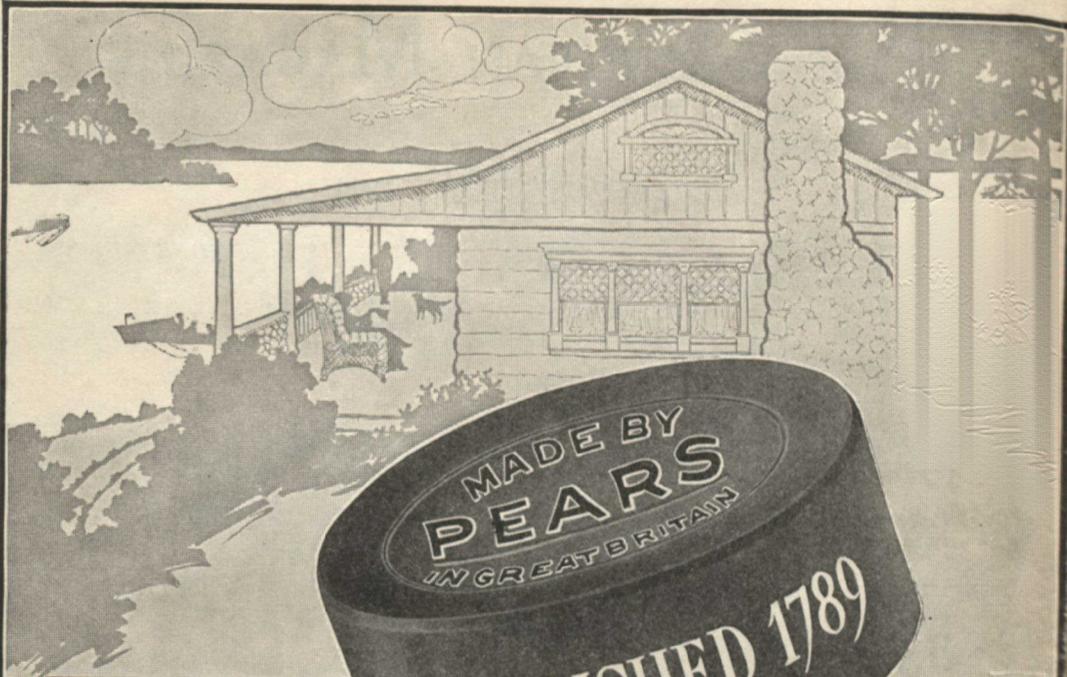


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Holidays

A Word  
in Season

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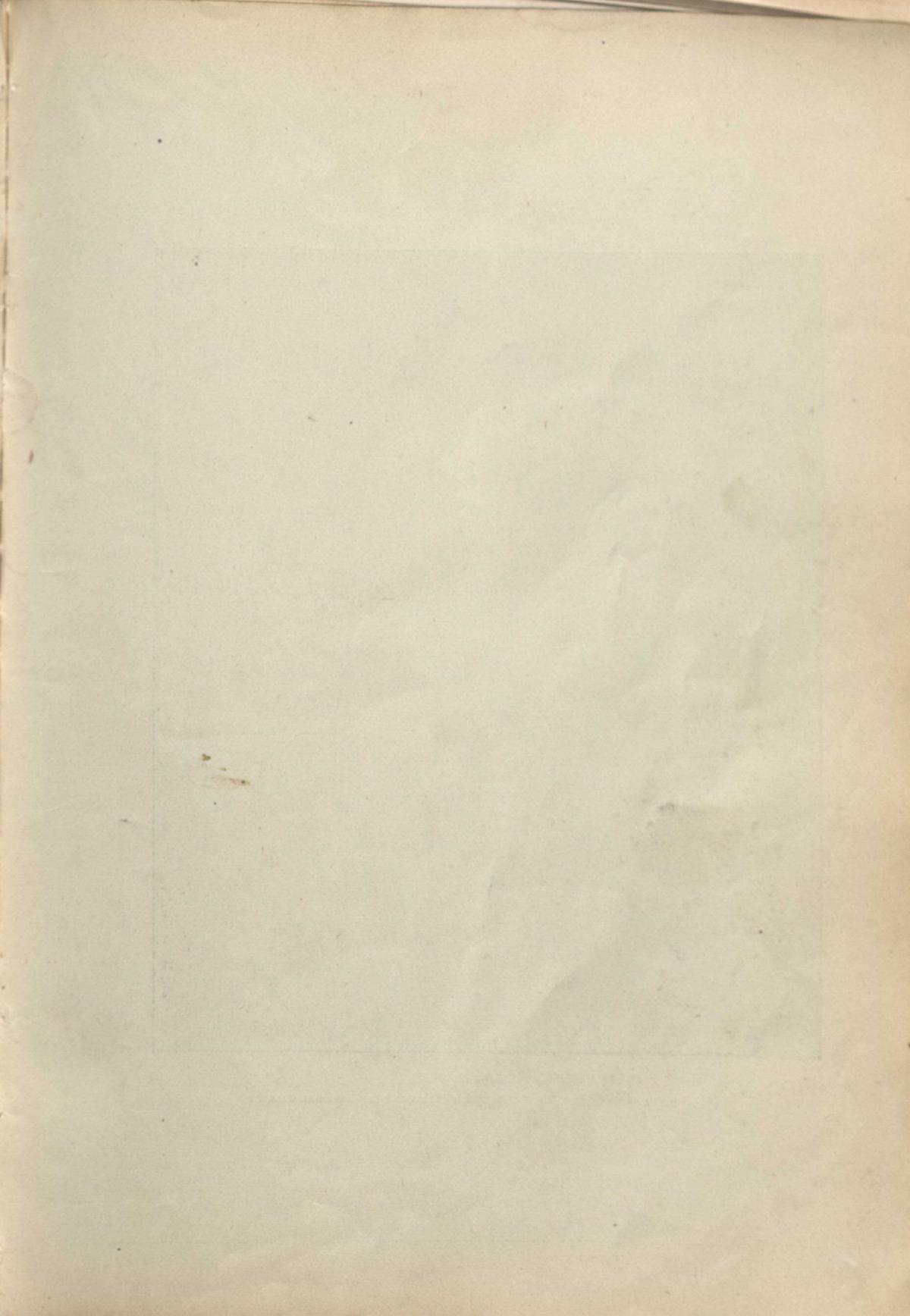
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WOMAN WITH BOOK

FROM THE PAINTING BY THE PRINCESS LOUISE, IN THE CANADIAN NATIONAL GALLERY

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVII

TORONTO, JULY, 1911

No. 3

## THE EDUCATION OF OUR SAILOR KING

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

**K**ING EDWARD, it is said, deplored the narrowness of his own education, not with regard to books and book-learning, in which respect it was ample enough, but with reference to the fact that in youth he had no opportunities of mixing on natural terms with other young men. This was perhaps the chief reason why he decided that his sons should know something at first hand of the real, actual workaday world. With this end in view, he had them both begin their training in the Royal Navy, though it was not intended that the education of Prince Albert Victor, the heir to the throne, should be wholly that of a naval officer.

In the case of Prince George, for whom no such high destiny was forecast, and who from the first took particularly kindly to life aboard ship, there seemed no objection to allowing him to continue his education as it had begun. Consequently, from first to last his training has been that of a naval officer. Eighteen months younger than his brother, he began his life afloat proportionately earlier—as early, in fact, as it was possible—and perse-

vered in it with “strenuous diligence” until, when his brother’s death cut short his naval career, he had attained the rank of post-captain. Admittedly, his promotion was always well earned. As a student—and naval officers nowadays are men of high education—he constantly won an honourable place in the class-lists, and when the command of a vessel devolved upon him he obtained equally high commendation from his superiors for the way in which he handled his ship and maintained discipline amongst the men. Thus, he has as good a right to the proud title of Sailor King as had his great grand-uncle, William IV.

Incidentally, too, his naval training has given him a peculiarly good claim to that other title, which, like his father before him, he bears with special satisfaction, “King . . . of the British Dominions beyond the Seas,” for he was only a little impressionable boy when he first made acquaintance with some of the outlying portions of the Empire, and now he knows it all, from actual personal observation, as no preceding English sovereign has known his

vast realm since Greater Britain began to be.

After two years on the training-ship *Britannia*, in Dartmouth Harbour, the princes became cadets and, later, midshipmen on the cruiser *Bacchante*. On board this vessel they voyaged for three years, by steam-power and sail, over fifty-four thousand miles in all. They sailed, not all round the world, as had been planned, but round a great part of it. They visited South America, South Africa, Australia, and Asia.

The princes received instruction in seamanship, mathematics, and so forth, from the officers, who taught their associates, but with them, as their "governor in charge," sailed the Reverend John N. Dalton, who also acted as chaplain. He directed the princes' miscellaneous reading, and under his guidance they kept daily journals and ample notes. From these and the letters the boys wrote home, Mr. Dalton afterwards compiled a full account of the cruise. From it may be gleaned something of the impressions made on the princes by the sights they saw and the people they met. To a great extent the story is told in their own words, but, in addition, the two thick volumes descriptive of the journey contain a mine of information on the countries visited, added by Mr. Dalton himself and marked off by brackets from the work of the princes.

Perhaps the chief interest of the book lies in the light it casts on the characters of the princes, still, even in these democratic days, a matter of moment to the lands over which one of them was to rule, if not to the world at large, on which they might be expected to wield special influence. It is a little disappointing, however, that it is often not made clear which of the two brothers did or said a certain thing, though it has been asserted that most of the naïve remarks and bits of lively comment were culled from the diary of

our present King. At any rate, from a number of passages where his name does occur, one gains the impression that the younger prince was the more eager and energetic of the two, the more ready to try experiments and to engage in the sports of his fellow-midshipmen, such as cricket and rowing. On the other hand, both lads appear to have been unassuming and readily pleased; and both, from first to last, show keen delight in every token of the Empire's greatness, and every evidence of the loyalty of the overseas dominions to the little mother-isle and to the great Queen, during whose reign "the colonies" had come to their own as never before.

For us, dwellers in Greater Britain, for whom the Crown is the golden symbol of those "ties, light as air, but strong as iron bands," which link the Empire together, there is much interest in tracing the influences which led our King in boyhood to love and value the dominions over seas. He avoids the use, by the way, of the words colonies and colonists, knowing that some citizens of the daughter-nations think these terms invidious. In fact, he is singularly free from that ungracious insularity of mind and speech, which assumes superiority merely on the ground of birth or nurture in England, and which had perhaps as much to do as trade grievances with the wreck suffered by the British Empire in the eighteenth century.

The princes' first experience of "colonial" life was in the West Indies (the few days they spent at the purely military station of Gibraltar can hardly count in this connection), and the demonstrative loyalty of the coloured folk, brought out by the presence amongst them of "Queen Victoria's Piccaninnies," was a thing to wonder at and enjoy, though there were elements in it that could not be taken seriously. On the instant of their arrival in Barbados, "swarms of shore-boats, with

grinning, laughing negro-washerwomen, at once surrounded us," wrote the boys. "Jane Anne Smith was the only one (she stands over six feet) that sat in solemn dignity in the stern sheets of her boat, the *prima donna* of the occasion, having already washed for Prince Albert on more than one occasion, and fully intending to do so for other princes yet. The other negresses gesticulated, each from her own boat, and saluted the officers on the poop with many endearing terms, claiming also former acquaintance with the elder and sedate, and of all things in the world flourishing cotton, Manchester-made pocket-handkerchiefs, flag-fashion, with likenesses of us both woven in colours on them, and one or two of them triumphantly produced framed photographs of us, taken at Dartmouth, which they waved about, bobbing and kissing their hands, all one huge grin of delight." But the question rose, "Are these gaily decked ebony forms merely thus showing the simple silliness of good-natured animals or the joy of the fluttering bird about to swoop upon what it regards as its easy prey?" And, perhaps for the only time in their travels, the princes doubted whether behind this remarkable exhibition of loyalty there were not motives of self-interest.

Ordinarily, they accepted all demonstrations gladly at their face-value, not as personal compliments to themselves, whose work was all to do, but as a tribute of love to Queen and Empire. In Trinidad, for instance, when they lunched in the very room where eighty years before had been signed the capitulation of the island (by which it was agreed that henceforth the capitulators and their sons, whether Spanish or French, should be counted Englishmen), they record with great satisfaction the remark of their Spanish host: "I am an Englishman, and proud to be so!" "It is curious,"

they add," to observe how both the French and Spanish here have become such out-and-out Englishmen; they dread nothing so much as the withdrawal of British rule."

And, again, when on the scene of Rodney's victory over the French, off Dominica, in 1782, and the air, "even in clearest blaze of sunshine," seemed full of "ghosts of gallant sailors and soldiers," they protested with energy against those who, disheartened by past neglect of the islands or present ignorance of their needs, are minded "to throw them away again," to "give them up no matter much to whom. But was it for this that these islands were taken and retaken till every gully and every foot of the ocean bed holds the skeleton of an Englishman?" No, no, to these young midshipmen the policy of the "Little Englander," then somewhat in the ascendant, was distinctly unattractive.

It was the year of the first Boer War. They had reached the Falkland Islands on their long cruise and were joyously anticipating passing through the Straits of Magellan, seeing the Andes and perhaps in the spring making their way far enough north to visit Vancouver Island and British Columbia, when orders came that the squadron, of which the *Bacchante* was a member, was to turn eastward, instead of westward, in order to make a "demonstration" at the Cape. Boylike, the princes found some compensation for the disarrangement of their plans in hopes of adventure, possibly even of distinction in active service. But these hopes too were doomed to disappointment. They were in Cape Town when there arrived the terrible news of the British defeats at Laing's Neck and Majuba. The squadron could easily have landed a thousand men on its first arrival, but orders to land never came, and the ships lay quietly at anchor in Simon's Bay, twenty-one miles from Cape Town, "well out of sight of the

Dutch," who scarcely knew of their existence. The demonstration, in fact, according to the diary, was "a very hollow, make-belief affair," and, whatever people in England might think, the squadron had "been no use in any way . . . to anybody but the beef contractor."

It was no wonder under these circumstances that they were glad, after seven weary weeks, to bid farewell to South Africa and to turn their faces towards Australia. On the way thither they had their worst experience of rough weather; but, through it all, when it was impossible to read or write, to sit or stand comfortably, when nothing would "remain anyhow on the table," when crockery was smashed wholesale, and when an officer broke his ribs while trying to walk the rolling deck, morning school went on "like clockwork."

During the tempest the *Bacchante* was separated from the other ships of the squadron. One of her boats was washed away, her sails were split to ribbons, and finally she was rendered all but helpless by an accident to her rudder. This occurred on a wild night, when the moonbeams, struggling through clouds of inky blackness, showed the sea as "one mass of white foam, boiling and hissing beneath the gale," and "for a few seconds . . . it was doubtful what would happen." For hours the vessel drifted helplessly towards the South Pole, but when the wind moderated her anxious officers succeeded in getting her head round. So with trouble and toil they shaped their course for Australia, and at length made the port of Albany.

The princes had expected only to see something of the two Australian colonies of Victoria and New South Wales, but this accident gave them the pleasure of visiting West and South Australia as well.

In the former colony they spent two delightful days at a shanty near a farm-house in a clearing in the

bush, where they made themselves happily at home in the farm-house kitchen, enjoying the simple dainties of fresh eggs and new milk served to their company in great pails, and joining on the Sunday morning in the simple patriarchal service of praise and prayer, led, as in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by the kind, God-fearing old Scot, who was head of the house.

The princes were at Albany on the Queen's birthday, and were delighted to find it "the great gala-day throughout the whole of Australasia."

It was the same in South Australia. "The people all seemed as glad to see us," they said, "as we were to see them. Everything seemed like home, but there was none of that squalor we see in the outskirts of Liverpool or Manchester and no poverty anywhere apparent." Apropos of the volunteers, who had offered their services in the Transvaal, they observed "South Australia evidently considers itself a real and living portion of the British Empire and is quite willing to share the burdens of citizenship with the mother country." In the same way, but with rare modesty in youths of their years, they interpreted the joyous welcome given to themselves. "The enthusiasm of the people (which means, of course, their attachment to Great Britain, not to us personally) is most hearty and thorough," and "it is touching to see strong, hearty men, as well as women, really affected by remembrances of the old country, which our coming seems to awaken in their breasts; for, of course, we know well enough that all this is not got up for us, but is merely a sign of their warm attachment to England over the seas and of all that name awakens and recalls in every British breast." They spent a quarter of a year in Australia, finding everybody "so very kind," but behind their simple boyish enjoyment of things done to

give them pleasure loomed ever larger the inspiring vision of the British Empire as one great whole beneath its manifold diversities, and, mere lads as they were, they had it in them to rejoice that their representative character and not their personality was the dominant thought in the welcome accorded them.

They responded eagerly to the great idea of unity. "Are not Australia and England," they asked, "both part and parcel of one dear country?" And with added experience, Prince George at least soon learned to apply this master-idea to the other overseas dominions also. "What is ours is theirs, and what is theirs is ours. As our past history is theirs"—no truly insular Englishman can admit this, and it was worth the long journey that our future King should learn this lesson before the responsibilities of royalty began—"so may their future be bound up with ours from generation to generation. . . . Our Australian fellow-subjects consist of the stoutest and staunchest English, Welsh, Scotch and Irishmen, who are showing at the present time an amount of energy and activity in . . . everything that makes a people great, which has never before been surpassed in the whole course of English history."

In those happy, youthful days all was a little *couleur de rose* perhaps, but was it not an excellent foundation of ideas for the future King—of the dominions overseas? If George III. could have been trained in any such sentiments towards his overseas empire, instead of in that weary, worse than futile maxim, "George, be a King!" who can believe that the history of our great neighbour to the south would have been what it is? To our later George and his brother it seemed a necessity that the peoples of Greater Britain must continue "equal members of one family and one State . . . if England is to keep the

place that she has hitherto held amongst nations, not only in name, but in reality, of one united Kingdom."

It is a truism that travellers often never see that in which they are not interested, though it may be everywhere around them. Nimrods have not the best eye for native Christians, nor missionaries for tigers. It is therefore a happy augury for the future relations of the different portions of the Empire that these travellers had vision everywhere to see that hardy plant loyalty. For them it bloomed in every British land beneath the sun. In varying forms they found it in homelike Australia, in little sea-girt, lately-cannibal Fiji, and in rich, tropical Ceylon. The honours heaped upon them were "very jolly," whether the cheers of stalwart sheep-farmers in their own English tongue, or the South Sea Islanders' quaint, ceremonial presentation of a whale's tooth to each, or the spontaneous tribute of the hearty, strong, young planters of Ceylon, who took the horses out of their carriage and drew it themselves, loudly cheering.

It was not only from the subjects of the Queen, indeed, that they received welcome and kindness during their long cruise. In Japan, China, Egypt and Palestine, they spent most interesting holidays, gaining a knowledge of the peoples and rulers of these (and other) countries likely to prove valuable to the future monarch of a great world-power. But still they carried everywhere thoughts of their own land. For instance, in Palestine, it pleased them that the first of the many "holy places" they visited chanced to be the shrine of St. George, the patron saint of England.

Taking it all in all, surely the best result of their cruise—from our point of view at least—was that it taught them to think largely of the Empire. Even as they sighted again the English land set in its "gray

seas," memories of Greater Britain thronged back upon their minds and Tennyson's lines, on the day of national thanksgiving for the recovery of their father from his dangerous illness in 1872, seemed to echo "in the wash of the waves beneath the *Bacchante's* keel." Long ago they had learned them by heart, but their recently acquired knowledge of the overseas dominions filled with new meaning the familiar words, describing the unity of feeling, which in deep joy or sorrow throbs from the great heart of the Empire to its farthest extremities,

The silent cry,  
"The prayer of many a race, and creed,  
and clime—

Thunderless lightnings striking under  
sea

From sunset and sunrise of all the realm,  
And that true North, whereof we lately  
heard

A strain to shame us! 'Keep you to  
yourselves;

So loyal is too costly! Friends, your  
love

Is but a burthen; loose the bond and go.  
Is this the tone of Empire? Here the  
faith

That made us rulers?

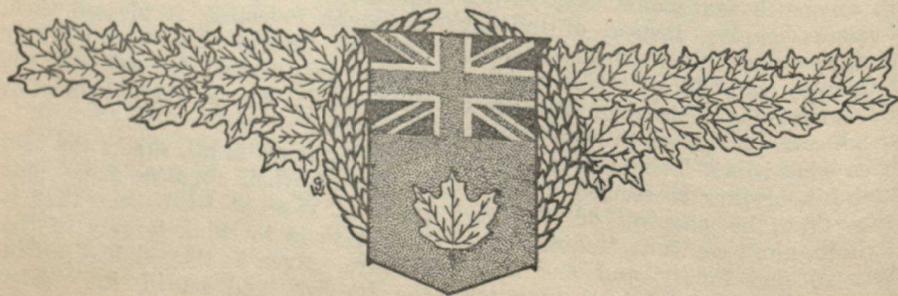
The loyal to their crown  
Are loyal to their own far sons, who love  
Our ocean-empire, with her boundless  
homes,

For ever-broadening England."

On this voyage, as I have already mentioned, the brothers were disappointed in their hopes of visiting the Dominion of Canada, but Prince George had not long to wait before seeing something of this country. As a young naval officer, he served several times on the North American

and West Indian stations, and so spent many summer months at Halifax. But he has also journeyed more than once across Canada from sea to sea. Thus long before he came to the throne he had gained as thorough a knowledge of our land as he had of Australia, and he has no sympathy with those who would put the Britons who chance to live beyond the seas in a different class from those of the little mother-islands.

As he made clear in his first statesmanlike address to his "People beyond the Seas," his conception of the Empire is as a unity, and he knows it, we may repeat, as few other men can know it. "As a sailor," he says, "I have been brought into constant touch with the oversea dominions of the Crown, and have personally realised the affectionate loyalty which has held together many lands of diverse peoples in one glorious fellowship." Nor is this all. Content as he is to be the head of what in boyhood he learned to think of as our "crowned Republic"—"the great democracy of the earth," as an American professor has recently called it—he declares, "It will be my earnest endeavour to uphold in all their fulness the safeguards of a constitutional government and the liberties which are now enjoyed throughout my dominions, and under the good guidance of the Ruler of all men, I will maintain upon the foundation of freedom, justice and peace the great heritage of a united British Empire."



# ATHENS

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

THE approach to Athens from the East is over "the Violet Sea," past the island of Euboea, past the Temple of Poseidon with the light shining through its columns on the top of Cape Sunion, through the Gulf of Aegina with the Straits of Salamis in sight, and then into the harbour of Piraeus. You will take a carriage at Piraeus—if you are wise—and drive the rest of the way. There is a very good electric tram which covers the five odd miles to Athens; but the delight of approaching this almost dramatically situated city in an open carriage, by a road which for a time follows the old Long Walls that anciently connected Athens with its port, is something not to be missed.

Once out of Piraeus and away from the seaside beauty of Phaleron, the road runs straight and level inland toward Athens. In the fertile fields the peasants are likely to be at work, and they hail you with joyous welcome if you stop to photograph them—as we did. But presently, from behind a low hill, the Acropolis creeps into sight, and then you forget all else. There it stands, a sheer rock lifted above the Attic plain, and on it the immortal grandeur of the Parthenon. I do not know how it will appeal to you when you come to make this journey toward the most sublime altar of classic beauty in the world; but nothing has ever thrilled me as did this first view of the Temple of Phidias and Pericles.

Then the wealth of Athens in classic monuments is borne in upon you.

Not only does the Parthenon crown its height, but there stands the Theseion—an almost perfect temple—at its base; near it rises the monument of Philopappus; and soon we will be passing the golden columns of the Olympeion. Yet this is only a taste. The Parthenon does not stand alone on the Acropolis. Three other buildings worthy to share its throne rise near it, while the Theseion looks down over a section of ancient Athens sown thick with reminders of that elder time. Before the Olympeion rises the Arch of Hadrian, and presently the white marble of the Stadium will be glimpsed through the trees of the Zappeion.

There are three dizzy pinnacles of rock in Athens which are ever catching the eye from the streets of the city—the Acropolis, the hill of Philopappos, and Lykabettos. In the softer lights, which filter over the mountains of Megara toward evening, these lofty heights float above one like dream-pictures moulded in the unsubstantial clouds, and give to Athens a unique beauty which is not even approached by any other city. The streets about you are real and modern enough. An electric car clangs by; shops which might be in Paris present their attractive windows at your elbow; a gay people, dressed in the latest fashion, saunter along the sidewalks toward their favourite cafés; a military band is playing just around the corner. But look up! There floats the columned porch of the Erechtheion in mid-air, with the rock

of the Acropolis falling sheer away below it. Surely it is a vision! But turn round! There rises Lykabettos into the golden haze of evening, with the picturesque chapel of St. George for a crown.

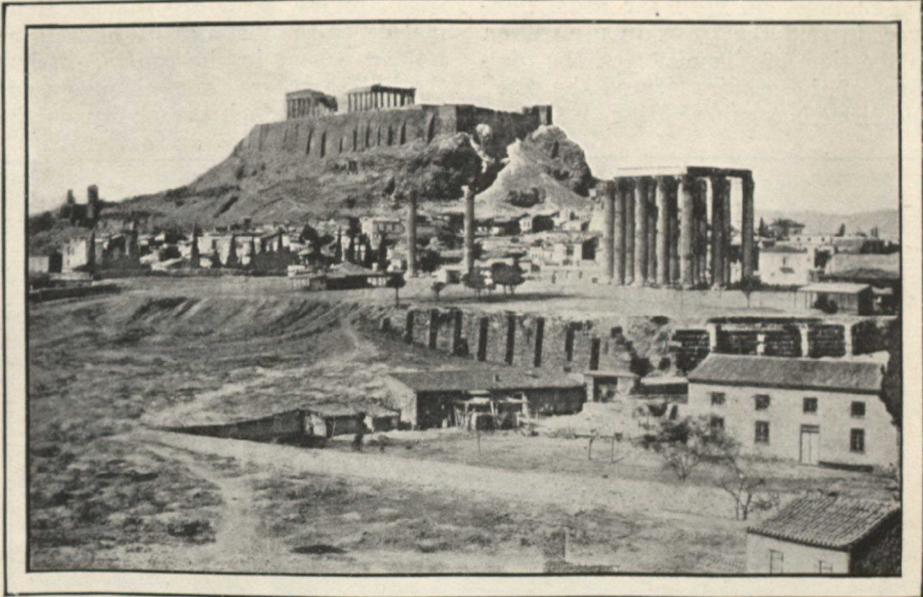
Then, perhaps, you will stroll across the Place de la Constitution, with its café-filled promenade and its gardens of fountains, flowers and orange trees, and up the broad stairway to the boulevard opposite the white marble palace of the King. Down this boulevard by the side of the luxuriant royal gardens, the stream of evening promenaders will carry you till you come to an open space looking toward the great rampart of honey-bearing Hymettos, which bounds the Attic plain on the east. This is the public garden of the Zappeion—a characteristic Athenian institution, the Zappeion being a fine building for the exhibition of Greek industrial products erected by two brothers and presented to the State. A broad promenade runs through the flowered gardens and in front of this building, at the end of which is to be found an open-air café with an orchestra enthroned in its midst. This is the favourite Athenian promenade from six to eight in the evening, when the exceptionally handsome men, women and children of this capital of a handsome race walk to and fro or sit at the café tables and listen to the music.

The view from here is, possibly, the one that will live longest in the memory of the visitor. To the left, the ancient Stadium—now all refitted with marble at the expense of a Greek living in Alexandria—snuggles down between its two embracing hills. Over it, purple, blue and green, shoulders Hymettos. To the south sweeps the deep blue of the Aeginetan Gulf, bounded by the misty island of Aegina itself with the sharp peak of the Oros rising out of it. Beyond are tumbled the mountains of the Peloponnesus. In the immediate foreground rise the tall columns of the

Olympeion from amongst the trees of the nearer garden, and the blue of the sea shines through their marvellously graceful shafts. Farther to the right appears the monument of Philopappus, and then the glory of the Acropolis. From here we see the east front of the Parthenon and the most inaccessible side of the great rock on which it stands.

Of course, the most famous views are those from the heights. That from the platform of the Temple of Nike on the Acropolis, has been immortalised by Byron; but, personally, I never get as much out of a wide view from a lofty outlook as from a view of an impressive height from a well-placed point below it. When on the Acropolis, you are at all events deprived of the finest feature in any Athenian picture—that is, the Acropolis itself. A better view is that from Lykabettos. We were in Athens on St. George's Day when all the city climbs up to the chapel of St. George on its peak. The winding paths up the steep side of this mountain were alive with people, and it almost made one dizzy to watch the human ants filing in and out, twisting backwards and forwards, on their tortuous journeys up and down.

We joined the climbers as the cooler airs of evening blew, and soon were mounting higher and higher above the city at our feet. The view from here toward the blue sea and the fainter blue of the Peloponnesus mountain ranges includes the abrupt hill of the Acropolis and commands not only the incomparable Parthenon, but the Erechtheion, the Nike, and the Propylaea as well. Up the paths on the hillside that day there were many of the signs of a small fair. Refreshment booths appeared at frequent intervals; the sellers of cakes so universal on Athenian streets were, of course, there; flower vendors abounded; and then there were the religious stalls where one bought candles for the chapel and fitting religious devices.



THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS

SHOWING THE PARTHENON ON THE SUMMIT

The lower hills about the Acropolis are all worth climbing, quite irrespective of the view. The nearest is Mar's Hill, where Paul was—probably erroneously—supposed to deliver his famous sermon to the men of Athens. Mar's Hill is the Areopagus of the Greeks, where the court of the Areopagus met above the spring of the Eumenides. This phraseology casts a delightful side-light on the character of the ancient Greeks. The Areopagus was the court of life and death, and the "Eumenides" were really the furies who were supposed to carry out the dread sentence. But they were called the Eumenides—"the benevolent." The Greek would never permit himself to think of the grimness of death; and, apart from the whip of the Hereafter, what do we gain by dwelling on the grisly features of the Last Conqueror? Up in the museum are plenty of sarcophagi with Bacchanalian scenes engraven upon their sides. The Greek was merry—if he could manage it—at the graveside. At all events, he deliber-

ately tried to make himself so.

Below the Areopagus is the King's Stoa, which was the business place of the Areopagites in the market-place, and it is now thought more likely that Paul preached to the Areopagites here. Across what is to-day a modern road from the Areopagus is the hill of the Pnyx, where the Athenians held their political meetings in the earliest times before there were seats for them in the Theatre of Dionysos. There still stands the great terrace on which they assembled, partly resting on the natural rock and partly supported by an artificial semi-circular wall composed of huge blocks of stone. In front of it the rock has been cut down and the end of the open space is marked by a perpendicular wall of the native rock of the hill, where the cutting ceased. In the middle of this is a great cube of rock, hewn out of the solid mass, resting upon three steps. Sockets in its front still show where the orator's platform was supported, and there are steps, where the Prytanes sat.

