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VOLUME XXXII. No. 4

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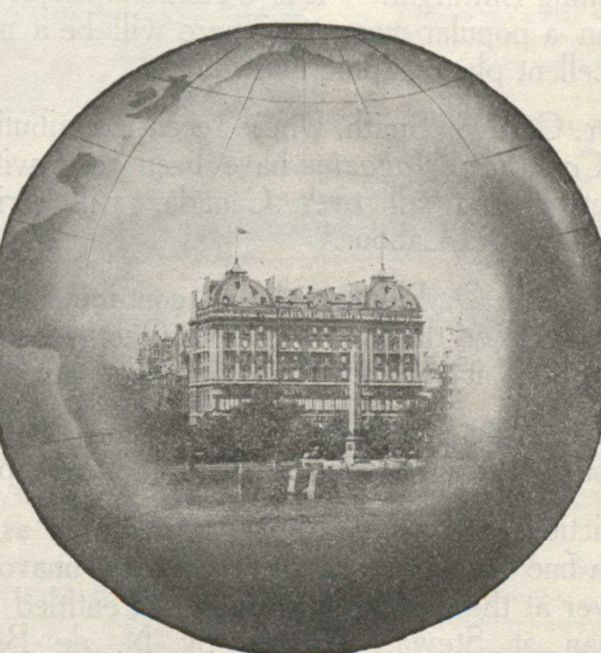

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"Canadian Journalism," by Robson Black, will interest everyone in Canada who reads newspapers.

Fiction will be as strongly represented as usual, with a fine Canadian story, one that was unavoidably left over at the beginning of the year, entitled "The Woman at Stewart River," by N. de Bertrand Lugrin.

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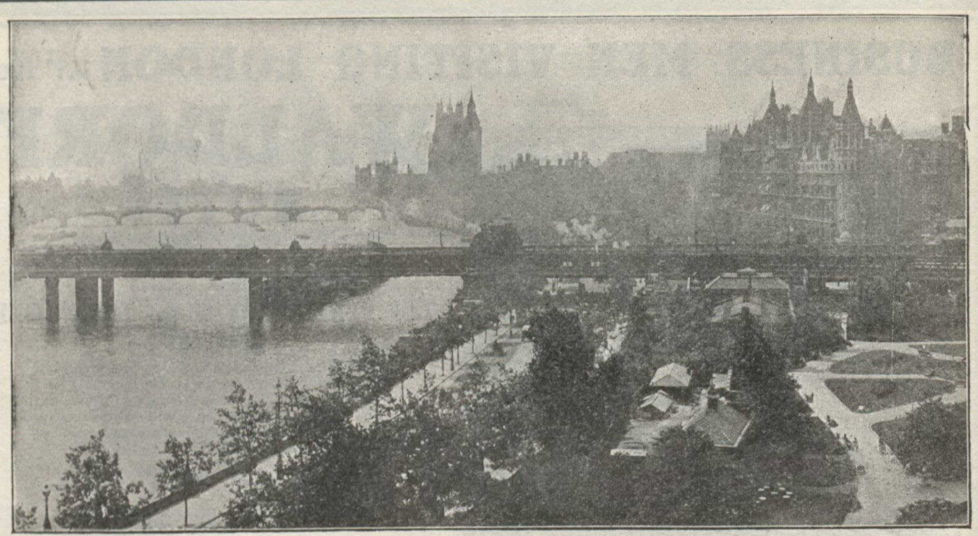

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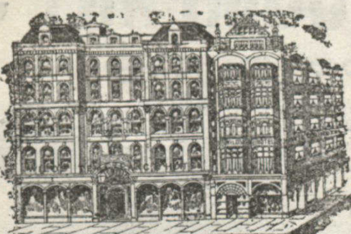

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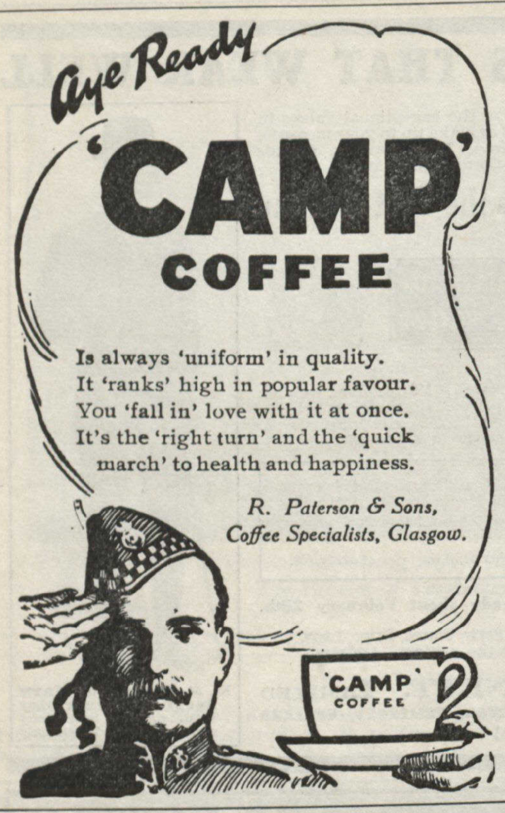

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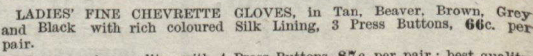

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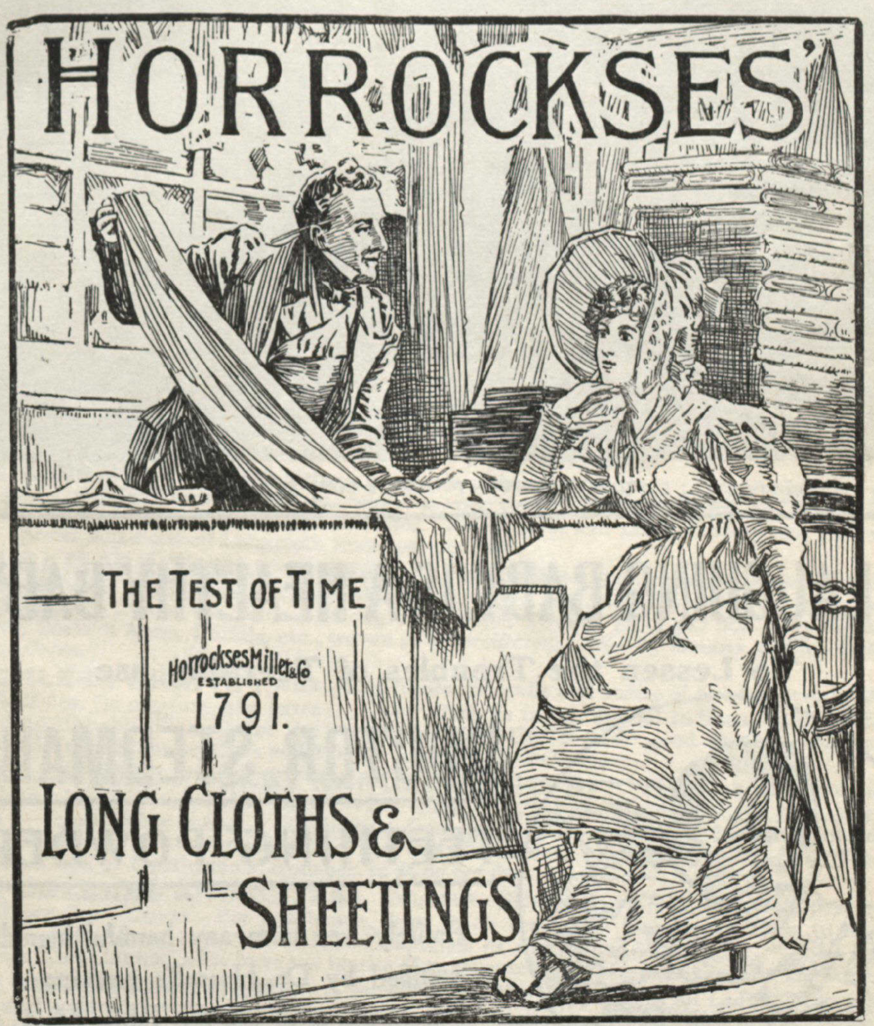

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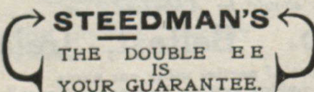

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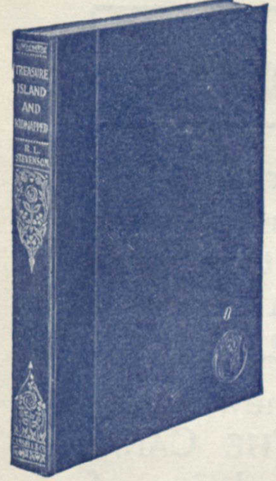

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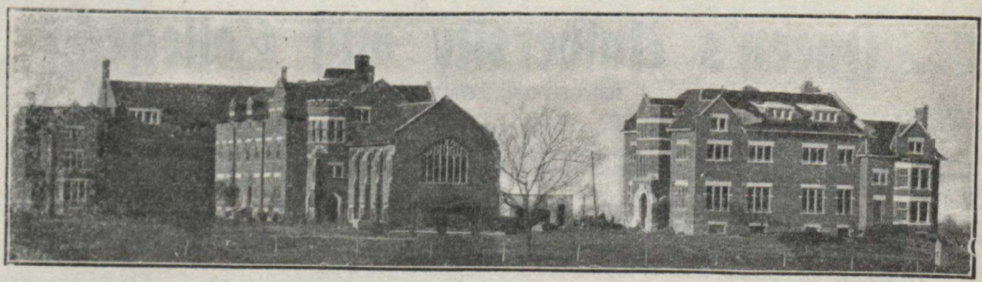

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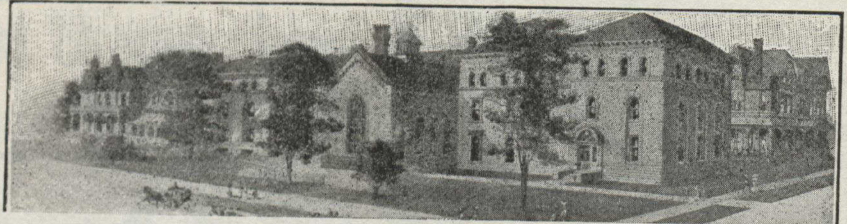

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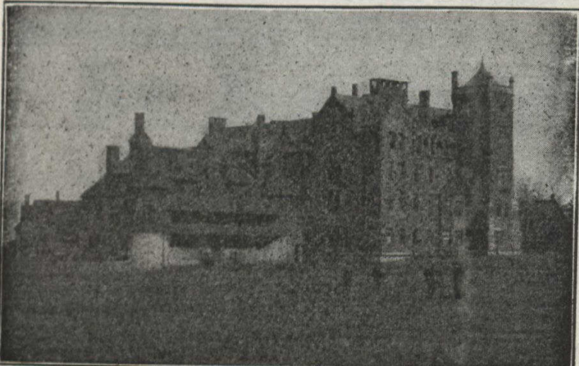

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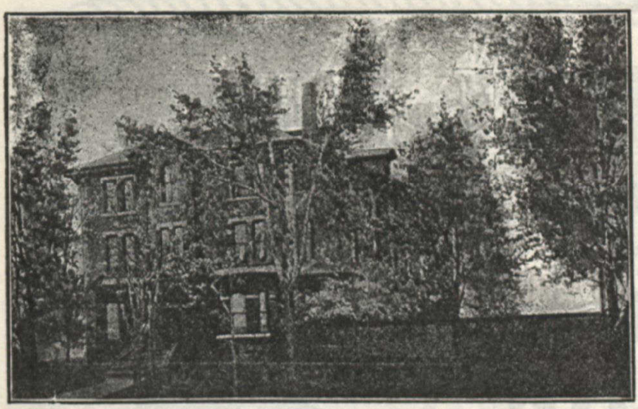

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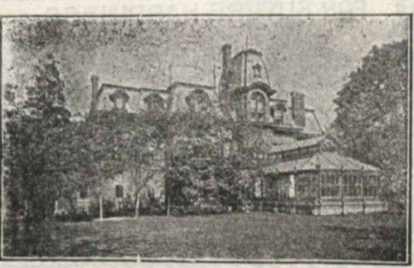

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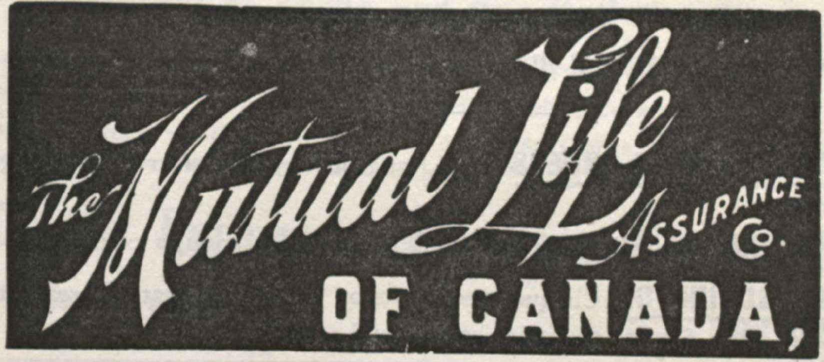

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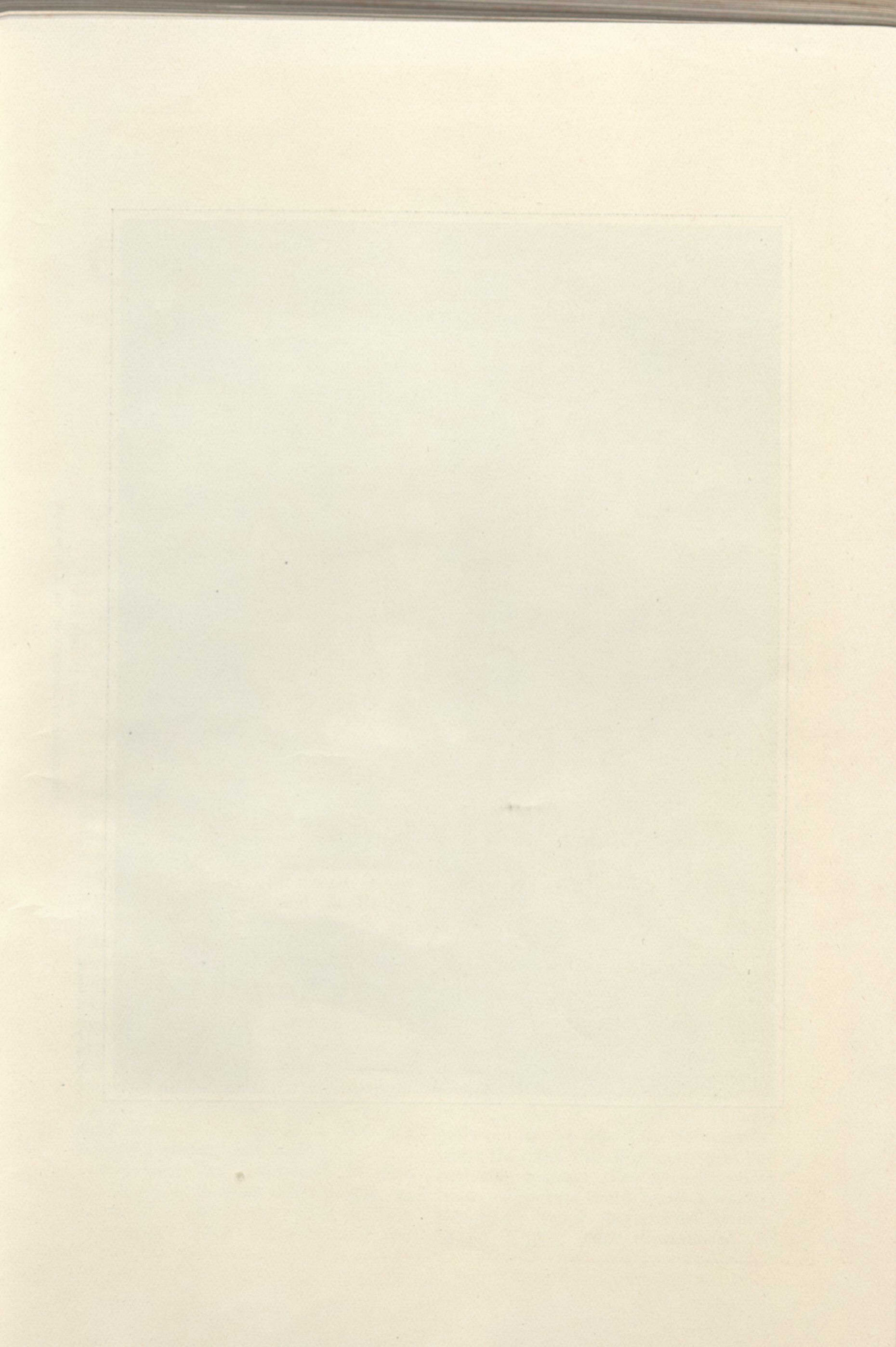

Painting by Carl Ahrens

OAKS IN THE SUN
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TORONTO: A CITY OF HOMES

BY HORACE BOULTBEE

MOST people have noticed the increasing importance given in recent years to the beautifying of cities. Citizenship has come to carry with it a noticeable tendency towards that pride in beautiful surroundings which brought fame to the cities of Greece for all time. A trite phrase, "the city beautiful," is one result of this tendency. It is unthinkingly uttered by those who run while they read, but it indicates that there has come into existence a pride in the attractiveness of city streets and parks which had been either dead or dormant for many years. The movement which has given birth to this sentiment is yet young, although its results are already widespread. Many large cities in Canada and the United States are competing with one another to obtain positions of preëminence as centres of æsthetic charm. The movement is growing quickly in Canada, and an evidence of its advance was afforded recently by the appointment of a Toronto architect to the position of President of the Architectural League of America, an association of architects, one of whose chief aims is to spread a love for beautiful streets and parks.

Architects are interested in this movement more than other people, as a natural result of the ideals of their profession. Their influence and the growth of the movement can be easily traced in Toronto and other cities. In Toronto they have taken definite action toward quickening the interest of the citizens in the attractiveness of their city. It is to be expected, therefore, that the citizens should show a lively appreciation of the efforts of those who wish to beautify the city and should have done their own share by building pleasant-looking homes. Those who are critically disposed will find individual matters for complaint, but those who have an eye for the general effect will find that Toronto has recently made important developments in the direction of becoming an attractive residential city. It is distinctly a city of homes and among the principal attractions for visiting sightseers is a drive along the delightful winding streets of Rosedale, with its hundreds of beautiful residences

Toronto's claim to be a city of homes is as well founded as that of any city in the world. It has only a brief civic history, but from its earliest settlement days it has been a centre of romantic attachment for those who have peopled it. Tribes of Indians gathered on the site of the future city, when they felt the congregating or the bartering instinct. The Frenchmen of those early days spent many a happy, though strenuous, day at Fort Rouillé. When Muddy York commenced to

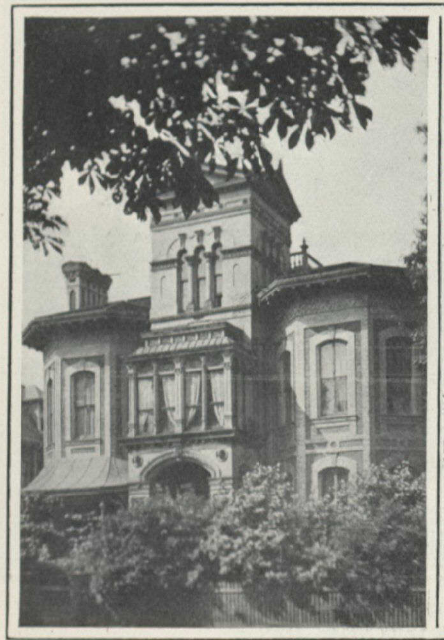
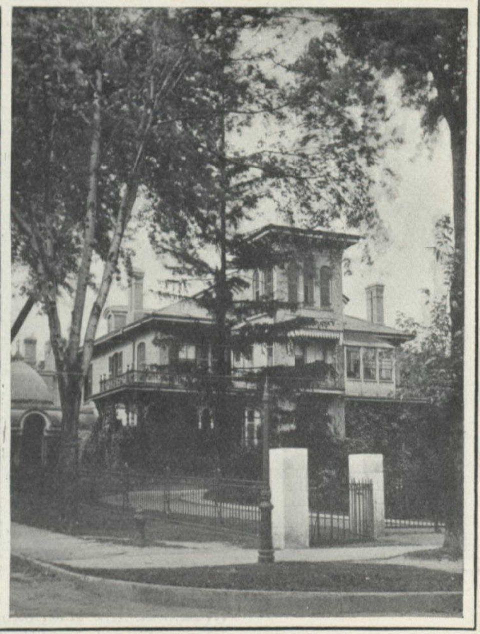
"THE GRANGE," ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING EXAMPLES OF THE BEST EARLIER RESIDENCES OF TORONTO

"ITS CRESCENT STREETS, PLEASANT, SHADED WALKS, AND BRIGHT, CLEAN HOUSES"

"WHERE FUTURE SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MEN WERE BUNDLED OFF TO SCHOOL BY THEIR HARD-WORKING MOTHERS, LONG YEARS AGO"

grow, after the British had come into possession, the settlement soon became well known for its homes. Those were homes of the good old-fashioned sort. Their owners, in many cases, cherished memories of the Old Country, where they had lived in the delightful homes which abound everywhere. They had seen much of strife in other lands and hoped to find a

A TYPICAL TORONTO HOME OF THE LATER TYPE

"STATELY HOMES, WITH HIGH CENTRAL TOWERS, SUGGESTIVE OF ITALIAN VILLAS, ARE SCATTERED ABOUT THE CITY"

spot in the new world where they could settle quietly and live a life like that of their fathers in England. Though they came to this country with an expectation of adventure, they came also to escape the religious and political bickerings of the old world. For a long time they found more of adventure than of peace, and the new country had to be seized as well as defended before it could be cultivated. Little wonder that, when time permitted, they turned with pleasure to the task of home-building.

Along the shore of the bay the city commenced to grow. Only a few years passed before several residences made their appearance. Some survivors of these houses may be seen to-day, hidden among the business blocks in the southern parts of the city. They are disappearing rapidly and will soon exist only in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to know something of Toronto in its earlier days. One hears now, such good old tales of the hospitality and entertainment of those times that one wishes for a glimpse into the past. But those days have passed into history and have left behind them only their influence although something of the flavour of that early hospitality lingers in the homes of to-day. It is one of the richest legacies we have received from ancestors who were generous beyond measure in the heritage they bequeathed.

Since the building of Toronto's earliest homes, its architecture has developed along devious paths, but in its beginnings there were evidences of the higher ideals which were to prevail in later days. A few of the houses built in the early part of the nineteenth century still exist to show the taste of their builders. "The Grange," the well known Boulton homestead, now the home of Dr. Goldwin Smith, is an attractive example of the Georgian or Colonial style. It is set within a small park,

giving it the appearance of one of those country homes in the outskirts of Engish cities, where retired merchants or quiet old dowagers spend their declining years. The old Cawthra home, at the corner of King and Bay streets, now a banking house, is a delightful bit of classic architecture, which fortunately has been well preserved, so far as its exterior appearance is concerned. The Allan homestead, the Bishop's Palace, and others which have disappeared were eloquent reminders of the early life of Toronto and of the home-loving instinct which led its people to build not only houses but "homes,' in the best sense of the word. There were not many people in the early days who could afford to build beautiful homes. The useful old square building with simple appearance prevailed. Increase in the number of the well-to-do has only come in recent years, and with it has come an improvement in street railway service, which has made it possible for the city to spread, and has encouraged those who can afford it to build attractive houses in the outlying districts.

