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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1901.



PUBLISHED BY
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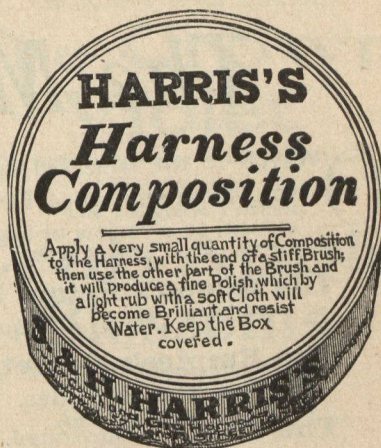
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The March List.

OWING to the lamented death of Our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria, the March number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be devoted, to some extent, to a review of her illustrious reign. Among the articles will be:

The Queen's Prime Ministers—Illustrated.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.

The Empire's Growth Under Victoria.

The Hon. Geo. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario.

The Queen—Illustrated.

When the Prince of Wales Visited Canada—Illustrated.

R. T. Lancefield, Hamilton Librarian.

The New King—Illustrated.

In addition, the March number will contain a liberal supply of miscellany, short stories, book reviews, etc. Among the articles there will be the following:

A Honeymoon in a Sailing Dinghy, being the account of a three weeks' trip through the Islands of Georgian Bay in a twelve-foot boat, taken by an adventuresome newly-married couple from Toronto. This will be profusely illustrated with drawings from photographs taken on the trip.

How a Census is Taken, by E. J. TOKER.

The Guardians of the Boy, Story by W. A. FRASER, being second last of series entitled "Mooswa."

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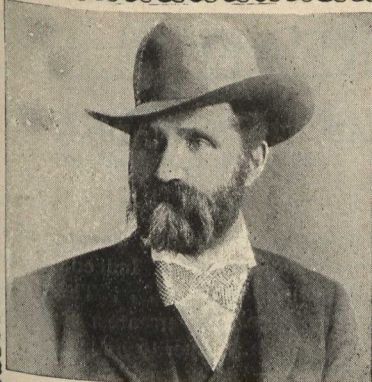
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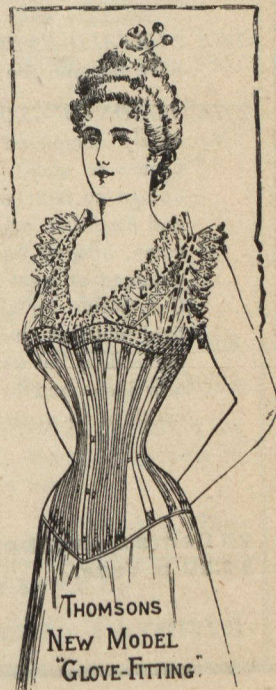
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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE says: "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for December is a Magazine that Canada should be proud of. Our Dominion gains in prestige when represented by people and things of worth, and the literary people of Canada, who have brought forth much to be proud of, may well point to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE as a fitting example of what can be done by Canadians."

SATURDAY JOURNAL of Hamilton remarks: "The January CANADIAN MAGAZINE is a twentieth century number and is full of good things."

THE MORNING GUARDIAN of Charlottetown says: "We are glad to learn that this excellent and truly CANADIAN MAGAZINE is prospering, and enters upon the new century with double the number of readers that it had a year ago. With the liberal support now assured comes a well-grounded promise of still greater excellence in future numbers."

THE DETROIT FREE PRESS reviews the January issue and adds: "With stories, verses and well-chosen miscellany the publishers fill out an excellent issue of a progressive periodical."

THE BUFFALO EXPRESS speaking of the departments in the MAGAZINE says they "already have become the most valuable literary records and critical reviews in Canada."

THE TORONTO GLOBE in a recent editorial says: "THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE has now nearly completed its eighth year of publication, and it gives every evidence of having 'come to stay.' That many previous efforts of the same kind were unsuccessful was due to no fault of their promoters: The market was small; the competition of English and American magazines was formidable. The difficulty at last seems to have been overcome, and we have a Magazine which is thoroughly creditable to Canada, and which has obtained at least a fair measure of the public support it deserves. The task of selecting the matter for the Magazine is one of very considerable difficulty, because of the wide field which it covers. . . . We do not wish to infer that the Magazine has reached perfection, but we do think that it has shown an enterprise and an eagerness to enter in new ideas and to place the work of Canadian writers before the Canadian people which entitle it to a very hearty support."

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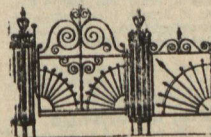
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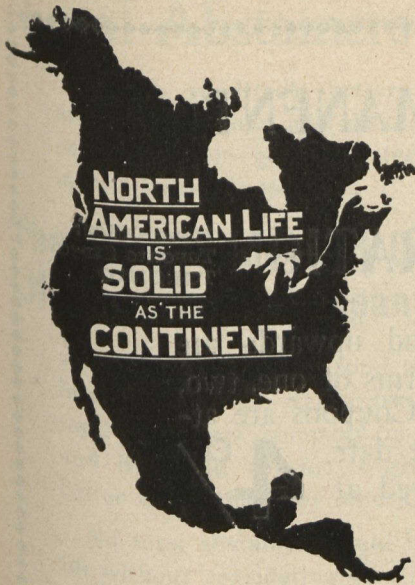
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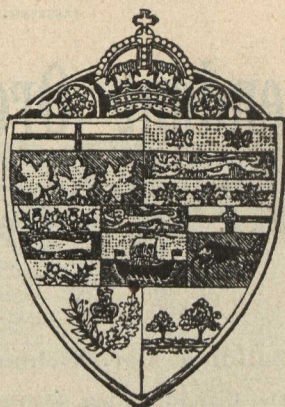
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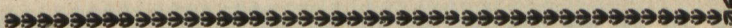
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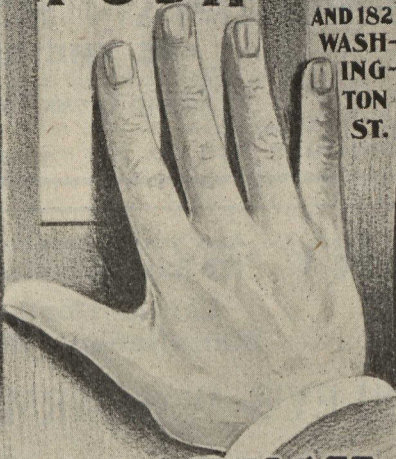
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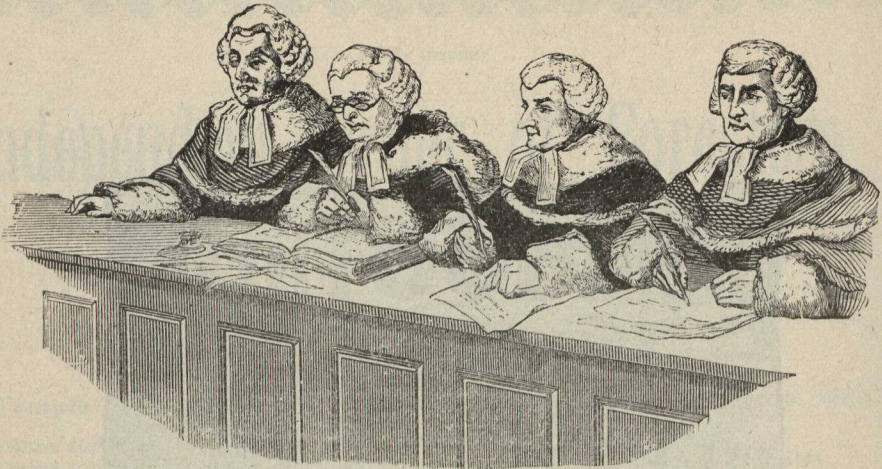
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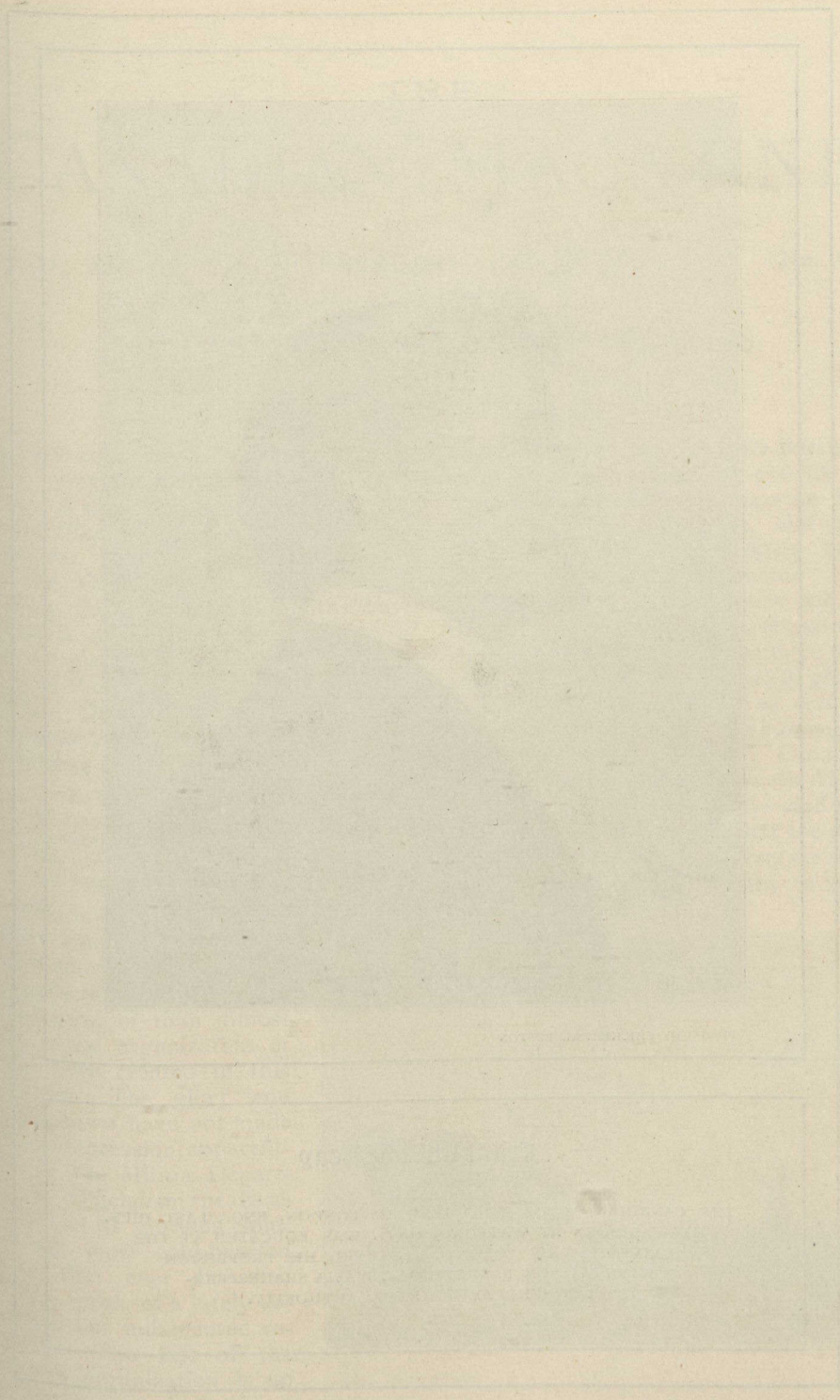




PHOTO BY CHICKERING, BOSTON

Franklin McLeay

THE CANADIAN ACTOR WHO DIED IN LONDON, ENG., LAST JULY.
HE WAS BORN AT WATFORD, ONT., WAS EDUCATED AT THE
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, LEARNED HIS PROFESSION
WITH WILSON BARRETT, AND WAS A SHAKESPEAR-
IAN SCHOLAR OF SOME AUTHORITY.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVI

FEBRUARY, 1901

No. 4

THE PASSING OF THE CONTINGENTS.

By Norman Patterson.

MEN come upon the stage of life, play their little parts and pass out. A short obituary notice is the reward alike of the nobleman and the labourer. Such it appears is the fate of the Canadian contingents which during the past fifteen months have claimed so much of the attention of the people of Canada, and to some extent of the people of the world. In the Militia Orders issued at Ottawa on Thursday, December 27th, appears the following two-line notice:

"It is notified for information of all concerned that the 2nd (Special Service) Battalion, Royal Canadian Regiment, will be disbanded from the 31st inst."

This is the last of a regiment which has brought more glory and renown to Canada than any of its predecessors, or than almost any other organization of men ever created in this country. The glory and the renown have not made much impression, apparently, in the Militia Department. Officialism speaks as coldly of its glorious child, as the most cold-hearted heir that ever breathed could speak of a lately departed but unlamented relative. The fate of the human organization is no brighter, no warmer than the fate of the human unit

that has played out its little part and gone out by the wings into oblivion.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons, The Canadian Mounted Rifles, and The Royal Canadian Field Artillery have returned with equal distinction; and three lines of a military order will be their ending. Strathcona's Horse will shortly return and two lines more will end this little sail upon the sea of glory.

But while officialism is as cold as the red tape with which it is bandaged, the deeds and daring of Canada's sons who have fought in South Africa will live in song and story—and history. They have shown that the men of the Canadian northern zone are men of pluck and brawn—worthy to walk

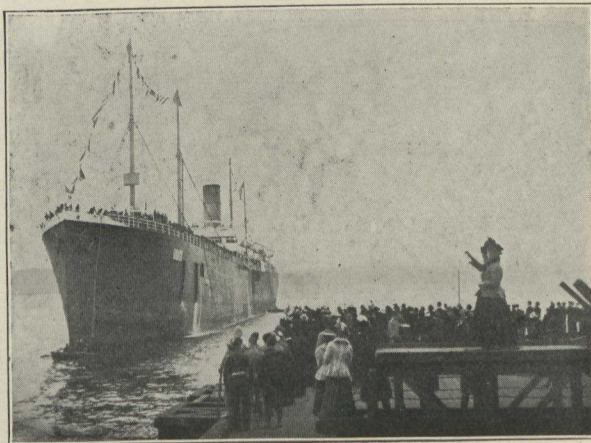
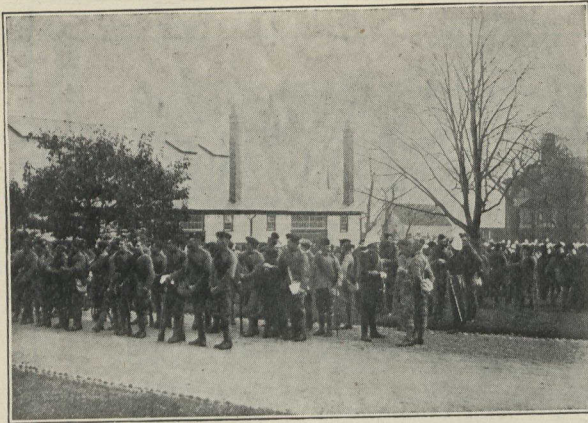


PHOTO BY CURREN

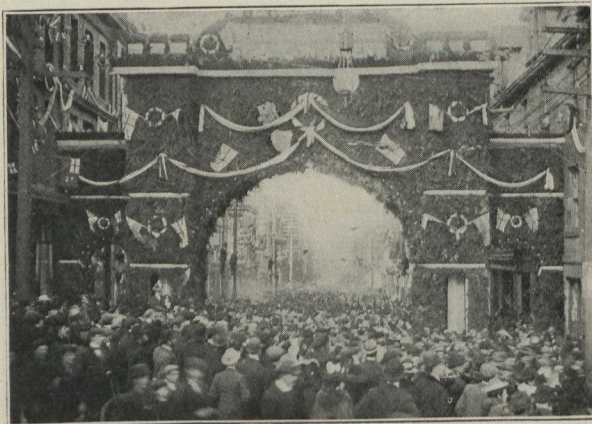
S.S. IDAHO ARRIVING AT HALIFAX WITH RETURNING CANADIAN INFANTRY. NOVEMBER 1ST, 1900



RETURNING CANADIAN INFANTRY IN THE HALIFAX DOCK-
YARDS, ON NOVEMBER 1ST, 1900

proudly beside the best of the British Empire. They have shown themselves aggressive, reliable, energetic, resourceful, gallant and brave. They have made the hearts of their countrymen throb more quickly, and stirred the imagination of this young nation. They may be dead and buried according to officialdom, but their deeds will live after them, their good was not interred with their official bones.

Yes, Johnny Canuck came back—but not all of him. He marched away with a proud lip, but there was little vanity about his countenance when he returned. Men do not go through



PHOTOS BY THOS. J. CURREN, HALIFAX

THE PARADE THROUGH THE STREETS OF HALIFAX

what he did without bearing the mark. His lips are thinner, and they press the one upon the other more than they did when he marched up to the steamer gangway, for it was a long year—oh, so long. The drilling and the marching on that hot African veldt; the sleeping and the groaning when the nights were cold, and blankets and tents far away; the low moaning in the field hospital, on the ambulance train, or in the crowded ward at the base; the hunger that no will-power could sup-

press; the ceaseless anxiety lest a careless movement might mean making himself a target for the enemy's bullet; the lonesomeness for the brothers who were laid away upon the veldt—these were some of the things that left their impress upon him. He went away a boy; he came back a man. He carried away with him a nation's untried shield; he brought it back dented and seamed, but without a stain. He unfurled the northern nation's ensign-banner upon the Empire's battlefield, and the enemy never came within the sacred circle which he guarded. He paraded before the greatest generals of the Empire, and they clapped their hands and shouted, "Bravo." He walked upon the green sward of Her Majesty's Castle-garden, and Her Majesty acknowledged his manliness with a woman's tears. He crossed the ocean with his beloved country's honour in his hand, and he laid it again at her feet unsullied and unsoiled.

Over the veldt there are little mounds and crosses to show where he fought and bled. These monuments will remain. Over the Dominion of Canada, from ocean to ocean, will be rais-

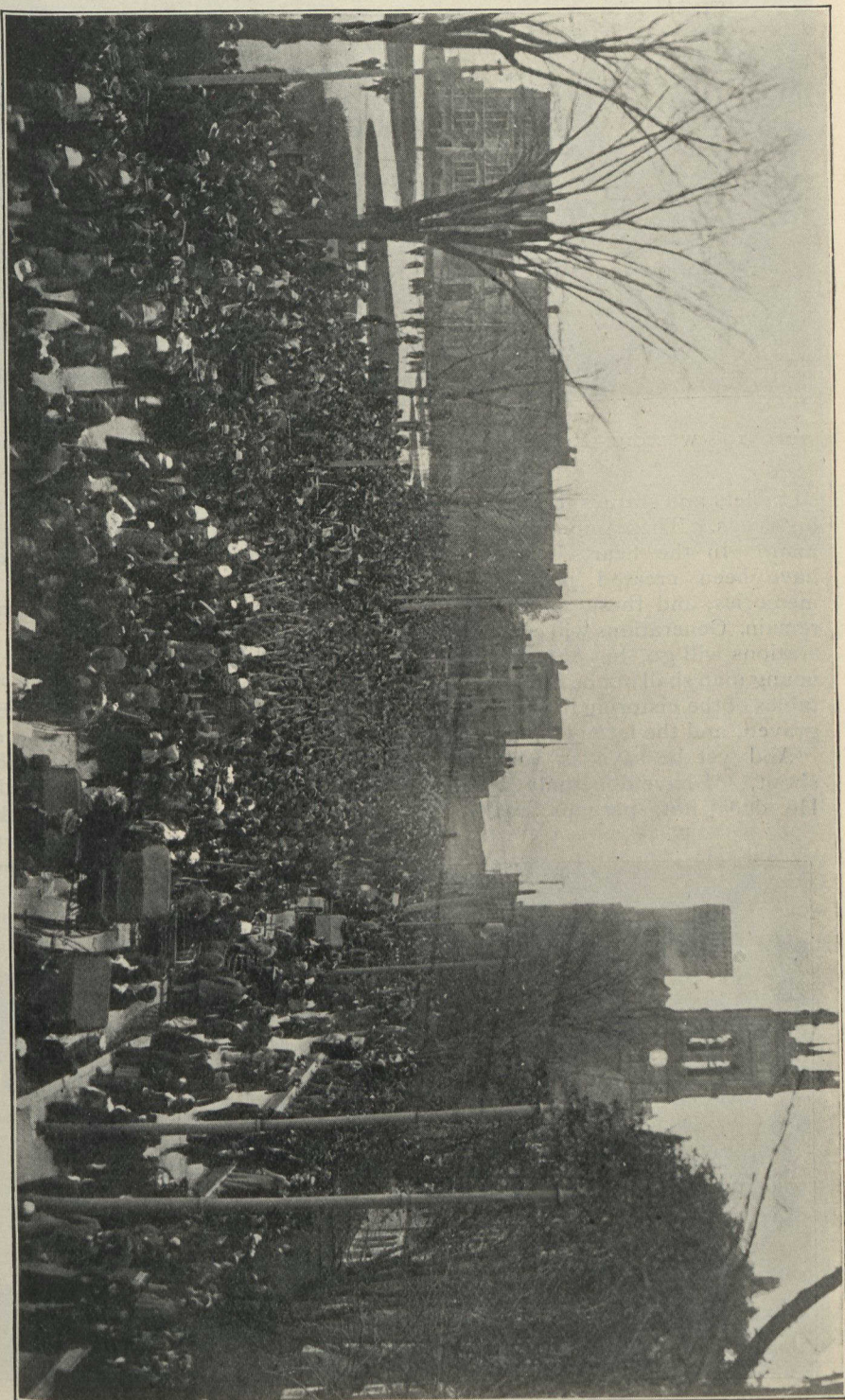


PHOTO BY NOTMAN

MONTREAL'S WELCOME—PARADE ON NOVEMBER 4TH, 1900, TO CELEBRATE THE RETURN OF THE CANADIAN SOLDIERS—DOMINION SQUARE TO THE LEFT AND WINDSOR STATION TO THE RIGHT



TORONTO'S WELCOME—KING STREET ON NOVEMBER 5TH

PHOTO BY GALBRAITH

ed tablets and statues to commemorate his deeds. These monuments will remain. In the hearts of the people have been created proud and glad memories, and these monuments will remain. Generations will come and generations will go, but the deeds of this young man shall not be forgotten. The tables of the historian have been deeply graven, and the letters shall endure.

And yet he says as you raise the shout, "I have done only my duty." He does not, perhaps, realize how

great a feat that is, how hard it is to do one's duty. He does not recognize, perhaps, that so few people in the world can truthfully say, "I have done only my duty." We admire his modesty, but must take him at his worth whether he will or not.

"High praise!" did you say? Yes, high praise for the individual, but not too high praise for the eyes of the mothers of noble sons; not too high praise for the eyes of a nation which has produced such mothers and such sons.



TORONTO'S WELCOME—YONGE STREET ON NOVEMBER 5TH

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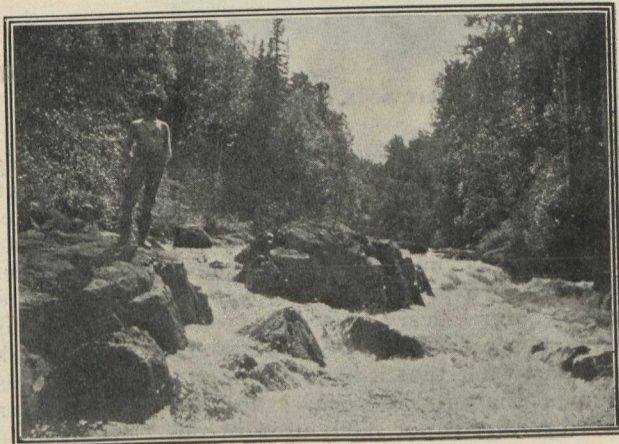
THE GUIDES MAKING A PORTAGE

EXPLORING IN ONTARIO.

By Claude Bryan.

THE pole still lies hid, the sacred Lhama has kept fast the bars of her gates, and the rural secrets of Darkest Africa have not been dragged forth into light—but even Ontario has recesses into which a white man has never penetrated! The Duke of Abruzzo fared two thousand leagues for his Arctic enterprise; Henry Savage Landor photographed himself bound to a Tibetan stake—but the metropolitan city of Toronto is only two days distant from a forest older than Lebanon. The fitful voice of the prospector came down from this solitude, and the seeker of pulp wood cast a covetous eye on the spruce wilderness, but the Ontario Government determined that its unknown regions should not

be given over to the stranger. Accordingly an appropriation of forty thousand dollars was recently made, and ten exploring parties despatched to go up and possess the land. Unlike the Israelitish spies, they have returned bearing neither grapes nor pomegran-



WHY PORTAGES ARE NECESSARY—A CHUTE ON GULL RIVER

ates, nor yet with tales of milk and honey.

Each party was under the direction of a Government surveyor, and consisted besides, of a geologist, timber-ranger, two or three assistants, and a full complement of Indian guides, canoe and packmen. The territory—roughly bounded by the Province of Quebec on the east, the Lake of the Woods and Keewatin on the west, Hudson's Bay and its feeders on the north, and the C. P. R. on the south—was divided into

about one hundred *coureurs de bois* last summer.

The general instructions issued to a party involved a track survey of the canoe route taken, a traverse of the main lakes and rivers, the establishment at various points of the watershed between Hudson's Bay and the Great Lakes, and the drawing of maps in scale; reports on the mineral and timber resources were required from the geologist and timber-ranger; and a camera, botanical case, etc., were suggestive of further duties.

It may be well to offer a short explanation of the instruments by means of which the work is accomplished. For the establishment of latitude there is the *transit* (which, with its heavy tripod, becomes an infernal machine on a long portage). For the ascertaining of distance by angles there is the small *quadrant*—a mystery to the layman. An *aneroid barometer* served to indicate the altitude of mountains, but with only fair precision. To ascertain the speed of currents or the distance traversed in still water a *taffrail log* was supplied. But the instrument continually in requisition was the *micrometer* and its complement the *disc-pole* or *target*. The latter is a simple staff, about sixteen feet in height; on the top it carries a disc of white celluloid, about one foot in diameter, and twelve feet below there is a similar disc in red. The *micrometer* closely resembles a hand telescope, except that its lens shows a double image of the disc-pole; an adjustment, however, which makes the two images coincide, at the same moment indicates also the distance of the disc-pole. It will be seen, therefore, how useful are these devices for water measurements where chaining is im-



SPLIT ROCK ON THE NEPIGON

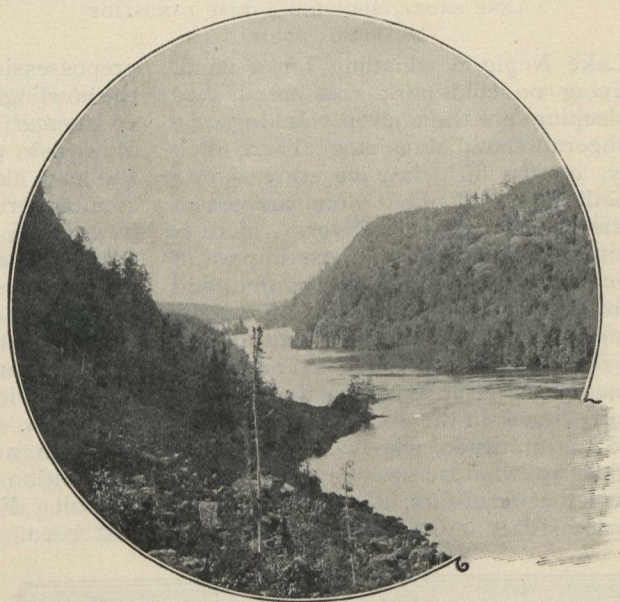
ten districts, and each party, with special or general instructions, was allotted a district about one hundred miles square. Last June the choice of districts was much like the choice between two peas—but in November peradventure every surveyor would have chosen a different field. Certainly, one party felt that it had more than a human share of obstacles; and the word *portage* is not safely used in our presence. A few glimpses of Party No. 8 may haply indicate the experiences of

possible. The average distance read thus was perhaps half a mile, though frequently the disc-pole was serviceable over a mile away. The geologist's outfit consisted principally of a geological hammer and a blow-pipe case. The latter is a familiar device by which a charcoal flame is blown upon a mineralized surface to ascertain its composition. Two large Peterboro' canoes and a varying number of birch barks were our vehicles of transport; and four tents sheltered us. The commissariat department weighed about two tons, flour and pork being the chief constituents; and this, with our dunnage, axes, guns and ammunition, made life a burden on the portages.

One morning about five o'clock a small fleet of canoes, heavily laden, pushed off in the rain from the south shore of Lake Helen—an expansion of the Nepigon River just before it empties into Lake Superior. A paddle of three miles took us to the Narrows, and nine miles farther up the river we came to Camp Alexander, which lies at the foot of two miles of rapids, the first chute on a magnificent waterway, which is also the finest trout stream in the world. Here in a blinding rainstorm we pitched our tents; and besides the discomfort of being wet, we were ravaged that night by mosquitoes. All the next day, and the next, we waded over the portage through the mud, weighed down by loads ranging from 75 to 150 pounds, according as we were whites or Indians, tenderfeet or seasoned packmen. You who have never had a pack-strap across your forehead, who have never felt a bag of flour athwart your shoulders, or staggered a mile or so under a hundred-weight of pork, will know but faintly the joy of a two-mile portage,

or the perspiration which attendeth it.

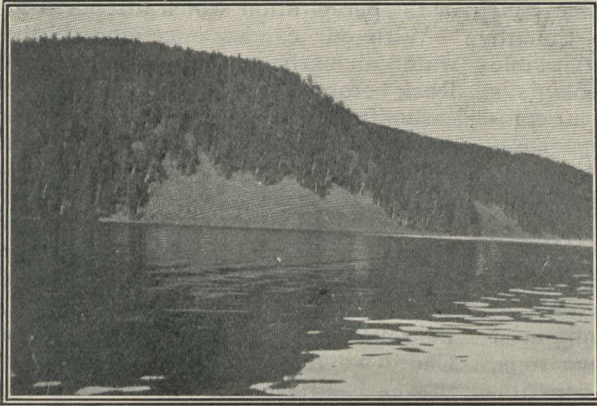
With our canoes once more in the water an early start took us to Split Rock before noon, Islet Portage in the early afternoon, and for the night we camped on the south end of Pine Portage. At the foot of the rapids we landed several five and six-pound speckled trout, which made a pleasant variation in our menu. Next day we forwarded our supplies across Pine Portage, a distance of two miles. Passing round the end of the White Chute we reached Little Flat Rock in the early afternoon, and leaving the



NEPIGON RIVER BELOW SPLIT ROCK

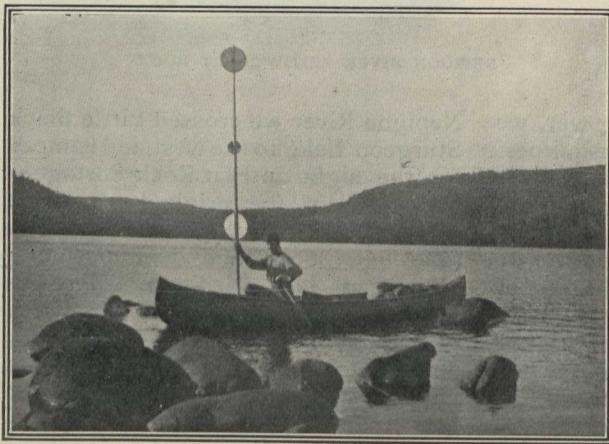
Nepigon River we crossed Little Black Sturgeon Lake to the west and camped for the night on Flat Rock Portage—the home of the original black fly. Next morning we crossed the portage (one mile long) and had our first glimpse of Lake Nepigon. Here the Hudson's Bay Company schooner *Bella*, by arrangement, was waiting for us, and as soon as we got our supplies aboard we dismissed the Indians who had come with us from Nepigon Station.

For four days we drifted about on



A LAKE SHORE, SHOWING A TRAP LANDSLIDE

Lake Nepigon whistling for a wind, living on cold pork and bread, and sleeping on the uneven planking of a superannuated Mackinaw. Then, finally, on the fifth day, we crawled into Gull Bay, and about noon arrived at the mouth of Gull River. Here is situated, perhaps, the most important Indian village on Lake Nepigon, and in ten minutes almost the entire tribe had swarmed around the boat and the bales which we carried ashore. We made a fire, boiled some tea and ate our dinner in the unembarrassed gaze of the multitude, who were pleased to pick up what scraps we threw away. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful which worried us most all summer, the



TYPICAL LAKE SCENERY, SHOWING THE USE OF THE DISC-POLE

Indians or their dogs; for both invaded our camp, and with equal politeness. Whenever a white man intrudes on an Indian settlement the whole village expects to be maintained during the visit. Compromising with this rule we invited Wikwass, the chief of the Gull River Indians, to sup with us that evening. Sharp at six o'clock he appeared at the head of his retainers, a feather in his cap and withal a most pleasing figure. We had no

prepossession for the rank and file, nor the howling huskey dogs, but we accepted the *tout ensemble* with resignation. Wikwass proved a most intelligent Indian; sketched out the adjacent country for us, and promised to secure us guides.

We passed three interesting days at the village and were fortunate enough to be spectators of the annual festivity which attends the payment of the Treaty money. As everyone knows, each full-blooded Indian, man, woman and child, receives from the Government an annuity of four dollars in recognition of his original ownership of the soil. For several days the Indians had been on tiptoe expecting the

Agent who was charged with the liquidation of this mighty matter. It was really laughable to see their tense faces. At last, on the evening of the sixteenth of July, a sail was descried on the bay, and soon the Indian Agent and his half-bred retinue moored their lugger amid the rattle of breach-loading musketry and the barking of dogs. A loaded boat of the Hudson's Bay Company came in soon afterwards — for an Indian and his money are easily part-

ed when bandana handkerchiefs and prismatic dress cottons are adroitly displayed. Business, however, was postponed until the morning; and the Indians laid themselves down in their birchbark teepees much as a child goes to sleep on Christmas eve.

Next day, we too made our eager way to the council-house, a log cabin around a bend in the river, and witnessed the mad scrambling for stale candies, and four dollars' worth of *Missanabie* joy.

In the afternoon, of course, the Hudson's Bay boat sailed away with the money; and left us several Queens of Sheba: for of a truth Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

We started on our voyage up Gull River next day. On the first portage we were deserted by our Indian guide, *who heard voices*, and we were obliged to send a man back to the Hudson's Bay post at Nepigon House to secure others more reliable. The rest of us continued to work up the river. In ten days we had travelled about forty miles, surmounting eight portages and a sixteen-foot falls. At this point, on account of its difficulties, the Indians

persuaded us to circumvent the river route by a chain of lakes that circled away to the north. The first of these was a lake of considerable size, *Kawagashgodelagamang*, or Jack Pine Lake; then a couple of pot-holes, a mile and a two-mile portage, brought us to another fair-sized water whose shores were covered with blue-berries. For a hundred miles around the Indians come to this lake to gather fruit, which they preserve by drying in the

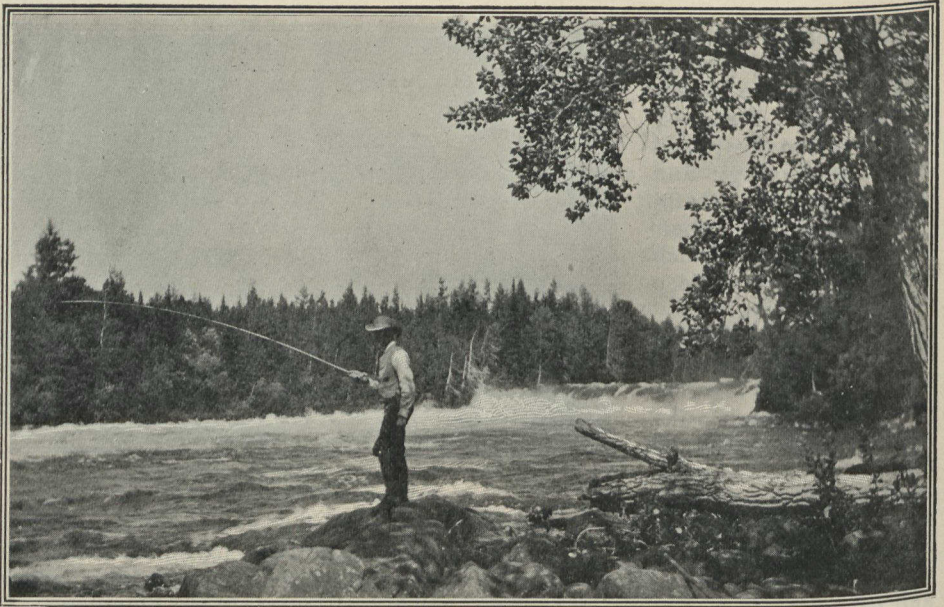


A CARIBOU LUNCHEON

sun. Another two-mile portage brought us to a grassy lake, where wild duck were most abundant. It was here, by the way, that eight of us disposed of eight ducks for supper one evening. Another portage of a mile brought us to White Birch Lake, a body of water quite as beautiful as Lake Rosseau and like it, studded with islands. A short portage took us to another beautiful lake, Little White Fish Lake; thence a river with nine short portages brought us to Awawagamang or Round Lake, a body of water about twenty square miles in extent. Here we camped several days, and despatched a small exploration



INDIANS AT GULL RIVER VILLAGE



TROUT FISHING—NEPIGON RIVER.

party which located the Height of Land about forty miles to the north-west, and found it characterized by a lake about 40 square miles in extent (Kakeeshgada), with one outlet towards Hudson Bay and another towards Lake Superior.

