences breathlessly attentive.

Most of the institutions where the branch is taught, are waking up to the fact that elocution is a necessary study, not for a few picked pupils who have a gift for reciting, but for all, not with the thought of making readers of all, but covering the ground work in the practice of principle as an aid to position and finish in the pupil's after life.

The late Richard Lewis was an indefatigable worker in the cause of elocution and did self-sacrificing individual work for many years.

To show what is being accomplished by one school at least, and there are doubtless others in Canada doing equally good work, we need but call attention to the Toronto Conservatory School of Elocution, founded some eight years ago. Its gifted principals have been Miss Jessie Alexander, whose reputation is so well known as to need no comment, and Mr. S. H. Clark, now of the Chicago University, who did noble pioneer work in establishing the school. Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., the present principal, has enjoyed unusual advantages, having studied in Boston, New York, London and Paris. He also has had wide experience as a teacher, both on the other side and in Canada. He lectures on Elocution at Wycliffe College and Trinity University in addition to his arduous labors at the Conservatory. The method of instruction pur-

sued is that of the new school, the psychic. Pupils are encouraged to use the imagination to develop word pictures contained in a selection, and to hold these in the mind till they kindle emotion—which in conjunction with perfect technique of voice and body, will result in adequate and artistic expression.

Advance has also been made in the matter of programme plans, and specialists in certain lines arrange concert

“Bill Adams.” And here, we wish to protest against the introduction of foreign lies, as exemplified in the “Bill Adams” selection. Give Canadians a chance to do their own lying. We are not sluggish in this respect, if lying is necessary, let us have good honest Canadian lies, and no foreign monstrosities. We hope Jerome, R. J. Burdette and similar 1—prevaricators will take warning. We cannot place our pen finger on a single Canadian elocu-



H. N. SHAW, B. A.

Principal, School of Elocution, Conservatory of Music, Toronto.

tours with specialists in other phases of the elocutionary art. Such a combination is the Johnson-Smily attraction, where Miss E. Pauline Johnson recites tragic and descriptive selections and Mr. Owen A. Smily looks after the comedy and the ventriloquial parts in which he excels. An added interest attaches itself to these reciters, in that they compose their own recitations, except on rare occasions, when Mr. Smily so far forgets himself as to recite

tionist or lecturer who has a reputation along this line, but if occasion really requires we can wire to Ottawa for a politician who will more than fill the bill, and make up in his habit of twisting matter askew from the truth, what he lacks in elocutionary power.

The Johnson-Smily combination has been successful in bringing Canada and Canadian themes before American, and, (in the case of Miss Johnson), English audiences. For this it deserves high

praise. It is surprising the ignorance that still exists in the minds of many regarding Canada and her doings.

We as Canadians are grossly negligent of this phase of our country's interest. Did our friends across the line possess our fair Dominion, its praises would be sounded from the rivers to the ends of the earth, yet we who are heirs to this heritage sit stolidly by in sluggish indifference to the fact that we are inhabitants of the finest country the sun ever shone on.

The time is surely ripe for a change. The match of enthusiasm has but to be applied and this now little-known Canada would take her rightful place; no longer shuffling along with halting step and backward look, but with a clear knowledge of her own greatness and power, wake up to the fact that she is a great nation, and has done, and is doing, a great work.

It looks at present as though elocutionists were to be the chosen ones to give Canada the lift needed. Taking the cue from the Johnson-Smily combination, why not organize a first-class representative Canadian Concert Company? A company that would travel all over the continent of America, and with stereopticon lecture, song and story fill the hearts and minds of our patriotic brothers across the line with such a knowledge of our glorious country as would make their own to shrivel in contrast. The company would then go to the old land and open the good Queen's eyes to the fact that she had a child to be proud of, not one occasionally heard of when premiers die, and politicians squabble, but a child cultured in all the learning of the day, not stunted and dwarfed as she would suppose from the meagre knowledge received, but a well developed child, forging rapidly ahead to perfect womanhood.

Preparations for such a trip would necessitate extensive photographs of all parts of Canada, not simply dainty

bits of Muskoka scenery, but typical scenes from each Province. These views should be well prepared and carefully classified for the stereopticon lecturer. As to the choice of a man, our idea would be a good clear rapid talker, one who has distinct articulation, natural voice, good presence, possessed with a sense of humor and above all imbued with a patriotic Canadian spirit. We have the right man in our minds, but only there. If you have him in reality correspond with us.

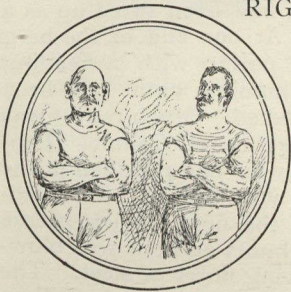
Two gentleman and two lady singers would be required, to give pleasing variety. These would sing songs of Canada; if they considered their repertoire a slim one, more Canadian songs could be added. This is meant for a broad hint to writers in Canada. The names of Mr. Fred Warrington and Mrs. Frank McKelcan or Miss Lilli Kleiser come to the mind in this connection as best fitted to sing of their country. An elocutionist, say Miss Jessie Alexander or Agnes Knox Black, would be needed to recite Canadian selections and either of these would do so with a fervor that would win even the stolid British heart. As Canada has as yet no funny man on the lecture platform, with a possible exception in Mr. Cameron, these reciters would be limited, but Mr. W. E. Ramsay or Mr. Jas. Fax would fill the comedy gap, the stipulation being that they would sing Canadian comic songs, they might have to write them themselves, but that would be good practice.

With such a company a tour could be arranged that would do more to make Canada known than any amount of writing and preaching. The singers and reciters could materially assist the stereopticon lecturer by illustrating the views in appropriate songs and recitations. The C. P. R. would doubtless arrange for free or much reduced rates for transportation when it was put before them that it meant the opening up of Canada as never before attempted.

THE PRIZE FIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

A FORECAST.

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK.



RIGINALLY both of the men were in glorious condition. The backers of the American champion were prepared to lay any amount on him; the

supporters of the English champion were willing to back their man to any extent. All that was needed was a place for the men to fight in.

But unfortunately the feeling against prize fighting had grown so strong that in spite of the colossal fortunes of such prominent sporting men as Phineas Hyphen, of Texas, and Colonel Æsophagus Long, of Kentucky, and in spite of the aristocratic family connection of such English backers as Lord Heirloom, it seemed impossible to pull the mill off.

They traversed the length and breadth of the Union. The English champion and his party,—including the notorious Lord Heirloom and Lord Harebrain and Lord Hairpin, and a whole lot of them—travelled in a private car, followed everywhere by the American party in their private car,—Colonel Long, Mr. Justice Hiccup, of Tennessee, and other patrons of the ring.

From New Hampshire to Arizona, from Florida to Oregon, they tried every state in the union and everywhere the prohibition party stopped the fight. The two champions were almost breaking down with the strain. For hours they would sit with their heads bowed, holding each others hands and gazing in a dull vacant way at an empty soda bottle.

“Boys,” said Colonel Long to his assembled friends, “it cuts me to the heart to see them poor chaps sitting



there like that and not allowed to just up and hit one another. See here, let's leave these blasted United States, and try chances elsewhere.”

So they put all the boxing gloves and the sponges and stop-watches and the placards and the referee into a big box and sailed across the Atlantic. One after another they visited all the countries of the old world and were driven from every one. The Kaiser chased them from the Baltic, the Sultan shut the Dardanelles in their faces, the Hindoos positively refused to listen to them, the Cochin Chinese were simply insulting, and the Empires of the Rising Sun laughed them to scorn.

They even visited the Cannibal Isles, but here the missionaries had anticipated them. The natives had all become Christians and lined up on the beach with war clubs and tom-toms and pyjamas and bananas and all that kind of thing. The head chief came out on the Piazza of the Cocoanut Club and shouted :

"Hoy, there, hoy! Keep right off this island, please; move on, gentlemen; move on!"

Lord Harebrain threw himself courageously into the water and attempted to reach the island by swimming, but



the chief hurled his pocket edition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Calithumpians at him and he sank from sight.

After the unhappy death of Lord Harebrain in the Southern Pacific nothing was heard of the expedition for many months. Telegrams were anxiously despatched to all parts of the civilized world but no news of the missing ship could be obtained. It was only when hope had almost died out in the breasts of the friends and relations of those on board that the following paragraph, appearing in the New York papers, excited in all sporting circles an ecstasy of pride and admiration.

"We learn from the columns of the *Daily Sunbeam*, (a Danish paper published every other three months in Upper Christianshaab, North Greenland), that news has at last been received of the famous Hyphen-Hairpin Expedition. As our readers will remember, the expedition sailed from New York some years ago in the hope of finding a suitable ground for a prize fight. Nothing having been heard of the ship for some time past, it was feared that she had foundered with all on board. It now appears that after searching all known quarters of the globe in vain, the managers of the expedition conceived the daring idea of pulling off the mill at the North Pole. The idea was successfully carried into execution. The party sailed to the edge of the Polar ice, deserted their ship, and walked across the ice to the Pole. It was there noticed that the earth was

round like an orange with an indentation at the top. It was decided to hold the fight in the indentation which was promptly roped in for the purpose by Lord Hairpin. The courier who brought the news to Christianshaab was unfortunately only able to give a partial account of the fight. He states that no fewer than seventeen Esquimaux, including two seals and a number of the fair sex, witnessed the spectacle from the shelving side of a neighboring iceberg, which had been fitted up as a grand stand. At one end of the berg an ice cream parlor with a reading room and swimming bath had been temporarily erected. Much regret was felt at the absence of Colonel Œsophagus Long, who had perished in the snow on the way up. At the commencement of the fight a brisk breeze of about forty knots an hour was blowing with a driving flurry of sleet. The starlight, however, was brighter than it had been for some days. The men entered the ring dressed in combination bathing suits and boxing gloves. They shook hands with great outward coldness. All present were profoundly affected as the two old friends at last



squared up to fight. At this moment a troublesome delay was occasioned by the discovery that the referee was frozen. The supply of ardent spirits having run out a few days previous to the death of Colonel Long in the snow, it was found impossible to thaw him. After a short discussion among the survivors of the expedition it was decided to leave the referee against the iceberg and proceed without him,

especially as great impatience was being manifested among the native spectators and orange peel thrown freely into the ring. At this juncture a sudden fall of the thermometer accompanied by a



great rush of wind, occasioned an ominous rocking of the iceberg and the shocking disappearance of the referee. The dogs which drew the courier's sled

thought it wise to leave immediately and he was unable to give any further account of the fight.

There is a strong feeling in native circles at Christianshaab that should the expedition reach home in safety, it may lead to the opening up of the North Pole as a sporting resort. There is some talk already of dividing up the ice immediately around the pole into building lots, and of opening an all night saloon in the neighborhood. Should this be done, it is probable that a subscription will be set on foot to send thither a number of gentlemen now prominent in New York and Texan sporting society."



Jim



AZRAEL stood at the Gates of Light,
Preening his wings for an earthward flight.

'Tis his to stand
On the fateful strand,
Of the River of Life which rolls
Its burdened tide
Of human pride,
And its flotsam of weary souls.
For he is the Breath
Which men call Death,
The disposer of men and things,
And the shadow vast
O'er life's waters cast,
Is thrown by his raven wings.

In a lonely shack on the prairie wild
A mother knelt o'er her dying child.

And she watched the shadow
Steal o'er his face,
And the light
In his hazel eyes grow dim ;
And she prayed the prayer
To the Throne of Grace
" O Father of Mercies—spare my Jim !"



But Azrael swept thro' the vaulted night,
And bore wee Jim to the Gates of Light.

To the Maidens Nine
 In the light divine
 Of Heaven's Halls he bore him,
 And laid him there
 All white and fair
 Where the Christ bent fondly o'er him.



Then the light from an angel's glistening wings
 Passed over the face of the child,
 And he opened his eyes
 To glorious things,
 But he neither saw nor smiled :
 But cried as only a child can cry
 For his mother to come to him
 And they said she was coming "by-and-by
 To cuddle her little Jim."

Then each in turn
 In his wild unrest
 Would press him close
 To her vestal breast.

But nor angel song, nor angel kiss,
 Nor aught all the charms of Heaven could do
 Could comfort Jim in that land of bliss
 For the loss of his mother, the fond and true:

So Azrael sped
 Thro' the twilight dim,
 To fetch his mother
 To cuddle Jim.



GEORGE MOFFAT.



BONUSES AND EXEMPTIONS.

BY REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH.



FOURTY years ago the direct grant of money to public companies and industrial works, by corporations and municipalities, was almost unknown. Municipalities might be asked to "take stock" in a railway company, but they were not solicited to give a bonus. The bonus came, however, and to a certain extent it was an improvement on subscribing for stock. The municipality escaped all liability of "management," and all contingencies of deeper stock taking, "watering of stock," and all that. They knew how much their new enterprise cost them, and that was the end of it.

Like many other things, however, the bonus had a tendency to overdoing. It was a bonus here, and there, and everywhere! And the money was not always well invested. One county gave \$40,000 to a new and competing railroad, and five years afterwards the new road sold out to the older-established one. One small city gave \$15,000 to a manufacturing company to locate there, and the company not long after, wound up and quit business. "It did not pay!" and so on.

And all this time there was a dissatisfied minority among the ratepayers who felt that they were being unjustly used. One man would say, "I've been thirty years doing business in this place. It was a very small place when I came to it. I have helped the place to grow, and I have grown with it. My business has now become a very large one. If mine were a new factory I would expect to get a bonus for it, but because it is an old-established affair I get nothing. If I were to remove to another city they would give me a bonus at my new location; but all my interests are here and I shall

remain. But it is not fair that I, who deserve a bonus as much as these new men, get none; and besides, have to pay a good round sum to bonus *them*."

Another, who had improved his house and lot and thus beautified his street, said, "I don't see why I, who have spent a thousand dollars in improving this town, should not have my proportionate bonus for so doing, as much as these men who are going to spend \$20,000 on a new factory? But instead of getting my small bonus I am heavier taxed to pay their large bonus." And another man "who asked no favors of anybody, only to be let alone!" could not see the justice of \$2,000 being added to his assessment before his new store was quite finished, and long before he got any rent for it, and thus a large tax to be paid "in advance."

And so the "bonus" began to get unpopular, and in some instances the Legislatures were induced to pass statutes making it illegal to vote away municipal funds to outside purposes or parties. But still the idea of "assisting" the enterprises that formerly looked for bonuses remained, and where they could not obtain a bonus they asked, and in many cases obtained, long exemptions from taxation. And while it was felt on the one hand that the public might in some manner or other help enterprises that would benefit the town or city, it was seen on the other hand that the old-established concern, enlarging its premises or its output—or the new residential block—deserved exemption as well; but how were they to come at it when there were so many claimants and expectants?

Now, should new enterprises be, in either of these ways, encouraged? The fair answer would be, "Yes, if it can be done on terms of equal justice

to all." But it is impossible to see how it can be equal justice to all, when a small factory, which deserves one-twentieth as much as the large "new" factory, gets nothing. Or where the enterprising citizen who has built a row of nice houses has to pay in taxes a large extra sum, while the new factory, with an expenditure in building and plant of no more than his, pays nothing for a term of years.

Here is a case in the concrete: Harrison Brothers—no matter where, but the case is real—had put their last dollar into a new flour mill of five run of stones, to supersede the little old mill of two run, where they had formerly done business. Before they got the new mill in running order they had to pay an increase of \$120 in taxes. All the town felt that their enterprise was helping the place, and here they were, so to speak, *fin*ed for their enterprise! The local member of the Legislature talked the matter over with me, and it was from him I got the first idea of the QUINQUENNIAL ASSESSMENT LAW, which I will now proceed to describe.

Taking into consideration that a citizen who puts up a new house, or enlarges a mill or factory, gets no increased revenue from his enterprise for a time, sometimes for several years, and taking also into consideration the fact that he *should be* encouraged, if it can be done on equitable terms, how would this do?

1. Let the valuation of all property in the municipality be made only once in five years.
2. Let the assessors, on their annual rounds, take note of all changes of ownership and occupancy, as at present.
3. Let the municipality be divided, for the purposes of assessment and taxation, into five districts, and the "valuation year" come to each of these in succession.

Thus, a man putting up a new house, would have three or four years' occupancy of it before having to pay to the city an extra amount of taxes. He would not feel himself "*fin*ed" for his enterprise. And a new factory starting, the owners would have the encouragement of say three or four years after they had got into working order, of freedom from taxation, and I humbly submit that, considering the many equal claims on the body politic, no

municipality ought to do more than that!

There would be a perfect equality of treatment under this system. The small owner would have his small improvement or building, till the end of the five years, without increase of taxes; the large owner the same. No one would be directly called upon to pay a cent, as they would under the "bonus" system, and none would be obliged to pay *more* taxes because someone else escaped taxation. In answer to one who objected, "There is a big factory property, worth \$30,000, and they pay no taxes for several years, and I have to pay taxes, and it isn't fair!" it would only be necessary to say, "They took up a piece of empty ground, they pay taxes on the ground. They have spent a great sum in putting up buildings, and so forth, it has not cost the city a cent nor taken a cent out of any man's pocket by extra taxation, and they are a benefit to the commercial interests of the city. Only for this law they would not probably have located here. As it is, they will, in three or four years, begin to pay a large tax bill." And to the objection that all this might be said in the case of a present five to ten years exemption from taxation, it is easy to answer, "The proposed assessment law deals with *all* alike; the present special exemption favors one, and not all, and to that extent financially wrongs the bulk of the taxpayers."

There are many sub-sections of such a proposed law that suggest themselves, such as the wisdom of having the water-power section of a city, or the particular suburb best adapted (from railroad facilities or other reasons), for factories, sub-divided into five "districts," so that *every year* there would be five years' exemption in some parts of it, for it would be a poor municipal reform that provided for a "boom" in building and improvement for one or two years, and created a stagnation for the other three or four years of the period.

The strong point of the proposal is that it is perfectly fair to all who invest money in making improvements in the place. It does not discriminate in favor of one to the disadvantage of

another, and it gives a class who have always been overlooked under the bonus or exemption system—namely, the old-settled or gradually growing manufacturer, and the builder of private dwellings—the equal encouragement which they in their place deserve, and it would do away with what is a crying injustice—that of taxing a man on his improvements and expenditure before he has had “any good of them!” And

the minor matters of dates and boundaries being carefully dealt with, it would act as an encouragement to locate in the place. Indeed, so patent would the advantages become, that we are convinced a city adopting such a new law would be considered as so thriving, at the expense of surrounding cities, that they too would soon haste to adopt it.



APRIL.

O WINSOME sprite, with violet eyes
 'Neath dewy lashes peeping,
 With gay delight o'er sunny skies
 Thy cloudy drap'ries sweeping—
 We'll drink to spring, the artful thing,
 Who waked thee from thy sleeping!

Thy roguish face, so fair, so sweet,
 My heart in bliss is steeping,
 And love—in truth, companion meet—
 Behind the blossoms peeping,
 So, I descry!—But tell me why
 Thus sudden thou art weeping!

Cease, cease, sweet one, I haste to come
 With ev'ry art beguiling,
 About thy feet the flowerets sweet
 In fragrant billows piling.
 O gracious be! A laugh of glee!
 The little witch is smiling!

Thus flits the darling of the year,
 Caprice her charms enhancing,
 With now a smile and now a tear,
 In every mood entrancing!
 A blossom there, a blossom here,
 Her way through springtide dancing.

MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL.

Two Friends

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

BY J. RAMSAY MONTIZAMBERT. M.A.



PARIS was throttled, starved, at its last gasp. Sparrows were growing scarce on the housetops and the sewers depopulated. Men ate no matter what.

As he was strolling gloomily along the outer boulevard, one clear January morning, his hands in the pockets of his uniform trousers and his stomach empty, M. Morrisot, watchmaker by trade and "pantouflard"* by force of circumstances, stopped short before a fellow-guardsmen in whom he recognized a friend. It was M. Sauvage, a waterside acquaintance.

Every Sunday, before the war, Morrisot used to set out at sunrise, a bamboo cane in his hand, a tin box on his back. He used to take the Argenteuil train, get out at Colombes, then make Ile Marante on foot. Straightway on reaching this earthly paradise of his he began to fish; he fished till dark.

Every Sunday he met there a little man, fat and jovial, M. Sauvage, a draper of the rue Notre-Dame-de-Dorette, another enthusiast. They often spent half the day side by side, line in hand and feet dangling over the stream; thus they grew great friends.

Some days they spoke not a word. Sometimes they chatted; but they understood one another admirably without speaking, having like tastes and identical feelings. In springtime, in

the morning, towards ten o'clock, when the sun, renewing his strength, covered the calm surface of the water with that slight haze which glides along with the stream, and poured on the backs of the two absorbed fishermen the grateful warmth of the advancing season, Morrisot would say to his neighbor. "Ah! How delightful!" and M. Sauvage would reply, "I know nothing better." And that was enough for a mutual understanding and appreciation.

In autumn, towards the end of the day, when the sky, crimsoned by the setting sun, cast on the water the images of scarlet clouds, empurpled the whole river, put the horizon ablaze, reddened as by fire the two friends, and gilded the already russet trees, quivering with a thrill of winter, M. Sauvage would smile at Morrisot and exclaim: "What a sight!" And Morrisot, enraptured, would answer, without taking his eye off his float. "This is better than the boulevard, eh?"

As soon as they recognized each other they shook hands energetically, quite touched at meeting under circumstances so different. M. Sauvage, heaving a sigh, murmured: "How changed things are!" Morrisot, very doleful, groaned out: "And such weather! This is the first fine day this year."

The sky was, indeed, a clear blue, full of sunlight. They walked on, side by side, musing and sad. Presently Morrisot resumed, "And the fishing? Ah! What happy memories!"

*A nickname given during the siege of 1871 to Parisians serving in the "Garde Nationale Sédentaire," whose duty it was to keep guard in the interior of the city.

M. Sauvage queried: "When shall we take it up again?" They entered a little cafe and drank together a glass of absinthe; then they strolled along the pavement. Morrisot suddenly halted. "Another of the same, eh?" M. Sauvage agreed: "As you please," and they made their way into another tavern.

They came out ready for anything, fuddled, as fasting men will be whose stomachs hold nothing but alcohol. They grew quite happy. A caressing breeze fanned their cheeks.

M. Sauvage, whose tipsiness the warm air had completed—"Suppose we went?"

"Went where?"

"Fishing, of course."

"But where?"

"Our island, of course. The French outposts are near Colombes. I know Colonel Dumoulin; we can easily get leave."

Morrisot trembled with eagerness: "Done! I am with you."

And they went their ways to get their tackle. An hour later and they were tramping side by side along the highway. Presently they reached the villa which the Colonel occupied. He smiled at the request and consented to their whim. Off they went again, armed with a pass.

Soon they passed the outposts, crossed Colombes, deserted as it was, and found themselves at the edge of the little vineyards which slope down towards the Seine.

It was about eleven o'clock.

Opposite, the village of Argenteuil seemed dead. The heights of Orge-mont and Sannois dominated the whole country. The great plain which stretches as far as Nanterre was empty, quite empty, with its bare cherry trees and its gray fields.