Before the recent extension of the city, the population had been congesting itself in the central sections. In the area south of Bloor Street, between Sherbourne Street and Spadina Avenue, hundreds of beautiful homes were built; but they were remarkable, more frequently for their internal rather than for their external attraction. Gray old square fronts severely plain, with little or no grounds, are scattered throughout this district. Families have grown up and died in them and now the majority of these homes have become boarding-houses. They were the homes of Toronto during its second period of development, when it had attained some importance as a city, but had not yet become the metropolitan city of to-day. There is something pathetic about these old homesteads of a changing period. They sheltered happy families, which in many cases had much to do with the city's advancement, but their days were short. In their youth, they experienced little more than the promise of an important future, and the growth of the city was so rapid, that they were abandoned before they could gather about them any of the charms of tradition. The home life

"THERE ARE HOUSES WHICH TELL OF TIMES WHEN LAND WAS LESS VALUABLE THAN IT IS TO-DAY"

ROUGHCAST HOUSES, WITH BRICK FRONTS AND UNATTRACTIVE GABLES—A RESULT OF "BOOM" TIMES IN TORONTO

which they sheltered extended at most to two generations, before they were transformed into boarding-houses. Their glories were so short-lived that the generations of to-day will seldom learn of them.

Toronto is a different city now from the Toronto of a generation ago. The well-to-do have sold out their gray old homesteads and built elaborate houses in the outlying districts. This movement has had its greatest activity during the last five or six years. In every direction, but chiefly toward the north, and especially in Rosedale, residences of every description have been built. Rosedale has become the chief attraction of Toronto, from a residential point of view. Its crescent streets, pleasant, shaded walks and bright, clean houses with well kept gardens give it substantial claim to the title sometimes given to it of "Spotless Town." One could write at some length about the attractions of Rosedale, the chief of which to-day is its newness. As one walks along the streets, one feels that all these bright new houses are still occupied by the people for whom they were built, and for whom the pleasures of living in a new home have not yet grown stale. But one should not take up the case of Rosedale alone. Perhaps it contains a larger share of the well-to-do than any other section of Toronto. But the well-to-do have no monopoly of home pleasures. Rosedale people probably enjoy a good share of them, but Toronto's homes are confined to no one locality.

Let one walk all about the city, if he be able, and he will be amazed at the number of front doors behind which he can feel with some certainty that there is a "home," like the home

he likes to recall or to picture as his own ideal. They exist in endless variety. Unpretentious cottages with clean front steps and snowy lace curtains grow up unexpectedly in places where they were not looked for before. There are many hundreds of these in Toronto, where future successful business men were bundled off to school by their hard-working mothers, long years ago. Semi-detached houses have their share of home memories clustering about their uninteresting interiors. Throughout the older settled parts of Toronto, there are houses which tell of days when land was less valuable than it is to-day. Stately homes with high central towers, suggestive of Italian villas, are dotted about the city. This type of house has the one almost invariable characteristic that it has an attractive bit of ground. Shrubbery and trees and weather-beaten statuary tell of the tastes of those who built them, fifty years or more ago, and sought to surround themselves with the influences of the culture which they appreciated most.

When considering the class of building which has recently become general in Toronto, one naturally recalls to mind the houses which were most in vogue some fifteen years or more ago, when building experienced so great a boom. People who lived in Toronto in those days can remember the long rows of brick fronts, with rough-cast backs, which seemed to spring up in a night. They presented an epitome of much bad taste, and of everything prosaic and disagreeable. At the same time they must have been responsible for a great deal of that lack of home instinct which is noticeable in the young people of the middle classes. It is really a wonder that their effect was not more disastrous than was the case. With their false fronts, which sometimes were only of brick veneer, they were an ever-present example of untruth and of that striving for effect beyond one's means which is destructive entirely of home ideals. How much better pleased one feels to come across an unassuming rough-cast cottage, with its real character plainly showing on its face, and speaking pleasantly of moderate means and modest home comforts. One may still find many a row of cramped looking, ugly pretences of homes in Toronto, stretching down a long vista of symmetrical unsightliness, but the comfortable rough-cast cottages are sadly rare.

Toronto's history has all been very much of one kind. Beyond a little strife now and again, it has developed steadily as a commercial and an educational centre, and has enjoyed the advantages of a foundation laid by people of culture and perseverance. It has developed, much as one might have predicted, and to-day, is as attractive as a residential city, as a person of simple tastes can desire. Its attractions could be set forth readily in guide-book fashion. They are, good situation, beautiful surroundings, healthy climate, active and prosperous citizens, and a number of others. Whatever the causes and their individual influences, they have combined to produce a result which is a source of pride to the people who claim Toronto as home.

Broadly speaking, one may receive two characteristic impressions of Toronto, or of any other city for that matter, and the vividness of the impression will depend largely upon the person who receives it. One may go down town early in the morning and note the people hurrying along the streets to their places of business, and wonder whether the office is not really their home. Thoughts of home do not seem to occupy many of their minds. At evening, however, the story is different. Throngs of people press homeward eagerly. There are suppers and slippers ahead of many of them, and a quiet half-hour with the garden hose or the watering pot. Then again there is the restless crowd who must get away from themselves, and hurry to the theatre.

But the home-seekers prevail at evening, when the offices are closed. They sit up late, putting off the evil hour when sleep must come as a prelude to another day at the office. In Toronto one gets the impression that this evening, home-seeking class is unusually large and that there are many happy homes waiting for them.

A visitor to Toronto would not be likely to see just this aspect. Visitors cannot see more than the outside unless they settle down for a long stay. It is noticeable, however, that many visitors, even the most transient, carry away an impression of Toronto as a residential city. The same thing is said of other cities, and possibly it is true, but Toronto's case is not affected by this. Strangers are favourably impressed by Toronto's handsome homes, and its fame has been spread abroad as much by this as by any other of its charms.

SECOND THOUGHTS

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

Was it I who dreamed
In the doubtful Dark
That distant gleamed
A kindling spark?
Was it I who sought it
And found its flame
And seized and brought it
The way you came?

Was it I who bowed
And held the fire?
Was it you whose proud
Regard drew nigher?
Was it your torch took
Sudden light from mine,
And your radiant look
That I drank like wine?

Or, did you pass
Serene and still—
No smile, alas,
On those lips so chill;
Your torch unlit
And the Dark about—
Sole light in it
Fast flickering out?

Nay, dying not,
Though its flame must be
By fated lot
Unpassed to thee;
Though the Dark be dark
One torch may prove
A meeting-mark
In the Endless, love!

MISS WARING'S ELOPEMENT

BY RICHARD MARSH

GEOFFREY CHALLONER had had quite a pleasant evening. He had been playing bridge and had won. Only a few pounds. Still, it is comfortable to feel that one has won. He flattered himself that he had played rather well. He reconstructed the last hand, playing it, mentally, all over again as he strolled along under the gas lamps, enjoying the cigar which Stend had given him at parting. If Hamlyn had played a small club, instead of the king, in the second round of clubs, it would have made a difference of——

He was considering what difference it would have made when his eye was caught by something which lay on the pavement—something which gleamed.

He picked it up.

"Why, it's a bag—one of those gold chain things which women carry. I wonder if it's really gold?"

He took it closer to the lamp-post.

"That looks like a hall-mark—it is. I say, this ought to be worth quite a trifle. What careful creature has left this lying about? I suppose, in the circumstances, I'm entitled to look inside; one has to search for a clue to the owner. What on earth—why, they're bank notes—a wad of them—fifties, twenties, tens — someone might have quite a time with these! And, apparently, about a couple of handfuls of loose change—gold, silver, copper—all anyhow. What a dear, delightful creature this must belong to! What's this. Someone's address on a scrap of paper: 'G. J. Bindon, 11 Pyechester Gardens.' Pyechester Gardens? This is Pyechester Gardens. Pity I was born honest. Looks as if I wasn't going to enjoy this windfall long."

He moved from the lamp-post towards the houses.

"Hullo! What was that?" He had kicked against something. "As I'm an understudy for an angel, it's a latch-key. The dear, sweet woman seems to have dropped her bag or her purse, or whatever she calls the thing, and her latch-key as well, and not to have noticed the disappearance of either. What an observant person she must be. If this gold chain article belongs to G. J. Bindon, of 11 Pyechester Gardens, it would seem likely that this latch-key may belong there also, in which case—" he went close up to the door of the house by which he was standing. "Why this is No. 11. In that case it seems as if the fair female had rid hereslf of her belongings at her own front door. What can she have been doing not to have noticed a little accident like that? If this latch-key does belong to No. 11, then—let's see if it does."

He raised the key to the keyhole; it slipped in easily.

"Seems as if it fitted; there was what I call a fatal facility about the way that key went in, which looks as if it meant to lead me into mischief. By George, it does fit!"

He gave the key the merest turn and the door was open.

"Now what am I to do? It's absurd to suppose that a man's going to undergo the labour of opening a door

for nothing, especially at this hour of the night, or morning—I think that was two o'clock just struck. At least we'll see what kind of hall it is."

He opened the door sufficiently wide to enable him to enter.

"It seems rath—rather a nice hall —distinctly a nice hall. Ought I to leave the key in the lock? Prudence forbids."

He removed the key, and in doing so stumbled against the door; it shut, leaving him inside the house.

"This is—this is awkward, clearly. They keep the parts of that door well oiled; it didn't make much noise; I wonder if anybody heard."

The light of the street lamp coming in through the pane of glass which was let in over the door illumined the hall enough to permit of his taking a few steps forward towards the gloom which lay beyond.

"I don't know if I'm committing burglary. I'm committing something. It feels funny, whatever it is. It's rather too dark to allow of my going further without having some idea of where I'm going. I wonder, what's on the other side of that door."

He turned—as softly as he could—the handle of a door which he saw dimly on his left; it yielded. He was on the threshold of an unseen room. As he stood there, out of the darkness ofthe room there, came a voice, low yet clear:

"Cecilia, is that you?"

In his surprise he was tongue-tied. The voice came again—a little impatiently.

"Cecilia!"

Yet he was silent. There was a click. The room was in radiance. As, a little dazed, he looked about him, he saw that a feminine figure was standing by the fireplace on the opposite side of the room. Evidently it was she who had switched on the light. She had her hand still on the switch. She was tall and fair and good to look at, and she was young. Either she had just come in, or was just going out. She had on a hat which became her, a pair of gloves, a smart tailor-made costume—obviously she was attired for out of doors Plainly she was as surprised at seeing him as he was at seeing her; yet she showed no sign of fear, or even of nervousness, but stood motionless, eyeing him—as he was revealed by the sudden light—contemplatively, a little disdainfully, as if he were some curious thing. Her voice when she spoke was cool, and like the expression on her face, a little scornful.

"I heard you come in and sneak along the passage. I wondered if it was a thief, or—" There was a hiatus where the alternative should have been. "Who are you? What do you want?"

Though he knew it was absurd, there was something in her manner he resented as if he were entitled to be critical.

"Excuse me, but I can hardl ybe said to have sneaked along the passage. Wouldn't it be more correct to say I blundered?"

"Well? What is the difference? Obviously you've blundered. I asked, Who are you?"

"My name is Challoner—Geoffrey Challoner."

"Geoffrey Challoner!" There was a tone in her voice, as she repeated his name, which suggested more than mere surprise. "And pray, Mr. Challoner, what has brought you here?"

"This."

"That? What is that? Why, it's Cecilia's bag."

"I found it on the pavement just in front of the house. Near it was this latch-key. I tried it—in the lock of this house—to see if it would fit. It did—that's how I'm here."

"That's a very pretty story, M.r Challoner, but—isn't it a trifle thin? I don't doubt the bag, or the key, but how came you to be passing just as they were lying there?"

"I was coming along."

"I presume you were coming along. From where?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you, but

I'm afraid you won't be much wiser—from Herbert Stent's."

"You could—have bet on it? It's rather odd; but, do you know, the moment I saw you I had a kind of feeling I'd seen you somewhere before; yet—it's unpardonably remiss of me—for the life of me I can't think where."

"Don't trouble yourself to think, Mr. Challoner, pray. I know all about you."

"The deuce you do! I beg your pardon, you know what I mean. Are you—Miss Bindon?"

"No, I'm not Miss Bindon—I emphatically am not Miss Bindon. How dare you say that I'm Miss Bindon?"

"I—I didn't quite say you were Miss Bindon, did I? I fancy that I was only asking if you were Miss Bindon."

"Then how dare you associate me, even remotely, with such a name as that?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I won't if you'd rather I didn't; but, as it is, I don't quite see what the objection is."

"You never do see anything, so I've been told."

"By whom? Who dared to say a thing like that of me?"

"You needn't ask; you'll get no information. Has Mr. Stent sent a message?"

"A message? Herbert? To whom?"

"And you say you're not dull?"

"I never said I wasn't dull. Only it strikes me that this is rather a one-sided sort of situation. You know all about me, and I don't know anything at all about you—I don't even know your name.'

"That only shows what kind of person you really are."

"I don't see how it does that.'

"No one doubts it. I refer you to a previous remark; the person who told be knew you well."

"This is—this is—this is decidedly trying."

"I find it so. Where is Mr. Stent now?"

"He was at his rooms when I left him a few minutes ago—they're only just round the corner. I've half a mind to go and ask him who you are."

"I should. It would be such an extremely sensible thing to do."

"I've been playing bridge there with some other fellows.'

"Playing bridge! In Herbert Stent's rooms?"

"Yes. Why shouldn't we? Is there anything wrong about bridge?"

"What things men are!"

"What things are they?"

"To think that Herbert Stent should allow a lot of men to play bridge in his rooms on a night like this!"

"What's the matter with the night?"

"You say you left him in his rooms?"

"It was like this: he practically turned us out into the street."

"I should hope so!"

"Well! Of all the——"

"I wonder he didn't turn you out before!"

"Upon my word! It seemed to me an unfriendly thing to do—just as we were all comfortable for the night."

"For the night? And it's now nearly half-past two!'

"So I stayed after the other fellows had gone——"

"You would!"

"Of course I would. I've known Herbert Stent ever since he wore clothes."

"I know perfectly well how long you've known him."

"Then all I can say is, it's not cricket! Look at what you know about me; and look at what I don't know about you—the odds aren't even!"

"Will you go on with your story?"

"When the others had gone I said to him, 'Herbert,' I said, 'I don't know what you mean by turning us all out just as we were getting snug.' And what do you think he answered? Fancy his saying a thing like that!"

"Like what?"

"Like the thing he did say!"

"What did he say?"

"I'm going to tell you."

"Then tell me."

"I said to him, 'Herbert,' I said, 'I don't know what you mean by turning us all out just as we were getting snug'?"

"You've told me that already."

"Now I'm going to tell you what he answered. 'My dear chap,' he said, 'I've got to turn you out; I'm just going to start for a motor ride.' 'A motor ride?' I said. 'Yes,' he said, 'a motor ride—the motor ride of my life. I've been sitting on a row of pins all the while you chaps have been hanging about.' Fancy his saying a thing like that. I'm sure we hadn't been hanging about. The last rubber took more than forty minutes! 'But, my dear Geoff,' he said, 'five minutes after you've gone I hope to have started on the motor ride of my life—of my life, my boy'!"

"Of his life? Did he say that?"

"Yes, twice over, as I've told you. Wasn't it absurd? Fancy his talking about going for a motor ride in the middle of the night? Of course, it was only his chaff. He's a bit weak in the head, but he's not so insane as that."

"Mr. Stent is not insane at all. He is quite the sanest man I know."

"Is he? Oh, if that's what you think I'm sorry I spoke."

"I also am sorry. There is something I must do at once, Mr. Challoner. Would you mind waiting here till I return?"

She moved towards the door; as if automatically, he held it open for her to pass. She turned towards him when she was through.

"Now would you mind closing the door?"

"It's quite dark out there. You won't be able to see your hand before your face if I do."

"Would you mind closing the door—unless you wish to spy on my movements?"

He shut it with rather a bang. Almost as soon as he had done so he heard a click, like that which he had heard when the light came on, only—there was a subtle difference.

"That sounds—it sounds as if she had locked the door." He tried the handle. "She has!" He rapped at the panel with his knuckles. "Here! I say! Outside there!" No answer. He waited, but none came. He rapped louder than before. "Here! this won't do, you know. Do you know you've locked the door?" Still no answer. Again he tried the door. "She certainly has; there's no mistake about it. What's she done it for? Why doesn't she answer? Where has she gone?"

He made a third and equally futile effort to induce the door to yield.

"What's the idea? How long does she think she's going to keep me locked in here? By George! I am locked in! What on earth does it mean? Something's wrong. What's wrong is beyond me altogether. She's left the bag. I notice she didn't open it—never touched it even. But she's taken the key. She'd either just come in or was just going out when I appeared. I wonder what is wrong? I've half a mind to bang at the door with my fists; but if she won't answer, she won't. The only thing I can do is to rouse the house. It's so still you could hear a mouse move—if one were moving. What's she up to? Where is she gone? This door is so solid. I expect the walls are thick; perhaps that's why I can't hear her. She shall hear me before long!"

He moved towards the centre of the room, looking about him with an air of not knowing what to do next. He glanced at his watch.

"Nearly half-past two! How long does she propose to keep me here? This is a pretty state of things! Women are—— They are—— I don't care what anyone calls thief, they're all of it! She seemed to know Stent. I believe she knows me. I'll swear I've seen her before, though for the

life of me I can't think where. It's odd. She's uncommonly nice looking. It isn't often that I clean forget a really pretty girl, yet I don't seem as if I can place her. If I could—if I could only get a clue, I might have some idea of whereabouts I am—of what she's up to. As it is—What's that?"

He went close to the door to listen. There was a sound—a slight sound, but an audible sound.

"That's the front door. She's just shut it. She's just gone out into the street the angel! I wish I'd put that latch-key into the bag, and the bag into my pocket, and walked away off, and never said a word to anyone about either. This really is an agreeable situation. I may be all alone in the house for all that I can tell. I've half a mind to start kicking up a shindy which would soon settle that question. On the other hand, if I did, it might turn out to be so confoundedly awkward. There may be a master of the house—and a mistress—and three or four stalwart sons—to say nothing of men-servants and a choice collection of females. An excitable crowd like that might start murdering me first and only begin to ask questions when they'd smashed me into a jelly. Or, what would be worse, there may be only women in the house. That's evidently a woman's bag. G. J. Bindon may be a spinster of long standing with a horror of men and a taste for hysterics, blessed with female servants like unto herself. If when I commence my performance they commence putting their heads out of the windows and start screaming 'Murder! Police! Fire! Burglars!' and the police really do appear on the scene, those gentlemen may want a deal of persuading before they'll be induced to treat me with the respect I really am entitled to. I've no wish to spend the rest of this agreeable evening in a police cell, especially as I doubt if whatever it is I have been committing is a bailable offence. Whichever way it's looked at I'm pleasantly placed. If the house is empty it may be weeks, perhaps months, before someone comes to unlock that door, and by then only my bones will be left; and if it isn't empty, am I to wait here calmly, till the servants condescend to get up, and come down and unlock, and give me into the charge of the police? Neither alternative has much promise of happiness. What I've got to do is to find if there isn't some other way out of this dreadful room. There's the window. What's behind the curtains? A venetian blind, of course—the noisiest thing on earth. I may as well spring a police rattle at once as pull that up. Hullo! what's that? Sounded as if something had fallen down a staircase."

He moved away from the window to listen.

"Somebody does seem to be doing something. I believe those are footsteps. What had I better do—rap, or not rap? It may be some argumentative male. I think, as a measure of precaution, I'd better get control of the light." He crossed towards the switch, as noiselessly as he could. "How still it is! I can hear myself breathing. Hullo!"

The handle turned; he both saw and heard it. Instantly he switched the light off.

"If it's that young woman come back again it won't matter; if it isn't, perhaps I'd better be introduced to a stranger in the dark. Sounds as if someone was trying the handle again—and again. Then it's not that young woman."

Suddenly through the darkness came a voice, speaking without.

"I do believe it's locked.

To which he answered, *sotto voce:*

"Another woman! As I'm a sinner! Madam, I'm sure it's locked, and you have the key outside there. What do you imagine I should be doing in here if it wasn't locked?" Once more he could hear the handle being turned, this way and that. "It's no

good. You'll have to give it up. It's locked—absolutely locked." Then came *rap-rap*, gently, as of a woman's knuckles. "Am I to announce my presence here to an entire stranger? I'll not. Let her rap again."

The rapping came again, a little louder; and the voice.

"Laura!"

"Is Laura the name of that treacherous female? Now what Laura have I known? I can't recall a single one!"

Again the rapping, and again the voice, both louder still.

"Laura! Are you in there?"

"No, she's not in here. Heaven noly knows where she is. I wish I did—I'd Laura her!"

"That's strange. Laura! I felt sure I heard someone in there. It's very odd."

"It's odder than you think."

"Why, she can't be in there. Here's the key in the lock all the time."

"Of course there is. If you'd had any sense you'd have found that out long ago. Now what's going to happen? Hullo! Unlocking, is she? Ssh! —not a sound! Choke lest she hear you breathe!"

The key turned, the door opened. Somebody had come into the room. There was a brief pause, then—*click!* As before, the room was all in radiance. Mr. Challoner had omitted to notice that there were switches in different parts of the room. The new-comer had utilised one which was just by the door. As he had put it to himself, the new-comer was ,,another woman"—in the shape of an exquisitely pretty girl. She was daintily small, with dark hair, big eyes, a lovely mouth, peach-blossom cheeks, bewitching throat and neck. She saw him on the instant, and he saw her. Each stared as if the other were a whost; then, all at once, she went crimson, crying:

"Geoffrey—Mr. Challoner!"

"Cissie!—I beg your pardon—Cecilia! That is, Miss Waring. Where on earth have you dropped from?"

"That's good, considering."

He was gazing about him wildly.

"Is this—is this a dream, or what is it?"

"That's right. Call me a nightmare—do; it's the sort of thing you would call me. You used to call we such nice things."

"I never called you a nightmare. I've wished sometimes you were a nightmare. I should have got you out of my head now and then."

"Thank you. Pray, Mr. Challoner, what are you doing, at this hour of the morning, locked in here?"

"She—she locked me in—that other girl."

"'That other girl?' You don't mean to say, Mr. Challoner—have you the assurance to assert that you came here to see Laura at this hour of the morning?"

"I never did anything of the kind. How could I when I don't know who Laura is?"

"That's nonsense."

"I don't mind admitting that I believe I have seen the—the person whose name may be Laura somewhere before, but I can't think where."

"You've seen her at my home ;or, at least, what used to be my home."

"Have I?"

"You've seen her wherever I was."

"Is that so? I don't recall it."

"When her portraits were all over the place? When I've told you over and over again that Laura Poynings is the dearest friend I have in the world? Why, you yourself counted seven photographs of her in my sitting-room.'

"Is that the girl? Of course, now I remember. Those beastly photographs! Once I knocked I don't know how many of them over trying to find room for a cup of tea. But I never saw her. I only saw her photographs. I can safely say she's not like one of them."

"Not like one? Out of all those heaps?"

"You used to say they were all photographs of the same girl, but I used to think they were all photo-

graphs of different girls. There wasn't one of them that didn't flatter her."

"Mr. Challoner! Do you really think so?"

"I'm absolutely certain! Shouldn't I have known her if I hadn't been? Now I understand how it was she knew me."

"Oh, she did know you!"

"When I told her my name she knew me."

"So you told her your name? You haven't informed me how you come to be here at all."

"It's through that thing."

"That thing! Why—it's my bag! It's the one you gave me!"

"The one I gave you! Penelope's uncle, so it is! I thought I'd seen the thing before. I seem to keep on seeing things I've seen before."

"Including me?"

"Yes, including you."

"You wouldn't let me give it back to you again?"

"Of course I wouldn't. Why should I? When I give a thing I give a thing. Because you treated me abominably, that's no reason why you should throw your presents back in my face—certainly not."

"I—I haven't had a moment's peace since I saw you."

"Then you're looking uncommonly well considering what time it is."

"That's my horrible constitution."

"Splendid constitution, I call it. If I'd been all that time without rest I should be a complete wreck, while you're looking prettier than ever."

"I am not."

"You are. The moment I saw you I recognised that you were—with a sense of shock."

"It's the light."

"What's the light? The sense of shock? Nothing of the kind; it's my sensitive nature. But what I want to know is what you're doing here? I found that bag on the pavement in front of the house."

"I must have dropped it."

"Somebody must. A latch-key was lying near it."

"I must have dropped that too."