From Round Lake several portages and unimportant waters took us to Squirrel Lake, an angular body of water with an area of about twenty square miles, and which is the head water of Gull River. Then commenced an exciting trip down the Gull, which for about fifty miles is a continuous series of rapids and falls.

When we had descended to a point about 25 miles from the mouth, we again left Gull River and pursued a chain of lakes (of which *Buchimiga*, 18 miles long, is the chief), which circled away to the north-east, and eventually emptied into Lake Nepigon by way of Wabanosh Bay. A stormy passage across Lake Nepigon brought us again to Gull River village, where we had *cached* some supplies, and thence we set out for Black Sturgeon Bay, on the west shore, to make our way by the portage route into the waters which

are carried by Black Sturgeon River into Lake Superior.

It remains but to sketch the physical conditions of this country. The prevailing timber is spruce, with jack pine, poplar and tamarac in the order named. A small area of white pine was seen in the vicinity of White Cedar Lake on the Height of Land nearest to Savanne; and here, curiously enough, some small cypress trees. The timber decreases in size as one goes northward owing to the burns, which vary from one to twenty years. Burns were largest in extent immediately south and east of the Height of Land; and of the land between Savanne River and the Gull three-fourths is *brulé*. In fact, for miles around Cedar Lake the country is practically burned into a prairie, but the sandy loam which characterizes it is too dry for agricultural purposes. Shallow muskegs are frequent. Potatoes seem to thrive well around Gull River, Nepigon House and Wabanosh; and judging from the growth of timber, blue-berries and raspberries, the climate would seem to be not inferior to that, for instance, in the neighbourhood of Sudbury.

Of the geology, the "great Trap overflow" is the most striking feature of the country. This is best seen in the "Inner" and "Outer Barn," two rock islands near Wabanosh Bay, which rise sheer from the surface of Lake Nepigon to heights of 622 and 574 feet respectively. Everywhere the Trap cleaves off into square blocks, and is barren of minerals. The Huronian is seen in the outcroppings of slate, with small blow-outs and stringers of quartz which may mineralize. About twenty miles from Lake Nepigon on the Gull River, we came across a gneiss area heavily charged with hematite, which may be an indication of iron. The formation shows the country to be destitute of coal. No limestone occurs, but red shales and sandstones, red and white, of the Animikie occur, which appear to have a calcareous cement. Isolated areas of Laurentian and Huronian appear among the Trap, but the last is the predominant formation.

Of the fauna, etc., it is apparent

that the country never was stocked with beaver, but evidently lynx and marten have formed the mainstay of the Indians, along with bear, moose and caribou. Bears seem to be plentiful, for we ourselves came across about a dozen in all. We killed a caribou on Gull River, and got a glimpse of one or two moose. The fishing, of course, is the finest in the world. We caught several speckled trout weighing six and seven pounds, lake trout weighing 10 lbs., and a pike as large as 18 lbs.; white fish are also plentiful.

The Indians of the country are fairly numerous, and have large families. They speak a dialect of the *Ojibway*; but seem to be behind the eastern Indians in industry and intelligence. Up to now they have depended for religious instruction upon peripatetic Catholic missionaries; but for the most part the aboriginal inhabitants of this district have not been touched by the hand of civilization or any of its fingers.

THE MONTHS.

(From "A Day's Song.")

WHAT ruthless feet have trampled in the mead
 The long-stemmed violets, matched to Venus' eye;
 What merry maids, what laughter, here passed by,
 When one late hand plucked marigolds in seed!
 Here were a springy lawn, where they might lead
 Light-footed dances 'tween the daisy rows;
 But they passed early, and no watcher knows
 What fingers poppies from their sleep have freed.

The harebell trembled to a touch unseen;
 Succeeding bloom, the aster, Autumn's queen,
 The last, meek flower that drank the morning dew,
 Shed their rich gifts and spread their fragrance mild;
 The quest speeds on, and still the Months pursue
 Beauty, of Love and Life the deathless child.

J. Stuart Thomson

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

XX—DR. A. H. MACKAY, EDUCATOR.

THE history of education in Nova Scotia is very interesting, reaching back, as it does, nearly three hundred years. It is closely interwoven, moreover, with the history of the Province. More than one of the changes in provincial development have hinged upon phases of educational importance, and not a few famous Nova Scotians have been prominent as educators. We may trace a ceaseless struggle to obtain the best results—a struggle early begun and faithfully carried forward against all sorts of discouragement. Limited means, isolated districts and sparsely scattered population—these and the like have operated against the spread of good educational methods. The greater credit, then, to those who from the thorn disheartenment have plucked the flower success.

Among the men who aided in the consummation of the work one stands out especially prominent. It is chiefly owing to his strong guiding hand, his impartial methods and stimulating personality that the Public School system of Nova Scotia is to-day in a state of unexampled efficiency. Dr. A. H. Mackay is a Nova Scotian by birth, sympathies and work. His life is a record of indomitable labour.

He comes of Scotch stock on both sides of the family. His grandfather emigrated from Scotland in 1822. Emigrants in those days were of a different type from many that reach our shores to-day. They came out to an unknown country under conditions that only rugged strength could have endured and sturdy courage brought to a successful issue. Such successful issue was reached in the case of the Mackay family, for, some twenty years later, they had a large farm and homestead at North Dalhousie in Pictou County. Here Alexander Howard Mackay was born on May 19th, 1848.

In those early days educational advantages were few and far between. But the lad began life under a father who had very good ideas upon the value of mental training, and a strong determination to put them into practice. From this father young Mackay received what was beyond all price—strength, mental and physical, the *mens sana in corpore sano*, that is so valuable a starting-point for intellectual advancement. Thus the home instruction fell on ready ground. One of the father's theories was that even play should have some distinct bearing upon the business of life. Such influences as this developed in the boy's character the capacity for hard work which became one of the marks of mature age. It was a severe plan, perhaps—there is a hint of the dour Scotch will—but it bore good fruit.

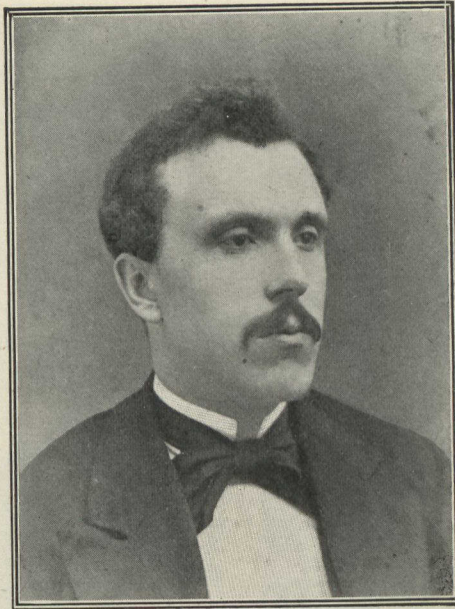
During this period he obtained, of course, whatever schooling he could get. But this was not of the best type. "Before 1865," to quote his own words, "the organization of public schools depended wholly upon local public spirit. Intelligent men knew that 'schooling' gave an advantage to their children in the struggle for advancement. About one thousand schools were 'kept agoing' for at least a portion of the year in the more progressive settlements. But there was no general notion of the necessity of education, nor of the duty of the community to provide for the education of all. There were no public officers like our present Inspectors to stimulate the organization of schools in backward localities, nor were there uniform standards of qualifications for teachers. Rural school houses were generally barn-like sheds, neither sightly nor comfortable, although they had whatever virtue there is in cheapness." There was little incentive to original work for the pupils under this régime.

Young Mackay, however, early began to investigate things for himself. His taste led him towards matters scientific. Thus at various times during his boyhood, in the moments he was able to spare from the school and the farm, he made different scientific instruments from plans of his own. They were constructed upon purely deductive principles—he had small opportunity of inspecting models—but the important point was that they did what was intended. Again, his love for natural history led him to explore the resources of the pretty little glen which cut through the farm property. An outcome of this may be seen in the very excellent and practical suggestions to teachers for Local "Nature" Observations which to-day appear in the *Nova Scotia Journal of Education*.

It was not strange that a youth of this earnest and studious type should attract the attention of the Trustees of that school section. These gentlemen pressed the lad of seventeen to take charge of the local school. He did so, though without special training, and made a success of his work. It may easily be imagined that his thoughts soon took a more ambitious turn. In 1866 he graduated from the Provincial Normal School at Truro. Two years later he passed through the Pictou Academy. He received his B.A. from Dalhousie University, Halifax, in 1873.

Then he began to reap the rewards of hard and faithful work. In the year of his graduation he was appointed principal of the Annapolis Academy. This position he relinquished a few months later for a quite unsolicited appointment to the principalship of Pictou Academy, which he held until 1889. His work here was of great value. During a portion of his incumbency he visited the chief cities of the Eastern United States, making a careful study of their educational methods and appliances. And four years after his return his labours were rewarded by the erection of a new academy building, at that time one of the finest in Canada.

The principalship of the Halifax



MR. MACKAY IN 1880

Academy in 1889 opened out a wider field. His work had won high praise from the authorities, and was known beyond merely provincial borders. He had been president of the Provincial Educational Association, and was elected first president of the Summer School of Science (1887). He was a Life Fellow of the Society of Science, Letters and Arts of London, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada. It was high time to show that the prophet was not without sufficient honour in his own country. Therefore in 1891 he was made Superintendent of Education.

This post is the most important in the whole educational structure. The Superintendent is practically head of the free school system of Nova Scotia. Dr. Mackay proceeded to justify his appointment by the gradual introduction of some very practical changes. Chief among them were these: The extension of the school term from a semi-yearly to a yearly period; the development of the industrial sentiment in common schools; the complete organization of the high-school system; and "the evolution of the Pro-

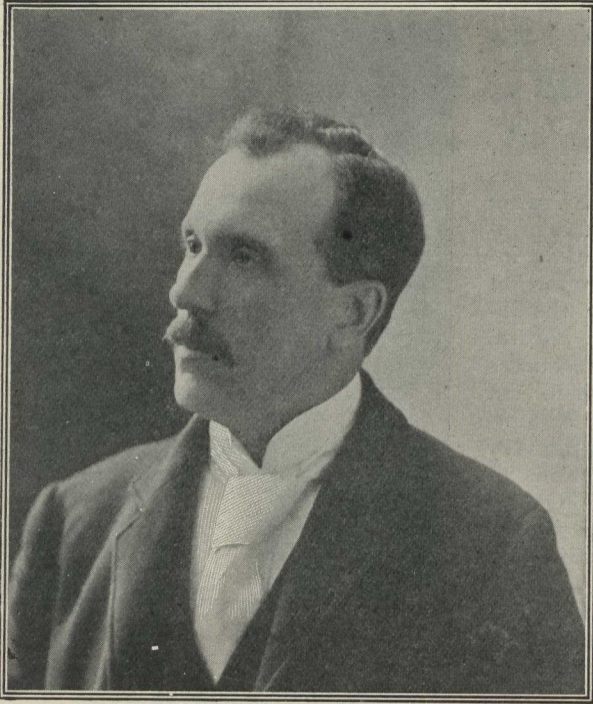


PHOTO BY CLIMO, HALIFAX

DR. A. H. MACKAY, SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION FOR NOVA SCOTIA

vincial Normal School into a post-high-school professional training school for teachers, with facilities for special as well as general training in manual skill, domestic science, agriculture, and the general application of science to industrial development." These changes have proven satisfactory under the test of actual experience.

Deeds speak more loudly than words, and the rewards for things done form a valuable criterion of a man's usefulness. Here are some of the honours obtained by Dr. Mackay:—Dominion secretary of the Botanical Club of Canada, lecturer in Zoology in Dalhousie College and in Bacteriology in the Halifax Medical College, Honorary vice-president of the World's Educational Congress, Chicago, (1893). In 1899 he was appointed by the Governor-General a member of the "Geographic Board of Canada," and was elected

vice-president of the Nova Scotia Institute of Science. During 1900 he was made vice-president of the Canadian Forestry Association, (representing his native Province), and at the June meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, president of the Biological section. He is also Nova Scotian director of the Marine Biological Laboratory of Canada.

Personally perhaps the chief characteristic of the man is his mental alertness. He has a remarkable range and thoroughness of knowledge and a ready grasp of the practical. Of medium height and rugged build, his physical strength has served him well in the unvarying strain of work imposed by his office. He has also a kindly sympathy and a helpful word for all who need it. His position calls for the

exercise of plenty of tact, for there are five universities in Nova Scotia and naturally the head of the Government Educational system is a man of mark. But he makes no mistakes. He has defined the position in the following words:—"So long as present and past conditions continue in existence, the University system of Nova Scotia cannot produce the best results. In fact, there is no University system, for these colleges are neither aided, nor controlled, nor recognized by the Education Department."

An idea of the Department under his control may be gained when it is considered that, with a provincial population of 500,000, there are about 2,500 teachers employed, upwards of 100,000 pupils in attendance, and a total annual expenditure of over \$800,000. The administration is in every sense broad and unprejudiced.

A. B. de Mille.

DYING SPEECHES AND CONFESSIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By Martin J. Griffin, Parliamentary Librarian.

NOW that the years of the century are numbered, and we pause at the opening of a new period in the history of mankind to listen for the first notes of the voices that are to reach us and teach us in the new time, it may not be without value and interest to recall for a moment the tones of the voices that taught us once and are silent, and the meaning and effect of the last messages they have left for our guidance.

During the last half of the century the intellectual leanings of great masses of thinking people were guided by a comparatively small number of men of strong character and striking views. They were either "scientists"—using that word in its popular and well understood sense—or men who had so far yielded to the influence of the scientists that their views of literature and its object, of life and its purpose, of religion and its sanction, were deprived of all notion of certainty, of finality, of authority. Man, in their estimation, was a being destined to continually investigate without discovering anything; to think perpetually without arriving at any definite conclusions; to wander always in a valley of shadows in pursuit of an unapproachable mystery. These men expressed themselves in the language of practical science, the language of philosophic discussion, the language of literary criticism, and the language of poetry. They appealed to the receptive minds of the young. They created schools of thought. They had a following. They influenced the studies of many thousands. The terminology of their various forms of thought permeated the literature of our age. To doubt them was feeble; to decry them was bigotry; to agree with them was the note of emancipated intellect.

Revelation was on the defensive in their presence. Historic Christianity was a mass of narrative futilities. The saints and sages, martyrs and doctors, the guides of mankind during a thousand years, were persons with inadequate knowledge of scientific data. And so for half a century these new lights of a scientific dispensation lorded it over their adherents with a security of intellectual tenure surpassing the sternest claims of the feudal barons or the pontiffs of the middle ages.

Most of them have passed away. Their influences, though diminishing, remain with us still. The great body of their work has suffered some wrong. Time, "that gathers all things mortal, with cold immortal hands," has heaped much of it with dust. But each of them has in some fashion—not always of set purpose but only by accident or incidentally—left us what we may call a dying speech and confession indicating what—when we put all the confessions together—may be asserted to be the final failure of all they attempted to do, all they tried to teach, all they hoped to establish. We propose to gather all these dying speeches and confessions and place them briefly before the reader with a few obvious comments. They may refresh the memory of some. They may serve as a warning to others. They will in any case serve to show how slender was the claim to so much vogue and authority.

Few men of the past generation had such temporary authority over a large part of the educated public as John Stuart Mill. In the region of politics—a wide and varied area—he exercised by his writings great influence. He probably influenced directly or indirectly, the course of legislation in the United Kingdom. With that part of

his life-work we have no present concern.

But he also exercised his great logical faculty in undermining, so far as he could, the popular belief in revealed Christianity. He had no animosity towards it; he tells us he occupied the singular position of never having had any belief in it at all. When he came to sum up the results of his life-work in both directions and to leave his message to posterity what was it that he had to say? On the subject of public affairs, this is the message:—

“In England I had seen and continued to see many of the opinions of my youth obtain general recognition, and many of the reforms in institutions, for which I had through life contended, either effected or in course of being so. But these changes had been attended with much less benefit to human well-being than I should formerly have anticipated because they had produced very little improvement in that which all real amelioration in the lot of mankind depends on, their intellectual and moral state; and it might even be questioned if the various causes of deterioration which had been at work in the meantime had not more than counterbalanced the tendency to improvement.”

That was a melancholy confession to be forced to make. Its great merit is its sincerity. Other “reformers” encountered like experiences in the course of time; but most of them were silent, or,

“Often glad no more,
They wore a face of joy because
They had been glad of yore.”

When Mr. Mill came to discuss the situation as regards graver things than political reforms, he had an equally melancholy confession to make, and a most hopeless message to send us. He said:—

“I am now convinced that no great improvements in the lot of mankind are possible until a great change takes place in the fundamental constitution of their modes of thought. The old opinions in religion, morals, and politics are so much discredited in the more intellectual minds as to have lost the greater part of their efficacy for good while they have still life enough in them to be a powerful obstacle to the growing up of any better opinion on those subjects.”

What a prospect was here laid before reformers—and what a prospect

for humanity. All human hopes and interests in morals, politics and religion were smothered under the wreckage of outworn schools and creeds, and there was no possibility of improvement in any direction till a great change had taken place in the fundamental constitution of the modes of thought of mankind. The teacher of this melancholy doctrine could hardly have concealed from himself the probability that no such change would be likely to take place in less than a geological period, in less than a time so long that the mind refuses to contemplate it; and in the meanwhile what was to happen to collective human society, and what was to become of the individual soul? Fortunately for mankind, Mr. Mill and his followers were powerless to prevail over the teachings and tendencies of many centuries of moral, political and religious systems under which humanity enjoyed so many blessings, and under which it suffered evils mainly when it went its own wilful or wicked way.

Another of the band of distinguished men who impressed themselves upon the minds of students, and inculcated purely materialistic views of life was Professor Tyndall. He was propagandist and aggressive at times and fought his battle stoutly with all who came forward to confront him. His last message of importance was delivered in the Belfast address, in 1874. Running into seven editions in one year, this famous address had a circulation rarely given to scientific lectures, and has not yet been wholly forgotten. It was prepared with great care, and was the result of a life of scientific study. It contained the last word which a confessedly great thinker had to say regarding the hopes and the destiny of man. “I thought you ought to know,” he said, with some degree of condescension, “the environment which, with or without your consent, is rapidly surrounding you, and in relation to which some adjustment on your part may be necessary.” And what, in fine, is this environment? It consists, to all appearance, in the first

place, of a claim on the part of science to supreme authority. He says :—

“The impregnable position of science may be described in a few words. We claim, and we shall wrest from theology, the entire domain of cosmological theory. All schemes and systems, which thus infringe upon the domain of science, must, in so far as they do this, submit to its control and relinquish all thought of controlling it. Acting otherwise proved disastrous in the past, and it is simply fatuous to-day.”

Twenty-five years of discovery and discussion have rendered readjustment necessary not so much on the part of theology as on the part of science. The notice-to-quit, which Professor Tyndall so peremptorily gave to theology has proved to be not enforceable by ejection. The tenant continues to be the holder of the fee.

The grounds on which the man of science dictated terms of surrender to theology were not very strong. “The whole process of evolution,” he admitted, “is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man;” nevertheless it is “simply fatuous” for theology to interfere with this inscrutable mystery. Ultimate conception of the origin of man, he asserts, is “here unattainable,” and “each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs;” but theology must remain an *Uitlander* still. Science must indeed discuss its problems “without intolerance or bigotry of any kind”—except insistence on the fact that theology results in “intellectual death,” which is not bigotry at all! “No exclusive claim is made for science, you are not to erect it into an idol,” he says; still, the position of science is “impregnable,” and “we claim the entire domain of cosmological theory”—which is, of course, not an exclusive claim at all. Science, he alleges, claims “unrestricted right of search” on debatable questions; but in the region of cosmological theory Theology must not stake out any claim. It is certain, he admits, that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer “will undergo modification;” meanwhile Theology must please stand

aside while the process of modification goes on, while each scientific dogmatist excommunicates his brethren in turn, abandons theory after theory and passes unconvincing and unconvinced “into the infinite azure of the past.” From the last speech and confession of Professor Tyndall it is obvious that humanity can gather little to encourage it in a world full of trials, temptations and sorrow.

There was a time when Mr. Matthew Arnold took himself very seriously and was taken seriously by his disciples, as the exponent of theories of literature, science, theology, and the conduct of life, which were to be substituted for the overthrown and outdated orthodoxies of our own age. The affable condescension with which he informed the upper classes that they were barbarians, the middle classes that they were materialized, and the lower classes that they were brutalized; the sad scorn with which he assured the middle class—which has produced nearly all our best literature—that what they needed was education; the calm assurance with which he asserted regarding paganism and Christianity, that both were faiths and both were gone—were paralleled only by the self-confidence with which he offered his own final solution of the vexed problem of intellectual humanity. Here is his last dying speech and confession :—

“More and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us. Without poetry our science will appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. Science, I say, will appear incomplete without it. For finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry ‘the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science;’ and what is a countenance without its expression? Again, Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry ‘the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge;’ our religion parading evidences such as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy, pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite being; what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted to them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness the more we shall

prize 'the breath and finer spirit of knowledge' offered to us by poetry."

Here we have, if possible, a more hopeless and unacceptable substitute for any form of religion than all the others. If Mr. Arnold had for a moment reflected on vast masses of mankind, on the diversities of race, on the ignorance, the barbarity, the low civilization of the mass of mankind, on the absolute impossibility of their being approached in any form by poetry such as he had in his mind, he would surely have had sufficient sense of humour to refrain from such an expression of serious opinion. But that was all he had to offer us, to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us, to create in us a new heart and renew a right spirit within us. The pity of it!

One more name, still living among us, remains to be noted. In 1896 Mr. Herbert Spencer completed the purpose of his life by publishing the last volume of his system of Synthetic Philosophy. An industry hardly ever surpassed, learning acquired by earnest labour, honesty as to facts never challenged, ingenuity in comparison and interpretation quite beyond compare in our time—all these good qualities his work exhibits; and his object, like that of Arnold is, to interpret life for us, to sustain us, to console us, by means of science, not poetry. And what is the last message that after six and thirty years of thought and labour, he has to leave to his followers who are to be found all over the world in great numbers? This is part of it:

"Those who think that science is dissipating religious beliefs and sentiments, seem unaware that whatever of mystery is taken from the old interpretation is added to the new. Or, rather, we may say that transference from the one to the other is accompanied by increase; since for an explanation which has a seeming feasibility, science substitutes an explanation which, carrying us back only a certain distance, there leaves us in presence of the avowedly inexplicable."

That is, in effect, science is more religious than religion because, while the explanation of religious mysteries have a certain feasibility, the explanation of the mysteries of science is no

explanation at all. Scientific reasoning is an obvious mystery itself. The conclusion of the message is as follows:

"But one truth must grow ever clearer—the truth that there is an Inscrutable Existence everywhere manifested to which he (the man of science) can neither find nor conceive either beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."

Surely, after so many years of thought and labour on his own part, assisted by the thought and labour of so many others, his predecessors of the eighteenth as well as the nineteenth century, Mr. Herbert Spencer ought to have been in a position to give us a more robust and definite creed, especially in view of the notice-to-quit given by his fellow Commander in Science to the saints and sages, the martyrs and doctors of historic Christianity. Was it worth while to labour so long to produce so little? The Dutchman in "Knickerbocker," in his famous attempt to jump over a mountain, took a preliminary run of two miles to get up speed, but was obliged to sit down at the foot of the mountain to take breath!

All the scientists in turn refer to Mr. Darwin with reverence as their master. Professor Tyndall in his Belfast address tells us that Darwin overcomes all difficulties and crumbles all opponents with the passionless strength of a glacier. Let us consider for a moment what is the final message and confession that Mr. Darwin has left to humanity for its consolation and hope. First he tells us (1873) that "I have never systematically thought much on religion in relation to science, or on morals in relation to society," and this, in the case of most men of good sense, would have prevented further declarations. But your scientist likes to have opinions, and so, in 1879, being pressed by a correspondent, he formulates an opinion: "Science has nothing to do with Christ, except in so far as the habit of scientific research makes a

man cautious in admitting evidence. For myself I do not believe that there has ever been a revelation. As for a future life, every man must judge for himself between conflicting vague probabilities." The mental process is clear enough; the habit of scientific research made him cautious about admitting evidence—as to Christ, though not as to corals; doubt as to Christ naturally induced doubt as to Revelation; and doubt as to both rendered the question as to a future state one of extreme dubiety. At times Mr. Darwin's doubts took a different form. "The Universe," he wrote in 1881, "is not the result of chance,"—but the fact that man's brain was developed from that of a monkey rendered him doubtful whether his opinions were at all trustworthy on that subject—though, of course, on questions of science said brain was of infallible authority. In reply to the Duke of Argyll's remark that his own volumes on "Earthworms and Orchids" made it clear that these things and their uses were "the effect and expression of mind," Mr. Darwin replied, "Well, that often comes over me with overwhelming force, but at other times," and he shook his head vaguely, "it seems to go away." It is obvious, of course, that Mr. Darwin was right when he said that he had never given much thought to science in relation to religion. It is not so obvious that Prof. Tyndall was correct in describing Mr. Darwin as "the most terrible of antagonists."

The summary of scientific confessions would, perhaps, be incomplete without at least a passing reference to Professor Huxley, whose *Life* has been so recently published. He was a great master of scientific data and demonstration. In point of industry, sincerity and ability he was conspicuous. But he posed also as a theologian, and no man was so little fitted for the office. The strictest of disciplinarians in the use of language for scientific purposes, he permitted himself and others the most loose and ineffective use of words in discussing theological questions. He was even fierce and

vindictive in his defiant denials of the doctrine of immortality. But the careful reader of the *Life* will see that his mind was often hovering about that doctrine and half disposed at times in its direction. Thus, writing to Charles Kingsley in 1860, he uses these words: "I neither deny nor affirm the immortality of man. I see no reason for believing it; but, on the other hand, I have no means of disproving it." And again: "It is not half so wonderful as the conservation of force or the indestructibility of matter." Ideas like these kept agitating his mind; and like Darwin, whom we have quoted, he had moments of doubt and disquiet. Finally, in 1883, writing to Mr. John Morley (vol. 11, page 62) he says: "It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all sorts of times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal—at any rate in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way?" The words have been much discussed, explained, defended and put aside by some as a mere bit of petulance. But they go to prove that the scientific dogmatist was not more sure of his negative position than were his scientific brethren, and that his last dying speech and confession, like theirs, was a confession of failure and confusion.

In discussing these eminent men and their teachings as to science in relation of Christian society, one is conscious that there is an undercurrent of ridicule in the discussion which is ever struggling to come to the surface. The mental attitude assumed by them—their confessions of ignorance and their assumption of authority, their claims for freedom of discussion, and their constant insolence towards Theology, their declarations as to the progress of science, and their admissions that everything is a mystery still; their sneers at Christian dogma as an ex-

ploded wreck, and their uneasy consciousness that they are nevertheless constantly on the defensive against it—all these uneasy attitudes and unconscious revelations, have a tendency to make serious minds refuse to treat them seriously. Nor is this disposition confined to those who resist and resent the conclusions of science so far as these are opposed to the doctrines of revealed Christianity. Their own friends and followers are, at times at least, afflicted with the like tendency towards ridicule. In his notable, but probably a little overlooked "Valedictory," Mr. John Morley expressed with a certain reserve, yet a certain degree of ridicule also, the general feeling of sensible men regarding the general failure of agnostic propagandism. He said :

"Speculation has been completely democratized. This is a tremendous change to have come about in little more than a dozen years. How far it goes, let us not be too sure. It is no new discovery that what looks like complete tolerance may be in reality only complete indifference. Intellectual fairness is often only another name for indolence and inconclusiveness of mind, just as love of truth is sometimes a fine phrase for temper. To be piquant counts for much, and the interest of seeing on the drawing-room tables of devout Catholics and high-flying Anglicans article after article sending divinities, creeds, and churches all headlong into limbo, was indeed piquant. Much of all this elegant dabbling in infidelity has been a caprice of fashion. The agnostic has had his day with the fine ladies, like the black footboy of former times, or the spirit-rapper and table-turner of our own. When one perceived that such people actually

thought that the churches had been raised on their feet again by the puerile apologetics of Mr. Mallock, then it was easy to know that they had never really fallen. What we had been watching, after all, was perhaps a tournament, not a battle."

This satirical mood was not the mood in which Professor Tyndall had written. "We fought and won our battles even in the middle ages, why should we doubt the issue of another conflict with our broken foe?"—that was his way of putting it. Mr. Morley was forced, or felt free, to confess that the foe was not broken at all; and that the forces of scientific agnosticism were in many respects even sham forces. But even sham forces may be dangerous. Those who in a freak of fashion pretend to disbelieve, may, and often must, in the end, become actual disbelievers. In any case they lose their hold on the certitudes of faith, and grow cold in right-thinking and well-doing. Across the centuries there comes to us a message of more authoritative moment, and with a promise and a menace which give us a stronger assurance of truth and a higher sense of our destiny and duty: for our assurance—"I am the Lord thy God"; for our guidance—"This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him"; and for our consolation and reward—"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

GOD'S HARP.

GOD tuned a harp for men to play,
To harmonize the earth;
He called it Love; but mortals, they
Gave it the name of Mirth!

Amy Kingsland Pennington.

HALF A CENTURY'S PROGRESS.

SECOND PAPER.

By John Reade, F. R. S. Can.

Morituri te salutant moriturum.

THE progress of science in our time has indeed been so striking, so many-sided, so inseparably linked with every other phase of material advance, and, moreover, so intimately related to intellectual development and the trend of philosophic and religious thought, that it is an injustice to the subject to make a hasty mention of it. And yet, apart from the fact that a novice can do little more in any case, the nature of this retrospect makes it impossible, on the one hand, to ignore it, and, on the other, to more than indicate some of its most marvellous triumphs.* A venerable survivor of its half-dozen most illustrious modern spokesmen, himself associated, in modest worth, with its grandest achievement, in reviewing the century's work, reaches the conclusion that not only is it "superior to any that have gone before it, but that it may be best compared with the whole preceding historical period." If this be true of the century it is assuredly still more true of the latter half of it, as compared with all like previous periods, however selected. This advance may be regarded from three points of view: As it is related to science and men of science only, as the discovery of a new star, element, plant, animal or fossil not (or not yet) of interest to mankind at large; as it implies some real improvement to one or other of the arts of life; and as it modifies the outlook of popular the-

ology and, perhaps, necessitates a new basis for ethics, law and the authority of ordered society. Even if it had not given rise to controversy outside as well as inside the great province of scientific thought and work, the theory of evolution—so largely adopted after the publication of Charles Darwin's elaborate argument—has proved to be the most effective and fruitful of all methods of research and has given fresh life to every class of inquiry. For forty years the principle to which Darwin's epochal book gave undreamed-of significance has been directing and stimulating not only scientific workers, but theologians, professional men, artists, men of letters—the critics especially—economists, and the toilers in the whole vast field of human endeavor. On the 2nd of November, 1859, was published the "Origin of Species," an edition of 1,250 copies. They were all sold before the close of that same day. A second edition of 3,000 followed, and before the year ended hundreds of thinkers, scientific and theological, knew that a new era had dawned. The first great battle over the theory was fought at the meeting of the British Association in the ensuing June. Bishop Wilberforce, who had already condemned the hypothesis in the *Quarterly Review*, was provoked to wrath by a needlessly combative paper of the elder Draper's. Huxley defended Darwin and the Bishop so far forgot himself in the torrent of his eloquence as to ask Professor Huxley whether it was by his grandfather's or his grandmother's side he was related to the ape family. The discussion took place in Section D, and the chair was occupied by a clergy-

* I consider it simply a duty to recommend to the reader of this magazine the work of a Canadian student of scientific progress. In "Flame, Electricity and the Camera," by George Iles (New York: Doubleday & McClure Co.), the inquirer will find a really admirable survey of what science has done for our time

man, Professor Henslow, Darwin's life-long friend. Twenty-one years after the publication of the work that raised such a storm, Huxley wrote an article on "The Coming of Age of the 'Origin of Species.'" It showed the steps by which the prejudices aroused in the public mind by indiscreet denunciation had been succeeded by acceptance on the part of some, and by an attitude of tolerant expectancy on the part of others. Of the men of science a few like Agassiz, Owen and Dawson remained hostile to the last, while others, like Lyell and Gray, were converted; of none were the views unaffected. A comparison of the earlier with the later works of Sir William Dawson will disclose a considerable modification of opinion. Indeed, the theory had indirect results which in some cases were almost on a par with the direct.

The doctrine of the correlation and conservation of forces and the molecular or new atomic theory, though recognized before, were not interpreted and demonstrated till after our half century had begun. The new chemistry, the new astronomy, biology (in its more comprehensive sense as including all the sciences that deal with vitality and its phenomena), physiology, human and comparative; geology, palæontology, and as instruments of research, the spectroscope (Kirchhoff, 1860), photography and electricity (in its marvellous adaptations and applications)—these and more have ripened for man's need during the half century just closing. In medicine and surgery the gains have been signal, especially in the use of anæsthetics, in the application of principles, drawn from researches in bacteriology (the Lester system of treating wounds, etc.), in the conduct of delicate operations, in a more scientific pathology and in the expert work of specialists in relation to various parts of the human frame. The use of the X-ray to discover bullets and other substances lodged in the body and otherwise inaccessible is the latest evidence of the solidarity of science and the brotherhood of research. Hygiene

has received an attention which, if governments availed themselves of the labours of sanitarians, would bear fruit that eventually might abolish epidemics due to bad drainage and other removable causes. The discovery by bacteriologists of prophylactics (mainly by inoculation) for some dreaded diseases is another triumph of medical science. The management of hospitals, many of which have been founded by philanthropists for special or general objects during the last fifty years, is another noteworthy advance, with which may be associated the training of nurses, a movement (apart from the Church) entirely within our half century. Before it the sick were at the mercy of the Gamp Harris monster. Provision for the sick poor by countless friendly societies (Odd Fellows, Foresters, etc.), as well as the trades unions, may also be indicated among these gains. The admission of women to the study and practice of medicine was not won without a struggle. Last year Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake retired from practice after a career full of adventure at the outset and most fruitful of good to thousands. Sister of the present Dean of Wells, formerly headmaster of Rugby (the first Rugby boy to hold that position), Miss Jex-Blake determined to study medicine, and failing to find opportunities in Great Britain, she crossed the Atlantic and became a pupil of Dr. Lucy Sewall, in Boston. In 1869 she matriculated at Edinburgh University; but not being allowed to complete her studies, she (with others) took action against the University authorities. Lord Gifford's decision in her favour was reversed on appeal by the Court of Session. Miss Jex-Blake left Edinburgh and founded the London School of Medicine for Women. She took her degree (M.D.) at Berne, in 1877, and laboured incessantly, planning, administering, practising, writing, until last year when she gave up practice and retired for rest to her native Sussex.

This is only one instance, though a remarkable one, of the courageous efforts by which that enlargement of

woman's sphere that so many enjoy to-day was obtained by an earlier generation. Miss F. Nightingale, Miss Maria Mitchell, astronomer; Sister Dora (Miss Pattison), Miss Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lilly Devereux Blake, Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, the late Mrs. Curzon, and a number of others took part in this movement, so differently regarded by different persons. Later on we shall see the movement take organized shape in Canada largely through the timely and effective aid of the Countess of Aberdeen.