You must go very far back, however, to find the Pnyx in use. Even in the time of Themistocles, the platform of the orators "faced the sea," and there is a ruined altar on the top

semi-circular structure of Pentelic marble, with a statue of himself as Roman consul in the centre. Below the hill there are three chambers cut in the rock, which are shown as the



THE OLYMPEION, WITH THE ACROPOLIS IN THE BACKGROUND

of the hill beyond the cube of rock, which may mark the spot of that stage. If Demosthenes spoke on this hill at all, it would likely have been from the latter platform, while Lycourgos gathered his audience in the Theatre of Dionysos, which he provided with stone seats.

Beyond the Pnyx is the hill of the Nymphs, now occupied by the Observatory. It owes its name to an ancient inscription, which seems to indicate that there was a shrine of the Nymphs here at one time. The highest of the hills of this group, however, is that which bears the monument of Philopappos, who was a Roman that came to Athens about the beginning of the second century, A.D., and won the people by his liberality. His monument is a tall

Prison of Socrates—quite arbitrarily—but may have been a tomb or a "treasure."

The first overwhelming desire of the visitor to Athens is to make a nearer acquaintance of the Acropolis. That, after all, is the kernel of the nut. The hill looks so difficult to "carry" that we first attempted it—and not through laziness—in a carriage. The driving road leads you up by the Theatre of Dionysos and under the tall, gray walls of the Odeion of Herodes Atticus, and finally lands you at the entrance to the Propylaea. But you still have the sharpest part of the hill to climb on foot.

You enter by the Beule Gate, so called from the French explorer who discovered it in 1852 under the Turk-

ish bastions, and mount what is left of a great marble stairway leading up to the magnificent Propylaea, which was the ancient entrance to the plateau of the Acropolis. This gate and

seeing the marvellous beauty of these great buildings clothed in that forgiving light which covers all the scars and summons the imagination of the dullest to re-people the scene



THE THESRION, ATHENS

stairway probably date back to the second century, A.D., the old Greek gate possibly lying a little below it. The Greeks mounted the steep by a road, but modern critics do not believe that the horses and chariots of the Panathenaean procession could actually have made the ascent. They must have been left at the gateway below.

I must resist a temptation to take you from monument to monument of the past which crown this height and work out—as I did, my text-books in hand—their general plan, their relation to the religious services and civic life of the Athenians of old, and their architectural beauties, either still to be seen or restored by the imagination. This sort of thing can only be enjoyed on the spot or by a class of earnest Greek scholars. We spent days at it under the brilliant sun of Attica, cooled by fresh breezes from the sea or the mountains of Hymettos and Pentelikon, and finished by climbing up one cool, still night under the white radiance of the full moon and

as it was when Pericles reigned in Athens and Phidias dreamed his dreams in Pentelic marble.

It cannot fail to interest you, however, to know that the Acropolis was once the citadel of Athens, and that the Pelasgians, who are so far back that they are almost mythical, levelled its top and surrounded it with walls, fragments of which still remain. They are rude walls made of rough stones cleverly fitted to each other, and must have constituted very effective fortifications in the days of the bow-and-arrow. Here the early kings of Athens lived, and the tyrant Peisistratos fixed his residence. Finally, however, everything was banished from the Acropolis but religion and its temples; and in the days of Pericles, Athenian art at its best did its best work in crowning this superb height with offerings to the gods—now myths, but then vivid realities.

There are four chief buildings still standing there—the Temple of Nike, (the Greek Victory) the Propylaea or entrance, the Parthenon and the

Erechtheion on the site of the ancient Temple of Erechtheus, who looms out of the mists of the mythical past before Theseus. The Temple of the Victory is a dainty little structure of Pentelic marble, standing out on one of the bastions in front of the Propylaea, delicate as a decoration for your

Holies. The name "Propylaea" is taken from these columns, and means literally "before the gates."

A curious experience meets you after you pass through the gates. First you stand and gaze at the west front of the Parthenon—the best preserved—which is uncovered by the passage



THE ERECHTHEION, ATHENS

mantel, and originally surrounded by reliefs, the very fragments of which are among the loveliest remnants of Greek art.

The Propylaea—literally the fore-gates—take the form of a splendid Pentelic marble structure just at the edge of the plateau through which the Athenians gained access to its sacred area. They date from the fifth century, B.C., and rival the Parthenon itself in majestic beauty. Two noble wings advance on either side, while the Pylon proper was a great wall, with five openings screened from the front by a glorious colonnade. It is the columns which today constitute the chief beauty of the edifice, and, seen from below, as you toil up the marble stairway, they tower over you against the blue of the Attic sky like veteran sentinels set to guard the approach to this Holy of

of the Propylaea; and then, when you move on, you are conscious that you are ascending an uneven inclined plane of native rock, and that your footing is made the more secure by grooves cut in its face. This is the veritable old pathway from the entrance past the north side of the temple and around to its chief portal on the east, and these grooves were cut in the rock by the ancient Athenians to prevent their sandals from slipping. The modern tourist, accustomed to our lavish way of covering everything with a veneer, always finds it hard to credit that the Greeks, amidst so much magnificence, left their pathway so roughly hewn. But the Greeks were a busy and rugged people, and never wasted what time they had to spare for the decorative side of life. This pathway served, and that was enough. When they

shaped marble it was to enclose a Parthenon in immortal columns or to carve a frieze for a Nike, and not to cover a pathway with an ostentatious display of magnificence. That would have been more like a Persian trick,

of the pathway, for instance, there is a wide, level platform cut in the solid rock, where probably stood the colossal statue of Athena Promachos, done by Phidias in bronze out of the spoils of Marathon.

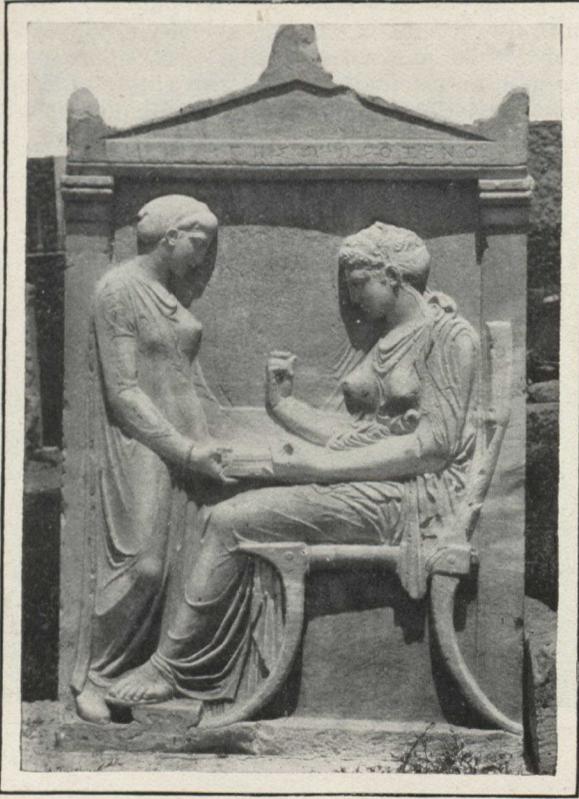


TEMPLE OF NIKE APTEROS, ON THE ACROPLIS

where fabulous wealth was the measure of greatness—not the simple achievements of genius.

The walk up this ridged pathway, with the channels in it yet to carry off the water, was something I never could do in a hurry. Every foot about you is holy ground. The rock has been cut down at this point to make the pathway, and in the face of the original stone left uncut on the right, there have been hewn nine steps leading up to a platform on which was the sanctuary of Artemis Brauronia, where Athenian maids and matrons worshipped in great numbers. Near it stood a bronze copy of the Trojan Horse. Does not that carry you back to the sounding lines of Homer? But all about you are spaces where worship was offered in the open air and where rose the statues of heroes. On the other side

But now the Parthenon soars over you. With this you are familiar. You know that it was erected to the virgin goddess by Phidias, that it contained a colossal statue of her in ivory and gold by that supreme artist, that it has been used since as a Christian church, as a Turkish mosque, as a fortification, and as a gunpowder magazine. The latter abuse was fatal, for the powder was ignited and the peerless temple blown into the air. To-day but little of the interior walls stand, the columns on both sides are thrown down—though it seemed to me that it would not cost much to set them up again—and you are left chiefly to admire the columns and pediments of the two ends. Some of the frieze on the wall of the Cella is still in place, but it is most difficult to see it. The best conception of the sculptures of the Parthenon is



A TYPICAL GREEK TOMB. LADY AT HER TOILET

now to be got in London by studying the Elgin marbles.

Below the Parthenon on the north edge of the Acropolis stands the Erechtheion, and the average visitor will be chiefly interested in this for its famous portico of the Caryatides and the fact that it marks the spot of the titanic contest between Athena and Poseidon for the possession of Athens. You remember that Poseidon sought to establish his claim to the city by creating a salt spring on the heights of the Acropolis—and they show you still the very clefts in the rock where his puissant trident struck. Athena answered successfully by creating the olive tree—a much more useful possession—and the gnarled olive tree itself was enclosed on the west side of the temple. Incidentally, all the

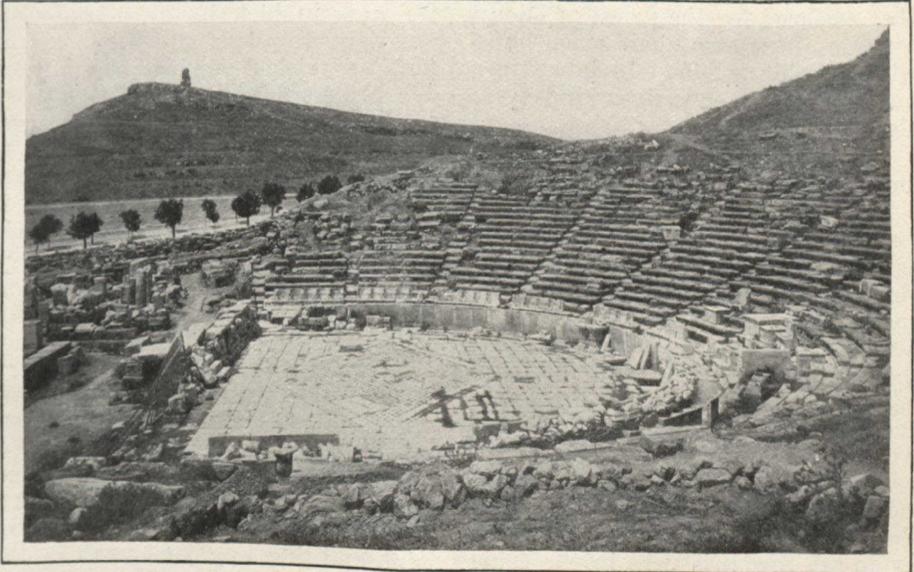
porticos are very lovely, that on the north side being frequently copied in modern buildings.

Just before we left Athens the full moon approached, and our "portier" got us special permission to visit the hilltop at night. There were five of us in the party, but it was an eerie experience walking up under the shadows of the Odeion and out into the white shine of the moon below the Propylaea. I think, perhaps, that the moon gave more to the Propylaea than to any of the other buildings. It hid all the stains of the centuries, covered the marks of the cannon on the walls and columns, and turned the entire pile into dazzling white marble again as it rose over us at the crest of the hill.

The little Nike on the outsretched

paw of the Propylaea looked more fragile than ever, and the landscape seen from its platform was misty and uncertain. Over yonder to the west, the Sacred Way climbed the moun-

and lovelier by far than I ever saw it in daylight, and the drums of columns, the sculptured fragments of entablature and ceiling, the divorced capitals which strew the ground,



THEATRE OF DIONYSOS, ATHENS

tains on its road to Eleusis, where the Eleusinian Mysteries were performed in the spring and the autumn of each year. One could almost see again the long torchlight procession, which went at night from the old Dipylon gate of Athens along this road to join in the celebration. The Mysteries are to-day a true mystery, for no one knows what they were. But the Dipylon has been discovered; the road still winds up the mountainside, and the Temples of Eleusis lie in ruins opposite the island of Salamis.

The best view of the Parthenon that night was from the southern or moonlight side, and from there its soaring columns were very impressive. But the wreck of time was more evident than in the Propylaea, and it was far harder to see it whole. The porch of the Caryatides below on the Erechtheion was in full moonlight

seemed to mean more. It is not only "fair Melrose" which looks best under the "pale moonlight," though the golden marble of the Acropolis stands the "beams of garish day" better than the dull gray of the Scottish Abbey.

Under the shadow of the Acropolis are many days' work for the student. There is the Theatre of Dionysos, where the splendid creations of Sophocles, Euripides, Aeschylus, and Aristophanes first delighted their critical audiences. Like most ancient theatres, this is backed up against a hillside naturally of an amphitheatrical form, so that the builders had little to do but cut terraces in the soil and turn them into benches or seats. Later, in this case, they were made of stone, with marble facings. The decorated front of the stage still stands, with lavish reliefs illustrat-

ing the life of Dionysos, and you can trace out behind it the plan of stage, with its actors' exits, the entrances for the chorus, the proscenium wall, and all the rest of it. The lower seats were of marble, and that reserved for the priest of Dionysos was a fine arm chair ornamented with Bacchic reliefs. In later times public meetings of various kinds were also held here.

We are here on the very soil of ancient Athens. Near is the Dipylon—the old gateway—with the street outside lined with decorated tombs, as was the fashion all over the ancient world. Below the slight eminence on which we stand lay the markets—the fora—of Athens, where they bought and sold and did business. Just beyond them to-day is the Bazaar, the last remnant of mediæval Athens, and near the Bazaar is the prison, which seems to be about the most cheerfully free-and-easy institution of its kind I ever saw. Passing by it, we saw prisoners in the court purchasing things from peddlers; and just around the corner another prisoner leaned out of a window, called to a small boy passing on the pavement and tossed him a coin with a request that he go and buy something with it at the corner grocery. The lad was not at all surprised, but went and made the purchase as a matter of course. We wondered how the prisoners got their money, but soon the mystery was solved. From out of the grated windows of the lower storey were now thrust a number of spoons tied to long wooden handles, and the men who held them begged us to put a small coin into the bowls. Apparently they beg their money from passers-by and then spend it at the gate or by "window-post."

Then after seeing all this you go home to dinner. Apparently, the Greek never goes home to dinner when he can do anything else. We were staying at a purely Greek hotel in

Athens—all the other guests being Greeks—and it staggered us a little when they said that they did not dine until eight o'clock. But it staggered us more when we discovered that "eight" was a movable date, and that we were in luck if the dining-room was lighted up half an hour later. At first, we kicked against the pricks. We protested to the head "garcon"—who always seems to run an European hotel—and he finally agreed to try for a quarter of eight. That night we waited for the bell, but it did not ring. At eight we marched in, and one of the sub-garcons flew ahead of us to turn on the electric lights. The soup came at about the usual time.

So we surrendered and did not go in after that until the room at least was lighted. But even then we usually dined almost alone. The first of the Greeks would appear about when we had reached the vegetable midway between the fish and the joint, and they might all be in by the time we had eaten our desert. Nine o'clock would have been a better hour for that company. And in that climate they are right. They lunch a little after twelve and then go to sleep. Shops and offices commonly close from twelve to two or even three. The streets brisk up a bit after three, and at six all business ceases and the entire population—father, mother, son and daughter, and the babies—go to the parks or squares, or even the streets, and patronise the cafés. They get an ice-cream or a cup of coffee or a glass of wine and a bit of cake, and that carries them along until dark quite puts an end to the most delightful time of the day. Then, when they can no longer see and the countless orchestras cease playing in the cafés, they reluctantly, but placidly, saunter home to dine. We learned the trick after a while, but we got to like it immensely.

# CANADA'S PROPOSED COPYRIGHT LEGISLATION

BY W. ARNOT CRAICK

THE subject of copyright, especially in a young country like Canada, where, as it will be shown, the issue is clouded by a number of diverse influences, is one which should always be approached with considerable humility of spirit. While on the surface and to the casual observer, it is one of the simplest of questions, the more it is studied the more complicated and involved does it become, until even the men who are presumed to be authorities on the subject confess that its intricacies puzzle them. In the end it will usually be found that those who profess to know most about copyright are the very ones whose acquaintance with it is of the slightest. With a due apology therefore for his presumption in approaching so formidable a problem with any show of superior knowledge, the writer begs leave to introduce a few reflections on the present situation of copyright in Canada.

Up to the present time, owing largely to the fact that Canada has never been permitted entire independence in copyright legislation by the mother country, the subject has not been one of direct interest. Now, however, an Act has been introduced at Ottawa, with the sanction of the Imperial authorities, embodying radical changes in copyright regulations and placing Canada on an independent footing among the nations of the world, so far as the question

of copyright is concerned. This forward step, as some are ready to designate it, is one which brings copyright into a greater prominence than ever before and makes its consideration not only timely but necessary.

In its elementary form copyright offers no serious obstacles to easy comprehension. It is simply the law's recognition of an author's right to the fruits of his genius. Legislation from time to time has extended the benefits, and it is quite natural to expect that the State should require the applicant for a copyright to conform to certain prescribed regulations. The ideal copyright law is the one which will make it as easy as possible for him to secure that protection, to which all fair-minded people will agree that he is entitled.

But other considerations begin to creep in at this point to complicate the matter. Chief of these is the international relationship, which is especially pronounced in the case of countries speaking the same language. Where copyright regulations differ in different countries it is easy to see that before a basis of reciprocal copyright can be agreed upon there must be some intricate negotiations. A second powerful influence is the commercial one, which seeks oftentimes to place an author's work under the control of some industry. In the case of Canada copyright becomes all the more involved because

of the fewness of her own authors and her comparatively large consumption of books of foreign authorship.

It has been the tendency of practically all the nations of the earth, with the principal exception of the United States, to come together on the subject of copyright and to endeavour to enact uniform laws which will give authors the widest possible protection and make it as easy to secure copyright in one country as in another. The culmination of this movement came in 1908, when at Berlin, Germany, a convention was drawn up by representatives of nearly all the civilised countries assembled for the purpose of formulating such a measure. Known as the Berlin Convention, it marks a step in advance of the Berne Convention, which for many years marked the furthest progress in the direction of international copyright. Great Britain was represented at Berlin, and, with other nations, agreed to introduce a new copyright law, which would enable her to join the Copyright Union there created.

From all these negotiations the United States was absent. Holding an independent position, she requires any author desiring to copyright his work at Washington to have his work set up, printed on American paper and on American presses in a United States printing office before granting him the desired protection. It is openly admitted that this policy was forced on the United States Government by the Typographical Union, with the expectation that it would be of material benefit to the printing industry by increasing the manufacture of books in the United States.

In the spring of last year an Imperial Conference was held in London, at which representatives of the self-governing portions of the Empire were present, to discuss what action should be taken regarding the Berlin Convention. Canada was represented

by the Honourable Sydney Fisher, in whose department copyright matters are attended to, and he came to the Conference with the avowed intention of securing Canada's right to legislate for herself on copyright.

In view of the fact that the tendency, as already indicated, is for all the nations of the earth to come closer together on the subject of copyright legislation, it would appear as if Canada were taking a retrograde step in demanding and securing the right to independent legislation. To understand her reason for doing this one must make a short study of her situation to-day as a book-producing and book-consuming country. A visit to any book store will disclose shelves filled with volumes, not by native authors, but by British and American authors. The showing of books by Canadian authors is comparatively meagre and of these only a small proportion are made in Canada. In fact, the number of made-in-Canada books in a Canadian book store is almost a negligible quantity. Viewing the situation, the paper-makers and the printers begin to ask the question, Why should not a larger proportion of these books be made with our paper and in our printing offices? And from asking each other the question they pass on to agitate for legislation which will make it compulsory for any American author to have his book printed in Canada before securing copyright here. It is a perfectly natural contention on their part for it aims to increase their business and help to roll up larger profits.

Uniting together as the Canadian Copyright Association, they brought business principles to bear on the situation. The great obstacle to be overcome was to secure from Great Britain recognition of Canada's claim to legislate for herself on copyright. Hitherto, if an American author wished to secure protection for his book, not only in Canada, but throughout the British Empire, all he

had to do was to place copies on sale in any part of the Empire and register the title at Stationers' Hall, in London. There was no need of printing in the Empire. British copyright secured him against pirating in every portion of it. Controlled by this Imperial law, Canada was powerless to prevent American books from entering the country and securing protection on the easiest terms.

Having secured the desired independence at the Imperial Conference the Honourable Sydney Fisher proceeded to draft the new Canadian Act. Embodying in it the main features of the British Act, which has been drawn up to conform with the requirements of the Berlin Convention, it deviates from it on the important point of requiring an author to print his book in Canada to entitle him to copyright. It provides for reciprocity in copyright between the different portions of the Empire and makes it possible for the Governor-General in Council to enter into arrangements with foreign countries for a recognition of international copyright.

There are three classes of people directly interested in this new Copyright Bill, which at the present time is ready for the committee stage at the Capital. These are the printers, including in the term the various allied industries, to whom reference has already been made as strong agitators for independent legislation; the publishers and the authors. It seems almost ironical that the last-mentioned, who should by rights be the first considered, because, after all, copyright should be devised in their interests solely, have been almost completely ignored in the negotiations. Never noted for their business acumen, the poor authors have been placed on the operating table, while the shrewder printers have consulted together as to how best to carve them up. Even the Minister of Agriculture admits that he has received his inspiration from the

printing interests, adding, with a smile, that he believes the Society of Authors is defunct.

Apart from the fact that on principle copyright should be adjusted in the best interests of the authors, there are other reasons why the present measure is not calculated to benefit the writers of Canada. As the matter concerns almost entirely the relations between Canada and the United States, it may serve to elucidate things from this standpoint if some brief explanation is offered of the situation as it at present subsists between the two countries. Separated by an imaginary line geographically and united by kindred language and customs, it has been a natural tendency that authors should sell their wares in the larger market. Genius is not to be confined by artificial bounds. New York, because of its size, has become the publishing centre of North America, and it is the place to which Canadian authors naturally look for recognition. The United States has provided a ready and appreciative circle of readers for the more distinguished of them; in fact, it has made it possible for men like Stringer, O'Higgins, Duncan, Carman, Roberts, Thompson-Seton, and a score of other authors to live by their pen, and has given Ralph Connor, L. M. Montgomery, R. E. Knowles, Nellie L. McClung, and other stay-at-home authors ninety per cent. of their fame and almost as much of their literary income. Indeed, no Canadian author, unless his field be peculiarly national, like a writer of history or biography, is deemed a success until his work is published in the United States, and certainly no Canadian author makes a living to-day out of the home market.

Consider the case of Miss Montgomery, of Prince Edward Island, an author who has made a considerable name for herself of recent years. When this young writer produced her first novel, "Anne of Green

Gables," she sent it to a Toronto publisher, who declined to print it because he did not think it would sell. She then sent it to a Boston publisher, who appreciated its merit and undertook to publish it. In due course it was brought out and gradually caught on. It was, of course, copyrighted in the United States and also in Canada. Its sale in both Canada and the United States to date has been very large. Now conceive the same situation under the proposed law. A new author's book is published in the United States, either because no Canadian publisher has the courage to try it or because the United States market offers the best advantage. It is copyrighted in the States, but because it has not been printed within fourteen days in Canada it is not copyrighted in Canada. If it turns out a success, like "Anne of Green Gables," there is nothing to prevent a pirate publisher in Canada from bringing it out. The situation is absurd. Here is a Canadian Copyright Act enacted ostensibly to protect the work of Canadian authors actually permitting a pirate to prey on them in home waters.

Such examples as this might be multiplied. Until such time as Canada is big enough to make it advantageous for an author to print here, he cannot be blamed for sending his work to the larger market. Of course, when once his reputation is made then printing in both countries would be no great hardship.

On the other hand, Canadians, who are reputedly the greatest *per capita* buyers of books in the world, draw their principal supply of new books, meaning thereby contemporary literary works, from the United States. It is the novels of Winston Churchill, R. W. Chambers, G. B. McCutcheon, Harold McGrath, Louis Joseph Vance, Meredith Nicholson, and such writers that have the largest call in Canadian book stores, apart from the work of a very few

native authors. During 1910 there were approximately one hundred and ten novels by American authors imported into Canada in imprinted editions and sold by the Canadian publishers, as against five or six Canadian novels which were published in the United States. And this does not take account of all the American novels which were imported by jobbers in the original editions and which, because of their small prospective sale, were not deemed worthy of being taken up by Canadian publishers. Of the novels sent over in imprinted editions, the average sale in Canada would be about five hundred copies each, much too small to admit of their being profitably printed here.

The new Act would have little effect on the marketing of most of these books. The American publisher would sell editions to the Canadian publishers just as at present, and, while the books would not be copyrighted in Canada, still their sale would be so comparatively small as to make piracy out of the question, except by publishers of periodicals. But an awkward situation would be created in a few cases. Take for example a book like "The Rosary," which, while it is of British authorship, nevertheless will serve to illustrate the point. When this book first appeared no one could have prophesied that it would have the phenomenal sale it has since enjoyed. The Canadian publisher to whom the rights for this country were offered would only venture an edition of five hundred copies. But the book was one of those inexplicable sellers, and edition after edition was called for. Under the new Act this book would have to be printed in Canada within fourteen days of its publication in the United States to entitle it to copyright. Its popularity was not recognised until too late to protect the copyright and any pirate could produce it. And it must not be forgotten that it is an easier

matter for a pirate to print a book than it is for a legitimate publisher, for the reason that the latter must pay a royalty to the author, an expense of which the pirate is relieved by the nature of his operations. It will, indeed, be a cause of national shame if Canada is going to tolerate a condition which will place not only her own authors but also those of the United States at the mercy of book pirates.

There are those who probably say that Canada is treating the United States as the United States is treating her, and that for this reason her course is justified. But, while two wrongs never yet made a right, there is an excuse for the United States which should not be overlooked. Owing to the extent of her population it has become necessary, apart from all copyright considerations, for authors to print their books within the country. Such a justification cannot be urged in Canada's behalf until her population is four or five times what it is to-day. At that time, when the requirements of the market actually bring it about that a book can be printed and sold profitably in the country, the printing clause would not work so much hardship.

From yet another standpoint the Canadian author is destined to suffer unless some steps are taken to safeguard his interests. Not only will American books come into Canada unprotected, but magazines and other periodicals as well. Most of these are now copyrighted here, but under the new Act they would not enjoy any protection. Their contents would be legalised prey for any unprincipled magazine or newspaper publisher. When it is considered that a really remarkable proportion of the contents of these magazines is contributed by writers of Canadian birth, and that many Canadian writers are selling contributions to them because they are able to pay so much better prices than the less-cir-

culated Canadian periodicals, it is apparent that their contributions will be as open to piracy in their native land as any of the work of the American writers. Furthermore, the opportunities offered Canadian publishers to help themselves free to the best in the American magazines will cause a falling-off in the growing demand for contributions from Canadian writers.

Some Canadian printers are inclined to believe that the Act will actually effect what it has evidently been designed to effect—the printing of more books in Canada. It is quite in order for the printers to claim this, even if they do not believe that the increase will be very marked at first, and it is certainly to be expected that as the country grows more and more books will be made in Canada. But the point is debatable as to whether this advance would not come along itself without this kind of legislative interference. At present publishers are granted the privilege of importing plates from the United States free of duty whenever they wish to print a book in Canada. To bring in the bound book they must pay a duty of ten per cent. It is obvious that there must be a point in book production when it would be more to their advantage to print in Canada from duty-free plates than to import ready-made books, on which they must pay a duty of ten per cent. With the average American book only selling up to five hundred copies it is hardly likely that many more books will be printed in Canada until the population is big enough to make the sale of much larger editions possible, and that at that time they will be printed here irrespective of copyright requirements.

Much of the Act as at present made public is rendered difficult of interpretation because of the frequent mention of orders in Council which may alter its meaning. To this extent any comment on the Act

is largely speculative. It may even transpire that eventually Canada and the United States may come together, and that, acting under the provisions of Section 35, Canada may be able to arrange some reciprocal machinery which will remove the more drastic requirement of printing. But, judging from the remarks of the Honourable Mr. Fisher, this seems hardly likely. The very evident intention of the measure is to try to secure the printing of more books in Canada, and if a reciprocal arrangement is entered into with the United States this result would be lost.

It is to be expected that by introducing the printing clause into the Act Canada will be unable to conform with the requirements of the Berlin Convention and will place herself in the same class as the United States, outside the pale of the civilised nations. It is much to be regretted that such a course has been

deemed necessary by the Government. Contributing little as she does to the literature of the day and deriving most of her literary wares from the United States and Great Britain, it seems eminently unfair that she should turn round and make it so difficult for foreign authors to safeguard their work in the Dominion.

It has only been possible within the limits of this article to treat this one phase of the subject. There are many admirable provisions in the Act, which make it a notable piece of legislation; but, undoubtedly, the insertion of the printing clause is a blemish, at least, from the author's standpoint, which more than counteracts all the other good points. Here will lie the future ground of conflict, and it is not inconceivable that such pressure will be brought to bear on the Government as will induce them to lessen the severity of this clause of the Act.

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## THE CORONATION

By ROBERT BLAKE

**S**LOW by the stately avenue they drive,  
 Announced by twinkling foam of fluttering flags,  
 As of long billow breaking on the shore  
 With roar of welcome. Through the serried ranks  
 The thronging multitudes, the heroic forms  
 Fixed in still stone, the incense waving trees—  
 We grow race-conscious as we watch them pass,  
 And know in them our Empire and ourselves.  
 That time of life is England's, when strong sons  
 And daughters round the Mighty Father stand.  
 The image of his strength. One grown to manhood  
 Keeps his own house apart. The rest remain  
 Sheltered awhile. Bound are they all by ties  
 Of language, laws, and letters, and by blood,

And by deep reverence for the sacred home,  
Where the great brood was reared. And at his side,  
Loveliest of lands, the mother sits, whose blood,  
Mingled with his, flows in their veins like fire.

The long procession stops. They pass within  
The ancient temple. Glitter of steel and throb  
Of martial music, panoply of power,  
Dress of Man's wilful youth, they leave behind.  
They are in presence of the King of Kings  
And of his peace. The future is disclosed  
Before our eyes. Theirs to complete His work  
Who led the way, to make perpetual peace,  
First in the home, then with the eldest born,  
After for all mankind. 'Tis a solemn hour.  
And they are more than merely King and Queen:  
Our unity embodied—Symbols they,  
Amid their children, of these wedded isles  
And of the lands beyond—One symbol they  
Of the Unseen, the Life within the State,  
The Will that keeps us one, though separate.  
They kneel. The heads are bowed that shine so high  
In sight of all mankind. So be they blessed!  
Secure alike from weakness and from pride,  
Rendering ungrudging service to their King,  
As we to them. God bless them and their children.  
May they be loved and trusted, as were those  
Who went before them. May their royal powers  
Grow with our growth, be by our progress fed,  
Mingled with mercy. May their path be spread  
With blessings of their people, as with flowers.