"You seem to have been shedding things. In the bag was a piece of paper on which was written, 'G. J. Bindon, 11 Pyechester Gardens.' Now who's G. J. Bindon? Because I suppose this is his house.'

"Mr. Bindon is my guardian."

"Your guardian? But—what do you want a guardian for? Where's your father?"

"Papa? Papa is dead."

"Dead? Your father's dead? Mr. Waring dead?"

"You must know he's dead. He died ever so long ago; soon after you —you left me; and in all my trouble you never sent me a line or took the slightest notice. Your conduct was barbarous!"

"I never knew. I had no idea. I suppose—it was because I was knocking about; but nobody told me, and I never heard."

"Papa made Mr. Bindon my guardian, and now Mr. Bindon's made me a ward of the court."

"What's that?"

"A dreadful man had the audacity to pretend to think that I was going to marry him."

"How odd."

"Mr. Bindon made a frightful fuss. I—I admit there were one or two little things."

"Were there?"

"He even said he'd be responsible for me no longer, and he actually put me into Chancery. Now the Lord Chancellor's my guardian, and it's perfectly horrid."

"It's not much more than twelve months since we parted; yet a good deal seems to have happened to you since then."

"I've had no end of sorrows. Not that you mind—you never did care for me."

"There you're wrong. I loved you then and I love you now; and I shall continue to love you while life is in me. I'm not like you."

"I wish I were like you. You're worth a hundred thousand of me."

"Stuff and nonsense. You know better. You've told me so once or twice."

"What does it matter what I said? I'd say anything when I'm horrid. Oh, I've made such a mess of my life and I'm in such trouble!"

"Are you? Who's the man now?"

"How do you know it is a man?"

"I don't; I'm only wondering."

"By—by—by the strangest accident in the world it—it is a man, though I—I—I can't think how you guessed it. It's Herbert Stent."

"Herbert Stent? Do you mean to say that my boyhood's friend's been trying to rob me of my best girl?"

"He doesn't know I ever was your best girl; and I didn't know you were his boyhood's friend until the other day. You see, he's so good-looking, isn't he?"

"Stent? Good-looking? He's passable—from the back at a little distance in a bad light; but I certainly shouldn't call him good-looking."

"But he has such a beautiful expression."

"Expression or expressions? You should have heard some of the expressions he used to-night when we were playing bridge; you'd have called them beautiful!"

"To-night! When he was playing bridge! Do you mean to say Herbert Stent's been playing bridge to-night?"

"Of course he has. I've been playing with him—at his rooms."

"But I was to have eloped with him to-night!"

"You were? What's that? Say it again!"

"I was—to have eloped with him to-night."

"In his car?"

"Did he tell you?"

"He said he was going for the ride of his life."

"That's what he meant."

"Then that's why he turned us out—and it wasn't his chaff. But—to say nothing of going off at this time of night, when the churches are only open in the daytime—what do you want to elope for at all?"

"Don't I tell you that Mr. Bindon's made me a ward of the court."

"You did say something about it."

"Very well, then; isn't it plain enough. The horrid Lord Chancellor won't let me marry till I'm twenty-one, and I'm only just turned twenty, and—and—and Mr. Stent didn't want to wait, and so—and so——"

"And so! I see. But what's Bindon thinking of to let you run away from his house at this hour of the morning?"

"Do you think Mr. Bindon's in this house? You'd have been out of it long ago if he had been. Mr. Bindon's at his house in the country."

"Then are there only the servants sleeping upstairs?"

"There are no servants upstairs. They're with him. You and I are in the house alone."

"Great Scot!"

"Isn't it awful?"

"Frightful!"

"You see, it's a little complicated."

"It does seem complicated."

"I'll try to explain. I've been staying with Laura at her aunt's. We came away to-night after her aunt thought we'd gone to bed, by the last train. We came straight here. You see, I knew the house was empty, and there were some things I wanted to get. Then I—I started to elope."

"To elope?"

"But when I—I'd got out of the house I—I couldn't."

"You couldn't?"

"I couldn't! I could not! Shall I tell you why?"

"You might—if you would not be committing an indiscretion."

"It was because of something Herbert Stent said to me the other day."

"Herbert Stent never said a thing in his life worth listening to."

"That's because!"

"What do you mean by 'that's because'?"

"That's because you're a man, and he doesn't think it worth the trouble.

He can say as nice things as anyone. I've had some nice things said to me, so I'm a judge. But that wasn't a nice thing; it wasn't that sort of thing at all. 'I'll tell you what,' he said, 'Geoffrey Challoner shall be our best man'."

"At his marriage to you?"

"At his marriage to me. That was the first time I knew he knew you. But when he uttered your name, and said that, that instant I knew I could never marry Herbert Stent—never, never, never; I knew it here." She laid her hand against her breast. "I wouldn't own it, even to myself; but to-night, as soon as I got out of the door, and found myself in the street, I had to own it. It was a thing which wouldn't be denied. I couldn't have walked to where I knew he was waiting—I couldn't! As for marrying him—I knew that was impossible! I knew that it was one of the things which can't be. I was frightened at the thought; it seemed an awful thing to even think of. I dropped my latch-key. I dropped my bag. All my money I could lay my hands on was in it. You never can tell what the Lord Chancellor will do; but I didn't care what I dropped. I wouldn't stop to pick anything up; I positively daren't. I rushed back into the house. I hadn't even closed the front door, but then I shut it with a bang. I ran to Laura. 'Laura,' I said, 'I can't do it.' She said, 'You can't do what?' I said, 'I can't elope with Herbert Stent,' 'Why ever not?' she cried. 'How,' I asked, 'can I elope with a man whom I not only don't love, but whom I hate?' 'Isn't it rather late,' she said, 'when he's waiting for you round the corner in his car?' 'Laura,' I told her. By the way, there's something which I may tell you, entirely between ourselves."

"Aren't you already telling me something entirely between ourselves?"

"Yes; but this is very, very special—a profound secret. Laura's in love with Herbert Stent herself."

"I can conceive of a girl like that being in love with him. I dare say a girl like that could what she calls fall in love with a tailor's dummy; but you!—that's another thing! That does seem to me incomprehensible."

"I never did love him really. The man I did love—the only man I ever loved—had gone out of my life. Herbert Stent was a delusion; and like other delusions, he has gone for ever."

"And who was the only man you ever loved—out of all that multitude?"

"After your most uncalled-for insinuation I shall decline to answer. In any case it's no business of yours. I was going to observe, when you interrupted me, that Laura really is in love with Mr. Stent; and, what's more, he's very nearly in love with her."

"When he was going to elope with you?"

"My dear—eh—my dear Mr. Challoner, there's a type of man who always thinks he's in love with a woman who he thinks is in love with him. When he knows she isn't he recovers—there's no harm done. Then he encounters another woman who has fallen a victim to his charms, and—he has a relapse. When Herbert Stent learns that I am not going to elope with him he'l be wounded to the soul. He'll say things——"

"I'll bet he will say things."

"Then Laura will drop a hint."

"I wonder what you call a hint."

"It's hardly a matter for exact definition, is it? It depends on so many things. When a man and a woman are alone together, in peculiar circumstances—as they will be—hints are dropped, dropped before one means to drop them; and they fall on fertile ground and take root, and spring up and flower, and bear fruit, all in the twinkling of an eye. I suppose it's the atmosphere. I don't know what it is; it is so, sometimes. I tell you Laura will drop one of those

hints to Mr. Stent, and his heart will bound in his bosom; and he will stare at her in wild surprise; and, with quickening breath, he'll ask her what she means—men always wil make you dot your i's—and she'll say nothing; or else she'll say a frightful lot; and, in a space of time so short it would surprise you, they will understand each other as they never did before, and as probably they never will again, and I shall have lost the only friend I had in the world. I know! It would have been different if you had cared for me the slightest scrap."

"Your theory won't fit me. I loved you, and I didn't care if you loved me or not."

"As it happens I did love you—better than anything else in the world."

"Is that why you drove me mad?"

"Probably. I dare say it was one of the reasons. You were so dense. You never could see anything."

"I believe you told her."

"Told who—what?"

"The Poynings girl said that she knew that I never could see anything—because somebody'd told her. I asked her who told her and she wouldn't tell me. I believe it was you."

"I shouldn't be surprised. The thing's perfectly true. If, in the old days you had been able to see anything, you'd have picked me up, and thrown me over your shoulder, and hauled me to church, and carted me to your home, and I should have been as happy as a queen, and I'd have made the best wife you could possibly have had."

"You told me yourself that you'd never be married unless you had six bridesmaids."

"That's one of the things I'd be sure to say if I'd the chance. What I wanted was to be made to do the exact opposite. I do love being made to do things, but nobody ever made me."

"For two pins I'd pick you up and throw you over my shoulder now."

"I'm afraid I haven't two pins on me; but I'll go upstairs and fetch them for you if—you make me." She sighed. "It's a funny world. Men are such funny things. Geoffrey, do you really mean that you love me still?"

"Of course I do. Why shouldn't I?"

"I don't know why you shouldn't. I know that I love you."

"Do you?"

"Yes, I do.It may seem silly, but I do. It looks to me as if it were the hand of Providence."

"What's the hand of Providence?"

"My dropping the bag and the latch-key; your finding them and coming in here; and my unlocking the door and finding you. If that's not the hand of Providence I don't know what it is. I suppose you would like to marry me?"

"There hasn't been any hour of any day I wouldn't have married you."

"I'm sure I'd love to marry you; so it seems perfectly plain. But there's still a crumpled rose-leaf. I'd made up my mind I'd elope to-night, and I—I would like to.' '

"Good gracious! Who with?"

"Aren't you dense? Can you ever se anything. Why, Geoffrey, with you!"

"But how on earth am I going to elope?"

"Can you drive a Napier?"

"I drove Stent's six-cylinder Napier to Southsea and back yesterday. You ask him.'

"I won't ask him; but you shall drive it again to-night. Huch!" Sounds came from the street. "That's Mr. Stent and Laura back with him. I knew he would. Now, Geoff."

"Will you——?"

"Do you mean it—seriously?"

"Please!"

"Then, by George, I will—rather!"

An electric bell twittered through the house.

"There they are. Now let's go and be surprised to see them."

On the doorstep were two figures—male and female. By the kerb stood a motor-car.

"Why, Laura," cried Miss Waring, "is it you? How you startled us! And Mr. Stent! I'm afraid, Mr. Stent, I rather disappointed you."

"It was a bit of a blow; but the fact is, Miss Poynings, I should say Laura——"

He paused, as if for lack of breath. Miss Poynings spoke.

"I hope, Cecilia, you won't mind very much?"

"Laura! You don't mean? Well, I am surprised! You darling! I'm delighted! You'll be the happiest paid that ever lived! Mr. Challoner, let me introduce you to Miss Poynings."

"I think, Miss Poynings, we have met before."

"Yes, Mr. Challoner, I fancy we have."

Mr. Stent spoke—to Challoner.

"I say, old chap, I'd no idea there'd ever be anything——"

"That's all right, ald man, perfectly all right. I want you to lend me your car, and your coats, and your rugs, and anything else you've got to lend."

"Delighted. What are you going to do—going for a ride?"

"I'm going to elope with Miss Waring."

"No! Are you? Great! Miss Waring, you'll gnd it's rather cool rdiving. A coat will be useful, and you'll find this is the very coat you want—in fact, I brought it for you."

He was helping her into one of those huge fur coats which women wear when motoring. She said:

"It is lucky you brought it, isn't it?" Then, to Miss Poynings, "Laura, what are you going to do?"

"Mr. Stent is going to walk with me to the station. I'm returning by the first train; then nobody'll know I was ever gone; and in the afternoon Mr. Stent is coming to see auntie. Mr. Challoner, where are you going with Cecilia?"

"We are going—I say, Ciss, where are we going?"

"We are going," said Miss Waring, "where all true lovers do go. Good-bye."

And the car went down the street

Miss Poynings' aunt was elderly. About that time, being not very well, she was confined a good deal to her own room. Although most of the day had gone, she was still there when her niece appeared with a strip of pink paper in her hand.

"Auntie," inquired Miss Poynings, "do you know that Cecilia's gone?"

"Cecilia! Gone! My dear, I'd no idea she was going."

"She's just sent this telegram."

The old lady puzzled it out with the aid of her glasses.

> "Geoffrey and I have just been married by special license. It was a lovely elopement.—Mrs. Challoner."

"But who—who is Mrs. Challoner?"

"That's Cecilia's new name. She's married now. She's Mrs. Geoffrey Challoner."

"But—my dear—I understood—wasn't there some mention of a Mr. Stent?"

"Perhaps, aunt, you misunderstood. Mr. Stent is downstairs now; he wants to see you."

"To see me! Laura! You don't mean——"

"Yes, auntie, I do mean."

"Really, my dear, it—it does seem to me to be rather an extraordinary state of things."

The old lady was quite right—it certainly was a most extraordinary state of things.

A NEW HISTORY OF CANADA

REVIEW OF PROF. EGERTON'S NEW VOLUME *

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN

IT was possible in days of yore to find room for the really notable books about Canada in a shelf of modest dimensions. To-day a stream of works upon Canada issues from the press, and the purse of Fortunatus is needed for the acquirement of them all. In this country there is a natural recoil from the pride of localism which characterised the literary taste of the United States in the days when Mr. Chollop insisted that "we must be cracked up, sir." The demand to "crack up" Canada has never been strong. The reward of the native writer has been as often as not an avalanche of criticism. If he was spared a shower of brickbats, it was on the distinct understanding that he would not offend again. The time is probably close at hand when ignorance concerning Canadian books will be considered a reproach rather than a proof of scholarship. Now that an Oxford professor has thought it no shame to write a history of Canada, it may become the fashion for a young Canadian to equip himself with an intimate acquaintance with the past as well as the present of his own country, to study its social and economic problems from the vantage coign of knowledge and to save our writers from the temptation to leave their name and memory to men's charitable speeches and to foreign nations and the next age.

That Prof. Egerton's new book is the occasion for these somewhat melancholy reflections is merely accidental. The work itself exhibits an insight, a thoroughness and a cordiality of tone towards Canada which are quite admirable. It is eminently readable. The same can truthfully be said of similar books by Canadians, but their merits have been successfully eluded. Comprehensive histories of Canada to the number of twenty or more can be unearthed, until the student is surprised to find that there exists a valuable store of writing on the subject, just as the gentleman in Molière's play discovered with delight that he had been talking prose all his life without having been aware of it. There is a legend that one history of Canada was composed to meet the views of a committee. It was deftly trimmed and retouched so as to avoid offending the sensitive. The author's personality was thus neatly eliminated and his point of view concealed. Dates, names and bald statements of fact were left in, as not having any pernicious influence.

Prof, Egerton does not write history after this fashion. He asserts the right of the Englishman to express his opinions. You may differ, but there is the stimulus of controversy. The narrative is confined to the period under British rule. It is of necessity much condensed, so that the work shares the defect common to single-volume histories of Canada—the at-

* Toronto and London: Henry Frowde.

tempt to crowd too much into a brief space. However, the author possesses an easy and entertaining style and inspires a belief that an honest effort has been made to explore and utilise the sources of our history. His talent for a comprehensive survey of events, and the ability to interpret Canadian conditions in the light of the imperfect knowledge then prevalent in London concerning the country and its problems, enables us to perceive with equal clearness the errors of the early administration of affairs and the causes of those errors. The author writes with moderation and judgment and one rises from a perusal of his pages with a feeling of satisfaction that so intelligent a history has been produced for English students.

The inefficiency which marked the earlier periods of British rule was almost inevitable. In England itself the existing system of Parliamentary Government was on trial, and to expect an extension to the new colony of principles not yet accepted at home was hopeless. It required a mind like Chatham's to see the defect and the remedy, and Chatham's day of rule was over. Catholic emancipation was half a century in the distance. The difficulty of making a Catholic colony under a Protestant governor contented was, for the time, insuperable. The temptation to judge colonial problems of the eighteenth century by the light of the nineteenth is peculiarly strong in dealing with Canada, and there are writers who succumb to it either in whole or in part. Prof. Egerton is a safe guide in such matters, and if he seems on occasions to appear a trifle lenient to the British authorities even when they ignored the wise advice of their own man on the spot, we must allow for the enormous obstacles to efficiency inherent in the situation. When we come to the struggle for responsible government, a similar charity is equally demanded. To sympathise wholly with the Family Compact or with armed rebellion is unscientific for historical purposes and useless for arriving at an intelligent conclusion regarding the facts. Since men—even politicians—are not perfect, there is no ground for arguing that the morning after the Reform Bill had passed, its principles should have been applied to colonies ill-trained in the art of government. A period of struggle was inevitable. In our day we are behind England in sound administrative methods, although the remedy lies with ourselves. To indicate the high character of governors like Sydenham and Metcalfe, as Prof. Egerton does, is therefore just and necessary. It is a pity, perhaps, that the Bagot papers and the Baldwin correspondence have not as yet been thoroughly digested, since they might throw light on some of the reasons why Bagot's successor reversed his policy. But on this and on all other points in the controversy, our author is fair and candid and those persons who disagree will be those with preconceived opinions whom no evidence will ever convince.

Responsible government once established, we arrive at that stage which saw the birth of the conditions we have to-day. It is the formative period in our political history. In these pages it is intelligently summarised, and, had space permitted, Prof. Egerton doubtless would have dealt more fully with the causes of the failure of the Union of 1841. That a new constitution, put forward as a cure for past ills, produced a complete breakdown in twenty years is too remarkable to be passed over with a recital of the events which followed its adoption. The defects of the constitution were pointed out in ample time for rectification. It commended itself to few who had given serious thought to the distractions of the provinces. Being acceptable neither to Upper nor to Lower Canada, and embodying in the most imperfect form the suggestions of Lord Durham, its fate was certain. In short, a legislative union was set up under condi-

tions that were bound to discredit it, so that when disaster came, the federal principle was the sole alternative. The adoption of federalism entailed an arbitrary division of the powers of the local and the central authorities. To this division may be traced serious present inconveniences. The constitution of 1841 being thus the parent of the Union of 1867 is a proper subject for fuller consideration than has yet been given it.

There are many evidences of refreshing candour in the book. The unwillingness of Great Britain to remember the war of 1812 is ascribed to the general results of the war having been disappointing. Its memories, rightly prized in Canada, have been conveniently ignored by both Great Britain and the United States. Nothing is said of the Treaty of Peace or the still less defensible arrangement respecting the Atlantic fisheries. Prof. Egerton makes no hero of Lyon Mackenzie, nor is he enamoured of Gourley, the agitator, but we have a spirited account of the rebellion in which neither side comes off scot free. Justice is done to Hon. George Brown—indeed, all Prof. Egerton's characterisations of our public men are frank and fearless—for the Liberal leader's sacrifices in supporting Confederation, and there is an absence of bias in dealing with such acrimonious party episodes as the Pacific Scandal and the Riel Rebellion, which adds greatly to the dignity and value of the narrative. One closes the book with a sense of the magnitude of the whole theme, the real importance which attaches to the constitutional and political problems that have found solution in the creation of the Dominion, and the place of power occupied by Canada in the British Empire.

IK MARVEL

By JAMES LAWLER

DIED DEC. 15TH, 1908

Oh, Peerless Dreamer, can it be
That thou art numbered with the dead,
That soon ripe grasses of the field
Shall wave above thine honoured head;
That friends about thy crackling hearth
No more shall taste thy rustic cheer?—
The room is dark, the fire is cold,
And thou art silent on thy bier.

Yet, Strong Enchanter of the Hearth,
To us thou never canst expire.
Oft when our inward light is low
We'll gather 'round thy beech-wood fire,
To dream amid thy rods and books
Of wider times and larger men,
Till, heartened by thy sympathy,
We buckle on our arms again.

DRESDEN THE BEAUTIFUL

BY CHARLES T. LONG

DRESDEN, known to many art lovers as the Florence of the North, is one of the most beautiful, interesting and restful cities of Europe. Thousands of foreigners, including English, Canadian, French, Russian, American and Japanese, who for climatic, economic or other reasons have abandoned their native lands, have taken up permanent residence in Dresden, and lend a cosmopolitan air to the noble city of the Elbe. Public officials, merchants, art and music teachers and members of fashionable society usually speak several languages, while in the preparatory schools provided by the State, children are compelled to learn English and French in addition to German.

The city, with its half-million inhabitants, is situated on both sides of the River Elbe, about one hundred miles south of Berlin. It is the capital of the Kingdom of Saxony, and the home of King Frederick August III., whose Court, with the exception of that of Vienna, is the most excellent on the Continent. Prior to the German Confederation following the war with the French in 1870, Saxony was considered one of the most important political powers of Europe, and since its absorption it has remained autonomous, and, except Prussia, the most influential factor in the Empire. The King, Court and majority of the nobility are Catholic, while the great mass of the people is Protestant, but so liberal is the spirit which animates all citizens, religious animosity is almost unknown. The question of a man's religion, except he be a Jew, does not enter into either his social or business life. Jews are barred in Saxony, as in all Germany, from any official place in the army, navy or civil service, but

THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET OF DRESDEN

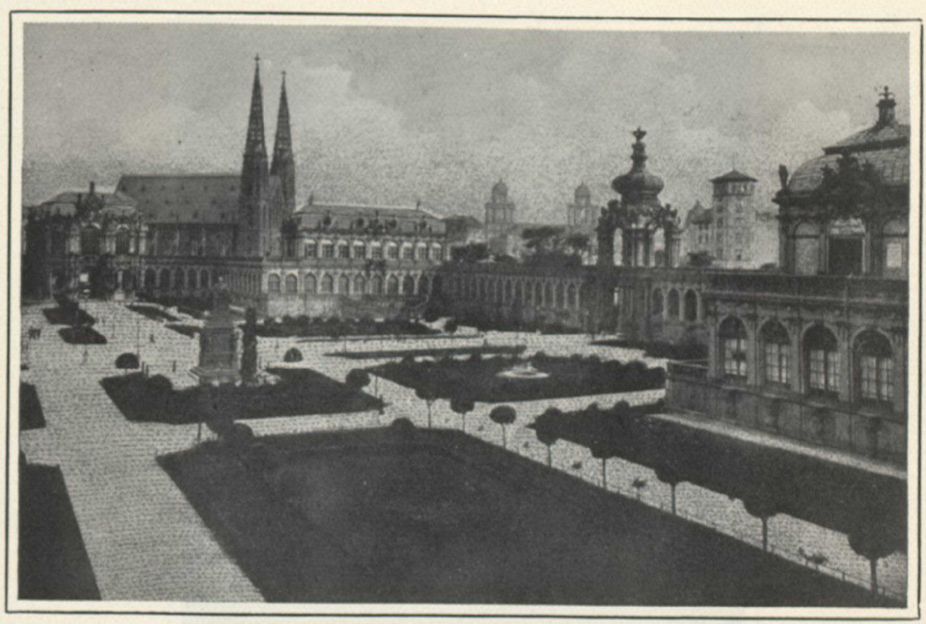
THE RAILWAY STATION, DRESDEN

they take an important place in art, literature, music and business, and though in former years the doors of high society were closed against them, of late there has been a tendency to admit members of their faith who show conspicuous ability. This was demonstrated when the Emperor appointed Herr Dernburg to the important post of Colonial Director. It is true, a cry of horror went up from the German social world, and many aristocratic houses remain closed to the gentleman, though he was reared a Christian, and his father before him —it was his grandfather who left the faith of his fathers and joined the Christian Church—,but because the blood of the Jew flows in Dernburg's veins a cry has been raised for his dismissal. It is no doubt due entirely to his great ability as a financier and leader of men that he retains the confidence of the Emperor and a seat in the Council Chamber.

Dresden is the seat of a world-famed university, which is attended by members of the nobility from all Europe. As a German art centre, the city is second only to Munich. The Grand Opera House is one of the finest in Europe, while its orchestra and singers compare favourably with those of Munich, Berlin, Paris or Vienna.

Dresden is so full of attractions, both mental and physical, one is at a loss which point of view to take in attempting any description of it. Foreigners find the city particularly attractive during the winter months, when there is grand opera three nights a week, orchestral, vocal, piano and other instrumental concerts every afternoon and evening at prices which seem ridiculously low to Canadians. All kinds of winter sports are provided, such as skating, hockey, indoor tennis and basket-ball, dancing-schools, and other forms of amusements for young people. There are beautiful mountain drives, and during the months of January and February the snow-shoe and ski clubs make merry *rendezvous* several miles from the city twice a week.