The woman's rights movement, primarily directed to the attainment of woman suffrage, though a development of earlier arguments and doctrines, has attained in our time a success which some generations ago would have been considered almost impossible. The revolt against conventional ideas is not indeed wholly of our day. "The Vindication of the Rights of Women," by Mary Wollstonecraft, which was one of the blossoms of the French Revolution, was marked by a truth, sincerity and earnestness which won secret sympathy from many of her sex who had not her courage or her honesty. It was from this side of the Atlantic, however, that Europe was first forced to acknowledge the injustice of many of the restrictions to which women were subjected. Their legal position, their educational limitations, their relation to the professions and to public life—on all these points there was undoubtedly need of amendment. But, had not a small band of brave and devoted women dared to confront with determination the inertia of prejudice and to rouse it to thought by keeping up the battle, the dream of "sweet girl graduates," either with or without "their golden hair," would not have had its fulfilment. That is only one of the triumphs of the movement, but it stands central among those triumphs, and represents advances in many directions. An interesting survey of the results attained by the movement on this continent and of the changes that it has effected in the

conditions and prospects of young women may be read in an article by Mrs. Margaret Polson Murray (Montreal) in the *Nineteenth Century* for May last. One of the most extraordinary results of the woman movement has been the issue of a woman's Bible, in which the passages which seem to put woman in a position of inferiority or subjection to man have been omitted or revised. The work is in two parts: the first containing the new version with comments of the Pentateuch; the second including the remainder of the Old and the whole of the New Testament.

The spread of education has greatly enlarged the number of those (both men and women) who devote themselves to literary work as a profession. The number of publications issued yearly from the press has become enormous. The flood of fiction has so grown in volume that it demands special care on the part of publishers to avoid the use of titles that have been already appropriated. Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle St., London, gave a curious example of the embarrassment which this redundancy sometimes causes. A lady had left him the manuscript of a work which was to be published under the title of "The Touchstone." While it was in press he learned that another work bearing that title had already appeared in England. As the lady was travelling in Italy and her address was uncertain, he wrote to her that he was changing the name which she had given to "The Touch of a Vanished Hand." With this heading the sheets had been set up when he received a letter from the novelist giving another title. By this time he had been informed that the title he had chosen was already in use and soon after he learned that the lady's alternative was also before the public. He, therefore, chose a third, "A Gift from the Grave," hoping that nobody would come forward with an interdict against this also. That a fair proportion of the fiction published is meritorious may be justly conceded, though few critics admit that the best

of it equals the best of the great masters of an earlier day. If this be true of fiction, it is still more strictly true of poetry and the drama. History has, however, gained by a surer scientific method and a wealth of documentary sources inaccessible in former generations. If there has been a temptation to neglect and even undervalue style in historical writing, this defect will disappear when educated readers who look for truth cease to associate it with the absence of polish. There is certainly no justification for the divorce of accuracy, honesty and open-mindedness from strength, freedom and grace of language. Criticism has been, perhaps, most affected by new ideas. Taine may be said to have anticipated the treatment of literature as a product of race and environment which must be studied as a branch of natural history. Mr. Brunetière, who has lectured in Canada, has reduced this method to a system. It is a system which, save in delicate hands, is likely to end in all sorts of exaggerations.

The comparative method of studying literature has been made possible by the same developments which have made a large class in every nation acquainted with other communities and ways of thinking, as exemplified in their literature and their arts. Improved means of land and ocean travel, correspondence and telegraphic communication have brought about a virtual revolution. Young people of today can hardly imagine the leisurely methods of locomotion with which their grandfathers had to be contented. At the beginning of the period under review, men below middle age could remember the time when England had not a mile of railway. A man of 30 in 1850 was ten years old when the Liverpool-Manchester line, the opening of which was looked forward to with more foreboding on the part of the many than confidence on the part of the few, was still in the future. And unhappily, when the fated day arrived and Stephenson's train of 29 carriages and eight Rocket locomotives, with its 600 passengers, started from Liver-

pool, for one important traveller it was doomed to be a journey to death. The Right Honourable Mr. Huskinson, having with others alighted at Parkhurst to greet the Duke of Wellington (waiting in his carriage to see the unprecedented sight), the Rocket, passing unduly, threw him down and inflicted fatal injuries. It was the world's pity, for otherwise that first trial refuted all the fables of the prophets of evil. The scornful predictions of the smart young fogs of the day are pleasant reading now. They laughed at the notion of the railway beating the mail coach. Poor old coaches! Before that trial trip of the Rocket and its mates, there were on the British roads twenty-two regular and seven extra conveyances. When they were all full they carried 688 passengers. In eighteen months the railway had carried 700,000 persons, or on an average 1,070 a day. Steam navigation had already made some headway in 1830, but it was not until 1833 that Canada showed the laggards how to steam (in spite of Dionysius Lardner) all the way across the Atlantic.

Canada was also early in the railway field. In the very year after the opening of the Liverpool-Manchester line, a charter was obtained for a line between Laprairie and St. Johns. In 1836 it was opened for traffic. But it was not until 1851 that it was extended to Rouse's Point and St. Lambert, so that, save for the short line from Montreal to Lachine, it constituted all the railway facilities of Canada (as then known) at the beginning of the half century. In fact, it was not until some years of it had elapsed that Canada had either railway connection with the United States or regular steam communication with the Old Land. This fact is mentioned here out of its due time and place in order that Canadian readers may be able to realize how complete a revolution has been wrought during the period that we desire to survey. What relates to Canada will be dealt with in greater detail after this preliminary survey is over. Electric telegraphy (in which Canada was

already fairly well off) had fifty years ago reached the submarine stage. On September 27, 1851, the first telegraphic message reached England from France. Dublin and Holyhead had been previously joined, and other wonders were to follow. Some readers of the Canadian Magazine may be able to recall a day when, amid the rejoicings of two hemispheres, the Queen of England exchanged greetings with President Buchanan. The day was the 16th of August, 1858, and there was wild enthusiasm on either shore. But the joy proved premature. Before the Atlantic cable was successfully laid between the two continents, and its permanent operation was assured, both rulers had undergone grave ordeals. One lost her beloved consort; the other saw his country rent in twain, while he was powerless to prevent it. But the interval of suspense came at last to an end, and on the 7th of September, 1866, the two hemispheres had a common pulse.

The effect of these developments on the world's thought and action cannot easily be overstated. Men cannot hear daily of what is taking place at all the ends of the earth and become familiar by the very dint of repetition with the names and circumstances, desires and doings of strange peoples, without coming in time to consider them less strange. Opportunity, moreover, has induced thousands of people to travel in foreign lands who, under the old dispensation of waggons and sailing vessels, with no means of quickly communicating with friends, would have spent all their lives at home. The extension of Sir Rowland Hill's reform so as to embrace a great part of the world, is another of the half century's gains. Photography, which brings distant scenes to the family fireside has been another of these unifying forces. In 1851 these forces had made Prince Albert's scheme practicable. The realization of it indicated one of the leading characteristics of our half century. We have seen that tendency to unite, to combine, to co-operate, exerting itself in the international and political

domain. In the sphere of religion we have seen it attain a strange activity. In the provinces of commerce and industry it has been no less active and much more effective. Indeed, there is nothing more noteworthy in all the movements of this wonderful century than the rate at which the principle of amalgamation—offspring of this last generation—has been pushed by the emperors of capital and the princes of commerce and industry.

Industrial association of some sort has existed for ages. Craft-guilds, under various names, were known to Greeks, Romans, Israelites. But labour organization on such a scale as to be a power for defence and, if necessary, offence, is a conception of our day. It grew in part from a spirit of revolt—a revolt that had enough right on its side to justify it, notwithstanding the lawlessness of extremists. There is a good and a bad trades unionism. As a recognized force in civilization, social, political and international, its history forms one of the most important chapters in the record of the half century, especially of the last thirty-five years.

The subdivision of labour and the specialization of skill in every class of work done mainly by machinery makes co-operation essential to production. The completely-qualified and independent tradesman or artisan of some generations ago has been largely superseded by specialists in some process of a trade, so that many an article in common use once turned out by a single craftsman is now produced by the co-operation of several craftsmen and the adjustment of their several tasks to a common end. New inventions generally necessitate fresh division and create new occupations. This industrial feature of our time, brought more and more into evidence by the developments of machinery and the many applications of steam and electricity, give a complexity to industrial life that makes classification difficult. But it illustrates that tendency to co-operation which we have tried to emphasize. A man with a fragment of a trade is

forced by self-interest to seek his co-efficients.

But the most striking example of this tendency is that which has cast reproach on the very word "combine" and made "trust" a term of distrust. Of this, perhaps, only an expert should speak at all. But some reference to it could not well be foregone, as there are those who regard it as the essential factor in the transition to the goal (industrial and commercial and, it may be, social), of our age's revolution. Besides, it is at this moment almost the most obtrusive of platform questions in the United States.

"All work and no play," says the old proverb, "makes Jack a dull boy." The importance that "play," in every sense, has attained in our time makes it second to none of the subjects to which that criterion of public interest—the daily press—devotes its most attractive columns. It is, however, to its international character as a witness to the existence of that tendency to draw together by which our age is signalized that it is mentioned here. Perhaps if we recall the revival in these latter years of the Olympic Games—not merely as a bond of unity to the Hellenic race, but as a centre of athletic interest for civilization—we may indicate the universality of it. Practically, a mention of our international yacht, cricket, boating, football or lacrosse contests, or those sporting tours which make the whole globe their playground, and every stage of which is eagerly watched from thousands of club-rooms and newspaper offices, may make the illustration more true, if less Pindaric. The fact is the main point, and the fact is ubiquitous.

With the centripetal force so strongly exerted in ways so manifold, one might deem it strange that the forecasts of perennial peace, so largely indulged in when the half century began, had proved fallacious. With so many causes drawing men together, with science and art, philanthropy and religion, invention and industry so active in levelling the barriers that make men strangers, what is it that still makes

them enemies, eager to rush madly at each other's throats? The answer to that question is for future consideration. Meanwhile, although the promises of abiding peace have proved premature, it is some gain to know that humane enterprise has endeavoured to mitigate the horrors of war. The Geneva Convention, the St. Petersburg Declaration, the Brussels Conference and the great Peace Conference at the Hague have all tended to impress on rulers the true character of warfare, and to assuage, as far as practicable, the ferocity of combatants and the sufferings of war's victims. The Crusaders' cross was never more worthily borne in the great vain struggle with conquering Saracen or Ottoman than it is by the brave and tender cross-bearers of to-day.

The attempt to substitute arbitration for war, though it has not been greatly successful, and, where the peaceful method has been adopted, has not always given satisfaction or entirely removed international irritation, has, nevertheless, produced a considerable moral effect. The least promising phase of the relations to each other of modern states is the maintenance of immense land and sea armaments, which make a great part of the civilized world like a vast camp, while the harbours and coasts of all the continents bristle with mighty implements of destruction. This system of armed peace—which the late Prince Bismarck professed to regard as the only feasible plan of policing warlike nations—may be said to date from 1879, when the Dreibund or Triple Alliance was devised by the wily Chancellor in order to guard, on the one hand, against a French vendetta, and, on the other, against Russia's resentment for the checks of the Berlin Congress. The Hague Conference, a conception of Czar Nicholas II, failed to effect the purpose of his Majesty—the contraction within more modest limits of those swelling armaments. Count Tolstoi, the novelist and reformer, is said to have asked the Czar to show his sincerity by setting Europe the ex-

ample of disarming. But even the Czar of All The Russias is not omnipotent, and we have no reason to doubt his sincerity. His action is really one of many proofs that, in spite of giant armies and cruel warfare, there is in many thinking men of all stations a growing dislike of war as a mode of settling disputes. But aspiration, even when it approximates achievement, must often tolerate the tedium of painfully slow stages, or submit again and again to the mockery of sentimental mirages.

A glance at the map of the world will remind the thoughtful reader how far extending has been the change which the wars of these fifty years and their sequel have wrought in political geography. In Europe it is little short of a revolution. The Germany, the Austria-Hungary, the Italy, the Balkan Peninsula of 1850 will be looked for in vain in the school atlas of to-day. The German Emperor, the King of Italy, the Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary, the King of Servia, the King of Roumania, the Prince of Bulgaria—these more or less august names of sovereignty indicate some of the main features of the reconstruction. Sebastopol, Solferino, Sadowa, Sedan, Shipka—these names are also eloquent signposts in the route of advancing destiny which are charged with meaning. Solferino was followed by the truce of Villafranca, and when the conditions there agreed upon were ratified at Zurich, Austria's domination in Italy was virtually at an end. Sadowa not only made Prussia supreme in Germany but restored Venetia to Italy. Garibaldi's daring, aided by the discontent in Sicily and Naples, had already added the realm of Francis the Second to the domain of Victor Emmanuel. Sedan completed the revolution. King William was crowned at Versailles and became German Emperor in a sense far more real than that of the Holy Roman Empire. France lost the provinces that she had won from the Imperial Crown by the Peace of Westphalia, and her troops being of necessity withdrawn from Rome, the

forces of King Victor, led by General Cadorna, entered that ancient city, the occupation of which was confirmed by a plebiscite. Thus, by a singular coincidence of interests, antagonisms and alliances, the aspirations of Germany and Italy were fulfilled in the same eventful year.

The occupation of Rome, though approved by most of non-Catholic Christendom and tolerated by the Catholic Powers, has never been accepted by the Vatican as a *fait accompli* against which it is vain to repine. When Victor Emmanuel opened the first Italian Parliament at Turin in February, 1861, "Rome and Venice" was the watchword of the thorough-going advocates of unity—those who were Italians in the superlative degree. Garibaldi was the man of action in whom they confided. He modified the watchword in a way that disclosed his purpose. "Rome or Death" was the war cry that drew to his side 30,000 volunteers, and with these on the march he encountered the Government's troops at Aspromonte. He was wounded and made prisoner. The Italian Cabinet, which had been thus far guided by France, resented the French occupation of Rome, and in September, 1864, it was arranged that Napoleon's troops should be withdrawn. Their retirement was gradually effected and at the close of 1866 they had all evacuated the States of the Church. But in the following year Garibaldi renewed his attempt and Napoleon despatched two chassepot-armed brigades to assist the Papal general, Kanzler, in checking his progress. The opposing forces met at Mentana, and Garibaldi was worsted. Again arrested, he was after a time released. Meanwhile the French troops had once more been established at Rome and there they remained until August, 1870, when the Franco-Prussian war proved the weakness of the Second Empire. In making the announcement of intended withdrawal, the French Government proposed that both nations should recur to the agreement of 1864, which, while binding

France to refrain from military occupation, obliged Italy to abstain from assaulting the Pope's territory and even to defend it if threatened. The Italian Government promised to discharge both obligations. But, on the fall of Sedan, popular sentiment proved too strong for King and Ministry, and on the 6th of September the decision was reached that Rome should be the capital of the monarchy. A plebiscite sanctioned the annexation by an overwhelming majority. The Vatican and so-called Leonine City were assigned to the Pope, who was allowed to retain certain prerogatives and privileges of a temporal sovereign and was offered a respectable civil list.

The Second Empire, as the regime of Napoleon the Third is called, belongs entirely to our half century. It was succeeded by the Third Republic, which, having held its ground for thirty years—for twenty-five since the adoption of the constitution—has come to be regarded as the final choice of the nation. It is somewhat curious that the Republic's one ally should be that despotic and ambitious power against which Napoleon the Third had successfully measured his strength in concert with England and Sardinia in defence of Turkey's integrity. His share, mostly indirect, in accomplishing the unity of Italy and Germany, and thus materially altering the political map of Central and Western Europe, is striking evidence of the oft-quoted saying of Thomas à Kempis—"Man proposes but God disposes." And perhaps, if we examine his policy in the Levant, we shall find the evidence no less interesting.

Certain it is that the Crimean War, which broke the long peace that followed Waterloo, if not largely of Napoleonic devising, was welcomed by the Emperor of the French as a safeguard to his throne and for the furtherance of his dynastic ambitions. The failure of his plans is thought to have broken the strong heart of the Czar Nicholas. In its immediate results the war but slightly modified the map. But, although it diverted Rus-

sia's ambition into directions more perilous to England than those in which Nicholas was tending, it did not save Turkey from the loss of the Principalities. A quarter of a century later, the quarrel was renewed between Russia and Turkey, and the Czar's army approached so near to Constantinople that, but for the protests of Austria and England, supported by the other Powers, the final step to Stamboul might have been taken. For a time the Russians maintained an attitude of defiance; but at last a Congress was agreed to and the reconstruction, qualified by Beaconsfield as "Peace with honour," took place. Save for the check to Russia, the issue was strangely in accordance with the plan confided by Czar Nicholas I to Sir Hamilton Seymour in 1853. He wished the principalities (Wallachia and Moldavia) to be independent: the kingdom of Roumania has long been familiar to us. He would have given Servia a like status, and it, too, has a king of its own. "So again with Bulgaria," said Emperor Nicholas; "there seems to be no reason why this province should not be an independent state." What the Czar had in his mind was the up-break of the Sultan's dominion in Europe. He desired a Russian protectorate in the Balkan peninsula. That he failed to win, though in return he was ready to acknowledge England's superior claim to Egypt. Nor would he even object to a British occupation of Candia. Both Egypt and Candia have ceased to recognize the Sultan's control. Since 1878, Cyprus, moreover, has been administered by an English governor, and the French occupation of Tunis, which followed in 1881, seemed to end the Ottoman rule in Africa. When Sebastopol was taken in 1855, the achievement was the cause of much loyal rejoicing in Canada. In the province of Quebec, especially, the Anglo-French alliance was a source of real satisfaction. But, as surveyed from the standpoint of to-day, the policy of which it was the fruit, does not appear to have been the wisest. There were other Powers whose inter-

est in restraining Russia's ambition in Southwestern Europe was more close than that of either England or France. That strange personage, the Count of Monte Cristo, is found by his former judge, the Procureur du Roi, M. de Villefort, leaning over a table and tracing on a chart the route from St. Petersburg to China. We might fancy a symbolic Czar after the Treaty of Paris (1856), in the same attitude and employment. The route was persistently followed, with digressions southward, ever more and more definite, till the goal was reached. In modifying the map of Asia within their chosen sphere of influence, the Russians have heard frequent protests, and, more than once, a challenge, but their advance has been still continued. Progressive maps of Asia show its results.

From England's stronghold of power in the same great continent India's boundaries have been pushed back northward, northwestward and eastward; and, notwithstanding the terrible ordeal of the Mutiny, that power has been consolidated into an imperial domain (1858) whose administration (in spite of its defects) is a marvel. In Southwest Asia France has, since 1881, considerably enlarged her territories. New Japan is a noteworthy conquest for Western civilization.

The map of Africa of fifty years ago is worthy of study. Exploration and colonization, on a scale (as to occupation or delimitation) previously without precedent, have completely transformed that great continent. The discovery of the source of the Nile, so long the puzzle of geographers, the settlement of the origin and course of the Congo, the exploration of the Zambesi, the Niger and other streams, the ascent of the chief mountain peaks and ranges and the circuit of the great central lakes, associated with the names of

Speke, Livingstone, Stanley and other undaunted men, have removed much of the mystery that once enveloped Africa. What is known as the partition of Africa has been revised during the last fifteen years, on the basis primarily of the Berlin Conference of 1885.

The ocean world has undergone some sweeping changes during the period under review. Borneo, New Guinea, Madagascar, Tahiti, Fiji, Hawaii, Samoa, Porto Rico, Cuba, the Philippines—these and other islands and archipelagoes have undergone changes of ownership materially affecting their destinies.

Nor has the New World been unvisited by change during this changeful time. North America has been swept by a veritable revolution in which the three main continental countries have been in many ways transformed. This transformation has been partly due to peaceful development, partly to war. The tragedy of Maximilian's death (1867) divides the earlier from the later chapters of modern Mexican history. The same year marks the change from Old to New Canada. The Civil War (1861-65) changed the entire character of American civilization and ended the distinction between slave and free states. A *coup d'état* made the Empire of Brazil a republic. The Venezuela-Guiana boundary dispute was settled by arbitration. Alaska passed by purchase from Russia to the United States. The repetition in the New World of De Lesseps' victory, though delayed, must come ere long.

This is but a general indication of those events which have caused alterations in the political maps of both hemispheres, but it is sufficient to show how far-reaching, and, in many cases how material, is the contrast between the geography of 1850 and that of 1900.

MR. READE'S THIRD PAPER WILL
BE DEVOTED TO A REVIEW OF CA-
NADA'S DEVELOPMENT, ASPIRATIONS
AND PROSPECTS.

NEW YEAR.

THE midnight grew
Wherein I saw the old year giving place
Unto the new.

Above my head
Confusedly the firmament's high face
With cloud was spread.

And from the dark
Now here, now there, upon the silent space
Some starry spark

A moment gleamed,
Then paled and of itself left no more trace
Than if one dreamed.

So unto me
Did love and hope appear a little time;
So cease to be.

Then did I grieve
Until they shone again within my clime,
Again to leave.

But now, meanwhile,
Grown 'ware of the unchanging and sublime,
I lose and smile.

O star, thy light
Is merged for me within eternal day
And lost to sight.

O changeful hope,
O passing love, ye must henceforward stay
For larger scope.

I give to you
And make you part of what flees not away
And hath no lieu.

From 'neath the dim
Horizon of the east, slid up the sky
A golden rim.

Above whose side
A vasty, shining orb mounted on high
With morning-tide.

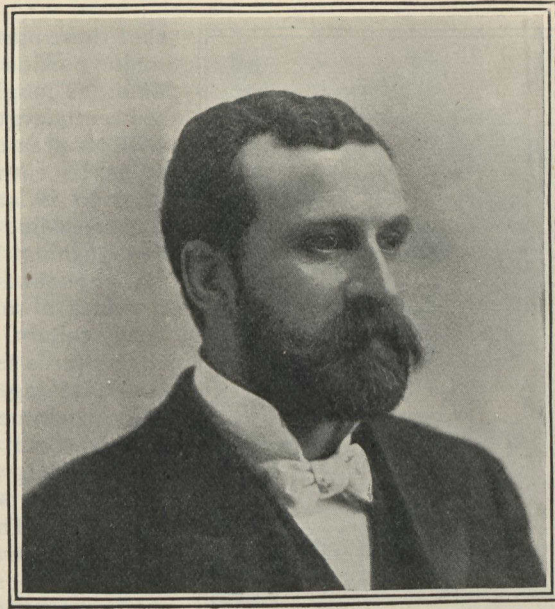
Down from the crest
Of heav'n, the empty moon moved slowly by
Into the west.

Oh, as unfit
For me, as that faint moon for morning's glow,
Vanish like it,

And fade before
My sunny spirit, not for thee to know
Or dwell with more.

Without a tear
O olden self of mine, I bid thee go—
This is new year.

Evelyn Durand.



HON. ROBERT BOND—PREMIER OF NEWFOUNDLAND

THE RAILWAY QUESTION IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

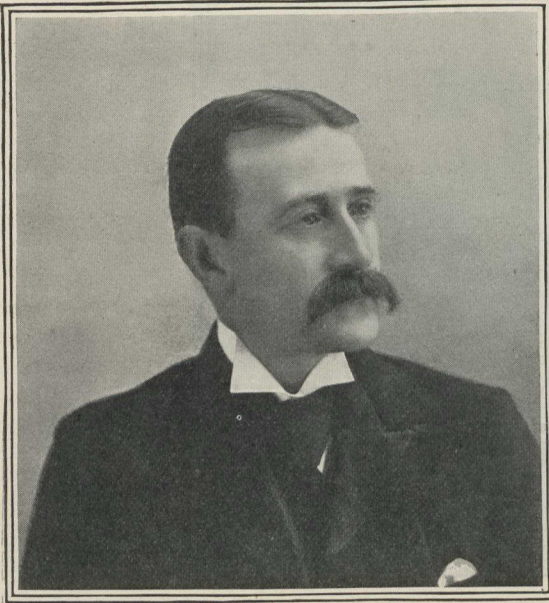
By P. T. McGrath, Editor St. John's Evening Herald.

THOSE articles by Mr. R. L. Richardson, M. P., on "Government Ownership of Railways," which have been appearing in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* the past four months, have been read with the keenest interest in this colony, where the railway problem is, if possible, even more important than it is in Canada. Indeed, the first two papers supplied valuable ammunition for the recent general election campaign, the main issue in which was the endorsement or repudiation of the transfer of the Colonial Railway and allied properties from the state to individual and ultimately to corporate ownership.

Newfoundland's experience throws an instructive sidelight upon the question of who should own the railways—the country or the corporations, and an analysis of the conditions underlying our case will probably result in the investigator becoming satisfied that the answer must be one influenced

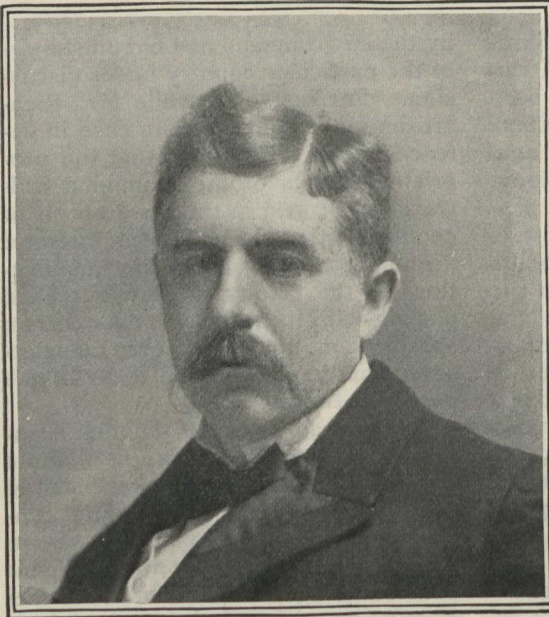
by the environment and circumstances of the particular country under discussion. For instance, while Mr. Richardson makes out a strong case in defence of the proposition that the proprietary rights of the Dominion railways should vest in the Government or people of Canada, an even stronger argument can be adduced in justification of the colony of Newfoundland parting with its railway, under certain specific conditions, however unpalatable that may be to the mass of the people at the time.

Perhaps no phase of colonial economics in recent years has been more remarkable than that comprehended in the Newfoundland railway—its construction by the colony and its sale to a contractor. To bring an intelligent understanding to bear upon it, the fact must be borne in mind that the principal industry of the colony is fishing—for cod, seal, salmon and herring, and



HON. W. H. HARWOOD, Q.C.—A LEADING MEMBER OF
THE BOND MINISTRY

which the new departure was based was that the population, having grown to a point where the fisheries had ceased to be a support, was entitled to have the



HON. E. P. MORRIS, Q.C.—A LEADING MEMBER OF
THE BOND MINISTRY

that these pursuits occupy the major portion of the inhabitants. Though the island is the tenth largest in the world, with an area of 42,000 square miles, its entire population of 200,000 is scattered around the coast-line in innumerable little fishing hamlets, within sight or sound of the sea which provides a sustenance for the hardy toilers. There are not to-day three settlements in the island lacking an outlet by sea. For a maritime people like this, therefore, to undertake railway building would seem to have been a policy little short of insane. The whole interior was an untraversed wilderness, with possibilities in the matter of agriculture and lumbering only vaguely defined. The value of its minerals, notably copper, was more assured, and the argument upon

potential wealth of the interior developed and new industrial avenues opened up for the needy and unemployed.

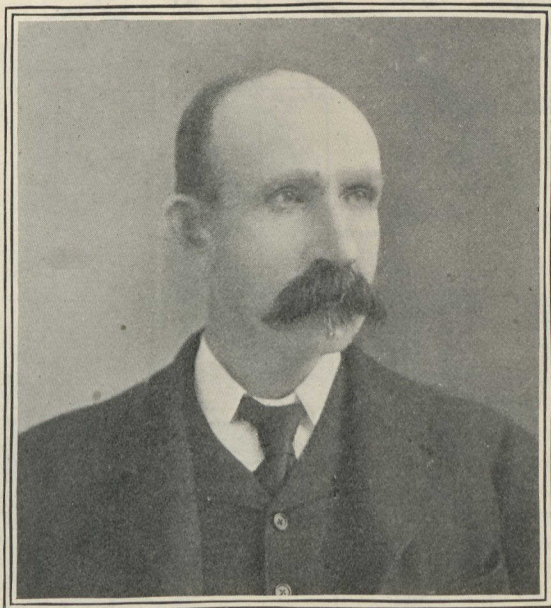
Accordingly the railway policy was launched. An American company undertook to build a narrow gauge road to Notre Dame Bay, obtained a charter guaranteeing lands and a mail subsidy of \$536 a mile per annum for thirty-five years, and proceeded with the work. Bonds of the company were floated in England, and with the money thus obtained construction was begun. But mismanagement and extravagance soon dissipated the funds, and after completing some sixty miles of the road the Company defaulted, the line reverting to the bondholders and the colony being left with the experience, and with a lawsuit against the Company which absorbed thousands of

dollars of the taxpayers' money in the succeeding years. The next essay was the building of a section of the road as a public work, managed by a board of commissioners and financed out of the colonial treasury. This proved so costly that it had to be in turn abandoned. Then the decision was made to have the line completed by a reputable outside contractor, if one could be got to undertake the task.

Among those who responded to the invitation was Mr. R. G. Reid, of Montreal, who had successfully carried out several large contracts for the Canadian Pacific Railway. His tender was accepted for \$15,600 a mile, payable in the colony's forty-year $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds, he undertaking their conversion into cash. This contract was signed in 1890, the mileage involved being about 280. By 1893 he had the road almost completed, but it then became clear to the Government that in order for the enterprise to become of any value to the colony the line would need to be extended to Port-aux-Basques, the southwestern extremity of the island, whence daily communication could be maintained with the Canadian mainland by a fast steamer. Accordingly, another contract was entered into with Mr. Reid for the construction of the western division of the line on the same terms.

Concurrently with this arose the question of operating the line when completed. It ran through a wilderness, there was no settled population or none to settle, the expected industries were still in the embryo stage, and the wiser heads in the colony saw the grim shadow of an insolvent state looming up behind this white elephant. During the construction period the danger was not acute, for while the public debt was growing at the rate of over a million dollars a year the abundance of employment for the

labouring classes engendered a fictitious prosperity that was dissipated in an instant by the "Bank Crash" of December, 1894, which sent us knocking at Canada's door three months later. The gravest crisis was anticipated when Mr. Reid, having laid his last rail, left the colony with 3,000 idle navvies, an overgrown public debt, and a railway the operation of which, according to our own Confederation delegates, would involve an annual drain upon our already depleted exchequer of \$250,000 a year over and



MR. R. G. REID—OWNER OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND RAILWAYS AND TELEGRAPHS

above its possible earnings.

The only solution of this difficulty was to impose the operation of the road upon Mr. Reid for a period, and he undertook the task for ten years, in return for a grant of 5,000 acres of land for each mile of track operated. This contract was also arranged in 1893, and as he was allowed three years to complete the western division of the road, his operating period was really only seven years. It was understood that he would set on foot many labour-giving industries,

and develop the mineral, agricultural and timber lands included in his holdings. He did initiate works of this character, but not on a large scale, because the seven-year period was inadequate to justify him in more ambitious projects, seeing that the road might then pass into the hands of parties hostile to him and his ventures. In 1897 he proposed to the Government to extend his operating contract to thirty years, but in the general election which then took place the Liberal

the reversion of the ownership on the property at the end of that period for a present payment of \$1,000,000.

THE DRY DOCK.—The colony had built a graving dock at St. John's some years previously. It would make an excellent deep-water terminal for his railway, and he purchased it for \$325,000; it cost \$560,000.

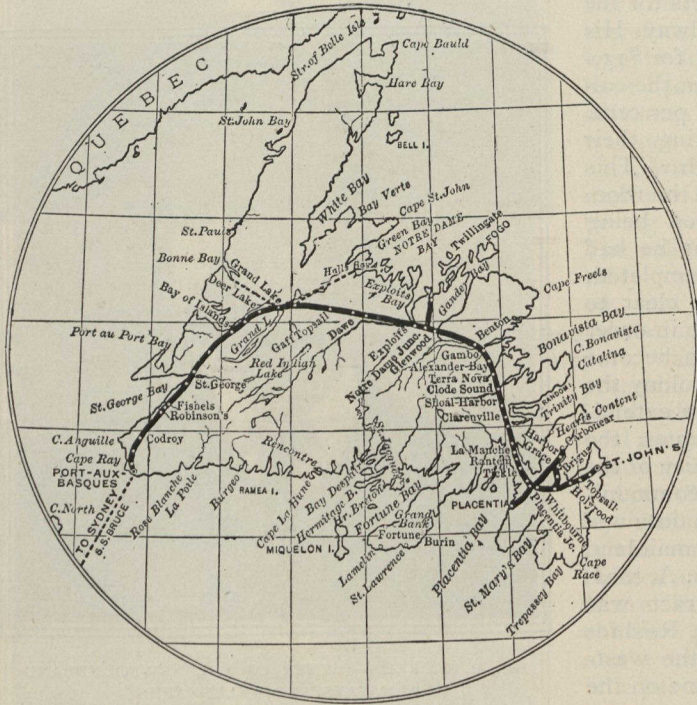
THE TELEGRAPHS.—To properly operate his trains and steamers Mr. Reid purchased the colonial telegraph system, 1,000 miles in length, for \$125,000, the rates to be reduced one-half at the expiration of the Anglo-American monopoly in 1904.

THE MAIL STEAMERS.—Instead of casual steamers around the coast, Mr. Reid procured a franchise for eight modern high-class boats, for thirty years, at subsidies aggregating \$92,300, with a subsidy of \$42,000 for the carriage of mails by train, or \$135,300 per annum, in all.

THE LANDS.—The total of the land grants amounted to over 4,000,000 acres.

Provision for the development of these was made, and they were regarded as being the foundation of the possibilities of the whole extraordinary undertaking.

Dealing with these properties in detail, the situation was: The colony was somewhat embarrassed, and the Winter Ministry held that the sale to Mr. Reid would provide enough ready money to meet current obligations and redeem debentures then awaiting can-



NEWFOUNDLAND AND ITS RAILWAY

Ministry was defeated, and the Conservatives, led by Sir James Winter, assumed power. The Winter Ministry concluded with Mr. Reid the remarkable contract which has since become famous as the "Reid deal." Its provisions are as follows:

THE RAILWAY.—Mr. Reid undertook to operate the entire railway system of the colony, 638 miles, for fifty years for a further land grant of 2,500 acres to each mile of track; and he purchased

cellation. Mr. Reid, on his side, held that a proprietary right in these franchises was essential, as a mere leasehold would be insufficient for financial purposes. The combining of the steamers with the train service ensured the carriage of freights to all parts of the colony on the lowest terms, as the rates were assessed by mileage over land or water. The dock and telegraphs were both being operated by the colony at a loss, and the lands in the interior were valueless to the colony unless they could be developed.

In connection with the railway itself, it should be explained that the original section, owned by the English bondholders, had been purchased from them by the Liberal Ministry just before its defeat, for \$1,750,000, and was included in the whole line which was handed over to Mr. Reid three months later. In round figures the whole system cost the colony \$10,000,000 to build, including this purchase,

and what the masses of the people were never able to understand was, how the Government came to "sell" this to Mr. Reid for barely one million. The contract, however, commended itself to the Legislature, which, having regard to all the local circumstances, deemed it the best arrangement possible in the interests of the colony. It passed the House of Assembly by a vote of twenty-eight to eight, five members of the Opposition breaking from their party in order to support it; and in the

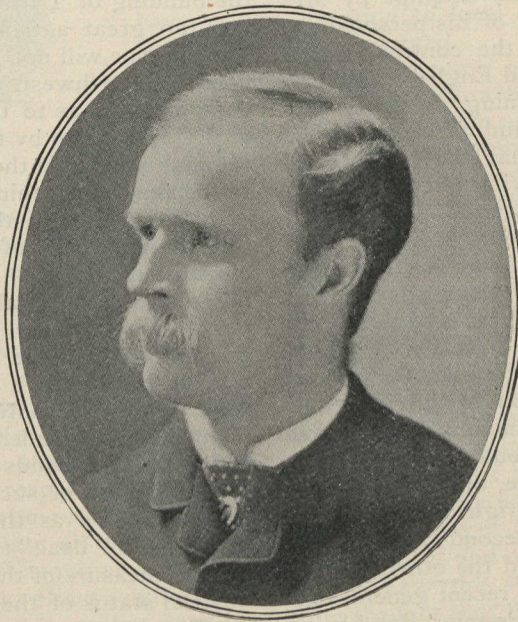
Legislative Council it passed by a vote of fourteen to one. But it was not palatable to the country at large, as the agitation of the past two years against it proved, and the disintegration and collapse of the Winter Ministry last February was due in no small degree to the bitter hostility which the measure had created.