Crowned, they arise. The organ peals a strain  
Prophetic of their dazzling destiny.  
We have solved Man's problem: taught our Kings to join  
In stately order nations great and free.  
Dark problem set ere history began,  
With death their penalty, who tried—to fail;  
Eternal life for those whose powers prevail.  
For nations have their lives, like men; and they  
Perish who will not tread the narrow way.  
Our triumph is incarnate in the fair,  
Fresh, comely youth of that Imperial Pair.  
It is the Birthday of the Peace of Man.

## TWO

# CANADIAN PEACE ADVOCATES

BY M. O. HAMMOND

IT is something to live in an age which undertakes the solution of a great world-problem in the interest of humanity. We look back on the stirring times when prison reform and the abolition of slavery were great issues in England, and sometimes think we have fallen on days of mental and moral torpor.

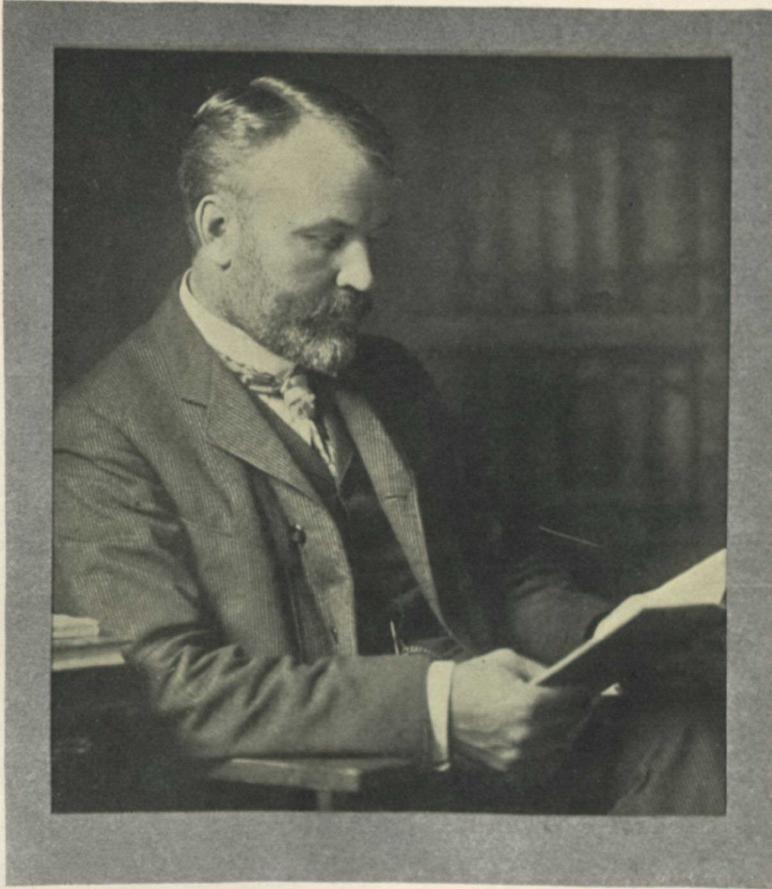
Such a conclusion does not take into account the momentous strides being made towards international peace. This may not seem evident when one thinks of the *Dreadnoughts* and *super-Dreadnoughts* that almost monthly roll off the ways into the deep, draining the best nations of treasure and of men. But these engines of destruction find decreasing use, and the economists and tax-payers will soon tire of the fruitless competition in armament.

The probability of concluding a general treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States, the most advanced in history, makes the subject a live one the world over. Only the other night a banquet in Washington of the American Society of International Law turned spontaneously, as it were, into a contemplation of world peace, with representatives present of Great Britain, Japan, Belgium, Canada, and other nations, as well as the President of the United States and the ablest jurists of the country.

Behind this movement for international peace, and particularly that

affecting the Anglo-American relations, are, among others, two Canadian-born leaders of thought, whom it is proposed to discuss in this article. They are Dr. James Brown Scott, Secretary of the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace, and Dr. James A. Macdonald, Editor of the *Toronto Globe* and a Director of the World Peace Foundation, established by Edward Ginn, of Boston. Dr. Scott has been for years Solicitor of the State Department at Washington, and as such has had much contact with international affairs. He has been closely in touch with the steps leading to the pending Anglo-American treaty, and even since assuming his present post in April he has retained an intimate relation to the State Department. Dr. Macdonald is credited with having advocated the idea of the arbitration treaty in high international circles at its very inception as a fitting recognition of the century of peace between the two countries, to be celebrated in 1914.

It is fitting, then, that Canada, the newest great country in the world, should give two men who as opportunity presents will urge the solution of a problem so acute in the old world, and one for which to the new world there seems little or no excuse. Each will work in his own way through love of a cause that daily wins recruits. It is not through lack of the fighting spirit that either will labour to abolish war. Each is of



DR. JAMES A. MACDONALD, A DIRECTOR OF THE WORLD PEACE FOUNDATION

Scottish ancestry, with traditions of warring clans and services on the battle-field. Dr. Macdonald comes of a long race of soldiers and inherits their spirit. But he will seek to divert the energy of war along the paths of peace, for he believes the warfare to be waged for civilisation under modern conditions requires as much courage, strength and self-sacrifice as does any field of battle, while its application to paths of peace is incomparably better for mankind.

The two men are in some ways the antithesis each of the other. Dr. Scott is a lawyer; he is steeped in an atmosphere of international law. For him the public platform has small

appeal; he is happiest in a place of seclusion, poring over books by day and by night, or mayhap conversing with a kindred spirit, for he is full of the milk of human kindness. He is a dynamo of energy, never stops working, and from the solitary incursions with books and documents there comes forth now and again a volume on peace or international law; perhaps not attractive to many people, but it will be read where it will do the most good.

Dr. Macdonald exults in a different environment. He will contribute his efforts for the world's peace in the public places. He loves the platform as Dr. Scott loves the library. He is

not a "mixer" in the same sense as Dr. Scott, but on the rostrum he sways vast audiences by powerful voice, appealing phrase, flashing eye and magnetic personality.

It will be news to many people that Dr. Scott is a native of Canada. His parents were Scottish and settled in the United States. Later they lived for a time in Canada and James Brown Scott was born at Tiverton, Bruce County, Ontario, forty-five years ago. He received his early schooling in that district before his parents returned to the United States, where he has made his home, save for foreign college terms, and has been, indeed, a faithful and distinguished American citizen. The years spent at Heidelberg and in French universities laid a foundation of knowledge of foreign affairs, together with a command of several foreign languages that has ever been useful. Later we find him practising law in Los Angeles, California, where he founded a law school and was dean for some years; again, he lectured in law in the University of Chicago and Columbia University, and to this day he lectures in international law in Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore.

In between whiles, Dr. Scott, after returning east, became associated with the State Department as Solicitor, and last year had charge of the United States fisheries case with Canada at The Hague. This, however, was not his first experience at The Hague, for he had represented the United States at the second International Peace Conference in 1907, was in charge of the project for the establishment of an International Court of Justice, and saw it successfully carried through.

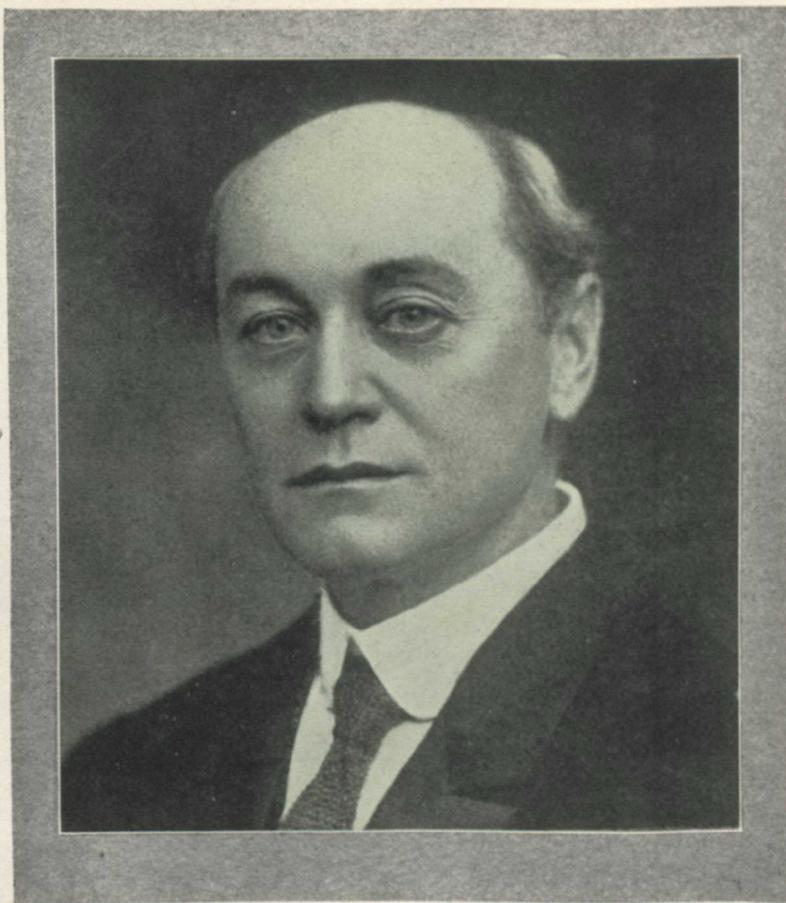
It will thus be seen that Dr. Scott's long experience has logically led to his present appointment with the Carnegie peace movement, which is but one of the humanitarian projects of the little Scottish iron-master,

who, having accumulated more than a man with a conscience and facing a needful world can keep, has set out to distribute it to the best advantage. Dr. Scott's office is in the building of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, whose great pillared entrance and silent halls might fittingly become the home of peace.

One might well ask, Why does James Brown Scott devote his life to peace? Let his answer be given in his own terms.

Dr. Scott is deeply interested in the peace movement because force does not necessarily decide the right or wrong of the question and is rarely the handmaid of justice, settling questions by strength rather than as matters of right. The enormous loss of life, the economic waste, and the misuse of energy make it essential, in his opinion, to devise other methods than those hitherto in use to decide controversies between nations if civilisation is to be maintained and progress made.

He believes that the peace movement must be evolutionary, not revolutionary; that is to say, that nations must develop in the future largely as they have developed in the past, and that those municipal institutions which have been created to meet municipal needs, which have done justice between individuals and maintained law and order within national lines, should be internationalised with such changes and modifications as experience should show to be necessary; that industry, commerce, and rapid communication have practically broken down national lines, which remain as geographical and artificial rather than natural expressions, and that the solidarity of interest is a fact, not a theory, that independence has practically given way to interdependence of the nations, and that nations must, while retaining their nationality and their sovereignty, yield something of their initiative, not to any one nation, but to the



DR. JAMES BROWN SCOTT, SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE CARNEGIE PEACE FUND

community of nations in the common interest.

Dr. Scott believes in arbitration as at present the best means of settling international disputes, but is in favour of extending it by treaty to all questions susceptible of arbitration, and that it would be desirable to omit from future treaties the reservations of independence, vital interests and questions of honour. He does not, however, consider the present machinery adequate, because legal questions should be decided by a permanent tribunal composed of Judges acting under a sense of judicial responsibility just as national courts

act. Questions of a political nature, or in which the legal element is slight in comparison with the questions of policy or expediency involved might as well be submitted to a mixed commission or to the so-called Permanent Court at The Hague, which is composed of Judges chosen by the parties in controversy and where a compromise is not only expected but desirable. In other words, he is strongly in favour of the Permanent International Court at The Hague for the trial of all legal controversies between nations. He is equally desirous of maintaining the present Permanent Court, in reality a list of Judges

created by the first Hague Conference, as it is admirably fitted for the adjustment of political questions on which diplomacy has failed to settle.

Following a long record of strife in the Highlands of Scotland, the Macdonalds and the Grants, the forebears of Dr. Macdonald, emigrated to Pictou County, Nova Scotia, in time to take part in the Revolutionary War. After that their arts were the arts of peace, and we find them conquering the forests of Middlesex County, Ontario, and attacking the problems that pioneer civilisation brings forth. These problems become greater as the years go on, and, though Dr. Macdonald has by turn been a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, editor of *The Westminster*, a semi-religious weekly, and is still managing editor of the *Toronto Globe*, he is yet reaching out for what he believes to be the betterment of mankind. As a minister of the gospel, he commanded rare audiences in St. Thomas and Toronto for his pulpit ability. As editor of *The Westminster* his editorials were read by hundreds who otherwise would never have studied current topics outside a daily newspaper. As editor of *The Globe* he has directed his comment to high issues and has done much to break down the slavish adherence to party that has marred Canada's political journalism.

Back of these qualities, for his decision to advocate international peace there are abundant reasons in the mind of Dr. Macdonald. They carry conviction by mere statement, but, galvanised by a magnetic platform skill, they should go far with the men whose opinion will count in the settlement of this newest and greatest world-problem.

"The settlement of disputes by arbitration has long been the principle for individuals and for communities within the same nation," declared Dr. Macdonald, when I asked his reasons

for taking up the cause. "Civilisation has progressed that far. Now, the one great uncivilised relation to life is the international area, and civilisation cannot stop until it has gone over the surface of life; the international area must be civilised.

"Then there is the burden of armaments, which has come to be simply intolerable on all the nations, and is one of the great obstacles in the way of large social reforms. There is not the money to do for the people the things that ought to be done when a country like Great Britain spends \$350,000,000 yearly on her War Budget. The war spirit keeps the sore open all the time. One of the reasons we have had a century of peace on our boundary line is because there have been no armies and no navies to provoke conflict.

"One of the things that has haunted me, especially since I was in Britain last, is the reaction of war on the life of the people. There, just as in Rome under the Cæsars and in France under Napoleon, the standard of manhood has suffered. When I visited Scotland I found they had had to lower the standard three times in the last century to fill up the regiments. During the wars of the past the fittest men were killed off, and those who were left behind to breed were the men who could not pass the examination or who lacked the moral courage that a man must have had in those days to face the gleam of steel.

"Similarly, I have been greatly impressed in studying the situation in the United States of the results of the great Civil War. Why is it that in that country, where democracy has had its chance, politics is at the mercy of organised plunderers? Why is it that the United States is suffering, not from foes from without, but from men born and raised within the Republic? Has it anything to do with the fact that a generation and a half ago 650,000 men of the North



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON

HOME OF THE CARNEGIE PEACE FUND

and 400,000 men of the South, the best they had bred, fell in the Civil War and left no sons behind them? They left behind them men of whom so many of this generation are descendants, the bounty-jumpers, the skeddaddlers, the unheroic, the unfit, men who did not love their country enough to go and fight for it, men who fattened at the expense of their country through the commissariat, for which the country paid dearly. They were left behind to breed, and they bred their kind. You cannot breed a hero from a coward!

“The law of evolution, the survival of the fittest, works inversely in war. It is the fittest who do not survive. The unjust land laws of Great Britain that sent so many of her enterprising sons overseas were naturally one factor in the social degeneration so conspicuous in Great Britain. A more important factor was the sending off of the strong, the heroic, the virile to be slain on battlefields.

“As to Canada, we cannot afford the cost of war, not merely of money,

but, far more, of men. We need all the men of heroism for our industries and institutions, our industrial and political life. The same qualities of unselfishness and sacrifice that are drawn out and stimulated by war are needed in the modern fight that the nation has to make, not against foes that fight with sword and shot, but against the foes in the commercial and industrial life, the great organised and leagued forces of greed. The very phrase “captains of industry” is taken from the military, and shows that corporations are organised and manned to defeat the interests of the people and to dominate the nations, and it is on these battlefields that the fight of civilisation in this new day will have to be made. It is the modern substitute for war, and that is where we will develop the character that is supposed to be developed by war. Men are needed not to defend their country on the battlefield, but in our daily life against the new enemy of the money power that menaces our parliamentary freedom.”



THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT,  
BROTHER OF KING EDWARD VII.

HE SUCCEEDS EARL GREY AS  
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA



THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT,  
WIFE OF THE NEXT GOVERNOR-GENERAL

SHE WILL BE THE FIRST ROYAL CONSORT AT  
RIDEAU HALL SINCE THE PRINCESS LOUISE



PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

# SENATE REFORM ACCORDING TO THE CONSTITUTION

BY SIR GEORGE W. ROSS

IN 1893 the Liberal party, at a convention held in Ottawa, pledged itself to a reform of the Senate. Although the resolution containing this pledge did not outline any specific method of reform, the deliverances of the press and platform would indicate that the basis of the reform intended was the substitution of an elective Senate, either in whole or in part, for a nominative Senate and a term of years for the life term now existing. Moreover, the resolution rather implied than expressed how this change should be brought about, *viz.*, by action of the party through legislation initiated in the House of Commons.

So far, the Liberal party, now in office since 1896, has not seriously attempted to act on this resolution. There have been sporadic efforts by private members to bring the question before the House, with the apparent result that the House of Commons was not seriously impressed with the necessity of grappling with it, but there has been no concerted party action. When during the present session of Parliament the leader of the Liberal party was charged with the non-fulfilment of the pledge made in 1893, he simply replied that all the other pledges contained in the platform of that year were fulfilled and that this also would in due time be carried out.

Now, it is not the object of this article to censure the Liberal party for

a violation of party pledge, nor to discuss the urgency or non-urgency of a reform of the Canadian Senate. This phase of the question has already received a large degree of attention both inside and outside Parliament. The important point to be decided, which the convention apparently overlooked, is the procedure to be adopted in proposing such a change in the Constitution. No doubt the Liberals assembled in Ottawa in 1893 felt that if their ascendancy in Parliament was once secured their wishes in all matters of legislation could be gratified on the principle that the majority must rule. But a closer examination of the Constitution will show that it is not a question of majorities, but a question of Constitutional reform to be effected according to Constitutional precedent and limitations. The Parliament of Canada is not a self-constituted body. It is the creation of an Imperial Act, known as "The British North America Act, 1867," and any legislation changing the Constitutional powers, either of the House of Commons or the Senate, must obtain the sanction of the Imperial Parliament.

Let us first inquire how the Senate originated, what purpose it was designed to serve as one of the estates of the realm, and who were the contracting parties to its present Constitution.

The British North America Act is

founded upon certain resolutions adopted in Quebec in 1864 at a meeting of representatives from all the North American Provinces then enjoying responsible government. These resolutions were of the nature of a compromise or treaty for a specific purpose. They did not represent the view of any Province on the terms agreed upon, but, rather, the view on which all were agreed to unite. Every resolution was considered equally binding, those relating to the Senate and the House of Commons (or the Legislative Assembly and Legislative Council, as the two Houses were then designated), as well as those relating to the distribution of powers between the central and the local Governments. The Constitution of the Senate was not an afterthought. It was discussed at the conference at considerable length. Upper Canada (now Ontario) was under an elective Upper Chamber, and so was Prince Edward Island. Lower Canada (Quebec), New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia were under a nominative Upper Chamber. Mr. George Brown and Sir John Macdonald, two of the great leaders of the conference, were willing to accept a nominative Upper House or Senate for Canada. Quebec was decidedly in favour of a nominative Senate, and so it was unanimously agreed that "The Parliament of Canada should consist of a Legislative Assembly and a Legislative Council nominated by the Crown." It was also agreed by the delegates, on the conclusion of their labours, that the proposed federation should be submitted to the different Provincial Parliaments for ratification, it being understood that it should be passed in its entirety and without amendment.

When the Quebec resolutions were discussed in the Parliament of Upper and Lower Canada, this view was clearly and firmly expressed by the Premier, Sir E. P. Tache, in the Legislative Council, and by Sir John Macdonald in the Assembly. Sir E.

P. Tache said (p. 83, Confederation Debates), "The scheme must be taken as a whole or rejected, since it was not the property of Canada, but of all the other Provinces as well"; and, again (p. 240), "What is now proposed comes before you, not as the act of the Government of Canada, but as the mixed work of all the delegates from the Provinces in the form, as it were, of a Treaty." Sir John Macdonald said (p. 31, Debates), "If any important changes are made every one of the Colonies will feel itself absolved from the implied obligation to deal with it as a Treaty." Now, as far as Upper and Lower Canada are concerned, it was agreed by these resolutions that each should be represented in the Legislative Council by twenty-four members and that agreement was approved by the Parliament of the two Provinces assembled in Ottawa in 1865. These two Provinces are now represented by separate Legislative Assemblies. Should the Constitution of the Senate, of which they approved in 1865, be altered without their consent? Would not such an alteration be a violation of the terms on which they entered the Union?

It is also known that when the Right Honourable John Bright moved in 1868 in the British House of Commons for the withdrawal of Nova Scotia from the Union it was contended that, as she had practically assented to the Union through her delegates at Westminster the year before, she should not be allowed to withdraw from the obligations then assumed, as a Treaty should not be broken without the consent of all parties concerned. But, while Nova Scotia was making an effort to withdraw from Confederation, the Government of Sir John Macdonald was actively endeavouring to reconcile her by offering what was called "better times," which meant an increase of the subsidy contained in the British North America Act. This offer, though wisely intended, was con-

sidered by many of the best constitutional lawyers of the day a distinct violation of the Federal Compact, and this view was expressed by Mr. Blake in a series of resolutions submitted to Parliament in 1869 in the following terms:

That the British North America Act of 1867 has fixed and settled the mutual liabilities of Canada and each Province in respect of the public debt and the amount payable by Canada to each Province for the support of its Government and Legislature;

That the said Act does not empower the Parliament of Canada to change the basis of union thereby fixed and settled;

That the unauthorised assumption of such power by the Parliament of Canada would imperil the interests of the several Provinces, weaken the bond of union and shake the stability of the Constitution;

That the proposed resolutions on the subject of Nova Scotia involve the assumption of this power;

And that therefore the House, while ready to give its best consideration to any proposals to procure in a constitutional way any needed changes in the basis of union, deems it inexpedient to go into committee on said proposed resolutions.

A resolution stating the constitutional principle involved even more definitely was moved at a later stage by the Honourable L. H. Holton:

That in the opinion of the House any disturbance of the financial arrangements respecting the several Provinces provided for in the British North America Act, unless assented to by all the Provinces, would be a subversion of the system of government under which the Dominion was constituted and if effected, as proposed by this Bill, in favour of one Province without at the same time providing for a general revision and readjustment of those arrangements, would be manifestly unjust to the other Provinces.

From the tenor of these resolutions the right of all the Provinces to be consulted with regard to any changes of the financial basis of the British North America Act is distinctly asserted—Mr. Holton using the striking words, "Without the assent of the Provinces." That is to say, as the Provinces were parties to the original basis, so that basis could

not be changed without their consent. And what is true as to changes of the financial basis (which form but one clause of the British North America Act) must be true also as to any other clause of the Act, for all were assented to by the Provinces before being embodied in the British North America Act.

In further confirmation of this view the dispute with British Columbia in 1874 over the delay in beginning the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway is of interest. By the terms of union with British Columbia and Canada it was stipulated that a railway connecting the Pacific Coast and the railway system of Canada should be commenced within two years and completed in ten. The Mackenzie Government claimed it was impossible to carry out these terms to the letter and suggested a variation of the terms of union; to this British Columbia would not agree, but finally consented to refer the matter to Lord Carnarvan, by whom the British North America Act was submitted to the House of Lords in 1867. In his despatch to the Government of Canada, dated August 16th, 1874, Lord Carnarvan clearly expressed the opinion that the terms with British Columbia could not be lightly treated. He said, "I cannot entertain the least doubt of the intention of the Canadian Government and Parliament . . . to maintain the good faith of the Dominion in the spirit, if not in the letter, of the original agreement, under circumstances which I admit to be of no ordinary difficulty," etc. Although Lord Carnarvan does not use the word "Treaty" as being the basis of the agreement between Canada and British Columbia, he refers to the binding character of the agreement in "spirit if not in letter." This is practically an admission that Canada was bound by a Treaty to fulfil the conditions of union with British Columbia, and among these conditions was that she should be entitled

to three representatives in the Senate.

Prince Edward Island also entered the Union under an agreement which was approved by Her Majesty in Council, and it needs no argument to establish her right to the literal fulfilment of that agreement unless her consent is first obtained to its variation. One of the articles of this agreement was her right to four representatives in the Senate.

Now, having established that the British North America Act is a compact or treaty between the Provinces, it follows (1) that the number of Senators can neither be increased or reduced without the consent of all the Provinces concerned, and (2) that the mode of their appointment is as binding under the British North America Act as the number. It is true that for the maintenance of proportionate representation between Provinces the number of Senators is more important than the mode of appointment, but both number and mode are fixed by the agreement, and it is for the Provinces who were parties to the compact to say if either should be changed, and it also follows (3) that so far as changing either the number of Senators or their mode of appointment neither the House of Commons nor the Senate or both combined has any constitutional right of interference. The House of Commons has no more authority under the British North America Act to alter the Constitution in any particular than the Senate has to alter the Constitution of the House of Commons. Both are the creation of the conference of Provincial delegates, which assembled at Quebec and drafted the resolutions on which the British North America Act is founded, and neither can legislate beyond its Constitutional powers.

Then, it may be asked, is the Senate incapable of change as at present constituted? Not at all. The process is a very simple one, for which

there is a very concrete precedent. For many years the Provinces complained of the inadequate provision made for the public service they were required to perform under the Constitution and accordingly took steps in 1887 to make their complaints known officially to the Dominion Government. Acting on the invitation of the late Honourable H. Mercier, delegates from all the Provinces, with the exception of British Columbia, met in the city of Quebec, and among other resolutions agreed upon a revision of the financial basis contained in the British North America Act, by which their revenue would be substantially increased. The terms of that advance were specifically set out in the deliverance of the conference and the resolutions embodying the work of the conference closed as follows:

“That in the opinion of this conference the several Provinces of the Dominion, through their respective Legislatures, should at the earliest practicable moment take steps with the view to the enactment by the Imperial Parliament of amendments to the British North America Act in accordance with the foregoing resolutions”—the alteration of the financial basis being one of them. Following on this recommendation, the proposed basis was referred to the Provincial Legislatures for approval. As the Dominion Government declined action, subsequent conferences of the Provinces were held, one in 1903 and another in 1906, and in 1907 the House of Commons embodied its assent in a petition to His Majesty for such amendments to the British North America Act as would satisfy the prayer of the petitioners. This prayer was granted in an Act of the Imperial Parliament and assented to by His Majesty in August, 1907.

Now, following this precedent, it is quite apparent that the reform of the Senate should not begin in the Parliament of Canada. Its own authority is derivative. It is the creation

of the Provinces. It was called into being, just as it is, by the Provinces; by what right then can it alter, not a Constitution made by it, but a Constitution made for it? Why not go direct to the source of the Constitution—to the Treaty-makers, secure their consent if deemed desirable, even to the abolition of the Senate, and having obtained that consent, ask for the ratification of the Imperial Parliament.

But it may be said if the Senate and House of Commons, acting without reference to the Provinces, agreed upon a certain plan for the reform of the Senate and applied for Imperial legislation to give it effect, that such application would meet with a favourable response. Not so. The Imperial Parliament would not set aside a Treaty at the request of a body that owed its origin to that Treaty. How could it set aside the vested rights of the Provinces in one clause in that Treaty without extending that right to every other clause of the Treaty? For instance, if the House of Commons petitioned for varying the distribution of power between the Dominion and the Provinces, would the Imperial Parliament consider such a petition? To do so would be to strike a fatal blow at the Federal compact. When the union of Upper and Lower Canada was before the Imperial Government a draft of the proposed Bill was submitted to the Parliament of Upper Canada and one to the Executive Council of Quebec (the Parliament of that Province having been suspended) for approval before final action was taken. Is it to be supposed that the Imperial Parliament of to-day would be less solicitous about Provincial rights than the Parliament of 1840? Indeed, it is evident that this idea of Provincial rights was present to the mind of the Imperial Government in proposing a rearrangement of the financial terms allowed the Provinces under the

British North America Act, for one clause of the Imperial Act of 1907 is as follows:—"Nothing herein contained shall supersede or affect the terms specially granted to any particular Province upon which such Province became part of the Dominion of Canada."

Finally, if the Senate was constituted for the purpose of protecting the constitutional rights of the Provinces, surely the Provinces are the parties to move if the Constitution is to be altered in any respect. They may consider their rights more secure under a nominated than under an elected Senate. Who has authority to vary that choice, except themselves. The Dominion Parliament could not if it would alter the terms of the British North America Act and neither could the Imperial Parliament unless it set aside the precedents on which the Colonial Government of the Empire has been conducted for the last seventy-five years.

To those then who desire the reform of the Senate let it be said, "Call a conference of the Provinces, agree upon a policy—secure its adoption by the Provinces that accepted the terms of the British North America Act—transmit it through the proper channel to the Colonial Secretary and get it confirmed by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, and the deed is done." As a matter of constitutional law, the consent of the Parliament of Canada would not be necessary, although no doubt if obtained it would have great weight with the Imperial authorities. In the case of rearranging the financial basis of the Provinces the consent of the Canadian Parliament was obviously necessary, because the increased subsidies became a charge upon the Treasury. The reform of the Senate does not necessarily involve any charge upon the Canadian Treasury, and the assent of the Canadian Parliament of Canada is therefore unnecessary.

# THE HOUSE OF SHADOWS

BY NEWMAN FLOWER

THEY were a motley crowd—those five—as they clustered round the big wood fire in the club smoking-room. There was Gannett, of *The Morning Wire*, and the four others were his satellites. They liked to hear him talk and they fought for the scraps of wisdom that fell from his lips, as hungry sparrows quarrel for the crumbs that are thrown from the window by a generous hand. Gannett was the leading dramatic critic in town; he was often severe, yet always just, and if he blamed, the gall of malice never ran from his pen. On the other hand, when he praised, these four satellites from the sub-editor's room knew that the recipients of his favours were earmarked for theatrical renown if they had not already attained it. And Gannett was seldom wrong.

He was a strange individual was Gannett. He always wore his clothes carelessly, and the only speck of pride as regards his dress which he allowed himself was to be found in the glaring red socks. They were of bright scarlet, and he had a habit of lolling back in the biggest armchair in the smoking-room and balancing his feet on the mantelpiece as if to display his weakness to the greatest advantage.