Dresden possesses one of the finest boy choirs in Europe. It may be heard every Sunday, except during



THE KING'S PALACE, DRESDEN

June, July and August, in the Court Church, at high mass. The boys are selected by the director of the Grand Opera, and are paid by the State. They are trained by the best masters, and sing only in the Court Church and upon State occasions. They are educated by the State, and after they outgrow their usefulness as singers are provided positions in the civil service or are drafted as musicians into the court or opera orchestras. Probably one-half the foreign pupils at Dresden go there to study music.

Perhaps the most attractive feature of Dresden to the tourist is the splendid art gallery which has made the city known throughout the civilised world. During the summer months, when the opera is closed, the musicians depart, and no more orchestral concerts are given. Thousands upon thousands of visitors, crowding the hotels and *pensions*, visit the city for no other purpose than to obtain a view of Raphael's celebrated Sistine Madonna, which by many persons is regarded as the most beautiful picture in the world to-day. "The radiant magnificence of the Madonna, in which the most tender beauty is coupled with the charm of the mysterious vision, will forcibly strike every beholder, and the longer he gazes the more enthusiastic will be his delight." Raphael painted the picture, which is eight feet high and six feet wide, in 1515 as an altar piece for the church of the Benediction at Piacenza. The Saxon King Augustus III., reigning in 1753, saw it while on a visit to Italy and purchased it for $45,000. It has been worth millions to the citizens of Saxony since it brings annually thousands of visitors to Dresden. No description can do justice to or even give an idea of the beautiful colouring of the work. A curtain has just been drawn back and the Virgin issues as it were from the depth of Heaven, awe-inspiring, solemn and serene, her large eyes embracing the world in her gaze. The idea of a sudden revelation of a hitherto concealed mystery could not be more effectively expressed. The German art critics, realising the importance of their treasure, have de-

HOLBEIN'S MADONNA, IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY

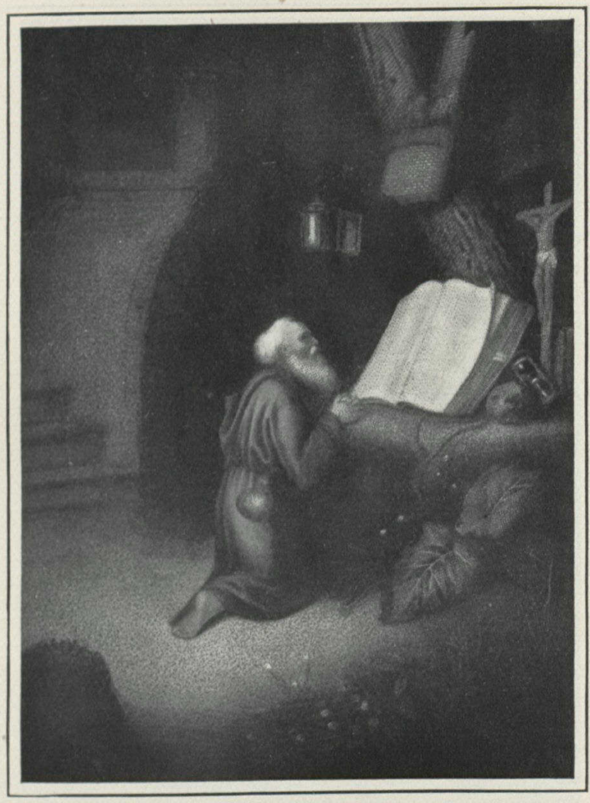
voted a whole room in the gallery to this picture, which may be studied at leisure without the distractions incident to viewing great works when placed side by side. The Dresden gallery as a whole does not compare with those of Munich, Florence or Paris so far as early works are concerned, though beautiful examples of Dürer, Correggio, Titian, Rubens, Velasquez, Van Dyck, Tintoretto, Michael Angelo, Murillo and others may be seen. The modern collection, however, though not large, is perhaps the finest in Europe, including as it does the masterpieces of Gerard, Thedy, Reichenbach, Preller, Richter, Dücker, Lenbach, Defregger, Bocklin, Gentz, Kaulbach, Munkacsy, Hoffman, Stuck and others. Next to the Sistine Madonna the picture which probably attracts most atten tion is Hoffman's world-renowned portrayal of the Child Christ in the temple. This magnificent specimen of modern German art is to be found on the top floor surrounded by other less noted but also beautiful works by the same master. Many visitors who stand in awe before this great conception are not aware that within a few blocks of the gallery Hoffman lives and may be visited at his home. The old gentleman continues to work,

RAPHAEL'S SISTINE MADONNA, IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY

though his sight is somewhat impaired, and is most pleased to show foreign visitors the original studies of his great masterpieces, with which he parts most reluctantly.

Dresden affords every opportunity to the student of music, art or literature, and the cost of living is less than in any other place on the Continent, except Munich. Foreigners are made to feel very much at home, since in most of the *cafés* and restaurants they may obtain, free of charge, the daily papers from their own cities, and, in the public library, books upon any subject in any language. There is an English and an American Episcopal Church in the city, and a club where foreigners of all nationalities meet regularly and discuss the various topics of interest. The only daily newspaper in English on the Continent, except in Paris, is published at Dresden by a gentleman who is married to a Canadian lady well known in Toronto.

The street life of Dresden while not different from that of any other German city is very interesting to Canadians, who are not accustomed to see women working at manual labour or dogs used for the delivery of goods. Foreigners travelling through the country for the first time are wont to exclaim against both of these usages, but when one finds that the labourers themselves are usually strong, healthy persons who seem to enjoy life, eat and sleep well, and appear to be quite satisfied and that



GERARD DOU'S "HERMIT", IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY

the animals are well taken care of and kindly treated, one is likely to pause before passing final judgment.

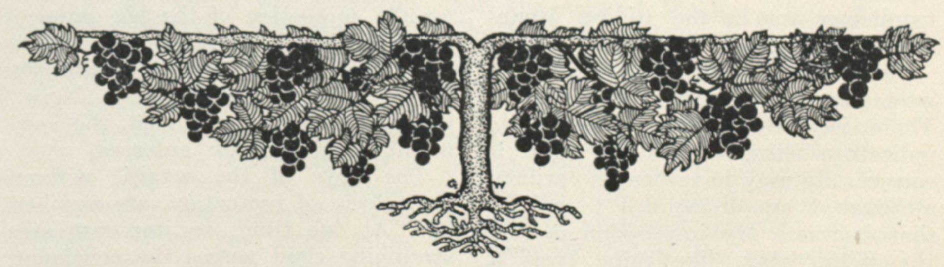
Nowhere else in the world are the streets kept so scrupulously clean as in Germany, and possibly the cleanest of German streets are to be found in Dresden. It would pay the citizens of some Canadian cities to send their street commissioners to Germany for a visit of inspection. They would certainly pick up some valuable information which would assist them in their business, and bring the blush of shame to their cheeks.

I have talked with many Canadians and Americans who have taken up their permanent residence in Dresden. They all claim that under no circumstances would they return to live in the dirty, badly governed, badly protected, ill-lighted and highly-taxed cities of America so long as they can enjoy so many advantages in Dresden, such as good music, well lighted and clean streets, splendid police protection, beautiful public gardens, free daily band concerts, excellent schools for their children, very low taxes, good and faithful servants and many other advantages not to be thought of at home. This may all be true, but all will admit that while they enjoy artistic, musical and educational advantages in Germany not to be secured in America, they would not for a moment dream of going to any part of Europe for the purpose of making a living. Wages are low, hours of labour are long, competition very keen, and the social standing of the wage earner much lower than at home.

I must not conclude this hasty pic-

HOFFMAN'S "CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE", IN THE DRESDEN GALLERY

ture of Dresden without a reference to the so-called Dresden china. It will be a surprise to some to learn that there is no such thing. In 1709 a chemist named Bottger, while trying to please his sovereign, Augustus the Strong, and make gold out of clay, discovered the secret of making porcelain. At first he succeeded only in producing a red stoneware, but after further study and experiments his efforts were crowned and "Jasper Porcelain" was first given to the world. The king caused a factory to be erected at Meissen, a small town some distance up the river, and there since 1710 this beautiful ware known in Europe as "Meissen china" has been manufactured. The State maintains showrooms and warerooms at Dresden, where foreigners annually purchase thousands of dollars' worth of this exquisite delf and take it out of the country with them.



THE SANDHILL STAG OF MANITOBA

BY RODEN KINGSMILL

BEFORE Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton abandoned the writing of books and took to the presumably more lucrative platform, he gave to the world a dainty bit of *genre* word-painting in his "Trail of the Sandhill Stag."

Perhaps because geographical accuracy would have been beneath the dignity of an artist like Mr. Seton (if he has not changed his name again); perhaps because he believes in the policy of keeping his readers guessing, or perhaps because such a small thing as accuracy is beneath contempt, Mr. Thompson Seton gave us no indication of the *habitat* of his sandhill stag, the stag which he so charmingly and so artistically described. Yet, if I were to be asked to make a guess as to the whereabouts of the stamping-ground of the Seton Sandhiller, I should be prepared to make a small bet that it roamed either in the rugged terrain east-by-north of Last Mountain Lake—this body of water you will find in nearly the exact centre of Southern Saskatchewan—or in the Riding Mountains of north-west Manitoba.

The sandhill stag of which Seton wrote was, I believe, the wapiti. There is nothing in the sketch to indicate whether or not my guess is correct. It may have been a caribou, although I am disinclined to believe that it was. My impression is that the Seton stag, like mine, was a wapiti. And the *habitat* of my wapiti was—and is—in the far-famed Riding Mountains, in North-western Manitoba.

Between the Last Mountain Lake region and the Riding Mountains there is a wide area of fairly thickly-settled country. Still, the two stags may have been close relatives. The Riding Mountain stags have much the better chance of living long in the land, for two reasons. Firstly, although the Riding Mountains would hardly be given such a dignified title by the British Columbian or even the dweller among the Laurentians, they are quite respectable-sized, good, upstanding hills. For utter wildness there is no scenery anywhere between the Rockies and Northern Ontario to compare with them. They are inaccessible and travel through them is difficult. Moreover, they are barren for all agricultural purposes, and thus constitute a natural game preserve. This is the first reason why the Riding Mountain wapiti will last long. The second is that the Provincial Government of Manitoba has passed, and is enforcing, some rigorous laws for the protection of the big game of that Province. And stringent orders have been issued for the protection of the wapiti in particular. Nevertheless, I beg to say that the laws might be still better enforced.

The days of the wapiti, without some form of protection, are numbered. At one time, an immense area stretching right across the continent, from the latitude of Southern California to the sub-Arctics, was ten-

anted by the wapiti. They had the widest *habitat* of all the deer family. When the first wallowing caravels of Old Spain grated upon the seaboard of unknown America the wapiti were found in large herds. Now they are almost as rare as the buffalo. They are more difficult of approach, or else they would have been exterminated long ago. It is, however, only in natural sanctuaries like that of the Riding Mountains that they are found in any numbers. Once upon a time they were quite plentiful in New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario. They seem to prefer, in their later days as a genus, mountainous country, and it is perhaps not more than three-quarters of a century since the last of them was killed in the Alleghanies. Throughout what is now the Northwestern States and Manitoba they were very plentiful up to thirty years ago. By the early eighties, though, they had been completely wiped off the prairies. Miserable miscreants on horseback slaughtered them, as they slaughtered the buffalo, in pure deviltry, and the scattered remnants, true in their instinct, sought the fastnesses of the Riding and Duck Mountains and the hill country of Montana and Idaho. At present the most easterly portion of North America occupied by them is the rough and difficult district locally known as the Riding Mountain country. In Vancouver Island, says Clive Phillips-Wolley, the well-known big game authority, there are at least eight thousand of them. Wyoming boasts the only herds within the boundary of the United States, and, if the American system is followed, Wyoming will soon be as bare of them as New York State. Owing to its gregarious habits and the comparatively open character of its western range, the wapiti has little to protect it against man's destructive and continuous warfare. Nature, however, has endowed it with one quality which has stood it in good stead, and that is adaptability to its surroundings. It will thrive in widely differing climates and on widely differing forage. To these facts alone can be ascribed its immunity from following in the wake of the buffalo. Several years ago certain well-known big game hunters addressed Hon. R. P. Roblin, the Prime Minister of Manitoba, on the subject of the preservation of the wapiti and he—being a good sportsman himself —promised and gave his active aid. Had it not been for this governmental action the wapiti could not have lasted long against the hide and head bounties. In the same way in the United States the great member of the family of *cervi* threatened to vanish forever, but the Washington authorities woke up with a start and by adopting stringent measures for its protection and enlisting public sentiment the danger of its total extinction was averted by the establishment of a herd in the Yellowstone Park. There, of course, the animals will be immune from trouble, but outside of the park, in the State of Wyoming, they are speedily dwindling away. It is true that several State legislatures have passed protective laws, but they seem to be in the same position as any other laws, *i.e.*, they are not observed because public spirit is not behind them.

In Canada, however, conditions are better. In the forests of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia the wapiti may be met with, and, as has been said, they are first to be encountered in Manitoba. Though often termed the Prairie Province, it must be remembered that less than half the area of Manitoba is prairie. The belt of prairie is the eastern extremity of the great veldt of the West which envelops the south-western half of the Province and "wears out" as it approaches the valley of the Red and the Riding and Duck Mountains. Bluffs and belts of deciduous trees lie irregularly scattered over this broad expanse or follow the convolutions of the rivers and streams, and in some localities the country is covered with

sporadic clumps of evergreens—the outposts of the great forests of conifers to the north. Through most of the length and breadth of this largely wooded country the moose roams, but the wapiti sticks closely to its beloved hill country. Formerly it was plentiful in Southern Manitoba, but now only an occasional straggler from the north is found in the more settled districts.

The numbers of the wapiti in Manitoba and Southern Saskatchewan cannot be computed with anything like accuracy. However, in spite of the persecution to which it has been subjected by the white hunter, it certainly exists in numbers quite sufficient to afford excellent sport. It is a pity that in the last two seasons altogether too many have been killed, and it is suggested that before the wapiti can be assured of perpetuation it will be necessary for the Manitoba Government to prohibit the sale of the hides or prevent their being shipped out of the Province The miserable head hunter, too, has been at his detestable work altogether too much, and many hundreds of Manitoba wapiti heads now ornament the walls of American mansions, the owners of which are probably not men enough to undertake the hardships of a hunting trip, nor sportsmen enough to be able to hold a rifle straight enough to kill at a hundred yards. They prefer to buy their trophies for cash and can tell fireside stories about their wonderful experiences in getting them. And, it must be remembered this Yankee market for wapiti heads is constantly growing. The Manitoba Government successfully legislated against the exportation of prairie chicken from the Province. Surely it would be equally easy to put a stop to this head-hunting and head-selling. It must be remembered that in most of these cases the flesh goes utterly to waste. One thing is certain: If something is not done in the direction indicated, the day of extermination of the Canadian wapiti is in sight.

Only in the Province of Manitoba, of all the divisions of the North American continent, are the two greatest of the deer tribe—the moose and the wapiti—to be found on the same range. The hunter, if he knows his craft, has, consequently, a first-rate chance of securing trophies of both. Last autumn one hunter saw nine wapiti and seven moose in two days' tramping, and any one of them could easily have been bagged. The wapiti is often hunted on snowshoes, but the hunter must know his business and be in good physical condition. Not seldom he will return to camp empty-handed in so far as any trophies of success go. The snowshoeing does not improve the nerves by any means, and this is easily understood when it is remembered that it brings into play an entirely new set of muscles. The action, too, is different, and the effect on the nerves is inevitable. Nevertheless, even though the hunter bags nothing tangible, he certainly "bags" good health and a clear eye. A couple of weeks in one of the finest game countries in the world cannot but benefit. Over the wapiti-moose country nature seems to have run riot in a bewildering chaos of muskeg and rock, ridge and swamp that stretches away to the north to the land of Little Sticks. Any man who can get away for the necessary time, and who knows how to handle a rifle, and who laughs at black flies, wettings and hardships of that kind, will make the mistake of his life if he does not accept my advice to take up the chase of the sandhill stag And I feel that it is unnecessary to say: "Do not kill for the sake of killing. Do not bring out more than one or two heads. Do your part in preserving the grandest of all the deer family, the peerless wapiti."

THROUGH THE WALL

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

WHEN I looked up from my seat in the park that morning, and saw Golightly coming down the walk carrying his inevitable parcel done up like a biscuit box, it needed a serious effort of memory to convince me that we had not parted over-night. Exactly so had he looked coming across the campus twenty years ago, and surely he had always carried that parcel which looked like a carefully done up biscuit box!

He would not know me, I reflected, for I had changed, though he had not. Changed! As I thought of the change in me, and what it meant, I shrank back in my seat. I had been so proud of my strength in the old days, and I had pitied Golightly because he was undersized and wizened, because his shoulders stooped and his gait slouched, and his head was so large as to appear wobbly. Once in our college days, I remember someone twitting him with the fact that a disproportionate head is a sign of inferior brain-power. "If that is so," he replied, "it is necessarily not my head that is too large, but my body which is too small."

We laughed at what we took to be his vanity. But none of us laughed long—the odd-looking freshman's extraordinary mental powers proved to be such that he might well be excused from modesty concerning them. Still, not caring really for mental superiority in those days, I had pitied him. Now I shrank in my seat, turning away lest he should pity me!

The odds were that he would pass. We had not seen each other for five years. I had been abroad, and he had been—no one knew where; yet without ever seeming to see me he came straight up to my bench and sat down, nodding a greeting as casually as if we had parted yesterday.

"How are you, Golightly?" I asked politely. He stared, and then laughed.

"Dear me! Been abroad learning manners, have we? I am in the most perfect and most excellent health, I thank you. And now, having disposed of these interesting preliminaries, let us get down to business."

It was my turn to stare. After five years of ordinary society it takes more than five minutes to adjust oneself to Golightly.

He tapped the bench impatiently.

"Well! Any more preliminaries?"

"It would be proper for you to inquire after my health, though, since you do not seem disposed to do so, I don't mind. But as for business—I do not know of any business, and I would not feel inclined to get down to it if I did. I am enjoying the morning."

Golightly shook his head.

"Oh, no, you are not. You think you are, but as a matter of fact, it is impossible for a man in your present state of mind—and health—to enjoy anything. You have forgotten the meaning of the word. Look—"

He pointed with one of his thin and crooked fingers to where, the roadway

being visible through the trees, we could see a dark procession moving by—all black against the blue and gold of morning.

"Someone is dead?" I asked carelessly. "Well—the morning remains."

Golightly smiled. He had a peculiar smile, not unpleasant but disconcerting.

"How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

"I am forty. And if you think a funeral procession can frighten me—I am not a child to be afraid of death."

"Bah! Did you ever see a child that was afraid of death? You never did, unless some older person had frightened it. No, my friend, it is not the young who are afraid of death. 'The morning remains,' you say. It is good to be a philosopher, especially is it good when one finds it necessary to consult Sir Alexander McKenzie about one's lungs—eh?"

I barely managed to suppress a start. I had not told anyone that I had consulted Sir Alexander about my lungs, still less what his opinion had been. I had a right to be angry at Golightly's remarks, but somehow I was not. Golightly's impertinences never seemed as impertinent as other people's. If he knew McKenzie's verdict, in the mysterious way in which he knew many things, well—it was almost a relief that someone knew!

"I thought you would not mind my mentioning it," he continued. "Besides, it was necessary. Do you still assert that you are not afraid of death?"

"I do not think that I am afraid."

"That is better. Perhaps you have never really tried to find out?"

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps you are a little bit afraid to inquire too closely?"

"I can't admit that."

"At any rate, you have never done so. But you have considered death in the abstract, I suppose?"

"Golightly!" I began irritably. Then, impelled to continue this odd discussion almost against my will, I answered shortly. "Yes."

"Ah! Then you have formed some belief—come to some conclusion?"

"I have formed no belief and come to no conclusion. I am content to leave the unknowable unknown."

"Really! You have no fear of, no interest in, the future?"

"Interest, of course, but fear — I think not."

"You are not frank with me. I know you are afraid. I know your fear is making you miserable. Yet you will not confess it—few will. Yet everyone is afraid. Everyone who is not too young or too old for blind believing—blind holding-on to an unquestioning instinct. Well, well! We may find a remedy in time."

"You forget the wise Cervantes, 'There is a remedy for everything but death.'"

Golightly snapped his finger.

"That! for the wise Cervantes, and that!"—he shook his clenched hand—"for death! You have breakfasted?"

"Some time ago." The sudden change of subject was so like Golightly that I hardly wondered.

"I don't suppose," Golightly's tone was anxiously persuasive, "that you would care for an ice-cream soda?"

I hid a smile, it seemed absurd that he should have changed so little! At college Golightly's passion for ice-cream had been a delicate subject. A more ludicrously misplaced appetite can scarcely be imagined — its existence had been the cause of many a jest—until the boys found jesting unsafe! Golightly, being painfully aware of the incongruity of his taste, had been sensitive to any notice of it. He had tried to conquer it and, failing, had endeavoured to justify its existence on the ground of heredity, for in this one respect his sense of humour was absolutely lacking. It became the fashion among his closest intimates to pretend to a consuming desire ice-cream-wards, a pretence which he accepted without question-

ing. All these memories flashed back so quickly that it was almost without hesitation that I answered gravely,

"I would enjoy a soda very much."

Golightly brightened.

"Ah," he said, "you see I remember your fondness for such things; not that I do not approve of it. The taste is innocent enough compared with our modern craving for stimulants."

I assented.

"But before we go, come over here, nearer to the road, where we can see something besides the trees. I want you to test something for me—a little invention of mine. It will prepare your mind and make it easier for me to explain to you my greater invention when I take you to my laboratory."

"You have a laboratory—and an invention?"

He looked at me impatiently. Then came his peculiar smile.

"I forgot I had not told you. Yes, I have a laboratory and an invention—at least, I suppose that word is as good as another. Let us stop here."

He had paused before a bench which faced the road where there were no trees.

"In the old days I remember that you were not excitable," said Golightly. "Are your nerves still sound? But I know they are or I wouldn't have come to you. Just glance across the way, what do you see?"

"A house, two houses, three—"

"Why do you not see what is inside those houses?"

"Without going into fatiguing explanations I suppose it is because my eyes are not capable of seeing through bricks."

"Exactly. I assure you the fault lies entirely in your eyes. Nature has so formed them that bricks and like opaque substances form a barrier beyond which the sight cannot go. I can explain—"

"Please don't, Golightly!"

"No? I remember that is one reason you and I used to get along so well. I did not like explaining, you did not like explanations. You are not of the scientific mind. Very well then, I shall be very simple. You can conceive of such an aid to sight that opaque substances are no longer a barrier?"

"With the aid of a very lively imagination, I can."

"Sit down, then, and let me test my invention."

I sat down obediently while Golightly unpacked the biscuit box parcel, and adjusted to my eyes some objects in shape not unlike small opera glasses. His contrivance was connected by wires, with a box or battery of some kind which he placed on the bench and manipulated by small keys. I hoped no one whom we knew would pass while the experiment was going on; our combined appearance, I fancied, was a trifle ludicrous.

Golightly gave one of the small keys a swift turn. "Now look!" he commanded. His voice was eager.

I looked. Instead of a red-brick wall and windows with half-drawn blinds I saw a decorously arranged front drawing-room and a tidy housemaid dusting chairs. For an instant I thought that I had been transported to a theatre and was looking at the stage, set for the first act of an old-fashioned drama. In a moment the door to the left would open and—enter the heroine reading a letter!

Then I began to realise. Everyone knows what it is to look through a pane of clear glass. The glass is there, you can feel it, in some way you are conscious of it, but as a barrier to sight it is practically non-existent. This is exactly what had happened to the brick wall—it had become as a pane of glass to me!