Mr. Reid's operation of the railway and kindred services under this contract was undertaken with the determination to set the colony a long way ahead on the march towards real pro-

gress and prosperity. Splendid modern steamers were built by him; sumptuous railway carriages and the latest types of locomotives were provided; he improved the roadbed and began a palace hotel in St. John's; and he set on foot many new industries. These projects justified to a certain extent the arguments of those who had advocated the disposal of the properties to a contractor—

that he being saddled with the operation of the services, would have to spend millions of money in developing the varied resources of the island in order to obtain his dividends and ultimately to recoup himself for his original outlay. It was also pointed out that the colony, being unable to carry out development schemes on such a basis, would have become bankrupt in the endeavour to operate the line and run the steamers.

Influenced by these views, Mr. Reid



ALFRED B. MORINE, ESQ.—LEADER OF THE
NEWFOUNDLAND OPPOSITION

then came forward with a proposal that the Government, whose sanction was essential, permit him to convert these personal holdings into a limited liability company, capitalized at \$25,000,000; one-fifth of that sum to be raised at once on mortgage bonds, for the carrying out of the several industries already initiated, notably a pulp-mill, designed to be one of the largest in the world. The Ministry then in power, headed by Hon. Robert Bond, with Hon. E. P. Morris and W. H. Harwood as his lieutenants, was not favourable to this proposition, fearing that it concealed an attempt by Mr. Reid to rid himself of his personal liability. He urged the contrary view: that he had secured English capital to assist him in turning to profit our wealth of forest and farm, and mine and stream, and that the colony's security for the carrying out of the contract obligations would be enhanced, instead of minimized. But the Bond Government insisted on his returning to the colony the telegraphs; on his amending his land grants so as to conserve the interests of settlers, and ensure reservation of tracts for various public purposes; on his giving guarantees as to the amount of money to be spent in the colony of the sum raised; and, if possible, on his relinquishing his proprietary right in the railway. He agreed to the second and third conditions, but rejected the others.

On this issue the recent general election was fought, Premier Bond being returned with a following of thirty-two, while Mr. Reid's friends carried only four seats, the leader of the Conservatives, Mr. A. B. Morine, who is also Mr. Reid's solicitor, being among the fortunate quartette. The election proved how apprehensive the people were of a monopoly, and how they resented the concessions already granted to the contractor, not to speak of affording him others. Nevertheless, it is recognized that the operation of the railroad by the Government would be impossible, and it is conceded that only by

the inauguration of diversified industries along the line can Mr. Reid make his venture a financial success. The sentiment of hostility afloat against him is due to the fear that he has got too much power through the influences he wields, and that he or the corporation which succeeds him, may become a formidable rival to the State. The adjustment of the difficulties between him and the Bond Government being a matter of current politics, is outside the scope of this paper.

An impartial study of the whole question warrants the conclusion that the building of a trans-insular railway was too great a task for the colony. The interior will not produce wheat as does the Northwest, there was nothing demonstrable as to the wealth of the region opened up by the road; and the roundabout course the track takes, due to the need of touching all the bays, so as to connect with the steamers, forbids the possibility of cheap and speedy carriage of freight. Therefore, having made this initial experiment, the colony should have, in handing over the operation of the line to a contractor, stipulated for a prolonged period with ample guarantees that development would be undertaken. The centering in the hands of one man, by his acquisition of such an all-embracing concession as that comprehended in the Reid "deal," the determining in a large measure of the financial and industrial status of the colony, is a proceeding that is powerful for good or evil, according as that individual uses or misuses the almost autocratic grip it gives him. But the most insoluble problem of all is that bound up with the livelihood of a corporation, or trading company, acquiring control of such an aggregation of commercial franchises, and thereby exerting such a direct and potent influence—baneful or beneficial—upon the people and prospects of a small colony like this. It promises to provide some new object-lessons in the history of British autonomous possessions.

GASPÉ SKETCHES

By Marjory MacMurchy



I.—THE GASPÉ ROAD AND PASPEBIAC.

THERE are a hundred different ways of going out to spend a holiday. People at one time made it an excuse for cutting cat-tails, they may even do so yet. But the fancy at present is for gathering impressions of scenery and human nature. This does not altogether betray a universal tendency to novel writing. It means that the rest of the world have to pay attention to local colour in order to understand what they read.

One sometimes does come across a district of country which possesses characteristics that appeal even to the ordinary observer as having a marked life of their own, something quite different from the usual routine of commerce, and industry, and the

house-keeping that is appropriate to railways and trolley cars. Such a country may be found in Gaspé, on the north shore of the Bay of Chaleur, in the Province of Quebec.

It is true that a railway is pushing on towards the end of Gaspé, that rounded point of land that thrusts itself out into the Gulf; but it is only half way down, and the Gaspé road, a highway of quite respectable antiquity, is still the favourite means of travel. The settlements are all old, but they have not as yet acquired a trace of self-consciousness. Brass candlesticks, without that air of being too good for use that belongs to the specimens found in more sophisticated neighbourhoods, are frequently employed as window props in Gaspé. The old china to be found there is too exciting a subject to discuss. Upon investigation, one household confessed to having three sets that had come out in various wedding chests, some of it as far back as a remarkable great-grandmother whose temperament is still remembered in the family.

The traveller will likely be told sometime during his wanderings that this part of Canada resembles Scotland. There may be a fleeting likeness in the

higher reaches of the salmon rivers, or in the climate. But there is always the essential difference, the wild, free, untrodden, vaster aspect both in the hills and on the shore. Those who value nature chiefly for an association of historic grandeur will never discover the charm that is to be found on the shores of the Bay of Chaleur.

There is a point of resemblance, however, which is quite as apparent if not so frequently pointed out, between the north shore of the Bay of Chaleur and the Scotland of some fifty years ago. What this is may be inferred from the fact that there is supposed to be some legal interference with the free supply of, let us say, French brandy. At all events, as is generally the case with a real or supposed interference of this kind, it has increased the consumption. It is more than hinted on the north shore that the gentle art of smuggling is practised. All that is necessary is a quick run at night up the Bay; it would be hard indeed if in ninety miles of coast a hidden landing could not be effected. For the sake of romance, let us suppose that the French brandy is landed in kegs. It certainly reaches the bottle stage of distribution as one may testify from a

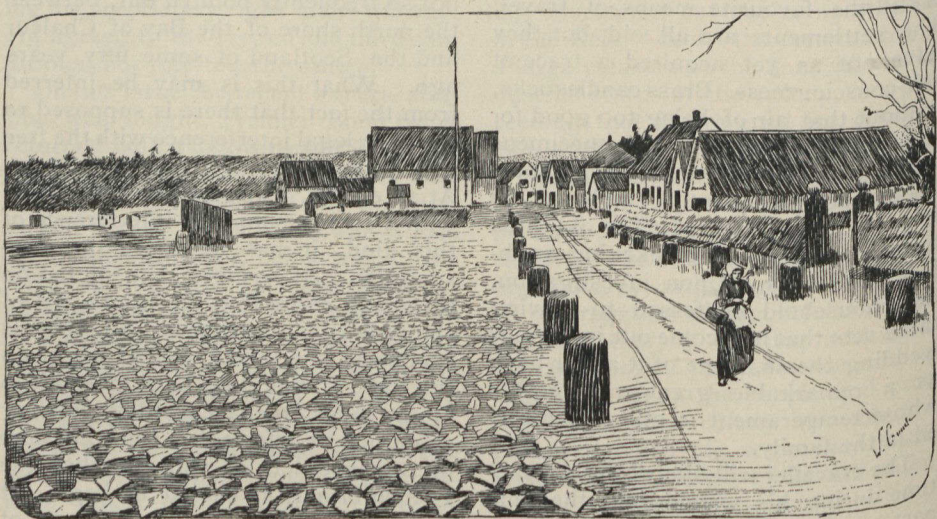
very ordinary degree of observation. Two short railway journeys revealed the fact that the familiar tin cup, apparently intended for ice water, was really used in conjunction with a black bottle that did not even pretend to conceal itself, a circumstance one would imagine very shocking to the Government, but of some value as local colour.

This temporary exuberance will no doubt pass away with the advance of the railway and the summer traveller. The story-teller, if he feels any desire to visit Gaspé, had better do so quickly. If he goes, he is advised to settle for himself the question as to the authenticity of the Raphael that is said to hang over the altar in one of the churches whose spires cast an evening shadow over the Bay. He is sure to hear about the picture, and will have no difficulty in finding it, especially if he drives on the Gaspé road, and has as little to do with the railway as he conveniently can.

Then, too, if he drives, he will see the door that seems to be an architectural freak in Gaspé. The houses are built generally after the same pattern, but there are some slight variations. This particular door might be called a variation. Above the ordinary entrance

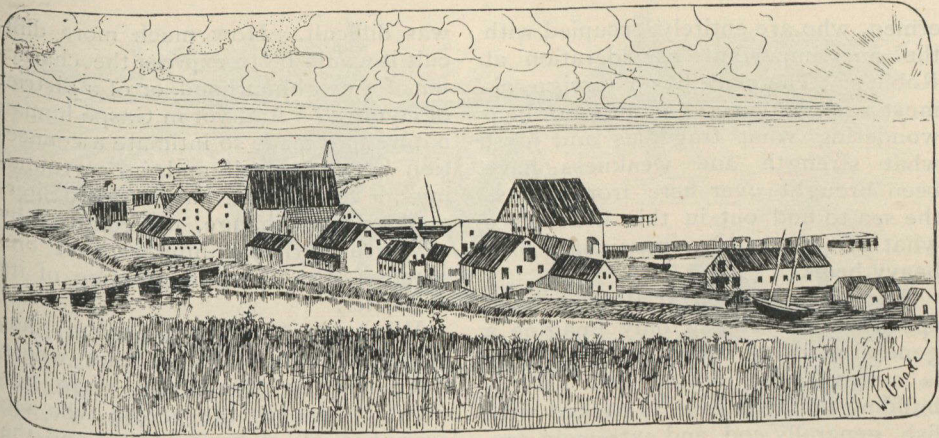
in the less fashionable districts of Gaspé he will find a second door, leading nowhere except out to the air, which is swung open in the afternoon when the daughter of the house is spinning. From the vantage of this situation she keeps a careful eye upon any excitement that may chance to pass along the road, staying her hand meanwhile with the uplifted thread until the passing traveller is out of sight. Why the opening should have been made a door and not a window does not appear, although it would have been a convenient exit for Silverlocks when the little bear came upstairs to see who had been in his bed.

For communication with more distant parts of the Bay the inhabitants depend on a steamer, but for longer journeys they may go from their own little landings—some lad, perhaps, from his father's farm in his own sailboat to the side of a brig that is anchored, not for the first time, in that harbour. The way to South America is a great deal more direct than you would imagine from the Bay of Chaleur. The day of the sailing vessel is not over here, and as you see the ships coming steadily up the Bay with the wind singing the rushing song of the sea under their sails, you may remember Jacques



PASPEBIAC

DRAWN BY W. GOODE



ROBIN'S AND THE BRIDGE

DRAWN BY W. GOODE

Cartier and old stories of French men-of-war that came up the Gulf and found this blue inlet more than two hundred years ago.

Speaking of South America reminds one of Paspébiac and Robin's. Paspébiac, if you may happen not to have heard of it before, which is not unlikely, is some miles from New Carlisle, the county town of Bonaventure; and New Carlisle is one of the most fascinating places in the world. It lies like an unfastened necklace along the shore of the Bay, with a red cliff below, and a sparkling beach, and a long pier as fine and graceful in its outline as any pier on this side of the world. Just at present there does not seem to be much evidence of any utilitarian reason for the pier at New Carlisle, but it is very good to look at; and one could easily imagine a crowd of passengers gazing down at the shore from the deck of one of the Atlantic liners that were expected to arrive from Milford Haven a couple of years ago.

From New Carlisle you drive down the Gaspé road to Paspébiac, and there you find Robin's, which is the kind of place that you would expect to take the fancy of a novelist like Sir Walter Besant. Indeed, if that author had heard of Robin's after writing "Armored of Lyonesse" he certainly would have come over and written a romance of the Bay of Chaleur on the spot. There is only one objection to Robin's;

no one can supply you with any definite information about it on this side of the sea. If you want more than a general impression you will have to seek for it in Jersey, where the head office is. But a branch of this great fishing enterprise has been at Paspébiac since the end of the eighteenth century, or even before that. Local tradition says that Robin's send the fish they catch all over the world, but principally to Brazil and the Argentine Republic. Their fishermen are brought out from Jersey, and presently send for their wives, or sweethearts, and live in the neat little white houses, and take care of the gay queer-fashioned gardens that the traveller may see in Paspébiac.

You turn to the right from the Gaspé road on to a side road that leads somewhat abruptly down a little declivity to the sea. At the end of the road is a bridge which connects a winding strip of sand at this end with the shore. Robin's, which begins on the other side of the bridge, is a very neat place. The little peninsula is covered with buildings, each with its own particular designation painted on a sign over the door, including the "Sail Loft" and the "Bell Tower." These two names are in English, the rest in French. There is a road winding neatly about among the buildings, and you may look at everything without exciting any surprise from the dark, busy fish-

ermen, who are entirely occupied with the one important consideration at Robin's. The place has a foreign, almost a romantic air. You cannot help wondering what tragedies and joys, what strength and weakness have been brought over here from across the sea to find out in this little place what life means to a passionate or a heavy heart.

The gravel beach at Robin's is so spotless that you can only imagine a general morning bath; and the shore is covered with drying fish. Every building that you pass is packed with fish, generally cod, and extremely dry, in some stage of getting ready to go to South America. Beyond the shore a couple of Robin's ships are riding at anchor waiting to be sent away.

After you have seen all there is to see you may retrace your steps across the bridge. But it is scarcely possible that you will not remember sometimes the curious union of tranquillity and work in this odd little world, with its own manners and customs, that does not seem to belong to the country where it exists at all; but is only moored on this side of the sea like a ship, and may at any time set a wonderful spread of canvas and sail off, gravelly beach, dried fish and all, back to Jersey.

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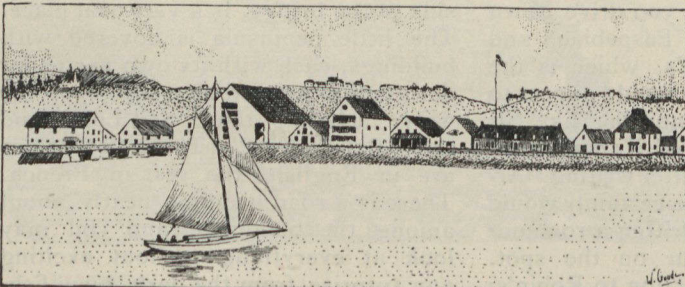
II.—BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS AND THE SEA.

An apparently amiable lady once stated that she was in the habit of committing to paper her impressions of the various individualities it was her fortune to meet. She admitted that it

was difficult. How much more difficult it would be to express the character of a neighbourhood or of a district of country? And yet in Gaspé human nature has made so intimate a connection between itself and its surroundings, a connection that is not obliterated by rapid change, nor confused by any great variety of interest, that one is tempted to try an expression of its character.

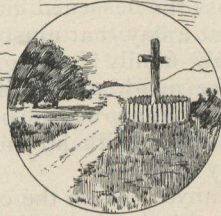
What does the Bay of Chaleur, that beautiful, untumultuous inlet where there are no dangerous reefs nor shoals, mean to the people who see every hour its changing tides, and the darker shadows cast on it by the clouds as they pass over? There may be deeper, more subtle effects, but one consequence certainly has been to produce a brave caution, a sensible appreciation of danger. There is an entire absence of the foolhardiness that causes the loss of so many lives in the lakes of Mid-Canada. The farmers and fishermen who live on the shores of the Bay of Chaleur know how to handle a boat. They respect the power of the sea; one scarcely ever hears of a drowning accident. More impression was made by the rescue of two young fishermen who had been clinging to their overturned boat for hours, than is made by a whole season's drowning accidents in Ontario. Children are still admonished by the incident; and the seamanship of the fishermen in question has suffered from a loss of prestige. More subtle still is the effect of the Gaspé hills, a range of mountains whose beauty does not consist in extraordinary height nor grandeur, but in an exquisite flowing outline, an

indescribable harmony of gradation that affects the onlooker with a sense of joy. One is almost safe in saying that the Gaspé hills help the inhabitants of that country to escape in a degree from the weariness of life. They





DEFYING THE FERRYMAN



certainly give a pride of occupation ; but there is something more than that, a relief from the monotonous and unimportant, something quite unassailable by repetition, like great art.

Leaving these more indefinite advantages, it is quite certain that the isolation of Gaspé has produced an interesting uncommonness of character. A man is not so readily ashamed of a foible here. People with a turn for the unusual are not so generally called cranks in Gaspé. It is a country where one who has a liking for that kind of thing can make a collection of stories, not remarkable perhaps, but interesting, and full of that quality that arouses the imagination. Like all stories some of them are sad, some amusing. Most of the sad stories, as is usually the case, come from challenges thrown in the way of fate, like the glove of a knight long ago. The more ordinary and humorous deal with the development of an autocratic character in a small community. An example of the first class is to be found in the story of a beautiful half-breed girl.

A little distance from the Gaspé road you may pass the former home of a beautiful girl, whose descent was partly Indian, and who was seen one summer many years ago by a stranger. The man was married and was accompanied by his wife, but that did not prevent him from saying to this young woman that he would some day return and marry her. It does not appear that he had any ground for supposing that she cared for him ; she seems always to have been of a somewhat

apathetic nature.

What the stranger said was supposed to be a jest. Whether the girl believed him or not no one seems to know, but in a year or so he did return and kept his word. No doubt there were many in the neighbourhood who thought that the girl was particularly lucky and the man one of those persons whom fate seems to disregard. But far away from her native country the beautiful half-breed went insane, and has forgotten everything, perhaps even the little home from which she came. Or remembers it and the blue hills that cast a long shadow in the afternoon to think that if only she were there again she would be well.

Within a few miles of the home of this girl is a ferry across which a large flat-bottomed boat is poled by one of the natives who charges a sufficiently high fee, with the sanction of the local authorities, to make his neighbours suppose that he must by this time have amassed great wealth. One of these neighbours, suffering under a sense of what he considers the ferryman's unmerited prosperity, and possibly with some more substantial provocation, has refused to have anything further to do with the ferry.

But on the other side of the river lies the hamlet where he obtains all the necessities that are not grown on his own farm. There is no other ferry, and a bridge across the river is miles away. The river cannot be forded except once a month at the lowest tide.

No matter at what inconvenience to himself or to his family, the neighbour will not contribute to the revenue of the ferryman; and once a month the attentive observer may see a man, with some scores of commissions, one would imagine, preparing to drive across the lessened tide of the river. What a day that must be in the neighbour's family! Imagine the feelings of the neighbour's wife, and those of the ferryman whose occupation is set at naught with so much deliberation every month!

Many miles on the other side of the ferry is the home of Madame Joli. Even in Gaspé the extraordinary determination of Madame Joli's character is recognized; and she is pointed out with pride as a curiosity. The drive to Madame Joli's is itself worth taking, all the way on the Gaspé road which here follows the shore without an interruption. If it is late in the afternoon what delicate colours form the outline of sea and sky! The mountains draw nearer the shore, but they remain even close at hand full of undulating unexpectedness. Madame Joli's house is in the shadow of the hills. In spite of the fact that it is a private house—so Madame insists, and who would venture to contradict her?—the passing traveller will always find a bountiful meal spread for such as he at Madame Joli's. He need not fear unless his appetite is small, and in that case, if Madame were to take it as a slight upon the cooking, the consequences might be serious. If she is pleased, she herself will show the traveller a chair in her best parlour, of which she is extremely proud. It has come all the way from Toronto, and she mentions the name of the store as glibly as if she were a street railway conductor. The chair cost five dollars, and as Madame Joli stands before it with a look of pride on her broad face, it would be hard to imagine anything more imposing than that five dollar chair in Madame Joli's presence. "You like my chair?" she says to the traveller, and having received his assent he is allowed to depart.

Madame Joli's importance is best understood when compared with the insignificance of her husband—"Oh, Joli!" as Madame herself says, with an indescribable air of depreciation. He is a little man, although, to be candid, few people have ever seen him. Madame weighs some three hundred pounds. She watches while you eat, but she does not serve. "There are raisins," she will remark firmly, if the traveller is about to leave the table without taking any, "You can eat them on the road." One is bewildered between the feeling that this ought to be considered kindness, and a conviction that in this instance it is pure authority.

In Gaspé a woman in a hayfield is no uncommon sight. But Madame Joli in a hayfield is another matter. Whatever brought her there who can fathom? One cannot possibly believe that it was at the instance of her husband. Madame Joli was on the load; Joli was putting up the hay, when, on account of some temporary aberration Joli started the horse in the direction of the next haycock without warning Madame that the load was about to be put in motion. As anyone might, under these circumstances Madame Joli fell off. Joli, knowing what he might expect, started for the barn, without waiting to see what had become of Madame. His expectations were realized; his wife followed him with a hayfork, but Joli is still supposed to be alive. "Oh, Joli," said Madame, when we enquired, "He has gone to Maria for a bag of meal. I sent him."

It is quite possible to forget even Madame Joli in Gaspé. The winding road brings one back to the sea and to a fleet of little fishing-boats riding at anchor. Another turn in the road, and one is near a wayside cross in its little weed-grown enclosure, where a woman is praying. The spiritless horse she has been driving looks over his shoulder to see what is keeping her so long, and as the strangers pass she rises from her knees. The devout, thin face, the dark figure, the great arms of the cross, and the burning

nasturtium blossoms among the weeds that are the only sign that anyone cares for the place, cast a gentle sadness across the close of the day. What the woman had been praying for had lent a look of absorption to the brown eyes that did not seem to see the hills nor the surface of the bay where their shadows were reflected, although in some part of her unconscious being she must have been aware of them.

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III.—THE CASCAPEDIA.

“This is one of the greatest salmon-fishing rivers in the world,” says the sporting American with a proportionate feeling of gratification as he enters the comparative solitude that means Canada to him, a great playground, a hunting and fishing paradise. But the Cascapedia has a spirit of its own, not to be surprised merely by a sportsman who comes north with much fatigue and anticipation, and an appropriate collection of canned and other commodities.

The Cascapedia joins the Bay of Chaleur at New Richmond, thirty-five miles from New Carlisle. It sweetens all the waters that flow by the long point of land where Stanley House looks south across the Bay. Stanley House was built by the Governor-General of Canada, who is now Lord Derby, in those days when the fishing rights on the Cascapedia were subject to the use of the Governor-General. The practice has been changed since

then. But the whole length of the river is rife with memories of distinguished personages which has an odd effect in the conversation of a generally-untitled country. What Lord Lansdowne said about land tenure to one of his Gaspé neighbours may enliven the conversational situation at any moment. The man who once drove the present Duke of Argyll to his fishing lodge, may remark casually when he meets you that the Marquis told him that he was called Jack Campbell at home.

So much for the reputation of the river from a social point of view. There is one addition, however, still to



JUNE ON THE CASCAPEDIA

be made. Some day you will be informed with a rueful smile that Kipling once made his way to the Cascapedia to try his luck, and was refused permission. What a picture he might have given of its shining reaches! Perhaps he would have immortalized some guide, and the genus guide of the Canadian variety is worth immortalizing. This happened before Kipling wrote “Our Lady of the Snows.” It may be that when he remembers Canada he thinks only of the closed waters of the Cascapedia. We might, by way of reparation for this apparent

inhospitality, cease imagining that the poet of empire is prejudiced against us.

But no matter who comes or goes on the Cascapedia, the spirit of the river remains the same. There is a road on either bank that follows the course of the river far up until the hills close nearer, and the young maples that have sprung up after the cutting of the older trees twist their slender branches together in the valley. But the best way to go up is by the river, either in a canoe with a guide, or in a less distinguished and responsible capacity in a great barge on its way to a logging camp with supplies.

At the entrance to the river, if you are fortunate, you are likely to be given two pieces of information. "They say," a lumberman will remark non-committally, "that if you speak of rain on that beach it will be sure to come, most likely a thunderstorm." No one can suggest a reason for the story, and everyone is above believing it. But presently the first speaker will add with decision that he has frequently tried the experiment, and that it has always rained. This expresses the feeling of the company exactly. They do not believe in the story, but it rains nevertheless.

The other item of information is that all the willows on the point which at one spot are both beautiful and numerous, grew from the walking stick of a local magnate which he planted at the corner of his house. The house has disappeared, but a green hollow, said to be the cellar, is shown in confirmation of the theory.

The stranger, having paid this tribute to the woodland deities of Gaspé, is left to ponder over what he has heard, and meanwhile the Cascapedia opens out upon the sea.

"What's Yarrow but a river brown
That slides the bare hills under?"

There is no song for the Cascapedia. It is only a brown water, like Yarrow, until it turns blue in the sea, flowing between green banks that climb higher as you follow the river into its wilderness of loveliness. Fishermen have

gone up the Cascapedia for sport in summer, and lumbermen for toil to the winter logging camps this many a year. But the river has not been changed by that. It is still as fair as a dream, as quiet as a dream and as swift. Here broods between its silent banks the very spirit of solitude. No matter how many travelled sportsmen come every June, its waters are not stained. The chemong and the paddle do not make way for the steamboat, nor for any kind of noisy screw. The Cascapedia makes nothing of the contrast between its sportsmen and its lumbermen who build camps far up the valley in the autumn, toil all day, sleep from dark to dawn, see no one but their comrades, hear nothing from without, and drink painkiller until their release in the spring, a beverage which for a good reason is a very fair substitute for a more vaunted stimulant.

But when June comes and all the snow and ice have flowed down to the Bay of Chaleur, when the river where it joins the sea is blue again and the air bewilderingly sweet, first come the salmon and then the men who follow them.

Here and there upon the banks of the river you may come upon a little lodge that betrays itself by its sophisticated air of simplicity, *simplesse* as Matthew Arnold would have us say to show that this is no native, but a manufactured, simplicity. One such lodge you will find built low in a green meadow, a little house that nestles to the ground, saying to the wind and rain, "Spare me," and basking in the setting sun all on fire with gold. This is an adapted farm-house, very much adapted, with its red roof and weather-grey walls, its broad chimney built outside, and the wide gallery facing the west where the sportsmen mean to observe the close of the day with a meditative pipe. The hall within is painted green, the walls of the rooms on either side are red. There are open fireplaces, and long black settles lined with turkey red. Models of famous catches are nailed on the walls, salmon of so many inches and such a

weight, caught on such a day and year, with the name of the successful fly and the lucky pool piously added. In one corner is a row of bookshelves. The Bible and Shakespeare, these traditional stand-bys of the desert islander, have, no doubt, been taken home to New York, but Balzac and Dickens, some of Black's novels, and many another odd volume have been left. "Literature" is lying on the table, and a dictionary. How much some people require with which to catch salmon!

Outside the lodge the Cascapedia ripples on over its shallow bars. In the pool above an excited gentleman is struggling with his balance and a little trout that he hopes may be a salmon. An Indian boy with a paddle in the stern watches him imperturbably.

The empty river and the silent valley need no life but their own to be complete; and far away over the hills one may almost hear the Scarlet Hunter coming.

This is the country, this part of Canada, whose very sentient soul has been breathed by the poets of the Sea Provinces. No one can understand

completely the beauty of what they have written until he, too, has seen the quiet life, the great, empty, happy stillness through which one traveller slips; hears the rustle of the woods beneath some creature's step; sees the birds that call and are silent flit from a tree nearby to a tree beyond the river; tells the world what he has seen; and needs no more.

"There the wind will stay to whisper,
Many wonders to the reeds;
But I shall not fear to follow
Where my Scarlet Hunter leads.

I shall know him in the darkling
Murmur of the river bars,
While his feet are on the mountains
Treading out the smouldering stars.

I shall know him in the sunshine,
Sleeping in my scarlet tree,
Long before he halts beside it,
Stooping down to summon me.

Never fear, my friends, to leave me
In the boding autumn vast;
There are many things to think of
When the roving days are past.

Leave me by the scarlet maple,
When the journeying shadows fail,
Waiting till the Scarlet Hunter
Pass upon the endless trail."





WINSTON CHURCHILL.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By Claude Bryan.

"THE ideal war correspondent . . . should be big, and ugly enough to command respect." This is part of a definition given by the famous Archibald Forbes out of the plenitude of his own experience. Winston Churchill scarcely conforms to this ideal in either points, since no child of Lady Randolph Churchill (*née* Jerome) could be ugly, and no son of Lord Randolph could be of great size. But the whimsical Forbes had in his mind the fre-

quent coercion of telegraph officials, and the muscular persuasion of the disobliging; and since for this purpose Winston Churchill has enough of the compelling nature and autocratic diplomacy of his father, he is not greatly handicapped by either his beauty or his stature.

But perhaps you will not call him beautiful who is not above middle size either in length or breadth, who walks with a distinct forward stoop, with a

head as round and determined as a bullet, and with pale eyes and eyebrows and hair. Such, however, is no libel on the person of Winston Churchill; and yet one has pleasure in his frank Saxon countenance.

When this man escaped from Pretoria, Boer placards called for the arrest of a fugitive "with red hair": but Mr. Malan must have written that in the fulness of his Dutch malice.

It would be strange, indeed, if one who "at twenty-six is the veteran of four wars and the author of five books" (so saith the Pond) had not acquired a deal of vanity *en route*; and yet Winston Churchill bears his glory well enough. But, it must be added, an experience that would fill full many a life has left Churchill still young in many respects. I had looked to see a massiveness of character that Emerson might have contemplated with joyful silence, but found instead a nimble vanity and a conscious greatness that stabbed my admiration, and made me pocket my frankincense and myrrh.

The accompanying photograph is a fair likeness of Winston Churchill; if the eyes were wider open and the face wore a long moustache, the likeness might be that of Lord Randolph. This personal resemblance suggests a character sketch to show how far the traits and experience of the leader of the "fourth party,"

"The brilliant chief, irregularly great,"

tend to repeat themselves in his son.

Intrepidity and love of excitement must explain the recent exploits of Winston Churchill; here is a picture of the boyhood of Lord Randolph, which appeared in the *Realm* in 1895.

"I can," writes J. S., "recall him at Eton, but only for one amazing moment. It was a summer evening, just before lock-up, and the whole wall . . . was thronged with youths. . . .

Down the middle of that (the public) road alone, ringing discordant music from a volunteer's bugle, marched a boy in jackets. It was Churchill wending homeward from Frewer's. As I recall the 'swells' of that time, the

progress of a boy in jackets, on his right a long line of his fellows, on his left, for one awful moment, that sublime group at the corner, I feel once more the breathless wonder at audacity so magnificent."

Lord Randolph went to Eton and Oxford (Merton), Winston Churchill to Harrow and Sandhurst. This difference in schooling may be explained by differing ambitions, for it does not appear that the third son of the seventh Duke of Marlborough ever thought of following the warlike traditions of his house. On the other hand, the surprising military experiences of the younger Churchill remind one of Mr. Henty's Cornet of Horse. He entered the army in 1895, and was stationed at Aldershot as subaltern in the crack cavalry corps, the 4th Queen's Own Hussars. He obtained leave, and served with the Spanish forces in Cuba, receiving the Spanish Order of Military Merit. Returning to England, he was in time to be sent with his regiment to India. Here, in 1897, he got himself attached to the 31st Punjab Infantry for the Malakand Field Force, and was present at the operations in Bajaur, being mentioned in the despatches and receiving the medal and clasp. His letters to a London paper descriptive of this campaign attracted much attention, and caused great grumbling in every Service club by reason of the severe criticism which he had the temerity to direct against his superior officers. Hurrying back to London in the next year for the Khar-toum expedition, he got attached to the 21st Lancers. He was present at the battle of Omdurman, and received the medal and clasp. In this campaign he represented the *Morning Post*; but his critical letters again drew the protest of the military clubs, and Churchill resigned his commission.

But it was the South African War that made the reputation of Winston Churchill as a war correspondent. Curiously enough, Churchill, the youngest correspondent in the field, represented the oldest newspaper in the business of war correspondence, for it

was the *Morning Post* that instituted the present system when it sent Grueneisen to Spain with the Spanish Legion in 1835.

It may here be remarked also, by way of parallel, that Lord Randolph Churchill went to South Africa as a newspaper correspondent in 1891, visiting, among other places, Cape Town, Kimberley, Johannesburg and Pretoria. For his twenty letters he received two thousand guineas from the *Daily Graphic*. Some day Winston Churchill's correspondence may be worth as much! In the meantime, it is a fact that his letters to the *Morning Post* did not suffer by comparison with the work of Bennett Burleigh (the *doyen* of war correspondents), Steevens, Melton Prior, Poulteney Bigelow, and the rest of the older men. Moreover, his gallantry at Estcourt, and the unconscionable daring of his escape from Pretoria gave Churchill's letters an added personal interest.

Politically, Winston Churchill begins by repeating the experience of his father; they were both elected to Parliament at practically the same age, twenty-five, and both were returned by borough constituencies—Woodstock and Oldham—in Conservative interests. Both, moreover, had the same telling assistance in their electoral campaigns—that of Lady Randolph Churchill. "During the elections of 1885," writes a biographer, "Lady Randolph Churchill presented, at Birmingham, a conspicuously picturesque figure, driving about in a dainty tandem securing suffrages wherever she turned her horses' heads."

Winston Churchill, as has been suggested, refused to be suppressed by the Service clubs; and it is not impossible that, like Lord Randolph, he may kick over the traces at the Carlton. He certainly has views on army reform, and has formed an opinion of several generals in the field that may not be approved by the War Office.

Like his father, Winston Churchill is an ardent Imperialist—who might

also have spoken thus of Mr. Morley: "I know that there are honourable gentlemen, particularly the member for Newcastle and the member for Ipswich, who are very fond of getting up in this House, and then careering about the country and calling themselves the people of England . . . but it is the easiest thing in the world to detect the difference between the demagogue's bray and the people's roar."

Such was the invective of Lord Randolph; and more lately Lord Rosslyn was reproached in no gentler terms.

Lord Randolph received his early political training in Dublin, where his father lived as Viceroy. The fruit of that education was Lord Randolph's later influence over the Irish members of the House of Commons, which served his purpose in the memorable defeat of Gladstone in 1885. Those who have read Winston Churchill's book, "From London to Ladysmith," must have noticed the continuous gallantry of the Dublin Fusiliers. But in this unimpeachable tribute one may perhaps also find the incipient policy of a Churchill.

The political future may have much for Winston Churchill; but it will have much in so far only as he *differs* in temperament from his great father. It is true that English Conservatism can scarce repay the man who reconstructed it on democratic lines, and brought the Unionist party into existence; who overthrew a Gladstone with his own weapons, and detaching a Chamberlain left the Liberal party, which had waxed great since the death of Sir Robert Peel, almost without hope of recovery. But Conservative reconstruction is *fait accompli*, and the rôle of a Randolph Churchill to-day would be fatally obstreperous. To-day, a Salisbury Government, with three-quarters of Britain behind it, can do with or without a "candid friend," but a Cecil either in Opposition or on the Treasury benches would make good use of a Churchill not predisposed to take the bit between his teeth.

THE AFRIKANDER POSITION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A SPEECH BY THE HON. MR. MERRIMAN, LATE TREASURER OF CAPE COLONY, LEADER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN PARTY, AND DELEGATE FROM THE AFRIKANDER MEMBERS OF THE CAPE PARLIAMENT, TO THE GOVERNMENT AND PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN.
COMMENT ON THE SAME BY THE CAPE TIMES.

THERE has been so little presentation to Canadian readers of the Afrikaner side of the political and racial struggle now casting its shadow over Cape Colony that a recent speech by Mr. Merriman, the leader of the "South African Party," is likely to be of interest. On the opening day of the last month of the old century, Mr. Merriman's friends met at his country house at Stellenbosch and there presented him and his two colleagues, Messrs. Sauer and Teawater with an address. They congratulated these gentlemen on the services they had rendered the Afrikaner people during the recent stormy session of the Cape Parliament, and encouraged them to continue in the good work.