"What I can never understand," Thompson, of *The Morning Oracle*, was saying, "is why did Felicity Manders leave the stage in that extraordinary fashion a few months ago? Here she was at the top of her career—absolutely at the very summit

—then presto! she vanished. I have always imagined there was something behind that. Do you remember that first night of 'The Derelict Princess,' Gannett? She was playing lead to a house that was ready to rise and hurl itself at her. The first act went with a bang, and the second was ten times better than the first. Then in the interval, before the curtain went up for the final act, Carson, the manager, came to the lights and announced that she had been called away. Do you remember that?"

"Perfectly," said Gannett with a smile. "Perfectly."

"And she has never appeared since. I heard yesterday that she never intends to play again."

"I don't think she ever will," said Gannett. "In fact, I'm sure she won't."

"But why—in Heaven's name, why? She was the most popular musical comedy actress of our time."

"And the best," said Gannett. He bit the end off a cigar and languidly put up his feet to the mantelpiece, then settled himself down into the armchair and half-closed his eyes. "My dear boys," he said, with the same easy drawl he always assumed, "you may rest assured that Felicity Manders never did anything without a reason. You know what she was—never like the rest. A woman of brilliant talents, who could carry a poor play over rough ice to two or three hundred performances, and a good one to five hundred. No one knew much about her. She would never be

interviewed, she made few friends, the sycophants of the stage-door she rigorously shunned. No one knew where she lived, no one had the slightest clue to her history. For seven years she held the town, and now—well, Thompson, you have written your last criticism of Felicity Manders. She will never act again.”

He smoked in silence for awhile, and the others looked at him. They wondered what was passing in his mind.

“I will tell you the story,” he went on. “But, mind you, we are behind closed doors. I was present at that first night of ‘The Derelict Princess.’ It was to be a big night, as you know, and the papers had shouted themselves hoarse for weeks beforehand over the capital part it contained for Felicity Manders. Cosgrave had laid himself out on the music specially for her, and Gunning had written every word of his lyrics with her triumph in view and that alone. It was to be the part of her life, so everybody said, and, Heaven! so it was. I was to go to supper afterwards at the Bruvais’s, some way out of town, and I ordered my car to come to the stage-door about ten-thirty and wait, so that I could hop into it and get away as soon as the last curtain was rung down. Bruvais, the iron king, you know, was an old school chum of mine. I used to fag for him, and a terror he was. It was his daughter’s coming of age, and there was some sort of house-warming, and I had sworn on oath to be there. That’s how it came about. Bruvais, by the way, turned up three million dollars in five years over his electric patents, but the beggar never had an ounce of ‘side.’”

Gannett hesitated, puffed fiercely at his Laranaga, then swung himself round a little in his chair.

“For five years I was madly in love with Felicity Manders,” he announced.

The effect of his words was electri-

cal. This Gannett—the sphinx, the man with no soul above cold-blooded criticism—Gannett, whom they believed had never known a single emotion. When they had roared themselves hoarse on a successful first night Gannett had sat like a pillar of ice, with never a smile on his face, never a word of enthusiasm. They had imagined him going back to the office and writing his criticism, coldly, forcibly; viewing the play from the standpoint of a man who, seeing things from afar through a telescope, misses nothing of the detail, but feels none of the emotions.

“For five years,” he repeated. “Five years is a bit out of a man’s life when he knows nothing, cares for nothing but an all-consuming passion. No one had any idea of my secret, and Felicity Manders, though we were the best of friends, never guessed it. There were times when I had to attack her in print—two only, and I feel now that I would have dealt more leniently with her but for my love. The knowledge of my own feelings, and the sense of duty I felt for my paper, made me perhaps more critical than I need have been. And when I met her afterwards I could see the slight flicker of annoyance that passed over her face, as if what I said had hurt, but, before God, the written words hurt no one as they hurt me.

“On the night ‘The Derelict Princess’ was produced I met her in the wings just before she went on. I had attended several dress rehearsals, so knew the play backward, and decided I would see it from behind to-night. I had just left Carson half dead with excitement, and I ran into her as I left his room. She was full of spirits, bubbling over with sheer merriment. She told me that she believed it would be the greatest night she had ever known, and I was surprised at her confessing so much. She was always so reserved, so silent, though the public had not the re-

motest idea of it. They believed her to be the most excitable creature that ever walked the earth. I shook her hand and wished her good luck. I felt it was all I could do. Then—well, you recollect that first act. She carried the whole house; it had no eyes for anyone but her, it rose at her like a great cumbersome thing awakened from sleep. Her laughter—it resembled the lively chiming of silver bells—it ran through the stalls, over the pit, then up to the gallery. And then that piccaninny song—do you remember it? She was never in greater voice. The notes were clear and penetrating, and then the bouquets—the roses! Ah, God! it was a night!”

Gannett rolled back in his chair, put his feet up to the mantelpiece again, so that the glaring scarlet socks pierced through the smoke haze.

“I remember Carson came along with a newly opened bottle of champagne in the first interval, and together we went to her dressing-room. She was sitting on the edge of the table smoking a cigarette, and as I looked at her I knew her nerves were all on edge. She had felt her whole performance, every word and line of it had taken its cost. She looked up, and smiled as we entered, snatched the glass Carson held out, sipped it once, twice, and handed it back. Then she talked for ten minutes or so, and I remember holding the door open for her as she answered her call for the second act. She slipped past me, a frail figure in her black dress, with silver sequins, leaving a heavy aroma of wood violet that floated back as she passed.

“The second act was the biggest thing seen in town for years. She knew she had the time of her life before her, and her acting never reached such a level. Do you remember that plantation song of hers? It carried her hearers up to the gates of heaven. My eyes see the house now, borne out of itself, uncontrollable, mad—

just that, irresponsibly mad! As the curtain lurched down after her ninth call she came off almost as if she did not see those about her. I realised that she was intoxicated with her triumph, for she was a woman who took her work very seriously, and she felt the applause sinking into her soul. There were tears in her eyes. I asked her a question, but she did not hear me, yet her lips were moving. She was walking in a dream, and I felt a sudden clutch of horror lest she would collapse.

“She had hardly recovered herself, and was just about to go to her dressing-room when someone pushed a telegram into her hand. It had been held up at the stage door with the other telegrams of good wishes, most of which she had opened ere this and thrown aside. She took the envelope dreamily, and slowly tore it open. For some seconds she held the flimsy in her hand, read it once and then again, bent over it with horror growing in her eyes and welling up so that the whole expression of her face changed as she stood there. She swayed to and fro, and a moan escaped her lips; I put out my hands to save her, for I thought she would fall.

“She drew herself up. Her face beneath the paint was ghastly. She gazed quickly around. ‘I cannot play any more—I must go to-night—now!’ she gasped.

“Carson leaped forward. ‘Impossible!’ he cried, ‘you are at the height of your triumph—it will ruin the play—you cannot go—God in heaven! But this is the night of your life!’

“She closed her eyes. The flimsy was tightly clutched in one hand, the other swept across her forehead. I remember as I looked at her the blood in me surged in a great flood madly through my veins. I could not speak; I stood a mute thing, unable to shift one foot after the other.

“‘You don’t know,’ she exclaimed at length; ‘I must go, I will go. This

is a question of life or death. Fetch me a car, someone—for a long journey. God make me in time. I must go; no, don't stop me!

"She plunged—her head down—past us and disappeared into her room.

"'It's ruin,' Carson said as he glared at me. 'Gannett, she likes you—go and persuade her—tell her what it means to all of us. Don't, in Heaven's name, let her go!'

"I went to her room, and as I reached the threshold she was coming out. She had a cloak around her, a white fur cap on her head, and had not waited to change her clothing. Then as she looked at me, something in her face—till the day of my death I shall never know what it was—but something won me to her side. I realised by an intuition that she needed help. She was alone with some great trouble, and I could help. I breathed a silent prayer that I might be able to take her burden from her.

"'A car—have you got me one? Oh, for pity's sake call one quickly.' She stood, a frantic thing with the flimsy still clutched in her hand, her eyes blazing with a new fire, her small mouth working convulsively.

"I thought nothing of the waiting audience; I forgot Carson—the position—everything, save that I must help her and do something to drive the fear from her eyes. I rushed quickly down to the stage door and found my own car there, ran back again, and in a few words told her I would drive her to the end of the world if she desired it. I remember she followed me down the stone stairs blindly, groping with one of her white, quivering hands along the iron rail, tripping now and again as if she would have fallen from very weakness.

"I put her into the car and dismissed my chauffeur. Then I turned to her.

"'Where do you want to go?' I

asked. I felt returning self-control, the need for action without explanation. I was there to obey any command, impossible or otherwise; my nerves were tense and braced, my head cool, mingling love and the desire to serve her the one all-paramount emotion in every fibre of me.

"'To Trentown—it is fifteen miles, I think. When we get there I will direct you. And thank you so much, so much!'

"I closed the door quickly, and as I did so heard a smothered roar from the theatre, where an exasperated audience was waiting for the curtain to roll up, and above all I heard the quick steps that came down the stairs after us, and the shriek of rage and fear from Carson's lips as we rushed off into the night.

"He was too late, for I had pulled the lever down and we were away. I wondered as we swung out through a break in the traffic as to how much petrol we carried, until I remembered my instructions to Bates earlier in the day to be prepared for a fair run. I plied the horn vigorously, flew round corners, dived here and there through little opening gaps in the night traffic, skimmed past startled pedestrians and skirted the flood of people that was gushing out of the restaurants.

"It was not until we reached the main road that a string of thoughts began to weave themselves into anything like logical sequence. Why was she going on this mad errand—what had caused her sudden perturbation—the swift changing from a paroxysm of triumph to an overwhelming fear? What lay at the end of the journey; what new chapter in her life had just been opened up? She had volunteered no explanation, as I had asked for none.

"Jove! that was close! A lumbering waggon coming through the murk with dimmed lights seemed to swim past so narrowly that I feared the wheels had touched, but darkness

closed down on us and we were in the open road once more with the clammy cloak of mist pressing in and wrapping us around.

"The moon swung high in the sky with little wisps of cloud passing swiftly across it, and in the obscure light the road ahead appeared as a nebulous streak that had no definite formation. The even 'chug-chug' of the car sent my thoughts plunging again, creating new conjectures, new fears. I felt capable now of reasoning the thing out from a common-sense standpoint. For, you know, I pride myself upon knowing something of women and their ways, and one thing stood out apparent to me, and that—I was carrying her to someone who loved her as I did; someone who was all the world to her. The sudden news of the illness of one she held priceless, whose love meant more to her than all the jewels of the earth and all the kingdoms ever created, more than the applause of eager thousands, the love of her kindred in art—that alone had driven her with the whole strength of a woman in desperation to go to him at his call. And I was right, but how right I did not know then.

"The car flung itself against the wall of pitchy darkness like a driven beast under the unflagging spur. By some instinct rather than judgment was I able to keep to the centre of the road, crashing through villages like a demon let loose from hell, now running up steep gradients with fresh speed-lust and dropping down the other side as a swallow falls on the wings of the gale, and ever there came to me in the scream of the wind in my ears that one unfaltering sentence: 'You are taking her away from you—away from you.'

"The knowledge of it developed into terror; I slowed down once and felt that I must demand the motive of this race ere I could go on. I was chasing a phantom and all the while was driving away from the goal that

purposed my life. Yet she demanded it—I could only remember that, and the speed rose higher than before.

"We reached Trentown, and not till its familiar white bridge came into sight did I stop and climb down from my seat. She had lowered the window as I reached it, and I saw her pallid face staring out at me, and the moonlight caught her features and lit them up in all their beauty. In a hoarse whisper she gave me an address, and after some groping down unfamiliar byways I found it. It was a small, white house, tucked away under the trees—a veritable house of shadows—and in the upper windows, screened by green blinds, I saw the faint flicker of light. I remember realising as I opened the door of the car for her to step out that the whole sum of my destiny had been added up and was to be found in those upper rooms—the truth lay there—up there behind those green blinds was the dividing line between heaven and hell.

"She ran quickly up the steps without waiting to speak to me, and I followed her into the hall when the door was opened. A servant looked at me with mistrust and held up an oil lamp to my face, but the unintelligible mumble I gave her apparently served its purpose. Meanwhile, she hurried up the stairs without waiting to remove her hat and cloak, and dumbly I followed. Someone touched my arm, but I shook him off and went on, treading lightly on the thick pile carpets, but keeping close behind the slight figure in front.

"She reached a bedroom door and passed it without hesitating, closing the door quickly after her. And then I heard a cry—a cry of untold happiness as if all the melody of united heaven had flung itself into the little room. I drew back into the shadow, feeling that I had heard something that was not intended for my ears, that I had stolen in through the gate of Paradise—a marauder, when I

should not have set foot within its portals.

"For the cry I heard—the ringing cry of understanding, that pierced through the veil of unconsciousness and brought back reason on its wings—was the cry of a child."

✱

"I waited for daylight to come, then I followed the doctor into the room almost unknown to him. I shall never forget the picture just as it flooded my memory then and as it will always remain. In her dress of silver sequin she half lay on the bed, her arm curled under the fragile form beneath the sheets, and she was singing in a quiet undertone the song with which she had drawn the house the night before, singing it without any effort to please, but with a sublime carelessness—singing it with her whole soul in every note:

"Wild little Piccaninny, with your throne on yonder star,  
Will you catch a moonbeam for me and wire it from afar?"

"A nurse drew me without speaking from the room and we passed

quietly down the stairs together.

"'Poor little cripple boy,' she said at last, though then I scarcely took in the words. 'He'll get better now that reason has returned and his mother has come. But we thought he had gone last night. He is practically parentless, for her husband died years ago and she is wedded to her art. But even if she is an actress she has a heart.'

"'A heart of gold,' I said."

✱

Thompson swallowed his cocktail, then he looked across at Gannett, who had crumpled himself into a semi-circle in his chair.

"And how did it all end?" he asked.

Gannett examined his dead cigar, then pitched it into the fire.

"When a woman comes through great tribulation she realises her own weakness; she needs someone to lean on to help her. A man can teach a woman nothing, but experience much," he said tersely. . . . "I married her."



# THE BATTLE OF CHATEAUGUAY

BY T. G. MARQUIS

UNITED STATES historians have little to say about the Battle of Chateaugay. They take no pride in the work of their generals and troops on that memorable occasion, and either completely ignore the event or minimise its importance. It is true, the loss of life was insignificant; but so far as Canada was concerned it was a battle of the greatest importance. From such a careful historical investigator as Henry Adams fairness might have been expected, but even he has misstated the number of men invading Canada under General Hampton, and goes so far as to praise that soldier for beating a retreat to the United States without losing his entire army. The archives of both Canada and the United States were open to him, and his account of the action looks decidedly dishonest. He dismissed the affair with a brief paragraph, and to play to the gods in his own country concludes as follows:

"The British generals at Montreal," he writes in his "History of the United States," showed little energy in thus allowing Hampton to escape, and the timidity of their attitude towards Hampton's little army was the best proof of the incompetence alleged against Prevost by many of his contemporaries."

Sir George Prevost, on the other hand, in his official report of the engagement, is very misleading. On many occasions he proved himself irresolute and incompetent; in his account of the Battle of Chateaugay, as in his report dealing with Macdonell's capture of Ogdensburg, he

is guilty of misrepresentation. The battle had been fought and won before he reached the field of conflict, and yet a perusal of his account would leave the student with the impression that it was successfully terminated through his courage and military skill. He took much of the glory of the action to himself, and gave the rest to Major-General de Watteville, who was five miles distant from the actual fighting, and took no part in it. The silence and the misrepresentation of the United States historians and the misrepresentation of the British Commander-in-Chief make Chateaugay a difficult engagement to describe fully and correctly.

The war, which was to have been a mere matter of marching on the part of the United States troops, had now dragged on for more than a year. Reverses had taught the War Department at Washington many excellent lessons. To conquer Canada large armies were essential, and these were now in the field. Montreal was the heart of British North America then, as it is to-day, and it was planned to bring the struggle to a speedy end by capturing that city. If Montreal were once captured the western peninsula would be forced to surrender, and the whole of Canada, save the city of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, which were protected by Britain's "wooden walls," would speedily be conquered. General Wilkinson was ordered to descend the St. Lawrence to Lake St. Louis, where he was to form a junction with General Hampton, who was to

march overland to the same body of water. When the two armies were united they were to advance with all possible speed against Montreal.

Hampton marched from Plattsburg and entered Canada on September 20th, 1813, having under his command more than five thousand men. His northward march was far from being a pleasure excursion. Lieutenant-Colonel de Salaberry had long been expecting such a movement, and immediately after the outbreak of hostilities had rendered the roads over which the enemy's troops would have to journey impracticable by obstructions of various kinds. The main road, too, was patrolled by a watchful band of sharpshooters, whose duty it was to harass the enemy as they advanced. Hampton was confronted by the obstructions and attacked by the sharpshooters as soon as he entered Canadian territory. He immediately retraced his steps, and took the road leading westward from Plattsburg, and by a roundabout way continued his march to the Chateauguay River. It was not until October 21st that he was in a position to invade Canada near Chateauguay. Under his command were five thousand, five hundred and twenty infantry, one hundred and eighty cavalry and ten field guns. At Chateauguay Lieutenant-Colonel de Salaberry was awaiting him with a meagre three hundred men.

On October 22nd the United States army rested at Spears, near the junction of the Outard River with the Chateauguay. Here Hampton waited until his guns were brought up. As soon as they arrived he made his final preparations for sweeping from his path the troops that were menacing his attempt to capture Montreal by way of the St. Lawrence.

De Salaberry had taken up his position in a deep forest seven miles from Hampton's encampment. Hampton was aware of this and sent out a party of scouts to reconnoitre. A

ford was discovered across the Chateauguay on De Salaberry's left flank. Hampton believed that he could capture the entire British force. With this end in view, he decided to send Colonel Purdy with a strong contingent across the Chateauguay by means of this ford, and while this force attacked the British in the rear, he, with his main army, would fall on the enemy's front; retreat being effectually cut off by Purdy, there would be nothing for it but a humiliating British surrender.

De Salaberry was in a naturally strong position. He had increased its strength by obstructions of fallen trees and abattis. However, he had little hope of winning a victory. With his mere handful of men he could only expect to retard the enemy's advance for a brief period. His force was composed of a flank company of Canadian Fencibles and four companies of Voltigeurs. He made his gallant stand some six miles and eighty rods from the English River. The spot has been marked by a monument set up by the Dominion Government, and is as worthy of recognition as Queenston Heights.

The British commander expected to have reinforcements in the course of a day or two. To his delight, they unexpectedly arrived on the eve of the battle. Canada had received warning of Hampton's intended invasion. Lieutenant-Colonel George Macdonell was at that time in Kingston. He was thoroughly familiar with the St. Lawrence, and was chosen to lead a force of six hundred men to De Salaberry's aid. He made his preparations for his march with as great speed and cleverness as he did at Fort Wellington, when about to attack Ogdensburg. In quick order he had his troops ready for their arduous journey. Down the St. Lawrence they sped, rowing, paddling and sailing through the exquisitely peaceful scenery of the Thousand Islands. When the rapids were

reached they raced down them, shouting the rough music of their boat songs. They took at a rush the treacherous waters of the Long Sault; with express train speed they dashed down the Cedars, Split Rock and Cascades, and hailed with joy the calm stretch of Lake St. Louis. On the shores of the lake they disembarked, not having lost a man during their passage of the dangerous St. Lawrence. Briefly resting their bodies, stiffened by the long journey in the boats, they once more fell in at their impatient commander's orders, and hurried through the forest to Chateauguay, twenty miles away. This hardy little troop of *voyageurs* reached De Salaberry on the day before the battle, having negotiated one hundred and ninety miles by water and land in sixty hours' actual marching—a forced march unequalled during the war.

De Salaberry now had an army of a little over nine hundred men, including fifty Indians under Captain Lamothe. Much was said at the outbreak of hostilities with regard to the disloyalty of the French in Canada. Even so brave a soldier, wise a general, and courteous a gentleman as Isaac Brock distrusted them. It is worthy of note that De Salaberry's force, with the exception of Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonell, Captain Ferguson, three or four others and the Indians, was entirely composed of French-Canadians—and gallantly they acquitted themselves.

In the darkness of the night Hampton sent Purdy with over two thousand men to the ford that had been located. The water in the Chateauguay was low, and the river could easily be crossed. Hampton had instructed Purdy to attack De Salaberry at daybreak. He also instructed General Izard, an officer with experience in both European and American wars, simultaneously to fall on the British front with a force of about three thousand men. Izard was to be

in position to make his attack as soon as he heard the sound of firing by Purdy's troops. The darkness that was to conceal Purdy's advance favoured the British. The United States general lost his way, and did not reach the ford until it was almost noon.

De Salaberry had drawn up his men in a thick wood, having on his left the Chateauguay River. The ford that Purdy was seeking was guarded by a strong breastwork. At this breastwork, to prevent the United States troops taking the ford by surprise, there had been placed a picked body of Beauharnois militia. These men had neither experience in war nor even uniforms, but they were excellent shots, and from ambush could be trusted to give a good account of themselves.

After waiting for several hours for the sound of firing in his front, General Izard became impatient and advanced to the attack. When his overwhelmingly large force neared the breastwork, the British militia fired a few shots and then retreated. The United States soldiers cheered exultingly, believing that they had already won victory, and advanced against De Salaberry's main position. The sharp fire and the large army spread terror among the inexperienced Voltigeurs, and they, too, turned their backs on the enemy. But De Salaberry stood his ground, and, it is said, held his bugler in a firm grip. He compelled the trembling musician to sound the advance. The notes came as a cry of defiance to Izard's men, who were shouting vociferously at the easy beating they had given the Voltigeurs. Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonell realised the meaning of the advance. He, too, had it sounded, and sent forward two companies to his commander's support. To deceive the enemy he sent out a number of buglers to sound the advance over a wide front. The United States soldiers had not learned of

Macdonell's arrival, and had imagined that De Salaberry's three hundred were all they would have to contend with at this point. They were astounded at the numerous bugle calls that denoted a large army. The fifty Indians, under Lamothe, by their blood-curdling cries, added to their alarm. A considerable force, with a multitude of Indians, had evidently come to De Salaberry's aid—so they thought! The Indians were ever a source of dread to the United States soldiers, and Izard paused in his advance to reconnoitre and await news of Purdy and his men.

The Voltigeurs had meanwhile taken heart and returned to their position. Macdonell's six hundred continued their warlike clamour, and the United States troops, losing heart and fearing to lose their scalps, fled from the field. They were followed by an effective musketry fire from the companies under Captains Jean Baptiste Du Chesney and Juchereau Du Chesney. Hampton had unbounded confidence in Izard, but his mainstay had thus hopelessly failed him.

Purdy had worn out his troops seeking the ford, and was late in arriving at the scene of conflict. As he advanced he was attacked by Captain Bruyè, with some sixty Chateauguay Chasseurs. These he easily drove before him. Meanwhile, Macdonell had sent a company under Captain Daly across the river to check Purdy's advance. As the United States troops came into view this light company poured a well-aimed volley into them at close range. The British fire was answered by a terrific fusilade, but in firing Daly's men had taken a kneeling position, and, for the most part, the bullets of the enemy whistled over their heads. No men were killed, but Daly and several of his command were wounded. In the thick forest on the left bank of the river a company of Voltigeurs, under Captain Juchereau Du Chesney, lay in ambush. At the opportune moment

they opened fire on the advancing foe. This fire was from a totally unexpected quarter, and caused a panic in the enemy's ranks. At the same moment Purdy's men heard the numerous bugle calls pealing out the advance. They heard, too, with dismay, the wild war whoops of the Indians. A panic seized them, and they fled from the field of battle in terror.

Some of Purdy's men swam the Chateauguay, and, reaching Hampton's headquarters, gave the general such an exaggerated account of the number of foes they had seen and heard, that Hampton was convinced that a powerful British force had been brought against him. He became as greatly alarmed as Izard and Purdy, and immediately ordered a general retreat. Another humiliating defeat was thus experienced by the United States; a force of nearly six thousand men, with generals of high repute, well-trained infantry, cavalry and artillery, ignominiously fled before a force of nine hundred men, who were without either cavalry or guns. For the most part, too, the British troops were native-born Canadians who had had no experience in warfare, and had hastily left their farms to aid in saving their country and protecting their humble homes.

There was little order in the enemy's retreat. The soldiers were in such a panic, that, in one instance at least, friends were mistaken for foes, and across the narrow river two of the terrified companies poured destructive volleys into each other. Some of the soldiers lost their way in the thick forest, and, wandering in a circle, found themselves, at dawn of September 27th, in the British lines. In this way twenty of Izard's men became prisoners of war.

In this fight the British loss was small. Five of the rank and file were killed and two captains, one sergeant and thirteen rank and file wounded. The enemy's loss is not easy to estimate. If we are to believe their his-

torians, it did not exceed fifty; but the British found, on the right bank of the river where Purdy had been engaged, more than ninety bodies and new-made graves. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded was undoubtedly over one hundred. Along the line of retreat knapsacks, muskets and provisions were found in great quantities. For two days De Salaberry's men boldly followed the fleeing army. On September 28th Captain Lamothe, with his Indians, fell on Hampton's rear guard, causing a loss of one killed and seven wounded. No attempt had been made to rally the fleeing army, and this last attack lent wings to the soldiers' feet.

De Salaberry had won a glorious victory, but at great cost to himself. For several weeks before the fight he had been watching Hampton's movements night and day. From the time he first received news of the large force which was invading Canada, he had taken but little rest. The hope of successfully checking the enemy's advance had buoyed him up, but when the battle was over he collapsed from exhaustion and had to retire from the campaign. But he had done gloriously; with Macdonell's help he had saved Montreal from a siege and had won for himself a high and enviable place among the heroes of Canada.

## "UNTIL DEATH US DO PART"

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

SHE never meant to leave me so,  
 Who dowered me with Love's estate,  
 And taught my troubled soul to know  
 Redemption in the woman-mate:  
 Yet every day, although she smiled,  
 She moved about so slow and mild.

I heard a whisper in the air,  
 And felt at times a furtive touch;  
 It followed me upon the stair  
 And gloomed my doubtful spirit much:  
 But when I spoke of it to her  
 She murmured, "Nay, I love you, dear!"

And then her hand in mine was laid,  
 And we sate silent through the night,  
 And, though it stirred, were not afraid,  
 But waited for the morn'ng light,  
 And thought that life was hers and mine,  
 That God was good, and love divine.

Ah then, even then, the look of pain,  
 And peace, and sorrow on her brow!

And never does she speak again,  
 Nor clasp me any longer now:  
 Death, who may hope to rival thee,  
 False Death, that stole her hence from me?



KING GEORGE V. SOVEREIGN

## HOW MONEY IS MADE

BY J. JONES BELL

ALMOST every person is ready to listen to anyone who can tell how to make money. It is not the purpose of this article, however, to discuss, as its title might imply, questions of economics, or to suggest possible investments which might bring satisfactory returns. Its purpose is to describe the mechanical process by which money is made in the Canadian branch of the Royal Mint at Ottawa.

The mint has a monopoly of a certain class of manufacture. Men who set up rival factories and manufacture the same class of goods in secret, if caught, are put in confined quarters, where money is of no use to them.

To avoid the trouble of payment in kind, which was the primitive and natural method, the necessity for some definite medium of exchange was at an early period felt. Metals, particularly the precious metals, soon came to be used on account of their duration and portability, as well as their intrinsic value. At first the metal was used in the purchase and sale of commodities by weight, but this method was inconvenient, and so the use of coins came about.

The first mention of coins, so far

as known, was by Homer, in 1184 B. C. Chinese cubes of gold may have been the earliest money. Coins were issued by the Greeks in the seventh century B. C. Heroditus attributes the first use of coined gold and silver to the Lydians, and elsewhere mentions the first Greek coinage as at Ægina, by Pheidon, of Argos. In 573 B. C. brass coins were used in Rome, but not till 269 B. C., under Fabius, were silver coins introduced. By the fourth century the whole civilised world was using money, and few countries are now without a metal coinage.

The privilege of coining belongs to the Sovereign, and, if delegated, it is in restricted form, the Crown reserving the right to determine the standard, denomination and design of coins. The designs are interesting from both an artistic and historical point of view. They are important, as it is the impression which makes the piece of metal legally current. They preserve the portraits of the Sovereigns, and the reverse carries the impress of mythological subjects, or natural productions, or other objects which may be considered worth preserving.

Early coins were of varying shapes. In the middle ages came the use of

round coins, with milled edges. Milled coins came into use in England in 1631.

The Royal Mint was established in 1811. In addition to the Canadian branch, there are three other branches—at Sydney, at Melbourne, and at Perth, all in Australia. There are two mints in India—at Bombay and Calcutta—but they are not branches of the Royal Mint, being under the control of the India Office. The Canadian branch is the first at which silver and bronze are coined and coinage dies made. At all the other branches only gold is coined.

All the metals used for coinage, with the exception of tin, a small proportion of which is used in copper coins, can be obtained in Canada. The silver so far used has all come from Trail, British Columbia. As there is not a copper refinery in Canada, the copper, in the form of matte, is shipped to the United States, whence it comes back refined.

The gold coins minted are composed of eleven-twelfths of pure gold and one-twelfth of copper, which is known in the trade as twenty-two carats. The silver coins are composed of thirty-seven-fortieths of pure silver and three-fortieths copper, which is known as stirling silver. The copper coins are composed of ninety-five per cent. copper, four per cent. tin, and one per cent. zinc.

Great exactness is characteristic of all the work at the mint. A certain weight of metal is given out, and a certain number of coins must be returned. If one is missing it is searched for till found. Even the dust which accumulates is collected and melted to recover the precious metal it contains.

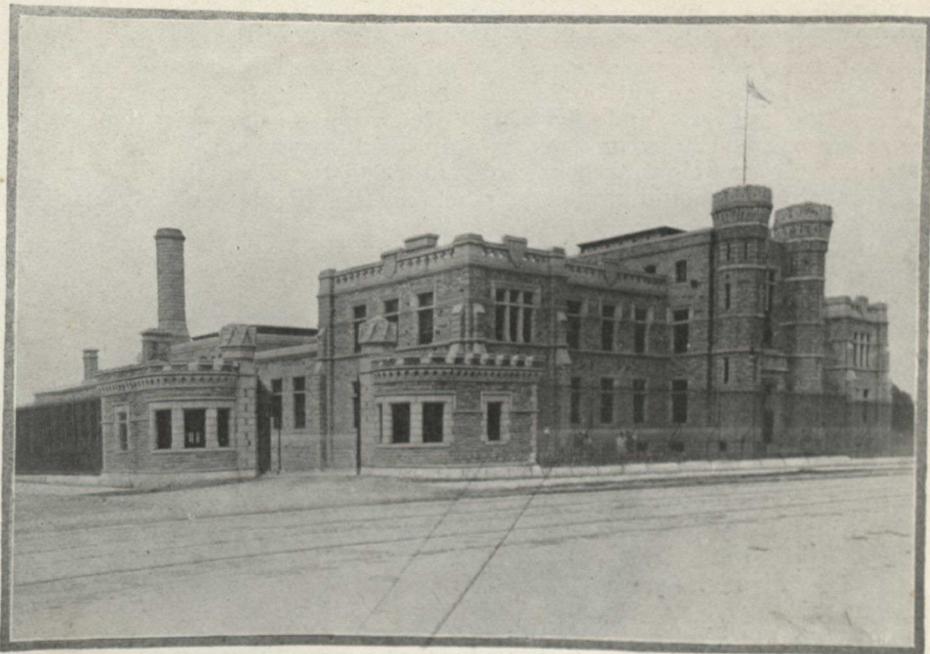
The mint is divided into six principal departments: (1) mint office, where all bullion is received and from which the finished coins are issued; (2) melting-house, where the bullion is mixed, melted and made into coinage bars; (3) coining department,

where the coins are made and tested; (4) assay department, where the fineness and standard of the ingots, coinage bars, and coins are ascertained; (5) die department, where the dies are made; (6) mechanical department, where the power is generated, renewals made and repairs effected.