M. Sauvage, pointing with his finger to the hill-top, murmured: "The Prussians are up there!" And a feeling of unrest numbed the minds of the two friends in the presence of the deserted countryside.

"The Prussians!" They had never seen them, but had felt them there for some months around Paris, ruining France, pillaging, massacring, starving—unseen and all-powerful. And a kind

of superstitious terror was added to the hatred which they had for this unknown and victorious people.

Morrisot stammered out: "Ah! If we should meet them?" M. Sauvage, his Parisian light-heartedness reappearing in spite of everything, replied:

"We should offer them a fry." But they hesitated to venture into the open country, made timorous by the silence of the whole landscape.

At length M. Sauvage made up his mind.

"Come, off we go! But carefully."

And down they went into a vineyard, bent double, crawling, taking advantage of the bushes for cover, eye alert, ears on the stretch.

There remained a strip of open to be crossed before reaching the river's edge. They set off at a run, and as soon as they reached the bank, hid themselves among the dry reeds.

Morrisot put his ear to the ground to make sure that no one was moving in their neighborhood.

Thus reassured they began to fish.

Opposite, the deserted Ile Marante hid them from the other bank. The little inn was closed, booked, in fact, abandoned years ago.

M. Sauvage hooked the first gudgeon, Morrisot caught the second; and, time after time, they raised their lines with a little silvery creature frisking at the end of the cast: a really marvellous take.

They carefully pushed the fish into a close-meshed bag which hung in the water at their feet.

A delightful joy thrilled them—the joy that possesses you when you experience a pleasure long denied. Sol poured his grateful warmth between their shoulders. Thought of danger no longer alarmed them. The rest of the world was a blank—they were fishing.

But suddenly a dull report, which seemed to come from beneath them, made the ground tremble.

The cannon had begun to thunder once more.

Morrisot turned his head, and, over the bank, he could see, down the river, to the left, the huge outline of Mount Valerien with a great white plume

rising from its top, a powder cloud just vomitted forth.

Presently a second spurt of smoke jumped out from the summit of the fort, and some moments later a new report rolled along.

Then others followed, and again and again the mountain spouted forth its deadly breath, breathing out milky vapours which slowly rose in the still air, forming a cloud above.

M. Sauvage shrugged his shoulders : "They are at it again," said he.

Morrisot anxiously watching the feather on his float, which was bobbing vigorously, felt the sudden anger of a peaceable man against these madmen fighting so absurdly, and grumbled out: "What idiots they are to kill each other like that."

Mr. Sauvage replied: "It's worse than wild animals." And Morrisot, who had just caught a white bait, declared, "It will be always like this as long as there are governments."

M. Sauvage checked him, "The Republic wouldn't have declared war."

"With kings we have war without; with the Republic war within," interrupted Morrisot.

And they calmly began a discussion, unravelling the great economic problems with the calm self-satisfaction of men secure and safe, agreeing that man would never be a free agent.

And Mount Valerien kept thundering, demolishing with its cannon balls French houses, pounding out lives, crushing men out of being, putting a stop to dreams, to looked-for joys, to hoped-for happiness, beginning in the hearts of wives, in the hearts of daughters, in the hearts of mothers, down there, and in other countries too, sufferings without end.

"Such is life," declares M. Sauvage.

Say rather, "Such is death," rejoins Morrisot, with a smile.

But they suddenly started wildly, feeling some one had just come up behind them: and, looking back, they beheld at their very elbows four men—four great men, armed and bearded, dressed like servants in livery and wearing flat caps, keeping them covered with their guns.

The two lines slipped from their

hands and began to float down the river.

In a moment they were seized, bound, carried off, thrown into a boat and taken to the island. And there, behind the house they had thought deserted, they discovered twenty or so German soldiers.

A sort of hairy giant astride a chair, smoking a huge porcelain pipe, addressed them in excellent French. "Well, gentlemen, have you made a good catch?"

Then a soldier deposited at the officer's feet the bag full of fish, which he had taken care to bring over.

The Prussian smiled. "Aha! I see you weren't doing badly, but we have other fish to fry. Listen to me and don't falter. As far as I am concerned, you are two spies sent to watch me. I catch you and shoot you. You were pretending to fish the better to hide your real object. Now you have fallen into my hands—so much the worse for you; it's the fortune of war. But, since you have passed the outposts, you certainly must know the pass-word to get back again. Give me the pass-word and I will let you off."

The two friends, livid, side by side, their hands twitching nervously, remained silent.

The officer resumed, "No one will ever know, you will return quietly. The secret will disappear with you. If you refuse, it is death, and that immediately. Choose."

They remained motionless, without opening their lips.

The Prussian, calm as ever, went on, pointing to the water. "Consider that in five minutes you will be at the bottom of the river there. In five minutes! You must have relatives?"

And Mount Valerien thundered on.

The two anglers remained upright and silent. The German gave orders in his own tongue. Then he moved his chair so as not to be too close to the prisoners; and twelve men took their stand at twelve paces with rifles at the order.

The officer spoke once more: "I give you one minute, not two seconds longer."

Then he rose suddenly, went up to

the two Frenchmen, took Morrisot by the arm, led him a little way off and addressed him in a low tone.

"Quick, the pass-word? Your friend will know nothing. I shall pretend to relent."

Morrisot answered nothing.

The Prussian then drew off M. Sauvage and put the same question to him.

M. Sauvage answered nothing.

They again found themselves side by side. The officer gave an order. The soldiers raised their rifles.

Just then Morrisot's eye chanced to fall on the bag of gudgeon left in the grass a few paces off.

A ray of sunshine lit up the gleaming heap of fish which still kept moving. Then a faintness stole over him. Notwithstanding his efforts, his eyes filled with tears.

He stammered out: "Good-bye, Monsieur Sauvage."

"Good-bye, Monsieur Morrisot."

They clasped hands, shaken from head to foot by an unconquerable trembling.

The officer shouted "Fire!"

The twelve shots sounded like one.

M. Sauvage fell flat on his face. Morrisot, a larger man, rocked, swung round, and fell prostrate across his comrade, his face turned to heaven, while gouts of blood spurted from the breast of his torn tunic.

The German issued some further orders.

His men dispersed, but presently came back with ropes and stones which they fastened to the feet of the two dead men; then they carried them to the bank.

Mount Valerien, capped now by a very mountain of smoke, never ceased to thunder.

Two soldiers took Morrisot by the head and legs; two others seized M. Sauvage in like manner. The corpses, swung for a moment violently, were thrown far out, made a turn in the air, then plunged, upright, into the stream, the stones dragging them feet first.

The water splashed up, bubbled, swirled, then grew still, while little wavelets rolled off to the banks. A little blood floated down.

The officer, serene as ever, said half to himself, "It's the fishes' turn now," then turned towards the house. Suddenly he noticed the bag of gudgeon in the grass, took it up, examined it, smiled, cried "Wilhelm."

A soldier in a white apron ran up and the Prussian, throwing him the dead men's fish, gave the order. "Make me a fry of these little animals immediately, while they are still kicking. It will be delicious." Then he took up his pipe again.





But she was a soft landscape of mild earth
 Where all was harmony and calm and quiet.
 Luxuriant, budding ; cheerful without mirth.

—Byron.

SOMETIMES, when the world is very quiet, and you are loitering along a country road when the day is deepening into twilight, you will hear a burst of exquisite song from the deep heart of wood or copse. A strange bird is singing. The notes pulse out with a tenderness, a clarity, an ineffable sweetness that pierces to your soul. You almost hold your breath to listen, fearing that if you move the beautiful singing will cease. You cannot see the bird. It is hidden in the depths of the woods singing there all alone—a small brown creature—throbbing with music full of the joy of life. Sometimes the notes fall into a tender minor cadence, sometimes they thrill with a subtle note of pain, rousing an echo in your heart, till a glorious pæan of glad singing lifts you again to the heights of happiness.

Jean Blewett always reminds me of this beautiful hidden bird, Jean Blewett whose songs are always the sweetest, tenderest, saddest that ever came from the heart of a human being.

This gifted Canadian woman was born in a country place close by the

flashing blue waters of Lake Erie, on the 4th of November, 1863. Her parents, John and Janet McKishney, came to Canada in the early days from Argyleshire, Scotland, and settled in Ontario, Kent County. Many children were born to them, among them being the child, Jean, whom the gods gifted with the magnificent dower of poetry. She was a dreamy and placid child with great sad dark eyes, and a wistful little brown face. A large part of her childhood was spent with her Scotch grandparents, with whom she remained, in fact, till her marriage, at the early age of fifteen, to Mr. Bassett Blewett, a member of the great old Cornish family of that name. Jean McKishney had received no college education such as girls get now-a-days, and her opportunities in a country place weighed down more or less by her duties as a married woman, were necessarily few ; yet this extraordinary young creature wrote a novel at the early age of sixteen ! a marvellous work when one considers the age and inexperience of the writer. Two children, a boy and girl, were born of the marriage. They, with their

parents, are living at the time of this writing, in the pretty little town of Blenheim, in Kent, Ontario.

As the years rolled, the gift of poetry stirred in the soul of the woman. She had a message to give, and softly, in little rills of song, she began to tell it. Strangely sweet verses appeared from time to time in country newspapers with the modest Scotch name attached to them. People began to ask, "Who is Jean Blewett?" The rills grew into a rush of melody, and as the years crept forward the song grew ever clearer and louder, until to-day there is hardly a man or a woman who does not know that Canada is the proud mother of one of the sweetest poets of the day, the little brown singer whose notes come to us from the deep heart of the country.

Before moving to her work, I shall touch upon the personal appearance of this gifted woman to whom no photograph could do justice. Jean Blewett is to-day a beautiful woman. Assuredly the gods lavished their gifts upon her. In her large deep eyes some sweet secret lurks. They are sad eyes, though the nature of their owner is a placid and a bright one. I have often noticed this strangely pathetic look in the eyes of little children and such have invariably proved to be rich in gifts of the heart and intellect. The clear cut lips and strong chin betoken a firm, yet most gentle will. The whole expression of the fine, high-bred features is one of inexpressible sweetness and culture. The soul shines clear out of those true eyes. Once a friend, always a friend, you read in their depths. Loyal, staunch, slow to give love or friendship, which, when given will be defended to the death, there is something singularly noble and honorable in the character of this whole-souled Canadian woman.

Jean Blewett's verse is of an exquisite sweetness, often striking a minor chord, then rebounding into a song of joy and gladness. It is like the carol of a bird, only all through the bird-notes run subtle human chords, beautiful thoughts expressed with the simplicity that comes of true genius. There is no mysticism here; none of the Browning cult. All is limpid and clear as the running brook, but through the murmuring of

the placid country waters, one hears the far booming of the great sea. She has, beyond the telling of it, an indescribably piercing way of touching the human heart. She plays upon it as she wills and it responds to her moods. I know of no art greater than this. To be thoroughly artistic, absolute simplicity is necessary, joined to the subtle power of being able to touch the farthest reaches of the soul. This is genius, and this is the gift of Jean Blewett. This Canadian woman is undoubtedly a great poet.

Of her the late Eugene Field said: "Once upon a time a great number of writers were sending out their thoughts to the world in prose and verse. Once and awhile among their high notes and their low notes, good, pure, and bad prose, there would be found something so fresh and fair, and subtle, that every one paid heed to it, and by-and-by began to watch for it, and to question, 'Who is the maker of it?' 'She is old,' said one, 'only years could teach her the sweetness and fullness and sadness of life.' 'She is grave,' said another, 'she strikes the minor keys with a practical hand.' 'She is a strange happy creature,' said yet another; 'the birds sing aloud and all the world laughs in some of her work.' But the wise man said, 'she is a *nun*, for she could not tell of heaven as she does had she not climbed to its heights by holy living.' Then, one day, she, Jean Blewett, came among them in the body, and, lo! she was just a girl, sweet-faced, clear-voiced, holding unconsciously the God-given dower, a poet's soul."

And that is such perfect truth, that writing of Eugene Field. Jean Blewett's greatest charm is her unconsciousness, her absolute lack of vanity (I had almost said—and might say—of appreciation of her work). Unassuming and modest as she is in manner, yet attracting one by a singularly naive quaintness in her conversation, the same modesty and unconsciousness pervades her work. This song-bird of the gods cannot help singing. Whether it be of the pain or the joy of life—the grief of parting or the mere gladness of living, the beautiful notes flow forth enchanting the world. Often, during the performance

of some simple household duty, I have known this marvellous woman to slip away into her little "den," and emerge, half an hour later, with the brilliant flush on her brown cheeks, and the brilliant light in her deep eyes, which with her always mean the putting forth of "good work." And in that half hour, in that obscure and narrow little room, some gem would have been written, some song of joy, or tender symphony full of *human* notes—and one would stand almost trembling and very reverent, as the poem, that had leaped to life in a moment, vibrated through one's very soul.

Let me quote a stanza here and there. Here is one, of a minor cadence, from "Brown Earth":

"It came in the night, the cry of a heart,
At the grave of might-have-been;
Hopeless and sad as the tears which start
When Heaven and earth drift far apart
And the way lies dark between."

And the exquisite gem, "Good-Night," must have its place here:

"I am not brave enough to sing
The requiem of a hope just dead,
That word *good-bye* will surely bring
The shadow upon swifter wing,
Come, let us say good-night instead.

See where upon the ocean's crest
The sky comes down, a sapphire pall,
To our poor vision—dim at best
Unseeing life's supremest test
It seems the ending of it all.

Ah heart the lesson you forget
The wind that goes with hurrying sweep
Sees farther on—and farther yet—
The white ships go—the waters fret,
The kindling stars their vigils keep.

So not good-bye, good-night, that's all.
The loneliness, the loss is mine,
The dawn of gold will softly fall,
The dear familiar voice will call.
My hand once more shall lie in thine."

Beautiful lines, showing that the writer has touched—as who has not—the grief of life. An inexpressible sadness runs through much of Jean Blewett's work, though her life has been calm and placid.

"A soft landscape of mild earth,"

yet many of her poems are the writings

of one who has lived much in the company of joy and peace. A deep, religious sentiment pervades many of her verses, for she is, above all things, a Christian woman, in the highest sense of love, and charity and gentleness. Here is a soul-cry:

"O Blessed Christ! O Blessed Christ!
The night is long and deep,
Think Thou on glad old Galilee
And care for those who sleep.

O Blessed Christ! O Blessed Christ!
The night is long and deep,
Think Thou upon Gethsemane
And comfort all who weep."

One more quotation and I must draw this writing to a close, for it would take many pages yet to give even an appreciation of the gifts of Jean Blewett to tell of the infinite tenderness, the glowing religious fervour, true and staunch and free from all cant and narrowness which are the attributes of this gifted creature. This stanza from "Misunderstood" is one of the author's favorites:

"Write on life's tablet all things great and good
And care not if it be misunderstood
By any that may chance to run and read.
Write on—to neither praise nor blame give heed
But be and do thy best, then say, 'Tis well.'
If when thou writest Heaven, men read not Hell."

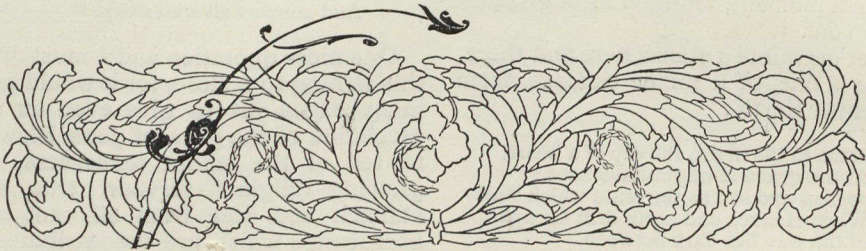
In prose, Jean Blewett has done some singularly clever work. I have spoken of her largely as a poet because her greatest gift lies there, but some of her sketches and etchings in the *Globe* are marvels of quaintness, and wonderful analyses of the finer feelings. Many charming stories by her have appeared from time to time in American journals, in the Canadian and other magazines. A volume of her poems will be brought out shortly by the Applefords, to be followed later by a novel. That she is a great and gifted woman with a brilliant future before her no one can doubt. That she is Canadian and racy of the soil, full of the vigour and freshness of the delightful young country, with, at the back of it, the staunch loyalty of character that is always

associated with the Scotch people, is a matter delightful at once to Canadians and to Scotchmen.

* * *

So in the woods the wild bird sings on. So you and I, tired, disheartened, bending to the earth under the burden of life, pause in our march forward to

listen for a moment to the divine notes that pulse out to us as the night closes down. So we thank God that sometimes, as if to show us the way to Heaven, He fills with His music the soul of some human being who in turn sends it forth to rejoice and comfort His weary and grief-laden world.



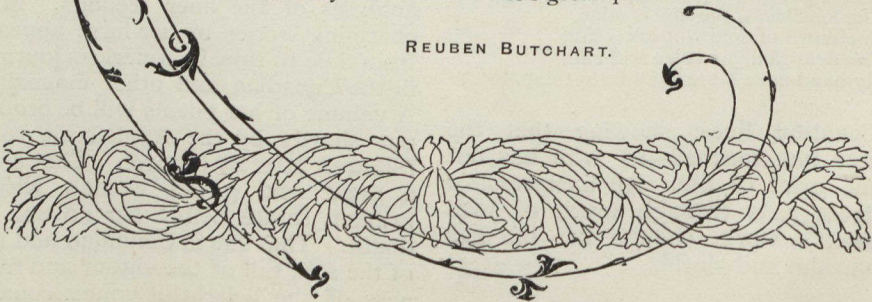
HUMAN LIMITATIONS.



APPOINTED and approved, obedient shine,
 The silent, uncomplaining stars of God ;
 Unfading o'er his fiery way hath trod
 Th' unvanquished sun since stretched creation's line,
 And lo our rounded earth proclaimed the will divine.
 His cattle feed unchidden ; at His nod
 Seas dash, flowers blow, while vocal creatures laud
 That will which makes their service but its sign.

Transcendent action theirs, yet my poor breast
 Doth sometime throb o'er joy of a right path ;
 Though swerved by sin, from faith's firm centre pressed
 Some daily meed of fulfilled purpose hath.
 May He who gave me passions save His wrath,
 And lead my errant soul on life's great quest.

REUBEN BUTCHART.





WILLIAM
WILFRID
CAMPBELL

BY
CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

THE principles governing primarily the *thought* of a writer, may be found crystallized in a sentence or less of that writer's work. One line in a poem may be the key note to the poem itself; and one stanza in a book, of which the poem is a part, may embody concisely the entire philosophy of the poet, which is expressed in a necessarily less integral form throughout the poems which constitute the book.

I find the key note to the thought of William Wilfrid Campbell, as expressed in his work taken as a whole, in a poem called "An August Reverie," which is included in his book "The Dread Voyage," and in these lines:

"I may not know each plant as some men
know them,
Like children gather birds and beasts to
tame;

But I went 'mid them as the winds that blow
them,

From childhood's hour, and loved without a
name:—

There is more beauty in a field of weeds,
Than in all blooms the hot-house garden
breeds.

For they are nature's children, in their faces

I see that sweet obedience to the sky
That marks these dwellers of the wilding
places,

Who with the season's being live and die;
Knowing no love but of the wind and sun,
Who still are nature's when their life is done."

The principles of naturalness, faithfulness to that which is true and beautiful, and above all of humanity voiced in these stanzas, are, therefore, the principles upon which Campbell has founded his poetry. He has an intense love for Nature, not alone in her pastoral aspects of verdant and maturer loveliness, but also in her gloomy and rugged phases; not alone in her smiling serenity of summer tenderness, but also in her snow-bound moods of stormy magnificence. His genius and his comprehensive sympathy have enabled him to vividly and beautifully describe late Autumn and Winter as well as the softer seasons. "Dawn in the Island Camp," "A Day of Mists," and "To the Lakes," (from *Lake Lyrics*), are very beautiful little pictures, unsurpassed in their lyrical delicacy and fidelity of description. They are, indeed, water-color sketches in verse, so faithful and strong and vivid that not only does their lyrical sweetness linger in the reader's memory, but also the scene upon the retina of his retrospective vision. "Indian Summer," "Autumn," and "An August Reverie," are lyrics as tender and as fine in quality as they are vivid in description. If Campbell had given us nothing more than lyrics of this order, he would still be the peer of any living man or

woman as a Nature poet, writing in the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

Campbell's poems of a retrospective or reminiscent character, such as "To the Blackberry," "Belated," "August Evening on the Beach," and "On a Summer Shore," are not only lyrically and metrically beautiful, but have a human interest that is not expressed by the first personal pronoun; each dealing with an emotion or phase of love dear to humanity. The last-named poem is indeed so tenderly sweet and idyllic that I feel compelled to quote the last verse, though by such a process the theme can never be done justice to, nor the beauty of the poem in its entirety:

"You are a dream, a face, a wraith,
You drift across my pain,
I lock you in my sacred past
Where all love's ghosts remain;
But life hath naught for me so sweet
As you can bring again."

In his poems descriptive of Winter, and Nature in her stormier and less congenial moods, the principal of which are "How One Winter Came," "Mid-winter Storm," and "To Thunder Cape," Campbell does what contemporary Canadian poets have failed to do, he rises to the occasion, and is as picturesquely rugged and strong as his subject, retaining at the same time the fidelity to and keen observation of Nature which are such marked qualities of his poetry of the softer seasons. He has, indeed, in these Winter poems given us the very atmosphere and voice of Winter. In all the poems I have named, Campbell is emphatically Canadian in atmosphere and description; for these poems are, as has been said, "descriptions of Nature as seen in the woods and about the great lakes of Canada," and in his poems of Winter, as in his *Lake Lyrics*, Campbell stands alone. He has created Nature poetry that is intrinsically and integrally of this country.

Before passing on many steps higher to Campbell's poems of a more strictly serious and important order, I feel constrained to quote from a poem in *Lake Lyrics* which is of a lyrical and yet altogether unique character. This is the poem called "The Legend of

Dead Man's Lake." It is finely imaginative; the metrical treatment is no less admirable; and it illustrates not only Campbell's fine imagination, but the versatility of his genius. As a weird and imaginative piece of work, both in conception and treatment, the poem is equal to anything of Poe's. I quote the fourth, fifth and sixth stanzas:

"There is never a ray of the sun by day,
But ever that horrible haze,
That hangs like a shroud or the ghost of a
cloud
All about the dread hush of its days;
And ever the moon at her midnight noon,
Half a cloak doth her cloud-veil make,
As she peers with a pallid and startled look
In the bosom of Dead Man's Lake.

And ever, 'tis said, that she seeth a dread
White face of a long-dead man,
That floateth down there, with the weeds in
its hair,
And a look so fixed and wan;
Like the ghost of a hate, that lieth in wait,
Through the years that it longeth to span.

And ever at midnight, white and drear,
When the dim moon sheddeth her light,
Will the startled deer, as they speed by here,
Slacken their phantom-like flight;
And into the shade that the forest hath made,
A wider circle they take;
For they dread lest their tread wake the sleep
of the dead
In the bosom of Dead Man's Lake."