Mr. Merriman replied in part as follows:

"We are met at this time at one of the most terrible periods in the history of South Africa. For a hundred years this country has ceased to be the appanage of a trading company, and has been becoming a free and united community of men, and during the whole of that time we have never had so frightful a condition of affairs as exists to-day. The fratricidal strife still goes on, kinsman against kinsman, brother against brother, you might almost say wife against husband. It destroys our family intercourse, it destroys the kindly fellowship between man and man, it poisons our whole life, and makes life in this colony almost intolerable. And I ask myself when I think of this dreadful state of affairs, What example are we giving to those people who are in the nature of things the subject races? What do they think of this state of affairs, for

be assured, they do think of it? My firm conviction is that we are sowing the wind to-day, and it will be well indeed if our children and our grandchildren do not have to reap the whirlwind. What is going on in South Africa? It is impossible for us at present to take a full and comprehensive view of the crisis of the tragedy which is going on around us, but I say this, that when the history of these years comes to be written it will be one of the blackest pages of history. (Loud cheers.) The loss of life and the misery on both sides, the destruction of labour earnings, the annihilation of a well-governed community like that of the Orange Free State—(loud cheers)—all these things stun us. We can hardly find expression for them at the present time. No one can possibly realize unless he has toiled with his own hands and created his produce by his own work upon the soil what the destruction of villages and farms, wrung by hard toil from the wilderness, means, the acts that are being perpetrated, the burning of homesteads. What all that means only those who have laboured and toiled themselves to improve the country can know. And we do not realize what it means for the future. But to me the saddest thing of all, and as I believe, the worst thing for civilization, is the loss of England's moral power. (Loud cheers.) Two years ago England, you may say what you like, throughout the civilized world stood for life, for justice, for moderation, and was a protector and saviour to a great extent of the smaller societies throughout the whole world. (Cheers.) That moral force England has lost. She

can never again assume that position. And that loss to civilization is to me graver even than all the material destruction that is going on around us.

"I don't want to dwell upon the past. I wish we could bury it out of sight. But I would like to say a few words about the present because I feel it my duty to do so. I think everyone must view what is going on to-day in South Africa at the present moment, and increasingly, with the greatest alarm and apprehension. As a Christian, and as one who is entitled to speak with some degree of authority on the public affairs of this country, and as an Englishman with a passionate sense of pride in the past of his country, far greater than that of those cosmopolitan adventurers who have been raked together from all the bourses of England, and who now affect to speak as true-born Britons—(laughter)—all these things I view with the greatest alarm and apprehension in South Africa. I am not going to enter into the harrowing details of which all of us unfortunately have heard too much. I should be glad indeed if I could bring myself to believe that they were figments of the imagination, that they were the figments of a certain section of the press, of the organs, few in number as they are, which stand out against this war in South Africa. To the saddest of these stories I shut my eyes and hope against hope that they are not true. We have heard so many upon both sides, and especially on the other side, which have come tricked out with all the paraphernalia of monstrous headlines, and which have been found to be absolute lies. Take the 'murder' of MacLachlan, the story of the poisoned bullets, and worst of all, the story from Vryburg of the massacre by Boers of eighteen people who afterwards turned up alive and well. All that makes me hesitate to accept stories unless they are absolutely vouched for. I don't say that these stories have been manufactured only upon one side, but you must remember that these people have the monopoly of a far larger publication than we have

on our side. But I don't go to the Jingo papers for my facts, I don't go to the stories of correspondents writing in the interests of newspapers. I go to the private letters of those poor lads who come back after taking a share in the hideous work, and above all I go to the bulletins and proclamations of the military. And many of those are enough to make you blush for shame. Take that proclamation signed 'Bruce Hamilton.' Was that a fiction? If it was a fiction then I say that no punishment is severe enough for the man who forged that proclamation, but again if it is true, then I say that it is unpardonable that an English gentleman should have put his name to such a document, recalling as it does the days of Tilly and Wallenstein, who did these things it is true, but who never had the temerity to publish them in the newspapers. Then I noticed a line in the newspaper yesterday about General Broadwood, who got to Rustenburg and destroyed immense quantities of wheat. Think what that means in South Africa. Think what a record of misery it establishes.

"And what have these men done that these devastations should be carried on? They have taken up arms, and are only fighting bravely for their own country. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) Is this what we are doing to make these people little by little loyal and willing subjects of Great Britain? It is the policy that I object to—the policy that is so fatal to the future of this country. (Cheers.) The things themselves which are being done are bad enough, but it is the policy and the effects of this policy upon the whole country which make me almost despair. One of the greatest Roman writers, describing the deeds of Rome, and the way in which the Romans carried on war, finished by saying, 'They make a wilderness and call it peace.' That was pagan Rome. We are living under the rule of Christian England, and it is sad indeed if Christian England is going to imitate the worst of pagan Rome. If she does

—I say it with pain and grief—the fate of pagan Rome is as certain to befall her as anything can be, as certainly as all the splendour of pagan Rome failed to avert her destruction. Now I dare say it will be said that these things are not found on one side only. I dare say they are not. A war of this kind brings out the worst elements on both sides. Cruelties and atrocities are committed upon both sides. But if this state of things continues what is to be the future, and where are we steering to? We shall have a carnival of savagery in this country such as it is impossible to describe. I was only talking the other day to a gentleman who is well acquainted with the country, and who said, ‘You will see after this war that there will be plenty of “Scottie Smiths.”’ Scottie Smith was an Englishman who, some of you remember, turned a freebooter in Bechuanaland. If you want to learn anything more about him ask the Messrs. Weil. (Loud laughter.) But what a terrible outlook it is for us if we are to have rapine and robbery and looting going on on all hands, a condition of things to which this country has happily been an absolute and complete stranger during the whole course of its existence. These are the sort of legacies which are going to be stored up for us by this unhappy fratricidal strife.

“And now, gentlemen, what is our duty as true sons of South Africa—(cheers)—and as true, loyal, obedient, and honest subjects of Queen Victoria? (Loud cheers.) Your loyalty, the loyalty of the people of this country I venture to say, has stood during the past year an immense strain, and it has not received any recognition yet. You have had to face flouts, sneers, and gibes, but I believe the time will come when prejudice will pass away, and true recognition will be given, and true gratitude shown, for the attitude of the people of this country who threw aside all temptations to cast in their lot with their kinsfolk, and who, because they were contented and had no grievances, remained quiet, and thereby saved

England from what might have been a great and irreparable disaster. I say that sooner or later justice will be done about that, and it will be acknowledged what a debt the cause of freedom and civilization in South Africa owes to the people who stood the strain and remained loyal and true to their allegiance. And I would say to you, persevere in that course. Remember that the darkest hour always comes before the dawn. Do not in the face of contumely and misrepresentation and innuendoes and insinuations be guided into wild talk, and perhaps unhappily wilder action, which will give a pretext to your enemies to take away the last shred of freedom which belongs to you. I know it is difficult to advocate moderation, but, believe me, in the best interests of South Africa moderation was never more required than at the present time. Say out, if you will, boldly, fearlessly, fairly, what you wish and desire, but be guided by moderation, use no immoderate language, and don’t give a handle to those who are only too anxious to take hold of a handle to upset and destroy that freedom which still exists in this country. You do and will still exist, a great and what is becoming a dominant force in South Africa. Therefore I say to you, I implore you to be at this crisis in our affairs moderate in the future as you have been moderate in the past.

“Now there is going to be a Congress at Worcester. Of course, you are not at all ignorant of the aspersions and innuendoes and insinuations that have been made with reference to that Congress. I may tell you at once that I am not going to be at that Congress, and that I have had nothing whatever to do in getting it up. And that is certainly not from fear of saying in any presence on any platform what I truly think about the state of affairs, but it is because I wish to avoid the insinuation thrown out that this is a Congress engineered by political people for their own ends, whereas it is truly and only the spontaneous outcome of feeling in this country. (Loud cheers.) I am

amazed to see the objections that have been raised to a meeting like that. England is the mother and very home of public meetings. Everyone may hold a public meeting in England upon every subject and at every time, no matter how critical, because the statesmen of England wisely thought that it was better that the people should meet in public rather than that they should remain quiet, and that thereby there should be an underground movement. Therefore I am surprised to find people in this country, Progressives, throwing blame upon public meetings. I am sure that this Congress will set an example to many public meetings that have been held not only in Cape Town, but also in England—(cheers)—and I am sure that they will frame all their petitions and whatever they have to say with dignity and moderation, so that they will have weight. We have a good cause. No one ever had a better. But don't spoil it by any exaggeration or any wild talk. Recollect you have an appeal to the British House of Commons. You have never tried that yet. My advice would be, lodge your appeal with the House of Commons, take steps to bring your complaints before them. That is the constitutional course to adopt, and we wish to proceed upon constitutional lines.* I believe that the truth is not yet known about this country in England, and when I read the Blue-books I am more and more convinced of it. Whether the truth is likely to be known now that we have Mr. Zietsmun at Home—(laughter)—or the Rev. Adriaan Hofmeyer—(hisses and laughter)—I am not prepared to say. But what we want is for the people of this country to speak out and to bring their appeal to the notice of the House of Commons. And there is one thing more. Look to this one thing. Preserve your Parliament, because that is the one ark and home of freedom in South Africa at the present time. Do nothing which will give a pretext for

* The Afrikaners have since decided to send Mr. Merriman, Mr. Sauer and Mr. Hofmeyer to London to lay their views before the Government and the people.

having your constitutional rights interfered with. As long as you have those you need have no fear, but if they are taken away, your last shred of freedom goes with them. Your Parliament should be, and will be if you take a proper view of affairs, a bulwark of freedom in South Africa. From our Cape Parliament we should govern and rule South Africa at present, instead of having our laws and our policy dictated to us from six thousand miles away. The Parliament of the colony is the place from which these things should come, and also for the regulation of our relations with the other States of South Africa.

"I think I see the signs of the times, which, if they are to be trusted, show that within a short while people in England will have a different view of the position, and will be glad enough to have the assistance of this country in getting their proper dues out of the gentlemen who started this war—the capitalists. (Loud cheers.) These gentlemen are beginning to say they won't pay, and that they will make it very unpleasant for the British Government if they are made to. That, gentlemen, will be our time—(cheers)—and it will be a very pleasant task for us to make these people pay for some of the misery and ruin they have caused. (Loud cheers, and laughter.) Then, I say, gentlemen, don't by violent talk erect a barrier which you cannot pass between those who have common interests in South Africa, because you must recollect that the prejudice has not been all upon one side. You must recollect that there are no such extraordinary dividing lines between us. The fact is, we are too much alike. That is the worst of it. (Laughter.) We have got to lie in the same bed without biting and scratching at one another. We have got to do it, and though we have a kind of conjugal quarrel on now, don't let us dig a gulf so wide that those whose interests are really common cannot work together, because I believe the time is coming when we shall be able to work together. I speak to you, gentlemen, not as one

without hope, because if I did we should be of all men the most miserable. But I feel bound to say that the signs of the times are grave, and that we shall require all our prudence and all our moderation to get out of the present difficulties without a very unpleasant state of affairs in the colony. One thing is certain: the top-dog policy won't do. We must not have one person saying, 'We are the top-dog,' and the other person saying, 'We want to be the top-dog.' That is the accursed policy for South Africa. (Loud cheers.) The true policy is—you have it in the mottoes of the two Republics, and we can't have better advice at the present time—'Gedulden Moed,' and 'Eendracht maakt macht.'" (Loud and prolonged cheers, during which Mr. Merriman resumed his seat, having spoken for thirty minutes.)

A REPLY.

The Cape *Times* of Monday, December 3rd, contained the following comment on this Stellenbosch episode and the sentiments expressed there:

"The gathering at Mr. Merriman's country residence on Saturday furnished the acknowledged leaders of the extreme section of the Afrikaner party with a unique opportunity for stemming the torrent which, unless it can be checked in time, threatens to hurl this colony into the gravest possible danger. Rarely has it been given to men, as it was afforded to Messrs. Merriman and Sauer on Saturday, to speak the word that should bid the storm cease; but we look in vain in the full reports of their speeches, printed elsewhere, for any adequate signs that they are prepared to take the plunge which the interest and welfare of this land and people demand. Mr. Merriman, it is true, did make an appeal for moderation in language, for abstention from 'wild talk'; but not in such manner nor in such spirit that we have a right to expect from one occupying the position of trust and power in the extreme Afrikaner counsels that he admittedly enjoys. He counselled abstention from immoderate language, in order that

they might not 'give a pretext to your enemies to take away the last shred of freedom which belongs to you.' Mr. Merriman must surely be well aware of the mischievous character of insinuations and innuendoes of this nature. He declaims, with characteristic vehemence, against what he describes as the innuendoes and insinuations of others, but at the same time he leaves the impression that there exists in this colony a conspiracy, whose avowed purpose it is to deprive one section of the people—the section who acknowledge him as leader—of their dearest rights and privileges. None know better than Mr. Merriman himself the falsity of such an accusation. The people of this country, the loyal people, are not seeking to impose upon their fellow-colonists of Dutch extraction any disability which they themselves are not prepared willingly to suffer in like manner. The people who are demanding the more general proclamation of martial law are not seeking to impose conditions which are not to be imposed with equal severity upon every section of the community, so long as they remain loyal, and refrain from disloyal speech and action. The appeal for moderation loses half its virtue when made in conjunction with the wild and random talk in which Mr. Merriman indulged in regard to the conduct of the campaign and the treatment of prisoners from the late republics. A more grotesque position was certainly never assumed by a political leader in this colony than that taken up by Mr. Merriman when, in counselling moderateness in language on the part of the dupes in the country districts, he launched himself into a veritable oratorical orgie, whose effect cannot be expected to allay the ill-feeling that unhappily prevails. He drew a harrowing picture of the condition of the Orange River Colony; he spoke of the falsehoods that have been spread by his party press respecting the treatment of Boer women and children as though they had not been proved to be false up to the hilt.

“Is it possible that Mr. Merriman really believes all the frightful stories of acts of barbarity on the part of British soldiers in face of the exposures that have been made, and made in some instances by members of the party led by himself? Mr. Merriman hopes that the stories are not true, but he details them, or some of them, all the same. He singles out the proclamation of ‘Bruce Hamilton’ for the especial object of his wrath, and brings to his declamatory aid the well-worn phrases concerning ‘the days of Tilly and Wallenstein.’ But he has no adequate word of reproof for the sedition-mongers who fill the columns of the pro-rebel press with accounts of barbarities of British soldiers which have been proved to be the rankest of lies. Why does a leader of Mr. Merriman’s position not take advantage of such an opportunity to tell his following some plain truths of their own shortcomings, or at any rate try to stem the torrent of pro-rebel falsehood? The opportunity has come and gone, and Mr. Merriman has failed to take the full course which the country had a right to expect from him. We can but regret that such a golden chance should have been lost, for no better opportunity could occur of serving the cause for which Mr. Merriman professes such admiration, than that of telling the people the truth and the whole truth about the state of affairs in this country. It might have been unpalatable to the bulk of his following, no doubt, but the circumstances of the country demanded that the sacrifice should have been made, for Mr. Merriman is the one authority in those ranks who might have been expected to possess the temerity to speak the thing that is. What impression will the willing rebel in the rural districts gather from Mr. Merriman’s heated denunciations of the British conduct of the war, and of his disgusting comparison of Christian England with Pagan Rome? Are his wild allusions to ‘rapine, and robbery, and looting,’ calculated to allay the feeling of unrest that must be engendered in the breasts of ignorant peo-

ple by the daily fare with which they are fed by the pro-rebel press? Assuredly not. We refuse to believe that Mr. Merriman desires to incite the people of this country to extreme action, but when he counsels moderation of language in his following, we could heartily have wished that he had been more disposed to practise what he himself preached. Depend upon it, the unrest now racking this country is not going to be appeased by speeches such as those in which Mr. Merriman indulged on Saturday last.

“And if so much may be said of Mr. Merriman, what shall be said of his colleague? Frankly, for our own part, we regard Mr. Sauer as having realized anticipation. We know by too frequent experience the quality of this delectable politician. Once again he showed himself in his true character at the Stellenbosch gathering. His despicable personal attack upon the Governor and High Commissioner may pass for what it is worth. We cannot find it in our heart to believe that his disgraceful insinuations will find favour amongst the mass of solid Afrikaner people, however much they may abhor recent happenings in South Africa. His pious allusions to England and Englishmen may be treated with the same contempt. Those who know their Sauer will estimate the Pecksniffian vapourings at their true merit. But when he inflames—we trust unwittingly—the hearts of the people against constituted authority, and accepting, apparently, the villainous concoctions regarding the treatment of Boer women and children, declaring ‘it is difficult for the Dutch to remain still’—then we think the time has arrived when serious notice should be taken of his words. Men have been imprisoned for utterances scarcely more harmful, and that, too, under the glorious British flag, for which Mr. Sauer professes such veneration. Mr. Sauer knows the history of the Crimes Act in Ireland. He knows that the British Government were compelled to imprison two-thirds of the Irish Parliamentary members for seeking to

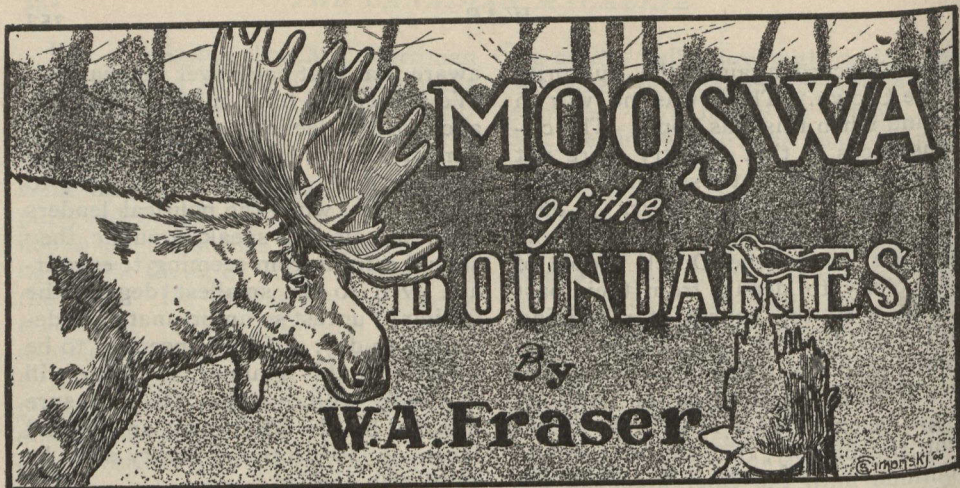
foment discord against the authority of the Crown. There was no war in Ireland when this was done. The circumstances of that country were not more perilous than those which unhappily prevail in South Africa to-day. Mr. Sauer is careful to declare that he does not advise the Dutch people of this colony to depart from their past course, i.e., the course of remaining still. But he does not take the course that a man really animated with a desire for the restoration of harmony might be expected to take. He is content, presumably, that this war should continue until the Boer independence is restored, although he must be well

aware that that can never be realized. We make, and have made, all allowance for the feelings of colonists who lament what is taking place across the Orange River, but we have a right to expect that, when the political leaders of these colonists speak in public, they should refrain from seeming to encourage even to the smallest degree the feeling of unrest so unfortunately widespread to-day. If free speech is to be utilized in this manner, the time will assuredly come when the measure dreaded by Mr. Merriman and by all lovers of constitutional liberty must be ruthlessly applied."

WAR.

WAR walks over the land with her treacherous tread,
 And wherever her footsteps fall the earth is red ;
 Red with the blood of the best—the lives of the brave,
 And she wields her sword as free but is bound a slave ;
 A slave to the lust of greed, and the lust of gain,
 A monster who holds no thought of a mother's pain,
 Of the homes laid low and the hundred hearts left lone.
 What to her ears death's cry, or the desolates' moan ?
 Naught ! so that she win her way, through the blood of men ;
 And shew that her strength is the strength of ten millions ten.
 Would that she woke to hear—that her wrath might cease—
 God's great cry through the centuries, "*Peace, Earth, Peace.*"

May Austin Low.



CHAPTER VI.—BY THE JUDGMENT OF HIS PEERS.

RESUME.—The furred dwellers of the northern forests are introduced choosing anew the Black Fox as their King. They then renew the oath of The Boundaries that each will help the other, and that the enemy of one shall be the enemy of all. François, a trapper, and Rod, the son of a former Hudson's Bay Company factor, have built a shack in The Boundaries and set traps in the neighbourhood. The animals conspire against them and spring their traps. Mooswa, the Moose, when a calf was a pet at the Factory and knew and loved the boy Rod; consequently, he makes all the animals promise to do him no harm. Carcajou, the Wolverine, and Black Fox, the King, are trapped but succeed in getting away with the assistance of the other animals, although Black Fox loses a foot. Carcajou, in revenge, enters the shack one day while the men were out, unlatches the door, and lets in the other animals. Everything eatable in the shack is taken away or destroyed by these wise and mischievous beasts. As a consequence François decides to leave Rod alone for a week and go to The Landing for more flour, bacon, and traps.

IN THE morning, François, taking his loaded snake-whip, hammered the Huskie Dogs into a submission sufficient to permit of their being harnessed, put a meagre ration for four days in the carryall, tied on his snowshoes, and said to Roderick:

"I go for pull out now, Boy; I s'pose t'ree day I make me de Landing. I stop dere one day, hit de back trail den, an' come de s'ack here, wid de grub-stake, in fo'r more. You got grub lef' for dat long, soor. Bes' not go far from de s'ack; de Blue Wolf he he migh' come roun' dis side wit' hes pack—bes' stick close de s'ack."

Then he slipped down the long terraced river bank with his train, and started up the avenue of its broad bosom toward the Landing. With a rather dreary feeling of lonesomeness Rod watched him disappear around the first long, spruce-covered point, then went back into the shack and whistled

to keep the mercury of his spirits from dropping "clean to his boots," as he said to himself.

Other eyes had seen François wind around the first turn that shut him out from Rod's vision: Blue Wolf's eyes; the little bead eyes of Carcajou; the shifting, treacherous, catlike orbs of Pisew, the Lynx. Mooswa's big almond eyes blinked solemnly from a thicket of willow that lined the river bank.

"I wonder if he'll bring the same Huskies back in his train?" said Blue Wolf, as they returned through the Boundaries together.

"I should think he would," ventured Mooswa.

"Don't know about that," continued Rod; "these Breeds have no affection for their Dogs, nor anything else but their own Man-cubs. They do like them, I must say. Why, I've heard one of them, a big, rough Man he was,

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too, cry every night for moons because of the death of his cub. He was as savage as any Wolf, though, for he killed another Man in a fight just at that time, and thought no more of it than I did over killing a Sheep at Lac La Biche. But every night he howled and moaned and whimpered for his lost cub, just as a Mother Wolf might when her young are trapped, or stricken with the breath of the firestick, or killed in a pack-riot. Yes, they're queer, the Men," he mused in a low growl. "When François goes to the Landing if one of the other Breeds stumps him for a trade, he'll swap off the whole train."

"I'm sure he'll stick to Marsh Maid," declared Pisew; "she'll be back again all right, Brother Rof." Blue Wolf looked sheepishly at Mooswa. What a sharp fellow this Lynx was to read his thoughts like that!

"I hope nothing will happen to François, for the sake of the Boy," wheezed Mooswa. "These Breed Men also forget everything when the fire-water, that makes them like a mad Bull, is in camp; it is always at the Landing, too," he muttered despondently. "When I was a calf at the Fort I heard the old Factor say—I think I've told you about that time—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Carcajou impatiently, for he was a quick-thinking little animal; "what did the Factor say about these Breed Men?"

"I'm coming to that," asserted Mooswa ponderously. "It was at the time I was a calf in the Fort corral, and the Factor, who was my Boy's father, said that a Breed would sell his soul for a gallon of this devil-water that puts madness in their blood."

"What's a soul?" asked Carcajou. "I wonder if I smashed François' in the shack?"

"I don't know," answered Mooswa; "it's something Man has, but which we haven't—it's the thing that looks out of his eyes and makes us all turn our heads away. Even Rof there, who stands up against Cougar without finching, drops his head when Man

looks at him—is that not so, brave comrade?"

"It is," answered Blue Wolf, dragging his tail a little.

"And a Breed will trade this thing for the fire-water?" queried Carcajou.

"So the Factor said," answered the Moose.

"I wouldn't if I had it," declared Wolverine; not even for the fat-eating, and that is good for one. Was that what made Wie-sah-ke-chack king of Men and animals, and everything—this soul thing?" he asked pantingly, for the easy stride of his long-legged comrades took away his breath.

"I suppose so," replied Mooswa; "but if François gets fire-water at the Landing, I'm afraid it will be ill with the Boy. But, comrades, you all remember your oath to me and the King, that for the Man-cub shall be our help and our care, and not the blood-feud that is against Man, because of his killing."

"I remember," cried Blue Wolf.

"And I," answered Pisew.

"I never forget anything," declared Carcajou. "When my paws ached because of François, I laid up hate against him; and when Black King's leg was lost because of this evil Man's trap the hate grew stronger; but, by the bars on my flanks, I do not bear hate against the Boy, and I carry the promise given to you, Mooswa."

"I'll carry you for a bit, little friend," said Blue Wolf, stopping beside Wolverine; "the fat-eating has put new strength in my bones—jump up on my back. Your brains are nimbler than ours, but your short legs can't get over the deep snow so fast."

"Been to see him off, eh?" piped Whisky-Jack, fluttering up. "I heard him tell the Boy last night they'd go down to Hay River when he got back from the Landing, but how did you fellows know he was leaving this morning?"

"Rof got it from his Huskie sweetheart," said Lynx. "The Dogs were tied up last night, and the carryall outfit was lying ready at the door—that

meant hitting the trail early this morning."

"Has the Man-cub got eating enough to last against François' return, Jack?" asked Bull Moose solicitously.

"A dozen Whitefish, a little flour and some tea."

"That will keep the stomach-ache away if the Breed comes back quickly," affirmed Mooswa.

Pisew cocked his hair-plumed ears hungrily at the mention of fish, and the thief-thought that was always in his heart kept whispering: "Fish! Fish! Fish that are in the shack—the Boy's fish?" The woods were so bare, too. It was the Seventh Year, the Famine Year, and a chance of eating came only at long intervals. Carcajou had robbed the shack, and it had been accounted clever—all the flesh-eaters had feasted merrily off the loot. Why should he not also steal the twelve fish? But he was not like Carcajou, a pot-latch giver, an animal to make himself popular by great gifts; if he stole the fish he would cache them, and the eating would round up his lean stomach.

"Carrier of messages," began Mooswa, addressing Whisky-Jack, "thy part of the oath promise is watching over the Boy. If aught goes wrong, bring thou the news."

"Very well, old Sobersides," answered the Jay saucily. "I'll come and sit on your horns, that have so many beautiful roosts for me, and whisper each day into your ear, which is big enough to hold my nest, all that happens at the shack!"

"He'll keep you busy, Mooswa," smirked Pisew.

"Mooswa has time to spare for his friends," answered Jack, "because he eats an honest dinner. You, Bob-tail, are so busy with your thieving and lying-in-wait for somebody's children to eat, that you have no time for honest talk."

"Here's your little path, Carcajou," cried Blue Wolf, stopping while Wolverine jumped down. "I'm going on to see how Black King is."

"Last night a strong wind laid

many acres of birch trees on their backs, two hours' swift trot from here—I'm going there for my dinner," declared the Moose. "It will be fine feeding. It is a pity you chaps aren't vegetarians; the blood fever must be awful—killing, killing, killing—it's dreadful!" he wheezed, turning to the left and striding away through the forest.

"I'll go and see Black King, too," exclaimed Whisky-Jack.

"I'm off to the muskeg to hunt Mice," announced Pisew; "the Famine Year brings one pretty low."

"Your father must have been born in a Famine Year," suggested Jack, "and you inherited the depravity from him."

Lynx snarled disagreeably, and as he slunk, catlike, through the woods, he spat in contemptuous anger. "Jack's gone to the King's burrow," he muttered; "I'll have a look at the Boy's shack. I wonder where he keeps that fish, and if he leaves the door open at all. Perhaps when he goes down to the river for water—ah, yes, cubs and kittens are all careless—even the Man-cub will not be wise, I think. Now, so soon, the pittance of fat-eating I had from that thief, Carcajou, has melted in my stomach and the walls are collapsing again. I wonder where the humpback Lieutenant cached the rest of his stolen fat-eating."

Thus treacherously planning, Lynx stealthily circled to the shack, lay down behind a cottonwood log, fifty feet away, and watched with a ravenous look in his big round eyes. Presently he saw Rod open the door, look across the waste of snow wearily, stretch his arms over his head, turn back into the shack, reappear with two metal pails in one hand and an ax in the other, and pass from view over the steep river-bank.

With a swift, noiseless rush the yellow-gray thief darted into the building. His keen nose pointed out the dried Whitefish lying on a box in the corner. Stretching his jaws to their utmost width, he seized four or five and bounded into the thick brush with

them. Two hundred paces from the clearing Pisew dropped his booty behind a fallen tree. "I'll have time for the others," he snarled, pulling a white covering over the fish with his huge paw.

As he stole back again a sound of ice-chopping came to his ears. "Plenty of time," he muttered, and once more his jaws were laden with the Boy's provision.

In his eagerness to take them all, two fish slipped to the floor; Pisew became frightened and bolted with those he had in his mouth. "I can't go back any more," he thought, as he rushed away, "but I've done well; I've done very well."

The Boy returned with the water, took his ax and cut some wood. He did not miss the fish. Pisew carried his stolen goods away and cached them.

That night Whisky-Jack, sitting on his perch under the extended end of the roof, heard something that gave him a start. Rod had discovered the loss of his fish.

"This thing is serious," the Bird heard him say. "Two fish and a handful of flour for ten days' food—perhaps longer. This is terrible. It's that Devil of the Woods, Carcajou, who has robbed me, I suppose—he stole the bacon before. If I only could get a chance at him with a rifle, I'd settle his thieving life."

The misery in the Boy's voice touched Whisky-Jack. "Pisew has done this evil thing," he chirped to himself. "If he has, he has broken his oath of the Boy-care."

In the morning, Whisky-Jack flew early to the home of Black King and told of the fish-stealing.

"Yes," affirmed the Red Widow, "it was Pisew. His father before him was a traitor and a thief; they were always a mean, low lot. And wasn't this Man-cub good and kind to my babe Stripes, when that brute of a Huskie Dog attacked him?"

"Yes, good dame," affirmed the Bird; "but for this Man-cub your Fox-cub would have lined the stomach

of a Train Dog—now he may live to line a cloak for some Man-woman—that is, if François catches him. But what shall be done to this breaker of Boundary laws and sneak thief, Pisew, Your Majesty?"

"Summon Carcajou, Mooswa, Blue Wolf and others of the Council, my good messenger," commanded the King. "There is no fear of the trail now, for François is gone, and the Boy hunts not."

When they had gathered, Whisky-Jack again told of what had been done. "It is Pisew, of a certainty!" cried Carcajou.

"Yes, it is that traitor," concurred Rof with a growl.

"I could hardly believe any Animal capable of such meanness," sighed the Bull Moose; "we must investigate. If it is true—"

"Yes, if it is true!" snapped Carcajou.

"Uhr-r-r, if this thing is true—!" growled Blue Wolf, and there was a perceptible gleam of white as his lip curled with terrible emphasis.

"Go and look," commanded Black King; "the snow tells no false tales; the thief will have written with his feet that which his tongue will lie to conceal."

The vigilants proceeded to the scene of Pisew's greedy outrage. "I thought so," said Carcajou, examining the ground minutely.

"Here he hid the stuff," cried Rof, from behind a fallen tree. "That odour is dried fish; and this—bah! it's worse—it's the foul smell of our castoreum-loving friend, Pisew;" and he curled his nose disdainfully in the half-muffled tracks of the detested cat.

"I can see his big footprints plainly," added Mooswa. "There is no question as to who is the thief. Let us go back and summon the Council of the Boundaries, and decide what is to be done with this breaker of oaths."

When they had returned to the King's burrow he commanded that Umisk, Nekik, Wapistan, Mink, Skunk, Wapoo and all of the others should be gathered, so that judgment might

be passed upon the traitor. "Also summon Pisew," he added, to the Jay.

When the Council members had arrived, Whisky-Jack came back with a report that Lynx could not be found.

"Guilt and a full stomach have caused him to travel far; it is easier to keep out of the way than to answer eyes that are asking questions," declared Blue Wolf.

"Then we shall decide without him," cried Black King angrily.

The evidence was put clearly before the Council by Rof, Carcajou and Mooswa; besides, each of the animals swore solemnly by their different tail-marks, which is an oath not to be broken, that they had not done this thing.

"Well," said Black Fox, "we arranged before that in case of serious breaches of the Law of the Boundaries the Council should decide by numbers whether any one should die because of the breaking of our laws. Is that not so?"

"It is," they all answered.

"Then what of Pisew, who has undoubtedly broken the oath-promise that was made unto Mooswa?"

"He must die!" snarled Blue Wolf.

"He must cease to be!" echoed Carcajou.

"Yes, it is not right that he live!" declared Mooswa.

And from the Bull Moose down to Wapistan, all agreed that Pisew deserved to die for his traitorous conduct.

"But how?" asked the King. Nobody answered for a little. Killing except because of hunger was a new thing to them; no one wanted to have the slaying of Lynx upon his conscience—the rôle of executioner was undesirable.

"He shall die after the manner of his father—by the snare, and by the means of Man, which is just," announced Carcajou presently.

"But François has gone, and the Man-cub traps not," objected the Red Widow.

"He did not trouble to take up the snares, though, good dame," affirmed Wolverine; "I know of three."

"You know of three and didn't spring them?" queried Jack incredulously.

"There was no bait—only the vile-smelling castoreum," answered Carcajou disdainfully. "And there was also a chance that Pisew might poke his traitorous head through one—I guard not for that sneak."

"But how will you induce Pisew to thrust his worthless neck into the snare?" asked Black King.

"There is some of the fat-eating still left, Your Majesty," returned Carcajou, "and I'll forfeit a piece as a bait."

"But he may be a long time discovering it," ventured Umisk, pointing out a seeming difficulty.

"Leave that to me," pleaded Whisky-Jack; "you provide the bait and I'll provide the thief who'll try to steal it."

It being settled that way, the Council adjourned, Carcajou and Whisky-Jack being selected as a Committee of Execution. Wolverine showed Jay where the snare was placed, and while he cleverly arranged the bacon beyond its quick-slipping noose, the Bird scoured the forests and muskogs for Pisew until he found him.

"Hello, Feather-feet!" he hailed the Lynx.

"Good-day, Gossip!" retorted Pisew.

"You're looking well-fed for this Year of Famine, my carnivorous friend," said Whisky-Jack pleasantly.

"Yes, I'm fat because of much fast-ing," answered Lynx. The memory of Carcajou's fat-eating alone keeps me alive; I'm starved—I'm as thin as a snow-shoe. It's days since my form would even cast a shadow. Can you not see right through me, eagle-eyed Bird?"

"I think I can," declared the Jay, meaning Lynx's methods more than his thick-wooled body.

"I'm starving," reasserted the Cat. "If Carcajou were half so generous as he pretends, he would give me another piece of that fat-eating: it would save my life—really it would." He was

pleading poverty with an exaggerated flourish, lest he be suspected of the ill-gotten wealth of fish.

"Yes, Carcajou is a miser," affirmed Whisky-Jack. "He still has some of the Man's bacon cached."

"I wish I knew where," panted Lynx. "There is no wrong in stealing from a thief—is there, wise Bird?"

"I know where some of it is hidden," declared the Jay with an air of great satisfaction.

"Tell me," pleaded the other.

At first Jack utterly refused; then, by diplomatic weakenings he succumbed to Pisew's eager solicitation, and veered around, consenting to point out some of Wolverine's stolen treasure. "You are a true friend, Jack," asserted Pisew encouragingly.

"To whom?" asked the Bird pointedly.

"Oh, to me, of course; for Carcajou is a friend to nobody. But, Jack," he said suddenly, "you are fond of that yellow-eating, aren't you?"

"Yes, I like butter."

"Well, I'll tell you where you can get rare good picking. It's a good joke on Carcajou, too, though it was so badly covered up that I thought it more like a Man's cache." The Jay started. Had this wily thief stolen his butter also?