I moved my eyes to the next house, the outside of which was exactly like the first. I was looking into another drawing-room, furnished quite differently. A child sat at a piano, her music-master beside her. "One, two, one, two—thump!" He stopped her

peremptorily and she began all over again, "One, two, one, two." The little girl was evidently having a bad half-hour! I remembered hearing the sounds of persistent "one-twoing" earlier in the morning.

I turned my head a little to see still more, but immediately a sharp pain tingled at the bridge of my nose and forced me to close my eyes.

"Steady," said Golightly. "You should not have moved. It is not perfect enough for that, yet." A key clicked and the pain ceased. I opened my eyes and saw nothing save blank discs. Golightly removed the apparatus.

"Well?" he said.

I stared in wonder at the solid fronts of the houses opposite. The sounds of the little girl's martyrdom were distinctly audible.

"What was it? What did you do?" I asked bewildered.

He was beaming with delighted vanity—for all the world like a child who has done something smart.

"What did I do? I stole a march on nature. Won't let us see through the brick walls, won't she? Well I, Golightly, will see through brick walls if I wish, and you, my friend, shall see with me. It is very simple! Would you like that ice-cream soda now?"

I was still dazed.

"You think it is too early?" disappointedly.

"Too early?" With an effort I brought my mind back to an ice-cream level. "No. Let us go. I shall enjoy it very much. But Golightly, this invention—it is very wonderful, is it not?"

"It may lead to something—very wonderful," said Golightly slowly.

"Is it dangerous?"

"To the eyes?—oh, no."

I thoughtfully rubbed the bridge of my nose. Golightly grinned.

"I forgot to tell you not to move," he said. "It is not perfect yet. When it is perfect there will be no danger."

"But consider what it means?" I argued. "If we are all going to live in glass houses—" I paused dismayed. "What about the fun of throwing stones? Are you going to give us a stoneless world, Golightly—?"

He waved his hand impatiently.

"It is a trifle. No one need know that it is possible—until someone else finds it out. As for me, I shall not use it, save as a means—a means." He looked at me queerly. "Did I not tell you that it might lead to something wonderful? Seeing through brick walls is not wonderful."

"Isn't it?"

"The merest commonplace, but—what flavour will you have?"

I realised that we had turned into a resplendent drug store, fitted with a soda-fountain.

"Cherry, please—but Golightly—"

"Plenty of ice-cream in ours," interrupted Golightly anxiously. "I remember that you liked yours that way," he explained to me.

I consumed my cherry soda, and another at Golightly's pressing invitation. I think I would have tried a third had he insisted. But with a sigh he let it go at two.

"I am afraid that you are over fond of it," he told me. "Two is all that is really good for you. And now let us go to the laboratory. I can show you something, not much, and tell you something, very little yet, but some day there will be something very wonderful! Afterwards—perhaps another soda would not hurt you."

Where the laboratory was is immaterial. It occupied the back half of the top floor of a commonplace building in a commonplace street. Any description of its interior would be the description of hundreds of similar places. The one outstanding feature seemed to be general untidiness.

Golightly cleared a chair for me by the simple method of sweeping its contents on to the floor. His bright eyes never seemed to leave my face.

"Tell me," he said, "what of everything you can think of would you like most to see?"

I considered.

"There is really nothing. I have seen a great many things, but I cannot say that I especially desire to see any of them again."

"Oh, well, perhaps in your present state of mind that is possible. I expected it, and a certain detachment from things of this world will be all the better for our experiment. Think now of some person whom you long, long very much to see."

"There is no one."

"No one! Perhaps you do not catch my meaning?"

"I have friends, yet there is no one whom I long, long very much to see." Golightly's eyes were fixed on mine with a very peculiar expression, and suddenly I remembered that he must have heard about Monica, and the tragic ending of our great happiness.

"My wife is dead," I explained briefly.

"I know it. And now be frank with me. You are eating your heart out with longing for something. There is a certain knowledge for which you would risk anything. Am I not right? I know how your wife died, and I have guessed the dread that haunts you; but I must hear it from yourself. Tell me, I believe I may be able to help you."

Looking back, I wonder that the oddity of this strange catechism did not strike me at the time. Ordinarily I am a reserved man, and the likelihood of my discussing my inmost feelings with anybody seems too remote for consideration. Yet the impulse to confide in Golightly was strong. He was in such deadly earnest, and I was so weary of the endless pretence of carelessness, I answered him slowly.

"There is one thing. But you cannot help me! You know that Monica died insane, quite hopelessly insane. I would give every moment of the remaining years of my life if I could be sure that she—" I caught myself up sharply. After all, what good could come of discussing impossibilities!

"Ah!" Golightly's sigh seemed one of supreme satisfaction. "It is as I thought—and hoped. The one thing you care about in this world is the possibility of finding the wife you love in the next—of finding her with her reason unclouded? Am I not right?"

I nodded.

"So we come back to the point from which we started. Yet in the park you would not admit that you were concerned with the mystery of death. Yet who are you that you should be different from everyone else? What did I tell you—is not death the King of Terrors?"

"It is true," I answered heavily.

"Let me speak frankly. You are forty, comparatively a young man. Yet in a year you must have passed out of this world. That is what the specialist told you? Yes. I do not misunderstand your attitude. You do not shrink from death because when Monica died the best of life was already over for you. Only—what comes after? What is the mystery—in your case so doubly terrible? Is it reunion, unclouded reunion — or nothing?"

"In a year's time I shall know."

"Ah, but that year! What would you give to know *now*?"

I was startled. How did he guess the horrible temptation which had tortured me lately—the temptation to *know?* He read my thought and smiled.

"I was not thinking of anything as weak as suicide," he said dryly.

"The consolation of religious faith, then? I am afraid that cannot help me. I have known people, many people, who have no fear, no uncertainty even, or seem to have none. They are—*sure*. But I—if she had left me, knowingly, with a smile and a backward look, it might be different. But she went out in the dark! I cannot be sure. Yet I think I am not an irreligious man."

"Faith is a wonderful thing," mused Golightly. "I do not pretend to deny its existence or its power. It

is at the foundation of all knowledge. But it is not for every man. At least every man does not grasp it. Let us put it aside for the present. Listen, you saw through a brick wall this morning, can you conceive the possibility of seeing through the great wall?"

Was he mad? I watched him closely, but he continued undisturbed.

"I always think of it as a wall—an invisible wall, elastic, impregnable, impossible to penetrate. But we might see—surely we might *see!* Come," jumping up, "we will delay the experiment no longer. You will be the first, the very first, to catch a glimpse! It will be only a glimpse, as yet, perhaps not that. There is much to do; it will mean years of labour but I am on the right track—I know I am on the right track!"

If he was mad there were no traces of it. Excited he was, but no more than might well be expected of an inventor on the eve of an experiment with a new invention. With methodical carefulness he began to put together the apparatus he needed.

"We will not try our experiment indoors," he explained. "It must be outside. Not that poor stone and mortar would be a hindrance, but it is my fancy to have the first test out under the sky. It may be easier, who knows?"

"Do you really think it possible—"

"I have thought it possible for many years. Now I know it is possible. I do not know much more. I shall know how nearly possible to-day. Then—back to work, work, work! I will make the possible the actual! What do you think, shall not I, Golightly, leave the world happier? It shall bless my name, I tell you, for making it happier!'

"Have you tried this experiment in your own case, Golightly?"

"Only partially. It is not possible to test it properly without aid. I have not cared to seek aid. People might believe me mad."

"Perhaps I believe you mad."

"Perhaps you do. But you won't presently. And you won't run away from the experiment. It means too much. You would give the remaining year of your life, you said—well, I couldn't ask more! As a matter of fact I ask nothing. Whether we succeed or fail there will be no danger to you."

"I am not afraid."

"Carry this then—no, I had better take it myself. Let us go."

The day was at its brightest when we came to the place which Golightly had selected. It was near, yet outside, the city, secluded, peaceful. Woods rose behind and on either hand, a little river closed in the foreground. We were not likely to be disturbed. Golightly began to arrange his batteries.

"You understand," he said, "you are not going into any trance; there will be absolutely no influence brought to bear on your mind. My invention has nothing to do with that kind of thing. I will enable you to see—that is all. You know the wonders of the microscope, the revelations of the telescope. My instrument shall be called the 'clearoscope,' because when it is perfected we shall see clearly what now we try so hard to believe, without sight."

A certain nervousness, which I had tried in vain to conquer, began to gain on me.

"Now then," said Golightly, "you will sit down. I will adjust the instrument to your eyes, and you will tell me what you see. You are nervous, but it will pass. Try to understand that there is nothing that is not perfectly natural in your experience."

"But am I to speak? Will not speech spoil the experiment?"

"Heavens, man! this isn't a séance! You are not pulling down the wall—you are only seeing through. The wall is just as real as ever. If you danced a jig all the time you looked it would make no difference, except that it would break the instrument. Now then!"

I sat down obediently. I expected nothing, that is, I tried to expect nothing, but Golightly's confidence was highly infectious. I closed my eyes and took a firm hold of my nerves, while Golightly adjusted his instrument.

"Look!" said Golightly. I opened my eyes and saw—the green slope to the river, the trees to the right and left, and the water flashing in the sun. It was the same scene on which I had closed my eyes. Yet wait, was it the same? I had not noticed its supreme beauty before. Never in my life had I seen such wonderful colour —such marvellous harmony of colour! The scene appeared to be wrapt in an atmosphere which beautified it almost beyond power of telling. I sat silent in a great enjoyment of it.

"Well?" said the sharp voice of Golightly. "What do you see?" He was breathing heavily.

"The river," I answered, "and the trees—but something is different—it is more lovely. I cannot explain why —oh! it is glorious!"

"Ah!" It was a long sigh of relief. "Continue to look," he added quietly.

It was easy to obey him. I felt that I would never tire of that wonderful landscape.

"It is a new earth!" I murmured involuntarily.

"Ah!" said Golightly.

How long I looked I do not know, but perhaps we sat there, quite silent, for nearly an hour. Then——

"There is a lady near the river," I said. "She is coming this way. Shall I remove the instrument?"

"No," said Golightly, "she will not notice."

"But she can't help it. She will pass quite close to us. Golightly! Look at her. Is she not beautiful? I believe she has the most lovely face I have ever seen. I say—let us go somewhere else. Perhaps we are intruding. I feel as if we ought not to be here. There! she is gone—where did she go?"

I looked around. The lady with the lovely face was certainly gone. Golightly was fussing steadily with his batteries.

"It is very imperfect," he muttered, "very imperfect—still—"

"Where did she go?" I demanded.

"She was never here," he replied coolly. "That is—she was here, of course, but I did not see her."

"What do you mean? She passed quite close to you."

"I do not doubt it. Yet I did not see her. There has been no one here visible to my eyes."

"You mean—"

"You are seeing through?—yes."

A strange thrill ran through me. Was it possible, or could Golightly be lying? I knew that she had passed across the glade—I knew it. Yet——

"Don't get excited," warned Golightly, "or you will be distrusting your impressions later. After all, it is not more wonderful than wireless telegraphy and other marvels which have come to seem commonplace. You have caught a glimpse, that is all."

"You wish me to believe that the lady I saw was—a spirit?"

"If you saw her, she must have been—at least the word 'spirit' is as good as another. There has been no lady here."

There was no possibility of doubting him. I knew Golightly well, and the accents of truth and earnestness in his voice were unmistakable. The last of my nervousness and incredulity passed away. I could not doubt that here was the beginning of something destined to be the greatest discovery of all time. A glorious certainty at once calmed and excited me.

"Do not imagine," said the quiet voice of Golightly, "that you are seeing as spirits see, you are getting only the merest glimpse—"

"Hush!" I said. "Hush! There are some children—oh! they are gone." I was bitterly disappointed.

"It is possible that you were tired," said Golightly gently. "Rest a little" He unfastened the "clearoscope" and let it drop. What! Was

this dull scene the one I had thought so lovely when I had seen it first—could it be possible that I had really considered that sun bright, that grass green?

"Where is the light?" I asked involuntarily.

"It was never here," replied Golightly, "the light you saw was the first glimmer of 'the light that never was on sea or land.' Close your eyes and rest. Then you may look again."

I was tired—very tired! But I could not rest.

"Golightly?" I said.

"What is it?"

"If I had spoken to her—that lady—if I had asked about Monica—"

"You are too tired to understand," he answered. "You forget. You did not pierce the invisible wall. You were no nearer the spirit you saw than you are at the present moment. Had you spoken, your voice could not have reached her any more than it could reach her now. You were only 'seeing through.' I am afraid," abruptly, "that I ought not to have allowed you to try the experiment. You are exhausted."

"No, I am not. You must not think so. You promised to let me try again I am quite strong enough."

He shook his head.

"But you must! Think, Golightly, I have only a year to live. Not that long. I know it. This is my last chance of settling the awful question that has been making my last days full of fear. Let me look once more. Let me be sure that the lady I saw was not a fantasy of an over-excited imagination."

"You are more excited now than you were then. Here, take this!" He took from his pocket a small vial containing some green liquid. "It will help you to pull yourself together. Now stay quite quiet and rest awhile."

I drank the medicine; it had a pleasant acid taste. Then we both sat very silent, lost in our own thoughts. At last Golightly spoke abruptly.

"That matter of communication," he said. "I know nothing about it. But I should imagine that if one world might call to another it could only be by the spirit calling to the spirit, since the spirit must be controlled by some laws common to both worlds."

"You mean——"

"I mean that if you would speak to Monica—call her. Call her spirit with the call of your spirit. Did she love you?"

"She did love me."

"Then it may be possible—but I cannot tell. You may be terribly disappointed. Are you rested now?"

I had never before seen Golightly in this mood. Interesting he had always been, cynical, absorbed, brilliant, lovable in a strange way of his own, but never had he been like he was now. A mother could not have been more completely gentle.

"I am quite rested," I said eagerly. We again adjusted the "clearoscope." Again I was looking out on that transfigured world, but now I looked with a glimmer of understanding, and there was a purpose in my heart.

I called to her. If there was a voice within me that she could hear I knew that she must have heard! My whole being called her in an ecstasy which annihilated time and every sensation belonging to it. The light which rested on the new world grew brighter, yet no one moved across the glade. She did not come. Once more I called her as I called her on the night when the temptation to *know* had been almost irresistible.

Then, suddenly, the awful suspense slackened, my call had been heard, answered! I could not see her yet, but I knew that she was near.

"She is coming," I said aloud.

When at last I saw her crossing the green turf I knew her far away. No other woman ever moved like that! But her face! Did Monica look like that? I had known that she was not beautiful, only beautiful to me. But now her loveliness might dazzle and delight the world. Yet it was Monica,

Monica with the light of reason and the soft fire of love in her eyes. She came quite near. I put out my hand.

"Remember the wall," said Golightly. His voice sounded far away and unreal.

I opened my lips to speak. To tell her——

"Remember the wall!"

But I had forgotten! She had come so close. Her eyes were looking clearly into mine. There was no wall! She was as close to me as she had been that unfortunate morning years ago. I called her name, springing to my feet—Then a sharp shock and everything grew black.

I opened my eyes to find Golightly observing me solemnly.

"It is your own fault. I told you not to move," he said briefly.

"I forgot. But I am not hurt. Let me look again. I saw her, Golightly—I saw her!"

"Yes, I believe you did. But it would be useless to look again, even if you could stand the strain. Your sudden jerk has broken some of the mechanism. The 'clearoscope' is useless for the present."

"For the present?"

"Oh, it is nothing that I cannot repair. But I want to get a little further along before I experiment again."

"You will let me help you?"

"I will come for you if at that time you are able to stand it."

"I shall be able. I am tired now, but that will pass. You have given me a new lease of life. I think it was despair as much as disease that was killing me. I was afraid."

Golightly began to gather his apparatus together. His gentle mood seemed to have passed.

"Well," he responded almost snappishly. "See that you take care of yourself. If you are not a great deal stronger you will not be present at any more experiments. I don't want my experimenters fainting on my hands. It wastes too much time. I haven't any time to waste. Think of the work I have to do and only a score of years, perhaps, to do it. My father died at eighty, but my grandfather lived out the century. I am very strong, but then I work very hard. I do not expect to go above eighty. I have a donkey of a doctor who tells me that my heart is wrong. Do I look like a man whose heart is wrong? Rubbish! Are you able to walk now? No, I don't want you to carry anything. Here, give the box to me."

Both of his hands were already full, but I felt too worn out to protest, too entirely happy to care about anything. We did not speak at all during our walk to the car, and the silence of our ride into the city was broken only once, that time by Golightly.

"An ice-cream soda might do you good," he remarked thoughtfully.

I told him I was sure it would. Golightly stopped the car.

"Better have pine-apple this time," he said. I agreed. We had two pine-apple sodas. Golightly seemed to be limiting himself to two. I do not remember what he talked about, but I think it had to do with the action of the different flavouring extracts on the digestion. I did not pretend to listen, which vexed him a little, I think. At any rate, he grew quite short with me, and refused the offer of my company back to the laboratory. Had I been less self-absorbed, less selfishly happy, who knows what difference it might have made?

"We part here, I suppose," said Golightly when we stood once more upon the pavement. "You need not come back with me, you are evidently too tired to take any interest in intelligent conversation. Take care, don't knock against the box. It wants careful handling!"

"Golightly," I said, "next time, couldn't you fix things so that *you* could look?"

"I suppose I could. I do not want to look. I have no one to look for."

This sudden revelation of himself, standing on the pavement waiting for

an electric car, was so like Golightly! I might have lived with him for years, and not have been honoured with so much confidence. His tone was distinctly irritable and the fierce expression on his puckered face was certainly not one with which we usually accompany heart-to-heart confidences. Yet it was a confidence he gave me.

"I suppose I had a mother," he went on, "but I never knew it. My father I have no wish to encounter in this world or the next. There has never been a woman, good, bad, or indifferent, in my life—too ugly, I suppose. Well, good-bye. Look me up when you feel better. Here's my car. No, leave the box alone; I can manage it!" As if by an after-thought he added, "Come a week from to-day —don't knock—if I'm busy I shan't hear you."

In a week's time I went as he bade me. Hope is a great elixir, and I was better and stronger than I had ever expected to be again. I sprang up the long stairs in the old fashion, two steps at a time, and, without knocking, went in. Golightly was seated at a table under the sky-light; about him lay the different parts of the injured "clearoscope"; the lens he held in his hand.

"Isn't it ready?" I asked. The sudden disappointment was like a blow. And then I saw that he was not sitting straight, but was bent forward—oddly.

"Golightly!" I cried, shaking him in a sudden panic of fear. The lens rattled to the floor with a crash—the stiffened form slipped forward—

* * * * *

"Heart disease!" said the solemn man of medicine. "I have treated him for it for years. He never would believe it was serious—called me a donkey! He never would take any care of himself, worked almost day and night with this rubbish"—a comprehensive wave of his hand—"and with no result. He was a little mad, I fancy. It's a good thing that he had no one's happiness depending on him."

I looked at the useless "rubbish" on the table, and at the helpless hand from which the lens had slipped.

"Only the happiness of the whole world!" I said. And, suddenly, I laughed!

"Don't allow yourself to become hysterical," remarked the doctor calmly.

AWAKENING

By MARGARET O'GRADY

Was it last night we said good-bye,
Or do I dream, dear friend,
And count these endless years as days?
Memory knows no place, no time—
Only the parting of the ways.

Then anguished stars and listless wind,
Sighed my litanied thoughts to you,
Tired, patient heart, which frets
For days and dreams that were not true.

POSTAL "REFORMS" IN 1787

BY W. R. GIVENS

IN these swift moving times, when we are in almost instant communication with remote as with near parts of the world, and when ocean liners and transcontinental trains are annihilating time and distance, it is hard for the generation of to-day to conceive that only a few years ago all things were different and that the time and the actions then were very slow moving. The writer himself has often had this truth presented to him in one form or another, but scarcely ever has it been driven home to him in so forcible or striking a manner as the other day when he was examining some letters, preserved in his wife's family, having to do with a former Deputy Postmaster-General of New Brunswick, Mr. Christopher Sower, a United Empire Loyalist whose property in Philadelphia was confiscated because of his allegiance to England in the War of the Revolution. This is the same Sower to whom Governor Simcoe wrote on numerous occasions, these letters having been published in a recent number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. Apparently — and it would seem through Governor Simcoe's importunities—Mr. Sower finally settled in St. John, New Brunswick, where he became prominent in the affairs of that province, in time becoming Deputy Postmaster-General--a rather high-sounding title it would seem for the comparatively little work that in those days could have devolved upon him by virtue of his office.

Yet the deputies of the various Provinces and their associates were even then not without their troubles and problems, for it is very clear from Mr. Sower's numerous papers that they were constantly urged to give, in point of expedition and regularity, a postal service such as even then the times scarcely warranted. Yet that like the green-grocer they "strove to please" is evidenced by a proposal submitted to Lord Dorchester, Governor, in the year 1787, "for the conveyance of letters once every month between Halifax in Nova Scotia and Quebec." This is submitted by Hugh Finlay, Deputy Postmaster-General of Quebec, with the approval apparently of all the other deputies. In the light of the development and doings of to-day this "step forward" —this proposition for a monthly service—seems both pitiful and ludicrous: yet in 1787 it was evidently deemed a decided advance. The plan, as preserved by Mr. Sower on parchment long since yellow, is as follows, the punctuation, spelling, etc., being followed exactly:

"PLAN for conveying letters once every month between Halifax in Nova Scotia, and Quebec.

"There is already a regular Post once a fortnight between Halifax and St. Johns: by that conveyance such letter as are put into the Post Office at Halifax and directed for Canada are forwarded, so far,

Tho' the receipt of postage at St. Johns was great or greater than the receipt at Halifax, the Post Office there contributes nothing towards the expense of carrying the mails which produce that postage as the office at Halifax pays all.

The Deputy Post Master of New Brunswick Mr. Sower forwards to his deputy Mr. Hayt at Fredericton, all the letters for Canada, as well those sent to his care in mails from Halifax and elsewhere, as those put in at the office at St. Johns: there is no regular conveyance from thence to Fredericton ninety miles higher up the River, but there's such frequent opportunities offering that the mails are not detained at St. Johns. At Fredericton letters may lie long unless sent forward by a special messenger.

To prevent delay a Courier might be dispatched once a month from Fredericton to Quebec, at an expence of less than £15 a trip—£175 for twelve journeys. But it may be ask'd how that messenger is to be paid —Will the postage chargeable on the letters passing, pay the expence? as likewise the expence of a monthly messenger between St. Johns and Fredericton, necessary to secure regularity and dispatch.

It is probable that as soon as it is known through the neighboring Provinces and in England that a regular conveyance is established tho' but once a month between Halifax and Quebec the mercantile correspondence will encrease that way and fully defray all expence of Couriers.

If this Plan can take place among the Deputy Post Masters General of these Provinces, every office on that route may contribute toward paying the expence in proportion to the advantage it receives from the services performed.

Suppose Mr. Peters at Halifax pays for his Courier to St. Johns £100—Mr. Sowers for a courier between his office and the office at Fredericton £50—and that Mr. Finlay pays £175 for Couriers from there to Quebec the chain of messengers would cost £325 annually—and supposing the total yearly receipt of postage at the offices on the route might be Four Hundred Pounds, viz.:

At Halifax for all letters brought to that office by Couriers, £50; Thence Mr. Peter's proportion of the expence would be £40 12s. 6d.

At Annapolis, £30; Mr. Tucker's proportion, £24 7s. 6d.

At Digby, £5; Mr. ———— proportion, £4, 1s. 3d.

At St. Johns, £80; Mr. Sower's proportion, £65.

At Fredericton, £35; Mr. Hayt's proportion, £28 8s. 9d.

At Quebec, £200; Mr. Finlay's proportion, £162 10s.

Then every office which does not employ a Courier, but which reaps advantage from the services of those employ'd by other offices would pay its just proportion of the General expence until solid and permanent regulations can take place for carrying on Post Office business by a regular and well-connected chain through all his Majesty's Provinces on this Continent.

If it shall be found that the Postage received pay the expence of conveyance, mails may be dispatched once a fortnight or oftener. All which is humbly submitted to the Right Honorable Lord Dorchester the Governor General by his Excellency's

Most faithfully servant
HUGH FINLAY
Deputy Post Master General for
the Province of Quebec.