There is also one other poem of Campbell's, which, on account of its being the only one of its peculiar nature, stands by itself. It is called "The Dreamers," and while it has a highly imaginative quality it is a most keen satire upon a certain school of little lyrical word-artists (a subject, one would think, not susceptible of much imaginative treatment), "whose ranks," as a critic has very archly and truly said, "Mr. Campbell would not care to join." I quote from it these verses:

"They lingered on the middle heights,
Betwixt the brown earth and the heaven;
They whispered, we are not the night's,
But pallid children of the even."

"We are the little winds that moan
Between the woodlands and the meadows,
We are the ghosted leaves, wind-blown
Across the gust-light and the shadows."

"The while these feebly dreamed and talked,
Betwixt the brown earth and the heaven,
Faint ghosts of men who breathed and walked,
But deader than the dead ones even."

In coming now to Campbell's more important poems, I cannot do better than quote, if only to voice my own impressions in phrases apter than I could command, the criticism of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* upon what has become the most famous of all Campbell's poems, "The Mother," though it cannot be regarded as his greatest when some of his other work contained in his book "The Dread Voyage," is read.

"The nearest approach to a great poem which has cropped out in current literature for many a long day is "The Mother." A subject inviting poetic treatment, and rich in the pathos which gives to poetry its flavor and stamps it as being the choicest vintage of literary expression, is so treated in "The Mother" that one feels that it could never be improved upon. There are many such poems. Milton's "Hymn of the Nativity," Hamlet's "Soliloquy upon Man," Whittier's "Maud Muller," Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," Shelley's "Skylark," all belong in that same category. It is no small thing to add another gem to such a collection, and the addition deserves to attract some attention.

"This little poem has for its basis of fact the death of a bride-mother whose infant soon follows her to the grave. How best to vitalize the thoughts natural to such a phase of human experience, and make its depth of sentiment appreciable by the dull clay of ordinary intellects was the problem herein solved. It would be impossible to give in common prose even the most remote idea of the beauty and poetic sweetness of the poem. Nor does the charm lie in quotable lines. The picture as a whole needs to be seen in its unity to be felt in its personation of a high and tender idea. . . . This one little poem by William Wilfrid Campbell touches a finer chord in the heart than was dreamt of in the poetry of Homer."

I shall not, therefore, do either Campbell, the poem, or the reader the injustice of quoting from "The Mother." Moreover, the poem has been so widely copied, so widely read, that I doubt if any line of it would be new to any reader of these pages; save in the gratifying sense that good poetry, no matter how often re-read, is always new. This one poem makes Campbell what he is by virtue of his Nature poetry alone,—easily the superior of any of his Canadian contemporaries. And I must, regretfully, check my desire to quote as I would like from the magnificent poems "Sir Lancelot," "Confession of Tama," "Unabsolved," "Out of Pompeii," "Pan the Fallen," and others, which

are included in "The Dread Voyage" volume; and from "Lazarus," which is the great poem of the *Lake Lyrics* volume. The poem "Unabsolved," particularly illustrates the splendid human, imaginative, descriptive and dramatic powers of Campbell. Moreover, I want to pass on to the poet's tragedies, which are, notwithstanding the greatness of the poems just named, his greatest work. Campbell was feeling his strength while writing these dramatic poems; and in turning at last to tragedy in a dramatic and larger form, he has done so, I am convinced, with the consciousness that by this broader medium he can achieve greater things and give a permanently powerful form to his ideas concerning the emotions and passions and interests controlling humanity at large. And I am further convinced that ere long this poet will prove—if he has not already proved to each and all of those who have had the intense pleasure of reading his two tragedies recently published—that it is dramatic work of the highest character in which his greatest strength lies.

But I cannot turn to the tragedies without quoting at least a little from one or two of the great poems in "The Dread Voyage:"

"Still fared we north across that frozen waste
Of icy horror ringed with awful night,
To seek the living in a world of death;
And as we fared a terror grew and grew
About my heart like madness, till I dreamed
A vague desire to flee by night and creep,
By steel-blue, windless plain and haunted wood,
And wizened shore and headland, once more
south.

"The nights grew vast and weird and beautiful,
Walled with flame-glories of auroral light,
Ringing the frozen world with myriad spears
Of awful splendour there across the night.
And ever anon a shadowy, spectral pack
Of gleaming eyes and panting, lurid tongues
Haunted the lone horizon toward the south."

(From "Unabsolved.")

"She lay, face downward, on her bended arm,
In this her new, sweet dream of human bliss,
Her heart within her fearful, fluttering, warm,
Her lips yet pained with love's first timorous
kiss.
She did not note the darkening afternoon,
She did not mark the lowering of the sky

O'er that great city. Earth had given its boon
 Unto her lips, love touched her and passed
 by."

"And if there be a day when all shall wake,
 As dreams the hoping, doubting human heart,
 The dim forgetfulness of death will break
 For her as one who sleeps with lips apart;
 And did God call her suddenly. I know
 She'd wake as morning wakened by the
 thrush,
 Feel that red kiss across the centuries glow,
 And make all heaven rosier by her blush."
 (From "*Out of Pompeii*.")

In dealing with the tragedies, I cannot possibly do better than quote from a recent review by a well-known and able Canadian editor and critic :

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, the tragedy "*Mordred*" is by long odds the greatest work as yet accomplished by any Canadian poet. Had it been published in the United States or in England, there would have been a great fuss made about it. Here the thing is managed differently, and some thousands of good readers, who know good reading when they see it, go their way without suspecting the feast that has been laid for them. Out of the legends of King Arthur, Mr. Campbell has evolved this drama, and his daring is all the greater for having taken as his central character the most hated and least understood of all the mighty figures of the myth, Arthur's unnatural son Mordred. . . . Nowhere has Tennyson better defined the great aim of Arthur and his knights than we find it in the prophetic blessing of the hermit in "*Mordred*."

"Go forth from hence
 Great Arthur, Keeper of thy people's peace,
 Go forth to right all wrong and guard all right,
 In home and mart, in castle and in cot,
 Meting the same to high and lowly lot.
 Go forth in name of God to build a realm,
 Built up on chastity and noble deeds,
 Where womanhood is gentle and austere,
 And manhood strong in its great innocence."

In *Mordred*, Campbell has created a character that is sustained powerfully throughout the play. And in Gwaine and Dagonet, who play minor, though by no means unimportant parts, we have characters that are also creations and "fashioned by the hand of a master." Indeed, as the critic I have quoted from says: "the story told by the play is no longer the old romance, it is the new realism."

To quote with the view of indicating the quality and merit of Campbell's play, thus bitterly muses Mordred when he has reached the goal of his ambition, Arthur's crown :

"'Tis but a petty thing to be a king,
 And strut an hour to crown a people's will
 And make them think they wield a majesty,
 And hold a phantom rule; then pass and be
 A little dust in a forgotten heap.
 Nay, 'tis not worth the blacking of a soul,
 The letting of a single human life,
 The fouling o'er of youthful memory.
 And I am now this self-contemned thing,
 A man of truest sorrows who descended
 From out the pedestal of nobler dreams,
 And used the subtle intrigues of this world
 To climb this pyramid of human weakness."

And thus speaks Gwaine, the fighting man whose sword, like D'Artagnan's, is his true mistress :

"The foul fiend take this love! It be a queer sickness indeed. Anon it made him like to luke water, and now he be all fire. It bloweth now up, now down, like the wind i' a chimney. Yea, I love that man (*Lancelot*), like a father his child. There is no sword like to his i' the whole kingdom. An' a wench that be a queen leadeth him like a goss-hawk."
 (From "*A Book of Tragedies*.")

Before quoting, unfortunately with briefness, from the other play "*Hildebrand*," I must add in the words of my reviewer, referring to "*Mordred* :

Not the least of its literary beauties is the steadfast adherence to the plain Saxon forms of speech, a device which gives us crystal-clear expressions gathering the perfect thought into the perfect line."

The play "*Hildebrand*" is founded on the life and character of Pope Gregory the Seventh, and deals with his struggle for supremacy with Henry IV. of Germany, and his (Gregory's) enforcement of the celibacy of the Clergy. Such scant justice as I can do this magnificent play in closing my brief article will be best performed in making two extracts from it, at the same time advising the reader to add these tragedies to his library.

The first extract is from the opening of the piece. It well illustrates Campbell's humor, and both extracts show the versatility of his genius.

Two Burghers are discovered seated, drinking at a table in an Inn-yard, Milan :

1st B. Well, well, these be the strange days indeed, indeed!

2nd B. (*Rather Drunk.*) How now, neighbor Burnard, how now?

1st B. Heardest thou not the news, good neighbor? But with thy nose always i' the wine-pot, thou canst not know anything aside its rim.

2nd B. Wine-pot, wine-pot, thou sayst! Ha! ha! Nose i' the wine-pot thou sayst!

'Tis better than sticking it into every business save thine own, hey! neighbor Burnard! But what be this news that would keep the nose out o' the wine-pot?

1st B. There be a new Pope at Rome, the Monk, Hildebrand, or Hellbrand, as some folks call him. 'Tis said he hath sworn never to rest until he hath unwived all the priests i' Europe.

2nd B. God keep us all! This were no reason for to keep the nose outside the wine-pot! Here's to his health, God save him! Unwife the priests! 'Tis a good joke. 'Twere well for me and thee did he unwive all the burghers i' Milan. 'Twould gie one I know moré peace i' his bed o' nights. 'Tis the priests ever have all the good fortune in Europe. 'Tis ever so!"

The Pope's emissaries arrive at the market-place of the town and read the Bull. The unfortunate priest, Gerbhart, has to choose between this unnatural decree and his sweet wife, Margaret.

"*Gellert (a big burgher, to Arnulph, the emissary.)*

Let me see yon paper, let me see thou liest. Nay, 'tis the Pope's name. This be a damned world!

Good Father Gerbhart, tell us if this paper Be what he saith!

"*Gerbhart.* Margaret come not so near, O Margaret, come not so near—I love thee Margaret—but—O my God!

Margaret. Gerbhart, Gerbhart, thou wilt not desert me! Remember our sweet babe!

Ariald (an emissary.) Margaret, touch not that man, he is God's own. Leave him.

Arnulph. Even so. Wouldst thou curse him with thy touch?

Margaret. Evil Man, good Friends, forgive my misery.

But even now, as I did pass our home,
I left his little one, and mine, asleep,
His sweet face pillowed on his rosy arm.
I bent and kissed him, he did look so like
His father; and now good friends, forgive me,
it is but

A passing madness, but it seemed these men
Had built a wall of hideous black between
Me and my husband.

Arnulph. Choose, Gerbhart, twixt this woman and thine office. Take her with thee to Hell, or both win Heaven.

Gerbhart. I have chosen, let me go and die.

Margaret. O Gerbhart, come and kiss our little babe,
Say one good-bye, to home, before you go,
I'll not detain you, I say it on my knees,
I'll not detain you.

Gerbhart. Margaret, would you curse us with your love?
I can hear the Holy Father's voice
Though he's in Rome, saying, nay, nay, to thee.

Margaret. Nay, I am mad, 'twas this o'er nursing did it.
Gerbhart, tell me, tell me, I am mad.
Good friends, O pardon your poor Margaret.
O who will lead me home!"

Perhaps a word regarding the man himself will be of interest. Campbell was born in Western Ontario in 1861. He studied at University College, Toronto, and later at Cambridge, Mass., U.S. He has been in the Canadian Civil Service for some years, and is now in the Department of the Secretary of State. His poetry has appeared frequently in the *Century*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Scribner's*, the *Cosmopolitan*, the *Independent*, the *Outlook*, and other leading American periodicals; such poems as "The Mother," "Pan the Fallen," "Out of Pompeii," "The Last Prayer," and many others, giving him a wide note as a poet and thinker of a high order, both on this continent and in England.

Mr. Campbell is a well-built man, about the middle height, and with broad shoulders. He is rather fair, and of a nervous temperament. He is an exceedingly good talker and well worth listening to, and has a most forcible way of presenting his arguments, whatever subject they may be upon. He has written much fine prose, the greater part of which he has never published. He has a keen relish for humor and satire, possessing an original fund of each, as anyone talking to him will soon discover. The picture of Campbell which illustrates this article is a most excellent likeness, being from a photo by Pittaway, Ottawa, which was taken in February last expressly for OUR MONTHLY.

A HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO.

BY LAURANCE MAXWELL.

IN the south side of College Ave., between Mission Ave. and Elizabeth Street, stands a large, substantial, dark red brick structure, which, though not strictly in accordance with any recognized style of architecture, is infinitely more pleasing in the symmetry of its design than the majority of buildings which are to be seen in Toronto.

nings, a brief account of which may not be without some interest.

For many years past it has been generally conceded in the medical world that separate hospitals are necessary for the proper care and treatment of children afflicted with any disease. And, after some agitation, a number of ladies decided that Toronto should not be behind in this respect; and,



MAIN ENTRANCE.



MR. JOHN ROSS ROBERTSON.

On a tablet placed above the entrance is the legend, "Victoria Hospital for Sick Children," for such is the name of this institution than which there is no better proof of Toronto's generosity in general, and the munificence of a few citizens in particular. And this splendid home for sick children is only the successor of several more humble begin-

therefore, a house on Avenue Road was obtained, at a rental of \$320 per annum.

It was not long before the course of events clearly demonstrated the immense field of labor which was open to an institution of this nature. Soon it was necessary to obtain a larger building; and, in June, 1876, the Hospital was

transferred to the house on Seaton Street, which is now known as the Haven. Another move was made in the spring of 1878 to a more commodious building on Elizabeth Street.

During these early years of its existence the Hospital was maintained entirely by subscriptions from those interested in the good work which it was daily accomplishing. Many of

the Hospital, subject to the payment of a comparatively small sum. And the institution was incorporated under the name of "The Hospital for Sick Children," in order that it might be enabled to take a conveyance of the land in question.

In 1882 Mr. J. Ross Robertson, to whom the Hospital owes so much, built on the Island a summer sani-



VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

these offerings were accompanied by a few remarks, of which probably none was more quaintly heartfelt than that of the student of Blackstone who sent \$5 "as a thank-offering for having passed successfully a law examination."

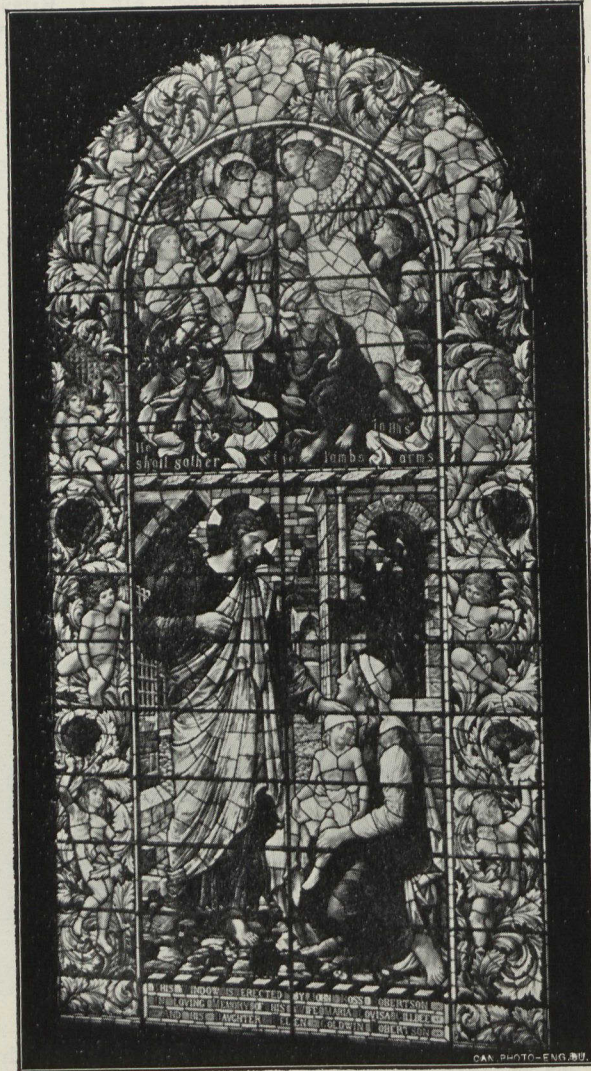
In 1878 Mr. E. B. Osler and Mr. J. L. Smith, who owned the Elizabeth Street property, generously gave it to

tarium for sick children, which is known as the Lakeside Home. The original building was enlarged by the donor in 1886, and entirely remodelled in 1891, over \$21,000 in all having been spent upon it. This great addition to the resources of the Hospital has been of incalculable advantage in affording relief and pleasure to the suffering children during the hot summer months.

Mr. Robertson made these magnificent gifts subject only to the conditions that the children of Free Masons should be admitted free to either the Lakeside Home or the Hospital for Sick Chil-

capable of accommodating about 200 patients.

In 1885 the main Hospital again was moved; a new home for it being obtained on Jarvis Street. It had been



ROBERTSON MEMORIAL WINDOW.

dren; and that "the sick children of the other city charities" should enjoy a similar privilege. The Home, which is furnished with everything necessary for the work carried on within its walls, is

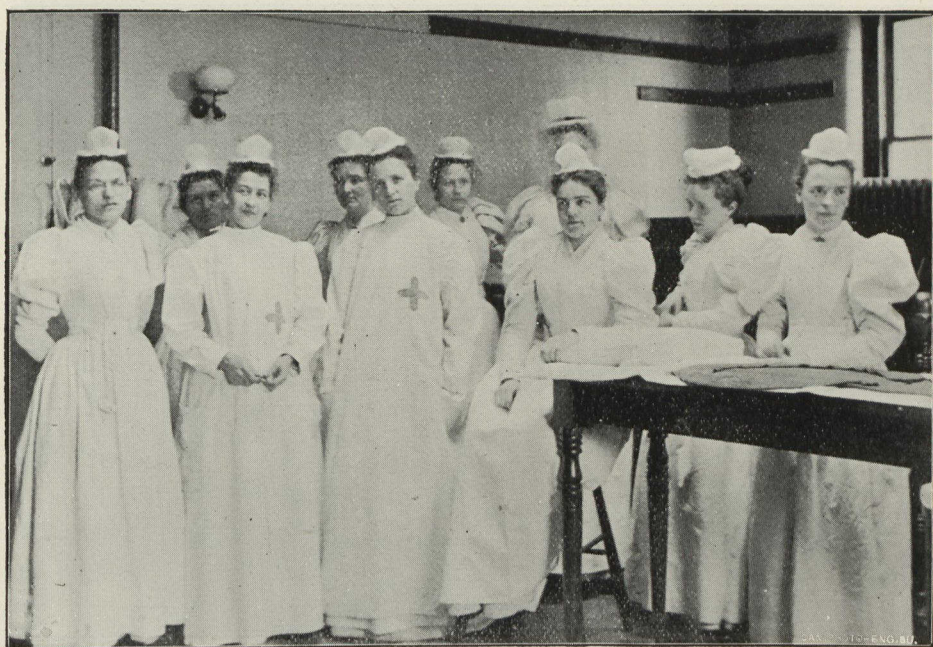
decided before this, however, that a permanent building should be erected and the grant of \$20,000 voted by the city in the Jubilee year, hastened the fulfillment of the project. After some

hesitation, work was commenced on the land at the corner of Elizabeth Street and College Avenue, and the foundation stone of the handsome building which now adorns that site was laid by the then Mayor, Mr. E. F. Clarke, on September 6th, 1889.

It is not easy to give any properly comprehensive idea of the vast amount of research which was made in order that the building might in every detail take advantage of the experience of

has been amply justified by the result, a visit to the Hospital on College Avenue will satisfy anyone.

This magnificent building cost, in its furnished state, about \$150,000. It is capable of housing 175 people; and the average number of patients within its walls is between 95 and 100. There are in all 45 members of the Hospital staff. The expenditure incurred monthly in the maintenance of the institution amounts to \$2,000. And there is at



A GROUP OF THE NURSES.

other like institutions. Mr. Robertson not only visited and inspected hospitals at Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, Paris, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin and Munich, but interviewed the various officials connected therewith. Leading European architects, who make a specialty of hospitals, were consulted and the Canadian architect who had charge of the plans, visited all the great hospitals of the United States.

That the wisdom of these precautions

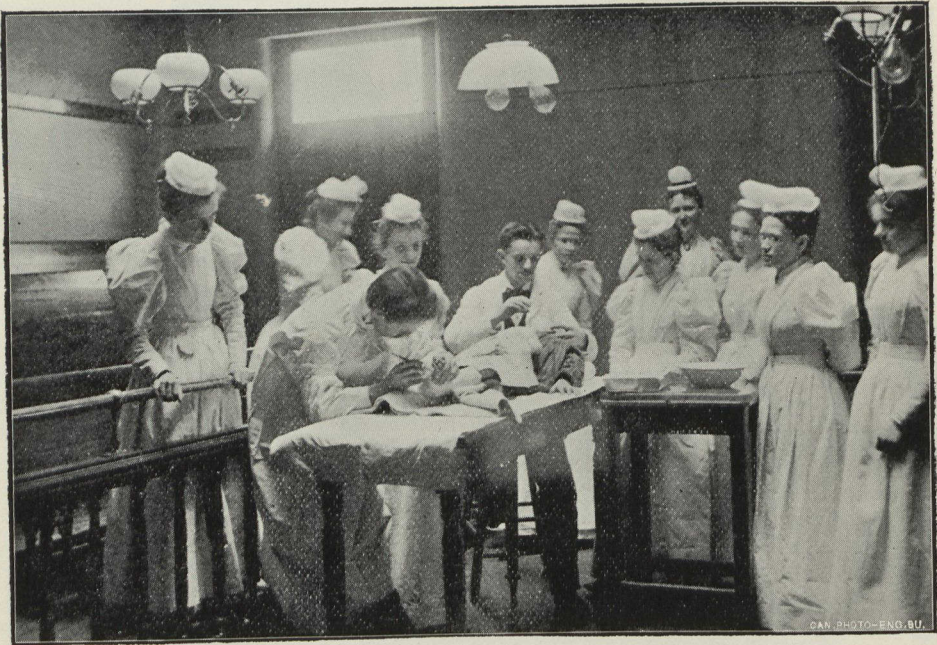
present a debt of \$100,000 which remains unpaid.

In the cellars are the heating apparatus and the ventilating mechanism. The Hospital is heated on the indirect system—a plan which has been found to meet all the exigencies of our changeable climate. In regard to ventilation, which is always a matter of the greatest importance in such a building, it may be truly asserted that the mechanism employed is unique in its thoroughness.

On the ground floor one finds the various offices connected with the management; the kitchens and the dining-rooms for the staff. Here also is the Dispensary or Out-door Department, where between four and five thousand patients are treated annually. Clinic rooms are attached for the examination of this class of sufferers to whom relief is offered.

Two elevators, one at each end of the building, are employed to convey the

work. Passing through it one finds at the left the main staircase (which is of stone), and at the head of which is the Robertson memorial window. This lovely work of art, which is probably the finest example of stained glass upon the continent, represents Christ healing the sick children. It is by the famous Henry Halliday, after Gabriel Max, and was given to the Hospital by Mr. J. Ross Robertson in memory of the late Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, and her



AN OPERATION.

sick children to the upper floors. The larger of these can, if necessary, take a patient in his or her cot, with two attendants. And thus, by means of the stretcher, the invalids may be placed in the hand ambulance, which is kept on the ground floor, and wheeled to any part of the city, or to the ferry connecting with the Lakeside Home on the Island.