"You see," continued Lynx, "I stumbled upon it quite by accident as I was digging for grubs, beetles, and poor food of that sort—hardly enough to fill one's teeth. Oh, this Seventh Year is terrible! I was starving, friend—really I was; the gaunt gnawing which never comes to you, and of which you know nothing, for you are always with the Men who have plenty, was in my stomach. I was thinking of the hunger hardship, and of the great store of fat-eating Carcajou must have cached, when I came upon this wooden holder of stuff that is like yellow marrow—"

"Butter," interrupted the Bird.

"I suppose so," whined Lynx.

"And you ate it?" queried Jack sharply, experiencing a sick feeling of desolation.

"There was only a little of it—only a little," iterated Pisew deprecatingly; "hardly worth one's trouble in tearing the cover from the wooden thing."

"The tub," advised Jack.

"Probably; I'm not familiar with the names of Man's things. But I just tasted it—that was all; just a little to oil my throat and soothe the pain that was in my stomach. It is still there, really—under a big, rotten log, where the water falls for the length of Panther's spring over high rocks in summer."

"What's there—the tub?" queried Jack incredulously.

"Also the yellow marrow—the butter," affirmed Pisew.

"Oh!" exclaimed Whisky-Jack dryly. He knew the other was lying; if Pisew had found the tub he would have licked it clean as a washed platter. But the revenge he had in hand for this prince of all thieves was so complete that it was not worth while reviling him.

"Still, I think you had better not touch Carcajou's fat-eating," he advised. Lynx laughed at this. Why not?—he was so very hungry.

"Well," said the Bird, "mind, I don't wish to lead you to it—don't ask you to go—in fact, I think you had better keep away, but Dumpty's fat-eating is hidden under the roots of that big, upturned spruce, just where Mooswa's trail crosses the Pelican on its way to his yard."

"Do you really think it was hidden there by Carcajou?" asked Lynx. "Is it not a François cache—or some last year's cache of another man? They are always wandering about through the Boundaries, looking for the yellow sand that is washed down by running waters, or for the white metal that sleeps in rocks."

"No, the white meat belongs to our humpbacked comrade—at least, he rustled it from the Breed's shack," answered Jay.

"Perhaps, after all, it would not be fair to take it, then," whined Lynx. "I am hungry—oh, so hungry; but to steal from one of our comrades, even

to save one's life—I would rather die, I believe."

"Prince of deceitful wretches!" muttered Jay to himself. "He means to steal it sure, but is afraid that I may inform against him."

"I'll not touch the fat-eating," continued Pisew. "True, the little Lieutenant stole it from François, but that is different, is it not, wise brother—you who are learned in the Law of the Boundaries? To take from them who would rob us of our clothes is not wrong, is it?"

"No; that is understood of all of us," answered Jack, aloud; to himself he said: "The hypocrite!"

"So Carcajou is entitled to half of the spoil, and I suppose it is that he has cached."

"It is."

"Then I'll not touch it—I'll starve to death first." And Pisew sat meekly on his haunches and rolled his eyes sanctimoniously.

"I had no idea there was so much honourable observance of the law in your nature," sneered Jack.

"Thank you, sayer of wise words," murmured Pisew. "I have always been misunderstood—accused of the vilest things—even to the eating of lodge-builders' children."

"Disgusting!" exclaimed Jack smartly. "They must be horrible eating, those young wearers of castoreum."

"No—they're delicious!" interrupted Pisew unwarily; "I mean—I mean—they're delightful little creatures," he added lamely.

"Well, I must be off, you who keep the fast," declared Jack. "I'm glad you have resisted the temptation, for I must admit that I was only trying you."

"I thought so—I thought so!" snickered Lynx; "and at first I joked to draw you on."

"Now I must warn the Council," thought Jack as he flew through the forest, "for Pisew will go straight for Carcajou's bacon."

"Wise Bird, indeed!" sneered Lynx. "I'll soon have Gulo the Glutton's fat-eating; and Whisky-Jack will bear

witness to my honesty. They are all so wise, but Pisew, the despised, fares better than any one."

And while Pisew chuckled and made straight for the big spruce where was hidden the bacon, Jack flew to the Council. To them the Bird said: "Keep you all well hid in the bush close to the bait; I will hide in the big tree which has a hollow, and when Pisew's neck is in the noose will signal."

With long springing lopes Lynx bounded close to where Mooswa's road crossed the ice bridge of the Pelican. Nearing it he walked steadily, making as little trail as possible.

"Yes, it is cached in there," he muttered, spreading his broad nostrils and filling them with the tantalizing perfume of bacon. "Carcajou has also been to look at it this morning, for here are his tracks."

Swiftly, stealthily he slunk to the very spot, and pushed his round head through a little bush-opening that seemed designed by Carcajou to conceal his stolen meat. Yes, it was there. Pisew seized the bacon hungrily and started to back out with his booty. As he did so there was the swishing rush of a straightening-up birch sapling, and something gripped him by the throat, carrying him off his feet. The startled Cat screamed, and wrenched violently at the snare as he scooted skyward. His contortions caused the strong cod-line which was about his neck to carry away from the swaying birch, and he dropped back to earth, only to find himself fighting with a heavy stick which dangled at the other end of the line.

What a fiendish thing the snare-stick seemed to Pisew! It fought back—it jumped and reeled and struck him in the ribs. It was a devil-stick surely—also would it kill him if no help came. The bacon fell from his mouth and he tried to call for assistance, but only a queer, guzzling, half-choked gasp came from his clogged throat.

As if in answer he heard, faintly, a bird-voice. It was Jack's. Would he help him? Lynx felt that he would not.

"He-e-e-p, he-e-e-p! qu-e-e-k, que-e-e-k! Come one, come all!" cried Whisky-Jack.

Violently Lynx struggled. Tighter and tighter drew the cord-noose, his own efforts drawing the death circle closer. His fast-glazing eyes could just make out, in a shadowy way, the forms of gathering comrades. He had been trapped—they were in at the death to witness the execution by his own hand. It did not last long. That merciless noose, ever tightening, ever closing in on the air-pipes, was doing its work—drying up the lungs.

"It's terrible!" Mooswa blurted

out. "He's dead now—I'm glad of it."

"Yes, he's dead," declared Carcajou, putting his earless head down to Pisew's side, for well he knew the old forest trick of shamming death to escape its reality.

"What of the carcass?" asked Mooswa. "Shall I carry it far in the bowl of my horns? One of our comrades, though he die the just death as declared by the Law of the Boundaries, should not fall into the hands of the Hunt-Men."

"Leave him," muttered Blue Wolf; "the pack passes this trail to-night."

To be Continued.



HA HIN, CHINAMAN.

By G. R. Pattullo, Jr.

HA HIN lay on his back in his narrow bunk and scraped upon a wire-strung violin a droning lullaby of the Orient. With dreamy, almond eyes gazing into space, he thought of Yateesha and smiled. In the hollow wall within reach of his hand lay the precious American gold that four years of persistent toil had won him, and he laughed with a child's delight as he tapped gleefully upon the boards. The disturbing noises of the street reached him subdued and slumberous, and from all around the guttural voices of his brother Orientals mingled in sleepy monotone. As in a haze, he saw the lazy Yang-tse-kiang flow murmuringly on to the Yellow Sea, its reed-clad banks swept gently by a perfumed breeze that whispered of rest, and of love and of languorous delight. Swift birds of heavenly plumage floated by on noiseless wings, and Yateesha's soft laughter rippled silver-chiming as

music of paradise. With gentle undulating motion they were sailing on, he and she, through the realms of night, and the great golden moon in the white radiance of starry heaven sent wide beams of light over the bosom of the waters. The poppies drooped their graceful heads, and from afar shone fairy lights. A continuous murmur of life was borne upon the passion-breathing air and they two watched alone in the high arch of sky the intense stars shoot like arrows of fire.

Ha Hin closed his eyes and saw before him a long life of dreamful ease; heard the deferential voices of many slaves and the respectful salutations of his countrymen as he responded to their low salaams. And the queen of it all was Yateesha. He placed his head upon his arm and sighed tremulously. He was going back to Yateesha and his happiness.

The big Mantchoorian lay opposite

and watched with sullen eyes the bright dreams reflected upon Ha Hin's countenance. He kicked viciously at Yo Te sunk in stupor beside him, his brass-tipped opium pipe hanging from loose lips that babbled incoherently of the strange fantasies of his sleep. The low-ceilinged room was heavy with the many odours of a Chinaman's sleeping apartment, and the forms of three sons of the sunny East showed dimly from bunks about the walls through a blue veil of smoke. From the next room came the thud and swish of the busy irons where Lee Hing and two assistants were finishing up the week's consignment of linen. The Mantchoorian arose, cautiously pulled a bottle from beneath a pile of clothes, concealed it under his coat and went through to the street door. He picked up a parcel of linen as he went.

"I'm going to take this," he said, and Lee Hing nodded in pleased surprise.

Twilight was falling over the city and the streets were filling with the crowds that nightly thronged them, seeking relief from the stifling heat in vain. Square white sheets of paper, with strange characters upon them drew groups of people to office windows, and the Mantchoorian wondered idly what it all meant. Many boys accosted passers-by, holding aloft the evening papers and yelling the contents of a hastily issued extra.

"The Legations butchered at Peking. More missionaries killed and outraged," they shrilled. "Tien-Tsin—"

The Mantchoorian pondered dully upon the cause of the excitement as he passed out of hearing and turned into a densely populated alley where the air reeked with foul smells and the houses huddled close in squalor and wretched disrepair. He stopped at a flight of steps leading to a brightly illumined cellar, from which came sounds of revelry run wild and the thick accents of helpless drunkenness. The Mantchoorian pulled the bottle from beneath his coat and descended.

Ha Hin slept; and little Lee Fee, as he swung the polishing iron in the

workroom, sang contentedly in Shanghai Chinese a ballad of a lady and a sedan chair. He had reached the thirty-third verse and was folding the shirt to be wrapped up, when he paused with eyes wide with terror. Through the open door sprang the Mantchoorian, his clothes torn and saturated with blood. He clutched a knife, dark with ruddy stains, in his right hand and the look of a hunted animal glared from his bloodshot eyes. He swung the door to and bolted it. Then with a curse he hurled the boy from his path, rushed past the chattering Chinamen into the next room and into his bunk. In a second he was out again and had thrown his soiled coat over the sleeping Ha Hin. Quickly drawing on a tweed vest from a nail in the wall, he uttered a rapid warning to the questioning group that watched his movements in consternation, and disappeared stealthily by a side door into the darkness of a deserted lane.

Lee Fee crept to Ha Hin's bunk and gently shook him into wakefulness. His was shivering with vague alarm and his eyes looked a pitiful appeal for protection that banished from Ha Hin's features the smile that his slumbers had left upon them.

"What is the matter, little Lee Fee? Who hurts you?" he asked hoarsely. "Listen, they're coming," whispered the boy, and buried his face upon his friend's breast.

"Who are coming, little one? Be quick, what is it?" cried Ha Hin, tenderly raising the boy's face.

"There, you can hear them howling. Big To Ko, the Mantchoorian, he ran in one second ago and ran out again. He was all blood and had a knife. And his eyes—oh, his eyes. Somebody had torn his clothes, and he cursed at me with the terrible oath. He had drunk the strong waters again, and now we will be killed."

Ha Hin listened with a growing fear, and there burst from the head of a neighbouring street wild, frenzied cries. He jumped to the middle of the floor, and swung Lee Fee onto his back.

"Out of this, all of you. To Ko has got into trouble, and must have hurt some one. Hark! they are coming for him, and to them it will matter little—Mantchoorian or us. We must get out of this for to-night, anyway. Come on, little Lee Fee, thou and I will risk it together."

A heavy stone came crashing through the glass of the front entrance and rolled to Lee Hing's feet. Ha Hin stooped and picked it up. The rush of a score of feet rattled the crazy windows in their frames and the door broke inwards. As it flew torn from its hinges, Ha Hin raised the stone high above his head and hurled it at the oncoming tide of humanity that surged in. It caught a fat German full upon the chest, and he sank to the floor with a choking gasp that sent the blood welling from his mouth.

"Up again, Lee Fee," he cried, and the boy sprang into his arms.

The Chinese had slipped out by the side door, and Ha Hin threw himself after them. With the raging crowd of roughs yelping at his heels, he ran for his life and prayed to the gods with a fierce despair for strength to elude them. Lee Fee hung tightly to his back and closed his eyes to the swollen, angry faces racing behind. An iceman's assistant in the rear stopped and threw a wooden mallet.

Little Lee Fee gave a gurgling groan of pain and his head fell forward upon Ha Hin's shoulder, while a gush of warm blood spattered Ha Hin's face. He stopped and laid the boy tenderly upon the ground. The pursuers uttered a yell of triumph and were upon him.

With all the might of wild passion and lost hope let loose, Ha Hin struck blindly out. An Italian fruit vendor went reeling back senseless upon his companions, and as he fell dropped the glittering stiletto that he had raised to deal the death stroke. Ha Hin's claw-like fingers closed upon it, and his eyes narrowed with a hideous joy as he sent the cold steel home into the shoulder of the nearest assailant. A maddening joy was pulsing through his veins

and he leaped forward to meet them. Twice, thrice he struck, and the knife came back dyed deeper with each thrust. A lead pipe was swung upon his head, and earth and sky rocked horribly as he staggered backward out of reach of a second blow. A swarthy figure bounded to his side and a sinewy arm encircled his neck. Ha Hin grasped the uplifted hand and strained with fast failing strength to tear the Italian from his hold. His brain was throbbing dully and the ring of brutal faces that encompassed and strove to reach him, blurred red and indistinct. With a jerk the Italian freed his wrist and the knife was buried to the hilt in Ha Hin's breast.

He saw the Yang-tse-kiang rolling dreamily on, and upon the reed-clad bank Yateesha spread her soft arms to welcome him. Ha Hin sighed tremulously and sank his head upon his arm. The murmur of many voices sounded faint and far away, and he smiled; he was going back to Yateesha and his happiness.

The moon rose over the city blood-red and the air was suffocating with oppressive heat. A huge uniformed figure stood sentry before the laundry and saluted with easy familiarity the sergeant upon his rounds.

"I was afraid there would be trouble, Lane," said the sergeant. "That Chinese, To Ko, didn't do for Casey, but he did for his countryman. It's unfortunate we didn't arrive in time to stop the gang, for the affair will look ugly. We've got To Ko, and the Italian's next to him in No. 3. What about the others?"

"They're all back again and lying low scared to death," replied the policeman. "And that is in there too."

"Hark, what is that?" asked the sergeant, holding up a hand.

The policeman looked uncomfortable.

"Oh, that's only little Lee Fee crying over the body. He liked Ha Hin."

And in the room above six Chinamen were wrangling over the division of the American gold.

"IN THE QUEEN'S NAME."

By M. MacLean Hellierwell.

IT was Christmas Eve and the greater portion of the male population of Fort Wrangle was gathered around the glowing fire in Phedran's hotel. A stranger who had arrived in town early that morning leaned on the bar, talking in a low voice to mine host and questioning him keenly concerning each comer.

Just as the clock struck nine the door opened to admit a tall slight man of graceful figure; his face, white and haggard, was undeniably handsome despite its careworn lines and the restless, almost hunted expression in his brilliant, hollow eyes. His thin, worn overcoat was poor protection against Alaskan cold and he coughed hoarsely as, nodding with half-averted face to the proprietor, he sank down in a small shadowed recess between the fire and the wall.

The stranger leaning on the bar raised enquiring eyebrows.

"Little known about him," answered Phedran in a low voice. "Came up about a year ago; has a position with Ferris several miles back, sort of book-keeper or something of the kind; horribly unsociable kind of chap, never mixes with anybody and attends strictly to his own business; comes here about once in four months. Ferris has gone to Dawson City, and I s'pose the Christmas atmosphere made Hawley feel kind of lonesome or he wouldn't be here to-night."

"Ever get any letters?"

"One a month, the postmaster tells me, regular as clockwork, and they all come from the same place, a sanitarium in the White Mountains—Saranac, I think Bill called it. I believe, though, Bill told me the one due this month hasn't come yet and the poor fellow's been hauntin' the office."

The stranger was silent for a moment vainly trying to obtain a clear

view of the white face in the gloom of the corner. Then he came forward, and seating himself before the fire called on the bar-tender to fill glasses all round. The man in the corner took raw whiskey, gulping it down almost greedily.

"We were just talking of bank robberies, Mr. Phedran and I," began the stranger, laying down his glass and stretching out his hands to the cheerful blaze. "Do you remember what a regular epidemic there was of them in Canada about a year and a half ago? Seemed as if there wasn't going to be a bank escape in the country—specially throughout Ontario."

"Yes, I mind it well," said one. "My mother got so scared she was all for drawing out her little pile and keeping it betwixt the mattresses."

There was a general laugh.

"They've caught pretty near all the robbers though," said another.

"That's so," said the stranger, "and sooner or later they'll have every man Jack of them. There's no one can escape Canada law; she always scoops 'em in in the end. Do you remember that queer case in the Pennythwaite Bank—the cashier and cash disappeared together, and no one has ever clapped eyes on either since?"

"Oh, I remember that well," spoke up a man with a great rough beard. "The cashier's name was Arundel, and he was the most popular and most highly respected fellow in the place. Young Englishman who had been married only a year or two. Among the people he was a regular little tin god who could do no wrong. The popular belief was that there had been foul play as he had gone down alone to do some work the night of the disappearance, and the office showed signs of a scuffle. Bank offered a big reward for news of him, but no one has ever been

able to apply for it. That's one case where your Canady law failed to get in her fine work."

"She hasn't failed," replied the stranger easily; "she has only not succeeded—as yet." And he cast a quick glance toward the silent figure in the shadowy corner, but the gloom revealed nothing.

"Somehow I never took much stock in that foul play theory," remarked a man on the opposite side of the fire. "If what folks said was true, Arundel was a younger son of good family who was chisled out of what small rights he had by an elder brother. He came out to Canady, married a girl with no idea of the value of money, and of course he got into trouble. What I admire is the slick way he managed things and the neat way he lit out. Not a living soul ever saw him again after he entered the bank that night."

"What became of the wife?" asked one.

"Oh, she'd left town before it happened. Looked kind of fishy, too, that did; but when the bank people found out that she was very ill in some hospital in the States they wouldn't have her bothered. Too blamed easy, they were, to my thinking. I bet she knew more than her prayers about the game. I'd have got it out of her, sick or well."

There was a slight rustle in the dim corner, and for an instant a pair of blazing eyes flashed through the shadow, but their owner did not speak and presently sank back against the wall again, burying his face in his handkerchief as a fit of coughing seized him.

Then a tall clear-eyed man, who had hitherto been silent, spoke:

"I was particularly interested in that case," he began, "because one of my cousins was young Arundel's closest friend. There was a regular David and Jonathan love between them, and I never saw anyone so cut up as my cousin was over that affair. Indeed I doubt if he will ever again be the same man. He was in love with

Arundel's wife long before Arundel ever met her, but stepped quietly aside when he saw the girl's preference. It was a case of love at first sight between her and Arundel, and their married life was simply ideal. My cousin spent most of his time at their house, and of course no one guessed of his feeling for Mrs. Arundel.

"Then all at once she fell ill. A heavy cold settled on her lungs; the doctors shook their heads over her and ordered her south for the winter. Poor Arundel was heart-broken. He was mad to go with her, but of course he had to stay at home and furnish the necessary funds. So my cousin and his sister took her down to Florida. While they were there Mrs. Arundel got word from a lawyer that her godfather, whose existence she had forgotten, had left her a snug little annuity. Gray—my cousin—said she had been worrying tremendously over the expense she was putting her husband to, and the news seemed to give her a new lease of life. Then all at once came the report of the robbery and Arundel's mysterious disappearance. Of course, the shock had a very bad effect upon Mrs. Arundel and they brought her up to the sanitarium at Saranac. My cousin swears to Arundel's innocence and has left no stone unturned to prove it and find some clue to his fate. Worry and grief have made an old man of him. I think he believes now that Arundel was done to death by the men who emptied the safe."

"It's a most interesting case," said one. "What's your own theory, Howard?"

The tall, quiet man looked into the fire for a minute or two before he answered, then he said, speaking slowly:—

"Well, I've never yet given utterance to my theory, but it's not likely any opinion of mine expressed here, and now, can do the poor fellow any harm. Hearing so much about the man from my cousin, I gave some thought to the matter, and it has always seemed to me a—well, a rather

strange coincidence that Mrs. Arundel should have been left that annuity, just at a time when she needed it most, by a godfather whose existence appears to have been almost unknown to her. I have figured out that if the godfather hadn't died so opportunely, leaving his little legacy, and if Arundel had gone on at the bank drawing his thousand a year, things would soon have got pretty bad for them, for the doctors' and nurses' bills were enormous, and the little woman's expenses in Florida were more than considerable. Minus Arundel and plus the godfather's income, Mrs. Arundel was infinitely better off—financially, at least—than she would be minus the dough and plus the husband. He was the most unselfish and devoted husband I ever heard of," continued the speaker, after a short pause. "I do not think he would count any suffering a sacrifice if it gave his wife one extra half-hour's comfort."

"Well, Great Scott!" cried a vehement Hercules, who was puffing at a villainous corn-cob pipe, "I should think if the lady wasn't a cold-blooded clam, she'd a worried a bit over her husband's mysterious fate instead of calmly settling down to enjoy her goddaddy's dollars!"

"That's the queerest part of it," replied Howard. "Gray swore the shock had unhinged her mind. She absolutely refused to mourn him. 'He is not dead,' she would say; 'He will come back.' She simply laughed at the idea of his guilt, and after a bit refused to discuss the matter at all. It has seemed to me that she must have had some grounds for her confident belief in his safety, for she was not the kind of woman to rest tranquil if there was the least chance of his being even uncomfortable. The last I heard of her from my cousin she was daily growing weaker, but seemed quite contented and happy, only she was becoming more and more silent, and would sit for hours at a time looking wistfully out of the window, with his photograph in her lap."

Again a rustle came from the shad-

owy corner, and a long sigh, which ended in a cough.

The stranger sitting in front of the fire turned to Howard.

"It's a sad story any way you take it," he said. "I pity the poor beggar from the bottom of my heart, but I know he is guilty, and he'll have to answer for his crime. The coincidence of the annuity struck me, too, and being interested, I took the trouble to meet Gray—a fine fellow, too, by the way—and from him I learned the name of the company from whom the annuity had been bought. From them I ascertained that it cost just the amount taken from the bank, less a thousand dollars, which a man going a long distance would require to cover his expenses. It is only a question of time now before poor Arundel is brought to justice, but he will at least have the comfort of knowing that his wife had all possible care and attention during her illness, and in her last hours lacked nothing but the comfort of his presence. She died four weeks ago." As he finished speaking he stood up. At the same moment there was a sudden movement in the dim corner: the white-faced man started forward, then with a low, almost inarticulate cry, sank to the floor, a limp heap. They laid him down gently and did what they could for him, forcing brandy between his locked teeth. Howard looked into the stranger's troubled face. "You have been cruel," he said in a low voice. "I never dreamed of this—and it is Christmas Eve."

The stranger laid his hand on the other's shoulder. "I give you my word," he said emphatically. "I thought I was doing it in the kindest possible way, and breaking it to him gently. By George, it's the worst piece of work I ever was in, and I'd give a good deal to be out of it now."

"He won't trouble you long, I fancy," said Howard, and he knelt down beside the prostrate figure. The sunken lips quivered, then opened slowly, and the suffering, hunted brown eyes roamed questioningly from one to another. Suddenly the vague-

ness vanished from them. Memory had returned. He struggled to rise. Howard raised him gently, supporting him against his knee.

"Where is that—other—?" The stranger came forward. The pathetic brown eyes looked into his. "She is dead—you said—little Mollie—and you have come—for me. I am—quite—ready."

Then his eyelids fell, and he murmured under his breath, smiling. They caught such broken snatches as

"Never knew—my Mollie—all for you—our Christmas together—darling"—then a great paroxysm of coughing seized him, just as the stranger stepped forward, and said hoarsely:

"I'd give all I own not to have to do it, Mr. Arundel, but I've been sent two thousand miles for this one purpose, and duty is duty." Then laying his hand on the thin shoulder of the smiling man, he said firmly, "Horace Arundel, I arrest you in the Queen's name."

AN UNPOSTED LETTER.

By Newton MacTavish.

OUTSIDE, a hammer pounded mockingly; the gallows were under construction. Through the iron bars of the prison window shone a few straggling shafts of sunlight. My client rested on his elbows, his chin in his hands. The light glistened deadly on his matted hair. He heard the hammering outside.

"I guess I may 's well write a line to Bill," he said, not raising his head. "Kin you git a pencil and paper?"

I got them, and then waited until he had written:

"Dear Bill,—By the sound of things, I reckon I've got to swing this trip. I've hed a hope all along thet they might git scent on the right track; but I see that Six-Eye 'll be 'bliged to kick the bucket, with head up—the galleys is goin' up mighty fast.

"I say, Bill, there aint no good in burglarin'. I swore once I'd quit it, and wish I hed. But a feller can't allus do just as he fancies; I guess he can't allus do it, kin he, Bill? You never knew how I got into this scrape, did you?"

"One day I was standin' around, just standin' around, nothin' doin', when I saw a span of runaway horses a-comin' down the street like mad. I

jumped out and caught the nigh one by the bridle. I hauled 'em up mighty sudden, but somethin' swung me round, and I struck my head agin the neck-yoke kersmash.

"When I come to, I was sittin' back in the carriage with the sweetest faced girl bendin' over me and wipin' my face with cool water. She asked where she would drive me home; and, do you know, Bill, for the first time, I was ashamed to say where. But I told her, and, so help me, she came clear down in there with me, and made Emily put me to bed. She left money, and every day till I got well she come out and sat and read the Bible and all them things. Do you know, Bill, it wasn't long afore things seemed different. I couldn't look at her pure, sweet face and plan a job. The last day she come I made up my mind I'd try somethin' else—quit burglarin'.

"I started out to get work. One man asked me what I'd served my time at. I said I'd served most of it in jail, and then he wouldn't have anything to do with me. A chap gave me a couple of days breakin' stones in a cellar. He said I did it so good he guessed I must have been in jail. After thet I couldn't get nothin' to do, be-

cause no one wouldn't have nothin' to do with a jail-bird, and I had made up my mind to tell the truth.

"At last Emily began to kick and little Bob to cry for grub. I got sick of huntin' for work, and it seemed as if everybody was pushin' me back to my old job. I got disgusted. I hed to do somethin', so I sot down and planned to do a big house in the suburbs. I'd sized it up afore.

"The moon was high that night, so I waited till it went down long after midnight. I found the back door already open, so it was a snap to git in.

"I went upstairs and picked on a side room near the front. I eased the door and looked in. A candle flickered low, and flames danced from a few coals in the fireplace.

"I entered noiselessly.

"A high-backed chair was in front of the hearth. I sneaked up and looked over the top. A young girl, all dressed in white, with low neck and bare arms, laid there asleep. Her hair hung over her shoulders; she looked like as if she'd come home from a dance and just threw herself there tired out.

"Just as I was agoin' to turn away the flames in the fireplace flickered and I caught the glow of rubies at the girl's throat. How they shone and gleamed and shot fire from their blood-red depths! The candle burned low and sputtered; but the coals on the hearth flickered, the rubies glowed and the girl breathed soft in her sleep.

"'It's an easy trick,' I said to myself, as I leaned over the back of the chair, my breath fanning the light hair that fell over marble shoulders. I took out my knife and reached over. Just then the fire burned up a bit. As I leaned over I saw her sweet, girlish face, and, so help me, Bill, it was her, her whose face I couldn't look into and plan a job.

"Hardly knowing it, I bared my head and stood there knife in hand, the blood rushin' to my face, and my feelin's someway seemin' to go agin me.

"I looked at her, and gradually closed my knife and straightened up

from that sneakin' shape a feller gets into. I remembered a verse that she used to read to me, 'Ye shall not go forth empty-handed,' so I said to myself I'd try again. But just as I was turnin' to go, I heard a shot in the next room; then a heavy thud. I stood stock-still for a jiffy, and then ran out in time to see some one dart down the stairs. At the bottom I heard a stumble. I hurried along the hall and run straight into the arms of the butler.

"I guess some one else was doin' that job that night. But they hed me slicker'n a whistle. 'Twas no use; everything went agin me. I hed on my big revolver, the mate to the one you got. As it happened, one shell was empty, and the ball they took from the old man's head was the same size. I had a bad record; it was all up with me. The only thing they brought up in court to the contrary was the top of an ear they found in the hall, where some one must have hit agin somethin' sharp. But they wouldn't listen to my lawyer.

"Give up burglarin', Bill; see what I've come to. But I hope you'll do a turn for Emily if ever she's in need, and don't learn little Bob filchin'. Do this for an old pal's sake, Bill."

The doomed man stopped writing, as the last shaft of sunlight passed beyond the iron bars of the prison window. Outside the hammering had ceased; the scaffold was finished.

"You'll find Emily, my wife, in the back room of the basement at 126 River street," said my client, handing me the letter. "She'll tell you where to find Bill."

I took the letter, but did not then know its contents. I started, but he called me back.

"You have a flower in your button-hole," he said. "I'd like to wrap it up and send it to Emily."

Next day, after the sentence of the law had been executed, I went to find Emily. I descended the musty old stairway at 126 River street, where all was filth and squalor. At the back room I stopped and rapped. A towzy head was thrust out of the next door.

"They're gone," it said.

"Where?"

"Don't know. The woman went with some man."

"Did you know him?"

"I saw him here before sometimes, but the top of his ear wasn't cut off then. They called him Bill, sort of pal."

"And where's the little boy?"

"He's gone to the Shelter."

I went out into the pure air, and, standing on the kerbstone, read the letter:

" The only thing they brought into court to the contrary was the top of an ear "

When I had finished, I remembered the flower in my hand. I didn't throw it away; I took it to my office and have it there still, wrapped in the paper as he gave it me.

A SEA SONG.

'TIS O! my heart, for the briny wind,
And the sea-sound on the shore,
For the flash of the sun on a distant sail
Which my eyes shall see no more!

'Tis O! for the boom of the breaking waves,
And the shriek of the rising gale,
And O! for the dreamy sun-lit pools
Where the lazy sea-weeds trail.

'Tis O! for a night of a million stars,
When the ocean's voice is kind,
And the sails are set for a fairy world
With a silver sea behind.

'Tis O! for the glint of the morning light,
And the breath of the morning breeze,
And the golden path which the sun doth make
O'er the pleasant morning seas.

'Tis O! for the voice that thrills my heart,
For the voice of the calling sea,
For the light caress of the flying spray,
And the wind's wild harmony.

'Tis O! for that voice I hear no more—
No more do the free winds blow,
And the song that sings in my empty heart
Is a song from long ago.

'Tis O! and O! and my eyes are wet,
And O! for my heart is sore—
And I'm homesick, homesick for the wind
And the sea-sound on the shore!

Isabelle E. Mackay.

Woman's Sphere

Edited by
Mrs. Willoughby Cummins

ONE of the favourite topics of conversation when people meet these days, after they have touched upon the weather, of course, the latest war news, and the return of the Contingents from South

Africa, is the question, "Are the letters genuine in that much-talked-of book, 'An Englishwoman's Love Letters?'" If so, how could any man or woman ever give them publicity for the sake of making money out of them? The "Explanation" at the beginning of the book clearly gives the reader to understand that the letters were written by a woman of twenty-two years of age to a man—or youth—who was a few months her junior, and that they were not published until both these people were dead. If this be really true, "something slow and lingering, like boiling oil or melted lead" would be all too good a punishment for whosoever it was who gave these letters to the world, letters which, if real, should have been held sacred, for they were never intended to be seen by anyone but by the eyes of the one man that had won such passionate devotion as they express. However, I think that the universal opinion must be that the book is an unusual and certainly a very clever piece of pure fiction, and, believing this, the younger women will again breathe freely, and will continue to write letters of love, as was the good old custom of their mothers and grandmothers before them. With this book as a solemn warning of possibilities, however, would it not be safer always to add another postscript to a love letter somewhat to this effect, "This letter must be returned to the writer immediately for cremation?"

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Council of Women held in Montreal, an important matter which had been brought before the Council by Dr. Bryce, Secretary of the Provincial Board of Health for Ontario, was considered. This had reference to the serious menace to the public health occasioned by the fact that a very large quantity of ready-to-wear clothing which is sold throughout the country, is made in private houses that are in no way under inspection by the factory inspectors and the conditions of which are often by no means clean and sanitary. Although the provincial law in Ontario concerning infectious diseases is excellent, yet it is feared that its conditions are unobserved many times in these homes. Therefore it is easy to see the possibility of the spread of scarlet fever germs and the like, by means of the sale of goods that are manufactured in this way. By the same means consumption, which is not yet, however, classified as an infectious disease under the law, may also be spread, and altogether the subject is one which the members of the Council think should be considered by the authorities. It was therefore agreed that the local Councils of Ontario do petition the Legislature to amend the Factory Act so that all clothing made outside factory premises—and therefore in places that are not inspected—shall be thoroughly disinfected before being offered for sale.

WOMEN WORKERS.

An excellent Society exists in Philadelphia which is called the "Home Teaching Society and Free Circulating Library for the Blind," and an earnest

effort is being made by its members to find out where the 1,300 blind persons of that city live in order that teachers may be sent to instruct them in their own homes, and after they have learned to read to supply them with a regular exchange of embossed books comprising religious, educational and entertaining literature. Much good work has been done already by this Society, and it is mentioned here as suggestive of what might be done in many places in Canada for persons similarly afflicted. The happiness brought into the life of a blind girl in Kingston, owing to the kindness of a dear old lady who taught her to read, is one of the pleasant recollections of my childhood.

The change which has come about during the last few years among the women of Canada as regards true patriotism has indeed been very great. Not that they were not always loyal to Queen

and country, but that now, as never before, they are grasping the full meaning of patriotism, and realizing more and more all that is comprehended therein. The following inspiring and almost prophetic words spoken by Mrs. Charles Archibald to the National Council of Women on this subject two years ago are of particular interest just now. Mrs. Archibald said in part:—

“In every quarter of the habitable globe, under the shadow of the British flag, the sons and daughters of Britannia are growing up to a noble and gracious maturity. Among them all, what more promising scion of the Mother Country than this Canada of ours? This vast Dominion, stretching as it does from ocean to ocean, endowed by nature so lavishly with her best and choicest gifts; peopled also by a hardy, upright, and ingenious race; surely, by every sign and token, whether of natural resource or racial heritage, the future of Canada will be, must be, the golden future of a great and mighty nation! The years are passing swiftly; our children are growing up around us; the resources of our country are being wonderfully developed. Where but a decade or two ago was only a dense forest, or a dreary stretch of barren prairie, is now a thickly populated city, or a smiling plain,

dotted with prosperous and well-kept farms. Across the thousands of leagues of the vast continent stretches the unbroken chain of the iron highway, whilst a continuous stream of immigration peoples, with the honest and industrious sons of toil, the vast solitudes of the great Northwest. Eastward, in the earlier settled portions of the land, life is everywhere becoming more intense, complex; wealth is amassed; education, culture and art have all been given a wonderfully increased impetus within the last quarter of a century, and in sympathy with the quickening pulse of young Canada, many a heart is glowing with patriotic pride.

“We are as yet, however, far too provincial. We think, speak and act provincially. There are elements of a national greatness, of power, and of prestige among us, but they require development, combination and concentration if they are to be factors in the sum of our national unity. We all need a broader outlook; a widening of view; a deepening of thought on the great questions which affect us, not only provincially, but nationally. We are builders—building, not only for time, but for eternity; and in the making of any nation it is the conduct of individuals, multiplied indefinitely and broadly considered as a whole, which determines its moral worth.

“The individual—the family—the state: with the standards of conduct of the two first lies all the responsibility for the well-being of the nation.

“I do not think that, as Canadians, we are sufficiently patriotic. We are loyal—intensely loyal to the particular spot of earth which we call home, or to the province to which we belong, and, too, there are probably few among us ‘with soul so dead’ as never to have felt a glow of enthusiasm in the thought of the future of their country, but most probably, in so doing, they have made a mental reservation in favour of their own particular corner of it. Until we have fully realized our glorious possibilities from a national, not a provincial, standpoint, we have not begun to grasp the conception of the golden future before us.

“In the making of any nation, the women of that nation have a high and holy calling. And from the very outset those faithful and loyal souls who, leaving their beloved motherland, went bravely forth with their husbands, sons or brothers into untrodden paths of the pine forests, or who, for the love of Christ, ministered to His needy and perishing children in His name, have commanded our deepest veneration and respect. I am sure that we, as Canadian women, are justly proud of our foremothers. We love to recall the stories of their early pioneer days, of their brave endurance of hardship in privation, and of their heroism under circumstances of danger.