Let us follow the processes through which the raw material passes in being transformed from the rough metal into the finished coin. These processes are: melting, rolling, adjusting, cutting, marking, annealing, blanching, cleaning, coining, testing.

The ingots as received from the refinery are placed in crucibles, with the proper amount of alloy, and melted. The fuel used for melting, as well as in the cupel furnaces and for annealing, is crude oil. When the metal is melted, which is accomplished in about eighty minutes from the time the fire is started, or forty-five minutes when the furnace is heated, it is poured into cast-iron moulds, thus forming coinage bars about two feet long, two inches wide, and half an inch thick. In the case of gold and silver a small assay piece is taken from the first and last bars cast from each crucible and sent to the assay department to be tested. The bars are not passed on till a report has been received that they are of the right standard. Any bars above or below the legal standard are remelted.

The bars then pass to the rolling mills, where they are rolled into long, thin strips, known as fillets. In the rolling process the bars are thinned by stages of one one-hundredth of an inch. The fillets are seven or eight feet long and of a thickness equal to that of the coins to be made from them. The thickness is tested by a delicate gauge, and must be correct to within one twenty-thousandth of an inch. The pressure during the process of rolling makes the fillets hard and brittle, to overcome which



THE CANADIAN BRANCH (OTTAWA) OF THE ROYAL MINT

they are passed through the annealing furnace, which again softens them. They then pass through the thinning and finishing mills. In the case of silver and bronze this reduces them to a condition of sufficient accuracy, the finishing mill being adjusted to one five-thousandth of an inch.

The fillets are next taken to the cutting machines, where the blanks are punched out. Two blanks are cut at each stroke, and each machine can produce three hundred blanks in a minute. The fillets from which the blanks have been cut, known as sissal, go back to be remelted.

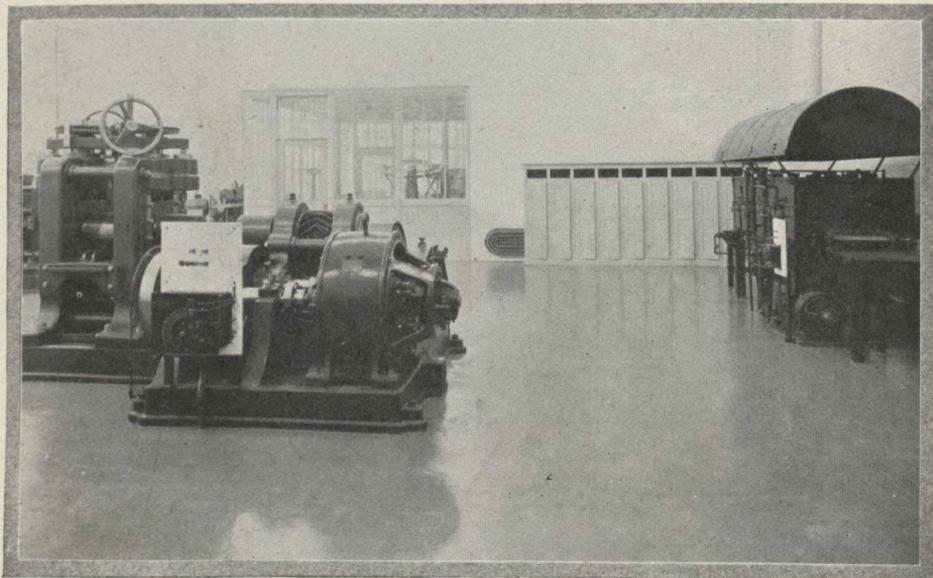
The blanks are then passed through the marking machine, where a protecting edge is raised, which protects the design on the coin and prevents its being rapidly worn down when in circulation. The machine can mark six hundred blanks in a minute.

The marked blanks are then softened by passing them through an an-

nealing furnace, and are cleaned in a weak solution of sulphuric acid, washed and dried, the drying being done in a revolving drum, with beechwood sawdust, beechwood being used because it is free from resin or other substance likely to discolour the blanks or make them adhere. Coining is the next process. The presses, of which there are three, each driven by its own motor, have a capacity of one hundred coins a minute. The top and bottom dies, which make the impression on each side of the coin, move up and down, the collar plate, in which the blank is enclosed, remaining stationary. The blanks are placed in a feed tube, and are fed to the dies by steel fingers, which seize one at a time and place it in the collar. The dies come together and form the impression on both sides at once. The presses are capable of giving a thirty-ton blow. The fingers then push the coin into the delivery tube.

The coins are next tested and examined. In the case of gold and fifty and twenty-five cent silver coins each is weighed on an automatic machine. The ten-cent and five-cent pieces are weighed in groups, against a standard dollar weight, the one-cent pieces against a pound avoirdupois.

The standard weight of a sovereign is 123.27447 grains, and none are put in circulation which are .17 of a grain heavier or lighter. The importance of accuracy is shown by the fact that in gold sovereigns of the value of £1,000,000 sterling the difference between the highest and lowest weight



ROLLING MILL AND STAMP ANNEALING FURNACE

Eighty one-cent coins should weigh exactly one pound. The automatic weighing machines are extremely delicate, so accurate that when loaded the beam will turn with .01 of a grain. Each machine will weigh twenty coins a minute. The coins are fed into a hopper by an attendant, and are pushed by the machine one by one on to a flat pan on one end of the beam, where it remains three seconds, and is then pushed off by the next coin. If it is the correct weight it falls off into a chute, which carries it to a box provided for coins of the proper weight, but if it is light or heavy by so much as one one-hundredth of a grain it is rejected by the machine and is remelted.

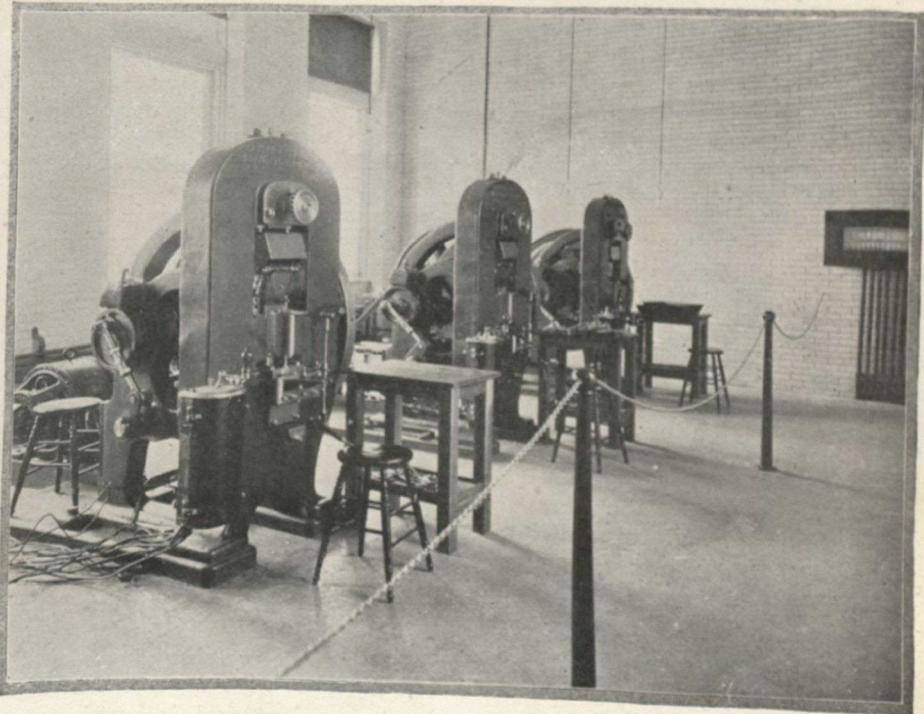
the law allows, .4 of a grain, would amount to £3,244.

It is calculated that a sovereign while in circulation loses twenty one-thousandths of a grain per annum, and a half-sovereign, which undergoes much more handling, forty-two one-thousandths of a grain. When three grains are worn off the sovereign is garbled, *i.e.*, retained by the bank and sent back to the mint.

The coins passed by the automatic scales as being of the correct weight are taken to the overlooking machine, where they are spread on a travelling belt and carefully examined. The machine turns them over automatically so that both sides can be inspected. Any that are discoloured or imperfect are picked out. The perfect coins

are then dropped singly on an iron block to see that they are not dumb and have the correct ring. Any which are too heavy, or light, or discoloured, or dumb, or otherwise im-

is equipped with three strong rooms, one each in the office, the melting-house and the rolling and cutting department. They are fire and burglar-proof, and the doors are fitted



COINING PRESSES AT THE OTTAWA BRANCH OF THE ROYAL MINT

perfect, are put through the defacing machine, which cuts notches around the rim, and they are sent to be remelted.

The coins which have stood all these tests are taken to the mint office, where they are counted into bags by the telling machine. This machine automatically counts and delivers into bags any number of coins required. Any number from 100 to 2,000, and any size from a fifty-cent piece to a five-cent piece may be counted, and as soon as the required number has been deposited in the bag the machine stops.

For the storing of bullion the mint

with time locks of the most approved construction. They are so arranged that no door can be opened without the presence of at least two officials.

The mechanical equipment of the mint, which has been incidentally referred to in following the process of coining, is of the highest type. Many of the machines have been designed specially for the Ottawa mint, and new devices have been adopted which are to be found nowhere else in the world. The mechanical equipment may be divided into the following plants: electrical, for power distribution, the current being brought from outside; oil fuel plant, for stor-

ing and distributing the oil which is used for fuel in the melting, annealing, and cupel furnaces; die-making plant, for making the dies used in the coining process; assay plant, used in testing all the precious metals received and issued, and in which experimental and research work is conducted.

The electrical plant furnishes power for all the machinery employed in the mint, as well as for lighting and controlling and regulating the electric clocks, bells and telephones in use.

The oil fuel plant supplies the fuel required for melting and annealing, and for the cupel furnaces in the assaying department. The fuel used is crude oil. The storage tanks have a capacity of 8,000 gallons, and two rotary pumps are provided for distributing the oil. Four melting furnaces, one strip annealing furnace, one blank annealing furnace, one die hardening furnace, three cupel furnaces, and two small melting furnaces for the assay department are in use. All oil pumped, but not used, is returned through a spring-loaded valve to the tanks. Oil has been found very economical as fuel, and the heat produced can be easily regulated and controlled.

In the die department the dies for use in the coining presses are made. They are of hardened steel. In the presses in which the impression is struck on the die the blow given by the punch on which the design is formed may be varied from a few pounds to about forty tons. Each coinage die requires three blows from the punch before the impression is sufficiently sharp. After each of the first two blows the die is annealed in the die furnace. After the third blow it is turned to the correct size and hardened and tempered, when it is ready for use in the coining press. A pair of dies will strike about 80,000 coins before they are worn so as to be unfitted for further use.

The plant in the assay department is placed on three floors—in the basement the motors and blowers, on the ground floor the furnaces, and on the upper floor the laboratory and scale-rooms. The laboratory and furnace-room are provided with fume chambers. The necessary chemical and physical apparatuses for assay and experimental work are provided.

The machine shops are equipped with planing, grinding, milling, and drilling machines, lathes, etc., etc., together with blacksmiths and carpenters shops, containing all the machinery necessary for making parts for the various machines and effecting repairs. The boiler-room contains two marine multitubular boilers, which supply steam for heating and drying and for the annealing and die furnaces.

In the process of melting a proportion of metal is absorbed by the crucibles. After they are worn out the crucibles and covers are ground to a fine powder in a mortar mill and the powder is washed twice to recover the metal, dried in a steam-heated pan, and then stored in bins for sale, being disposed of by tender, prospective purchasers being allowed to take samples beforehand.

An ancient and interesting ceremony in connection with the mint is that known as the trial of the pyx, which is a test of the gold and silver coinage made at the mint. It takes its name from the pyx, or chest, in which the coins to be tested are kept. It originated in the fact that the master of the mint was originally a contractor under the Crown for the manufacture of the coinage, and it was therefore necessary to see that the terms of the contract were fulfilled. Now the master of the mint is an official of the Government, and the ceremony has a different object, but it still takes place annually and there is little change in the manner of conducting it.

The coins as they are manufactured

are delivered to the master of the mint in what are termed journey-weights. A journey-weight is the weight of coin which could be manufactured in a day when done by hand. Of gold it is fifteen pounds Troy weight, coined into 701 sovereigns, or

against the coins under examination. If the coins are found to be of standard fineness and weight, within certain limits, a verdict to that effect is drawn up and presented to the treasury.

The first trial of the pyx to which



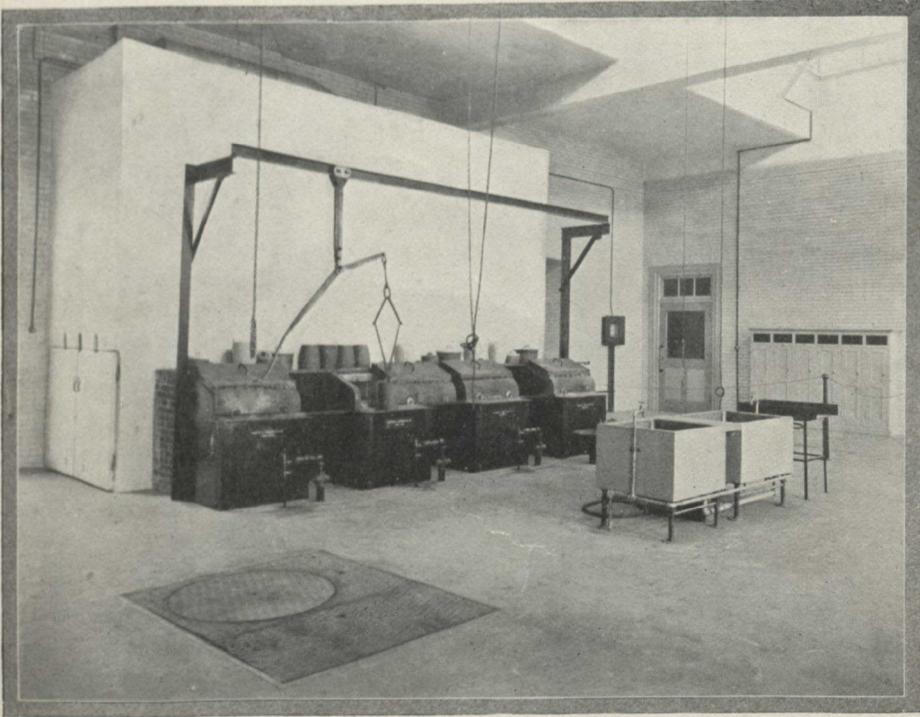
ADJUSTING, CUTTING, AND MARKING MACHINES

1,402 half-sovereigns. Of silver it is sixty pounds Troy weight. From each journey-weight one coin is taken and deposited in the pyx for the annual trial, which is made by the freeman of the Goldsmiths Company, under direction of the Crown, in presence of the King's remembrancer, who presides and administers the oath to the jurors, who are sworn to try the matter, just as in a case before the courts. The coins selected for trial are compared with pieces cut from plates of standard fineness, which are in the keeping of the warden of the standards, these pieces being assayed

the Canadian mint was subjected took place in August, 1909, and was successfully passed. The King's remembrancer attended at Goldsmith's Hall, London, and received the five verdicts from the five branches of the Royal Mint, which were fyled in the King's Remembrancer Department of the Supreme Court. In the evening a pyx banquet was held, at which the Prime Warden (Lord Harroby) and the wardens of the Goldsmiths Company entertained the officials, jurors, and other guests, including the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Governor of the Bank of England.

As it is impossible to insure absolute exactness in the admixture of metals, a small margin or remedy is allowed, within which coins may vary from the fixed standard and still be

year it was in operation the net profit amounted to \$27,523, after allowing, in addition to maintenance,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. interest on capital expenditure for building and equipment. In the



MILLING FURNACE AT THE CANADIAN BRANCH (OTTAWA) OF THE ROYAL MINT

allowed to pass. The remedy for fineness in English gold coin is two parts in a thousand. Gold coins would be within the remedy for weight if the amount of precious metal varied from 914.6 to 918.6 parts in 1,000, but a very small part of the remedy is used, the coins seldom falling below 916.3 or rising above 917, and a large proportion are of the precise legal standard, 916.66. The remedy of fineness for silver is four parts per thousand. The remedy in weight for gold is 1.6 per 1,000 parts, for silver 4.17, and for bronze twenty.

The mint is a source of considerable profit to the Government. The first

last fiscal year, the third during which the mint has been in operation, the profit on silver coined was \$465,043, and on copper \$36,634. Against this is placed a loss of \$11,897 on worn and mutilated silver sent for recoinage. In the case of silver and copper the metal is purchased, and as the coins are supplied to the banks, or any other purchaser, through the Finance Department, at their face value, the difference constitutes the profit. As the value of the silver in a fifty-cent coin is approximately twenty-five cents, varying according to the market price of bar silver, the profit is about one hundred per cent. The value of the metal in

the one cent coins is only fifteen cents a pound, while coined the value is eighty cents, that number of one cent coins weighing one pound. The percentage of profit on copper coinage is therefore much greater than on silver. Of course, the cost of minting has to be deducted to arrive at the net profit. Any gold so far coined is in the form of sovereigns. The gold bullion is not purchased, but a charge is made for minting. Provision has been made for the issue of Canadian gold coins, probably of the denomination of five dollars and ten dollars, but the design has not been determined, and a refinery, which is an absolute essential where gold is coined, is being equipped. In the meantime the gold coined for customers is refined by a more expensive method.

Provision was made at the last session of Parliament for the issue of a

Canadian silver dollar. This is a clumsy coin, but there seems to be a demand for it in British Columbia, where the United States silver dollar is in circulation, and where there is a prejudice among the miners against paper money.

The Ottawa mint has been in operation over three years, having been formally opened on the second day of January, 1908. The first coin, a fifty-cent piece, was struck by the Governor-General, Earl Grey. The cutting machine was started by Lady Grey. His Excellency said: "As the representative of His Majesty, I have much pleasure in declaring the Canadian branch of the Royal Mint open."

A cable message was sent to the King, through the Master of the Royal Mint, and the following reply came: "I thank you for having as my representative opened the Canadian branch of the Royal Mint."

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## THE BOAT'S NAME

By CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

O H, what shall we ca' oor boatie, boatie,  
 That sails sae swift oot o'er the sea?  
 She dips her prow wi' sic a gracie  
 An' her sailie sings sae merrily;  
 She maun hae a name that's bonnie, bonnie,  
 For she's as braw an' gude as ony.

We'll paint nae name upo' her sternie,  
 Since each holds ane aboon the lave,  
 But let her wi' her sailie whisper  
 Each name in turn to the kissing wave,  
 An' the sea will ken what's hidden, hidden,  
 The name each lass hersel' wad hae bidden.

# THE FERRIER TRICK

BY FRANK HUBERT

“LET me see you home, Miss Dexter, then you won’t be subjected to any more of that kind of thing.”

The girl turned, with a grateful little sob, and Harry Beverley glowed deep down within himself. It had been a common enough incident; as the little actress left the stage door she had been accosted by some half-intoxicated man about town, who had offered her an escort, accompanying the offer with glances from bold eyes.

Beverley had shouldered him aside carelessly. The man had drawn himself up as if about to retaliate; but a second glance at the imposing bulk of the actor had caused him to withdraw in haste. Beverley was no mean adversary.

“It is several times now; he seems to—have made up his mind to annoy me,” said the girl in a low voice, walking by her rescuer’s side. “I was afraid of him—before.”

“But—why aren’t you met? The streets are no place for you at this time of night, little girl. They’re deadly places—evil, full of dangers.”

“There is no one to meet me. It is not as if I were Miss Lafayette, who drives here and drives back, safe and warm. We are not all stars, Mr. Beverley.”

“But haven’t you a nurse, or a mother, or someone? Why”—he looked at her lifted face by the light of a lamp—“why, you’re only a child. It isn’t right that you should be—”

“I am nineteen.” It was as though

she had tried to throw indignation into her voice. “And—I have no nurse. Mother is—dead. There is only father, and he—he cannot leave the house. He is lame; very lame, and so—it’s nothing, Mr. Beverley, really. I’m quite used to taking care of myself.”

“Um; it looked like it. I’ve a jolly good mind to go back and smash that chap’s face for him. Never mind; consider that you possess an escort from now forward. Which way?” She named a neighbourhood that made the actor exclaim, it stood for poverty of the most extreme.

“You live there?” His voice was full of amazement, and it seemed as if the girl hung her head.

“Yes,” she said in a low voice. “Yes; you see, it is cheap, and—and—well, there’s father, too.”

Beverley thought he understood; he had a flash of inspiration. Miss Dexter would earn perhaps thirty shillings a week in her inconspicuous part, and on that sum she would be keeping herself—perhaps even her father, too. It did not sound as if a man who was too lame to meet his daughter and escort her clear of the dangers of the streets would be able to do much for himself. Miss Dexter talked on hurriedly, as if with the desire to set further questioning at bay; and Beverley began to grow interested.

“Papa always says that I’m going to be the actress of the future,” she told him. “And I know he’s mistaken; I’m not an actress, really. I

may be able to play walking lady's parts; but I think I've reached my limit then."

"But—don't you ever dream of the time when you'll play lead? Don't you ever imagine what it will be like to bring the house down; to know that you've moved those *blasé*, indifferent people in front to their deeps? I do; I'm working for that time to come; though—it's deucedly slow in coming."

It began to rain, and Beverley had an umbrella; Miss Dexter had none. He held the protection over her; and she took his arm in a simple fashion, like a child; he was aware of a strange little thrill shooting through him.

"She's a nice little thing," he thought. "A man would be all the better for a woman's companionship; it would—would buck him up; help him to make good——"

"This is where I live," said the girl, releasing his arm. "Mr. Beverley, I wish you would come up and see father. He is so lonely, not being able to get out, you know—and—he'd like to thank you for what you did for me."

"But I didn't do anything," deprecated Beverley. "Any man would have done the same thing in my place. It was only common decency." She begged of him to enter; and because it was certainly raining very heavily, because, too, there was something in her voice that rang in his heart, he obeyed and entered the shabby house.

It was a long climb to the rooms occupied by the Dexters; and the flaring gas-jet in the passage only made the mildewed, peeling wall-paper more unsightly. The banisters creaked to the weight of his hand; there was no stair carpet; and here and there the steps were worn into holes. Nellie Dexter did not apologise; and Beverley was somehow glad that she did not.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr.

Beverley. My daughter is trying to tell me that you have done something gallant on her behalf. I thank you." Beverley had expected to find a drunken wastrel, one who would drain his daughter of youth and health for the satisfying of his own evil appetites; he was surprised to find himself bowing before a venerable man, gray-haired, with a skin of parchment, yet one who bore about him many traces of breeding.

"It was nothing, really," he said. "Miss Dexter has made far too much of it."

"Or too little; I wonder which. It has been the one great anxiety of my life; fear lest Nellie should ever suffer harm at night. You see, I cannot protect her myself—though there was once a time—however, that time is gone, and so—I am grateful to you, sir."

Nellie had removed her hat and coat; she absented herself for a moment, and returned void of make-up; her natural self. Beverley looked at her with interest; undoubtedly the girl was extremely pretty, more pretty without artificial aids than with them. He watched her as she spread the cheap table with simple viands; watched her curiously; he was growing more and more interested in her. It was a foolish thing to do, he admitted, for a man who is little better than a super has no right to grow interested in any woman, excepting a star that he may never approach.

"You will have some supper?" Mr. Dexter motioned to the table, and Beverley thought of their meagre circumstances.

"No, thanks—as a matter of fact, my own supper will be waiting for me at my digs. No; I won't trouble you."

Mr. Dexter sensed the motive behind the refusal, and flushed a little.

"Nevertheless, I shall be honoured if you would stay." And Beverley

consented, unwilling to give pain. It was an extremely simple meal; he thought of his own supper awaiting him: rough, perhaps, but plentiful, suited for an appetite strained by many hours of acting. But this meal was tasty in the mouth, it was sauced with intelligent conversation; Mr. Dexter was a rare *raconteur*; full of stories of a past epoch; and from hints he let fall, all unconsciously, it was plain to be seen that this poverty had not always been his lot in life.

"My lameness?" he said, in reply to a query from his guest. "Ah! there you have the whole history of my life. I was in the army; a long time ago now; and—then my allowance became lost. My father died—you understand—Fate had been cruel to him. I had to look out for myself, for I was married—to Nellie's mother. I was of little use to the world; in the army I could not stay. I had a sword, I was reputed to possess a trick of fence, and those were practically all my possessions. Then—there was the war in South America; it offered a field for a broken soldier. I went out there; I sold my sword to the highest bidder—the Revolutionary party. Very well, I fought; I led men; and a fragment of a shell robbed me of one of my legs, and part of the other foot. That is all. The Revolutionary party was defeated; I was sent home, as an act of concession on the part of the victors; and I have remained at home, ever since, a useless clod." His voice grew bitter here.

"Hard luck," muttered Beverley. "Beastly hard luck."

"Yes; not so much for myself as for the others. There was no pension; I was penniless; and I came home like this. My wife, God bless her, was a true woman, such a one as Nellie here; she found work, and for many years she kept us all three. Then—she died. Now Nellie shows her mother's spirit; and, Mr. Beverley, it breaks my heart to see her

slaving as she does to keep me alive. I can do nothing; I am unable to seek work. I tried to write my experiences in the war; but they would find no publisher. I am a useless clod; unable to help myself, a drain on my daughter."

"And your daughter is happy," murmured Nellie, rubbing her cheek against his coat sleeve with a little loving action.

Beverley knew the man was speaking the truth; he knew, too, that it was very unlikely that his position would ever be bettered.

"I had thought once that it might be possible to keep the wolf from the door by giving fencing lessons; but fencing is a lost art. No one fences nowadays; at least, no one will take lessons from a lame man, who must teach from his chair. And yet—there is nothing to equal a good bout with the foils." The old man's eyes fixed themselves on a pair that hung over the mantelpiece.

"Are you a fencer, Mr. Beverley?" he asked, with more animation than he had shown all the evening. Beverley denied the impeachment; he owned to having studied single-stick work at school; and he had occasionally been called on to use a stage sword in a stage *mêlée*; but beyond that he was entirely ignorant.

"Let me give you a lesson," urged Mr. Dexter. "It is my way of showing gratitude to you for befriending my daughter. If you will reach down the foils—thank you."

Beverley grasped one of the slender weapons, with a laugh at himself for the trouble he was taking. What earthly use could fencing ever be to him? Stage fighting was cut-and-thrust of a very common order, and consisted in the main of clashing one blade on another, drawing forth sparks, and little else.

"If it does nothing else, it will give you command of your muscles, and will train your eye," said Dex-

ter, bringing himself into position. He was immovable in his chair, but as Beverley came to the attack he found the old man's foil was everywhere; at his face, at his breast, at his throat. Try as he might he could not maintain a guard against that protected point, he was forced to retreat, panting, hot—yet aware that he was greatly interested.

"If I had only my legs," sighed the old man, throwing himself into position again. "But I won't re-pine. Now, study the passes slowly. Observe: when I thrust so—you should bring up your arm so; and my blade would then glide harmlessly along yours. Yes, you have my idea. No, again—study this thrust and its guard." So the lesson went on; thrust, parry, *riposte*, until gradually Beverley handled his foil with something of ease, and found that it would perform wonderful things for him.

"Come another evening and let me give you another lesson," said Dexter, handing his foil to his daughter. "There is very much to be learnt; but, even if you do not derive any benefit from it, you will be doing an old man a kindness. I only once had so willing a pupil, and he learnt everything I could teach him—everything—even to Ferrier's guard and return; that is a little trick that very few fencers know, Mr. Beverley."

Beverley expressed his willingness to profit by Dexter's teaching, and privately decided, seeing the poverty about him, that he would find means to repay him for his interest. But when he was out in the street again, curiously haunted by Nellie Dexter's eyes, he laughed at himself.

"Fencing is about the last thing that would ever help me up," he said. "No; there are other things that might be worth studying; but—fencing! A lost art, and well lost; there's no need for it now. Men

don't champion their ladies at the sword's point; they either knock down any blackguard who insults them or else go to the lawyers. Heigho—I'd like to get on, though."

Next night he was waiting at the stage-door when the girl emerged. The man who had been the original cause of their closer acquaintance-ship was there also; but, seeing Beverley, he buried his face in the collar of his coat and vanished as the girl appeared.

"It is very kind of you," said Nellie, falling into step with him. "I don't know how to thank you." She looked up at him, and again came that warm, satisfying and ridiculous glow about his heart.

"Well, you see, there's the fencing lesson to think of," he said lamely, refusing to believe that this was a real pleasure to him. They said very little on the way; but the fencing lesson was longer than usual; and Beverley was conscious of a strange reluctance to leave the plain, meagrely furnished apartment when the lesson was over. He parleyed with himself as he walked along the deserted streets.

"You'd better banish any such idea from your head," he said seriously. "Of course, the girl's a darling; and you might be able to make her care for you; but—there's your profession to think of first of all, and then, there's the girl. How long—honestly now, Tom, how long do you think it would be before you could support her decently? You wouldn't like your wife to work for you; there'll be months when there's nothing to be done; there's the old man—no; you're dreaming silly dreams. You'd better stop taking fencing lessons."

But it was not so easy. The fascination of the foil had gripped him; the mastery of the weapon was a thing to be greatly desired. He went with Nellie Dexter to her home night after night, and grew to

look forward to her quiet, sensible conversation.

So the weeks went by; and Beverley began to wonder whither fate would lead him.