General Post Office Quebec
1st January 1787.

Almost as interesting, because illustrative of the business done in St. John, New Brunswick, in the year 1791, is a bill of expenses of the office, as carefully preserved by Mr. Sower, as follows:

Account of Incidental Expences of the Post Office at Saint John New Brunswick, from 5th of July, 1791, to the 2nd of August following, when Mr. William S. Oliver took charge of it.

	£	s.	d.
Paid James Sutter his salary from the 5th July to 5th of October	15		
Paid Alexander Morton, master of one of The Packets, on account of his salary from 5 July to 5 October 1791	4	13	9
Paid Mordicai Lester for his trouble and expence taking charge of a mail to go express that afterwards sent by Mr. Sealey		6	3
Paid Mr. Seth Sealey for taking charge of a mail to be delivered at the Fredericton office		5	
Paid Thomas Hanford Junior for a quire of paper		1	
Paid James McPherson, Penny Post for carrying out such letters as were not called for between 5 July and 2nd August, 1797		8	2
	£20	14	2

for Mr. Sower
Monson Hayt.

And as if to impress that the whole affair was conducted on strictly busi-

ness principles the receipts from the various persons designated as having been paid, are attached to the statement. That from Lester is perhaps the most typical. It is as follows:

Received from the General Post Office in Saint John New Brunswick, August 2nd 1791, Six shillings and three pence, as a reward for the disappointment, expence and trouble I have been at in consequence of being hired yesterday by Mr. Hayt to go express with a mail to Fredericton this morning—Mr. Hayt having hired a Mr. Sealey who is going to that place, to take charge of it for a small reward——having signed two receipts of this tenor and date.
£0:6:3. MORDI LESTER.

Despite all this, it would seem that complaints against Mr. Sower's conduct of the office were not infrequent. Unlike the complaints of today, which go to the Postmaster-General in Canada—the spirit and the fact of Home Rule being now much in evidence, and in the writer's opinion it is well that it is so—these complaints went to the then fountain head, the Government in England, which at that time knew so little of Canada that the wonder is that its decisions should have been so meekly accepted. However, perhaps that is neither here nor there. The fact, nevertheless, remains, as the appended letter will show, that such complaints did go to England and that in the Sower case they so disgusted him that he seriously considered resigning his position. Whether he did or not the records at hand do not show, though his friend Watson's advice was to "hold on." Watson's letter follows:

London 14th August 1792.

Dear Sir:

Your duplicate letter of Nov. 24th I have recently received, the original not having reached my hand. I am my self convinced not only of the rectitude of your conduct but of your dilligence and punctuality in the discharge of your publick duty and as yet I have not heard a whisper to your prejudice. Had there been ought wrong my friend at the Post Office would have informed me. I take it for granted he formed no opinion on the complaint made by Mr. Peters but as a matter of course refered the enquiry to the Lieut-Governor whose report I should like to see. I have been twice at the Post Office wishing to see Lord Walsingham on this business and that of your pay as Post Master but his Lordship was and is still out of town and its probable I may not see him before the sailing of the ship by which I now write. if I do you will learn by the addition I shall make to this letter, if not you may be assured I will not suffer the matter long to rest without enquiry. In the interim it is my advice that you continue the office of Post Master. I can by no means agree to your giving it up, although it is now of little consequence it may hereafter be an object of importance either to yourself or Son, and as to the little vexations you meet with, let them pass as matter of course. Consoling yourself with the reflection that you have neither sought or deserved them. Mr. Oliver called on me as you intimated he would and I told him as I now write you that I could not give you the least encouragement to give up the office—for which reason I surpress your letter to Mr. Todd (?) The House will write on matters of business and you will soon hear further from me.

I am with regard
Your friend & humble Servant,
BROOK WATSON.

In connection with Sower and other United Empire Loyalists—and leaving now the Post-office side of the matter—it is only too clear that the Home Government was very exacting in its demands that such Loyalists as presented petitions for redress—and Sower presented many on behalf of his friends as well as one on behalf of himself—should have their standing before the court fully verified. Hence it is that we find such "Testimonials" as the following—the first of which show Sower in the light of a confidential worker with the lamented Major Andre. They are:

Cross Street Hatton Garden,
Feby 7th 1784.

I certify that I have long been intimately acquainted with Mr. Christopher Sower Jr. late of Germantown near Philadelphia—that throughout the whole American Rebellion he has employed his own personal interest and that of his Family which extended over the Province of Pennsylvania in behalf of his King and Country—that before he could join the Royal Army he was eminently useful in keeping his Coun-

trymen steady to their allegiance, and afterwards sought every opportunity to render service to the cause of Britain—Some of these services I can testify from my intercourse with the late Major Andre to have been of the most delicate and confidential nature—I believe indeed, that he does not stand in need of this my feeble testimony, and that he will stand recommended to his Majesty's Servants by Names of much superior Authority — I have however cheerfully complied with his request in this matter and shall be at all times ready to confirm upon Oath not only this general declaration in his favor, but the several particulars that have come to my knowledge—Given under my hand the day and year above written.

DAN G. BATWELLE,
Missionary of York and Cumberland Counties in Pennsylvania.

I do hereby certify that I have been acquainted with the bearer Christopher Sower Junior late of Philadelphia, some years & know that he hath uniformly conducted himself as a Loyal Subject & true friend to his Majesty's Government.

S. SHOEMAKER.

New York Aug. 18th, 1778.

I do certify that I am well acquainted with Christopher Sower, Junior who is a person of good character and has on all occasions exerted himself as a loyal and zealous Subject in Behalf of His Majesty's Government during the late Rebellion in America; by which means he has greatly suffered in his person and property.

WM. FRANKLINE
late Gov. of New Jersey.

London Jan. 16th, 1784.

So far as the records show, however, Sower never received anything from the Home Government to reimburse him. He has, however, left behind him many old and interesting and important documents and papers and the signatures of many men who in the latter part of the eighteenth century were prominent in the affairs of the Empire.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN AND I

BY DOUGLAS ROBERTS

The wind and the rain have come for me.
They have found me here in the city room.
They have come from the open plains for me,
To take me back where the wild things bloom.

The hard, steel ways are strange to us,
And noisy and bare to our vagrant feet;
Here rain must run in just one way,
And the wind must follow the long straight street.

The wind from off the barren grounds
Is pausing under my prison eaves.
The naked rain from the northern marsh
Stops here with me and with me grieves.

I have lived my years with both of them.
They have taught me the freedom that they know;
So now I love the pathless wilds
Where I can go the way they go.

THE MYSTERY OF LINCOLN

By Robert E. Knowles

THERE are few things in life so fascinating as the study of the secret of greatness. The world is never weary of digging and delving in that mysterious soil wherein the life of a great man has struck its hidden roots. A great man, we say —how carelessly oftentime, with but little sense of the significance of the term. For every truly great man stands before us a mystery, something for which we can not account, endowed with certain powers—or, better still, with power, a nameless attribute—which betokens the special favour of the Infinite. Every truly great man, said one of the greatest, Thomas Carlyle, is a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night to guide us across this wilderness of life.

The element of mystery wraps the lives of the transcendant. We can but dimly wonder how they achieve the great results that seem to come so easily from their hands. What tools they work with, by what rule, under what inspiration to other men denied, we may not know. It is popular nowadays to account for great

achievements in terms of great industry; so much so, indeed, that most people are convinced that genius is "an infinite capacity for taking pains." This is a shallow proverb, and untrue. Genius—fruitful genius at least—goes hand in hand with industry; but industry, however passionate and sustained, cannot cope with that unearned increment of nature which we call genius for want of a better word. As well might swift and tireless walking cope with wings. A mediocre man may toil terribly; but a genius need not be idle the while—and he has his genius to the good. Let industry try its hand at the muse and give another "Cottar's Saturday Night"; let it cultivate an infinite capacity for taking pains and furnish another Gettysburg Address, before we accept it as the synonym for genius. Meantime we will repeat the adage, strangely unfamiliar as it is, that genius does what it must and talent does what it can; which, if it be true, presumes the presence of the Infinite—and lands us in the realm of mystery at once.

It is doubtful if history has produced a more mysterious personality than that which was incarnate in the long, gaunt, uncouth form of the man whose hundredth birthday will engage the attention of the world on the approaching 12th of February. Abraham Lincoln has been defined, and justly, as "the first American"—but he is far more than that. Of exclusively English stock, he is one of the most wonderful blooms of the parent stem. He is one of the greatest products of the Anglo-Saxon race. He is one of the few marvellous births of our common humanity.

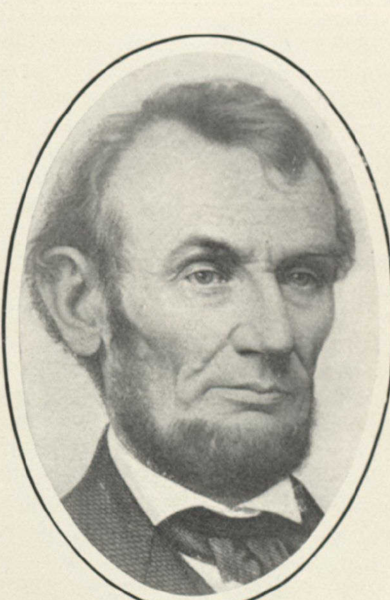
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WITH "TAD." THE BOOK IS THE BIBLE

And the spell that Abraham Lincoln exercises over all the world is undoubtedly bound up with the mystery of the man. Somewhat more than a thousand different biographers have tried their hand at its solution, but in vain. With reverent curiosity some, and with complacent smartness others, but all have sought to trace to their hidden source the sagacity, the eloquence, the insight, the humanity, the wit, the brooding tenderness—in a word, the power—of this unexplainable child of nature.

Let the mystery be outlined. Behold, a little more than a century ago, a log cabin, its solitary window of greased paper admitting the light of day amid the semi-wildness of a Kentucky clearance. Two inmates there, and newly-wed. The husband, Thomas Lincoln by name, is a poor specimen of the "poor whites," synonym for ignorance and superstition to half a continent. To the day of his death he could neither read nor write. His wife, Nancy Hanks before her marriage, herself first saw the light through a cloud of obscurity and shame. Her mother's name (Lucy Hanks) was of dread similarity to her own. The husband could not write his name; the wife scarcely dared.

It was on February 12th, 1809, that the first wail of the hapless infant floated through the miserable cabin. This infant was named Abraham for his father's father; which said grandfather had been killed and scalped by an Indian savage. Eight years flit by, and the lonely child has grown fast—a solitary child, his playground the sombre forest amid which the rude

shanty nestles. When eight years of age, in 1817, the little family moves, raft-borne along the stream, into the unbroken wilderness of Indiana. Again a log cabin serves as home, humbler than its predecessor—only three sides enclosed, the fourth open to the weather. A central fireplace pours its smoke forth through the open roof; the boy's bed, straw-built, is on some boards that rest on the rough rafters beneath the roof, and he climbs to it with the aid of a few pegs driven into the mud between the logs. But Abraham Lincoln grows, long, lank, leathery, with tanned and swarthy face crowned by a great shock of wiry, rebellious hair. The days and months pass by; the boy's mother falls sick. One midnight he is wakened to stand by the dying form, weeping. The yearning eyes look out on the boy's tear-stained face as he stands, scantily apparelled, in the candle's uncertain light. Still gazing, the mother's soul passes out into the Silent Kingdom, and the tears flow faster down the face that is yet to be familiar to latest generations. Six months later, the orphan plods fifty miles through the wilds and returns with a wandering Methodist preacher; the belated funeral service is held by the now greening grave in the glade of an Indiana forest.



MR. ROBERT LINCOLN, THE EMANCIPATOR'S SON, REGARDS THIS AS THE BEST PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF HIS FATHER

The years pass by, years of labour as a hired hand. Out of them all, young Lincoln snatches something less than nine months of schooling—eight miles a day he walks, to and from the forest school. The nights, unwasted too, find him prone on the earthen floor, reading what books he can by the light of the cabin fire—the Bible, Æsop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress, form the scanty library.

The year of grace 1830 comes—and the roving Thomas Lincoln moves again. Illinois this time provides the far-off fields of green. Buckskin breeches, coarse rawhide boots—stockings none—blue smock and copious cap of coonskin make up the dress of an ungainly youth of twenty-one, already six feet four, who waves his goad and plies his voice above a laggard yoke of oxen as the canvas-covered wagon makes its creaking way over the unpeopled prairie. That ox driver is yet to be called the Great Emancipator. Squatting at last, he splits the rails that fenced half of his father's new-acquired farm; tiring of this he turns river boy for a time, finally engaged to pole a raft down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Here slavery, grim and lurid, breaks upon him; here he registers his vow in Heaven to fight it unto death, but still clad in buckskin breeches and blue smock and coonskin cap.

Back by river to St. Louis—from St. Louis overland, and on foot, he makes his way to the Illinois hamlet of New Salem. Fifteen houses compose the village. Abraham Lincoln goes to work again, hired by this farmer and that, rail-splitting, drain-digging, cattle-tending. Suddenly comes a vacancy in the village store—he is employed. Finds a set of Blackstone at the bottom of a desert-

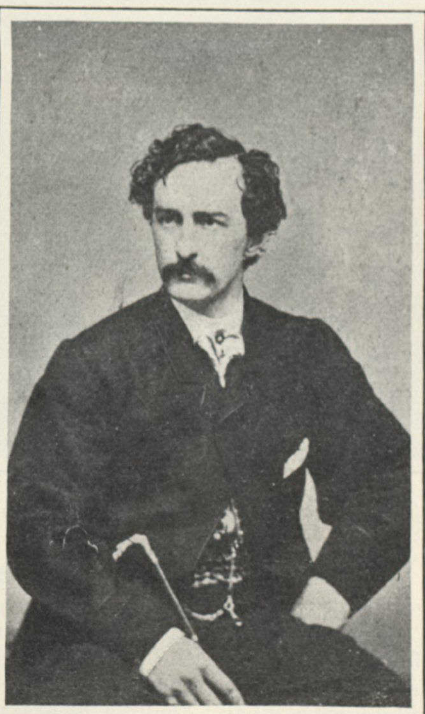
ed hogshead, containing much beside—and devours Blackstone, the rest ignored. Postmastership falls vacant—Lincoln is appointed; no office needed, nor indeed possible; carries letters about in his hat and delivers them at sight—but reads all papers before surrendering! Then he learns, furtively, the surveyor's science; secures instruments, which are presently seized for debt. Reads law diligently, building meantime an occasional pigsty, or splitting rails for the defenceless acres here and there. Then comes the year of grace 1837, wherein Abraham Lincoln presents himself before an obscure lawyer in Springfield—examination satisfactory, interview most social, probably moist—and the still blue-jeaned Lincoln is admitted to the Bar.

Behold a scene in April of this same 1837. Miscellaneous country store, kept by one Joshua Speed. It is evening, and the door slowly opens. Enter the lank, gaunt figure of a sad-faced man of twenty-eight, carrying a saddlebag; which saddlebag contains all his earthly possessions. He walks timidly toward the waiting Speed, his great form looming large in the twilight. He would know the cost of furnishing a bed, for he purposes to try to live in the village as a lawyer. Speed calculates, soiling a square foot of good brown paper the while. Seventeen dollars, quoth he. Abaraham Lincoln admits, sadly, that so much money he does not possess—nor sees likelihood of possessing. If Mr. Speed would trust him he might some day pay. Speed would trust him. Lincoln repents himself and says, sadly too, that he does not care to begin with so much of debt; starts silently for the door. Speed studies the face in the semi-darkness; calls him back; he has a bed of his own upstairs, he says, and the stranger is welcome to half of it till he gets a foothold. Lincoln demurs, then accepts, mumbling his thanks the while—the saddlebag is borne aloft to the room; and Speed knew not, through the long four years that followed, that he lay night by night beside one of the Immortals, toward whom the eyes of future generations should be backward turned in reverence.

Long years after Lincoln's martyr crown was won, Joshua Speed referred to this life-romance in words like these: "I remember his face as he came into my store that April evening. I slept beside him for four years. And now I can hardly realise it. To think that he was dependent on me for a place to lay his head, all his worldly goods in the saddlebag that lay upon the floor—and then to recall that I lived to visit him in the White House as President of the United States, to see him holding his own with the greatest statesmen of Europe, making and unmaking generals and admirals, holding his Cabinet of stalwarts in the hollow of his hand, carrying in his bosom the greatest war of history, despatching ambassadors to foreign courts and dispensing the patronage of his august office, directing the legislation of a nation, holding in his hands the fortunes of millions and the lives of tens of thousands, affixing his signature to a document that gave liberty to four millions of the human race, saving an empire to itself and to the cause of liberty, and, at last, his country delivered and his cause triumphant, dying amid the grief and reverence of Christendom—all this is more like a dream than reality."

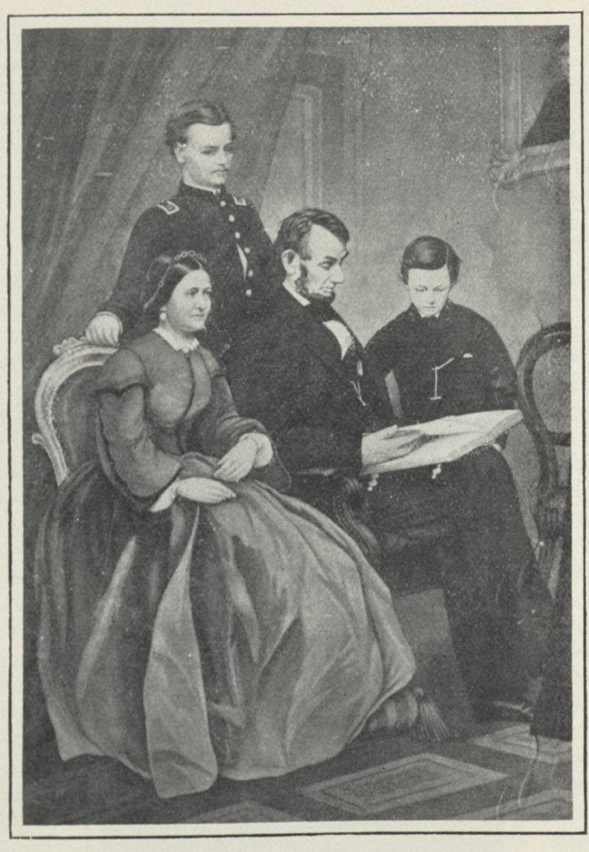
Marvellous indeed was it all, as his old bed-fellow might well exclaim. Herein lies the charm of Lincoln's chequered story—in its mystery. We do not marvel greatly at the career, for instance, of such a man as Gladstone. Born in the same year as Lincoln, 1809, when 1832 arrived Gladstone had passed through Oxford with singular distinction, one of the first scholars of his age. He had travelled far, had drunk from almost every spring of learning on the Continent, had acquired many languages,

had shared the stimulating friendship of men like Kinglake and Newman and Tennyson, and had taken his seat in the House of Commons as the nominee of the Duke of Newcastle. In that same year, 1832, Lincoln was heard to say: "I've a notion to study English grammar if I knew where I could get one." Someone told him that an old school-master, Mentor Graham, seven miles afield, had such a thing; and that same night Lincoln traversed the fourteen miles to borrow the precious volume. Such was the handicap of his beginning — and how swiftly he overtook his great contemporary all the world knows now. Gladstone himself, Nestor though he was, has left no contribution to political oratory, to human literature, such as fell from the lips of this untutored orator, who said: "He that would be no slave must have no slave"; or again, "What is inherently right is politically safe"; or again, "Let us highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain . . . . that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth"; or again, and noblest of them all, "With malice towards none, with charity toward all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us seek to finish the work we have begun." Montalembert commended Lincoln's style as a model for the imitation of princes. Probably none of Lincoln's varied gifts is so significant of his greatness as his wonderful power with words. Many of his phrases have become part of the daily speech of mankind. Few had so quick and reverent a sense of the wizardry of language, few could detect with so delicate an instinct the opal shades of words. Witness his well-known revisal of Secretary Seward's letter to the English Government concerning the Trent affair; Lincoln's verbal genius made the difference between peace and war. But doubtless his greatest triumph in this realm was won in his Gettysburg Address. From that same platform Edward Everett, one of the most eloquent *litterateurs* of the day, delivered a speech of two hours and a quarter in duration — now no man knows its sepulchre. Lincoln jotted his on the back of an envelope as the train bore him toward the battlefield; it occupied two minutes in delivery, but the English-speaking world has memorised it, and Immortality has "taken it out of Time's careless keeping into her own."



WILKES BOOTH, WHO ASSASSINATED LINCOLN

We look in vain for adequate provocation for Lincoln's separate powers. Whether it be as statesman, or orator, or diplomat, or commander, or wit, or seer, the contemplation of his strength an l triumphs baffles our understanding. From such depths derived, to such heights ascending, his flight mocks the eye of reason. An untried country lawyer, he was



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, HIS WIFE AND TWO SONS

thrust to the nation's helm amid such a storm as seldom ever smote a people; the plain man of the prairies was called, as in a single night, to responsibility as great as was ever laid on human shoulders. And with what majesty of self-control he climbed the dizzy heights! Napoleon's power made him drunken, as with wine—and he betrayed his people, snatching greedily at Imperial glory, and fell prone at last. But Lincoln's great nature took on new humility, new unselfishness, new beauty, as he trod the dread wine-press alone. The farther his genius removed him from "the plain people," as he loved to call them, the nearer did he come to them in the deep kinship of humanity.

Many and different have been the theories advanced in explanation of the mysterious resource that marked the *régime* of this strange product of the forest. But the secret still is hidden. Uneducated, yet a master of letters; unfamiliar with many books, yet a kind of modern Æsop in homely wisdom; untrained in diplomacy, yet more than a match for Seward and Chase and the most cultured Parliamentarians of his day; reared amid the most primitive influences, yet familiar with every aspect of human life and almost every current of the human heart; struggling fiercely from infancy against obscurity and poverty—often too against ruthless men—yet aglow with humanity, a great and compassionate lover of the human

race; untutored in the ways of war, yet compelling the wondering confidence of generals in the field, the rail-splitter of the plains, the awkward man who at twenty-three was earning his eight dollars a month on the farm, became the uncrowned king of one of the strongest among nations, the Saviour of his country, the Emancipator of the enslaved, the Champion of Freedom to millions who never saw his face; became, in short, one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

What approaches nearest to explanation of it all is, when stated, itself in terms of mystery. Yet there is no other. Abraham Lincoln was a separate gift from the hand of Him who maketh one star to differ from another star in glory. Raised up, as surely as was ever Moses of old, for the performance of a stupendous task, called from the silence and the dark of the western forest to the great theatre that awaited him, he was equipped by that Almighty hand according to his need, endowed by infinite love and wisdom for his mighty mission.

SING LOW, WILD BIRD!

By E. M. YEOMAN

Sing low, wild bird!—thine is the only sound
That stirs the holy hush that broods around
The quiet place beneath whose grasses lie
The beds of forms gone into dust and death.
Blend a low note with the faint west-wind's sigh,
And breathe a dirge for life that perisheth!

Sing low, wild bird; and sing a requiem o'er
For symphonies of life that are no more:
Laughter of children, and the patient song
Of crooning mothers, and the love-hushed tone
Of red-lipped lovers whispering low and long.
Sing low!—their lips are dust, and they are gone.

Sing low, wild bird!—they all are sunk beneath
These violets that languish into death.
Gone to Man's bourne are they, and secret Doom
Hath shown his pathway to their anxious eyes,
That haply leads to empty realms of gloom,
And haply to proud mansions in the skies.

CUP-PLATES AND CUSTOMS

BY PHIL IVES

HAVE you ever tried to obtain a "historic cup-plate"? If so, no doubt you will readily agree with me that of all specimens an ardent ceramic hunter desires to add to his collection historic, picturesque and other cup-plates are by far the most difficult to find, let alone buying them from their fortunate owners, who hang on to them like grim death. No wonder, when you come to consider that some of them are nearly worth their weight in gold. Yet, somewhere in America, I understand, there is a single collection of more than four hundred of these dainty little pieces. So that the practice of drinking out of the saucer instead of the cup, which we to-day consider *awful* bad form, was an everyday occurrence and was considered *chic* amongst the ancestors of the people of the United States, as these tiny "cup-plates," by their multiplicity amply testify.