“For the most part they laboured that we might enter into the fruit of their labours. In loving their homes and their families, they

loved and served their adopted country better than they knew. We, who to-day, because of their faithfulness, enjoy a wider, broader life; who possess privileges and luxuries of which they never dreamed, but which they toiled to win for us, have also, like them, a sacred mission to those who are to come after us; like them, we are builders. The Good Book tells us that 'Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands.' One of the most wonderful signs of the times is the spread of the principle of co-operation. . . . Each component part of the National Council of Women is in itself an illustration of this point, and it is only necessary to consider in the instances thus practically brought before us that most wonderful discovery of the age, woman's discovery of herself, and its corollary, woman's discovery of the other woman!

"We are all often asked, individually, and as societies, 'What is the meaning of the Woman's Council?'

"Can you answer that question fully? Can I?"

"The full purpose and significance of it lies hidden in the heart of the Eternal Father of us all; we who are in the storm and stress of its work and routine have, as it were, no perspective: we can but guess at its breadth of meaning and dimly grasp some of the possibilities which it may, ay! and with God's blessing, in His own good time, shall yet accomplish. Shall I venture to name some of these? I see then, first, a united Canadian womanhood. Race distinction, class distinction, sectarian shibboleths, fused into one harmonious whole, under the transforming and transmitting power of the Spirit of Christ, whose Golden Rule we seek to follow and to carry out. For, ever in the sisterhood, the comradeship of women, not only in this our land, but the world over, I see wrongs righted and peaceful victories won by the overwhelming force of righteous convictions worked out by an enlightened public sentiment. I see not more mother love—for Canadian mothers are devoted mothers—but more mother-wisdom, as we study together how to make the most and the very best of the precious lives committed to our care. Home-making, character-building, centralization of effort, only that it may flow out in ever-widening circles of blessing to the world! I see women everywhere lifting up higher standards of true living and of moral worth, and as they investigate the causes which lead to the poverty and oppression of their less favoured sisters, learning with shame and deep contrition how greatly their own unthinking selfishness and indifference, and the arrogance of the utter disregard for the comfort of the lives which minister to them, has added to the weight of these very same burdens which now they seek to unbind from the shoulders of those who plod wearily along life's dusty highway.

"I see all things lovely and pure and of good report, fostered and helped upward and on-

ward by our united effort and influence, so that the budding genius of the nation shall expand in song and story, and art and science shall alike flourish. . . .

"All this and more may be—yes! shall be—if we are but true to ourselves and to our responsibility. But there must be a word of warning also. We must not dare to trust in the strength of our organization, however great; nor in the prestige of its power and influence, however widely known or felt. Only so far as each individual member of all the widely differing societies of which our National Council of Women is composed is true to the highest and best that is in her; is humbly and reverently and determinedly anxious to learn all she possibly can of God's purpose for her in life; only so long as we are true and loyal to our God and to each other, can we hope to do and dare for Canada."

These words of Mrs. Archibald's are so truly in harmony with the real spirit of the patriotism which makes a nation great, that it is well they should have a wide hearing.

E. C.

THE OTHER SIDE.

CLEMENCY laid aside her book and stirred the fire gently, restoring with careful fingers a half-burned coal which had managed to slip through the bars of the grate. Clemency had almost forgotten when first she learned the value of a half-burned coal. Under her skilful hands the sulky fire brightened, half revealing, large and dim, a fine and stately room fallen into disrepair and poverty; a room intended for polished furniture and heavy draperies, now bereft of both and sullenly conscious of departed glory.

In the one bright corner sat Clemency, her slim figure sunk in the depths of an old arm-chair, shivering now and then as a draught crept over the floor. She had given up trying to read, for the words conveyed no meaning, and on every page she could see nothing but some sentence from a letter, the original of which was lying at her feet. It was a good letter, full of the protestations of a faithful love, and offering, incidentally, the certainty of home and comfort.

Five years ago another letter with another signature had come for Clemency—a letter which she carried next

her heart, and worn away with happy tears. There had been an answer too, sent away with kisses, but death had intercepted it. And all this happened five long years ago. Also when one is cold, and lonely and tired, aye, even hungry—

Clemency sighed heavily.

"If I only knew!" she said aloud.

"If I only knew!"

And then for the first time she realized that she was not alone. On a high-backed chair, planted primly at the farther side of the fire-place, sat a lady visitor. A dainty, wavy lady who swayed like a piece of gossamer in the draughty room. A lady dressed in the riding-habit of half a century ago, a plumed hat resting on her golden hair, and shading a small, bright face made beautiful by forget-me-not eyes, dew-shaded. She was gazing at Clemency with a sparkle of a smile.

"I do believe you can see me!" she exclaimed, in a voice which rang clear and sweet, though far away. "It is so nice to be visible."

"Do you know," continued the little lady by way of explanation, "I come here every night, but this is the first time you have ever seen me."

Clemency sat silent. She was wondering how long this uninvited guest had been paying evening calls, and if—

"Oh, no," exclaimed her visitor, reading her thoughts with great accuracy, and blushing the slightest ghost of a blush, "I never listen to any conversation. I assure you I am too well bred to pry—though it wouldn't make any difference if I did, you know," she added encouragingly.

Clemency had her own opinion, but decided not to express it. Instead she asked hospitably, "Are you cold? I am afraid the fire—"

"It is not what it used to be," assented her visitor cheerfully, "but then, nothing is. When I was—I mean, before I came here things were different. This room, for instance; there was a great fire-place then, and big logs to burn, but you will not find that topic interesting. You know I lived here once, that is why I still

come. I am waiting for somebody."

Clemency glanced around the room and sighed.

"Then you must be some relation of mine," she said.

"Your great-aunt, my dear, I believe," replied the little lady with a dignified assumption of age.

"How interesting!" said Clemency.

"Is it long since you—"

"Oh, about sixty years, as you count time," answered her visitor.

"You must indeed notice changes," said Clemency a trifle bitterly.

The little lady observed her compassionately.

"Changes, yes," she answered, "but after all, they are nothing. As for me, of course I can see things just as they were, if I wish, but it doesn't signify. I only come here because I am waiting for some one."

"A long, long wait!" sighed Clemency. "I wonder you don't tire."

"Oh," replied the lady brightly, "one learns how to wait. It is an art you know, quite an art. Now, you look sad, you have not learned yet, but you will in time. See, I have waited sixty years—bah, it is nothing!"

Clemency shuddered.

"Perhaps," continued the other, noting the gloom on the girl's face, "since I have so intruded, you might like to know just who I am. Mine is a very short story. My name was Annabel. It was in this room that the one episode of my life occurred; he asked me to be his wife here. I remember the day so well, all bright and white outside and inside how the fire roared! I wore my new blue silk, for I expected him, and he said blue so became the colour of my hair. I was just nineteen. This is the ring he gave me, 'twas considered elegant, and I did hear it said, he sold his mare to purchase it. We were very happy, but not so happy as we will be, soon. We had not very long together then, for, a short time after, my hunter, Stella, threw me, and I—came here. It is for him that I am waiting."

A great pity grew in Clemency's soft eyes.

"I have heard the story," she said gently. "It was very, very sad. You were Annabel Percy and he was the gallant Captain Graham. Only a few days before the wedding!—I wonder how he bore it?"

"Like the brave gentleman he was," answered Annabel proudly; "but, as you say, it was a heavy blow."

Clemency suddenly became silent, a new thought had taken possession of her mind, a thought which filled her with a great pity for this dainty wraith of her ancestress. Only a year ago she had herself seen this once gallant and gay Captain Graham, a general now with medals and crosses and a record of honour, but, oh, so old and broken-down and feeble, so childish and helpless, a wreck in mind and body. An old, old man whom the years had shorn of his beauty and strength. And it was for him that this lovely, dainty lady, with the charms and graces of nineteen years undimmed, was waiting on the other side. How awful!

It seemed cruel, but in spite of herself she asked:

"Have you ever seen him—since?"

"Oh, yes," said Annabel at once, "quite often."

"And is he not much changed?"

Clemency blushed as she asked the question, remembering her visitor's remarks upon the subject of prying, but Annabel looked simply reflective.

"Changed?" she repeated, "yes, he is changed. He seems to be gentler, less reckless, more just and more charitable. Oh, yes, he is greatly improved."

"But in appearance?" asked Clemency.

"I have told you," answered Annabel in a surprised tone.

"But," persisted Clemency, puzzled, "does he not seem very old?"

"Old," repeated the ghost, shaking her dainty head, "I don't understand. That must be a word that has lost its meaning to me. It is so with many words here."

Clemency started at her visitor in surprise.

"At first," went on the ghost re-

miniscently, "when I came to him he could all but see me, sorrow and love had so thinned the veil between us. We were very near, but after a time the mist grew thicker. He had many duties and he could not be always half in the other world with me. But we have never been really parted. You can't part love, you know."

"No," said Clemency slowly.

"But lately," continued the visitor, "the veil has been thinning again. His work in this world is almost over and he has more time to give to me. The other day, as I sat beside him and held his hand, the mist parted for a moment and he saw me quite plainly."

"Annabel!" he cried, just in the old way. Those who were with him thought he was wandering. But I think that the waiting is almost over now."

"A long, long wait!" sighed Clemency.

"Oh, don't waste pity," said the ghost cheerfully; "I am really very happy, and so thankful! Why, when he comes it will—well, it will be heaven, you know."

"Oh," said Clemency, doubtfully, "do you speak figuratively?"

"I don't know what you mean," said the ghost. "That must be one of the words which has lost its meaning. What I want you to understand is that my case is a very happy one. Now, if I were like Patty Easton, for example!"

"Is Patty's a sad case?" asked Clemency with languid curiosity.

"Oh, so sad! you see, her coming here was very much like mine. She was to have married John Sheldrick, and she did love him, poor dear! Well, he died lately and they haven't been able to find each other yet. That's why it is so sad, you know."

"Oh," said Clemency.

"In fact," continued the dainty Annabel, swaying a little faster in her earnestness, "I fear they will never meet!"

"Why?" asked Clemency.

"Well, you see, he had not learned how to wait. He was always trying

to make himself forget her, and after the first little while she was unable to get near him. He immersed himself in other things, even married, and grew so far away from her that, now he is dead, their souls can't find each other."

Clemency was silent.

"If people would only understand!" added the little ghost sadly, and Clemency thought her eyes rested for a moment on the open letter on the floor.

"Understand?" asked she.

"That there's something to wait for," said the ghost of Annabel gently. Then after a little pause, "A little hardship, a struggle and some loneliness—sixty years, perhaps, but it's all nothing—if people only understood."

The little lady clasped her shadowy

hands and looked at Clemency out of forget-me-not eyes.

"I am your great-aunt," she whispered, "and I love you, Clemency!"

Clemency looked up quickly, for the voice had sounded very far away and the dainty figure seemed dimmer.

"Don't go," she cried, "I want to know—"

Even as she spoke the bright face had faded, a gossamer hand waved adieu and a voice far, far away sighed farewell. The prim chair by the fireplace was no longer occupied by an airy figure and Clemency felt the loneliness of the place strike to her heart.

For a long time she sat before the dying fire, thinking and letting the veil grow thin. When at last she rose her face was bright and steadfast. As for the letter, she had forgotten even to burn it!

Isabelle E. Mackay.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

DURING the month of January, the British papers have been reviewing the past and considering the future. The editor of *Public Opinion* (London) says "the nineteenth century has been the age of England's monopoly; the twentieth, if we are not mistaken, is destined to witness the struggle of the nations for the lion's share of the spoil which has so long been ours." The nations have learned the secrets of trade and manufacture, a result which was inevitable when the telegraph and steamboat drew the nations together. Energy and the sea-going instinct are no longer a monopoly of the Briton. Lord Rosebery has taken up the subject and has pointed out the dangers of German and United States industrial advancement. Others have done the same. No one, however, has proposed a set of optional remedies.

The *Times* says: "To Englishmen, Scotsmen and Irishmen, the first of

all considerations must be—How will the new century affect the moral and material greatness of their country and their Empire?" This is certainly a pertinent question. But before considering it, let us examine the language. Does the Empire belong only to Englishmen, Scotsmen and Irishmen? The *Times* says it is "their" Empire. Does the *Times* really mean it, or has the great journal forgotten the colonials just for a minute?

The *Times'* pertinent question brings up the subject of expansion or consolidation. Shall the Empire continue to expand or shall she be satisfied with devoting all her energies to consolidation? Judging from the attitude of Mr. Chamberlain and his comrades, they believe that more expanding must be done before the whole energy of the Empire is devoted to consolidation.

One element in consolidation is Imperial Defence and every person who has considered the subject feels that this needs immediate attention. Dur-



"GOOD-BYE. YOU CERTAINLY HAVE BEEN GOOD TO ME."

—*The New York World.*

ing the next five years we shall hear more of this subject and the decisions arrived at and the work done will have considerable effect on Canadian National life. It will no doubt increase our militia and give us a naval force, and that very shortly.

Lord Brassey, a leading British Liberal, has touched this subject in some suggestions concerning the reorganization of his party. He laid down two principles: (1) Every part of the Empire which shares in Imperial burdens should have a voice in the decision of questions of Imperial concern; (2) Every part capable of self-government has a right to manage its own affairs. He is apparently in favour of an Imperial Parliament in which the colonies shall be represented, and in which such questions as Imperial defence shall be decided. The British Empire League in Canada seems to be in favour of a Consultative Council rather than an Imperial Parliament. Perhaps the latter suggestion as being less radical would be better. It would

appeal more to the British elector who is not yet convinced that the colonial is a man of sense; and it would suit the colonial better because he has not yet assured himself that a participation in all the Empire's burdens would bring with it counterbalancing advantages. Even a Consultative Council for the Empire would be a long step toward Imperial Unity. Lord Brassey is also in favour of the colonies paying their share of Imperial expenses which are becoming too heavy for the people of three little islands.

"The Commonwealth of Canada" would have been a good name, but the

Founders of Confederation decided upon "The Dominion of Canada." "The Commonwealth of Australia" was duly inaugurated on January 1st, at Sydney. The whole city was profusely decorated, the new Governor-General's procession was two miles long, and representative of the various colonies, while the ceremony was impressive. The Archbishop of Sydney invoked the blessing of the Almighty; the Clerk of the Federal Convention read the Royal proclamation, the letters-patent, and the commission of the first Governor-General. Lord Hopton then took the oath of office; Mr. Barton, principal Australian delegate to Westminster, was then sworn in as the first Premier; and messages from the Queen and from the Cabinet were read.

It is not every day that a new nation is born and, of course, speculations have followed upon the unusual event. Most of the London journals seem to think the union was undertaken to help in the consolidation of the Empire. The writer sees no reason to coincide with that view. In her message

the Queen declared it to be "her earnest wish that under Divine Providence it may insure the increased prosperity of her loyal and beloved subjects in Australia." There is the reason. It was increased prosperity the people desired, one large country instead of five small ones, one set of trade regulations instead of five. These countries, following the economic development of the day have formed a trust and pooled their profits.

Germany is making headway in South America, notably in Brazil. Germany is acquiring coaling-stations here and there around the world. Germany has a large force in China, and Count von Waldsee is chief of the allied armies. And on the top of all this, the German Emperor has allied himself with the Sultan and with King Charles of Roumania. Germany is face to face with Russian aggression at two points: in China where the German Emperor has the assistance of Great Britain, and in the Balkan where his allies are weaker powers—in the Far East and the Near East. In the latter Germany has no real interests except a desire to be in a position to checkmate Russia occasionally. In the Far East she has commercial interests in addition.

The point of all this is that Great Britain's interests in Europe and Asia are more allied with German interests than is commonly thought, and that in the world struggle now facing the nations Germany would be a more powerful ally than the United States. The alliance of the future to oppose the Slav is more likely to be Teutonic than Anglo-Saxon.

many before 1866 and the Germany since has been broken by the death of Leopold von Blumenthal, the great friend of the unfortunate Emperor Frederick. From 1815 to 1866 Germany was a collection of disunited States with Prussia as the commercial leader. Then occurred the "Seven Weeks' War," which separated Austria from the other German States, the latter being gradually combined into the German Empire under Emperor William I. Among the latter's chief soldiers were the late Count von Moltke and Count von Blumenthal. Both were at the great battle of Koniggratz in 1866. Both were at the famous council of war called by William I before Sedan. Moltke did not like Blumenthal, and the former received greater rewards from William than the latter. When Frederick III ruled for one hundred days, Blumenthal was made a count and a field-marshal general—long-delayed rewards. The simple, natural Blumenthal outlived the silent, taciturn Moltke, but now too he has gone. Of all the actors in the great drama for the rebuilding of the



J. BULL: "Holy smoke! That's the same present I got last year."

—The Minneapolis Tribune.

The second last personal link between the Ger-



WILL IT RISE ?

—The Minneapolis Journal.

ably expect. China will remain subservient so long longer. The leopard cannot change his spots.

While the Powers have been securing written documents, Russia has been appropriating territory. An agreement has been concluded between Russia and China regarding the Russian military occupation of Feng-tien, the southern and most important province of Manchuria, and the resumption of Chinese civil administration under Russian protection. Tseng, the Tartar General at Mukden, and the Chinese officials resume the civil government of Mukden and Feng-tien. This completes Russia's protectorate over Manchuria. That this will ever be given up is as unlikely as Britain's relinquishing control of Egypt or of the territory once known as the Transvaal.

German Empire there only remains the King of Saxony. William I, Moltke and Blumenthal were each ninety years of age at the time of their deaths, the latter having seen sixty-two years of active military service.

It was reported that the opening of the new year would see a second anti-foreign rising in China. The prediction has not been fulfilled. The Chinese have, seemingly, repressed their hatred and going back to the old business of signing notes and treaties. The demands of the Powers as outlined last month have been conceded and the new regime is about to be inaugurated. That it will be very different from the old regime no one can reason as it pays her to be and no



THE POWERS: "Open your mouth and shut your eyes, and we'll give you something to make you wise."

—The Minneapolis Journal.



THE QUEEN

BORN MAY 24TH, 1819; COMMENCED TO REIGN JUNE 20TH, 1837;
CROWNED JUNE 28TH, 1838; MARRIED FEBRUARY 10TH, 1840;
WIDOWED DECEMBER 14TH, 1861; DIED JANUARY 22ND, 1901.

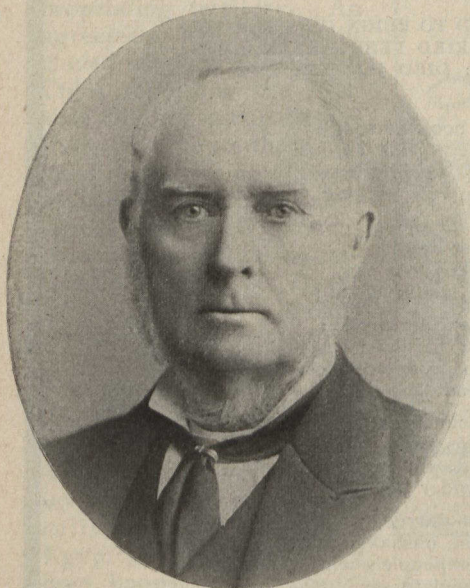
Take, madam, this poor book of song ;
For tho' the faults were thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I could trust
Your kindness. May you rule us long,
And leave us rulers of your blood
As noble till the latest day !
May children of our children say,
' She wrought her people lasting good ;
' Her court was pure ; her life serene ;
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as mother, wife and Queen :
' And statesmen at her council met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand, and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet
' By shaping some august decree,
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compass'd by the inviolate sea.'

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THE country has lost an unselfish citizen and statesman in the person of the late Hon. Sir Frank Smith, Senator. Starting as a clerk in a Canadian country store at \$5 a month, this young Irishman became, by industry, diligence and shrewdness, one of Canada's wealthiest and most honoured citizens. Manager of a store, owner of a store, mayor of London, Ont., in 1866, called to the Senate in 1871, a member of Cabinets under Sir John Macdonald all the succeeding Conservative Premiers, President of the Northern Railway, President of the old Toronto Street Railway, and connected with various other commercial organizations—these are some of the steps in his career.

Sir Frank's career is an example to the young men of the country. He be-



HON. SIR FRANK SMITH, SENATOR
BORN 1822. DIED JANUARY, 1900

gan at the foot of the ladder and he reached the top. It was not luck. It was hard work, self-denial and aggressive ambition. With all his progress he always maintained a large circle of admiring and confiding friends and a reputation for honour and probity. Canada has lost him, but he helped to prove that this is as much a country of opportunity as any other.



The Province of Ontario is face to face with a university question. This is a revival of an old situation with new complications. The first

ONTARIO'S
UNIVERSITY
PROBLEM.

university founded in the Province was Anglican in character. Later on this was made undenominational, and since 1849 the University of Toronto and University College together have formed a sort of State institution. For some time subsequent to this yearly grants were made to the other colleges which had been founded later, and which were distinctly denominational. In 1868, these grants were cut off. Each college or university since then has been on its resources. Each had been independent of Government control, except the University of Toronto. There has thus been a Provincial university and a number of independent universities. At present the list reads thus:

- University of Toronto, founded 1827. (Called King's College until 1849.)
- Victoria University, founded 1836. (Affiliated with U. of T., 1887.)
- Queen's University, founded 1841.
- Trinity University, founded 1852.
- University of Ottawa, founded 1865.
- McMaster University, founded 1887.

The University of Toronto finds itself hampered for want of funds, its endowment having been insufficient to

give it adequate revenue. It has not been the recipient of private benefactions, and has therefore been agitating for fresh grants from the Provincial Government, whose creature it is. This would probably be willingly granted by the Government were it not for the other institutions of a similar character. The latter claim that if fresh grants are made to Toronto, similar donations should be given to them. Hence the Government hesitates. It desires to offend no one, and yet finds that it would be expensive to gratify all desires.

Toronto says, "We are the child of the State. All our property is vested in and administered by the Crown. Our annual appropriations are authorized by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council. All appointments are made to the staff of both university and college by the Crown, hence the Crown should provide for our deficits. The Crown led us into Federation and thus into increased expenses. Our total expenditure in 1887 was \$70,149; last year it was \$135,720. Federation demanded additional requirements and this increase shows what it has cost us. The granting of money to other universities would be giving money into irresponsible hands to expend. The Crown should provide for us and us only."

The other universities reply: "We are neither private nor irresponsible institutions. We are under statute as much as Toronto. We are, therefore, not outside Governmental control. The Government grants bonuses to railways and does not interfere with their administration within the limits of their charter. There is the principle. The Government recognized it the other day when it gave land, building and endowment to Upper Canada College, a corporation not subject to its control. We are rendering services to the State in the same manner as the University of Toronto. Therefore the Crown is justified in making grants to us. We are not seeking aid in order to prolong a feeble existence, but to meet the pressing wants of an all-round expansion."



THERE ARE HALF A MILLION SUCH ORPHANS IN CENTRAL INDIA

Thus the Ontario Government is facing a great problem. A Government depending on the popular vote, does not care to displease large bodies of voters. If it refuses grants to Queen's, Victoria, Trinity, McMaster and Ottawa, it must refuse a grant to Toronto, or risk offending several large and influential bodies. And yet Toronto cannot go on much longer without assistance. The dilemma is great and it would not be surprising if one or two Governments were broken before the aforesaid dilemma vanishes. Let the other Provinces take warning, and not create State universities which may have to be supported.



Much has been heard of the distress of India, and a full statement of the case based upon first-hand knowledge may not be amiss. In these days when the folly of missionary work in China is becoming apparent, it is well that the attention of those who give liberally to foreign missions should be directed to the requirements of India.

INDIAN
MISSIONS.

In the pre-British days, wars, raids, sati, infanticide and pestilence kept the population from growing too fast. British law and improved sanitation have enabled the population to marry and multiply, unrestricted by any prudential considerations that obtain in civilized countries. Hence, we have the spectacle of some forty millions and more always on the brink of starvation.* When there is a slight failure of the monsoons, hunger drives thousands to the relief camps.

Again, the failure of the village industries, in face of the competition of the Western cheap machine-made goods, has made India a producer of raw materials. The returns have been growing gradually less, and prices of goods have greatly increased. The manufacturers in England have been profiting at the expense of the uneducated producer of home-made fabrics and utensils.

The people are heavily taxed. Rail-

*Mr. R. C. Dutt's "Letters to the Viceroy."



TWO STARVELINGS

roads have been built, and the British Government has guaranteed 5 per cent. interest on the investments. The British investor, sure of his interest, put in much more capital than was necessary, and now India is paying the bill. Irrigation works were built with the same result. In addition to these drains there are pensions paid to English officials, the savings of Europeans and the cost of the army. And India, taxed to the full limit of her powers, has had in the last forty-five years a net deficit of 37.62 million Rs. The burden of the tax-gatherer falls heaviest on the cultivator of the soil.

When the tax-payer and the failure of the monsoons fall upon the Indian farmer together, then the world has the spectacle of millions of people starving.

The decadence of the Indian art-workman is now occupying the attention of the Indian Government. Until some way out of the difficulty is discovered the missionary orphanage and relief funds must be relied upon to ameliorate the worst of the distress. In the famine period of 1896-97 the total collections amounted to \$5,780,000, which was all spent, save \$340,000. Of this the United Kingdom contributed \$4,182,000, foreign countries \$476,000, and India \$1,122,000. During 1900 the collections were close upon five millions. India contributed about the same amount as before, the United Kingdom a million less than in 1896-97, and foreign countries made up the increase. The United States and Germany were very liberal. The famine last year cost \$34,000,000 in direct expenditure, while \$8,000,000 was given to landholders and cultivators on loans and advances.

With these facts in view, Canadian supporters of foreign missions would be justified in withdrawing their contributions to Chinese missions, and asking that they be sent to India. There is enough work there to absorb all the money and effort that Canada has to expend upon foreign missions. There is no necessity of sending money



A MISSIONARY AND HIS FAMINE CHARGES

PHOTO TAKEN FOR "CHRISTIAN HERALD"

and missionaries to a country where their presence is distasteful and productive of international disturbances.



That the missionary has been doing noble work in India, is amply proven by the brief but comprehensive statement by Lord Curzon :

"Particularly must I mention the noble efforts of the missionary agencies of various Christian denominations. If ever there was an occasion in which their local knowledge and influence were likely to be of value, and in which it was open to them to vindicate the highest standards of their beneficent calling, it was here. Strenuously and faithfully have they performed the task."

And just at this point, one of the weaknesses of the Protestant missionaries may be pointed out. A layman writing recently in *The Indian Review* (Madras) points out the differences between the Roman Catholic Church as a missionary and the Protestant Churches, much to the disadvantage of the latter. The former is the same everywhere, same ritual, same spiritual head, same saints, same virgin mother. Of the latter he says :

"Hardly, on the other hand, has a Protestant mission convert learnt the A B C of his new creed, then he gets to know that there are other Christians who think differently from him ; who worship differently ; who do not acknowledge the same spiritual head ; who, in short, to his limited field of vision, are to be looked upon as rivals, and not co-workers in the same good cause. . . . If the convert is a rogue, he soon discovers that he has a certain market value, and that if he leaves one mission he is received with open arms by the next ; and as a result he too often trades on it."

It is to be hoped that the day will soon arrive when there shall be but one Protestant Church as there is one State, one Empire. The lines of demarcation do not commend themselves except to the bigoted and the partizan. The progress of education and culture and reason is steadily driving bigotry and partizanship into mediæval obscurity.



Dr. Klopsch, of the *Christian Herald*, New York, who recently visited India, states that the famine has left fatherless and motherless a half million children.

"These children must be sheltered ; they must be clothed and fed and instructed.

They must be trained up by Christian teachers and fitted for lives of usefulness and of service on Christian lines. It is a wonderful opportunity, the greatest missionary opportunity of the century, and if we embrace it, ten times more will be accomplished for the cause of Christ through these very orphans within the next ten years than has been accomplished during the entire nineteenth century.

"These boys and girls, saved from the famine, as brands from the burning, owe their lives to Christian benevolence. If Christendom measures up to this the greatest opportunity ever presented, they will also owe their support and their instruction to the Christian men and women of this generation; they will grow up in Christian orphanages, they will be surrounded by Christian influences, and they will themselves become Christians."

These are the words of Bishop Thorburn, who is chairman of the International Relief Committee in India. He states that thirty cents a week or \$15 a year will support one orphan. Through the *Christian Herald* he is appealing to the people of the United States.

If the people of the United States are interested in this work, how much more should the people of Canada—we who proudly boast of being the colonial leaders of the Empire? Canada should give to such work in preference to the Chinese mission, where missionary effort must for a long time be fraught with danger to the Empire and to the Western world generally. Mission work in India will not cause international war, but will help to preserve the Empire with whose progress the welfare of Canada must be closely allied for many years to come.



People who desire to give money for the benefit of the 5,000,000 Indian orphans, or those who may be suffering from famine and ignorance may send their contributions to Mr. Louis Klopsch, care of the *Christian Herald*, New York. Mr. Klopsch has already

adopted 5,000 of these orphans, guaranteeing \$75,000 a year. He hopes soon to be able to adopt another 5,000.

The Canadian Methodist Church has no missions in India, so that Methodists will find it best to send their contributions to Mr. Klopsch.

The Canadian Baptists are assisting the mission work in India, and contributions may be sent through *The Canadian Baptist*, or the Rev. J. G. Brown, 523 Euclid Ave., Toronto.

The Presbyterian Church has a large mission in Central India and is doing some work in behalf of the orphans. Contributions may be sent to Dr. Mackay, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

The English Church in Canada works mainly through its British connection, and is also doing much work in the Indian field. Contributions may be sent to Miss Macklem, Sylvan Towers, Toronto, who works unofficially, or to any Bishop of the Canadian Church.

The writer is not greatly enamoured of foreign missionary work generally, but simply desires to point out that charity should begin at home, that the British Empire should look after its own, and that the Indian mission field is much to be preferred to China or Japan.

I have no desire to raise the question of the advisability of foreign missionary work and contributions by Canadians. If the churches desire to engage in this work, there is no reason why they should not, in the exercise of their liberty, do as they think proper. Missionaries are usually self-sacrificing and in the history of the world they have played an important part. Still, the churches should not seek a quarrel with those of us who believe missions in China and Japan have not been productive of much benefit to the human race.

John A. Cooper.



BOOK REVIEWS

A VETERAN NOTABILITY.

THE recollections of Sir John Mowbray are chatty and agreeable.* It is not the ponderous historian or the laborious biographer who impresses the life of a period upon your memory. Of them you soon weary, and what they tell you soon forget. In English parliamentary annals it is the man who, filling a secondary place himself, has been on terms of intimacy with the great, who can enrich the recital of political events with the personal details, the anecdotes, and the picturesque trivialities that fill in the whole picture. Sir John Mowbray was a type of the English gentleman whose training, instincts and breeding have gone far to maintain the best traditions of the House of Commons. He was a Tory of the old school, one whose urbanity and liberality of view secured him the esteem of all, so that when Mr. Villiers' death in 1898 made him the "father of the House," Tory, Radical, and Irish member united in pleasant greeting. Mowbray witnessed the coronation of William IV, and he watched the burning of the old Parliament Buildings in 1834. Fortunately the fire spared Westminster Hall, and Sir T. Thesiger, the noted lawyer, sarcastically remarked: "If Westminster Hall had been burnt down what a pettifogging profession ours would have been." At Oxford Mowbray was contemporaneous with the Tractarian movement, and a steady attendant at the meetings of the Oxford Union, the famous debating society of the undergraduates founded in

1823. When the Union held its jubilee in 1873 many notable men gathered round the board. Archbishop Tait, Lord Selborne, Lord Salisbury, Cardinal Manning, Matthew Arnold, Lord Coleridge, Dr. Jowett, Canon Liddon, among them. Mowbray says of Sir Robert Peel's change of front on protection in 1846 :

In my judgment, no charge of treachery can be maintained, and the change of opinion was honest. But we may regret that Sir Robert had not taken his supporters sooner into his confidence and "educated" his party.

In 1853, when the Oxford University Bill was going through the House, Mowbray heard two speeches which impressed him, one by Mr. Byng, afterwards Lord Strafford, the other by Lord Robert Cecil, now Marquis of Salisbury, and records a remarkable instance of Disraeli's foresight. Disraeli said to him: "You heard two speeches the other night—one by Byng, who has received so many congratulations in the House, and letters from all the duchesses and countesses in London; the other by Robert Cecil. You will not hear much of the first; the latter has made his mark as a real debater, and will become a considerable man." Regarding the untimely death of Sir George Cornwall Lewis a curious anecdote is told. "He wouldn't take any exercise. He used to say 'I've heard of many men dying of hard riding, but never any of hard reading.'" There is much pleasant reflection suggested by these pages, much that inspires respect for authority, courtesy in public life, and regard for the dignity and honour of parliamentary service.

* Seventy Years at Westminster. By the late Rt. Hon. Sir John Mowbray, Bart., M.P., Edinburgh: Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

A CENTURY OF DIPLOMACY.

The average Canadian can never read too often the record of how the astute Americans, from the time of the Treaty of Peace in 1783, down to the latest achievements of Washington statecraft, have invariably got the better of their British colleagues in diplomacy. Mr. John W. Foster has been moved to republish a series of lectures delivered to the students of Columbia College.* If his review of the foreign policy of the United States is not profound, it is at least readable. One gathers from his narrative that, in abler and more impartial hands, a really instructive book could be written upon the subject. Unfortunately Mr. Foster is more of the politician than the historian, and his treatment of more than one episode in the chronicle from 1776 to 1876 deprives him of the sympathy of any student who has gone deep enough into the records to know that there were faults on both sides. True, he tacitly condemns the social slights put upon Mr. Merry, the British Minister in 1809, but declares that Jackson, the successor of Merry, was wholly in the wrong. Now Mr. Jackson was not the wisest person in the field of diplomacy, but there can be little doubt that war was practically resolved upon before he arrived in the United States, and that his mission was foredoomed to failure regardless of his own merits or demerits. One of the latest biographers of Madison, who was President during the War of 1812-14, is candid enough to record the large share which party exigencies had in bringing on the conflict, and it is improbable that matters would have been pushed to extremes if a second term for Madison had not been at stake. In face of this Mr. Foster's lofty reproach of New England for its opposition to the war—"a dark blot upon our country's history"—is not so impressive as it might be. The burning of Washington by British troops

is described as an "everlasting disgrace upon British arms." The reasons given in justification for it are not mentioned. This will indicate the spirit of the book. The author is on safer ground when he records the triumphs of the Treaty of Ghent, a document nearly as creditable to the superior tactics of the American negotiators as that of 1783. The helplessness of the British representatives in failing to settle the fishery claims has left a legacy of trouble to our own day. Mr. Foster's allusion to the Reciprocity Treaty with Canada is lacking in candour, and will do nothing to remove the sting of the London *Times'* comment on another matter when it said in 1854: "The diplomacy of the United States is certainly a very singular profession." The remark still possesses point. It may be repeated that Mr. Foster's narrative is full of interest to all who wish to know the American point of view in matters of diplomacy, but as a sound treatise on the merits of questions in dispute it is not so valuable, and the students who heard the lectures will do well to extend their investigations somewhat farther afield. The tendency of the best writers on history in the United States nowadays is to tell the truth, not to make out a case for the politicians in power.

CONAN DOYLE ON THE WAR.

Even when the despatches and other material are available for writing the history of the Boer war it is doubtful if any writer will do the work better than Dr. Doyle has done.* An elaborate military treatise we shall probably have in time. The majority of mankind will never read it. There is nothing unreasonable in the popular demand for a book that is at once comprehensive and vivid, that will deal effectively with the political as well as the military phases of the war, and that will appeal at least as strongly to

*A century of American Diplomacy. By John W. Foster. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*The Great Boer War. By A. Conan Doyle. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co.

the civilian as to the professional soldier. To the acute perceptions of the journalist, Dr. Doyle adds the charm of excellent literary workmanship, and he maintains throughout an engaging air of earnest frankness which goes far to capture the sympathy of his readers. As an example of this, his summary of the evidence which appears to warrant the suspicion of a Dutch movement to drive British rule from South Africa, greatly ante-dating the Jameson Raid, (p. 58) is a good illustration. It cannot be contended that the author is impartial, but he is never a stupid partizan, he is never without appreciation for the qualities of the Boer, and he is equally outspoken respecting the errors of the British. The concluding chapter on the lessons of the war is practical and valuable, and the suggestions given for the improvement of our military forces may well be the correct ones, seeing that so many veterans of the regular service have been found wanting when tried by the stern test of unusual and unexpected tactics. Of the narrative itself, viewed merely as a piece of writing, as the rich and telling colour which a master of art can work into his picture, it is difficult to speak too warmly. It is of interest to quote the author's forecast of the future :

"We shall never have anything (he says) but active hatred, or at the best sulky acquiescence, from the present or perhaps from the next generation of Boers. But time and self-government, with the settled order and vested interests which will spring up under British rule, will all combine to make a party which will be averse from any violent separation from the Empire. As helots so fine a race could never be reconciled, but as equal fellow-citizens they may come at last, when the tragedies of the past are softened by distance, to blend themselves with us, and to reinvigorate us by their robust and primitive virtues."