## II.

Hardly one of the Athenæum crowd but was glad to know that a new piece would shortly be staged. Granford, the actor-manager, had decided to change his bill; instead of the drawing-room comedy, he would present a dashing play—a play of adventure—in which he would return to his old rôle: that of the heroic hero, who stormed impregnable fortresses single-handed. Beverley found himself cast for the part of a lieutenant of soldiery who, in the course of the third act, would need to meet and fight with O'Farrell, the villain of the piece, and overmaster him, until such time as Granford, wrestling in bonds, should be free to take the quarrel on his own shoulders and bring it to its logical conclusion.

"Just half a dozen passes, that's all," said the manager. "It isn't a big part, you know—you haven't much to say, really; but it's the best I can do for you. You'll get your chance some day when the older men are out of the way." It had been so for years now; and Beverley began to think that the time would never come when he could command more than a living wage.

But the present play was running for a few weeks; and, although rehearsals proceeded in between whiles, Beverley thought nothing of his part. It was trivial; he was practically a super, with nothing to do save, at the critical moment, enter the room where his master was bound, and draw off the attention of the villain. But, because he had ambitions, he threw himself into the part, and saw in it possibilities. He even went so far as to suggest to Granford that the duel might be prolonged a little, but O'Farrell vetoed this suggestion;

he had no wish to waste himself on a few sword-passes with a super.

Granford counted himself too lucky to secure O'Farrell to demur, although it had appeared to him that the scene might easily be strengthened, and the episode remained as it had been planned. But, because the scene was a fencing scene, Beverley applied himself still more diligently to his lessons, telling Mr. Dexter of what was afoot.

"You shall learn all I know; yes, even to the Ferrier guard and return," said the old man. "You are an apt pupil, Beverley; it is a pleasure to teach you. But we must go slowly; haste will spoil everything."

Beverley did not like O'Farrell at all; instinctively he detested the man. He was a *poseur*; a man who considered himself irresistible with the fair sex; a man who bragged and bounced over his conquests. He seemed of the opinion that he had but to smile on any woman to have her immediately fall in love with him; and Beverley, who was a clean-minded youth enough, found much to despise in his exaggerated mannerisms. Once or twice he and O'Farrell practised the fight desultorily; the second lead was a capital fencer; he had evidently studied in a good school; and Beverley was hard put to hold his own. O'Farrell was fond of giving a display of his prowess before the eyes of the watching people; he would explain airily that in the play itself he would succumb easily. "There will be no need to exert yourself, dear boy," he said. "Of course, if I wished, I could disarm you in two seconds; but—well, we must temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

"Don't mind me," replied Beverley. "Just do your best; it will be fine practice for me."

He spent every evening in that poor upstairs room, and came to look forward to the homeward walk with Nellie as the most important event

of the day. He had ceased trying to thrust the temptation behind him; he knew now that he loved her with all his heart; he believed that she loved him, too, but—the whole matter was a hopeless one. "Hearts of Fire" would probably run for two hundred nights, and he was drawing what was little better than super's pay; afterwards—well, he would still be drawing the same princely stipend, and he dared not ask the girl to share it with him. It was barely sufficient for one, for three it would be ridiculously inadequate.

But he loved her dearly—very, very dearly. He cursed his limitations; he wondered whether he should not take the hazard of the die, throw up his engagement at the Athenæum, and try his luck elsewhere. But—there would be fresh rehearsals, with no money coming in; and "Hearts of Fire" would be produced within a week. No; he could not afford to lose a certainty for a very indifferent possibility; he owned to himself that he was stamped with mediocrity; his dreams were silly things.

It seemed as if "Hearts of Fire" might be a success. Public taste had veered round, as it often does; the theatre-goers were satisfied with problems in matrimony; they wanted something clean and stirring, something that would rouse their sluggish blood. "The advance bookings," said Granford, "were exceeding expectations; the first night would be crowded. The players threw more zest into the rehearsals, they began to live their parts; even Beverley dreamed of himself as some devil-may-care swashbuckler whose sole end and aim in life it was to go about rescuing distressed nobles who lay at the mercy of unscrupulous villains. Nellie Dexter's part was as inconspicuous as his own—more so, perhaps. She was only a serving-maid; a distractingly pretty one, too; but still, only a serving-maid.

The dress-rehearsal went off well; true to his promise, O'Farrell let Beverley down lightly; the fight was a mimic affair, an episode of a few thrusts only. As was customary, Beverley waited at the stage-door till Nellie presented herself, which she did hurriedly, with backward glances over her shoulder.

"Come," she said imperiously. "Come; I'm—I think I'm afraid."

"What is it?" He was compelled to hurry to keep pace with her; she was almost running.

"It is—it is—Mr. O'Farrell. I detest that man. He is always paying me compliments—oh, I hate him."

"Shall I go back and punch his head?" Beverley was still in his heroic mood, and it seemed a good thing to him to defend the honour of this sweet little lady. She seized his arm, and he knew her hand was trembling. She had been thoroughly frightened.

"No; don't go back. It was nothing, perhaps—nothing, you know. I sometimes think—you know, that insanity runs in his family, don't you?"

"No; to tell the truth, I've so little interest in the man that I've never asked about him. He is simply an actor; a man I don't like; and so—I avoid him. An easy thing for a super to do, isn't it?" There was bitterness in his laugh.

"He seemed almost beside himself to-night," said Nellie feverishly. "He seized hold of me and—I don't know why I trouble with you with these details. But there was something in his eyes—it was terrible. I was glad to get away with you." She unconsciously squeezed his arm a little closer, and Beverley thrilled. He made a mental resolve to maintain a close watch on O'Farrell, if that was the sort of thing he was apt to do; and if he caught him molesting Nellie again he would do something that should show the

bounder the girl was not quite so defenceless as he might suppose.

"Gad! but I wish—oh, I wish I'd got a decent part," he cried to himself. If only he had! He would not allow this sweet companion of his to subject herself to such insults again; he would marry her and install her in a home of her own, where she need not know the sordid details of life behind the scenes. If only he were a great actor, a man who could command a decent income! But he was not; and thirty-five shillings a week was so very little for a man who dreamed imperially.

"To-night we shall go one step farther than we have ever done," said Mr. Dexter, when Beverley appeared. "I shall teach you the Ferrier guard and return—a trick that only two men know. Perhaps only one, for the man I taught it to, many years ago, has disappeared. I do not know who he was; he came to me for lessons; and because he fenced well I taught him the trick. Now, on guard." The lesson went forward; and Beverley became keenly interested. He fenced brilliantly now, the result of many weeks of practice; but when he was telling himself that he had nothing more to learn the point of Mr. Dexter's foil caught somehow—he could not tell how—in the guard of his own; the little steel blade was whipped from his hand, it sang across the room, and dropped to the floor with a clatter.

"That is the Ferrier guard and return," said Mr. Dexter, with a smile. "Come, pick up the foil, and I will illustrate it slowly. First, observe, you fall into position—thus." He illustrated the action detail by detail. "Your opponent rallies, and presses the attack, you play a waiting game until—see." He seemed to slide his foil along Beverley's, and the button caught in the guard. "Now; a quick motion of the wrist, so—and there

you have your man disarmed. So much for the Ferrier return. There is a guard—bust first—practise this." Steadily, growing more and more interested, Beverley went through the movements; glorying in his mastery over his weapon. Within an hour the thing was done—Mr. Dexter's sword was whipped from his hand, and flew into the air.

"I see you know it. It is a simple thing enough, when one knows the secret. Now, shall we have supper—or—"

"If you don't mind I'd like to learn the guard," said Beverley, not knowing why he should be so keen. But the fact remained, he was keener than he had ever been on anything in his life before, save only Nellie Dexter. Mr. Dexter smiled, and began to illustrate; detail by detail he taught his pupil that marvellous guard which he himself alone knew; one that he had studied himself patiently. The beauty of the thing fascinated his pupil; he went on and on until—another hour had passed—he found that he was armed at all points. Try as Mr. Dexter might to disarm with the Ferrier return, the foil still remained in the young man's grasp.

"You have very little to learn," said the master. "Very little; you know now all that I can teach you. Constant practice is necessary; hand, eye, foot and brain must all work together uniformly. Now, let us have supper."

They discussed the play during the belated meal. More than once it was on the tip of Beverley's tongue to tell the old man of his daughter's experience, but Nellie had entreated him to say nothing. Her father suffered enough in knowing his daughter's position as a worker without having the added sorrow of knowing that she was subjected to indignities of this nature.

Therefore he held his peace, and spoke optimistically of future suc-

cesses. He found that Nellie was lacking somewhat in enthusiasm; but, then, she never pretended to act for acting's sake; with her it was a means to an end, that end the maintenance of herself and her father.

There was something so gripping about the simple home life, meagre though supplies were, that Beverley found himself once more sunk deeply in thought as he trudged homewards.

"It wouldn't be fair to the girl to ask her," he said. "No, it wouldn't be fair. I've got others to consider beside myself—must better things." There were times when other women had attracted him; they now vanished like the figment of a dream; they might never have existed for him. Nellie Dexter monopolised all his world.

### III.

It was a low, indignant cry that sent Beverley round a stage-cloth hot-foot. Then he gritted his teeth with indignation. The sight was enough to set his blood a-boil; Nellie Dexter struggling in the arms of O'Farrell, who was fighting hard to reach her mouth with his lips. A grinning, sycophantic stage-carpenter stood by, evidently enjoying the fracas—a man without the spirit of a mouse.

The place was dark, the actors and actresses had moved away to change for the third act; but Nellie—conscious of a feeling that to-night the dressing-room she shared with five other girls would be stifling, had elected to remain behind the scenes. She required no change of costume; neither did O'Farrell for that matter. And now—this was the result. The man had crept on her silently, like a cat; he gripped her in his arms and raved over her.

"Come, little girl, come; you know you love me; confess it now. Give me a kiss; just a little kiss, to show your love. Ah, many's the lady's

been only too proud to be kissed by me." Nellie cried out; the man's arms closed more tightly round her; and Beverley hurried up.

"Come, don't be shy," the man half hiccoughed. With disgust Beverley named him for one under the influence of drink; and he did not hesitate. His arms closed round the blackguard's shoulders; exerting all his lithe young strength he twisted the man away from his victim and sent him flying to the wall, where he checked hurriedly, and cursed with surprising fluency. Then he lowered his head and rushed on the intervener with a cry of rage.

The two men closed, as O'Farrell took hold; they wrestled furiously for a moment, and then—it was Granford's voice.

"Here, stop that, you fools—stop it. O'Farrell, quit; if you're anything of a man, quit. Beverley—get out of it." He parted the two men, and O'Farrell was with difficulty restrained from springing at his antagonist's throat. Granford held him off, and beckoned to a couple of carpenters, who held the frantic man, despite his struggles.

"What is it? Find a satisfactory explanation or—get out," fumed the manager to Beverley. "Here's the curtain on the point of going up, and you two fighting like common bullies."

"He shouldn't have tried to molest a lady," said Beverley, catching his breath. "Because the bounder's drunk it doesn't give him a right to annoy ladies—ladies that he doesn't understand anything about.

"I'm not drunk," said O'Farrell; "I'm not drunk, Granford; I haven't looked at the stuff to-night." The manager studied him closely.

"Look here, are you fit to go on in this act? Because if you're not, you'd better lie down; and I'll get

your understudy——” O’Farrell broke away from his detainers, and approached the manager.

“There isn’t a man in London could play that part as I’ve played it,” he said confidentially. “What was I saying?—my head seems a bit queer. And that’s the blighter who—where’s the girl?” His manner was distinctly strange; but a moment later he recovered himself.

“I’m all right,” he said in a normal voice. “But I shan’t forget this insult, my man—you’ll learn what it is to thwart me.”

“I’ll take my chances,” said Beverley coolly. “And if I find you playing monkey-tricks with Miss Dexter again, I’ll give you another dose of the same medicine. Keep out of my way, that’s all, when you’re out for philandering.”

“Come, Beverley; quit it. The curtain’s going up in a minute, and you have that fencing scene to think of.”

“I’m all right, sir. Don’t worry about me. But O’Farrell’s under the weather a bit, and so——” The manager shrugged his shoulders. “It’s only his manner,” he said. “He always gets excited like that first night of a new play. You two’d better make it up before the night’s over; I can’t have quarrels like this. And we can’t spare O’Farrell, Beverley.”

The cue came and Beverley went on; came off, having spoken his half-dozen words. Then O’Farrell ran past him, and sprang on; he crept behind the hero—Granford, who was writing at a table, pinioned him, and had him helpless in a trice. In a little while would come the fight—Beverley held himself in readiness. Normally he would have been nervous; but to-night the encounter had steadied him.

—“and none to hear you cry,” said O’Farrell tauntingly. It was the cue: Beverley ran on.

“One here,” he said. O’Farrell

let out a yell of dismayed astonishment and whipped out his sword. Now for the few passes and then the surrender. Beverley guarded the first attack, and encountered; he did it casually, and a moment afterwards he stifled a cry. For O’Farrell’s sword had pierced his arm, and blood was trickling down. The villain was fighting with a real sword, one with a point like a needle. It was a mistake, of course—there could be no doubt of that. But—what was this? O’Farrell was pressing him hard, grinding out curses between his teeth. The man was in deadly earnest; there was no make-believe about it at all. He meant to kill his adversary—and yet——

Beverley took a careful glance at him; the man was mouthing fiercely, there was a strange glint in his eyes. Like a flash Nellie Dexter’s words came to him: “There is insanity in the family.” He understood swiftly; the man was stark, staring mad, armed with a deadly weapon, and possessed by an enormous hatred of the man before his point.

The true state of affairs flashed into Beverley’s mind between a parry and a *riposte*; he stiffened his guard, and threw himself into the combat. He was fighting for life; this was no stage duel at all, but a deadly encounter. His brain was working as swiftly as his hand and eye—swifter perhaps.

What shall I do? he thought. Call them to ring down the curtain? No, that would never do; such a happening might well ruin the piece. Whatever happened, those before the footlights must not know the real state of affairs; they must be led to believe that the whole thing was pretence. So he thanked his stars for those providential fencing lessons, and caught a devilish thrust on a stiffly extended blade, turned it beneath his arm and closed.

He was working deliberately now, endeavouring to find the opening for the Ferrier counter. The people in the wings were watching the combat with interest; Granford himself was almost enthusiastic. "That's what it needed. O'Farrell's seen it—he's making a big scene." There was no doubt about it; this tense, realistic fight had chained the onlookers. As yet not a soul had fallen to the fact that the battle was *à outrance*, and not mimicry.

One by one Beverley brought all his tricks of fence into play. He found them all met skilfully; whatever his many faults, there was no question about O'Farrell being a magnificent fencer. He was hissing out blood-curdling threats as they circled round and round—he was swearing that he would spit Beverley, drink his heart's blood. But, with the awful precision of the insane, he was fencing without leaving the fragment of a loophole.

"Cut it short, man," hissed Granford, but the audience were beginning to rise to the excitement of it all. From the gallery came a strong shout: "Let him have it!" A clap sounded, and another.

"Keep it up; they're interested," cried Granford.

Keep it up, indeed! Beverley heard the command, and wished that the curtain would fall. The maniac seemed to possess the strength of a dozen; and—he would try the Ferrier trick. He began to work to that end—and to his utter amazement felt his own sword almost plucked out of his hand. O'Farrell had given the counter—the Ferrier counter, that only three men in the world knew.

"They're fighting properly," Beverley heard someone say. It was Nellie Dexter; she was watching the fight with wide eyes, her hands clasped over her breast. "Mr. O'Farrell's not—he's mad, I think," she cried. Granford looked, and in a flash he understood. The fighting

pair came close to him, but Granford was bound in his chair.

"What is it?" he asked sharply in that whisper which reaches the ears of those on the stage and does not pass the footlights. "Tell them to ring down the curtain."

"No; not yet," said Beverley. He collected himself, knowing that if he failed nothing could save him. He invited the Ferrier guard and counter and O'Farrell fell into the trap. His sword glided up Beverley's sword, he gave the twist, and—his own sword was torn from his grasp and sent flying into the wings. Beverley drove him off before him; and as he went shouted to the carpenters to bear a hand. O'Farrell was beginning to scream wildly; he threatened death to everyone who came near him; but a couple of brawny workmen, who had heard Nellie's cry, hurled themselves upon him and held him fast.

"Pick up that sword," gasped Beverley; "don't let him have it again."

The house was beside itself; never had such a display of fencing been seen. It was magnificent; it gave character to the piece. But O'Farrell was not fit to enter again; and—Beverley had a single moment for thought; then—he entered.

"*My master is safe.*" he said fervently, and cut the bonds. Miss Lafayette rose to the needs of the case, made her entrance; and the act went on as arranged, save that the second fight between Granford and O'Farrell was cut out. The curtain fell to thunderous applause. Granford went on and bowed, Miss Lafayette went on; they went on together; but still the clamour continued.

"For Heaven's sake what's it all about?" demanded the manager. "It's you they want, Beverley; you—on you go; let's see if that will satisfy 'em. Where's O'Farrell?" Beverley went on, to be greeted with

cheers. Twice he had to appear and even then the turmoil was hardly quieted.

"Now, then—let's know what's happened," said Granford. "Anything gone wrong?" With a slow, grim smile Beverley produced the sword that he had whipped from O'Farrell's hand.

"See that?" he said. "He tried to kill me. Look here, and here." He pointed to drying blood on his sleeve and breast. "The man went as mad as a March hare; tried his best to kill me—he would have done, too, if I hadn't been able to fence better than he could."

"Great Jove!" said Granford piously. "Is it true?" There were many to prove it true; O'Farrell was at the present moment securely bound in a private room beneath the stage; he was raving wildly, and threatening to burn down the theatre.

"And he's to come on again—look here, Beverley; you'll have to play his part. Can you alter your make-up in time?"

"I'll try," said Beverley, racing away. When the cue was given for the entry of the villain it was Beverley, but a well-disguised Beverley, that appeared. If any of the audience saw the change they kept the matter to themselves; and the act came to its logical conclusion.

"You've done well; and someone will have to play O'Farrell's part till he recovers—if he does recover," said Granford, when the curtain had fallen for the last time. "Do you know it as well as you know that last act?"

"Yes; I know it all." Beverley was beginning to see visions.

"Very well, play it till further orders; and your screw will be raised accordingly. "I don't pretend that you're a great actor, but you're the finest fencer I've ever seen; that scene brought down the house; it's made the play. The papers will be full of it to-morrow.

Gad! It nearly made me burn with excitement. Consider yourself engaged to play second lead; and you've only yourself to blame if you lose the job—until O'Farrell gets better, that is."

But O'Farrell did not get better; he was certified as hopelessly insane. And when assured of that small fact Beverley walked briskly to that mean house that sheltered the girl he loved.

Mr. Dexter was seated in his chair, reading; Nellie was nowhere in sight when Beverley bounced into the room. His face fell for a moment; but a moment later he smiled, and went to the old man.

"But for you, sir, I'd have been a dead man to-day, instead of a successful one." Overnight he and Nellie had amazed the old man with a story of that night's happenings.

"I've been thinking it out, Beverley—O'Farrell must have been that man I taught the Ferrier trick to—there couldn't have been another. And how is he?"

"Hopelessly insane, sir; and I'm retained in his part. Where's Miss—Nellie?"

"She's here," came a bright voice from the inner doorway, and Nellie appeared, with her sleeves rolled above her elbows. Seen thus she was to Beverley the loveliest sight he had ever beheld. He walked purposefully towards her, and thrust her back through the doorway into the kitchen.

"I've something to say to you," he said. "I wouldn't say it before, because—well, I'd nothing to offer you. But now, it looks as if things were on the mend. I've loved you ever since that first night I walked home with you—and—and—Nellie." Everything was told in that reverent whispering of her name.

"It wouldn't have mattered—I've loved you—I must have loved you, whether you were poor or not," said Nellie—and Beverley kissed her.

# POPULAR MAXIMS THAT FOOL THE PEOPLE

BY J. D. LOGAN

ALL practical maxims are only half-truths. And by a peculiar vice or instinct of human nature, men either mistake the half for the whole or prefer the one to the other. Some say that our belief in the soundness of practical maxims is due to a defect of mind. We are all, they submit, mentally cross-eyed; we squint at truth and see it out of focus or direct line of mental vision. Others say that our belief in the soundness of practical maxims is due to the fact that the mind tends to take the line of least resistance in acquiring knowledge. We are all, these allege, mentally indolent; we are lazy thinkers and want knowledge and truth served to us in short-hand rules or formulas, like recipes.

Personally I am of the opinion that while we unhesitatingly accept popular maxims as true because we are both mentally cross-eyed and mentally indolent, we do so mostly for the latter reason. Leaving aside for a moment the result of mental indolence on the soundness of popular maxims, how can we explain, except through this defect of mind, the fact that, for instance, we have read and reread since childhood the Biblical formula, "God spake to men of old in a dream," and yet have never seen that, as Hobbes pointed out several centuries ago, this is the same thing as saying, "Men dreamt that God spoke to them"? Or can we explain in

any other way the fact that parents still keep on teaching their children to lisp the third line of "Now I lay me," namely,—

"If I should die before I wake,"—  
As if it meant something, when on the slightest reflection the line is nonsense; for how could one wake if one had died in one's sleep?

I purpose, then, in what follows to select a few of the more popular and familiar practical maxims and to show how they are either fallacious or antinomous. I do this, not so much to instruct as to afford simple entertainment in formal logic. In case the meaning of the term antinomous may be unfamiliar, let me explain that an antinomous proposition or maxim is one whose opposite is equally as true as itself. I shall take a practical maxim of this kind first.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day,"—where is there a youth or man who hasn't had that maxim dinned into his ears by parents, friends, teachers and employers? Yet its antinomy or opposite has equally as valid practical truth:—  
"Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow." Imagine the astonishment of an employer of the old school who when he had flung this original maxim at a seemingly indolent but "wise" clerk, should be answered with the modern maxim, "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow." This is a very

reasonable maxim. For if not followed, it causes unnecessary worry and waste of energy, which thus spoils the despatch of the essential work at the time it must be done. Surely that is obvious, but through mental indolence, no doubt traditionally induced, no employer thinks of its practical truth and value.

Akin in meaning to the preceding maxim is the New Testament formula: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." That is, do not burden your mind to-day with worry and thoughts of the trouble which you know are in store for you on the morrow or in the future. A far better "working"—that is, practically truer and more valuable maxim—is the antinomy of the former: — "Necessary unto the day is the evil of to-morrow." And for two reasons. First, to plan for the morrow, to worry over the future, and so add to the burdens and anxieties of to-day, is virtually both a psychological and practical necessity. The successful progress of living and of business depends on following the modern maxim. Believe me, only incompetents and fools adorn their persons with "Don't Worry" regalia; and all "Don't Worry Clubs" are a futility and a snare. Secondly: There is no such reality as yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; to break up time into three parts as if they were separate and distinct entities or a discrete series is to commit the fallacy of confounding quite artificial and arbitrary divisions, or a method of human thinking, with the process of time itself as a reality. Time is one and continuous; it flows as a stream; to-day is joined with yesterday and to-morrow. It is impossible, therefore, to chop off to-day from the past and the future and consider or employ it solely by itself, and begin life or business absolutely new to-morrow. In short; Yesterday and to-morrow must enter into our thoughts of to-day, indeed cannot escape doing so; and were

this not true, there would be none of that revision and prevision of conduct which makes life coherent and insures progressive welfare.

We have all heard it said: "Be good and you'll be happy." That is a most excellent maxim for babes and sucklings. There is an immense difference between the goodness which is mere innocence and the goodness or moral virtue which results from being tempted and overcoming temptation by a militant supremacy of will-power and spirit. A fallacy is involved in this maxim,—the fallacy, which, in formal logic, goes under the name of "ambiguous middle term." That is, the fallacy occurs through neglecting to distinguish the two moral meanings of the term goodness—(1) mere innocence, as, for instance, that of the baby Napoleon lying in his cradle, sucking this thumb in contentment, playing with his fists or cooing at the smiles of his mother, and (2) militant virtue, as for instance, that of Socrates, St. Paul, Edmund Campion, or anyone of ourselves in this day who must hourly say, after a hard struggle, "Get thee behind me Satan." There is a fallacious element, too, in the term "happy." Happiness, in the view of some, means unalloyed pleasure or total absence of pain or suffering. In the view of others, it means satisfaction in having done one's work well, fulfilled one's duty, obeyed the law of obligation, though, to be sure, in the process there were pain and suffering. The maxim, then, is totally fallacious by way of the ambiguous meaning of the terms "good" and "happy."

The maxim, "Be good and you'll be happy," is the most rapid of platitudes. According to the really significant meaning of the term "happy," the truth is, "Be good (militantly virtuous) and you'll be unhappy" (your life will be filled with pain or suffering). This is too obvious to need

illustration. The history of the lives of the saints, martyrs and reformers of all times supplies indubitable proof of the truth of this maxim. But, of course, it must be said, too, that these men were also supremely happy, that is, felt the joy which comes from the consciousness of having done their duty and fulfilled the ideal law.

On the other hand, it would be easy to show by instances—or "cases"—that the maxim "Be wicked (morally remiss) and you'll be happy" (enjoy life) has its specious truth. We have only to think of the innumerable lawyers, bankers, speculators, and get-rich-quick gentlemen whom good luck follows till the day of their death, to be compelled to acknowledge that there is considerable practical truth in this latter maxim. In short, the way of the transgressor is hard—sometimes; but the way of the saint and the reformer is hard—always. Our maxim, then, "Be good and you'll be happy" is the most inane of platitudes and fit pabulum only for babes in intellect and moral ideals.

"Never do evil that good may come," is another of those popular practical maxims which are half-truths. As "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" has the authority of Christ, so this maxim carries the authority of St. Paul. The authority of Christ and St. Paul is not in dispute or impugned. For, as I shall show in the conclusion of this essay, there is only one absolute truth; all other truths are relative; that is, the validity of a proposition or maxim is dependent on the time, place, circumstance, and reference of the one who utters it.

Our own maxim is a case in point, but as it stands it is too abstract and generalised. Let us particularise it thus: "Never, under any circumstances, tell a lie; a lie is always wrong before men and in the sight of God." Now, there is such thing as

a falsehood in the abstract. A real lie has a particular reference to some time, place, circumstance, condition, cause and moral economy. Observe how this works out in the following illustrative example. Suppose a theatre has caught fire behind the scenes and that some over-nervous auditor smelling the smoke cries, "Fire." Suppose that the stage-manager has heard the fool cry; he is at once in a moral dilemma. He knows that if he rushes to the footlights and, saying to himself, "I must not tell a lie, for that is wrong," asserts outright that the theatre is on fire, the consequences will be a panic amongst the audience, which will result in the maiming of some and the death of others. On the other hand, he knows that if he assures the audience that the theatre is not on fire, thus breaking the moral law by telling a downright lie, there will be no pain, no maiming of limbs and no deaths.

I said the stage-manager thus faced a moral dilemma:—Should he tell the truth (facts) and save his own soul, but cause the death of others? Or should he tell a lie and lose his own soul, but thus preserve the lives of others? But after all there was really no moral dilemma. Every sane and righteous man, in like predicament, would not hesitate to do anything else than tell a falsehood. Casuists, of course, would sanction such a course by applying the old Jesuit ethical formula: "The end justifies the means." That is a nonsense formula: what else could justify means except ends? The explanation lies deeper than any abstract maxim: namely in this, that as the greater contains the less, or as the whole contains the part, so Love which fulfills the whole moral law, is higher than the law of Truth-telling. For has Christ not said "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake (*i.e.* for Love), the same shall save it,"

and. "Greater Love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend"?

I do not mean to imply that moral laws are ranged in a hierarchy, but rather are as concentric circles, of which the outer and all-inclusive circle is Benevolence and Love. These are greater and more to be obeyed because they are applicable universally, that is, at all times, in all places, under all conditions, while truth-telling is governed by particularities of time, place and circumstance.

It would be an entertaining logical exercise for those who have that mental bent to take, say, Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac" and think out the precise platitude or fallacy or antinomy in the maxims contained in that justly famous and popular booklet. What, for instance, is the antinomy to "He who hesitates is lost"? Is it "He who deliberates is saved"? or, "Everything comes to him who waits"? What is the fallacy in "Honesty is the best policy"? Is it that if honesty is employed solely as a policy, then that kind of honesty is essentially dishonesty, a sort of dissembling and immoral insincerity? Wherein lies the antimony in Shakespeare's familiar lines from *Julius Cæsar*?—"There is a tide in the affairs of men" and so on. What is the fallacy contained in J. J. Ingall's popular sonnet, "Opportunity," the idea of which is that the opportunity of a lifetime comes to everyone sometime, but only once? Or, finally. What is the antinomy to

"All work and no play  
Makes Jack a dull boy"?

In conclusion, I wish, as I promised at the outset, to remark the philosophical principle which is at the basis of the preceding criticism of popular practical maxims. Put in the form of a maxim this principle runs: "There is no absolute truth." Now, we all have certain inveterate or stubborn habits of thought, inherited and

traditional. As a familiar example, consider this: During the Spanish-American war there was a somewhat melodious sentimental "Song-hit," heard on the street, or in the house, on college campus or in the opera house. The title was, "Just as the Sun Went Down." The physicist, astronomer and philosopher sang or whistled it as lustily or sentimentally as the veriest music-hall frequenter. And the physicist, astronomer, and philosopher did this despite the fact that they knew that the title of the song was nonsense. For, in reality, it should not have been, "Just as the Sun Went Down," but "Just as the Earth Came Up." In short, from childhood they had been taught to believe that the sun "went down." And what cared they for the scientific fact that the sun does not "set," but that the earth "comes up,"—what cared they for the true fact when in matters of sentiment the traditional way of thinking was human and emotionally satisfying?

So, too, it is these same inveterate, traditional, stubborn habits of thought that cause men to believe that all truths are absolute. Now, as I said, all truths are relative; that is, their validity is dependent on a particular time, place, circumstance, condition, cause and physical, psychological or moral law, as, for instance, our case of truth-telling when a theatre was on fire. But this won't do: if all truths were relative, then there would be no truth at all, for there must be some standard (absolute) truth by which to test the truth or error of any proposition or maxim. And so I said: All truths are relative—save one." It is this: "There is no absolute truth, except this truth that there is no absolute truth." I see no subtlety about this basal proposition. It is what mathematicians call an axiom. That is to say, when once its meaning is understood, its validity is obvious, immediate and indubitable.