The front entrance to the Hospital is a handsome and imposing piece of

daughter, Helen Goldwin Robertson.

Coming to the first floor, one sees four wards, each of which is provided with a set of lavatories, bath rooms, linen closets and pantries, and a dressing room. In fact, each ward, together with the adjacent rooms, is a complete hospital in itself.

The bath rooms and lavatories are all fitted up with slate and marble, the baths being of porcelain, and the whole is finished with marble, brass and nickel

work. And here it may be remarked that the plumbing work throughout the building is the very best that could possibly be obtained, being based to a large extent upon the sometimes dearly bought experience of other Hospitals. The proof of its thoroughness is to be gleaned from the fact that in the five years of its service it has not occasioned the expenditure of a single dollar for repairs.

The operating room and the instru-

which there is the slightest suspicion of infectious disease. Of course no child suffering from any such complaint is admitted in the first instance.

The third floor includes two more wards, the sleeping apartments of the night nurses and others, and the nurses' parlor and study, whilst on the fourth floor are the rooms of the twenty-five nurses who are connected with the Hospital.

The amount of work done by the



A FAMILY GROUP.

ment room, the latter of which contains a variety of modern surgical instruments, valued at over \$2,000, are also on the first floor; as is the photograph room—where a likeness is taken of each child when first entering the Hospital for treatment, after any operation, and before finally leaving.

There are also four wards on the second floor. And both there and on the first floor are suspect wards, where there is confined any case in regard to

Hospital may be comprised in the brief statement that it treats about 500 patients every year, and that the number of operations performed annually exceeds 300. The medical staff consists of fourteen doctors, seven of whom are surgeons. There are, in addition, two resident surgeons.

The by-laws and regulations of the Hospital provide that children from two to fourteen years of age who are not suffering from any infectious dis-

ease shall be received in as patients. All who are in a position to pay for the treatment of their children are obliged to do so. Out-door patients are admitted up to the age of fourteen years. They receive advice and medicine free.

A walk through the various wards shows the nature of the work done by the Hospital. In the bright, airy rooms,

Toronto has entrusted to it a charge more important to the community than has the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children. Nor is there any branch of benevolent work that appeals more strongly to people at large.

Toronto is indeed fortunate in possessing within its bounds such an institution, complete in every detail, and perfect in its system of management.



THE SCHOOLROOM.

children suffering from almost every imaginable complaint, are to be seen really enjoying life, notwithstanding their grievous bodily afflictions. And one shudders to think what would be the life and ultimate fate of many of these infants if they were obliged to remain in their own homes.

No organization in the City of To-

And the thought of one who knows the Hospital and the extent and scope of its influence can only be put in the words of that great English philosopher who said that in charity (which is "the one source of all human glory, power and material blessing"), "there is no excess, neither can man or angel come in danger by it."

PRESS GALLERY WHISPERINGS.

BY P. JELLALABAD MOTT.

HOW long has he been talking?
About ten minutes.

Keep quiet! I want to get some of these figures. I'm going to give McMullen a good show.

Ough! He gives me a pain in the stomach. Some one ought to give him a good swift kick.

He's one of the most useful members of the House.

You didn't think so when you were on the *Gazette*.

Haven't you men got past quarrelling over those duffers down there. I got over it years ago.

I hear Sir Adolphe is going to reply to him.

Did you ever hear that story about the time Sir Adolphe went down to Montreal last winter.

Say! Can't you men talk a little lower?

That's as much as I want of that. I'm going out to write up.

Well! How did you come out?

About half a dollar out. I was more than four in, and I got a deuce full and Headner was brave enough to call me with four nines. How long has Choquette been talking in French.

About half an hour.

Can you follow him?

No. When he stops I'm going over to ask Charbonneau what he said.

When these men discuss legislation they seem to me like men in a dream. Everything they say and think has some relation to their daily lives but is absolutely void of any logical connection with them or anything else.

It's a fact. If you made a man drunk on tangle-leg—pure fusel oil, blue vitriol, logwood chips and Toronto bay water—he couldn't imagine anything more wild or fantastic than you can find in statute books.

Now you fellows are filled with trea-

son up to the neck, the machinations of your heart are dark as Erebus and you talk too much.

If you men have nothing to do but make speeches you should go somewhere else. It's not at all fair to men in the gallery who want to make a full report.

Just say 'Mr. Davies also spoke.'

'But owing to a disturbance in the gallery our reporter could not learn the purport of his remarks.'

Pete's cross to-night.

Was Caron in the first National Policy cabinet?

I don't know, ask Phil. or Magurn.

Haggart stands baiting better than any of them. When they rip his department up the back he just sits there like an old farmer at a nomination.

They can't rattle him.

Did you ever hear that story Shaunessy tells about Haggart.

Now give us a rest. You've been telling that style of stories all night.

Here's a parcel of men manufacturing laws, and the people who shout about them on election day would not trust some of them to run a pea-nut stand.

You lack respect for the dignity of Parliament, the attribute of awe and majesty wherein doth sit the dread and fear of civil servants.

I don't see where the dignity comes in. These fellows ride on passes and charge mileage. Why! They steal postage stamps. When they got ten buck's worth of stamps instead of the franking privilege, they restored the franking and kept the stamps. One or two gave back their stamps and have mourned their folly ever since.

Well! What would you say of a representative of the sovereign people who would rob a poor man of his beer?

This law building is the grandest humbug of the age. Some old duffer

in England has his pigeons shot and he introduces a law about pigeons. Then it's copied in Canada and sticks to us like tar on a rotten ship. Things are so mixed and muddled that a man can't build a house and sell it to his neighbor—the simplest imaginable transaction—without calling in an expert.

Why don't you say that in your despatch?

A touch of common-sense would seem like idiocy in dealing with a law factory.

When Mack would see the copy he'd say 'Charley's off on the batter again.'

Is it true that you anarchists are not allowed to shave or wear socks?

As long as I stay out here he'll talk. He thinks I'm reporting him.

This joint has been running since 1867 and you can't tell me a single thing they've done that should not have been left undone in the interests of the people.

Yes I can. They gave Fred a job on *Hansard*.

And Tommy here made a pot report—the Public Accounts Committee.

Where would our infant industries be if left naked to the cruel, blighting, devastating competition they talk about down there.

Did he say twenty-five thousand or thirty-five thousand?

Yes.

I don't know. You men will have to quit talking so loud.

Say 'a large quantity.'

Or 'a considerable amount.'

This gallery is filled with brilliant and original suggestions to-night.

Hear that addle-pate beefing down there. He thinks this joint here at Ottawa, Ontario is the Dominion.

The sea, and all that in them is.

Why don't you write that.

I will in another way. I'll say he takes a foremost place among the statesmen of the Dominion.

I heard you went in for Christian science, or knights of labor or something of that kind, but never knew you had it so bad.

I've got enough of it. I got a wire to keep it down and I have three columns now.

See that. He thinks this joint is the nation.

He's right. See these beautiful marble pillars, this microscopic desk endeared by the whittling of consecutive sessional jack-knives, and old Dickie's white head over in the door. Who would not fight for it, and if need be die for it?

Where are all the Government men to-night?

There's some kind of a shindy at Earncliffe. Mahaffy has some names if you want them.

I hope they stop early to-night, I'm tired.

I wonder if any one reads the reports of these great explosions of gas.

That would make a good five line head.

The telegraph operator does.

Anyone who reads them all should get a pension.

They're the best stuff in the papers except the beauty and fashion gush.

Nothing swells the circulation like the names of the distinguished people present.

Oh! Great Cæsar! I was afraid Mills would speak. He'll cut the universe open at a new segment and demonstrate its internal anatomy. Let's go out and have a smoke.

They need men of sense like Mills in the House.

Yes. To drive all the others out and shorten the debates.

Some of these talkers would kick if I gave them a whole page. They think a newspaper exists just to print their speeches.

There'll be some superb kicking when they see my report. I'm keeping it down to a column.

Here's the crowd that was down in the bar.

Watch the honorable gentlemen climbing the steps.

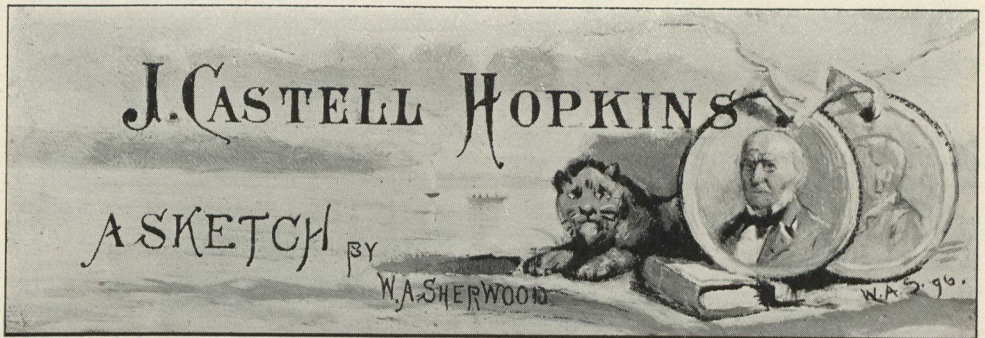
They're just sober enough to vote.

Don't you wish you had a jog of that style yourself.

It's too bad, the indemnity doesn't cover the headache.

Taylor is going to move the adjournment of the debate as soon as his jag finishes.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow. Let's go.



IN the field of Canadian literature there is perhaps no name amongst the young writers better known than that of J. Castell Hopkins.

His most recently published book, "The Life and Work of William Ewart Gladstone," has met with an almost universal reception, and it has been placed in the libraries of many of the Imperial and Colonial Political Clubs. A further reference to this excellent work will be made as we approach the closing paragraphs of our sketch.

It was in the spring of 1864, when the early blossoms were budding into light, on the first of April, came the subject of our sketch to the happy home of his father.

Mr. Hopkins, the elder, with his wife, came from England to America in the year 1860. The traditions of the family on the mother's side date to the Huguenot persecutions in France. Her maiden name was Hew de Bourk; her father was an Anglican clergyman. Hopkins is an old English county name and is frequently to be met with in Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire and Essex. The subject of our sketch received his training in the Grammar School at Bowmanville where in early youth he displayed an aptitude for the writing of essays, and was wisely permitted to indulge in his favorite study.

In the year 1882 he entered the service of the Imperial Bank, and by close attention to his duties rose to the responsible position of accountant in one of its large branch offices. After

eight years of faithful service, Mr. Hopkins resigned his post in the bank to join the editorial staff of the *Toronto Empire*.

The editorial columns of the *Empire* then bore evidence of the untiring zeal and enthusiasm which characterized that brilliant though short lived publication. Mr. Hopkins retired from the *Empire* about a year before the amalgamation of the two papers, *The Mail and Empire*, was consummated. Since that time he has devoted himself to literature in its higher branches.

In the life of every man who has attained to any measure of success there is one period in particular to which he can point or one from which he can date the beginning of his career. At that momentous period the star of his destiny seems to be on the ascendant or otherwise. To Mr. Hopkins the year 1887 is ever a memorable one. It was in this year that the first branch of the Imperial Federation League was organized in Ontario. The initiative institution was established in Ingersoll and Mr. Hopkins was unanimously chosen Secretary. In the autumn of that year, in the columns of the *London Times*, appeared communications from the pen of Professor Goldwin Smith, and Mr. Hopkins' appearance in the field of controversy was in reply to the brilliant Oxford professor, and through the columns of the "Thunderer." The admirable manner in which the subjects discussed were handled attracted wide attention and was no slight compliment to so young a writer. There was, how-

ever, a still greater honor—the measuring of his lance with one so renowned and honoured in the walks of literature as Professor Goldwin Smith and in the *Times*, that refuge for all distressed Englishmen. As a result of that controversy, a correspondence with many of the leading public men of England was begun, and Mr. Hopkins was elected a member of the Colonial Institute, and here it may be said without qualification, that it is no small compliment to the political insight of so young an author when the leaders of both parties here and on the other side of the Atlantic confer with him on subjects of national import.

In the following year in the *Forum*, *The Westminster Review* and other periodicals, Mr. Hopkins contributed many valuable articles upon the subject of most timely interest, viz., England's Preferential Trade with the Colonies, and Closer Union between the Motherland and the Colonies. These articles were frequently quoted, not only in America and England, but in the Antipodes, in South Africa and throughout the Indian Empire. In the year 1890 Mr. Hopkins addressed public meetings on behalf of the movement of Imperial Federation.

The personal characteristics, the domestic life of an author, if he be not a bachelor, is always of interest in direct ratio with the power of the narrator or the fame of the subject. If phrenology was an accepted science, and if all men understood its principles, it would be comparatively an easy task to account for the qualities which appear upon every page of the work of Mr. Hopkins. The professional phrenologist, if he had but half a chance, would declare that the bump of "Comparison" was "largely developed," that "Language" was "full;" that "Eventuality," "Calculation," and "Firmness," were highly "active," and that "Memory," "Combative-ness," "Construction" and "Mirth" completed the more highly developed bumps of Mr. Hopkins' well rounded dome. The physiognomist and the artist have a task more difficult to determine—the mental status of our author, yet each will find much to con-

sider in the well-rounded forehead, the keen and clear blue eye, the delicate but firm lines about the mouth and chin, the nervous concentration in the lips. In these and other characteristics are exhibited the forces at work modelling the features, or the powers possessed, which are thus demonstrated upon the face—characteristics exemplified upon every page of the author's work.

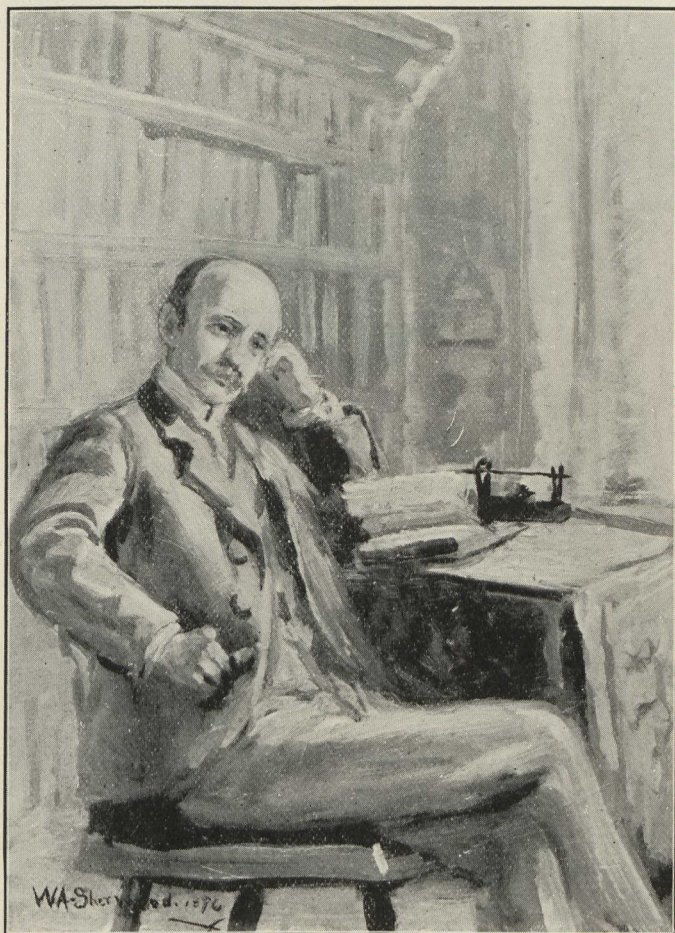
In conversation, Mr. Hopkins is extremely bright and mirthful. There is not a trace of affectation either in his manner or voice, though he is possessed of delicate sensibilities. The power of analysis, which he possesses in no restricted measure, qualifies him for the work in which he is engaged. It prevents him at all times from indulging in extravagant metaphor and wild assertions. Never at any time do you find him incapable of controlling his imagination.

In all the political and economic contests in which he has been engaged he preserves a quiet dignity and an equanimity which is disappointing, yet it is this quality which always creates respect in the breast of even his most bitter political opponent. The efforts made by the attorney to arouse a susceptible and hesitating witness for the purpose of extorting an unguarded answer seems not unlike the method which Mr. Hopkins has adopted in some of his controversies. His first epistle by its seductive insinuations always extorts a statement in the reply of his opponent. In due time he presents it, in direct succession he follows it with some previously expressed opinion of his opponent and not unlikely of a contradictory nature. A continuation of selected paragraphs drawn from an author's unguarded material, however good the "English" may be, is not always the pleasantest reading to the author of those selections, but it is nevertheless wonderfully convincing to the reader. These selections are always well placed, and each paragraph interlinked with a few short sentences crisp and terse. This course has been taken in only a few of the many controversies in which he has engaged. But whatever method Mr. Hopkins may adopt he always urges

the subject under discussion to a timely conclusion. You are never wearied. He never wanders from his subject, or makes a retreat into apologetic vagaries. The ultimate he leaves with the reader. He graciously takes leave of his opponent and retires from the scene of controversy. This style of procedure is almost dramatic.

field of political economy, whose contributions are so readable.

He frequently gives, from apparently dry and sapless trees, fruit delicious to the palate. Through long and intricate columns of figures and facts, shrinking with the icy coldness of "business," the essayist leads you along, and you feel that after all, even "stubborn



J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

In Mr. Hopkins' political epistles there is a feeling of severity frequently apparent, which in his biographical work does not show. The necessity of appearing in the clearest light before the reader intensifies this quality, yet I know of but few writers on the peculiar subjects which he has chosen in the

facts" may possess at times a laxity provocative of mirth. It does appear to the casual reader that the power to present tabulated statements in a pleasant and readable form is a quality or gift of nature that might well be assigned to the domain of genius.

Mr. Hopkins is an earnest student of literature. The standard authors of prose and poetry find a place upon his shelves. The romances of Lord Beaconsfield, the essays of Macaulay, and of Professor Goldwin Smith, and the speeches of Lord Dufferin, are his favorite subjects of library study. Lord Rosebery's "Life of Pitt" seems to afford an exquisite source of delight, and many a wee sma' hour is devoted to the perusal of its chapters. Upon these authors he has sought to base

his literary style. It is a subject for congratulation, when, regardless of years, the Minister of Education in Ontario pays so high a tribute as that which comes from his pen in the scholarly preface which he has written in Hopkins' "Life of the Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone."

The first instalment of a series of articles, "Canada's Defence and Defenders," by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, will appear in our next issue.—ED.



QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED.

ONE DOLLAR will be paid for the best answer to *each* of the following questions, the answer not to exceed one hundred words. If the best answers to the whole of the five questions are sent in by one person, the sum of Five Dollars will be paid to him or her, but not more than once in twelve months. This department may be made the most useful and interesting in the whole magazine. Our readers are invited to send in questions (which must be on Canadian subjects only), and if sufficient interest appears to be taken in the department its usefulness will be extended.

As the questions are all to be on Canadian subjects, Smart Alecks and star boarders will have no necessity to enquire "Who was Cain's wife?" or "Which came first, the cock or the egg?" Neither will it be good busi-

ness for any son of Belial to delude himself with the idea that he can send in a question one week and the answer to it the next, and so collect a dollar.

All questions or answers to contain the full name and address of the sender, be written on one side of the paper only, and must reach the office of publication by first of month preceding month of publication.

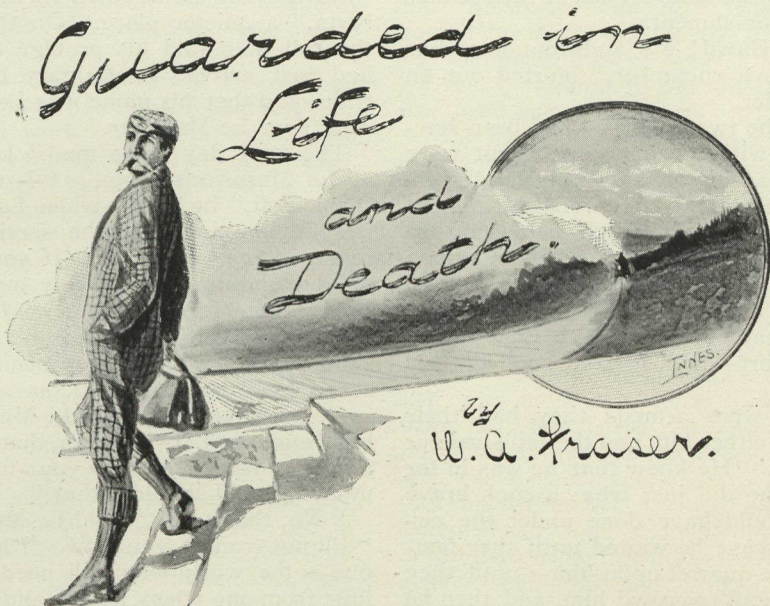
(1.) When was English criminal law introduced into Canada?

(2.) What English poet describes Scarborough Heights? Quote chapter and verse.

(3.) When did dollars and cents come into use in Canada?

(4.) Who wrote the first Canadian novel; what was its title; where and when was it published?

(5.) Which is the oldest chuchyard in Canada?



THERE'S merry hell to pay down there," said the express driver, as he jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of a big white hotel. "They're rustling an insurance fellar down there—got him pretty well worried now, I guess," he continued, as he drove off with a load of express matter.

A man started up listlessly, as the train pulled out of the little station and walked slowly down towards the hotel.

"Great Scott! he's a beauty," exclaimed an old timer, shifting his pipe for a moment, and shading his eyes from the hot scorching sun, as he looked admiringly after the tall young man who had just gone.

Just as the "Beauty" entered the hotel, the "merry hell" they were having culminated in a very decided representation of that place as far as one man was concerned. Two of "the boys" had their lariats around his neck,

and he was in a fair way of being choked to death.

Suddenly something tightened on one of the "boy's" windpipe, and a cyclone carried him bodily over to the side of his chum in iniquity, and their respective heads were knocking together in a most demoralizing manner—demoralizing so far as their sport was concerned.

The man with the hemp necktie about his throat lost no time in pulling his head from the double noose that had settled about it when "the boys" first swung their lariats.

Then the something—the thing that had gripped their throats and brought them together—let go; it was the "Beauty."

"What th'ell are ye interferin' fer?" spluttered one of the rustlers, nearly choking with rage and bad liquor.

But the "Beauty" took no notice of him at all; he simply got the man they had been rustling on his feet, and saw that he was not hurt.

"Pardon me," he said, in a lazy drawling voice, "but don't you think it wouldn't be half a bad idea for you to go to another hotel?"

The bystanders looked at the speaker with astonishment.

"My Gawd! 'e's 'andsome, hand has cool has a cucumber," blurted out an old soldier.

But the two men who had been having fun with the insurance agent were full of bad liquor, and had been terrorizing the hotel. They were cow-punchers, riders on a ranch belonging to "The Mascot" outfit. They had come in for a good time; and they began to see that the tall stranger had put a stop to it—had interfered with their legitimate sport—had, in fact, spoiled their game.

They were armed; they had their guns on either hip, and the tall stranger saw this. He knew that he was in for it, and he did just what a cool, brave man should have done under the circumstances; he waited until they fastened the quarrel upon him—until they both began to crowd him, and then he smashed them with his long, powerful arms, until they lay down and went to sleep. Like the piston of an engine those arms of steel worked for two or three strokes—such lightning-like strokes they were, too—and then he stood as he had before, quite calm and apparently unconcerned.