There is little in the book at which to cavil, and its honesty of purpose and freedom from prejudice will do much to commend it to all reasonable men. Five coloured maps accompany the book, which is admirably turned out by its publishers.

POLITICS IN FICTION.

In Lord Linlithgow,* who forms the rather shadowy central figure of Mr. Roberts' ingenious and somewhat audacious political novel, one finds a certain resemblance to Lord Rosebery, and the persons who form the background for the chief actors are all more or less recognizable pictures of present-day politicians. The plot is simple. Lord Linlithgow entrusts a young political supporter, Murray Harford, a journalistic M.P. and a Liberal Imperialist, with a delicate mission. He is to obtain from a Radical editor, who has "ratted" from the Imperial section of the party, certain private letters the publication of which would greatly benefit the cause of Lord Linlithgow. The Radical editor refuses to give them up. He threatens to destroy them if legal measures for their restoration are taken. Harford's only effective weapon is to use information he possesses against the Radical editor which would also compromise a lady of rank. This is a course which we are assured no "gentleman" will follow. Being anxious to win distinction and Helen Lancaster, Harford finally succumbs to the temptation, obtains the letters, and despises himself in consequence. An enemy now proposes to spoil Harford's chances with Miss Lancaster, a singularly high-minded young lady whom a cynic would call prudish. When told of her lover's delinquency—that he had done something he himself thought was wrong—she is properly shocked, but on finding that, in the doing of it, he has exposed a wicked lady of rank she promptly forgives and marries him. So much depends upon the point of view. The possibilities of woman in politics are further illustrated by Miss Lancaster's asking Lord Linlithgow, in order that her lover may be quite rehabilitated, for the secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. On being told that this post has already been promised, she says "the Colonies will do," and considerably leaves Lord Linlithgow to reflect upon it at leisure.

*Lord Linlithgow. By Morley Roberts. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. W. A. FRASER, the well-known story writer, has returned from a trip to New York, where he completed arrangements with Scribners' for the publication of another book of his short stories. The new volume will be issued sometime between now and spring, and this will be the third book of Mr. Fraser's to be published within two years, the first two being "The Eye of a God" and "Mooswa," both of which are selling well in the United States and Canada. We understand that Scribners' will have Mr. Arthur Heming illustrate Mr. Fraser's new book.

Acadiensis is the title of a new magazine published at St. John, N.B., with the idea that it shall represent the literary ideas of Eastern Canada. It is small but neatly printed, and should be more successful than was *The New Brunswick Magazine*, which died before its third volume was completed. *Acadiensis* is a quarterly at one dollar a year.

Mr. A. C. Casselman of Toronto recently read two papers before the U. E. L. Association of Ontario, describing the migration in 1710 of the German Protestants from the Palatinate via London to New York, their settlement in 1784 along the banks of the St. Lawrence from Charlottenburg in Glengarry County to the Bay of Quinté and their subsequent history. These valuable papers—for Mr. Casselman is a laborious and painstaking student of history—have now been issued in pamphlet form.

Miss Joanna E. Wood, author of "The Untempered Wind," "Judith Moore" and "A Daughter of Witches," has returned to Canada after a visit in Great Britain of several

months' duration. She has placed with Hurst & Blackett, who published her latest book in England, a new novel entitled "Farden' Ha'" (Farthing Hall). This is a Scottish tale which Miss Wood thinks is even better than her previous work. The Canadian edition will be issued by The W. J. Gage Co. "A Daughter of Witches" met with a gracious welcome in London. The *Bookman* declares the heroine to be "an eerie, quiet, subtle witch," and the story well told. The *Outlook* and the *Spectator* remark the quiet, delicate humour, the latter saying that it resembles that of Miss Wilkins in quality. The *Westminster Gazette* is pleased with the old handmaid Temp'rance Tribbey and her shy lover Nathan, declaring these two characters capitably drawn and sufficient to give a certain distinction to any novel. The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks Tribbey is the best thing in the book and the staid *Athenæum* terms her "an excellent portrait."

The English critics are struck with the fact that Miss Wood has a style, and that she aims to do more than write a story. The average novelist and the average publisher desire "a story" only, but Miss Wood, writing for a reputation rather than passing popularity, has steadily refused to produce that kind of book. That she is able to do the slap-dash work when she desires, is proven by her success in New York short story competitions where she has picked up several thousands of dollars in this way, most of the stories having been sent in under pen-names. In one short story competition, so the gossips say, she captured three of the largest prizes with three stories, two being sent in to the credit of two male friends whose names she secured for the purpose—temporarily of course. Miss Wood has also written for the New York weeklies of the better class, using

various pen-names, the best known of which is "Jean D'Arc." The coming months will be spent by this talented lady in writing a purely Canadian novel for which she has long been collecting material. The accompanying photograph was taken during her recent visit to Great Britain. Miss

have seen, only unique and beautiful reviews. Inspired by the charming pages, these critiques have been tinged with poetry, which indeed is the very essence of Mr. Roberts' book. The *Outlook* says :

"Mr. C. G. D. Roberts brings into fiction much of the sensitive imagination and feeling



MISS JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND,"
"JUDITH MOORE," "A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES," ETC.

(PHOTO BY BULLINGHAM, LONDON)

Wood is an artist in dress as well as in literature, and a most charming personality.

"The Heart of the Ancient Wood," by our esteemed Canadian, Charles G. D. Roberts (Toronto : The Copp Clark Co.) has brought forth, so far as we

for landscape which are the prime qualities of his verse. His recent story, 'The Heart of the Ancient Wood,' might easily have taken on verse form. It is hardly to be judged as a piece of fiction ; it is a romance of the forest, an idyl of woodland life, in which the gentleness of a beautiful girl bridges a chasm between man and the animals and becomes a kind of spiritual link between them. The tale has great atmospheric charm."

The Detroit Free Press :

"One of those charming books that take the reader far out of the shallows of civilization and put him in touch with the secret life of the forest and the loves and tragedies that all unsuspected go on within its breast. Woven as the story is, apparently out of the simplest material, one is at first hardly aware of the consummate art of the author."

Boston Times :

"The atmosphere in the 'Ancient Wood' is as fresh as the atmosphere in the Forest of Arden. Author and printer together have made of this dramatic and sympathetic story, a most lovely volume."

The Bookman :

"The first feeling of 'The Heart of the Ancient Wood,' is its freshness, and at its close, no less than in the beginning, the whole has the charm of complete freshness."

The Mail and Express :

"A charming book which almost defies classification, it possesses so many contrasting qualities. His English is faultless. The peculiar charm of this book is more uncommon than its perfection as mere literature; it is the charm of an instinctive love of nature, the passion which was the lifelong inspiration of Wordsworth. Poet and novelist, Mr. Roberts is here the historian of nature, which he has interpreted with unerring and sleepless fidelity, and to which he has imparted an irresistible human interest in the living, lovable, enchanting child-woman Miranda, whose spell is everywhere felt, and who will long live in remembrance."

Halifax Morning Chronicle :

"'The Heart of the Ancient Wood,' aside from its literary worth, has a certain timeliness for the whole civilized world, which is now giving more attention to the doctrines of outdoor life and the study of nature than it has ever before given. Prof. Roberts' book, then, comes just at a juncture when the reading public is hungry for that sort of literature, and it is so immeasurably superior to some of that class which has appeared that its popularity should occasion no surprise. There is a delicacy of treatment suggesting the odour of wood violets, and to read the opening chapter wherein is described what happens among the 'furred and furtive folk' of the wood when the lumberman tramps along the unused trail, is to receive a liberal education in forest lore."

"Canada's Sons on Kopje and Veldt" is the title of an historical account of the Canadian Contingents by T. G. Marquis, B.A. The author

has done his work well and presented a carefully verified record of the movements of the Canadian troops. The book, however, is abominably printed and bound. It would never sell in a respectable bookshop, except to those friends of Mr. Marquis who would buy it with regret. "The Canada's Sons Publishing Co." is the name of the publishers and the publishing fraternity should use some modern moral suasion to prevent more atrocities of this kind. The work of our Canadian authors deserves better treatment than Mr. Marquis has received in this case.

"Religious Progress in the Century," by W. H. Withrow, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C., is the first of "The Nineteenth Century series" to be issued in twenty-five volumes by The Linscott Publishing Company in London, Toronto and Philadelphia. This volume to hand is creditable to the editors and the publishers, but to the author most of all. The work is comprehensively conceived and admirably executed. The historical perspective of the century's religious movements has been well maintained and seldom has undeserved attention been given to an event. The tone is historical rather than critical, and while this may be a weakness from some points of view, it could hardly have been avoided. The author seldom forgets he is a minister of the gospel and that is another unavoidable weakness. On the whole, however, the work is much to be commended.

The story of Laura Secord must always be a feature in Canadian history, and for the first time the story of this brave and patriotic heroine has been told at length. Mrs. Emma A. Currie has written a volume on the subject, (Toronto: William Briggs), with many illustrations and reminiscences of the district in which Mrs. Secord lived. She has collected most valuable particulars from many sources and has arranged them into a readable narrative.



IDLE MOMENTS



THE FINEST SIGHT IN S.A.

A MAJOR in the Irish Fusiliers and a major in the Royal Canadian Artillery met at Modder River. The Canadian was happy.

"We have just had word to start for home," said he of the Maple Leaf.

"You don't tell me so," said the Irishman. "Well, you're in luck."

"Yes, we're off to Capetown tomorrow."

"Well, you'll soon see the finest sight in South Africa."

"What's that, Major?"

"Capetown, from the shtern of a shtamer."

A DOUBTFUL REPUTATION.

The Canadians in South Africa were good looters apparently. The first contingent was jocularly termed by the wags "the thousand thieves." It is said that on one occasion General Smith-Dorrien's division was attacking a town held by the Boers. The Highlanders were doing the heavy work. An officer remarked to the General, "The Highlanders don't seem to be able to take it, sir." The reply was laconic. "Oh, well, if they can't take it, we'll send the Canadians forward. They will soon steal it."

A MEDDLESOME CUPID.

The day was dark, the wind blew, and the dead leaves dropped upon the ground.

"Tell me," said the girl to the man—it is so often a question of a girl and a man—"tell me, why is life so sad." A bird beating its wings against the bars of its cage, and wondering why the cage is there.

And the man—men are so wise, you know, and have such good judgment—the man said, "My dear little girl, you are morbid, you are too much alone, you have not enough to do." Men are so wise.

They were wandering through the November woods, this man and this girl, the dark, sad woods of November. The girl was cross, and because she was cross she wanted to hurt the man, so she began very feebly by saying "You don't love me." At first the man laughed as men do, but by and by the man got angry and left the girl, and walked away.

"Such a cold day," said the little god of love, as he walked through the woods. "Such a cold day and nothing to do."

"If you do not want my love, I shan't force it upon you," said an angry man.

Cupid is very good at taking in a situation.

The day was dark, the dead leaves fell upon the ground, and high up in the tree a bunch of red berries was swaying in the wind. The girl was cross, the man was angry, but Cupid was there.

Down came a bunch of red berries and hit an angry man's back.

"You do love me and you do want my love!" November woods are very desolate, and her waist was very small. So he put his arm around her, this great strong man, but he could not have expected an answer, for he held her lips with his own.

"You know, darling, I was very angry," said the strong man, "and if you had not thrown those berries I would never have come back." But the girl only looked into his eyes and smiled. Girls can be wise sometimes.

And the little cold god behind the tree smiled too, and realized that there was work for him to do even in November.

The man thought it was the girl and the girl thought it was the wind, but Cupid knew.

Kind, meddlesome little Cupid.

G. Murray Atkin.

* The contributions to this Department are original unless credited to some other journal.

NO MACHINE THERE.

Judge D——, who has a great fund of anecdotes, and who would never think of suppressing a joke because he is himself the victim of it, tells of an attempt which he recently made to have some fun with an Hibernian. He was returning to his home after a session of Court in a distant county, and as

Isle, said: "Well, John, this is a great country, this Canada; it's away ahead of Ireland, isn't it?"

Tears came to the eyes of the old man at the mention of his native land, and he shook his head as he replied: "No, indeed, this country is nothing like Ireland."

"Tut, tut, man," said the Judge in



VERY SAD

FIRST POET—Doth it not make thee tired to see a bard so stuck on himself?

SECOND POET—Yea; that were bad enough;—but to see the unthinking mob so stuck on him!

the train was standing at a small station about twenty miles from his objective, he espied a labourer whom he slightly knew preparing to board her. The Judge promptly took the man into the car with himself and gave him a seat. As the train rolled along past pleasant farms, the Judge, knowing the man's great love for the Emerald

a persuasive tone; "you'd be a long time in Ireland before you'd have the honour of riding in a parlour car with a judge."

"Troth and your right," replied his companion, "and you'd be a long time in Ireland before they'd make a judge of you."

Leon J. Falfys.

You take no chances

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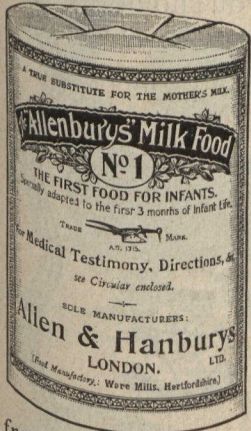


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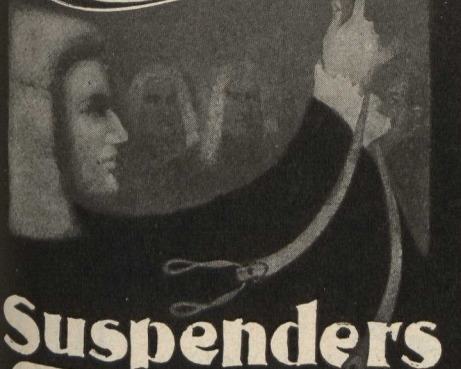
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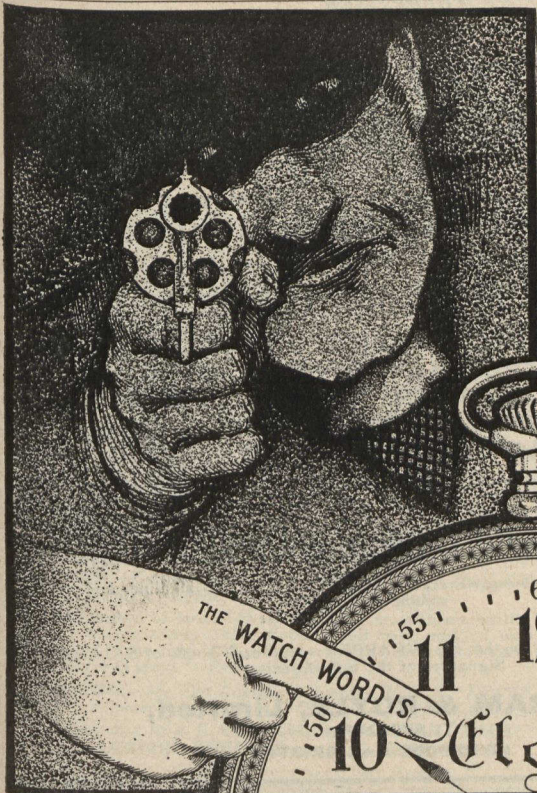
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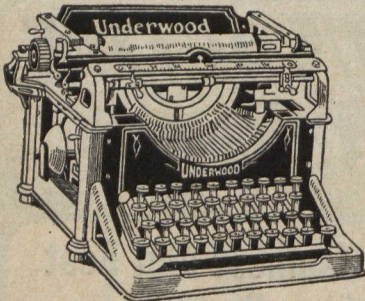
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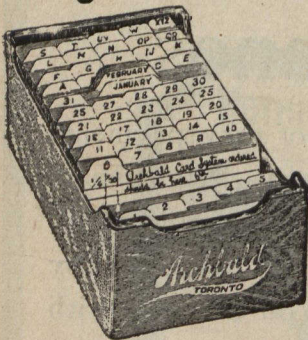
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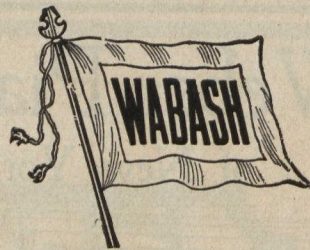
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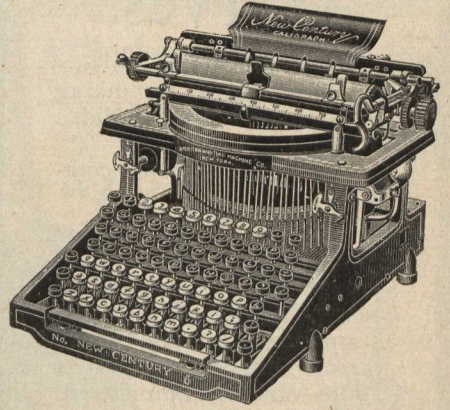
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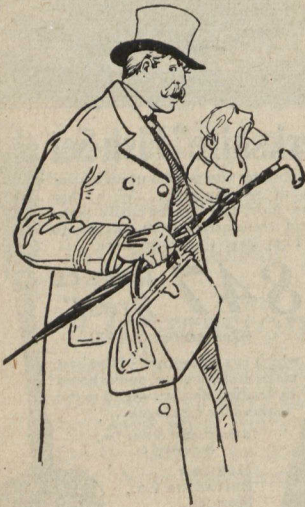
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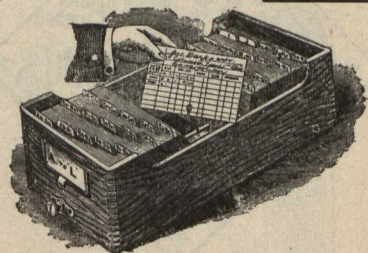
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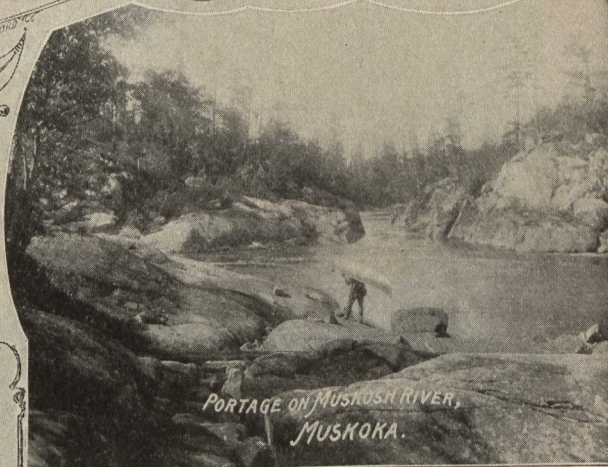
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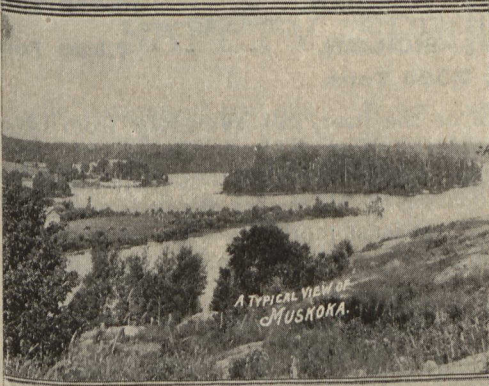
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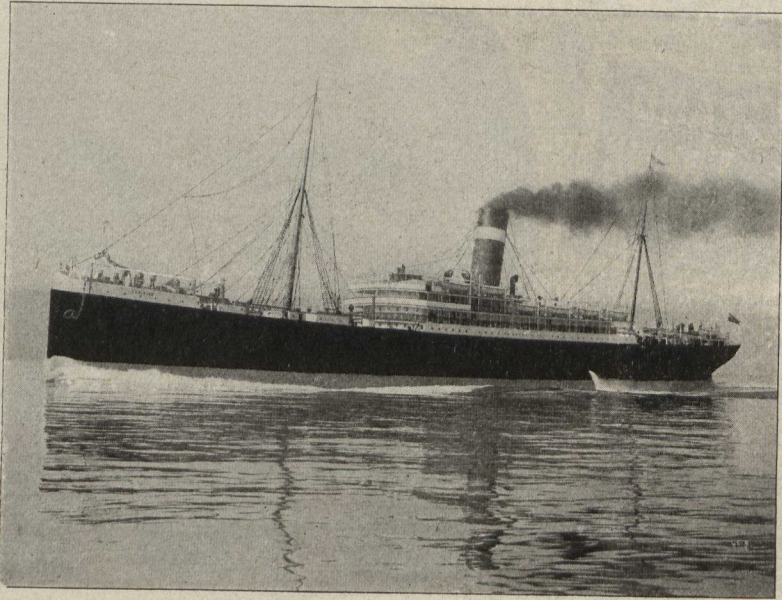
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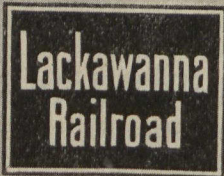
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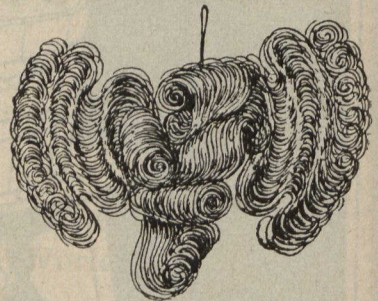
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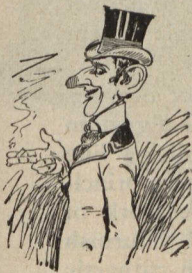
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Dr. Julius Remusson, on this subject, says: Nervous persons, people run down in health and of low vitality should eat plenty of meat. If the digestion is too feeble at first it may be easily strengthened by the regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. Two of these excellent tablets taken after dinner will digest several thousand grains of meat, eggs or other animal food in three or four hours, while the malt diastase also contained in Stuart's Tablets causes the perfect digestion of starchy foods, like potatoes, bread, etc., and no matter how weak the stomach may be no trouble will be experienced if a regular practice is made of using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they supply the pepsin and diastase so necessary to perfect digestion, and any form of indigestion and stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach will be overcome by their daily use.

That large class of people who come under the head of nervous dyspeptics should eat plenty of meat and insure its complete digestion by the systematic use of a safe, harmless digestive medicine like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, composed of the natural digestive principles, peptones and diastase, which actually perform the work of digestion and give the abused stomach a chance to rest and to furnish the body and brain with the necessary nutriment. Cheap cathartic medicines masquerading under the name of dyspepsia cures are useless for relief or cure of indigestion because they have absolutely no effect upon the actual digestion of food.

Dyspepsia in all its forms is simply a failure of the stomach to digest food, and the sensible way to solve the riddle and cure the indigestion is to make daily use at meal time of a safe preparation which is indorsed by the medical profession and known to contain active digestive principles, and all this can truly be said of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

All druggists throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain sell them at the uniform price of fifty cents for full treatment.



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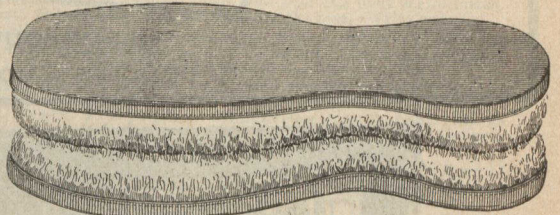
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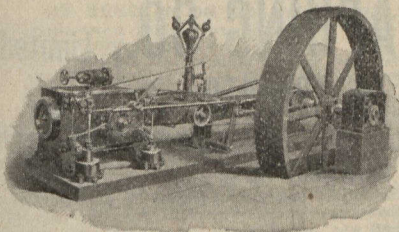
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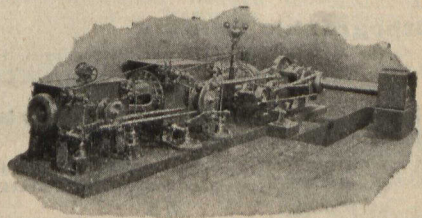
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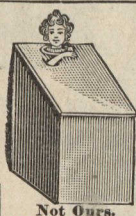
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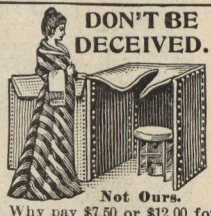
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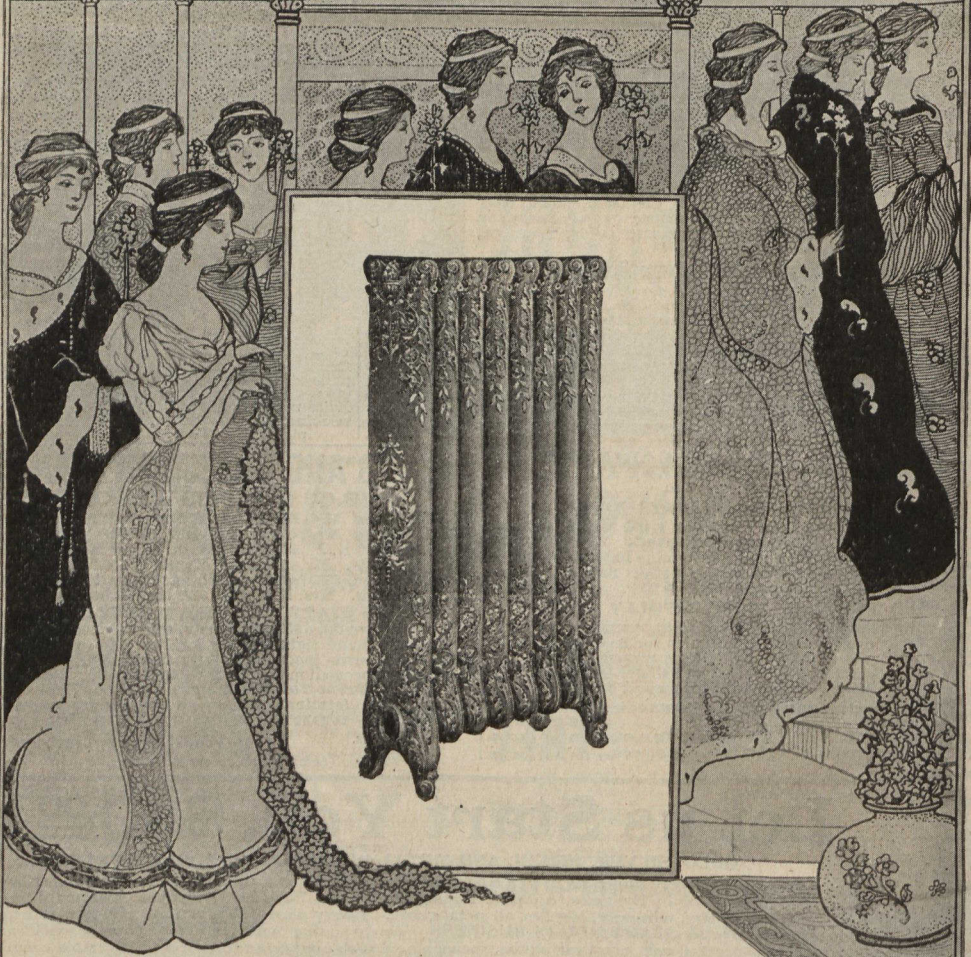
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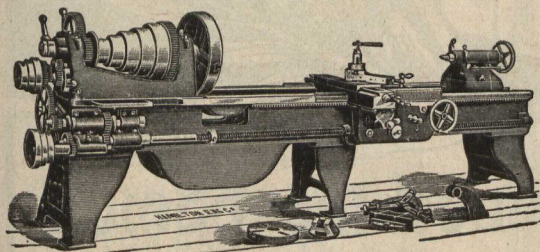


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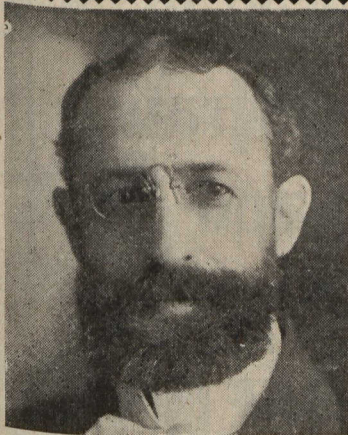
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Not Necessary in Order to
Cure Catarrh.

The popular idea that the only cure for chronic catarrh is a change of climate, is a mistake, because catarrh is found in all climates in all sections of the country; and even if a change of climate should benefit for a time the catarrh will certainly return.

Catarrh may be readily cured in any climate, but the only way to do it is to destroy or remove from the system the catarrhal germs which cause all the mischief.

The treatment by inhalers, sprays, powders and washes has been proven almost useless in making a permanent cure, as they do not reach the seat of disease, which is in the blood, and can be reached only by an internal remedy which acts through the stomach upon the blood and system generally.

A new discovery, which is meeting with remarkable success in curing catarrh of the head, throat and bronchial tubes, and also catarrh of the stomach, is sold by druggists under name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

These tablets, which are pleasant and harmless to take, owe their efficiency to the active medicinal principles of Blood Root, Red Gum and a new specific called Guaiacol, which, together with valuable antiseptics, are combined in convenient, palatable tablet form, and as valuable for children as for adults.

Mr. A. R. Fernbank, of Columbus, Ohio, says:—I suffered so many winters from Catarrh that I took it as a matter of course, and that nothing would cure it except a change of climate, which my business affairs would not permit me to take.

My nostrils were almost always clogged up, I had to breathe through the mouth, causing an inflamed, irritated throat. The thought of eating breakfast often nauseated me, and the catarrh gradually getting into my stomach took away my appetite and digestion.

My druggist advised me to try a fifty cent box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, because he said he had so many customers who had been cured of Catarrh by the use of these tablets, that he felt he could honestly recommend them. I took his advice, and used several boxes, with results that surprised and delighted me.

I always keep a box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in the house, and the whole family use them freely on the first appearance of a cough or cold in the head.

With our children, we think there is nothing so safe and reliable as Stuart's Catarrh Tablets to ward off croup and colds, and with older people I have known of cases where the hearing had been seriously impaired by chronic catarrh cured entirely by this new remedy.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED at home. Tubular Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. Whispers heard. No pain. Invisible. Free test and consultation at sole depot, F. HISCOX CO., 852 Broadway, N.Y. Send for book FREE.

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IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

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Many who do and say much against Intemperance in Drinking, are themselves guilty of Intemperance in Eating.

Both bring sickness and suffering. Both cause irritability and consequent discord. Both kill.

Be Careful in Your Eating

as well as your drinking, and don't leave yourself open to the charge of over indulgence.

If you have already sinned, and are now suffering the pains of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulency, or other disorder of the Digestive Machinery, use

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets

and at once restore your organs to their normal healthy condition. You can then keep them well by care, and a Tablet once and a while.

FIFTY CENTS A BOX.

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Obviates the use of poisonous drugs. It renders the entire system so naturally healthy that disease can find no lurking place. It rids the organism of disease, and at any reasonable stage effects a rapid, natural cure, regardless of the gravity or form of the disorder.

Oxydonor compels the free absorption of oxygen through the lungs, membranes and skin. It strengthens the whole body, increases the vitality, brings sound sleep and good appetite.

OXYDONOR, in short, IS LIFE. It is an instrument of simplest form; its cost is not great, and with care it lasts a lifetime. It is made expressly for self-treatment by anyone.

Thousands of families depend upon this superior method for good health.

Descriptive book containing many grateful reports from those who have cured themselves mailed free to anyone.

GRATEFUL REPORTS

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Mr. J. B. McKinnon, 290 Simcoe St., Toronto, Ont., writes Aug. 22, 1899:—"I have great pleasure in informing you that your Oxydonor has completely cured the insomnia I was such a martyr to."

SPINAL NEURASTHENIA

Mr. Geo. P. Goodale, Sec'y "Detroit Free Press," Detroit, Mich., writes:—"By means of Oxydonor I was cured of a severe case of Spinal Neurasthenia."

BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Hon. Austin Blakey, Leadville, Colo., writes Dec. 15, 1899:—"I had been a sufferer from Bright's Disease and Chronic Catarrh of the Stomach

CAUTION—Do not buy fraudulent imitations. **Dr. H. Sanche** is discoverer of this method, and his name is plainly stamped on the genuine. Write for particulars. All letters carefully read and answered.

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and Bowels for years. In six months from the time I commenced using Oxydonor I considered myself a well man."

LA GRIPPE

Mrs. Thomas Leclair, Thessalon, Ont., writes March 7, 1899:—"Oxydonor completely cured me of La Grippe, also Constipation, with which I had been troubled for six years."

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Miss Emma Severance, Teacher in Public Schools, East Jordan, Mich., writes Oct. 27, 1899:—"Oxydonor cured me of a bad case of Bronchitis and of the effects of a bad fall."



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Children's'	30c per doz.
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Ladies'	66c "
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COLLARS, CUFFS, & SHIRTS.

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Matchless Shirts, fine quality, Longcloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts and Cuffs, \$8.52 the half-dozen (to measure, 48c extra.)

OLD SHIRTS made good as new, with best materials in Neckbands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for \$3.36 the half-dozen.

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DAMASK TABLE & HOUSE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, 70c per doz.
Dinner " \$1.32 "
Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 60c each.
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Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c each.
Real Irish Linen Sheetting, fully bleached, 2 yards wide, 46c per yard.

Roller Towelling, 6c per yard. Dusters, from 78c per doz. Linen Glass Cloths, \$1.14 per doz.

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Conducted on European Plan
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MAGIC BAKING POWDER



PURE AND WHOLESOME.
 ONE POUND CAN 25 ¢
 LONDON, ENG. E.W. GILLETT. CHICAGO, ILL.
 TORONTO, ONT.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

The Judges at the Paris Exposition have awarded a

GOLD MEDAL

to
Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

the largest manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate in the world. This is the third award from a Paris Exposition.

BAKER'S COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES



are always uniform in quality, absolutely pure, delicious, and nutritious. The genuine goods bear our trade-mark on every package, and are made only by

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.,
 DORCHESTER, MASS.

TRADE-MARK ESTABLISHED 1780.
 Branch House, 12 and 14 St. John St., Montreal.

HUDSONS BAY COMPANY



INCORPORATED A.D. 1670

The Great Stores OF The Great West

Complete Outfits supplied for
TOURISTS, HUNTERS, PROSPECTORS, and SETTLERS

Circular Letters of Credit issued on all the Company's Posts.

Further particulars on application to

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY,
 Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A PRIVILEGE

Thrown Away Entirely.

It is curious to observe how hard it is for some people to give up coffee drinking after they have become, at least half satisfied, that it is the cause of their ill health, but it becomes an easy task to give it up when one takes Postum Food Coffee in its place, providing, of course, that Postum is made according to directions, for then it has the rich, beautiful color, and a satisfying taste, while the rapid improvement in health clinches the argument.

A young lady at Cambridgeport, Mass., says:—"When it was shown to me plainly that my ill health and excessive nervousness was largely due to the coffee habit, I realized that I must give it up, but it was next to impossible to do so. However, I made the trial and took Postum Food Coffee, with the mental reservation of the 'privilege,' as I termed it, of drinking coffee once a week.

"Little did I dream what a true friend Postum was destined to become to me. The old stomach trouble left, the nervousness vanished, and good, natural, healthy sleep came to my relief. In less than six months I felt like another person, I was so well and happy.

"The 'reserve privilege' in regard to using regular coffee was thrown to the winds. I have not the slightest desire for it; in fact, I very much prefer my Postum to any coffee."

IN ONE BOTTLE.
 REQUIRES
 NO HEATING OR
 MIXING

Melanyl

Indelible and Harmless
 On any Fabric.
 Try it once and you will
 use no other kind.

LY DUNN'S PURE MUSTARD

Social Notepapers
 ENVELOPES TO MATCH
 Manufactured by THE BARBER & ELLIS CO., Limited, Toronto
 Old English Wedgewood
 Original Patent
 Military and Imperial