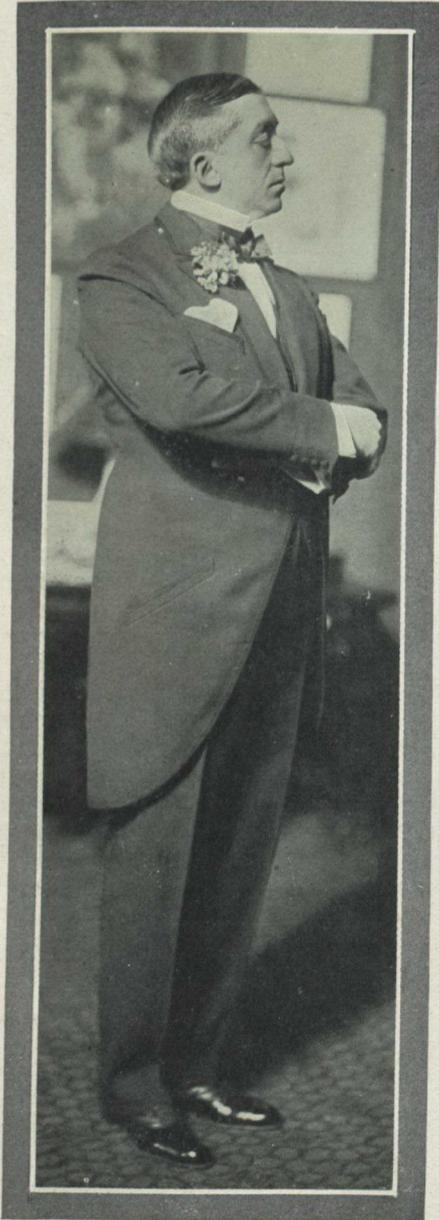
# PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

MORE than ordinary interest attaches to the announcement of a new play from the pen of Mr. Augustus Thomas. He is an expert craftsman; his dramaturgic skill is of the highest; his graceful lines go to the heart of his theme like winged arrows, and an intellectual interest, subsidiary, but carefully interwoven with his story, is invariably provided. Through an ability also to establish remote and underlying relations of events to one another he can often make complex that which might otherwise be simple and out of the intricacies of his own mental processes weave some new and interesting pattern of life. He has done all these things in his new play, "As a Man Thinks." Quick, incisive drawing of character, swift development of action, the skilful unfolding of a leading situation involved in minor complications characterise the opening acts. He has projected a very ordinary dramatic situation, it is true, but he projects it with uncommon skill. He has provoked discussion of an old and somewhat vexatious theme—a common standard of morality for both sexes. But the discussion quickly broadens, frees itself from the incidental and becomes a phase of modern life, with its feverish unrest and impatience of conventional standards. A background of Judaism gives a further effect of breadth and a feeling for strong contrast. Like hurrying clouds that presage a storm, we feel during the first two acts the gathering of forces big, with promise of a mighty con-

flict of race ideals: Judaism, with its inexorable moral laws, its passionate devotion to the family unit on one side, and enlightened, but highly dangerous, modern morality on the other. But these larger promises and expectations are not to be realised. The armies so skilfully marshalled are withdrawn or melt away like mists at sunrise. The conflict slowly contracts to rage within the four walls of ordinary human experience, while time-honoured dramatic expedients are invoked to bridge a casual domestic gulf. In the final adjustment, an irate husband is convinced of his wife's innocence and the paternity of his child through a melancholy alibi. The penitent, sorrowful wife, forgetting the issue she has raised of "one morality for both sexes" pleads for a Santa Claus for their child, and to the chime of Christmas bells the peace of the belligerent pair is made.

The author had no doubt in mind the possible influence of the Jew on the home life of America. His protagonist is a very estimable, high-minded and worldly-wise Jewish physician, *Doctor Seelig*. As the physician and friend of the wealthy *Clayton* family, whose domestic breach furnishes the dramatic theme, he is in the complete confidence of both. He has been aware of the husband's gaieties in Paris and of the wife's mental tortures in consequence. He is the first to know of the wife's indiscretion when in a moment of mad jealous rage she visits the apartment of a former sweetheart. He is the



JOHN MASON AS DR. FEELIG IN "AS A MAN THINKS."

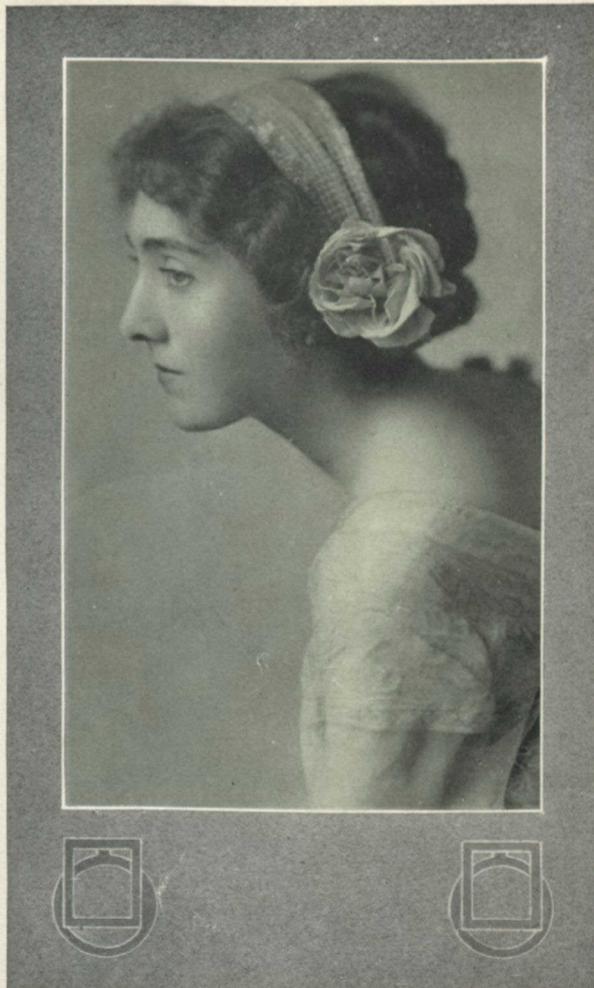
one to give her shelter from the enraged and brutal husband when he suspects the worst. He is the one, likewise, to oppose her theory of equal sex morality with the stern Hebraic code of chastity among wo-

men, supplemented by an economic consideration, also characteristic perhaps—the danger to modern industry and civilisation, should man's faith in woman be destroyed. He is the one later to teach the husband that hate and jealousy are the most evil of all passions and calculated to poison the body as well as the soul. All of which might have been assigned to any sane, high-minded man, with an old-fashioned code of morals, be he Jew or Gentile. Neither the Jew nor his code enter vitally into the situation, and the only hint of the subtler race antagonism is found in the worthy doctor's prejudice against the marriage of his daughter to a Gentile. So that, measured by its promises and expectations, the play is a disappointment. Claims to serious consideration, however, may safely rest on its qualities of literary and dramatic interest, its terse situation and clever dialogue. In these respects it is superior to any American-made drama of the current season, and, with the exception of "The Thunderbolt," in point of construction, equal to any. As the physician, John Mason is distinctively authoritative and finished in his methods. Miss Chrystal Herne also, as the young wife, plays the rôle with considerable effectiveness and charm.

To introduce good healthy pagan philosophy into modern polite and nominally Christian society through the medium of a mythological deity required courage, imagination, conviction and authoritative utterance. The idea itself, although not entirely new, is one of some magnitude, and in "The Faun" Mr. Edward Knoblauch has projected it with considerable literary adroitness and stage skill. His frankness at times is quite daring, considering the educational (?) training of most theatrical audiences. But the evident guilelessness of his chosen spokesman, his symbolic character, and the poetic colouring of his speech, disarm any hint of vulgarity.

A faun strays into the ground of a certain *Lord Stoneybroke* just as that gentleman, ruined by race track betting, is on the point of shooting himself. He dissuades the suicide from his purpose and offers from his knowledge of the souls of animals to pick him sure winners henceforth. In return the faun is to be introduced into society. From an interested spectator, the visitor soon becomes a keen and scornful critic of our modern society, with its over-civilisation and perversion of natural instincts. Manners and morals are consequently thrown into sharp contrast, and many a shaft of satirical wit leaps at the expense of smug conventionalities. The faun is specially impatient over our habit of mismating or mating from any other considerations than love. He is an expert in discriminating between true love and false, and in the course of his temporary sojourn contrives to send young lovers rejoicing on their way, to re-unite lovers long estranged and to tear off the mask of reserve from others whom artificial conditions had taught to falsify their real feeling. Mr. William Favershaw quite distinguished himself in the part of the *Faun*, playing with fine verve and spirit, and conveying that quality of aloofness from our actual world which fauns would naturally assume.

"The Scarecrow" is described by the author, Mr. Percy Mackaye, as



MISS CHRYSAL FERNE IN "AS A MAN THINKS"

the tragedy of the ludicrous. The idea is taken from Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," although little of the original legend of *Feathertop* and pretty *Polly Gookin* appears in the dramatised tale. Mr. Mackaye has also treated it from an entirely different standpoint, substituting the element of sympathy for that of irony.

To avenge herself on *Judge Merton* for an old slight, *Goody Ricky*, village blacksmith and witch, despatches a scarecrow vitalised into life through demoniacal aid, to woo the

judge's only daughter. Introduced as *Lord Ravensbane*, and coached by *Dickon*, the devil, now in the guise of tutor, his suit succeeds, when, con-

in Barrie's "The Twelve-pound Look." *Sir Harry Sims* (at least he is on the eve of knighthood, and "down-stairs" has already adopted



MR. CHARLES DALTON AND MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE,  
IN "THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK"

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fronting himself suddenly in the magic mirror, his real identity is revealed to him. Love by this time has entered into his pitiful being, however, and over the protests of his tutor, and, knowing that it will cost him his mortal life, he exposes the imposture, and through the sacrifice gains spiritual freedom.

The whimsical note is again struck

the title) is a familiar type of the materially successful Britisher, who reaches the goal of his ambitions fat both in body and mind. Tired of the incessant dullness, the fat dinner parties, the fat diamonds, the chatter, the tuneless, joyless way of her matrimonial life, a former spouse has left him when her economic value in the world had touched the twelve-pound

mark. This was fourteen years ago. *Sir Harry* has remarried and is still wallowing in success, with the prospect of knighthood to gild his elegant trough, when the spirited wife of former days reappears on his threshold as a typist. The little

ing, and technical perfection of structure. In connection with the new play, Miss Barrymore revived that most charming and whimsical of all the Barrie offerings, "Alice-sit-by-the-fire." In the years that have intervened since the play was last

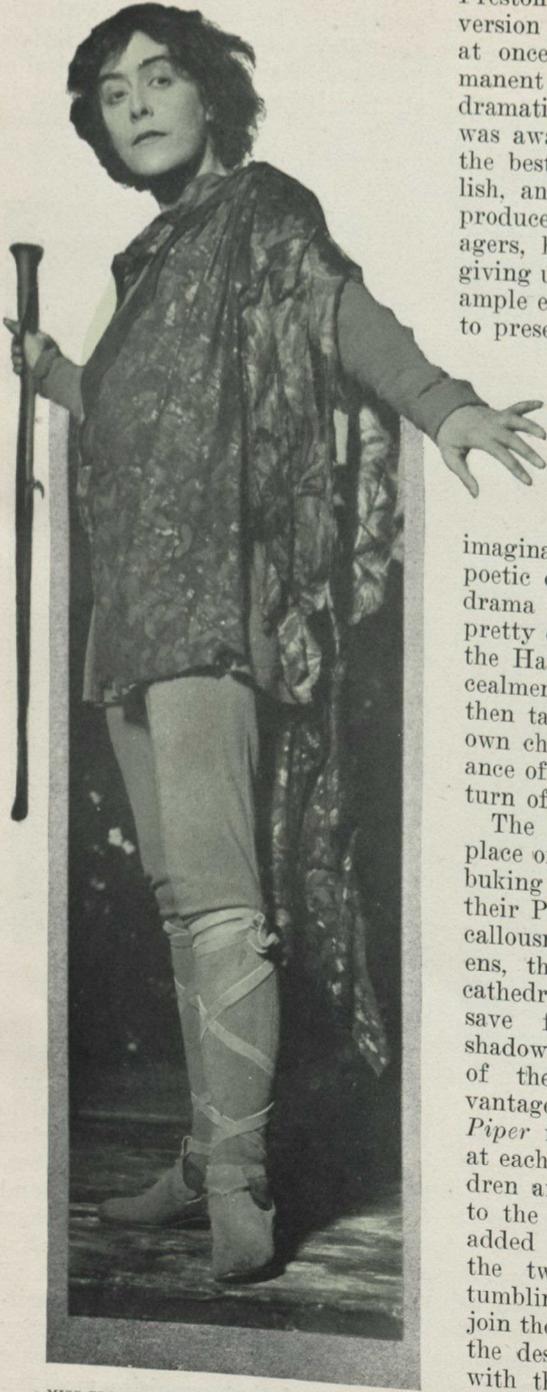


A SCENE FROM PERCY MACKAYE'S PLAY, "THE SCARECROW"

playlet is devoted thereafter to an exposure of the contrasting ideals of the two, in which *Sir Harry's* vanity is treated to some rude shocks, and he is left with a disquieting admonition to look out for the "twelve-pound look" in the eyes of the present *Mrs. Sims*.

The play has a little touch more of the bitter than we are accustomed to in Barrie, and the whimsical vein has been subordinated to dramatic seriousness. But the indefinable Barrie charm is there, along with the incisive wit, the fine character draw-

presented, Miss Barrymore's art has grown and ripened much, and her *Alice* has now a maturity and maternal grasp which it then seemed to lack. Both as typist in "The Twelve-pound Look" and as *Alice* her performance was entirely finished and satisfactory. That deft, sure, nervous stroke, in which her portraits are invariably drawn, has a suggestion of the brittle at times, but it is the brittleness of pastel, with the delicacy also, the subtle feeling for delicate line work of that exquisite medium. "The Piper," Mrs. Josephine



MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON IN "THE PIPER"

Preston Peabody Marks's dramatic version of the Hamelin legend may at once be classed among the permanent contributions to American dramatic literature. Last summer it was awarded the Stratford prize for the best contemporary play in English, and was afterward successfully produced in London. American managers, however, viewed it with misgiving until the New Theatre, with its ample equipment, was prevailed upon to present it. And nothing that the

New Theatre has done has more justified its existence than its enterprise in this. The scenic features excited the highest admiration and every detail of stage management was informed with real imagination and appreciation of the poetic qualities of the offering. The drama follows the Browning poem pretty closely up to the departure of the Hamelin children and their concealment in a cave in the hills, and then takes a path of the dramatist's own choosing, leading to the repentance of the *Piper* and the ultimate return of the children to their parents.

The first act shows the marketplace of Hamelin, with the *Piper*, rebuking the sordid burgomasters for their Pharisaism, greed and spiritual callousness. Later, as twilight deepens, the older folk pass into the cathedral, leaving the square deserted, save for little *Jan*, who sits in shadow intently gazing into the face of the *Lonely One*. Taking advantage of the parents' absence, the *Piper* returns, plays his flute softly at each door, and as soon as the children are assembled trips them away to the hills. A touch of comedy is added by the sudden appearance of the two sacristy boys, who come tumbling down the cathedral steps to join the children. The next act shows the deserted monastery in the hills with the children asleep under the parental care of the *Piper*. The next act brings us to the Cross-Roads

scene, opening with a delightfully whimsical touch, in which the solemn procession of monks and citizens on its way to offer *Barbara* as a sacrifice for the loss of the children is rudely

are not pertinent to the *Piper's* case. No male prerogative was outraged, and Miss Matthison's artistic qualifications for the difficult part far outweigh any physical shortcomings.



CANTICLE V., "EVERYWOMAN"

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:  
 SARAH COWELL LE MOYNE AS "TRUTH" EDWARD MACKAYE, AS "KING LOVE"  
 LAURA NELSON HALL AS "EVERYWOMAN" H. COOPER CLIFFE AS "NOBODY"

upset by the *Piper's* pranks and sent whirling and dancing back to town, while *Barbara*, with whom *Michael* is in love, is rescued. Here is also the scene of *Veronika's* intercession for the return of the children, and later of the *Piper's* wrestle with the *Lonely One*, ending with his repentance. The last act again shows the market-place of Hamelin, opening in gloom, but soon to be filled with the laughter and shouts of children pouring down its narrow streets at the sound of the relenting *Piper's* flute.

The objections to the assumption of the rôle of *Chantecler* by a woman

Miss Matthison is the most poetic and accomplished actress on the English-speaking stage. Vocally and pictorially, she is also the most eloquent. Her acting has the effect on one of strong, noble music. She can also read poetry—from the grandest epic to the softest lyric—with a splendour of feeling, voice inflection and rhythmic sense unmatched by any actor or actress we have. Nothing was lacking in her *Piper*, except perhaps an occasional robust note needed for the sake of dramatic contrasts. On the other hand, the constant necessity of suggesting subtle states of feeling in

the *Piper's* development, brought that fine, sure artistry of which she is past mistress into momentary demand. A less subtle—which also means less thorough, exposition of the



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER, IN "THAIS"

*Piper's* psychology, and his flute would lose many of its finer notes. The author has charged the task of the *Piper's* interpreter with serious technical difficulties—too serious perhaps for perfect exposition. In the Cross-Roads scene, for instance, when the unrelenting *Piper* dismisses *Veronika's* plea for the return of the children and then turns to argue out his case before the shrine of the *Lone-ly One*, the actor must himself hold the scales of both human and divine justice and without external aid accomplish a gradual transformation in the *Piper*, on the one hand, and by implication modifying the attitude of the unseen to meet each change of

base in the *Piper's* appeal. It is too much to say that this scene is entirely convincing, so much foreshortening is needed and an elocutionary feat, however wonderful, has limitations. We have, moreover, come to lean heavily on the visualisation of forces that provoke dramatic crises. But the spiritual anguish of the *Piper*, the earnestness and reasonableness of his first human feeling, his self-mistrust when the higher ideal dawns on his perceptions, leading to his gradual self-conviction and final surrender to the divine feeling, are admirably conveyed in Miss Matthison's acting. In portraying the less difficult, but none the less, necessary attributes of roguishness, impishness and tenderness in the *Piper's* character, we had acting of the utmost delicacy and charm.

C. S. McLellan's "Judith Zaraine" would seem to uphold Mrs. Fiske's side of the "Leah Kleschna" controversy, as we recall it. The new play proved its need of the editing which the other no doubt received at her hands before its admirable presentation by her company. "Judith Zaraine" has all the material for a fine melodrama. It touches a big problem with sympathy and understanding. The lines are excellent and the characters well drawn. But over-writing hampers the action and destroys definiteness, while incidents thrilling enough in themselves and typical of certain industrial conditions, fail to produce that cumulative effect which we recognise as dramatic. These shortcomings were all the more regrettable from the fact that Miss Lena Ashwell's portrayal of the central character was worthy of fullest recognition. This talented Canadian actress has a good deal in common with Mrs. Fiske. She is of the same school of naturalism, acting always with an economy of gesture, in a quiet, realistic vein, and producing her effects, great or small, by the sheer force of

her mentality and ability to convey an impression of self-conviction. She is also ready at all times to forego the spotlight for the sake of the picture as a whole. In a word, Miss Ashwell is an actress, not a show-girl; an artist vital, earnest and intelligent, appealing to our understanding through her art, instead of beguiling our wayward hearts through the exploitation of dimpled charms.

Edward Sheldon's new play, "The Boss," may disclose crudities; it may on occasion sacrifice plausibility to immediate theatrical effect; its action may at times see-saw or travel in circles, and its basic idea may have done duty as a theatrical expedient in many a thriller long forgotten; but, like the same author's "Salvation Nell" and "The Nigger," the play has an unmistakable grip that holds your interest through four acts without a moment's pause. This interest is sustained primarily by the powerfully-drawn character of the central figure, the "boss," and by Mr. Holbrook Blinn's equally powerful delineation of the character. *Michael Egan* represents a certain type of self-made man readily recognised in our modern politics. He rises from saloon-keeper and "scrapper" to biggest political boss in his ward and a position of financial power in his community. Everything but social position is his, and this he sets out to gain by a grapple with his aristocratic rivals, the *Griswolds*, for control of the grain-shipping interests. *Egan* wins after the elder *Griswold* has used bank funds in a futile effort to combat the unscrupulous methods of his enemy. Aware of the manipulation, *Egan* uses the information to force his consent to an alliance with his daughter. Father and son are abduurate, but the daughter determines to sacrifice herself—with important reservations in the marriage contract, however—to save the family honour. The domestic relations of the two, disclosed six months later,

provide the inner spiritual conflict of the play, while a strike, engineered by the brother to break the "boss"—in which a clash with the church and the community are provided—furnish the dramatic incidents and outer conflict. The "boss" is beaten, but self-willed to the last, he is laying plans to avenge his defeat on the town by transferring the shipping port to Montreal, when an act of violence committed by one of his deputies, lands him in jail. In the solitude of his cell he finally yields to his better nature, and the wife, who has inwardly loved him all along, opens to him a prospect of future domestic happiness, with the gratification of his paternal instincts. The strongest moments in the play occur in the scene with the Archbishop, when defiance, self-will, superstition, reverence for the church and *Egan's* better instincts battle for supremacy. Frank Sheridan plays the Archbishop and proves a worthy adversary. Emily Stevens, as the wife, was charming and refined, playing with a nice delicacy of method that was invariably effective, and which served to emphasise the brute qualities of the husband. As *Michael Egan*, Mr. Blinn gave a powerful and consistent characterisation. He showed the unscrupulousness, arrogance, self-interest, cruelty and ignorance of the man, along with certain qualities of courage, loyalty, generosity to friends and evident inward struggle against an evil nature. Our sympathies were never quite alienated, thanks to a sympathetic vein of humour, nor, on the other hand, was the character, on its virtuous side, allowed to become lachrymose. It was an artistic portrait, drawn without compromise, but showing all the lights and shades of the remarkable character, and, granted all the premises, as true to life as a stage portrait can be. "Everywoman," a modern morality play by the late Walter G.

Browne, is a riot of colour, imposing stage spectacle and feminine loveliness, through which the author seeks to drive home a profound moral lesson. Between production and play the public has found a dramatic novelty that is likely to interest it for some time to come. There is little evidence of either literary or dramatic genius in the play itself, but the very magnitude of the offering, the seriousness of purpose that pervades it compel attention, even admiration. The death of the author on the day the play was produced added a last poignant touch. The play takes its inspiration, of course, from the old morality play, "Everyman," suiting the action to contemporary life and interests. *Everywoman*, surrounded by her attributes, *Youth*, *Beauty* and *Modesty*, falls a victim to the blandishments of *Flattery*, and, in spite of the warning of *Truth*, sets out on a pilgrimage in quest of *Love*. She is drawn to the city, goes on the stage, yields to the temptations that are supposed to surround stage life and pays the penalty. *Modesty* deserts her, *Beauty* dies, *Youth* perishes. Neglected of men she at length falls into poverty, from which *Truth*, whom before she spurned, rescues her. Returning home she finds *Love*, the son of *Truth*, patiently waiting for her at her own fireside. The amiability of this conclusion is more explicitly stated in the epilogue:

Be merciful, be just, be fair  
To Everywoman, everywhere,  
Her faults are many—nobody's to blame.

Another dramatic novelty is "Thais," adapted from Anatole France's romance of the famous courtesan of Alexandria, which likewise furnished a theme for Massenet's opera, by Mr. Paul Wilstach. Both dramatist and composer found material ready to hand for rich, colourful drama. The story of the anchorite, of the visions that came to him in the desert, of his departure for

Alexandria, of his transformation of the courtesan to saint, of his temporary abandonment to the passions he had successfully assailed in her, needs no retelling in detail. The first act opens on the Theban Desert, whither priests, among them *Damiel*, have fled to escape the temptress. *Damiel* is unable to shake off the spell, however, and is persuading himself that it is his duty to return to Alexandria and save *Thais's* soul. A vision in which the famous beauty appears decides his course. The next act shows the marble terrace before the palace of *Thais*, peopled by slaves, dancing girls and courtiers. A sumptuous picture, full of colour, life and movement, followed in the next by a richer, more permanently satisfying picture, the Temple of Love in *Thais's* garden. Here also is the scene of the great dramatic conflict between hermit and courtesan for possession of her soul. The next act shows the oasis in the Theban Desert, whither *Damiel* has led the faltering *Thais*, and where she is met by the White Sisters, who receive her into their retreat. His mission ended, the humanity of the hermit asserts itself for a time and he falls a prey to unbridled passions, to be rescued later by the dying *Thais*, now grown saint.

Mr. Tyrone Power's portrayal of the anchorite was large and heroic in outline and generally impressive in effect. Distinction and splendid authority characterised his entire performance. As *Thais*, Miss Constance Collier was colourful and pictorially satisfying. The spectacular possibilities have not been overlooked in the production. The stage pictures are uniformly beautiful, varying from the Theban Desert, stretching far out into the night, broken only by jutting rocks; the barbaric splendour of *Thais's* court, the exotic garden scene, and, finally, the sunlit courtyard of the Convent of the White Sisters, from which the soul of *Thais* takes its flight.

Harry James Smith is said to be a new author in the field of playwriting, and "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" furnishes internal evidence of the fact. He has, however, created a thoroughly humorous situation, and Mrs. Fiske as thoroughly realises the comic possibilities of the central character on whom the chief burden of the comedy rests. The comedy is based on the efforts of a *bourgeois* family to forget its humble origin and more especially its association with the profitable, but not highly, reputable sale of proprietary medicines. As a preliminary step toward social emancipation, the home town of Missionary Loop, Indiana, is forsaken in favour of Washington and the family name changed from *Sale*, of Soothing Elixir fame, to the more socially soothing *de Salle*. A prolonged stay in England on the deceased *Sale's* money, during which the family acquire an English accent and the elder daughter an English husband, bearing the hyphenated name that gives the play its title, brings on the scene of action, the Long Island home of a proud American family, between whom the elder daughter is trying to form a matrimonial alliance on behalf of her younger sister. The unexpected and unwelcome arrival on the scene of a former friend of the presumably English family—*Peter Swallow* by name and tombstone maker by occupation—creates very natural consternation, and the efforts of the resourceful *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh* to keep the family skeleton safely locked in the closet during the encounter provide the larger externals of the comedy. The intruder is finally brazened out, but just at the moment of victory the younger sister, conscience stirred and refusing to be an accomplice to these deceptive enterprises any longer blurts out the truth and the "jig" is up. Resourceful to the last, how-

ever, *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh* succeeds in bringing about an adjustment whereby the insurgent sister shall marry another *Rawson*, less splendid, but more to her liking, and with a family alliance once made silence is naturally imposed upon all.

The part is broader than we have hitherto associated with Mrs. Fiske, but never has she seemed more spontaneous and happy, never shown more perfect abandon to the spirit of comedy than in the character of the masquerading Englishwoman. The scene in which she brazen out the tombstone maker, holding him up as an amusing specimen of Americanism, and finally baffling him off the scent altogether, was uproariously funny. It was, moreover, played with such inimitable adroitness and finish, such skill and self-repression, and the note placed so true that the part was never permitted to drop from the legitimate to the domain of farce. Her rapid transitions of speech also, from the exaggerated English accent to the homespun vernacular of Indiana, raised gales of laughter without compromising for a moment the subtlety of the drawing. Such complete success in a part so remote from, say, *Tess*, *Hedda Gabler*, *Hannele*, or even *Becky Sharp*, only increases our wonder and admiration and prompts the question, Where does the versatility of this remarkable actress end? Even her face lends itself to a process of transfiguration, and there were moments when the features seemed to lose their familiar outline and shine from some inner radiance that was indefinable.

A word must also be spoken for Florine Arnold's effective and tremendously amusing characterisation of *Mrs. de Salle* ("Maw") and for Kathleen MacDonell's portrayal of the technically difficult, semi-hysterical rôle of *Violet*. Not a detail was lacking in either portrait.

# FIONA MACLEOD

AN INTERPRETATION

BY GERALDINE STEINMETZ

“Who knows what is in a poet’s mind? The echo of the wind that was gone is there, and the sound of the rain and the movement and the colour of the fire, and something out of the earth and sea and sky, and great pitifulness and tenderness for women and children, and love of men and of birds and beasts and of green lives that were to him not less wonderful and intimate.”

PHILOSOPHY and religion, science and society conceal life by forcing upon us a fixed interpretation. But sometimes there comes a poet who, with vision wide-flung across the centuries, sees human life in relation to the vast changes of the universe and of time. He shows again the forgotten glory of life and, holding the part to be as great as the whole, inspires the individual with hope and courage, where before there had been only the blankness of despair. For the life of the individual is, after all, of the supremest importance. Nothing else matters. And this life is built on elemental passions as simple now as ever. The individual may rise to heights of self-abnegation, his life is none the less personal, a working out of the destiny of the individual soul. But we do not see this drama of life until the artist-poet paints it, putting his interpretation upon the things that are.

Something of the wonder, the joy, the sorrow, the reality hidden by familiar appearances Fiona Macleod has felt and, so feeling, has written, putting the scenes of his poems and tales so far away that even the narrative is strange and impelling. His

people live in the Gaelic lands of Western Europe, sunlit for us by the fire of imagination kindled by many poets. He saw the passionate beauty and love in Celtic life, its brightness and glory, its gloom and sorrow. Nature is interwoven with this human life; the same feelings surge through both; the same questions and mysteries. For in the last, is not man one with nature, a part of nature, or at least striving to make himself one with her?

“Many of these tales are of the gray wandering wave of the West, and through each goes the wind of the Gaelic spirit, which everywhere desires infinitude but in the penury of things as they are turns upon itself to the dim enchantment of dreams.

“The old charm and stellar beauty of Celtic thought and imagination, now, alas, like so many other lovely things, growing more and more remote, discoverable seldom in books and elusive amid the sayings and oral legends and fragmentary songs of a passing race.”

Thus Fiona Macleod has himself expressed his purpose.

An historical critic observes:

“The sensibility of the Celtic temper, so quick to perceive beauty, so eager in its thirst for life, its emotions, its adventures, its sorrows, its joys, is tempered by a passionate melancholy that expresses its revolt against the impossible, by an instinct of what is noble, by a sentiment that discovers the weird charm of nature.”

Is there indeed an atmosphere of Celtic poetry and spiritualism which we cannot attain to-day or is it that their poets have glorified and idealised the poetry of life which we overlook?

But whether or not this world of love and nobleness, of beauty and truth, ever existed, matters nothing to us. It existed as truth of interpretation and understanding in the mind of one man and if he has made for us only a dream of joy and life, of sorrow and the sleep of life; even so, surely we owe him gratitude and admiration for the vision. Yet this is not all. For no one of an appreciative spirit can read these poems without acknowledging that Fiona Macleod, in interpreting the almost inexpressible moods of his own personality, finds an echo, not only in the heart of an ancient people but also in the soul of all peoples of the Western world. Our life from day to day covers and hides, suppresses or diverts the emotions they lived openly, yet the emotion is there. Unexpressed, almost unfelt by consciousness, yet we also have, as deeply, as really as they, joy and sorrow, love and anger, the courage of fighting, the bitterness of defeat and the glory of conquering.