Most of the men in the bar-room were tall men, some of them powerful fellows, and ready for anything, but no one there felt like meddling with the young giant who had laid out the two rioters; beside, it had served them right, really.

He was a giant—an Apollo. Head and shoulders he stood above those tall men about him, and his cheeks were like those of a woman—not a Western woman's, tanned by the wind which sweeps down from the snow-crested mountains and across the sea of prairie, but like those of a society belle in some eastern city.

"I am not so sure but that I had better act myself on the advice I gave you just now," he added, addressing the agent, "for I think I have offended those two fellows, and they may not

care to see me about. You had better come," he added, as the other still hesitated, "for those fellows are sure to be ugly when they get around."

So the two went down to the "Alberta," a quieter place. On the road the tall man told his protégé that he had just arrived in Calgary by that train, and that his name was Le Mesurier, Tom Le Mesurier.

The next day "the man" knocked at Le Mesurier's room. "I want to thank you," he began when Le Mesurier let him in, "for the service you rendered me yesterday. If you don't mind I should like to show my gratitude in some form or another. I should like to take your application for a thousand or two. Please don't misunderstand me," he continued, as a broad smile began to develop on Le Mesurier's handsome face; "I mean that it will not cost you a cent for your first premium—I will shoulder that."

"No, thank you," said Le Mesurier, "I'll not trouble you now. I have no one in the world who will need a shilling from me when I die; and, as far as I can see, I shall need all I can scrape together while I live. No, there is no one," he added, reflectively—"at least not *now*."

"At any rate, you will let me know if you change your mind." And Le Mesurier promised him that.

Tom Le Mesurier had little with him but his length of limb and his good looks when he struck Calgary. These would not go far towards paying his hotel bill, he knew; so he lost no time in trying to find something to do to turn his length of limb to account.

"Can you ride?" queried the manager of the "Mascot Ranch," when Tom asked him for employment.

"I have played polo a bit at home," answered Tom.

"Well," said the manager, "you'll find it a bit different from polo; but you can go out and try it for a time at seventy-five dollars a month. I'm going out in two or three days, and there'll be a *cayuse* for you, and you can ride out with us."

When Le Mesurier joined him the morning he was to start, he found that in addition to the manager

there were two other riders—they were the “rustlers” who had made his acquaintance at the other hotel.

When he rode up he said, “Good morning, gentlemen,” with a cheery ring in his voice that took their breath away.

“By God!” said one of them, “he’s got as much cheek as a Blackfoot.”

“He’ll work out of that a bit,” said his companion, with an ugly grin, “before he’s been on the trail as long as you an’ me, pard.”

After that they didn’t take much notice of him. Westerners generally let a man shift for himself, and he soon finds his proper level.

Tom found riding on the ranch vastly different from playing polo when the mood took him. On the Mascot cattle run all the men were worked “like the devil,” as one of the “night rustlers” told Tom.

“This outfit plays the game for keeps,” he assured Tom; “they go in for blood, and they get it too—only when there’s a bad winter, and they lose about sixty per cent.; then there’s blood also, but it’s on the moon; for the manager is a hard one himself, and he works for the left-hand wife of the devil—that’s what the boys call the missus as owns the outfit.”

“So, if you let the gang stampede with you, you might just as well lay down and let them gallop over you, for you’ll never get to heaven any more—that’s if the old woman can keep you out. She’s a rustler from over the Divide, and she’s got to get even for the dust the old man blew in trying to teach the boys up at Calgary to play poker.”

All this was intensely interesting, Tom thought, but it didn’t bother him any; he wasn’t looking for bother, he’d had considerable of that at home—only that all came out later on.

Also was his experience with a bucking cayuse the next morning intensely interesting. Perhaps it was quite an accident that he got an animal constructed on the principle of a pigeon trap. As if in irony of his fiendish uselessness “Diablo” was as beautiful as a two-year-old thoroughbred.

Seven times Le Mesurier mounted this

screeching, foaming beast. “Diablo” managed the other part of the business—the dismounting.

A group of riders were watching the fun. Between Tom and “Diablo” it was all business, but for the others it was the purest kind of sport.

“It’s a hundred to one on the cayuse,” said one of the party.

“I’ll bet you a horse agin twenty dollars that the long Englishman does him up,” replied another; and the bet was made.

As far as science went, the horse had it all his own way. He knew more about bucking in a minute than the man knew about sitting a buck-jumper, all week; but as far as strength went the usual order of things was reversed. Tom was as strong as a horse—as strong as three horses, if you like—and he simply wore the other down. This was a new experience to Diablo—all his little tricks came off. He rushed ahead, and, suddenly planting his fore feet wide, down went his head between them, his back arched like a cat on a moonlit fence, and Le Mesurier took a header, landing several feet in front of the seemingly astonished Diablo. This came off, as also did his next move.

With Tom once more in the saddle he cantered along nicely for a few strides, then he suddenly sidled away backwards like a steamer with her propeller reversed. His long rider dropped half way.

“I guess he’s coolin’ his seat,” remarked one of the crowd.

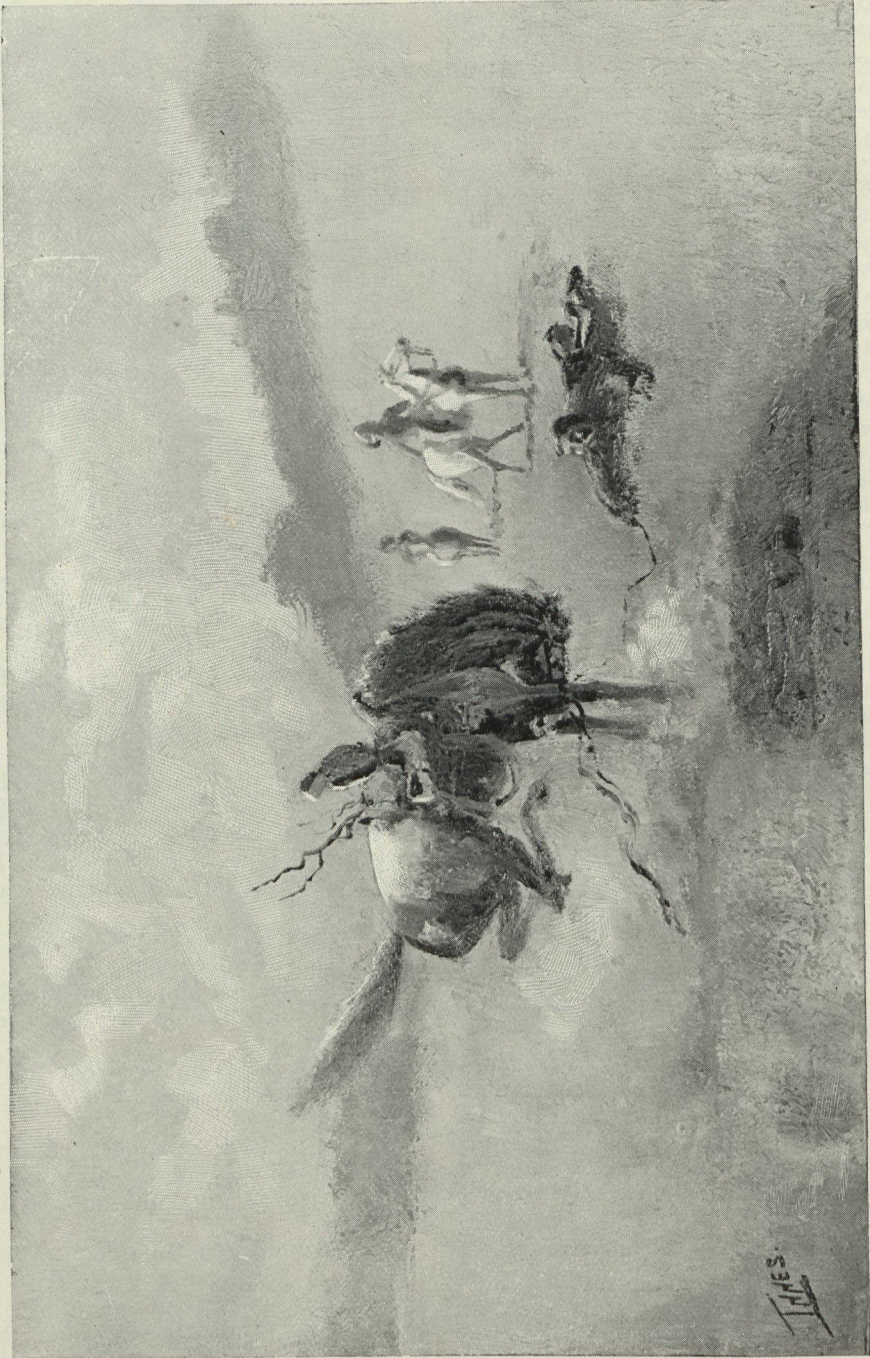
Le Mesurier sat him during the next interview until Diablo lay down and rolled over him.

“The cayuse is on top—one fall to Diablo!” cheerily called out a rough rider.

“Stick to him, stranger!” encouraged the man who had bet his horse on Tom; “you’ve got him more’n half beat now.”

And stick to him Tom did. When Diablo, in his fiendish rage, tried to savage him, as he was mounting, he got a blow in the nostril from that terrible fist that brought him to his knees.

“One fall to the stranger,” called



AN ANIMAL CONSTRUCTED UPON THE PRINCIPLE OF A PIGEON TRAP.

THOMAS.

out the man who had tallied the fall to Diablo.

After an hour and forty-five minutes of remonstrance on the part of Tom, Diablo gave in, and Tom's backer had won his money.

"By Gosh! he's dead game, an' as strong as a grizzly," remarked one of the old timers, after the thing was over.

Le Mesurier rode the conquered cayuse on the range that day, and limp as a rag was the wicked, game little fellow, when his rider changed horses and put his long legs on either side of another of his string. That was the first and last fight; after that they were lovers, only they were as master and servant.

It was known that as a worker, when he wanted to, Diablo was one of the greatest horses that ever turned a steer. On the round-up he was simply great; at "roping," at "turning," at "cutting out," or for "night rustling," he was a gem—that is when he would work; now he always worked—for Tom.

About seven miles from "The Mascot" ranch lived a widow, a Mrs. Lonsdale. She kept a "stopping place," as these sort of temperance hotels where the freighters on the trails in that part of the country put up at, are called.

It seemed as though God had tried to even up things as far as the women of that part were concerned, when he sent Mrs. Lonsdale to Cut Throat Crossing, for she was as sweet and good and kind, as the owner of "The Mascot" was hard.

Not a cow-puncher nor a freighter for hundreds of miles about but what would have ridden fifty miles any day to have done her the slightest favor. The Boys fairly worshipped the sweet-faced little woman; and no matter how rough they were at other places, when they were at Cut Throat Crossing they were as gentle as her own sons might have been—perhaps even gentler. The widow—yes she was also a widow; her husband had drifted into the North-West Mounted Police somehow, from the Old Country, and a whisky trader's bullet had sent him drifting somewhere else—"God only knows where," Sergeant Hetherington used to say. At

any rate she was well rid of him, for he was about as useless a load of humanity as ever any poor little woman tried to carry.

Well, the Widow Lonsdale kept a few head of cattle, and the marvel of it was that the cows always had twins. The simple little woman used to wonder when her cows were picked out from the general round-up, to find that each one had two calves. It was "the boys" who used to assist nature in her laudable endeavor to keep the little woman going.

At these same round-ups if a "maverick" had lost its mother, the widow's brand was thrown upon it in a twinkling—an "L" in a fan was the widow's mark.

And sometimes, even, the boys would stretch a point, if there were no stray mavericks, and see that there were.

Thus were things running at "The Mascot" and at Cut Throat Crossing, when one day big, handsome Tom Le Mesurier found himself at the widow's for dinner, after a long ride after some cattle that had stampeded.

After dinner the widow's little girl, May, came into the room. She was a beautiful golden-haired little girl of eight summers. When Tom saw her he turned white, and started up from where he had been sitting with an abruptness that frightened the little woman. He rushed out to where Mrs. Lonsdale was working, and caught her somewhat roughly by the arm.

"Where did you get that child?" he asked in a harsh, husky voice. "Who gave her to you? How came she here?" he asked, interrupting himself. "But I need not ask—you got her from her mother, from Marie." Then he reeled to a chair and clasped his hand to his forehead as though he were trying to think—to see something clearly in his mind.

At first Mrs. Lonsdale thought that this tall cowboy had been drinking—it was their way, and the usual excuse for anything out of the ordinary. Then a suspicion flashed through her mind. She had always had her own ideas about May ever since she had adopted her four years before in England. No-

body in the West knew but what she was her own daughter; then why should this stranger, this dark, tall, handsome man, with his pink and white complexion ask her that? The query that was running through her mind was soon answered.

"She is my daughter!" he said, rising and coming toward her. "Tell me, woman, where you got her! She was stolen from me—by her mother! Yes, it was her mother—my wife, Marie Le Mesurier. She told me she had been stolen from her by the gipsies, but that I knew was a lie; but though I knew it was a lie, I could not find my little pet, my May. As if the earth had swallowed her up, she had disappeared, and no wonder, for, with her hellish cunning, Marie had sent her out here to the wild West. I can see it all," he continued. "She imposed on you; she told you that she was a widow, or the child's sister, and gave you money to take the child—my money—for she was a fiend, a devil incarnate! Sit down while I tell you about her, then you shall tell me of the child."

And then, as Mrs. Lonsdale listened, Le Mesurier told her with scorn of his early marriage to an adventuress, May's mother. At sixteen he was as vain as he was handsome, and as silly; and this woman, years older, inveigled him into a marriage. Soon he had discovered his mistake, and so had she, for the matter of that, for she had thought his father immensely wealthy. His life had been one living death. Then, out of sheer wickedness, she had stolen away the daughter he had loved so well. "Even now," he added, "I have fled here from her hateful presence; and God has led me to my little May."

'Twas useless for the widow to speak; 'twas even as he had said.

Then she begged that he would not take May from her.

"She is happy with you, I think," he answered. "She shall remain. You need not tell her that I am her father. I shall see her often; and, as I love her, she will soon learn to love me. When she is older we can tell her."

Time went on, and Le Mesurier was at the widow's whenever he had an opportunity. Little May used to watch

for his coming—not because he never came empty handed, but because she had learned to love the great handsome man who was like a father to her.

As for Tom, he was in heaven these days. The open Western life suited him; and he had found the one being he loved on earth, and she was happy.

It began to be whispered about up at The Mascot ranch that Tom was spending too much of his time down at the widow's. Somebody had given these whispers a sinister turn.

"By God!" said "Big Pete" Campbell, "I like Tom, but he'll hev to ac' squar' with the widder. The boys'll stan' no monkeyin' thar. She's a thoroughbred, but wimmen is wimmen, an' mout be that a han'some feller like that 'ud give her the wrong deal."

Tom began to lose popularity among the fellows too. He seemed to be getting mean about his money; he didn't "blow it in" at the hotel any more, and always had an excuse when they were going in to round-up the drinks. Nobody was likely to interfere with him, though, only under strong provocation, for one or two things had happened since he had come among them which showed that he was as strong as a horse and a perfect devil when thoroughly roused.

Tom was a "night rustler" now. That carried bigger pay with it and meant that he had to look after a great herd of cattle at night. Ordinarily this was easy enough; it was when a stampede took place, though, that a man lived five years of his life in half as many hours. And sometimes the whole of his life ended just there—trampled out 'neath the hoofs of the crazed animals.

"Look here, Tom," said Big Pete to Le Mesurier one day, "Mout be as well ter keep yer eyes skinned a bit. It's terrible onhealthy climate 'bout here. Men often get tuk off suddint like when other fellers gits it in their heads it's time fer them ter quit. If yer feel like takin' ther trail, mout be as well fer yer ter pull out any time. Some of the boys in the outfit's got a-down on yer, an' ef yer stay, why jes' keep yer eyes skinned. You an' me's friends, an' ye've allus acted squar, an' jes keep

goin' that way. Ef yer sees anythin' wrong, tip me the wink, an' I'll even things up ef there 's more 'n one er-layin fer yer."

"Thank you, Pete," said Tom. "I'll try to take care of myself."

I won't go, thought Tom, doggedly. I'm not going to let them drive me out. Then he stopped—a bitter thought struck him. My God! what would happen May, if— How would she get the education he had planned for her?

About a month after this Tom was on duty with his cattle. There was the earth, and above it a void. The stillness was oppressive—it was terrible. It seemed as though all the air had gone out of the world, and only a hot stifling vacuum left. Even the cattle felt it—they were restless.

Tom's nerves were of steel, his heart like a bullock's—but even a bullock's heart grows restless sometimes. It seemed as though some great evil had taken the place of the air.

Tom was singing to keep the cattle quiet, and a wonderful power over restless animals a strong full voice has. More than once had he prevented a stampede by charming them with the music of his mellow voice.

Suddenly his quick ear caught the sound of a galloping horse. Thumpty-thump, thumpty-thump! came the sound of the hollow hoofs beating the dry turf.

Tom sang stronger than ever. If I stop, he thought, that galloping fool will start my herd.

The approaching horse was pulled up suddenly about a hundred yards from him, and a small, shrill voice called, "Tom! Tom!"

My God! its May, he thought, I wonder what's up.

"Here, May," he cried; "but come easy, you'll startle the cattle."

She trotted up to him, and threw herself off her pony.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried, "I was afraid I would be too late."

"What is it, little one?" he said, as he lifted her in his strong arms and kissed her.

"Oh, mother heard 'Buffalo Jack' and 'Texas' talking down at the house

to-night, and they were half drunk, and were plotting to stampede your cattle; and throw you down in the stampede, if they got a chance. Texas was going to rope you."

Hardly had she got the words out of her mouth, when there rose on the silent night air a wild, wailing cry. It was over on the farther side of the cattle.

This was followed by the sharp crack of a pistol.

The cattle were up now, and snorting. Tom saw that there was not a moment to lose. He slung May into her saddle, vaulted into his own, and grasping May's bridle rein, started on a mad gallop.

He knew the cattle would follow him. It was the only way to save them when they were stampeded—to gallop in a wide circle and lead them round and round instead of having them break all over the prairie.

As they galloped the herd came thundering along behind them. It was a mad race—a race for life. If either of their horses stumbled— Tom shuddered as he thought of it—not of himself, but of the other.

"Hang on!" he gasped to May, as they tore along.

Suddenly two horsemen shot out in front of him. They had cut across as he circled.

It was "Texas" and his mate.

He saw Texas swing his rope. There was not a moment to lose if he would save May's life. It was two lives for two lives.

Crack! crack! his pistol spoke, and the saddles in front of him were empty.

May's pony plunged—he had stepped on one of the bodies,—the next moment he was down, and Tom's horse over the top of him.

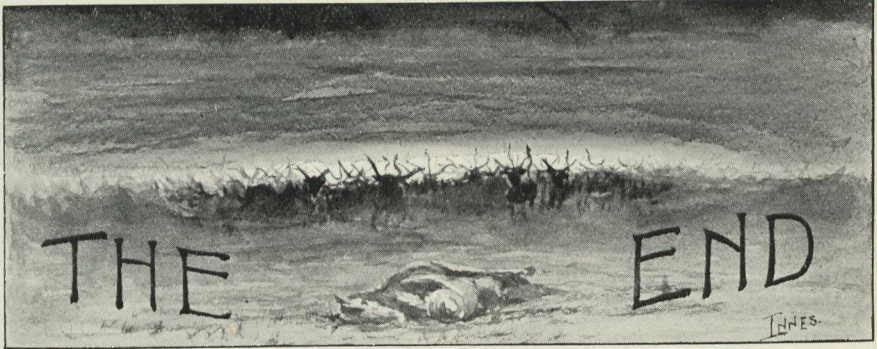
It was too late to mount again. The thunder of the hoofs was rolling over them like a funeral knell.

"I may save her," thought Tom. One bullet he put through the plunging horse's head; that was for a barrier; then he turned and faced the maddened horde but a few paces from them. He emptied his revolvers into them, in the vain hope of dividing the rush; 'twas useless—they were too close.

Then he took May in his arms; kissed her, and spread his great body over her, tight up against the dead horse lying there,—and waited.

And so they found them next morning,—his giant frame, crushed and trampled to a pulp.


But he had saved May, she was alive. "Hell has been here," said "Big Pete," as he wiped his eyes with the back of his great brown hand, "An' the good an' the bad are both dead; only this angel lives. Boys, he was squar, an' he died game."



MISS AILSA CRAIG NELSON.

ART IN CANADA.

BY S. MOLYNEUX JONES, O. S. A.

HAT there is no characteristic school of painting that could specially be termed Canadian, I readily admit, and ask why should there be? What, (I would respectfully ask of the quidnuncs), is there so desirable, in thinking, writing, painting in *ruts*? Canadian artists are as diversified in their aims, and as excellent in their variety, as any of the same number of artists in any other community working under the same disadvantages. The colony itself is young, its bones are not set, it has not attained to puberty, it has not arrived at years of discretion, like Angelo's David perhaps, its head is too big, but like David it is full of vigor, promise, and lusty life, and should hope for the prospect of as glorious a future. When the *art of government* shall have been learned and practiced, when a wise and honest executive shall have given us commercial prosperity (a desideratum only to be attained through just government), the *arts* will follow in due course, and the material of which great artists are made, will be found right here on the soil. Nay, the material is at hand, and like our immense mineral wealth only needs discovering and manipulating. The history of painting in Canada is not a task to attempt here; a recent writer in an American magazine gave us some interesting items on the pioneers of art in this colony. We have veterans of the brush in Toronto, who, like the President of the Ontario Society of Artists, have done good work in the past and are doing it still. Both Mr. Matthews and Mr. M. Martin, with Mr. Bell-Smith and Mr. O'Brien, in that they have paid special attention to some of our world-famed scenery, may be termed in a sense—of the Canadian school—but whilst their canvases have aided materially to make such scenery famous, they have not confined themselves to depicting the beauties of Canada, and there are

other Canadian painters who have shifted the scene to Europe and other parts of the world, so that we still have no *school* of our own.

Apart from one's sense of ignorance, it is expedient to confess also to some prejudices and predilections. For instance, there is a venerable artist we all know and respect, but whose special style of color on canvas scarcely elicits the admiration extended to the many admirable qualities of the painter, and yet those acquainted with some earlier studies of Mr. Jacobi, and who have seen his best work in the vigor of his prime, accord him his place as a worthy pioneer in Canadian art, and forgive him much on that account.