To explain how cup-plates first came into use, one must go back to the time when the wives of well-to-do men took an active part in the management of their homes and presided over the still-room, and did not leave everything to the servants, nor did they live in noisy hotels. Most of us know the sort of look that comes over the face of an old maid when anyone walks on her best carpet with dirty boots. There are people we meet, too, who consider several of their possessions far too good for everyday use and stow them away in cupboards for years instead of adorning the drawing-room or dining-room. Doubtless Dame Prudence Pilgrim,

the careful housewife, had feelings of this kind when she had visitors to drink a dish of tea with her. It was perfect misery to her to see the spotless damask tablecloth stained, or her well-polished table scarred by the wet rims of the hot cups of tea. So when the fragrant beverage, then usually called Bohea, was transferred from the cup to the saucer to cool, the empty cup was carefully placed on the "sweetly pretty" little plate provided for the purpose. Hence the origin of the cup-plate, but not the custom of drinking out of the saucer. If we believe in heredity, we can easily believe that Americans rushed things even in those days and had not the time or patience to let the tea get cool in the customary manner like civilised people.

To give an idea of the price "historical cup-plates" are realising, I may say that at a public auction some few years ago in New York City, a four-inch "Lovejoy" cup-plate fetched twenty-three dollars. The following is a description of this little plate (in case you should be lucky enough to drop against one). The pattern is found on dinner-sets and tea-sets as well, in medium blue and also in mulberry colour. The border is composed of four medallions with inscriptions, alternating with eagles and shields. The background of the border is dotted with stars. In the centre is the following inscription: "Congress shall make no laws respecting an establishment of religion, or the prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the free exercise of speech, or the press, or the right of people peacably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

Constitution United States."

On some pieces I have seen are found in the top medallion the words "Lovejoy, the first martyr to American liberty, Alton, November 7th, 1837." From this source the plate derives its name," Lovejoy."

The following views and designs on pottery in various colours ought to appeal to Canadians, in fact, no collection is complete without them: City of Montreal; border, floral design; made by Davenport Company; Ontario, lake scenery, by J. Heath & Company; Falls of Montmorency; view of Quebec, with lovely shell border, by Enoch Wood & Sons. Scriptural subjects are well worth collecting, some plates like "Jacob and the Angel" being very attractive, but these are hard to obtain, as their owners generally regard them with great veneration. The Millenium in dark blue is the plate *par excellence* to have, with border of fruit, flowers, sheaves of wheat and All-seeing eye. The different plates, when not marked, can usually be distinguished by their distinct borders. It was an unwritten law not to copy one another's borders, this seems to have been considered the individual property of the firm that originated it.

Harking back to tea-drinking, we read that on September 25th, 1660, Pepys, who was as consummate a snob and gossip as he was a diarist, but whose racy diary is a true record of all that was doing about town in those days, says: "I did send for a cup of tea (a china drink) of which I never drank before." He does not seem to have taken kindly to this new beverage, like Doctor Johnson, who drank over twenty cups of tea at a sitting, for afterwards we read: "Then to bed on all fours, at which my wife did marvel much"; and then again on another occasion he went to bed "well nigh foxed," at which his poor wife did again "marvel much," and no doubt gave him a well-deserved curtain lecture. In 1659 two pounds two ounces of tea were formally presented to the King by the East India Company as a most valuable oblation. Now, at this time the vessel known to-day as a tea-pot had not been invented even in the land where the plant was indigenous. The heathen Chinee brewed his tea by

pouring boiling water over the leaves in a small bowl.

Quite "goody-goody' women over a certain age who would scruple to take a few years off their age—if anyone was rude enough to ask them—often show me in my rambles Lowestoft and other tea-pots, which they say have been in their families over three hundred years. It is not good policy and only waste of time for a mere man to contradict a woman (especially your wife) at any time, never when you are a buyer. The best way of getting out of the difficulty is to say: "Really, you don't say so," or something to that effect, if one is very conscientious and does not want to be an accessory to a palpable untruth (of course, all collectors are conscientious), as it is non-committal and it pleases them and keeps up the traditions of the old family.

If I remember rightly, there is an adage about a daughter of the fair one in fig leaves who damned us all for a bite of a "Northen Spy," who was convinced against her will and remained of the same opinion still. It is as well to remember this, unless you wish to get yourself disliked.

It was in 1660, approximately, that porcelain plates, cups and bowls from the Orient first made their appearance in England, and it was about fifty years afterwards that tea-pots were introduced.

One rarely meets with cup-plates in Canada or England. Is it because our grandmothers were less careful of their *lares et penates* than our American cousins, or because even then they thought it *infra dig* to drink out of the saucer, a custom not uncommon to-day amongst the *bourgeoisie?*

"Manner will make an ugly woman fair,
For dignity's a different thing from
beauty."

Another custom I have noticed peculiar to Americans, the common-or-garden-every-day-sort-of-commercial-man we meet over here invariably eats off the dish instead of off the plate. No doubt he is trying to emulate the (what we so-called effete people call reprehensible) saucer custom of his ancestors. To see him in all his glory, one has only to dine at the "American room" in some of our leading hotels, where, if you arrive at the opportune moment, you will see spread before him all at the same time, for example: Sweetbreads and mushrooms, banana fritters, roast turkey and cranberry sauce, roast mutton and currant jelly, four kinds of vegetables, salad, punch and bread and butter (I hope that I have not left anything out), making in all fifteen different kinds of eatables, while he cleverly proceeds to impale the succulent morsels with his fork, which is usually transferred to the right hand, as the knife is seldom used, except to eat peas, and the plate is only there for ornament. A friend of mine told me that on one occasion he overheard a visitor ask the waiter to remove his plate when he had already removed the cruet stand and flower vase. No wonder the table groans, as our penny-a-liners say, under the weight of these tasty viands and the poor perspiring and much-abused waiter wears a worried look and prays for the dawn. *O tempora, O mores!* Shades of Lucullus! Why only a few years ago, when they knew how to train up a child in the way it should go and to keep it in its right place—the nursery—a child who wanted to make a sort of culinary mosaic pavement of the table would be called a greedy little pig and told to leave the table by the strict but dear old nurse, who stayed with one family all her life, quite unlike the domestics of today, who come on Monday and leave on Tuesday.

If the epicurean Abbe Sevarin (who worshipped his "Little Mary" more devotedly than for her virgin namesake) where alive now, no doubt he would say: "Tell me *how* a man eats and I'll tell you what he is." Instead of "Tell me *what* you eat, and I'll show you what you are."

Customs and fashions are ever changing, and we with them. To-day sweet simplicity is a thing of the past. The craze for smartness reigns in its stead, and has hopelessly perverted modern taste. We live in an age of the well-fed and ill-bred and of lady-freak dressers, both of whom in their attempts to be considered smart merely succeed in being vulgar. One has only to give a beggar an automobile, and he will drive to the *Sorrowful Gentleman* whom Miss Marie Corelli writes about—to put it mildly, like a modest young curate. Or, in other words, "you cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Not everyone wants to collect cup-plates and china in general, by any means. The collection of post marks, for instance, I am told, is a delightful pursuit and is gaining ground fast lately. Post marks are cheap, and they also possess great interest of a geographical and historical nature. My advice, in conclusion, to would-be collectors is to try to pick out an entirely new line for themselves and not be led away by custom or fashion and they will eventually find, I feel certain, if the object they decide on has any real artistic merit or other attractions, that other people will rapidly come round to their way of thinking.

When all is said and done, men and women are merely like a flock of sheep blindly following the bellwether.

"Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools."

WINTER

By John Boyd

There is a witchery in wintry winds
  Which summer's balmy breezes do not hold:
A magic haze the eye by moonlight finds,
  In snow-clad fields enlit by beams of gold;
'Neath summer skies the earth doth throb with life.
  But winter brings to it a soothing rest,
Casts over it a robe of spotless white,
  And calms the heaving of its troubled breast.
Still, 'neath the frost-bound soil the depths enfold
  The powers that do assure a mightier birth,
A seeming death to life, and, then behold!
  Rise from the tomb the fairest forms of earth.
So summer's joy shall follow winter's woe,
And flowers spring from fields now deep in snow.

THE TAKING OF SCAR-FACE

BY ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

TARGO rode slowly up the long hill toward the lights of Pugwa showing dimly against the moonlight. At Darby's Place he reined up, and whistled softly. Inside he could hear the murmur of voices, an oath, a laugh, a snatch of tuneless song.

When the door opened he caught a glimpse of the long bar, and the smell of cigar smoke and spirits drifted to him invitingly.

His horse rubbed her slender muzzle against his cheek. Targo threw one long arm across her neck and imitated the cocking of a gun with his lips. Then the man who had just stepped out came warily forward.

"Well?" he asked, lifting his head defiantly.

"Come into the shadow, Jake," said Targo.

They made their way across the road, Targo leading his horse, and halted in a copse of stunted spruce fifty yards away.

"So they put it in your hands," spoke the trapper, with a mirthless laugh. "Seems odd, Targo, you comin' over t' arrest me, don't it?"

"I brought in the Snook brothers last night. They split," said Targo, looking his man over carefully. "Any guns, Jake?" he asked, lightly.

In answer the other unbuckled his belt and handed it to the officer.

"Looks like the strap I gripped that night you swam out after me, when I tried to get across the river with a clipped fin, eh, Jake?" said Targo, toying the belt thoughtfully.

"Tell me, Targo, do you believe what them Snook desperadoes told th' authorities?"

"No matter what I believe, Jake, I've got a warrant for your arrest. We fellers daren't think. The others think for us. Our part is to obey orders. Hardly looked to find you here when you knew you was in for it."

In the broad ray of moonlight penetrating the trees, Targo looked long at the haggard face of the small man before him. It was not a bad face; it was a plucky-looking, true-looking face. It had lines, but not those of dissipation. The man watching it remembered one wild night when, his arm shattered by a bullet, he had attempted to swim the yeasty waters of the Grace and someone had plunged to his rescue. He was gazing on that man now.

"Whar's your wife and baby?" he asked at length, gruffly.

The other jerked his head over his shoulder.

"'Cross the border, eh?"

"Yep."

"Whar's your horse?"

"He's tied not a hundred yards from here. I jest most got away afore you came." The trapper shoved his hands deep into his pockets, and sighed. "They're sorter expectin' me right off," he said, his voice uneven. "I reckon if it'd been any of th' others come t' get me, I'd jest naturally put up a fight."

Targo whistled a lively air and beat a tattoo on his rifle stock with his fingers. He looked at Jake's brace of revolvers and belt on the ground.

"If you want to put up a fight, Jake," he said slowly, "thar's your guns. Strap 'em on."

Jake bent toward the revolvers, and the officer stepped a pace or two backward.

"Don't come within reach of these grippers of mine," he advised, "or I'll have to arrest you right off. Keep away from me."

The trapper stood up and squared his shoulders.

"I reckon I don't want t' fight with you, Targo," he said simply. "In th' fust place, I haven't got th' ghost of a chance, with you bein' th' best shot on th' border. Even if I had, I've never killed a man yet, an' bein' innercent of this here charge them hoss thieves has trumped up agin' me. I'm willin' t' stand my trial."

"You're not likely to get a trial," said Targo. "The law can't promise much protection to hoss thieves. The boys 'll likely give you a rope trial, Jake. It don't make any difference how innocent you may be. How'd you come to mix up with that crowd? I believe you innocent."

"It was thet hell-hound Scar-Face," gnashed the trapper. "He's th' leader o' thet Snook gang, he is."

"Yes, I know," agreed Targo, a deep frown appearing between his eyes. "And I take it he's worked this thing on you. Wall, I'm after him, too; after him good and plenty. He killed one of his own gang day before yesterday."

"Yes, a pal o' mine, too?" cried the trapper with an oath.

"Shot him in the back and robbed him. I hear he threatens to get me, too."

"You'll have t' be on your guard," the trapper cautioned. "Thet Injun'll shoot you on sight."

"I'll arrest him before morning, Jake," said Targo, quietly.

"Gosh!" cried the other man, exultingly. "But you're game, Targo, t' tackle a feller like Scar-Face alone. Do you know," he went on, warningly, "thet he is desperate and knows every nook in this bush, every cranny in them mountains, and thet he has ten chances t' get you whar you've only one-half a chance t' get him?"

The officer nodded. "I know," he agreed.

"Then chuck it up. Let somebody else take the chance. There's not a boy along th' border but thinks a heap o' you, Targo, and there's a lot among your mounted police bunch thet really need killin' off. Pass it up an' let one o' them chaps take th' contract," he almost pleaded.

"Well, if you're not the limit, Jake!" said Targo, wonderingly. "Here I come to arrest you and you turn around and beside surrendering peaceful as a lamb, give me a game of talk that would lead most anybody to believe you're interested in my welfare."

The other man looked down.

"I guess maybe I be a fool," he agreed. "Only this half-breed Scar-Face is a mighty hard proposition t' handle. It ain't 'cause I think anybody else could take him quicker'n you. It's 'cause I know he'll get th' one who goes after him, thet's all."

Targo was silent.

"I don't suppose he is within fifty miles of here," he said at length.

"He's within ten miles o' here," declared the trapper.

"What?" Targo turned and peered into the man's face. "Don't you lie to me, Jake," he said, sternly.

"He's within five miles o' here, Targo. He's in th' Choctaw settlement, in hidin'."

Targo stroked his horse's sleek neck thoughtfully.

"If I was sure of that," he said slowly, "if I was dead sure, I would bring him back with me, too."

"Do you know thet he threatens t' kill you on sight, Targo? S'elp me Gawd, if I didn't hear him say it. Thet he'd foller you acrost th' world but he'd get you some day."

Targo smiled grimly.

"He can't forget the time he tried to run things at the tradin' post, I

guess," he explained. "It was me give him that scar he wears, Jake."

"How does his warrant read?"

"Dead or alive."

"Then what you do is, arrest me right now, an' I'll help you get him. You can't do it alone."

Targo looked the little man up and down. Then he laughed grimly and answered:

"That would be a mighty shrewd piece of generalship on my part, wouldn't it, now? I take you along to help me arrest another of your gang. I see my finish, right now."

A deep flush swept the wanness from the trapper's face. It was light enough for Targo to note it, and he felt satisfied with his shot.

He held up his hand, as Jake attempted to speak.

"I was only jokin', Jake," he said, easily. "I'll take you along if you want t' go, providin' you'll play the part I set you. But I won't arrest you now. I'll do that after we're through with Scar-Face."

Ten minutes later two horsemen rode silently along the trail, through the woods, toward the Choctaw settlement.

*

Scar-Face, his deep black eyes gleaming with a fiendish light, looked on the panting, dishevelled form at his feet and cursed violently.

"I guess you lie," he growled.

The trapper lifted an arm displaying a locked handcuff and its mate dangling from a chain. His clothing was rent and torn. His flesh was scarred with briers and twigs.

"He's after you, too," panted the trapper.

"Him af'er me?" The outlaw clicked his yellow teeth together with a snap, and drew forth a wicked-looking knife. "You bring dat Targo on me, it's all up for you," he snarled, advancing.

"No, no," cried the other, "he's clean off scent. Thinks you're in th' Blackfoot settlement, forty miles below. Gone thar now. I slipped my hand through th' bracelet an' got away. He's got my guns."

He lay there breathing heavily. His face wore the expression of a wild, hunted thing.

"He thinks I've gone on thar t' warn you. He can't make it to-night—hoss worn out. He'll camp on trail."

Feigning exhaustion, the man ceased speaking and lay breathing heavily. Scar-Face watched him speculatively. At last he grinned craftily.

"I get him," he said, wagging his head.

Jake raised himself on his elbow.

"How?" he asked eagerly.

"Why, damn fool, foller him. Foller him an' come by him when he sleepin', ha-ha!" he laughed.

The trapper shuddered.

"Get him lak I get your pal," he gloated, bending over the prostrate man. "Get him lak I get you one of dem night, my buck."

Jake rose to his feet.

"If you kin kill Targo, we're both free men," he cried.

"Here, don' speak so loud. We get him togedder," cautioned the half-breed. "I let you do de killin' 'cause you never had some nerve to kill man afore, eh?"

He chuckled gleefully.

"I tell you, I fix dat scheme. Wind, she blow somebody some good, too. We get Targo, him. I fergive you not gettin' hang an' kill you myself. You one tam pull him out'n river when me had him 'bout gone. I don' believe you tink it Simmons lak you say some den. Why you didn't tell police Targo you save him life?" he jeered.

"Well, you must think I'm a fool," cried the trapper, feigning anger. "I wish thet affair could all happen over agin. I'd show you how I'd have him."

"You wipe out dat score den tonight," returned the half-breed, somewhat mollified. "Come on, you, an' show me de way."

The two men skulked their way through the shadow and down through the heavy timber. For three miles they glided and twisted in and out among the trees. Coming at length to a narrow path trampled through the forest, the trapper stopped and held up his hand. Silently they moved forward and reconnoitred.

"Everythin safe, I guess," whispered Jake. "This is whar I slipped him."

"I hear him shots," returned Scar-Face. "Funny he no get you. He keen shot."

The trapper bent and picked up an object lying on the path, in the moonlight. It was his hat. There were two bullet holes in its crown.

"Come thet close," he said, with a shrug.

"Ugh!" sneered the half-breed. "Wait till me pull on you an' me do it purty soon, my buck. Don' you look on me lak dat, I do it now!" he hissed, as the trapper turned on him suddenly.

"I thort I heered a hoss whinny," whispered Jake.

"They listened. Sure enough, from far down the trail came the unmistakable neigh of a horse.

"Dey be more'n one," cried the half-breed suspiciously.

"Naw, thet's th' way 'ith them fort hosses. Targo's hoss is tryin' fer her mate. I've knowed 'em t' whinny when thar wa'nt another hoss 'ithin ten mils of 'em."

They passed on.

Suddenly the trapper stopped again.

"I see his camp-fire," he whispered.

The other man peered ahead.

"Yep. Now we get him," he chuckled. "We wait here couple hour. He be 'sleep by den."

They sat down, and the half-breed, his rifle across his knees, lit his pipe and smoked it appreciatively. Finally he leaned toward the trapper and leered in his face.

"I give you chance me," he said. "You take dis long knife an' go on trial for you life, eh? You cut him throat clean, both juggler off sleek, no bungle, you live, eh? You cut only one juggler off, I break one your arm, one your leg, with bullet, me. You make big bungle o' job altogedder, you die queek. See?"

He sat back against his tree and smoked silently. Two hours later they moved forward again.

One hundred yards from the fire they got down on all fours and crawled.

"I see him," whispered the trapper. "He's lyin' beside th' fire."

Scar-Face gazed ahead. Yes, true enough, there reposed a dark figure beside the smouldering coals.

"Here, you!" he hissed, handing the trapper a knife, and pointing his rifle at him, to ward off treachery.

They crawled forward, slowly and surely, toward the recumbent figure. Down between the trees they crept, then out into the white moonlight. They were close to the fire now.

Then another form crept out from the opposite side of the trail and behind them.

"Hands up!" spoke Targo, quietly.

With a snarl the half-breed turned and swung his rifle to level.

A ball shattered his wrist before he could pull the trigger. With a bound he strove to reach the timber, only to tumble, a dead, quivering heap, half in the shadow, half out.

Targo came forward and kicked the coals into a flame. Then he threw the empty shells from his rifle, and, going over, dragged the dead outlaw into the open.

"Dead or alive," he murmured, looking down on the wicked set face of the man on the ground.

He whistled a lively air and beat a tattoo on his gun-stock.

Finally, he seemed to see the trapper for the first time.

"I thort you'd gone," he said slowly.

"Didn't like t' break parole," said the other with a laugh.

"I didn't know you was out on parole. I'll get the hosses."

When Targo returned with the horses, the trapper was waiting.

"Put him up on mine, Targo," he said. "He's heavy, and my hoss has got most bone."

Together they lifted the dead man, laid him across the saddle, and bound him on securely. Then they mounted and rode off.

"We'll take the quick cut, t' fort," said Targo, shortly.

A mile from the fort Targo called a halt.

"We'll put him across my hoss now," he said.

Wonderingly, the trapper dismounted and helped shift the gruesome burden.

"I kin go it alone now, Jake. You might be able t' make the line by mornin', if you try hard. I'm right sorry you didn't come within reach of me. You'll find your guns hanging in that spruce grove near Darby's."

He turned and rode slowly away.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Jake.

RANCH WINTER

BY S. A. WHITE

The icy saddle numbs each limb,
  The dull horse hates the loping 'round,
Gaunt sun-dogs stare in silence grim,
  Weak mothers nuzzle at the ground.

Our *coulée* springs are frozen dry,
  And hills are covered shoulder deep;
For fresh green grass the yearlings cry,
  For cloud-blown days when rivers leap.

How long, how long shall winter last?
  Its weariness, its smart, its curse?
Each morning seems but like the past,
  And every day a little worse.

Still, in the evening fireside glow,
  Some magic weaves us softer themes;
And eyes that knew us years ago
  Come back again in tender dreams.

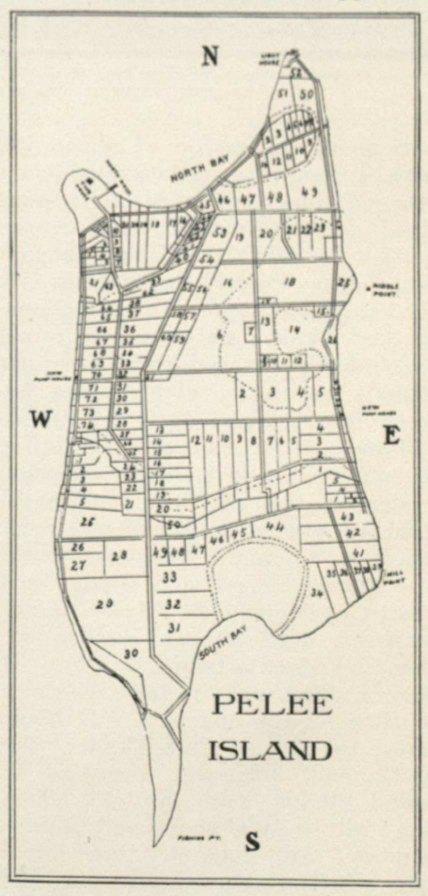
PELEE ISLAND: A MISNOMER

BY J. J. BELL

IN the western part of Lake Erie, off the coast of the county of Essex, lies Pelee Island, sometimes called the Vineyard of Canada. It is the largest of a group of fertile islands, most of which are south of the international boundary. It, however, is in Canadian waters, and with the exception of Middle Island, a small island of about 100 acres which lies adjacent, is the most southerly point in Canada. It is in the same latitude as Northern California, Northern Pennsylvania, Northern Portugal and Southern Turkey. One-third of Spain and three-fourths of Italy are further north, and Fishing Point, its southern extremity, is fifty miles nearer the equator than the most southerly point of France. Its climate is like that of Virginia, and frosts occur later in spring and earlier in autumn in Kentucky than on this favoured island. Its soil is more varied and deeper and richer than on the other islands of the group. Under such conditions it was at one time largely given over to grape-growing, but prices declined, the industry ceased to be profitable, and most of the vineyards were rooted up. The attention of the people is now largely directed to the cultivation of potatoes and tobacco.

The name Pelee is misleading as to the character of the island. It means rocky or barren, and was first applied to the point of land off which the island lies, which juts nine miles into the lake. The name was probably given to the point by the French, who no doubt landed there on their way to L'Assomption, now Sandwich, on the Detroit River.