Even as they, we too feel the mystery of life and its end, the inexplicable mystery which inspires by turn resignation or anguish, which comes in upon us everywhere, every day, while we strive with the clamour and haste of our life to push it away into a wider circle. Yet at times a man looks away from the world to the circling gloom, and when he looks back again on his own people he sees them always against this background. It intensifies their joy but also their sorrow. It ennobles life but makes it also a thing of the moment, a possession of which the tenure is so uncertain that it might seem of no value. Yet a man strong of heart and spirit, seeing this, rejoices that it is so, and holding on high the golden chalice of life, drains together the bitter and the sweet.

This is the fatalism of the Celts, probably a courage born of the bitter ages, probably inherent in the Celtic temperament, a fearlessness that faces

unflinchingly the ironical destiny of man. Religions washed up against this life and took its form—Celt, Druid, Christian—but its life is the same, its essential meaning unchanged. Strangely compounded of primitive thought which is ignobly criticised as Paganism; of a temperament brooding over centuries of war and conquest; a sympathy for Nature such as is found in no other people; and a world religion of consolation and mystery half suiting the inherent tendency. It is this life which Fiona Macleod has so exquisitely sketched.

It is a difficult thing to do, to put the heart of a people into a book, to express its soul in sound and colour and word. Yet this is what art has to do. This is what Fiona Macleod has tried to do, and reading his books, one cannot but be profoundly impressed by a spirit and temperament different from that of the present but deeply thoughtful of the unchanging, elemental mysteries.

When William Sharp, the man of letters, saw this vision clearly he became "Fiona Macleod," and his literary reputation as William Sharp has been lost in the interest, the discussion, the criticism and appreciation aroused by the Celtic poetry and tales of Fiona Macleod. So different indeed was this work from his acknowledged writings that at his death he was considered to have had a dual personality. Mrs. Sharp even advances this idea, which appears unnecessary if one considers all the work in orderly evolution. The two mental worlds in which he lived existed side by side, merging one into the other. Nay, the one, superficial as it may seem in comparison, must have offered, more deeply to him than appears in those early writings, the same problems as the later. But in his interpretation of Celtic life he found a field which suited his genius and temperament. Without a doubt, it offered also a freer scope for an imagination that sought extraordinary emotion and symbols of mystery.

Fiona Macleod affects one at first like all great artists—the impulse is to quote, to let the books speak for themselves. As they are now issued in revised edition, his work includes sketches of Gaelic life from primitive times to our own day. We see the past in the present, the present in the past. “It is of least moment,” he said, “what is in the tale: it is of the moment what atmosphere of ideal beauty has remained with it out of the mind of the dreamer who shaped it, out of the love of generations for whom it has been full of a perpetual sweet newness as of summer-dawn, for whom it has been as fresh as moon-dew glistening on banks of thyme along old grassy ways.” But, while this is true, he has freed himself from many limitations by being able to isolate completely this life of which he writes.

It is worthy of note that the style shows marked improvement from the first editions to the last. There is a perfection in these which the early ones lack. With his subject matter he could easily have fallen into the grave fault of affectation. His sincerity and earnestness saved him from this, but anything that savoured of mannerism in his early work has disappeared in the polished form. As one reads one cannot but feel that this art, conscious as it was at first, became easier for the later books, a joy to the writer himself as to us today. The language is music. The sentences are always effective. The choice of simple words combined to form a strange atmosphere and compel admiration for him as an artist in language alone. There is a special vocabulary, not of dialect words only but of English words in daily use; a list could be made if one were so ruthlessly analytical of the words and expressions which especially are distinctive of these books. It is unforgettable, this art of Fiona Macleod's. It is, however, not merely art which we recognise in these books, but a dream of loveliness, beauty and truth.

The stories are old and modern, of Celtic times, Viking, Christian, and the present. The influence of each shows distinctly in the life of the time and in the succeeding generations. But the dominating themes are the same in every age—life and love and death.

“The great winding sheets that bury all things in oblivion are two: Love, that makes oblivious of life; and, Death, that obliterates Love.”

And always the scenes are painted against the sky and sea, in the colour and light and sound of nature, of which our life is but a part.

The purely pagan tales have a joyousness and fearlessness and a freedom from soul struggle that seems to come with Christianity. In *Deirdré*, an old Celtic story retold, sorrow is not pain, while joy becomes something almost supernatural. It has none of the savagery of the stories of Viking times, nor the bitter poignancy of the stories of soul-struggle. In these we see the truth of the Christian religion as it appeared in the West in the dawn of history, the secret of its appeal and consolation in all the centuries. It is remarkable that the conflict here between Christianity and paganism is not as brutal nor as savage as in Continental Europe. The legend of Saint Bride is exquisitely illustrative of this, while Cathal of the Woods shows the virility with which the surging blood of the old instincts threw aside the shielding severities of the new religion.

“Destiny” is the master word of the men and women of whom Fiona Macleod has written. They live as Fate directs their living:

“None knoweth a better thing than this:  
The Sword, Love, Song, Honour, Sleep.  
None knoweth a surer thing than this:  
Birth, Sorrow, Pain, Weariness, Death.”

They met the good things with joy, the sure things with an endurance and courage which robbed them of their terror.

It is perhaps in expressing love, its moods and influence, that Fiona Mac-

leod is almost unique, certainly most original and most prolific. Without doubt it is this emotion which dominates the lives of the people of whom he writes—a natural dominion usually, and beautiful but sometimes tragic in its course and influence. "Pharais" and "The Mountain Lovers," his two first books, are of bitter unassuaged love, cursed and doomed, and of joy ending in the grave; yet the lovers had committed no wrong. The influences of the past and present overcame their strength, then came weariness and death. Disharmony as poignant as this faces all—in poetry, in story, in science and history. It is a problem for all—Celt and Saxon and Latin, ancient and modern.

Bound up in his portrayal of love are his pictures of women, drawn so perfectly that his delineation of men becomes in comparison of less interest. The exquisite delicacy of his life of Sainte Bride, her beauty and tenderness and devotion, cannot be described. But his studies of pagan women are more striking than those of modern times. This is probably due to their naturally different character. *Deirdrè* will endure forever in memory as a picture of perfect womanhood, while the barbarian *Morna*, laughing at the crucified Christians, *Ahez*, and the cruel *Scathach* stamp themselves indelibly on the mind.

The story of *Ulaf* and *Fand* and that of *Isla* and *Eilidh* penetrate the heart of love to the soul of life. Each is entirely different, but the lesson is unmistakable.

*Ulaf* the poet-king made *Fand* from a mass of white blossoms, then sought to find in her as a woman a soul that would mate with his. She was silent in her refusal. Then he begged her for her love, praising her beauty. She came to him laughing, promising him enduring love.

"'Ay,' he said, looking beyond her, 'if I feed thee and call thee my woman and find pleasure in thee and give thee my manhood.'

"'And what wouldst thou else, O Ulaf?'

"'I am called Ulaf the loney,' he answered: this, and no more.'"

Then by his power, leaving *Fand* a scattered heap of white blossoms, he expressed the insufficiency of this love:

"'O woman that would not come to me, when I called out of that within me which is I myself, farewell.'"

*Isla* and *Eilidh* show the ideal to which modern thought tends and express in a symbolic way the immortality of the race and the influence of the individual extending after death. *Isla* slain, sees after death his son, who is to inherit his genius and carry on his life.

"'Isla shall never die,' whispered the child, 'for Eilidh loved him and I am Isla and Eilidh.'"

The story concludes

"'But are they gone, these twain who loved with deathless love? Or is this a dream that I have dreamed?'

"'Afar in an island-sanctuary that I shall not see again, where the wind chants the blind oblivious rime of Time, I have heard the grasses whisper: Time never was, Time is not.'"

In the book of poems, "From the Hills of Dream," is a most remarkable poem, "The Rune of Women." It is a poem of such power, such poignancy and bitterness that one hesitates at an analysis. As an interpretation it has never been surpassed. To soften the harshness of its truth one can say that it is an expression of an age-long war and sorrow now passing over into a saner, happier life, the thought of which concludes the romance, "Green Fire."

"'We speak of Mother Nature, but we do not discern the living truth behind our words. How few of us have the vision of this great brooding Mother, whose garment is the earth and sea, whose head is pillowed among the stars: she who, with death and sleep as her familiar shapes, soothes and rests all the weariness of the world, from the wandering leaf to the beating pulse, from the brief span of a human heart to the furrowing of granite brows by the uninterrupted sun, the hounds of rain and wind, and the untrammelled airs of heaven.

"'Not cruel, relentless, impotently anarchic, chaotically potent, this Mater Genetrix. We see her thus, who are flying threads in

the boom she weaves. But she is patient, abiding, certain, inviolate, and silent ever. It is only when we come to this vision of her whom we call Isis, or Hera, or Orchil, or one of a hundred other names, our unknown Earth-Mother, that men and women will know each other aright, and go hand in hand along the road of life, without striving to crush, to subdue, to usurp, to retaliate, to separate."

The human race is thus identified with nature, becomes a part of nature, and we realise the intimate association of natural beauty, awe and mystery with the beauty, and happiness, the awfulness and mystery, of human life. "That we are intimately at one with nature is a cosmic truth we are all slowly approaching. Truly we are all one. It is a common tongue we speak, though the wave has its own whisper, and the wind its own sigh, and the lip of man its word, and the heart of woman its silence."

Every page of Fiona Macleod's work is crossed by some exquisite glimpse of nature, yet the description of the natural is always a part of the narrative and closely connected with the mood of the character. In "Green Fire" the poet-astronomer watched the nightly procession of the stars:

"With him, the peopled solitude of night was a concourse of confirming voices. He did not dread the silence of the stars, the cold remoteness of the stellar fire. . . . In the vast majestic order of that nocturnal march, that diurnal retreat, he had learned the law of the whirling leaf and the falling star, of the slow-moon-delayed comet and of the slower wane of solar fires. Looking with visionary eyes into that congregation of stars, he realised, not the littleness of the human dream but its divine impulsion."

This intimate oneness with nature even translates human feeling into natural images as where a brilliant metaphor strikes one with the vividness of an actual scene:

"The exultant Celtic joy stood over against the brooding Celtic shadow, and believed the lances of the sunlight could keep at bay all the battalions of gloom."

It is an interesting point to notice in this connection that while sounds, lights and colours are brought to us with the vividness of reality, and

fragrance is mentioned occasionally, yet nothing is characterised by its touch or feeling quality. It is this which gives a peculiar brightness, delicacy, and gracefulness to the description of persons and of nature. Merely as a descriptive touch, could the art of this be surpassed:

"I could hear nothing but the soft, swift slipping feet of the wind among the rocks and grass and a noise of the tide crawling up from a shore hidden behind crags."

Even his hope of success as an artist of life Fiona Macleod has expressed in a nature picture:

"A handful of pine-seed will cover mountains with the green majesty of forest, and so I too will set my face to the wind and throw my handful of seed on high."

They who are tired of life deserve death. They who die who are not tired desire immortality. The hope of both lies in God. So many-sided, so universal, is the Celtic thought of death.

The old man says:

"I the shadow am that seeks the darkness,  
Age, that hath the face of Night unstarred  
and moonless,  
Age, that doth extinguish star and planet,  
Moon and sun and all the fiery worlds,  
Give me now thy darkness and thy silence."

But what bitterness is like the bitterness of early death?

"Green wind from the green-gold branches,  
what is the song you bring?

What are all songs to me now, who no more care to sing?

Deep in the heart of summer, sweet is life to me still,

But my life is a lonely hunter that hunts on a lonely hill.

Green is that hill and lonely, set far in a shadowy place;

White is the hunter's quarry, a lost-loved human face;

O hunting heart, shall you find it, with arrow of failing breath,

Lead o'er the green hill lonely by the shadowy hound of Death?"

At the conclusion of "The Divine Adventure" there is the most intimate and profound contemplation of death and immortality:

"When, tired, I lay down the pen, and with it the last of mortal uses, it will be to face the glory of a new day. I have no fear. I shall not leave all I have loved, for I have that in me which binds me to this beautiful world, for another life at least,

it may be for many lives. And that within me which dreamed and hoped shall now more gladly and wonderfully dream, and hope, and seek, and know, and see ever deeper and further into the mystery of beauty and truth. And that within me, which *knew*, now *knows*. In the deepest sense there is no spiritual dream that is not true, no hope that shall for ever go famished, no tears that shall not be gathered into the brooding skies of compassion, to fall again in healing dew.

"Once more, beyond the fuchsia-bushes, the sea sighs, as it feels the long shore with a continuous foamless wave. In the little room below, the lamp is lit; for the glow falls warmly upon the gravel path, shell-bordered, and upon the tufted mignonette, sea-pinks, and feathery southernwood. The sound of hushed voices rise. And now the end is come. I have no fear. And so, farewell."

Such is Fiona Macleod's interpretation of life, the Celtic spirit, nature, and the end of the soul of man. But, after reading it, one's question is the same as before: How will it appeal to Canadian thought? Frankly, one hesitates.

A man of Anglo-Saxon temperament shrinks from laying bare in art the wounds of life, preferring rather that they should be calloused, covered, ignored. But behind differences of temperament, of race, and time, there are fundamental questions which Fiona Macleod has fearlessly dealt with and which we also have to meet. Our religions and philosophies are made up, consciously or unconsciously, of just these insistent questions and vague answers which never satisfy. But Fiona Macleod is touched with the Celtic spirit of mysticism and with practical, clear-cut minds, this prevents appreciation of the essential truths of his philosophy.

Even between materialism and mysticism in the last analysis there is no difference. They are one in their hopelessness. Each formulates the despair of human thought over human life. One man says: "The anguish of the fear of death to my love is more than I can bear. The soul of love is immortal." It is the poignant cry of one self against the

destiny, slow-moving but sure, that grants to each one a moment before the light fails. Another man, tortured, dulls the pain thus: "Our life is of the moment, then ends. Let us



FIONA MACLEOD

live while we live." The pain is the same for each—for each the long silence and loneliness, the ignorance and blind hope. So, in the end, do mysticism and materialism and all such words become sounds, sounds only, from the wearied heart of man.

Probably some day—nay, surely—science and knowledge and philosophy will make our life safe and happy, with a minimum of pain. But that day is not yet. Still we are, in Fiona Macleod's phrase, "That bitter clan called the human," and while we are so, we are glad of a master's books that set an ideal of enduring joy and sustaining fearlessness even to death, which is rest.

"For the genius of the Celtic race stands out now with averted torch, and the light of it is a glory before the eyes, and the flame of it is blown into the hearts of the stronger people."



## The WAY of LETTERS

IT is a dull month just now that does not record the publication of a new book on Canada. One of the latest in this connection is entitled "The Golden Land," by Harold Copping. It is a "true story of British settlers in Canada." We believe that it is true, and, while it does not comprehend the whole story of British settlers in this country, it is a spicy, observant, faithful account of what one man encountered in the course of an earnest endeavour to experience all that the average emigrant from the British Isles undergoes from the time of his embarkation at Liverpool until his final disposition in the Canadian West. This book is interesting to Canadians, because it gives the impressions of one who as journalist has been trained to receive impressions in an open and unbiased manner. It is doubly interesting to the one who intends to emigrate, but it not only gives him a most entertaining account of what one is likely to encounter, but it offers as well much inoffensive advice and suggestion. The author is enthusiastic over the prospects of settlement in Canada, but he is not extravagant, and there is every evidence that he has gone about with his eyes and ears open and made honest effort to get at the truth, with the result that the

book will serve as an incitement to many Old Country lads to make their way to this land of opportunity. Great praise is given to the work done by the Government in looking to the needs and comfort of prospective settlers and in assisting to locate intelligently. Naturally, a writer coming from England to Canada will wish to make comparison, and Mr. Copping frequently indulges this wish. For instance, he says:

"Social conditions in Canada are, in truth, a delightful burlesque of those in England. In my native land one has to plead and wait and scheme for opportunities to earn small wages. But I had not been an hour on Canadian soil before there came a tempting financial offer for my services as a house decorator. And this was but the first of many unsought opportunities to engage in remunerative toil. True, no one stopped me in the street and offered to hire me as a journalist or author; but at any moment I could have got my three dollars a day if only in response to eager solicitation, I would turn over a new leaf and become a railroad navy or farm hand."

The author was accompanied in his travels by his artist brother, Harold Copping. Twenty-four full-page illustrations in colours, the work of the brother, add greatly to the attractiveness of the book. These drawings are almost as realistic as photographs, while they have the added merit of colour. (London: Hodder & Stough-

ton. Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

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WHEN Agnes and Egerton Castle set out to write a romance they usually succeed in adding to the gaiety of nations. It is more than a decade since the appearance of "The Pride of Jennico," and, following that initial success, there has been a widening stream of Castle stories, until the public looks for an annual output of fiction by these happy collaborators. Once upon a time they wrote a novel that was both sordid and dismal; but, as a golden rule, their novels are sunshiny and fragrant. "If Youth But Knew" and "Rose of the World," to say nothing of "The Star Dreamer," are stories with the scent of old-world gardens.

Their latest novel, "Panther's Club," if not quite so good as the three books just named, has sufficient sparkle to distinguish it from most of the popular romances. The "Panther" is a prima donna, "La Marmora," with a dash of cayenne in her hair, and more than a sprinkling of that fiery matter in her temperament. She stamps and shrieks, on the slightest provocation, and possesses neither manners, morals, nor a sense of humour. Her shrewish antics become rather tiresome before the end of the story; but her career has so disastrous a termination that she probably serves the useful purpose of an "awful warning." Her daughter, *Fifi*, is a charming and dainty young girl, who has inherited from her mother nothing more dangerous nor undesirable than physical loveliness, and who has an innate delicacy which keeps her aloof from the sordidness of "La Marmora's" adventures. The redeeming power of love for their radiant girl, on the world-wearied *Lord Desmond Brooke*, is convincingly portrayed and the conventional conclusion is happily reached.

The story is extremely modern in its setting and style, and gives one a vivid impression of London's ultra-smart and semi-artistic circle. There is more than one character to be remembered—old *Fritz* and *Cassandra*, *Lady Sturminster*, being more poignant than either hero or heroine. *Cassandra's* brave mask of comedy for a life's tragedy has a quaint bravery, which gives her a place among the author's most notable dames. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

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"THE ANDERSONS," by S. MacNaughtan, is a delightful study of Scottish character which displays the diverting as well as the dour aspects of the true Caledonian. For an afternoon of quiet chuckles you cannot get anything better than "The Andersons." Of course, there is pathos, too, for no Scottish romance is complete without a touch of tears. There is also an heiress of wonderful beauty who sweeps the timid suitor off his feet, only to make him fall at hers. The most unforgettable character in the chronicle, however, is the determined spinster, who supports the theories of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Superman" by pursuing the man of her choice with relentless stubbornness, until—. But we shall not spoil the story for such as enjoy a chase. (Toronto: Copp, Clark and Company).

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WATERED literature, like watered stock, covers a lot of paper, but is not worth much. Mr. S. R. Crockett has been diluting his output very liberally of late years, and the result is disheartening to the reader. When one compares "Love in Pernicketty Town" (or any of the author's last half-dozen novels) with "The Raiders" or "The Lilac Sunbonnet"—but if one is wise one will not compare. "Love in Pernicketty

Town" reminds us irresistibly of that classic line, "The time has come, the walrus said, to talk of many things!" In fact, a more curious literary mixture one could seldom come across. "Hash" is a word which applies itself naturally to the result—but hash with a necessary flavour lacking—perhaps Mr. Crockett forgot the salt! The ordinary constituents of Mr. Crockett's fiction are all there—the gossips, the kirk, the learned doctor, the pretty tease, the low-comedy serving maid, with her many lovers; the motherly landlady, the interesting (and conceited) young man; but added to these we have an hypnotic revivalist who is really quite shocking! Unfortunately, this revivalist is not a good mixer. His atmosphere and Mr. Crockett's atmosphere refuse to mingle. He is so outside the picture that it is impossible to believe in his reality. We are told that *Jan* who is on the verge of falling in love with the interesting young man, is taken captive by the mesmeric force of this revivalist. Having one wife already, he cannot marry her, and she is saved from running away with him only by the old ruse of a substituted letter. He goes alone, or, rather, with his proper wife, but distance does not dissipate the enchantment and in the end poor *Jan* loses not her honour but her life. Her death occurs at the same moment as that of the evangelist. This ought to be impressive, but the incident is not well managed and the effect is lost. It is melodrama ill-staged and poorly acted. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

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**T**HERE can be no doubt from title or illustrated cover that "The Girl on the Other Seat," by Henry Kitchell Webster, is an automobile story. It is a great deal more than that, since, in addition to a trip of the hero and heroine, there is an automobile race, and the car itself enters

as a character in the plot. *Tony Longstreet* is a gentleman professional, who has won the "Grand Prix" and a number of Vanderbilt cups with his ninety-horse-power car. *Clarissa Ellsworth* is another prize he wins with it; and this is the victory the story narrates in a most interesting way. The girl was worth winning, even if there was little new in her or her conquest. She is the type of much-loved heroine—innocent, frank, and an outdoor girl. He is just as ordinary a hero—big, strong, steady, stupid enough to make complications, and an outdoor man. She is rich and he, having invented an engine to use as substitute for gasoline, saves himself the humiliation of borrowing from her. The conversations are unusually well handled, and the author has grasped the wisdom of length to suit his theme, making the book a good one for summer reading. (Toronto; the Copp, Clark Company, Limited).

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**I**N England family counts for everything when family means anything. With this fact in mind, John Galsworthy, whose novel, "Fraternity," earned for him a splendid reputation as a writer, conceived the basis for a romance that appeared recently as "The Patrician." The central story is that of a young statesman whose misfortune it is to fall in love with one of the tenants on the family estate—a beautiful young woman living quite alone, whose antecedents are obscure. It turns out that she is the wife of a clergyman from whom she is separated, but without divorce. Now for this young statesman, this representative of the patrician class, to marry the woman he loves, should she procure a divorce, is one of the things forbidden by the unwritten law, one of the things that his family would move heaven and earth to prevent. He may live with her, if he chooses, provided he does so quietly and with-

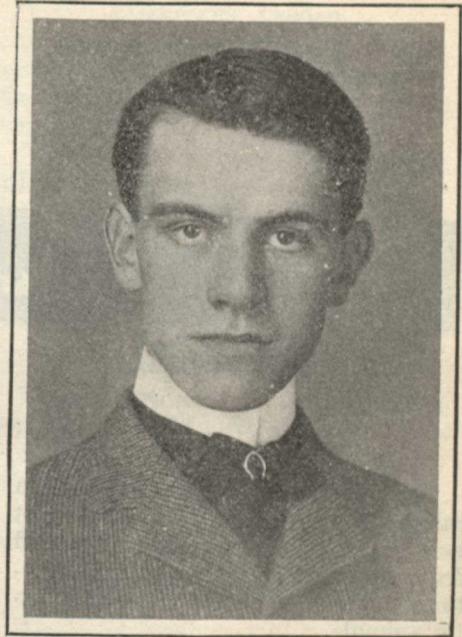
out scandal; that is nobody's business save their own. But marriage with a divorced woman happens to be one of the things forbidden. The story is worked out quietly and with Mr. Galsworthy's wonted refinement of art, to the logical conclusion of gray and quiet tragedy. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

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**H**OW love of money becomes a corrupting evil in some otherwise admirable lives is the kernel of a new story by Thomas Dixon. Of course, it is a time-worn theme, but the author has introduced new and clever situations, and has constructed a strong and telling plot. *Nan*, the chief feminine character, is loved by two men, one the head of a powerful trust, who sacrifices everything in order to make money, the other a poor, but honest, lawyer. Although it seems as if the lawyer has obtained all that the girl at one time desired, she marries the man of money because the love of power and luxury has grown with her into a subduing passion. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

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**ELIZA CALVERT HALL** has written another strong tale of "Kentucky." It comes in the form of a novelette, entitled "To Love and to Cherish." A young Kentucky mountaineer, who has become a judge and is offered the party nomination for the governorship, declines this hope which he has cherished for years because he feels that the simple sweetness and domesticity of his wife is not suited to the conventions of office. Rather than expose himself to the possibility of estrangement from his wife through the artificialities of position, he retires into private life,



MR. HULBERT FOOTNER, OF HAMILTON, ONTARIO,  
AUTHOR OF "TWO ON THE TRAIL"

blessed with his wife's love and the happiness of his home and children. It is a simple theme, and it is told in a simple, wholesome manner. (Boston: Little, Brown & Company).

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**W**HETHER episodes dealing with the supernatural are true or not they are always interesting, particularly if the author avers that they are true. "Recollections of a Society Clairvoyant," an anonymous volume of recent publication, will scarcely be regarded as a scientific contribution to the literature of occultism, for the mere fact that it is anonymous detracts from its value as such. Nevertheless, to the person who is attracted by strange experiences and who likes to listen to those who claim to possess psychic powers this book will be read with avidity. (London: G. Bell & Sons).





### NOT TOOTHsome

The Porcupine has long been called the prospector's life saver, but here is what a prospector returned from Stewart has been telling a Victoria newspaper about the fretful little animal:

He's a beggar to cook. On my last trip I met a well-known old-timer, Tony Manaar. I asked him how to cook and eat the porkless porcupine. "Kill, skin, and boil it," said Tony, "throw the water away. Boil it again; throw the water away again. Then boil it a third time, and again throw the water away. Boil it a fourth time, and, if it still needs it, a fifth time. Then put it in your 'gold-pan,' carry it for about eight hundred feet from camp, and then—throw it away!" Sounds appetising, eh?—*Canadian Collier's*.



FOOTBALL ENTHUSIAST: "Pass out to the wing, mister! You'll never get it by him." —*Punch*

### THE MINUTE MAN

Tommy—"My gran'pa wuz in th' Civil War, an' he lost a leg or a arm in every battle he fit in!"

Johnny—"Gee! How many battles was he in?"

Tommy—"About forty."—*Toledo Blade*.

\*

### A LITTLE OUTING

Bilter (at servants' agency)—"Have you got a cook who will go to the country?"

Manager (calling out to girls in next room)—"Is there any one here who would like to spend a day in the country?"—*Life*.

\*

### HIS NERVE

Assistant—"Mr. Grumbley writes: 'I don't see how you can have nerve to sell your worthless remedy for fifty cents a bottle.'"

Manager—"Well, strike out 'have nerve to' and 'worthless,' and put the letter in our testimonials."—*Christian Intelligencer*.

\*

### THE TEST

"Des yo' believ dat Jim Johnson am really converted?"

"'Deed I does. I'se bin visitin' his house fo' de last free months, an' dey hasn't had a mouthful ob chicken."—*Christian Advocate*.

## A SUCCESS

The Girl—"What's your opinion of women who imitate men?"

The Man—"They're idiots!"

The Girl—"Then the imitation is successful."—*Toledo Blade*.

\*

## A POOR ADVISER

Skinflint—"I have no money, but I will give you a little advice."

Beggar—"Well, if yer hain't got no money yer advice can't be very valuable."—*Christian Advocate*.

\*

## DIPLOMATIC

"Jinx lied to me yesterday in order to get off to go to the ball game. He said his wife's mother was dead."

"I think you are mistaken. I heard what he said."

"Then what was it?"

"He said he would like to attend his mother-in-law's funeral."—*Houston Post*.

\*

## PATIENCE

"But it seems to take all your patients a long time to get well, doctor."

"Yes; but as soon as I begin to get a larger practice I can afford to let my patients get well quicker."—*Houston Post*.

\*

## LEAVING HIM AT SEA

"Could you do something for a poor old sailor?" asked the seedy-looking wanderer at the gate.

"Poor old sailor?" echoed the lady at work at the tub.

"Yes'm, I follered the wotter for sixteen years."

"Well," said the woman, after a critical look, "you certainly don't look as if you ever caught up with it."

Then she resumed her labours.—*Ideas*.

## AMERICANS ABROAD

A number of tourists were recently looking down the crater of Vesuvius. An American gentleman said to his companion:

"That looks a good deal like the infernal regions."

An English lady, overhearing the remark, said to another:

"Good gracious! How these Americans do travel."—*Lippincott's*.

\*

## PREFERABLE

The old saw says: "Let a sleeping dog lie." Right. Still, when there is much at stake, it is better to get a newspaper to do it.—*The Lutheran*.

\*

## NOT THEN

"Do you think a memory for dates helps a man?"

"Sometimes," replied Farmer Corntassel. "But not when he is selling spring chickens."—*Washington Star*.



"Gosh Durn it! I'll learn to play this fool game if it takes the hull afternoon!"

—*Life*

## A CASE OF FALSE PRETENCES

God made man upright, but he hath sought out many inventions. Among others one to cheat hens and flowers of their sleep. It is a cruel new kind of electric light which gives such a plausible imitation of daylight that indoor daffodils and other potted flowers can not close their eyes, but bloom themselves to death in short order. As for the rubber plant, it hasn't a chance to quit rubbering, and expires in spasms of nervous prostration. Placed in the poultry house, this dreadful light keeps the hens working night shifts, laying eggs until they are worn to a shadow. The fool hens never stop to think. The only redeeming feature about it is that it cuts light bills down two-thirds.—*Canadian Collier's*.

\*

## HE KNEW

"The Malays have a queer marriage custom," remarked the traveller. "The groom holds his nose against a small cylindrical object. I couldn't quite make out what it was——"

"A grindstone, probably," interposed Mr. Grouch.—*Kansas City Times*.



The National Anthem. —*Jugend* (Berlin)

## THE CHAMPION

Irate Visitor—"I call this a downright fraud! You advertise on your bills, 'The Most Remarkable Dwarf in the World,' and he turns out to be five feet, five inches high."

Bland Showman—"Exactly so, sir. That's just what's so remarkable about him. He's the tallest dwarf on record."—*Tit-Bits*.

\*

## THE LAST STRAW

Old Money (dying)—"I'm afraid I've been a brute to you sometimes, dear."

Young Wife—"Oh, never mind that, darling; I'll always remember how very kind you were when you left me."—*Sidney Bulletin*.

\*

## NO WONDER

Mrs. Baye—"She is simply mad on the subject of germs, and sterilises or filters everything in the house."

"How does she get along with her family?"

"Oh, even her relations are strained."—*Tit-Bits*.

\*

## THE ONLY WAY OUT

Peter (sent for the milk)—"Oh, mercy, I've drunk too much of it! What shall we do?"

Small Brother—"Easy. We'll drop the jug."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

\*

## NOTHING IN IT

"I regard conversation as a gift," remarked the studious woman.

"It usually is," replied Miss Cayenne. "If people had to pay for it there would be much less of it."—*Washington Star*.

\*

## A TRIUMPH

"Was Helen's marriage a success?"

"Goodness, yes. Why, she is going to marry a nobleman on the alimony."—*Judge*.