The late lamented Mr. Verner stands in a somewhat analagous position; there have been a few others who have "wrapped the drapery of their couch about them" for the last time, but whose "pleasant dreams" remain with us to inspire the imagination of a younger race, and for whose painted visions an extended sphere has thereby been supplied. But in this connection, while not overlooking the solid work of the earlier painters mentioned, among those now living and working there is none better known among the senior painters than Mr. F. O'Brien. It is true he paints almost solely in water color—(in his oil work many of his best qualities are missed), but for sustained vigor, for clearness and depth, for subtle tones, and effects of light and atmosphere, this veteran still holds against all comers the first place among his younger compeers. It is true that Mr. C. Manly and Mr. W. D. Blatchly, as the sports say, "run him hard" for the first place. Miss Spurr, Mr. Rolph, and a few others come dangerously near occasionally, so that if there is a Canadian school of which the province should be proud it is that of our water-color landscapists. It is difficult to compare justly the style and work of

each and then decide that one specially is the best, as each has her or his own peculiar excellence. Mr. Manly, for instance, in his technique, is as distinct from Mr. O'Brien, as Gainsborough would be in his landscapes from Constable. Mr. Manly's introduction of good figure work in his landscapes is an advantage he has over his senior, and then his decorative designs and splendid pen work shows greater versatility and gives him extra points in weighing the respective merits of the two men. To catalogue all the best people this way would be too tedious, those mentioned are representative, and with a passing reference to the work of Mr. J. D. Kelly and Mr. W. D. Blatchly, we must leave this phase of the subject. These gentlemen are both lithographic artists, and the recent work of Mr. Kelly, reproduced for *Saturday Night*, should speak for itself. We can't analyze it here, suffice to say that it is a distinct advance in Canadian art, and fulfills worthily two conditions critics have demanded, viz., good figure work in water color and original composition of Canadian history.

Mr. Blatchly has not as yet made so ambitious an attempt, but he does more good work in landscape and figure, separate or in combination, than the great majority of his compeers in Toronto.

There are, of course, other phases of water-color work which should not be overlooked, notably Mr. Ede's plucky and effective cattle pieces, and Mr. Gagen's water-color portraits, not forgetting some of his excellent landscapes and tree studies. Mrs. Dignam, too, used to give us some charming flower studies, but we musn't wander yet into Flora's domain. Miss Spurr has been mentioned before among the best of water-color artists in Canada. This gifted lady, like some of our best, is of the English-Canadian type and is a most industrious artist, showing great proficiency in both oils and water in figure and landscape. We have other lady artists of whose talents we are justly proud. One needs but to name such artists as Miss Muntz, Miss Ford with her learned mediævalism and mingled impressionism and pre-

Raphaelism, Miss Tully, and Mrs. Jean Jeffries, to speak of courageous, conscientious work of a high order, in fact among the best that any colony has produced, and of which any art circle may well be proud. Other ladies should doubtless be mentioned in this connection, and with almost equal commendation, but we can't make a catalogue of names as interesting as Homer did of the ships in the *Iliad*, not even of ladies' names, and we hope to be pardoned for omitting to summon each and dismiss them with a word of quite inadequate praise. Those mentioned we claim to be specially representative of Canadian art, and we will add but one more in concluding this phase, and the lady whose work we would briefly refer to is Mrs. Mary H. Reid. This artist and her husband are so well known (and so equally well liked) in Canada, that it is difficult to refer to the work of either without a suspicion of partiality. This admitted, we want to say that there are some (there may be many) who could vie with this lady in many departments of art, but in one special line to which she has of late years devoted herself, viz., that of flower compositions in oil, she has earned for herself a name that will live and be honored on both continents, and wherever an artistic, sympathetic rendering of floral loveliness is apprehended and appreciated.

Now let us return briefly to the portrait painters—male. It is strange, from a commercial standpoint, that there should be such a demand for portraits in oils, but the fact is indisputable, and that some of the best works of the best artists in the world, are their portraits, and there seems to be as much demand, or in proportion, more, than in the days of Rembrandt and Reynolds. Perhaps this branch of art receives more encouragement than any other, certain it is that we have an array of ability in that line of which no colony need be ashamed. There are men who, like Messrs. Patterson, Forbes, and J. W. L. Forster, are painting portraits and nothing else all the time, and should be good at it, and they are good. The work of the latter artist especially, is solid and truthful, with a complete mastery of

technique. But there are others like Mr. Wyly Grier and F. McGillvray Knowles, Mr. F. Bell-Smith and Mr. G. A. Reid, who drop into portraits now and then as (Mr. Boffin dropped into poetry), and when they do, the result is in the highest degree satisfactory. But such general commendation should be more particularized. Mr. Grier and Mr. Knowles have each their special sphere in mountain and coast scenery, in almost Dutch interior, and "the way of a ship on the sea," and their departure from these regions to portrait, is creditable to their versatility and industry alike. But one of the most remarkable men for both these qualities is Mr. F. Bell-Smith. For many years the public have been familiar with his varied treatment of nature on sea and shore, and it was settled by those assiduous critics who are particular to *label* people aright that he was an all round landscapist pure and simple; then, with the utmost daring and with a perseverance painfully persistent he leaps into the portrait field, and does so well at it, that he aims at the very highest game possible and brings it down, if we may refer in sporting parlance to so august a subject as the painting of a sovereign, even of Queen Victoria, with other great personages at "The Funeral of Sir John Thompson." This and the companion picture of the "Receiving his Body on Board Ship," cannot be classed otherwise than as the most ambitious efforts on record of a Canadian artist. Nor is the theme and the occasion their only recommendation; the handling and treatment has many qualities that reflect credit on this indefatigable artist and go a great way to justify the ambition that prompted the venture. When a Canadian paints royalty, and another Canadian (Mr. Forbes) paints so excellent a portrait of Gladstone, the other colonies must look to their laurels. A word in conclusion about Mr. G. A. Reid. Like his namesake of the Scottish Academy, he is essentially a strong man. Whilst capable of a high finish in his work, he seldom condescends to give it us. It is breadth itself, and breadth all the time. No better work was ever painted in this

colony in portrait than the one of his wife, or a more recent one of Edward Blake. But what has made this painter in our opinion the foremost in Canada is his sincere and simple treatment of such episodes in home life of agricultural Canada as "Mortgaging the Homestead" and "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage."

Here is work with the most serious intent and correspondingly solid treatment and in the highest form of art, viz., the painting of history. We are not unmindful of the fact that Mr. Bell-Smith's last important works are truly historical paintings, but this latter artist will forgive my saying it that there is too much of this class of work (not by Colonial artists perhaps), and there is too little record of the *lives of the people* on canvas, and so a truly just view in proper perspective must be that the choice of the subject in Mr. Reid's case is (despite the special effort and notwithstanding the *eclat* of the court pictures) much the more meritorious of the two. All Canadians and art lovers are familiar with photos at least of these works, and if my praise is thought extravagant, I have an antidote right handy when I think of Mr. Reid's last craze (as I consider it) for impressionism. As King Lear says: "To be wroth with one we love doth work like madness in the brain," and to see a man who can do such solid, *sane* work, *go off* on purple trees and fences, bright crome grass, and other such atrocities that constitute the leading features of the so-called impressionists school, makes this critic too angry to be coherent. When we first saw this new movement I remember the grass was *blue*, bright blue, or verdigris green. That was as the impressionists said *they* saw it. Now it's a bright yellow, and they say that's how it looks to them now in certain lights. Then these favored people must have second sight, or we of the general public have none. Perhaps in the next incarnation we may see these effects, as it is at present I feel like Thackeray did with Hood (to compare great people with small) when he declaimed against Hood's puns and jokes, and wanted him to write more in a higher and serious

vein. Nor is this too far-fetched an analogy, for "Mortgaging the Homestead" and "The Foreclosure of the Mortgage" are the present century New World anti-types—transposed into another metre—of "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt."

There are a few other good men and true I wot of, that should be included in any comprehensive notice of Canadian art. We can't well make a catalogue of them, like the pedigrees in Genesis and Numbers; but, more like the procession that Macbeth or Richard saw, try to review, in a spirited way, a few of the coming Immortals.

And first we should mention Mr. W. Cruickshank, a good name to conjure with, though he is not much like his English namesake, except perhaps in his keen sense of humor, but *that* he doesn't transfer to canvas. On the contrary, his best is his most serious work. We are entitled to more evidence than we have of his well-known academic draughtsmanship and fine composition; but his few—too few—paintings of Canadian lumber and forest life are in the right direction, and patriotic art-patrons should encourage such workmen to give us more of that class of work. Ernest Thompson, who startled America awhile ago with his gruesome wolf picture, should be heard from in that or some other zoological direction. There are not too many good animal painters in Canada, and Mr. Thompson is one of that few. We thought once that Mr. Owen Staples might develop into something of a Canadian Landseer, but he has gone off into other directions, principally, unfortunately, the Impressionist one, with the result that we are all more or less disappointed. Miss Palin, too, started well in a doggie way. She may yet, we hope, return to her canine favorites. It seems almost as though that phase of art had figuratively "gone to the dogs," a dire *catastrophe* that perhaps Mr. Sherwood's brush will yet save us from. Among the brightest of home-made painters and draughtsmen the ever-engulphing market to the south of us has swallowed up, are Mr. Charles Jeffries, now on the art staff of the *New York Herald*, with

Messrs. Cotton, W. Bengough, Jeffcott, McKellar, and some others. This splendid Canadian art material is now enriching the art life of the States; and until there is a more ready and generous recognition of native ability, this leakage is inevitable, and is an influx of "alien labor" that we don't hear much outcry from our neighbors about being *protected* from. But the result is unfortunately disastrous to Canadian art. We are, by this absorption, not only constantly losing some of our best material, but it is material we have sought to cultivate for our home market, and, on account of greater facilities for study and higher remuneration, it goes to swell the volume of culture in a more developed country and wider market that are used, by contrast with our limited means, to our own disparagement. If we may illustrate one art by another, the dilemma seems best described by the simile Byron uses in reference to the death of Kirke White through over-study:

"Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel;
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed his
nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

But all our brightest among the young men have not gone over to the majority to the south of us, and among those remaining (and this is positively the last selection) is Mr. F. S. Challener, the brilliant young artist (English, and Canadian by recent adoption), who bids fair to attain to an eminence second to none of his seniors. He has shown such high proficiency in so many art directions that, given perseverance and a steadfast purpose, it would seem almost impossible for him to fail of the very highest achievement in the regions of art.

And now the painful reflection is forced on the writer that he has omitted the names of many good men, and women too, who may justly claim recognition in dealing with Canadian art, and in all humility I can only request the reader to impute the fault to the demerits of the critic and not to the artist. In this splendid young colony there is a justifiable hope of a glorious future. Canada has untold

wealth lying *perdu*, and among her most valuable assets should be reckoned the bright intellects of so many of her sons and daughters. This is the material that a cultured wealthy class, an enlightened plutocracy, should set itself sedulously to cultivate. There are noble institutions existing that "gainst fearful odds" have made a good fight in an art direction, and I will close with a final reference to the Central Art School, a responsible institution, but receiving a most niggardly subsidy from the city it so distinctly benefits, and doing heroic work in spite of its financial straits and lack of patronage. There are other auxiliary ventures also doing good work, like the Women's Art Association, and Carl Abren's School of Painting. Phases of mechanical drawing and design are also included in the curriculum of the free Technical School of Toronto.

We are not altogether unmindful of course, of many branches of industrial art in Toronto, in the pursuance of which much vitality is exhibited, such as stained glass and decoration of the highest type of ecclesiastical and decor-

ative art, pottery and china painting, which are a credit to the ladies concerned, and we wish them quicker and fuller sales. Wood carving and needlework and modelling also, nor am I leaving out of account the parent and (if it can be said without fear of misinterpretation) the grandparent of art in Canada, in the Royal Canadian Academy, and the Ontario Society of Artists; but a much less pretentious institution than these and doing all along yeoman service, is the Art Students' League, of Toronto. Without aid of any kind it has kept its high standard from its inception till to-day, through long seasons of hard times it has maintained its youthful vitality undiminished, even by the drain to the Southern Republic, and is an unmistakable exemplification of the fact that the art instinct is alive and healthy in Canada, and needs but a little kindly nourishment, some sunshine of favor from the wealthy and cultivated classes, to cause it to blossom into flower. How far are we, let me ask, from the long sought dawn of these brighter days?



MISS ALICE LOUISE KLINGNER.

Soprano—St. James Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto.

Scientific Notes



BY C. A. CHANT, B.A.

Lecturer in Physics, University of Toronto.

THAT would be impossible to find a parallel to the scientific cyclone aroused by Röntgen's remarkable discovery. To the student of pure science it has interest through its relation to modern theories, while the startling results obtained appeal to all. Much time has been spent in repeating the discoverer's experiments and in further investigation.

It may be well to remark that the cathode rays are quite distinct from the Röntgen rays—modestly called, by the discoverer, X-rays. The former are within the exhausted tube, and are believed to consist of electrified atoms of gas. They can be reflected according to ordinary laws, and when focussed produce intense heat. A magnet held near the tube can deflect them. A tube was constructed with a dry plate within it, placed directly in the path of the cathode rays, but the plate was unaffected. On the opposite side of the tube where the cathode rays strike, the glass fluoresces and becomes the source from which the other rays go out. These rays cannot be deflected by a magnet, and they can affect the sensitive plate. Röntgen tried hard to reflect and refract them, and obtained what looked somewhat like reflexion from metals, and possibly a trifling deviation through aluminum and hard rubber prisms. He concludes, however, that he could observe no regular reflexion or refraction.

In Canada, Prof. Cox, of McGill University, has taken some good pictures, and succeeded in locating a bullet in a man's leg; and in Toronto, Mr. J. C.

McLennan, of the University of Toronto, and Messrs. C. H. Wright and J. Keele, of the School of Practical Science, have spent much time on the work. They were able to shadow forth a needle in a woman's foot, thus enabling the surgeons to reach it with one incision. They also used an experimental device not yet reported anywhere else. By holding a glass bell-jar over the tube, the action was greatly intensified, and the time of exposure much shortened. Whether the reflection is regular or not, this shows that the rays can be concentrated. Utilizing this important discovery an image of a coin through six thickness of stout paper was obtained in one second.

Prof. Woodward, of Harvard, has devised a new ray lamp in the shape of an aluminum cone closed at the bottom by a glass plate; and clear photographs of the hand are reported to have been made in five seconds. This shows that the glass envelope is not necessary.

* * *

The commercial possibilities of acetylene gas have not yet been fully tested, but no one doubts its immense value. Companies have been organized for its manufacture, and are soon to issue over twenty million dollars' worth of stock. The illuminating power of the gas has been measured, and is fifteen times as great as that ordinarily supplied us. The flame is intensely white and solid, and the non-luminous base is so small that at a little distance it cannot be seen.

The fortunate discoverer of the new method of generating acetylene was

Mr. T. L. Willson, whom Ontario is proud to own as a son. He was born at Princeton, near Woodstock, just thirty-six years ago. He was educated at Hamilton Collegiate Institute, and showed especial aptitude for chemistry and physics. On leaving Hamilton in 1882 he entered upon electrical work in New York.

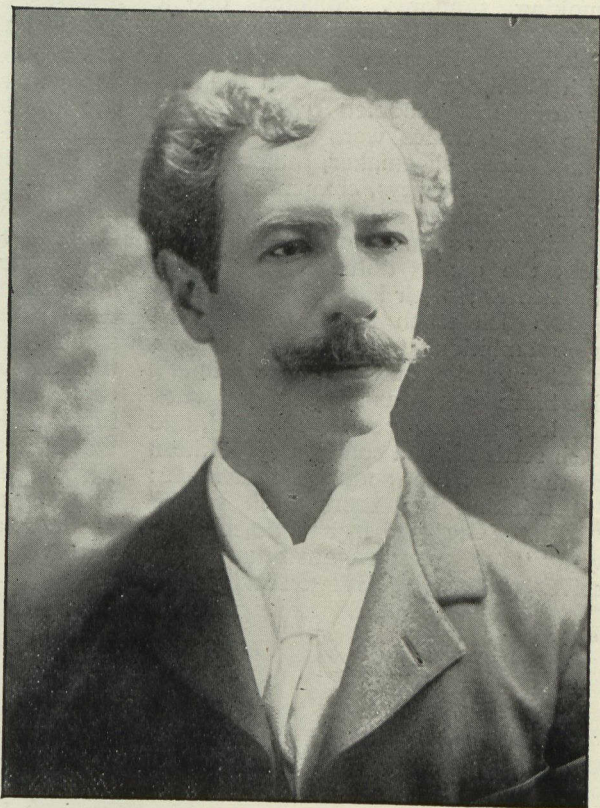
In 1890, with two partners, he put in a plant in North Carolina for reducing aluminum and other ores by electricity. While working with his furnace he noticed that a mixture of powdered anthracite and lime was fused down by the intense heat to a semi-metallic mass. This was not what he was searching for, and it was carelessly thrown into a bucket of water. Violent effervescence showed the rapid evolution of a gas, which further attested its presence by its pungent garlic odor. On applying a match it burned with a luminous, smoky flame, and was declared to be acetylene.

The solid thus obtained was calcic carbide, and further experiments showed that finely ground chalk mixed with powdered carbon in any form can produce it. In uniting with water the carbon of the solid combines with the hydrogen of the liquid, a pound of the carbide generating nearly six cubic feet of the gas. As early as 1862 acetylene was recognized; but only in small quantities and at great expense was it produced. Willson's discovery substitutes tons for grains.

This wonderful gas can be reduced to a liquid, and even to a solid, with comparative ease, and thus in a very small space a supply can be placed sufficient for many hours of service. It is sug-

gested to use this method for lighting buoys, and for portable lamps, such as on locomotives, bicycles, etc. In the country, where no gas is available, a large cylinder of the liquid gas, placed in an outbuilding, would supply the house for a long period.

But this is not all. From this one hydrocarbon, others, such as benzol, naphthalene, ethylene, etc., are cheaply



MR. T. L. WILLSON.

produced. Ethyl alcohol, aniline and its exquisite coloring matters, at once follow. Assuredly this is one of the most valuable of modern discoveries.

Our portrait of Mr. Willson is by favour of the *Canadian Engineer*, from its January number, that being the first occasion on which his portrait had ever been published.

JOHANNES ONE AND TWO.

BY CARL AHRENS.

Johannes one.

Johannes two.

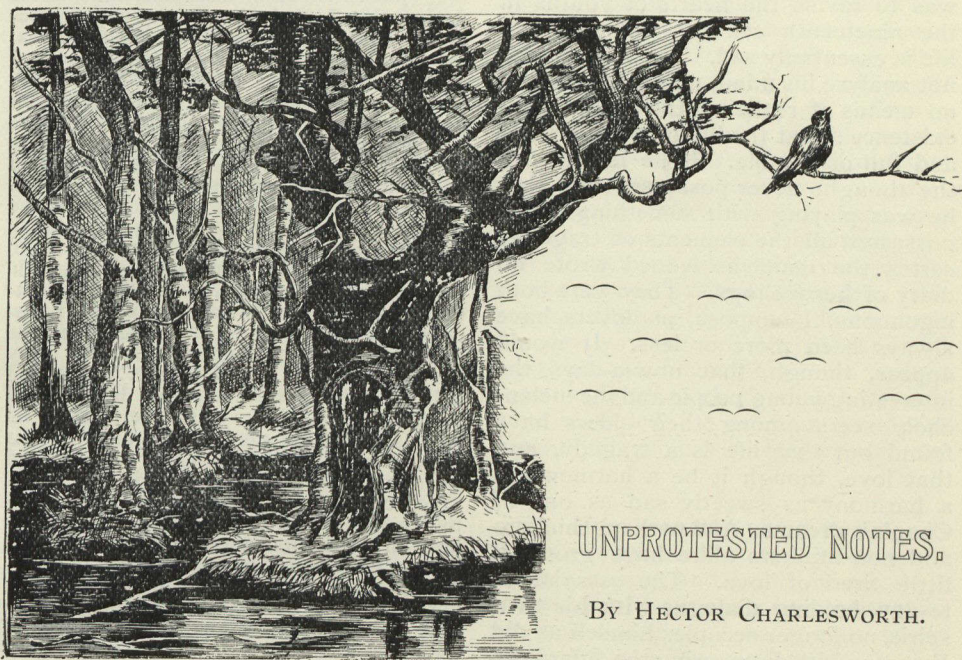
Village road, and late twilight, Johannes one and two, walking, walking, smoking, thinking. Johannes one a Gugglesberg, Johannes two a Schmiklekeister. These two, born to earth with but a few hours between the first cry of each, schooled together, and then their trades were learned; Johannes one a shoemaker, Johannes two a maker of harness, companions from their beginning and always. Their clothing was modernized but little from the quaint dutch garb of their forefathers; their language was broken English when together, for both were ambitious to know the tongue. Neither spoke until Schwatzheimer's five barred gate was reached, and when the long dutch pipes were refilled, and each settled into a comfortable position on the gate: then spoke Johannes one: "I thinking hef been, think you?" "What of Gugglesberg?" "So, so, vell, vell." "I dell you; we must marry ourselves, och yes!" "Gugglesberg, I love

Lisbett, I have Lisbett." "Och, Schmiklekeister, so I do, ja, ja, anver no two mens can one frau hef, you will go and Lisbett see, then vill I go, och yes, it it is gut." So the time went on until the hour was nine, before Johannes one and two, in consideration for the feelings of each, had decided who was the one first to go and learn his fate from the lips of Lisbett. Johannes one must go first, so it was decided, as he was older by two hours than Schmiklekeister. The old dutch clock tinged the hour of eleven as Johannes one and two tramped slowly down the willowed lane past the smith's house homeward, two bowed heads, two lines of curling smoke against the late rising moon, two dutch hearts throbbing with love, respect, but no hope, two minds thinking, thinking, thinking. "Lisbett would not hef Gugglesberg, vell, vell, Lisbett will marry herself, he lives in vone big cidy, ja, ja, Lisbett was kind, Lisbett was gut, unser Gott est gut," and two dutch hearts prayed one amen.



MRS. W. M. DOUGLAS.

Contralto—St. James Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto.



DRAWN BY MAMIE WATSON.

UNPROTESTED NOTES.

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH.

WE all of us owe to Darwin the possession of an ancestor. He should win our gratitude for that. The glamor of plumes and armor and varnished chivalry, which once sufficed for the ancestral pride of the few, is dispelled by the charming picture of the great, great grandfather of the many—the hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits. To me the contemplation of this hirsute gentleman has been of unfailing interest. Within his bosom was hidden the aspiration that was going to make a man of him; from this scraggy pattern an infinite mind was to mould a creature, part flaming, part smouldering embers, who would wear trousers and read newspapers. This was the beginning of the creature who would in time commence to work plans and changes of his own, to fret at the vast and subtle changes of the universe. And the thought that is dearest to me is that beneath the hairy, broad-browed front of our common ancestor must have lurked the desire of beauty. For

this let us forgive whatever shortcomings he possessed as an heroic ancestor—forgive even the tail and pointed ears. I have loved the picture that Matthew Arnold drew of him as cherishing a “necessity for Greek,” and I have speculated much about the beginnings of the sentiment of love in him. Did he have any prophetic imaginings of the Werthers and Antonys that ages after were to be begotten of his line? Was he sentimental himself? That sympathetic enquirer, Robert Louis Stevenson, has depicted him as sitting in the trees on his honest haunches with his spouse by his side, and—still loyally arboreal in his habits—munching the fruits that grew thereon. There is infinite contentment, but little sentiment, in the picture. It has a middle-aged, domestic, eligible-to-serve-on-juries air about it, and gives us no idea of what our ancestor was like as a youth.

* * *

What I should especially like to decide is, whether this ancestral mind contained any germs of the idea which

was to ravish the hearts of youths in the nineteenth century, namely, that life is essentially sad. Probably he did not analyze his mind, and therefore had no means of realizing the truth about existence: that the life of man is short and full of trouble. If he fell in love the thought never possessed him that he was playing with something which possessed all the elements of tragedy; certes the maid he wooed wrote no diary of her feelings. They were both ingenuous, I suppose, as lovers have always been more or less. It would appear, though, that now-a-days the interesting young people and the melancholy seers among their elders have found out that life is a tragedy, and that love, though it be a harmony, is a harmony as sweetly sad as one of Chopin's dreams. And perhaps thinkers and non-thinkers alike have grown a little tired of love. The essayist of to-day, holding dialogue with his own spirit, no longer occupies himself as did Emerson with discovering the differentia and gradations of love. And those men of ancient Greece who discoursed in the Banquet of which Plato so eloquently tells us, where shall we find their like to-day? They were the select men of Athens, who may be supposed to have taken a serious view of life, and yet they are presented as having met together to discuss the succulent subject of love.

* * *

There was Agathon, the poet, a glorious youth in every way; Aristophanes, the comedian; Pausanias, Phædrus, Eryximachus, the physician—good men all. And there was still another, who, like a star actor, made his entrance late—Socrates, a lofty philosopher, having withal something of the pride that apes humility. These noble citizens of Athens thought love a fine thing indeed; and Agathon, the poet, had upon him a strange afflatus when he opened the subject. To him Love was the youngest and fairest of the gods.

"Love seems to me," he went on, "a divinity the most beautiful and the best of all, and the author to all others of the excellencies with which his own nature is endowed. Nor can I restrain the poetic enthusiasm which

takes possession of my discourse, and bids me declare that Love is the divinity who creates peace among men, and calm upon the sea, the windless silence of the storms, repose, and sleep, and sadness. Love divests us of all alienation from each other, and fills our vacant hearts with overflowing sympathy; he gathers us together in such social meetings as we now delight to celebrate, our guardian and our guide in dances, and sacrifices, and feasts. Yes, Love, who showers benignity upon the world, and before whose presence all harsh doctrines flee and perish; the author of all soft affections, the destroyer of all ungentle thoughts; merciful, mild, the object of adoration in the wise and the delight of gods; possessed by the fortunate, and desired by the unhappy, therefore unhappy because they possess him not; the father of grace and delicacy, and gentleness, and delight, and persuasion, and desire; the cherisher of all that is good, the abolisher of all evil; our most excellent pilot, defence, saviour and guardian in labor, and in fear, in desire and in reason; the ornament and governor of all things, human and divine; the best, the loveliest, in whose footsteps everyone ought to follow, celebrating him excellently in song, and bearing each his part in that divinest harmony which Love sings to all things which live, and are soothing the troubled minds of gods and men. This, O Phædrus, is what I have to offer in praise of the divinity: partly composed indeed of thoughtless and playful fancies, and partly of such serious ones as I could well command."

* * *

Agathon was a youth and dealt in generalities, but Socrates, temperate of his words, unanswerable in his logic, followed. Within his satyr-form was buried a god, according to Alcibiades, and he told the thinkers, dallying there with their wine-cups, that Love was not of melting loveliness of form, as Agathon had said; not a god even; but like unto a poor wanderer, ragged and thirsty and weary, lean and with yearning eyes, the child of Plenty and Poverty. Since Plenty was his father, he at times waxed rich in the fulfillment of his desire; but because Poverty was his mother the old hunger would come back, and his wealth dwindle away. He drew a picture of Love lying at times wan, numb and friendless, on one's doorstep; and at others received as an honored guest, only to be later thrust into the storm. Against Agathon's torrent of words, he set up the conclusion that "Love is collectively the desire in men that good should be ever present to them, and of necessity

Love must also be the desire of immortality."

* * *

Agathon certainly had no thought of an arboreal ancestor; and the whole banquet, painted in such exquisite tints by Plato, is a vague dream of the past that cannot be realized in these days. Picture an assembly in Ottawa to discuss love; assume that you could drive men together with such a discursive end in view! People are not so interested in love in its essence that it makes a very robust theme for a discussion. Lord Bacon spoke with full knowledge of modern humanity when he said that men should "sever it wholly from their affairs and actions of life." Indeed the Saxon male being has never been prone to let the divine essence interfere with his worldly concerns. There is a very trite yet truthful quotation from Byron, who was a Saxon if ever there was one,

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
A woman's whole existence."

Women object to the intimation in the second line, and are endeavoring in every way to arrange the affairs of the world in such wise that there will be many things beside love in a woman's life. But they have not got the romancers on their side yet, for we find Mr. Hardy and Mr. DuMaurier and Mr. George Meredith deliberately circulating Byron's sentiment in elaborately-wrought tales. It is even asserted that youths and maidens fall in love as much as ever they did in the old days, despite the cry which goes up that romance is dead in this world. If one has only the spirit to make romance for oneself, one can get just as much poetry out of life to-day as did any ingenuous youth in the golden days of Greece. Probably our libertine arboreal ancestor, who lived in the days when the world was lush with novelty, got less romance out of life than any of the cramped, confined, industrious mortals of to-day. I suppose that one's eyes must be opened to understand the inner quality of things before one can find any romance in the workaday world. The young folk who cry out that this life of the nineteenth century is sordid and uninteresting are diseased with the idea

that drama is a thing of beau-knots and swords, and have no realization of what poetry is. Often—very, very often now-a-days—the poetry of daily life is but the ineffable poetry of suffering, and yet one may raise a humble protest against the single strain of sadness that runs through the literature of to-day. We hear on all sides that love is a tragedy—that darkness lies before us. Our Darwinian ancestor's view of life was saner and healthier than this. He believed thoroughly that sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof, and did not think too much of his soul. Indeed I am inclined to think that he would have regarded the soul as an inconvenient supplement to his natural element.

* * *

One often hears the complaint from novel-readers who have not yet acquired modern tastes and ideals in all their complexity, that novels now-a-days do not end happily. I have even heard the *Death and Despair* that play such a prominent part in the last chapters of to-day denounced as mere fads. When, however, you discover the rhythm of thought which governs literary production, you come actually to enjoy misfortune and despair in print; to regard *Death* as a benefactor, and to like modern novels better than the prolix romances of forty years ago. Form, in itself, means a great deal, and the manner of the fiction writers of to-day is infinitely more terse than was that of their brothers in the past. The rhythmic principle which governs all things gives the reactionary tendency to fiction. Joy, which develops into sorrow; grief, which has an aftermath of happiness—these assert themselves progressively in the novel. Just as the modern novelist, with his fatalism and despair, succeeded to a school which was willing to be ridiculous so long as it was happy, the romancers of the present day will be followed by story-tellers possessing a developed and beautiful art, who, having been refined into sanity by the deluge of despair, will yet preach the doctrine of hope. The people of a coming generation looking back on the world of to-day as interpreted in the pages of our greatest fiction writers,

will find it difficult to realize that people were happy in this age.

* * *

It was George Eliot who laid the corner-stone of a new era in fiction with the noble figure of Maggie Tulliver. With that creation fiction took a new lease of life. She is unique among the rapid women of the other novelists of the time. Of course, because Maggie as a type in fiction was in advance of her time, her creation was jeered at. "George Eliot drowned her," said the unthinking, because she did not know how to get her out of the scrape she was in, but the rich and inspiring conception of a generous passionate girl in whom love was twin to tragedy, struck a fundamental note that has been sounding ever since. The creator of Maggie Tulliver, moreover, could also sound the note of sunshine and happiness in "Silas Warner," and what we must complain of in the novelist of to-day is, that lyrical joy seems to be beyond him. Are we justified in supposing that happiness is seldom enduring, and that tragedy we have always with us? The tragedy not of slain bodies, but of slain or despairing souls? It is commonly called modern to be sad, but the emotion was modern one hundred years ago. The singers of 1800 were as excessively so as the suffering romances of to-day. It is the rhythm of things; in the middle of the century—joy; at either end of it, woe. The sad men seem to get near to the heart of things; indeed the noblest Being who ever rose up to bless His fellows in this world, was a Man of Sorrows, acquainted with grief.

* * *

Let us think over Socrates' words. Love, as the desire of immortality—the wish that good be ever present with us, a yearning never to be permanently satisfied—contains more elements of sadness than of happiness. Shakespeare's verdict on the subject must be gleaned from the women he created; he is non-committal; he gave us a Juliet and a Cleopatra, but he also created a Rosalind and a Portia. He made them

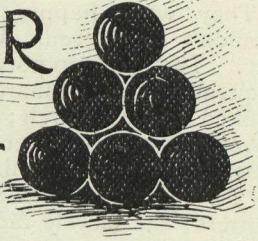
all lovers, because no doubt he thought love a noble thing (there differing from my Lord Bacon), but the only decision one can get from him seems to be, that it is tragic to love too much. His tragedies of love are seemingly young folks tragedies. Sad or merry the emotions seem to adjust themselves, as men and women grow older. We forget to dream about "The light that never was on sea or land." The mighty animalism that pervades the world asserts itself, and we begin to realize the value of creature comforts. The desire of plenty fills the hearts that once throbbled with the desire of beauty, and if the lean god Love—"Homeless and unsandelled," as Socrates described him, asserts himself at all, he is adjusted to the warm and quiet prison house of middle age.

* * *

Love, homeless and unsandelled, will never cease to ravish the hearts of the juniors, though, and (perhaps in this lies the germ of the novelist's sadness), in these times where it becomes more and more difficult for a man to maintain even himself, when marriage is a vague and distant possibility, Love is often a sad emotion enough. The seeds of it are scattered with no regard for the mathematical symmetry of things; many are called and few are chosen. Agathon cried out that love was beautiful beyond all other things, but in reality he is as Socrates said, for ever poor and homeless, even though he be a powerful enchanter and a subtle sophist, who floats 'twixt heaven and earth. As Love is on physical and other counts the desire of immortality in us, we shall always honor him, whether the mighty harmonies he makes be as the knell of doom or the lilt of larks. Once at a Hallelujah wedding, I heard a woman of the Salvation Army, who was inspired by the drums and the tambourines and the singing of the occasion, say, "Love is the inspiration of one's heart to be a blessing to another." But though this is a grand and noble truth, I fancy our stolid and sensible arboreal ancestor would suggest, as Shakespeare did, that it is tragic to love too much.



POWDER AND SHOT



BY GEORGE MOFFAT.

CANNED PEAS, SHIRT WAISTS, SPARROWS, TEN-CENT SOCKS, DEPARTMENTAL STORES, AND THE BIRTH-RATE IN ONTARIO.

ONCE upon a time the stars in their courses fought against Sisera and his hosts, and confounded them; and in these latter days canned peas and departmental stores are prevailing against the birth-rate in Ontario, Canada, and restricting reincarnation. The stars and Sisera are not rung in here for effect, but in order to show if possible how the old order changeth. It was a small matter for the stars of God to confound the hosts of Sisera; but it is something for canned peas and ten-cent socks to affect the birth-rate.

“And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth and subdue it,” a commandment, look you, which has been of all others more honoured in the observance than in the breach since time began; but, at the hour of going to press, is more honoured in the breach than in the observance in Ontario.

“BE FRUITFUL AND MULTIPLY:” that reads like a commandment, as much so as “Honour thy father and thy mother;” “Thou shalt not kill,” and so on, and in that code of laws, amplified in Leviticus and Deuteronomy no distinction was made between one law and another, between the laws of health and those of duty and worship, so that the command, “Be fruitful and multiply,” demanded obedience as much as any one of the ten given to Moses by God on Mount Sinai.

It demands obedience now.

When, therefore, we read in the daily prints that the birth-rate in Ontario is lower per thousand of the population thereof than anywhere else on earth, we naturally mutter to ourselves, “Wonder what’s the reason of that!” We think over the matter for a minute, and then arrive at the conclusion that the cause of the low birth-rate is a falling-off in the number of births.

That settles it; it is naught—it is naught—a mere family abstraction, some temporary breakdown in the machinery of *Karma* and the *Devachan* suspending for the time being the process of reincarnation. Give the working man a chance.

Now, God in the beginning of things made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions. There was a time when the earth was fresh and young, when the great deluge still had left it green, and when the curly-headed sons of God piped to the daughters of men in the “greenwood wene,” when life was an everlasting hurrah, and a universal song and dance, and when no woman had to wash the dirty rags of her neighbour for ten cents a dozen, or make shirts at five cents a piece.

And when, moreover, men and women clothed in the simplest of garments, fared also on the simplest fare; the girls had no Easter bonnets to turn the heads of them, and the men of mankind no tailors or laundry bills to meet—and

dodge. Folks were happy, and men began to multiply upon the earth, and there were giants in the earth in those days.

They were happy, did we say? Couldn't have been. What did they eat? They had no potatoes, and consequently their innards never got choked up with starch; their stomachs never got out of order; they had no pills, bitters, cough mixtures, quinine for the "grip," nor corn shields for their trotters; the bicycle face bloomed not in their midst, and no galoot of them greased his bread with oleomargarine, hoping it was butter.

They had no lectures on health; they knew not that all food was poison. They swallowed grape-stones, and knew nothing about appendicitis. They did not know enough to know that to be healthy they should have each of them a bicycle, take cold water baths every morning, attend the Y.M.C.A. or other gymnasium in the evening, and take dandelion tea for constipation and biliousness.

We have changed all that; but I dare not assert that men and maidens are less happier now than then, because among man's many inventions is departmental stores. These are too well known to need description, and they concern us here chiefly because they have something to do with the birth-rate.

See here now and judge. If two sparrows are sold for a farthing, it may be that the man who sells sparrows at that price makes a living out of it. He sells sparrows at two for a farthing and makes a living; but by-and-by the store man advertises sparrows at three for a farthing, and either our friend must put up the extra sparrow, or go out of the business.

But is it not better for the community that sparrows should be sold at three for a farthing? Certainly it is. The big store has cut the price; and the man who originally sold the sparrows at two for a farthing and made a living at it, must cut *down* his living expenses by the difference. His family feels it first, then the baker, the grocer, the shoemaker, the doctor, the church. There is a pinch all round until it

comes that nobody can afford to buy sparrows even at three for a farthing. The thing works in a circle.

Here is a can of green peas, bought for seven cents, and no tinker since the days of John Bunyan could make the can for that money. There is a label round it lithographed in six colors, and it was delivered by a horse and rig worth \$100, driven by a man getting 'steen dollars a week, very likely.

Here also is a woman's shirt waist, bought for thirty-five cents, which by any labourer worthy of his or her hire would cost that amount to make; a pair of socks for ten cents, and a Church of England hymn and prayer book for five!

Cheap truck placed upon the market to sell at any price creates a demand for truck to be produced at any price. The pint of green peas, tinned, labelled and sold for seven cents, is an offence against heaven and the entire community, for every single member of the community suffers when any single article produced by it is sold under the cost of production. Dog cannot eat dog.

Cheap truck means "cheap" wages. The farmer who gets a few cents for a pint of peas, and the salesman who sells them over the counter, have each all their work cut out, to make both ends meet. Smart Tom, the salesman, gets six dollars a week selling green peas at seven cents a tin, and Tom is anxious to marry bonnie Jessie, the farmer's daughter. But Smart Tom knows very well that he can hardly keep himself on six dollars a week, leave alone Jessie, and so Jessie arises and comes into the city, where she gets a start at two and a half, selling shirt waists at thirty-five cents.

And Jessie, being fair to look upon, is much sought after at social functions, and she hath many youths in her train. And Jessie has a "good time," and she learns that it is not good for a girl of parts to marry, and become a married lady on less than twenty dollars a week—and there are others who arrive at the same conclusion by the same process of reasoning, consequently the number of Jessies who get married, and the number of Smart Toms who get married, are yearly becoming fewer.

And I would fain hope and trust that

this was the end of the whole matter, but the effect of low wages caused by cheap truck are as wide and far-reaching as heaven itself, and darker than the *glacis* of perdition upon the whole body politic. Three sparrows must be procured and sold for a farthing, socks must be made and sold at ten cents a pair, and Bluster's Blood Bitters must be sold at a bargain. And what kind of sparrows, and socks, and bitters do we get? Why TRUCK, in which quality and value have no place—truck, the quality of which is the *price* of it, a demoralizing, fluctuating quantity based upon nothing but the needs of a bargain day and the bargain counter, the seller deceiving—the buyer deceived.

Deception, adulteration, low wages, the sweating system, men and maidens in the bloom of youth working the souls out of them for a pittance—for what? Why, in order that socks may be sold for ten cents a pair, and green peas for seven cents a tin! Friends, Romans, countrymen—that energy properly applied would revive again the Golden Age, and make earth a heaven for men and women!

The Rev. Mr. Malthus, and they of his way of thinking, tell us that the tendency of the human race is to increase faster than the means of sub-

sistence. In other words, that the output of Nebuchadnezzars has a tendency to exceed the area of calf pastures made and provided.

Calf pastures! Cadwallader and all his goats on the plains of Mimico may multiply a million fold, and instead of green pastures eaten bare of verdure, and still waters lapped dry by thirsty kids, shall we not have kid gloves on bargain day at a dollar a dozen, sold to us by Jockie and Jennie Cadwallader, born in the image of old man Cadwallader, and to the salvation of the grass on the plains of Mimico!

Calf pastures! There is the grass—and no Nebuchadnezzar or son of Nebuchadnezzar shall ever browse on it, for lo! are not all hands employed upon the diversion of potting green peas to sell at seven cents a tin, sparrows at three for a farthing, shirt waists at thirty-five cents, and socks for a song? And those who are not so employed are wandering from bargain counter to bargain counter in the hunt for cheaper socks, and if the worst comes to the worst, and the infant industry shows no signs of picking up, babes and sucklings may yet be added to the stock-in-trade of departmental stores!

Perhaps the crusade after cheaper socks anticipates that renaissance!





ZEROLA OF NAZARETH, by Louie Barron:
Toronto, Chas. J. Musson and all booksellers,
160 pp.; cloth, 50 cents.

A chapter in the life of Zerola, the sister of Jesus of Nazareth. Zerola, at the stoning of Stephen, attempts to convey a cup of water to the dying martyr, is seized and finally carried off to a Roman dungeon by favor of Karmes, an Egyptian, and Saul of Tarsus; Saul's conversion, and remorse at the part he had taken in Zerola's persecution; Zerola's deliverance from captivity and final forgiveness of Paul, and her reunion with her mother in Nazareth, is all very interesting, and told with a dramatic artlessness which defies criticism. It is just such a story as a school girl of fifteen would write, and just the very story that hundreds of those who have been school boys and school girls of fifteen should read.

HOW CANADA IS GOVERNED, by Dr. J. G. Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons:
Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd; 344 pp.;
cloth, one dollar.

This book will tell a Canadian all he wants to know about the public institutions of Canada, what they are, why they are, and how they are operated. It is divided into seven parts, the first dealing with the growth of the constitution; the second with the executive, legislative and judicial power of the Imperial Government and Imperial control over Canada; the third, the Dominion Government, its executive, legislative and judicial power; its revenue and expenditure, militia and defence; the fourth, the Provincial Government, its executive, legislative and judicial power, matters of provincial legislation, courts of law, trial of civil and criminal cases, provincial revenues; the fifth part deals with the nature of the municipal systems in the provinces and their working methods; the sixth part explains the system of school government in every province, and the seventh deals with the government in the North-West Territories.

By the average Canadian of either sex, special knowledge or indeed any intelligible perception of the interior economy of the complicated machinery of government, albeit himself a cog in that machinery, has not easily been obtained hitherto. This book will change all that, it is a library in itself, not only of the methods of government, but of the history and manner of these methods, free from all technical and legal phraseology, and in the highest degree interesting and instructive.

TAROT, a Bohemian literat, at all booksellers,
published on 13th of each month; 10 cents a
copy, one dollar a year.

TAROT UNREAD.

(Apologies to Wordsworth.)

To Winnifrith's and Bain's we'd been, and in McKenna's lingered, had spent some time in Tyrrel's shop, and all the *Bibelots* fingered; and when we came to King and Yonge then said my winsome marrow, "What'er betide, we'll turn aside, and buy a ten-cent *Tarot*."

"What's *Tarot* but a crazy tract, Bohemian or pedantic, the steam of literary hash in flavor corybantic, a wild epithalamic whoop, would thrill you to the marrow, a skimmed perobolos of pap, I guess that's what is *Tarot*."

"Be *Tarot's* page unread by me, it must or I shall rue it, I have a *Tarot* of my own, that *Tarot* would undo it, nay! take thy money, get thee aught, from *War Cry* to *Figaro*, blow it on *Massey's* if thou wilt, but not a cent on *Tarot*."

TAROT READ.

"And *this* is TAROT, THIS the thing my fancy had distorted, as an insane and crazy whim from some job press aborted; descend, O Muse! and come thyself, *Tarot* me o'er the ferry, where *Tarot's* staff hold carnival, so melancholy merry. For why? A rapt *afflatus* flows untrammelled through its leaves, albeit the figment of its crop, is seen in ears, not sheaves, nor is the true Bohemian cult, flapdoodled or insisted. For not a feature of its art is in the mirror twisted.

But ah! what vapors cloud the heights, God's men and women speak from, what tons of rubbish hide the heap, the gems of truth we seek from, success to every page like thine most wild hilarious *Tarot*, which shall proclaim the Truth Divine, Art's truth in joy or sorrow.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE ASTRONOMICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY OF TORONTO for the year 1895. Toronto: Rowse & Hutchinson. One dollar.

This book extends to close upon 200 pages, admirably arranged and indexed, and contains a vast amount of information, presented in a very attractive manner. The Society held twenty-six meetings last year at which much valuable work was done. Those who are interested in the heavens and all the things therein should get a copy of this book.

A SCOTTISH-CANADIAN ANTHOLOGY.—From the *Scottish Canadian* we learn that a sub-committee of the Caledonian Society of Toronto has reported in favor of a proposal to publish a collection of Scottish-Canadian poetry. An' what for no? There's a rowth o' rhyme (an' some o't is gey guid rhyme tae) floating about in oor midst, sae to speak, that wad read fine in a bit bookie. The thing amounts tae a needcessity, it's a maist commendable needcessity, an' we houpe the Caledonian Society 'll see their way.

G. M.

* * *

CLEGG KELLY, ARAB OF THE CITY, by S. R. Crockett, author of the *Stickit Minister*, &c., &c. Canadian copyright edition: William Briggs, Toronto.

In Clegg Kelly we meet an old friend and renew our acquaintance with the life of Hunker's Court, made in the pages of "The Stickit Minister." The straight reasoning of the arab mind incapable of submission to anything beyond its understanding expressed in the opening sentence of the book is the keynote to the whole, and the keen sense of humor with which this particular Arab is gifted makes the book delightful reading. Yet, while interested in the lad's adventures, we are only saved from weariness of repetition by the timely appearance of Muckle Alick on the scene. The great-souled, big-bodied, soft-hearted giant of the railway and the picture of his home life at Sandyknowe, his humor, his devotion, his death, and the strong-hearted, reticent love of the woman, whose only wifely caress is the expressive resting of her cheek against her "ain man's" sleeve is a picture of life and love so perfect that we could wish the book ended with Merrin's characteristic farewell waved from the little "knowe" commanding a view of the road to station or kirkyard.

Clegg Kelly will be read with enthusiastic interest by lads of his own age, and Merrin's love story with sympathy and appreciation by their elders.

MARY AGNES FITZGIBBON.

A LOVER IN HOMESPUN and *Other Stories*, by Clifford Smith: William Briggs, Toronto.

As it is the fashion among the ignorant to say that Canada has no history, so the same class are repeating the formula—also without foundation—that Canada has no literature.

Utterances such as fell from the lips of Hall Caine when he regretted that he did not live in Canada with the untried wells of material for a novelist like Scott to draw from, are smiled at as pleasant flatteries, and the people who smile ask each other with conviction, where could a novelist find such folk-lore, such life as fired the pen or filled the pages of "Waverley?" "Canada is too new a coun-

try," they say, "to possess the matter for such romances as Jeanie Dean's, such faiths and superstitions as shaped the lives of the men and women from whom Scott drew his characters."

Yet how blind these scoffers are to the treasures within their reach, the pens of a few scattered Canadians have shown and will e'er long prove. How truly the celebrated English novelist realized the mine of wealth beneath our "holden eyes" will yet be demonstrated. In the little volume of Canadian stories by Clifford Smith, "A Lover in Homespun and Other Stories," which we have had the privilege of reading in advance sheets, we have what we might rightly designate the expert's specimens, which should warrant our faith in the depth of the "vein" and justify the hope that a Canadian with the magic pen of the "Great Unknown" will yet arise to satisfy us and confound the scoffer. In these stories, drawn chiefly from the life of the people in the older provinces, the everyday existence of the simple yet shrewd, the devout yet withal superstitious, the loving yet jealous nature of the French-Canadian is well depicted. Whether in the humility and self-abnegation of the "Lover in Homespun," in the face of the superior attractions of the brother whose opportunities of acquiring culture have been greater than his, which while he envies, he glories in, with all the pride of family; or whether in the devoutly religious, yet utterly simple faith or superstition of the "Little Mother Soulard" in the story entitled "The Faith That Removes Mountains," the pictures are both idyllic and life-like.

It is with difficulty we refrain from quoting long extracts from this latter story. From the opening paragraph, its true yet vivid description of the stormy October night, the wind-driven leaves of the weather-beaten trees in the square opposite the great French church, swirling tempest-tossed against the weather-beaten, wrinkled figure of the old woman in the doorway of the cottage, to the end, the story is strongly written. The scene in the great echoing silent church; the grief, the prayers, the faith, the hope and final despair of the "Little Mother Soulard" are depicted by the pen of one who knows, not only the outward visible signs of the life of his characters, but the inward and spiritual grace and simple faith of their souls.

There are other stories in the volume nearly, if not equally, as good. Incidents of thrilling adventure in the North-West, but the author is at his best among the people, and when dealing with the lives of the men and women of the older national life, and among whom he has probably spent much of his time.

"A Lover in Homespun and Other Stories" is a book to be looked for and read, for its own sake as well as because it will go down to the future as a representative record of life in Canada.

MARY AGNES FITZGIBBON.

LIFE AND DEATH.

DEATH met a merry youth one summer day,
And said to him, "Can'st tell me who I am?"
Upon the angel's peaceful face there lay
A mystic radiance, and his eyes were calm
As limpid seas, unvexed by winds a-craze;
And through his hair a glint of sunshine hied,
The lad upon him bent his earnest gaze—
"Thou art so fair, thou must be Life!" he cried.

And then Death to an aged minstrel came,
Whose step was weary, and whose eye was dim;
And said, "Say truly friend, dost know my name?"
So heavenly was the voice that questioned him
That the man paused bewildered for a space;
Regarding the strange guest with quickened breath,
And murmured, whilst a glad smile wreathed his face,—
"So fair thou art, who can'st thou be but Death."

LIZZIE ENGLISH DYAS.



MISS ALICE BURROWES.

Soloist—Metropolitan Church, Toronto.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

ROBERT REID was born at Wanlockhead in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, and came to this country in 1877. He has published two volumes of poems, one of them containing the poem "Kirkbride," one of the most beautiful things in our language. A portrait and biographical sketch of Mr. Reid will appear in our next issue.

"*ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE*" is a young writer who has done good work in musical and dramatic criticism for several of our esteemed contemporaries, and is a story writer of considerable ability.

"*COROLA CARALAMPI*" is a young lady who is a stranger to magazine work, but who has written some very clever things for several publications outside this enchanted sphere. Her work is distinguished by a brightness, freshness, crispness, and Daisy Millerism withal, which makes delightful reading.

JANE H. WETHERALD was born in Rockwood, Ont., where her father was for many years Principal of the Rockwood Academy. In 1886 Miss Wetherald attended the Philadelphia School of Oratory, graduating with honours, and has filled engagements in most of the towns and cities of Ontario. For three years previous to 1895 Miss Wetherald, as editor of the *Ladies' Journal* of Toronto, put new life and vigor into that publication, and showed a talent for journalistic work equal to that possessed by her for elocution. Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, whose existence was denied the other day by the Philistine of the *Chap Book*, is her sister.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.—S. B. Leacock, B.A., is Professor of Modern Languages in Upper Canada College. His contributions to New York *Truth* and other journals have made him famous as a humourist.

REV. WM. WYE SMITH, of St. Catharines, has for many years edited the *Canadian Independent* (monthly), the organ of the Congregationalists. He is a recognized authority on Scottish language and literature, so much so that when the *Standard Dictionary* was being prepared, the Scottish department was placed under his charge. Mr. Smith has, with long and painstaking labour, prepared a Scottish version of the New Testament, which will shortly be published, and is the author of a volume of verse containing many poems of singular beauty.

MABEL MACLEAN HELLIWELL is a Toronto girl, who at twelve years of age first appeared in print in the *Montreal Witness*. At fifteen she won first prize offered by the *Boston Weekly Globe* for stories written by boys and girls under eighteen, and since then has contributed to many newspapers and magazines.

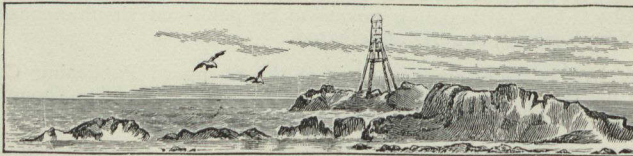
J. RAMSAY MONTIZAMBERT.—A feature of this magazine will be translations of short stories from the French by Mr. Montizambert; that is, until we can get Canadian short stories as good. We advise our readers to study the style of these stories as they appear month by month, and try to give us something as good. We want nothing better—and there's money in it.

"*KIT*," of the *Mail and Empire*, is the most versatile of living newspaper women, whose seemingly inexhaustible stock of copy, both prose and poetry, is the despair of all her contemporaries—that is, of her own sex. Her correspondence to the *Mail* from the World's Fair was the most brilliant descriptive writing ever contributed to any newspaper, including as it did an intimate acquaintance with all the truck and bric-a-brac of the White City. Her forthcoming novel—to be published simultaneously in London, Dublin and New York—is eagerly anticipated.

REUBEN BUTCHART is Secretary-Treasurer of the Sheppard Publishing Company, publishers of *Saturday Night*. He is the author of a sonnet, "Sunrise Thoughts," which is one of the finest in the English language.

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS was born in Pennsylvania, U.S., twenty-seven years ago, and came to Ottawa, where he has since resided. He has contributed short stories, articles and verse to the *New England Magazine*, *Youths' Companion*, *Outing*, *Detroit Free Press*, and many other magazines and periodicals. His best work has been done in verse, descriptive of open-air life, and in short stories.

- W. A. SHERWOOD, A.R.C.A.*, is an artist and poet, occasionally dropping into prose. His principal picture, "The Negotiation," was purchased by the Royal Canadian Academy for the National Gallery at Ottawa.
- "*LAURENCE MAXWELL*" is one of the many bright young men whom no newspaper or magazine can worry along without. That statement being sufficiently clear as to his identity and being no mean tribute to his faculty, nothing more need be said.
- "*P. JELLALABAD MOTT*" is an M.P.—Member of Parliament.
- W. A. FRASER* is a Canadian, and one who, in the words of *Current Literature*, "is rapidly winning public recognition as a writer of short stories, and whose work is distinguished by originality, strength, and a charming dainty humour, which enlivens every line he writes." There is a great deal more than that in his stories. Mr. Fraser has seen a great deal of the world, and knows what he is writing about, so that the result is always in addition to a charming story an interesting mass of information touching the locality wherein the scene of the story is laid. The story of how Mr. Fraser discovered his talent for story writing would be worth telling, for he has been writing scarcely three years, but in that time has won his spurs, and is the coming man in the domain of story writing.
- S. MOLYNEUX JONES, O.S.A.*, is a native of London, Eng., and has always been more an art workman than a professional artist. He came to Canada by special engagement from a leading firm in ecclesiastical and decorative stained glass work to Jos. McCausland & Sons, of Toronto, for whom for the last twelve years he has done some notable figure work. Mr. Jones is also not unknown as an elocutionist and Shakespearian student, and a Radical of the radicals, whose little weakness is the diversion of punning—the making of puns. We have seen Mr. Jones before now put down the knife and fork he was working, and take off his coat, in order to cough up a pun, which, when served, would produce the usual effect.
- C. A. CHANT, B.A.*, *Lecturer in Physics*, entered the University of Toronto in 1887, and took the degree of B.A. in 1890, after an honour course in Mathematics. After graduating with high honours Mr. Chant was appointed Fellow in his department in 1891 and Lecturer in 1892, which appointment he still holds.
- CARL AHRENS, A.R.C.A.*, is another of our artist-litterateurs, who drops into prose occasionally. His style is a cross between Macpherson's *Ossian* and a *Mail and Empire* editorial.
- HECTOR CHARLESWORTH* is the brightest of the many bright young men on the Toronto press, a delightful paragrapher and a dramatic critic of sound judgment and unusual ability.
- THE HEADPIECE* of *Unprotected Notes* was drawn by Miss MAMIE WATSON, of this city, a wee lassie not long out of short frocks, who has had no artistic training whatever, which is why she draws so close to Nature. Will the artists who make cordwood wood-scapes for *Tarot* and other illuminated missals, please note this?
- LIZZIE ENGLISH DYAS* was born at Strathroy, Ont., and has for the last year or two contributed verses to a number of Montreal, Detroit and Toronto newspapers and to *Saturday Night*. She has also contributed to the *Young Ladies' Journal* of London, Eng. Her verse is distinguished by a purity and rhythmical quality which is very closely allied to genius.



SOME PLAIN WORDS.

To Advertisers



With the certainty of being written down an ass, and two or three kinds of a fool, I propose to give here an honest statement of circulation.

It will be something of a novelty.

The circulation of OUR MONTHLY for May is 10,000 copies only; next month it will be the same, perhaps more. I do not know how many tons the paper weighs, but I do know that the sheets when spread out would not cover half a continent—wouldn't even reach from here to Montreal! The ink is not the best made, and to give the superficial area of the cuts in inches would be no statement of their quality.

Not one single copy will be sent to any dealer "ON SALE OR RETURN," consequently there will be no unsold copies to weep over. Every copy printed will therefore have one reader, some copies might have more, and this way of doing it is an improvement upon the scheme so dear to the heart of the circulation liar, of an alleged circulation of so many thousands, two-thirds of which is returned unsold, or never sees daylight.

With a reasonable amount of advertising and a fair subscription list, OUR MONTHLY can be made equal to any magazine published on earth, it can be made more interesting and useful to Canadians and Canada than anything of the kind published in Canada at this time of writing.

Those advertisers who are disposed to patronize OUR MONTHLY should therefore consider the foregoing facts.

To Contributors



OUR MONTHLY wants the best stories, sketches, essays, poetry, and so on, which can be written in this country, and will pay the best prices for the best work. The subject matter must in all cases be Canadian, and the writer must be a Canadian by birth or adoption, and resident in Canada. Story writers need not bother to send here any pretty tale dealing with the *indiscretions of the sexes*; such diversions are not particularly interesting except to the principals; writers of sketches should strive to make their work as natural and humorous as possible, and essayists need not go below the foundations of the subjects they discuss.

As soon as you have dashed off something good set it down in a cool place for a week; at the end of that time if it reads as good as when you first wrote it, mail it to OUR MONTHLY and chance it; if you want it back you must pay the freight, enclose stamps; if it is the MS. we have been expecting, you shall have the market value of it by return.

Prizes

FOR AMATEUR WRITERS ONLY.

AS the chief end and aim of OUR MONTHLY is to encourage and develop Canadian literature, it has been decided to allot a space of each issue to the publication of stories, poems, sketches, essays and what not, by amateur writers, that is by people, young or old of either sex, who have never before had anything of their own composition published in any magazine or journal in Canada or elsewhere.

Those who do not want to contribute as "Amateurs" can send in their contribution in the usual way, and the same will be accepted and paid for, or rejected if not suitable. The contributions of Amateurs, on the other hand, will be accepted and published, if suitable, in the department of Kutchacheeje; and a cordial invitation is hereby extended to all young writers to send in their thunder.

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All Stories received on or before the first day of the month preceding the month of publication will close the competition for that month. The envelope or package must have written in the lower left hand corner the letters **A. C.** (Amateur Competition).

For the best History of Canada,

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In 500 words, from the earliest period to the present time, the sum of \$10.00 (Ten Dollars), will be paid.




Same conditions as above; and MSS. to reach the office of publication by 1st of July next; envelope or outside wrapper to be marked "HISTORY OF CANADA," in lower left hand corner.

For the best Humorous Sketch





\$5.00

Upon the lines of "THE PRIZE FIGHT OF THE FUTURE," by Mr. Leacock, in this number, will be paid the sum of \$5.00.

Any subject may be treated except Religion and Politics. Same conditions as above. All MSS. to be in by 15th July next. Outside wrapper to be marked **H. C.** (Humorous Competition).

To all Readers  
 and Contributors.



A prize of Five Dollars will be given for the best suggestion or suggestions for improvement, whereby OUR MONTHLY may be made of greater service to Canadian literature and Canadian writers. The article not to exceed five hundred words, and may contain as many suggestions as the writer considers to be necessary. All MSS. to be in by 15th July next.    

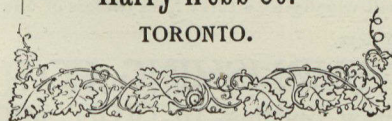


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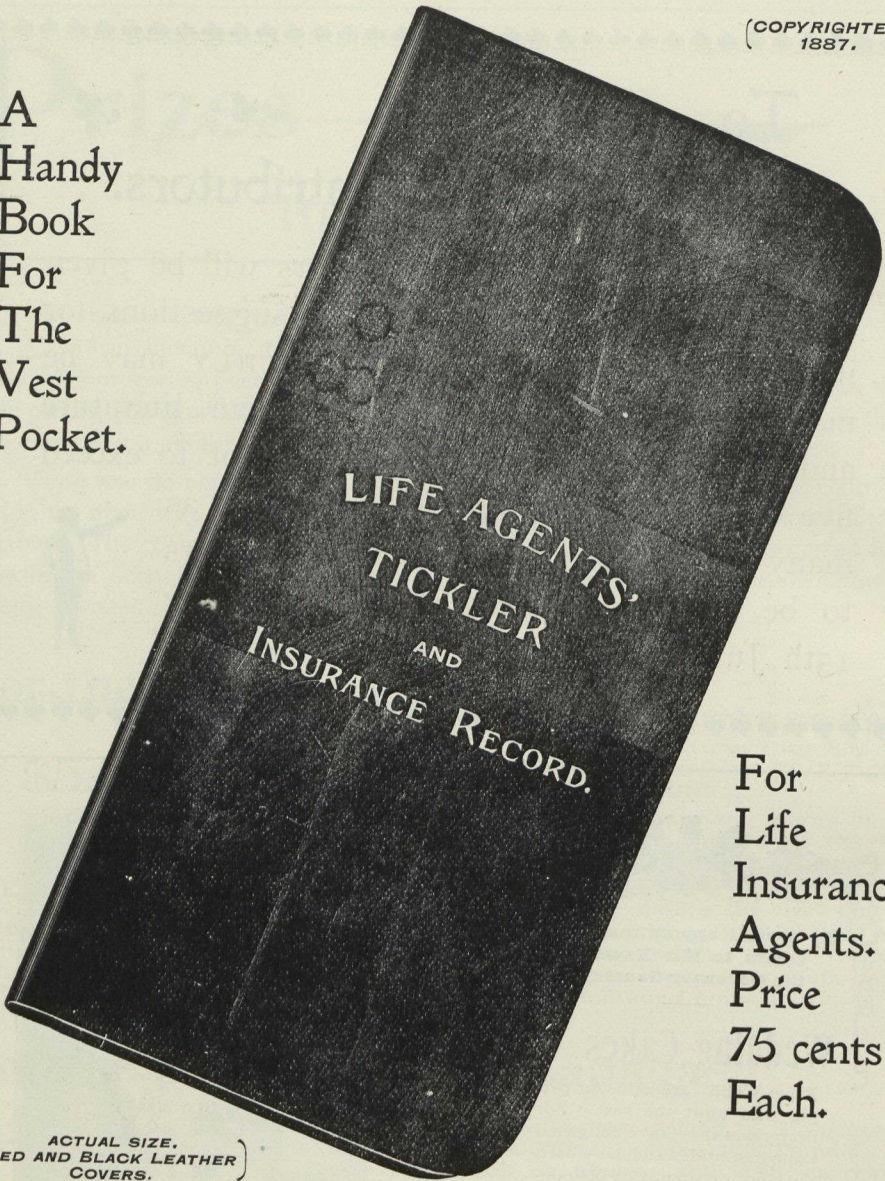
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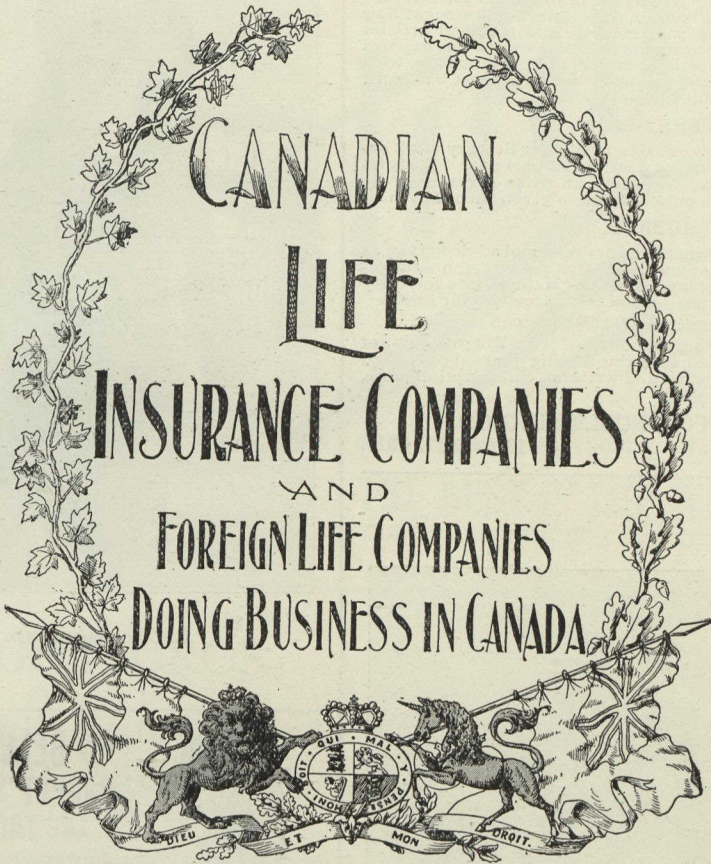
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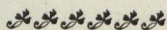
perfectly easy, he should secure a financial guarantee that his baby will be provided for if he fails to do so . . .

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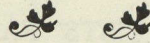
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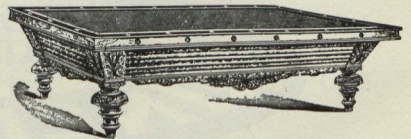
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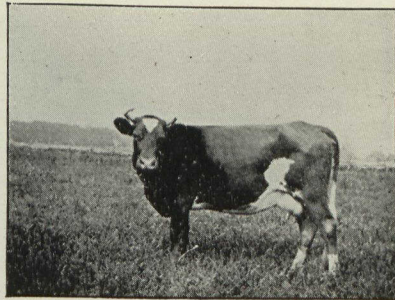
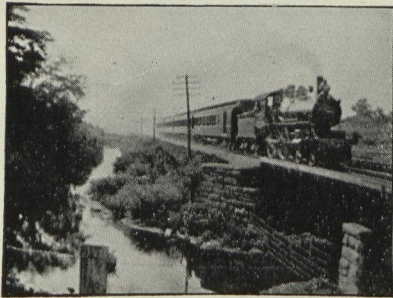
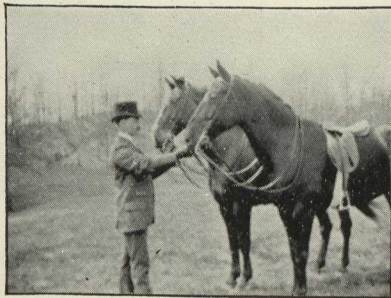
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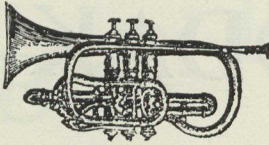
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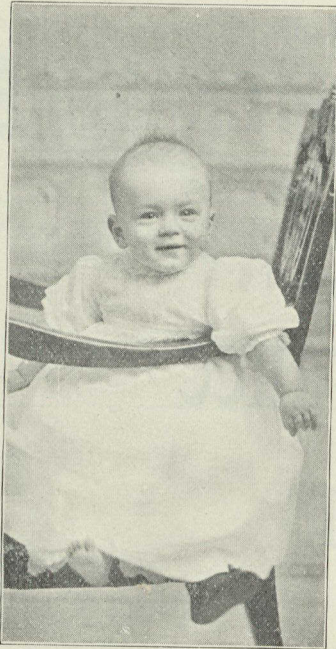
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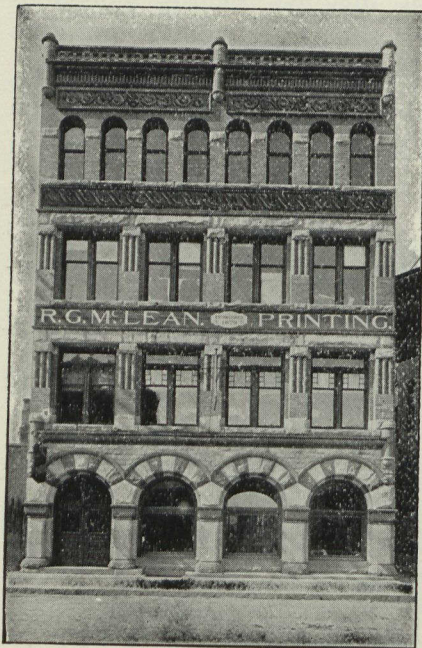
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