Pelee Island is about nine miles in extreme length, with an average width of three and a half miles. It contains about 11,000 acres, and supports a



VIEW OF POINT PELEE ISLAND BEACH, LOOKING SOUTH FROM WEST DOCK

permanent population of about 750, with a floating population of about 100 additional, employed in the quarries. It was originally Indian property. In 1780 the Indian population began to decline, and in 1788 the chiefs and sachems of the Chippewa and Ottawa nations, who owned and inhabited the island, with perhaps a sprinkling of Ojibways and some other tribes, gave a lease for 999 years to Captain Thomas McKee, a half-breed and superintendent of Indian affairs, who had considerable influence among them and was recognised as a chief. The consideration was three bushels of Indian corn yearly, if demanded. McKee built a mansion, lived like an English gentleman and entertained largely. He died in 1815, and in 1823 Alexander McKee, his son and heir, sold his interest to Wm. McCormick, for $500. McCormick held and occupied the island till his death in 1840, leaving it by will in equal shares to his eleven children, eight sons and three daughters. Litigation having arisen as to the division of the property, and the title being called in question, the McCormick family petitioned the Government for a confirmation of title, which was granted, the patent being signed in 1867, the last day before the federation of the provinces took effect. A considerable part of the island still belongs to Wm. McCormick's descendants.

Although McCormick bought the right to the island in 1823 he did not remove to it till 1834. He does not appear to have made much use of his purchase or to have derived any substantial benefit from it during those eleven years. He placed some tenants, white and Indian, on the island, who cleared small patches and built log houses. A few horses, cattle and hogs were sent over from the mainland. Some cedar was cut and sold to the Government to repair the fort at Amherstburg, and red cedar ties were sawn and shipped to Cleveland and other points in the United States. In 1833 a lighthouse, which is still standing, was built on a reser-

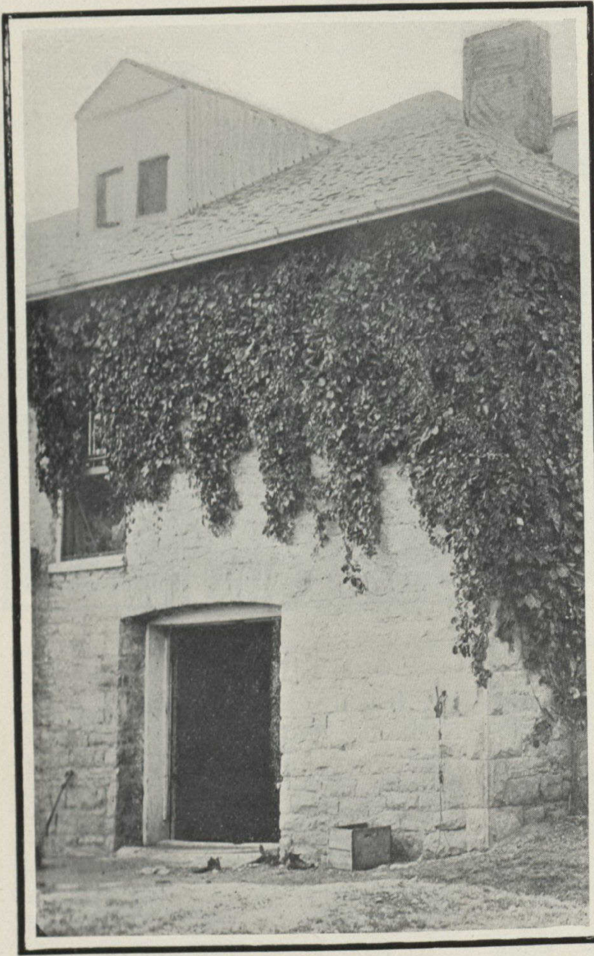
PELEE ISLAND CLUB HOUSE, THE FISHING HEADQUARTERS OF A NUMBER OF AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES

vation of twenty-three acres at the north end with stone obtained from McCormick.

At one time the island was largely marsh. When Wm. McCormick came into possession a survey showed over 5,000 acres of marsh, very little above the level of the lake, 2,000 acres of low, wet timbered land, sometimes covered with water, and 4,500 acres of upland, some of it rocky. There were three marshes, two of small area and one of over 4,000 acres, extending completely across the island. The upland was heavily timbered with large hickory, maple, elm, basswood and some very large oak, the lower lands with soft maple, and the marshes with a heavy growth but no trees. There were also groves of red cedar, all dead, but sound, and mulberry, almost as good as cedar for fence posts. Wild grape vines, some of immense size, were also to be found.

As an instance of the size of the trees which at one time grew on the island, a stick of oak timber was cut fifty-four feet long and thirty-three by thirty-four inches square. It never reached the market, for being too large for any of the schooners to take in, it was chained to a tree, from which it broke loose and was carried out by the undertow. It lies somewhere on the bottom of the lake, and would be very valuable if it could be recovered.

In 1866 D. J. Williams, a grape grower and wine maker of Kentucky, impressed with the capabilities of the island for grape growing, made an arrangement with T. S. Williams and Thaddeus Smith, two other Kentuckians, and bought forty acres of land, of which thirty-three were planted with grapes. Wine cellars of a most substantial character were erected, and the manufacture of native wine, the first enterprise of the kind in Canada, was entered upon. In 1871 their vineyards produced at the rate of from one to four or five tons to the acre. Smith, who had become a permanent resident, travelled for the wine company, and met J. S. Hamilton, at Brantford, to



A PELEE ISLAND WINE CELLAR

whom the business was ultimately sold. Smith's enterprise, the Vin Villa Wine Company, went out of business, and the Pelee Island Wine and Vineyard Company took its place. The latter has a large wine house and cellars on the west point, and consumes annually from seventy-five to one hundred tons of grapes.

In 1868 the island, which had up to that time been a part of the township of Mersea, was by Act of the Ontario Legislature set apart as an independent municipality, under the name of the township of Pelee Island. On account of its unique position, it is separate from the county, and has absolute control over its own municipal affairs, only paying to the county of Essex its proportion of the cost of the administration of justice.

In 1878 L. S. Brown, of Cleveland, who had interests on other islands near by, purchased 625 acres on the eastern side for farming and grape-growing. He made some experiments on the marsh lands, and finding them extremely fertile, he succeeded in interesting Dr. Scudder, of Cincinnati, who had studied drainage problems in Holland, in a scheme for reclaiming the marshes. They purchased 4,000 acres of marsh, at the rate of two dollars an acre, and dredged twelve miles of canal, spending $40,000 or $50,000 on the work. Having gone so far they handed over the works to the municipality, on condition that they should be completed. Two Sandusky men also bought and drained the south marsh of 470 acres, and purchased 300 acres of upland. In all about $90,000 has been spent on drainage, thirteen miles of ditch have been dug, and two pumping stations established, by which the water may, if necessary, be pumped into the lake. The land thus reclaimed is exceedingly fertile. It is a rich, calcareous clay, from four to forty feet deep, covered with vegetable mould. The banks thrown up make excellent roads.

The rock formation of the island is limestone. It is generally covered with from six inches to a foot or more of soil, but in some places it crops out. The surface is scored with gla-

cial scratches. At the north end an extensive quarry is worked by Messrs. Haney & Miller, who are taking out stone for government breakwaters which they are building at Port Stanley and Port Colborne. Some of the larger blocks used in the construction of the Welland Canal were obtained here, and at one time the flag-stones which paved the streets of Toronto were taken from blocks of limestone which came from Pelee.

Both oil and natural gas have been obtained by boring, some fifty wells having been drilled. Many of the holes have, however, proved to be dry.

The fauna of the island is limited. Previously to the draining of the marshes muskrats were very numerous, as many as 15,000 or 20,000 being killed some seasons. Raccoons and red foxes have been exterminated, and the same is true of deer, a few of which were imported and set at liberty. Ducks and geese were numerous before the marshes were drained. Quail and pheasants are occasionally seen. Snakes, including rattlesnakes, are to be found. Mosquitoes have almost disappeared since the marshes were reclaimed.

Attracted by the excellent fishing to be found in the neighbourhood a number of gentlemen in New York and Chicago, with several from Cleveland and Sandusky, organised a club and built a club house in a beautiful wooded park of fifteen acres at the north-west corner of the island. The club at its formation was said to be the wealthiest and most exclusive in the world. Its membership is limited to twenty-five, and among its original members were Phil Sheridan, of Civil War fame; Judge Gresham, Secretary of State under President Cleveland; Robt. T. Lincoln, son of President Abraham Lincoln and at one time Minister to Great Britain; Marshall Field, the millionaire merchant, and J. R. Jones, ex-Minister to Brussels. The club house, which is only a plain wooden building, cost over $100,000, but it is splendidly furnished. The main building contains forty rooms.

Relics of the early Indian occupation are found in the form of mounds, evidently the scenes of battles, in which are quantities of bones, also copper beads, axes and arrow heads. On raising a flat stone at the quarry, a skeleton, probably that of an Indian, was found in a wide seam in the rock.

During the rebellion of 1837-38 some adventurers from the United States, in sympathy with the rebels, took up their quarters on the island. A detachment of Loyalists was sent over, and after a sharp engagement drove them off.

Having been at one time occupied by the Indians, it would be strange if Pelee Island had not a legend. Off the north-west shore is a rock known as Huldah's Rock. As the story goes, a French girl, educated and brought up by one of the most cultured families in Montreal, was captured by the Indians. She became the wife of a chief, to whom she bore a daughter. Huldah grew up to be a beautiful maiden. An adventurous Englishman came to the island, and wooed and won the Indian girl. After years of happiness he went away, on the pretext that he had been summoned to his mother's death-bed, promising soon to return. Huldah was in the habit of sitting on the rock watching for her spouse. In course of time there came a letter which revealed his perfidy, and Huldah, overcome by grief, threw herself from the rock and was drowned. Her lookout, which formerly had a flat surface, has been undermined by the waves and now the rock lies on its side.

As a summer resort Pelee Island has many attractions, but the traffic to and from the island is so limited that the steamer service is very inadequate. Nor is there proper accommodation for tourists on the island. A telephone service connects with the mainland.

DR. A. S. VOGT

BY KATHERINE HALE

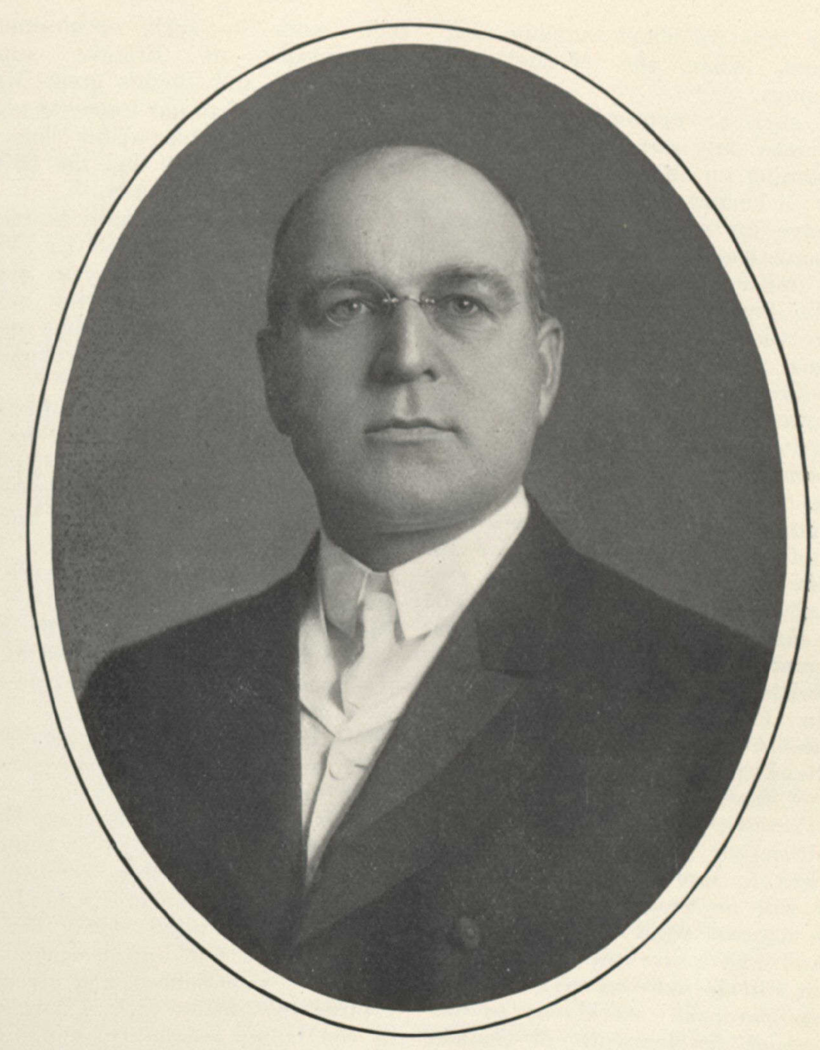
THE claim of Dr. Augustus Stephen Vogt, organist, choir-master, and leader of the Mendelssohn Choir, as a Canadian celebrity rests upon no uncertain basis, for, as well as being the outstanding musician of Canada, he is one of the foremost choral conductors in the world.

Sometimes we imagine, in our latter day arrogance, that the respect which we pay to music and to musicians is a result of modern conditions, a fine flower of recent civilisation. Centuries ago the prototype of Dr. Vogt would have commanded equally high national honours—perhaps higher and greater honours. Confucius of old believed with his educated countrymen that music acts directly on the mind. "Desire ye to know," he asked, "whether a land is well governed, and its people have good morals? Hear its music."

Dr. A. S. Vogt was born in western Ontario some forty-seven years ago. He came of German parentage, and his father was a skilful organ builder. At twelve years of age the boy was organist at St. James' Lutheran church, Elmira. It may be remarked that nearly all the men and women of genius whose unique work has left a vital impress on the world have found expression early. They actually experience when most natures are only half awake. A great deal of so-called genius is the result of intense experience practically applied. One must gather, from the results that one sees to-day in his mature work, that life itself has been a great experience to Dr. Vogt, and that from the country choir in the little Lutheran church came the first seeds of possibility, which the successive experiences in the training of other choirs, the observation of other choirs in many foreign countries, have developed in the glorious flower of his own Mendelssohn Choir.

In October, 1888, Dr. Vogt came to Toronto from Germany, where for three years he had studied piano, organ, and harmony under eminent masters at Leipzig, Saxony. It was at this period that the work of the splendid historic choir of St. Thomas' church proved so potent an inspiration. The band of singers of which Bach was at one time the conductor led Dr. Vogt to realise a possible field for this work in Canada. He returned to Toronto to accept the position of organist and choir master at the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, where he developed a kind of music that was new in the history of choir singing in this country, and which attracted wide attention, particularly in the United States, whence came several attractive invitations to Dr. Vogt to take up musical work in the Republic. After eighteen years as the leader of this choir, the position was resigned on account of the constantly increasing pressure of other duties.

As a teacher of piano at the Toronto Conservatory of Music Dr. Vogt's influence has been no less telling than in his chorus work, and many



DR. A. S. VOGT

prominent musicians of to-day have been his pupils. Dr. Vogt is also widely known on account of his book on piano technique which was first issued in 1900, and which is now in its tenth edition, having a large sale both in Canada and in the United States.

Dr. Vogt has the Napoleonic qualities of concentration, assimilation, and great determination. To watch him at rehearsal magnetising the members of his choir with his own electric energy, enthusiasm, and vitality, is to realise a sort of reincarnation of the French general who could make his men attain great things.

You remember in "The Master Builder," by Henrik Ibsen, how the girl, *Hilda*, typifying the spirit of youthful energy, was always urging upon *Solness* the matchless lure of the "Impossible," and how, under the spell, he obtained power to climb so high that in the ethereal atmosphere he actually heard those "invisible harps in the air"—the voices of heavenly achievement. We dimly hear those harps in the air; indeed.

I think that we come tangibly near to them, when the Mendelssohn Choir sings.

And such an approach to perfection comes only out of a fine force for listening on the part of the conductor; a keener ear than most mortals have for sound, combined with an exhaustless energy for hard work. Great music is, after all, simply thought transmuted into sensation. Intellect lies at the bottom of its perfection.

The Mendelssohn Choir, which has done more than anything else ever has to make Canada known in a musical sense, is an organisation of 237 voices. It may be interesting to know that out of this number only one-third of the members are native to the city of Toronto. Seventy-five per cent. of the chorus were born in Ontario, eight per cent. in other parts of Canada, forty-three were born in the British Isles, two in Germany, two in the United States, and one each in the British West Indies, Newfoundland, and British India.

The Choir's success in Buffalo and New York is an old story, and it is altogether probable that pilgrimages to more distant and older lands will be made by the singers before a great while. If they go to England and prove an artistic success, it will do more to open the eyes of the European world as to the status and development of Canada than all the exhibitions of our grain and timber could do. That a Canadian choir can sing with ease and abandon the trying choruses of the Ninth Symphony, and can arouse new and thrilling sensations because of their work in such epoch-making compositions as Brahms' superb "Requiem" and Bach's great Mass, is bound to add to our importance immeasurably—as this writer has observed the European and the British attitude towards Canada.

"What about the conditions of our national music?" I asked Dr. Vogt. We were talking of a recent article in an American musical review, which deplored the lack of Canadian music in comparison with our development in other arts.

"We are too young yet to talk much about national characteristics in art. Our nation is but in the making. We must learn more and grow bigger before we can express the best that is in us," he replied.

And I believe that Dr. Vogt is too great to want to nationalise any art. The great composers, like the great poets which we hope shall spring out of Canadian soil, will be universal in their genius and expression.

We call Dr. Vogt a typical Canadian musician; yet no man could be more thoroughly cosmopolitan. He never stays in Canada for very long—that is, without a visit to old countries and to cities larger than Toronto. In the musical centres of England, Europe, and the United States there are things to be felt and learned. Dr. Vogt sees, experiences, and invariably returns to Canada with a new sense of the latent possibility, the unborn power of the music which is yet to be in this country.

And it is to such men and women of the broad outlook and the wide ideal that we may safely entrust the higher destiny of Canada.

MISSY

BY MARY BACKUS SWAYZE

ONE rainy Saturday morning in June, of last year, old Mr. Burwell and his grand-daughter Melissa (or Missy, as he called her) sat side by side in Miss Martha Burwell's spotless living-room. Under their feet was stretched a long piece of linoleum, for the carpet's protection, and on the backs of their chairs, over the "tidies," towels were pinned to prevent any soiling of those elegant samples of Miss Martha's handiwork.

The old man and the young girl, clad in the neatest of garments and with their hair combed into a wonderful straightness, sat bolt upright, hands folded in laps lest they should touch and mar the polish which that very morning had added brightness to the arms of their chairs. They gazed wistfully out of the window near which they were sitting, but there was no sign of the rain's ceasing, so they feared that they were doomed to remain upon those chairs, in that very spot, until dinner-time, and then again perhaps, if it still stormed, all the rest of the day. The prospect was not a cheerful one. Missy slipped out of her chair and stole across the room to a table whereupon lay the family's library: a copy of the Bible, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and "The Handy Home Book." She chose "Pilgrim's Progress," and moved quietly back to her seat. And Mr. Burwell took out his pipe and held it lovingly—though he dared not light it, for fear of Miss Burwell's horror of tobacco smoke.

"Your Aunt Marthy is a wonderful smart woman, Missy," he began after a while. Missy promptly shut her book and nodded. "And a dreffil pertikler housekeeper," he went on; "she can't abide to see a body smoke, fur fear of smellin' up the winder-curtains; nur lay on the sofy fur fear of mussin' up the pillers; nur lean back in the chairs fur fear of disturbin' the croshade-yarn things. It seems to me, Missy, as if she's a leetle bit too pertikler—even if she is my own girl."

"And she won't let me do a single thing to help," Missy returned. "She won't let me cook, nor wash dishes, nor sweep and dust, nor make beds, nor nothin'."

"Me nuther; I ain't 'lowed to fetch in a stick of wood, nur milk a cow, nur make a garden, nur do a chore on the place. It makes it kind of tedjus work settin' round doin' nothin',—and me allus used to seein' after things and keepin' busy."

"And I feel all the time as if I was in her way."

"Me too; she's allus hintin' that the reason she didn't have Billy Wright was 'cause she had to look after me. I don't want to be looked after so close; I wisht she'd let me look after myself!"

Missy got out of her chair, letting the book fall to the floor; and going behind her grandfather's chair, she placed her arms about his neck, drawing back the gray head until it rested on her thin little shoulder.

"Never mind, Grandad," she coaxed; "just wait a while! I'm go-

ing to get married just as soon as I can and get out of here; and then you must live with me. And you must smoke all over the house, just anywhere, and you can stay on the sofa all day long if you want to, and I'll cook you buckwheat pancakes every morning for breakfast—and I'll bet they won't make you 'break out' either, even if she does say they will."

"All right, Missy; all right," he cried, perfectly delighted with the idea. "And I'll build the fires, and milk the cows, and do all the chores and 'tend to everything, so't you won't have no bother. Your Aunt Marthy won't let neither one of us do nothin'. But we'll larn her that we ain't so all-killin' helpless, won't we?"

"Yes, sir," Missy acquiesced earnestly. "And I'll look 'round right away and see if I can't get somebody to keep company with—I s'pose people have to keep company for a little while before they get married, don't they?"

Her grandfather's serene expression changed to one of deep concern. He fidgeted about in his chair—regardless of polish,—shaking his head thoughtfully and tapping the floor with his cane, which always stood beside him.

"No, Missy," he said, "it ain't a-goin' to do fur you to get married just so as we ken leave here and go to housekeepin'. Of course it would be wonderful nice fur us to keep house, but you mustn't have nobody on purpose fur that. Besides, I don't want to see you get married fur a good many years yet. We'll have to go slow, Missy, we'll have to go slow!"

Missy curled on the floor at her grandfather's side, her bright blue eyes fixed eagerly upon his face. She looked so little and young and sweet that his sharp old eyes smarted with tears.

"Not fur a-many a year yet, Missy; and then to somebdy you'll like a deal more and'll do a sight more fur than what you will fur your poor old grandad."

"You don't want me to keep house for you at all!" she cried, deeply disappointed. "You've been foolin' me! You want me to stay right on here where I feel as if I'm not a bit of good to anybody—I-I-thought you l-loved me, Grandad!"

Missy in grief was a sight that her grandfather could hardly endure. He loved the little girl better than he loved anything else in the world, and there was nothing that he could do for her comfort that he was not willing and ready to do. He stooped over her and smoothed back her soft brown hair as he spoke soothingly to her.

"There, there, Missy! don't take on! Grandad'll see if he can't fix it up somehow. Now! now! now!" He sat quite still, thinking intently and smiling now and then to himself, until he heard his daughter call to her "hired girl" to put the chairs around the table, and he knew that dinner was about ready.

"Missy!" he whispered, "get up now—here comes your Aunt Marthy. Don't let her see you cryin' and makin' a fuss."

Missy sprang up. When Miss Burwell came in, both the old man and the little girl were sitting, stiff as pokers, upon their straightbacked chairs.

Martha Burwell was a plump, rather pretty, well-preserved woman of forty-five. She enjoyed splendid health, was a manager to the point of despotism, loved "order" better than anything else, and was intolerant of anything that even looked like incapacity. She wanted everything done in her own particular way and her favourite maxim was: "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself." She was fond of both her father and her niece, but she thought them incapable of giving her any assistance, and she imagined, complacently, that she was treating them

with the greatest generosity and kindness. "Of course," she had once remarked to a neighbour, "father owns the farm and he persists in paying for his board and Melissy's, but that doesn't begin to make up to me for the care of them nor the sacrifices I've made for them. You know, I wouldn't marry because I thought it was my duty to take care of my poor old father and my poor sister's child—and I never allow either one of them to do the least thing about the place; father is too old to accomplish anything, and Melissy is too young and heedless to do the work as I want it done." She was totally unaware that there was rebellion in the hearts of her subjects or that there could be the least cause for complaint on their part. She came in now, with light step and alert air, glancing quickly about to see whether everything were in place or not.

"Your hair is all mussed-up, Melissy," she said, "I can't see how 'tis, you can't keep tidier; get your comb! And father wash your hands for dinner. Melissy, there's the "Pilgrim's Progress' on the floor, and the books on the centre table have been disturbed—Here! give it to me! It does seem queer that you can't leave things alone, when that's all you have to do."

At dinner, Mr. Burwell appeared somewhat distraught, and he did not eat much. He soon pushed back his plate and declared that he was going out for a walk. Martha told him that it was no kind of a day for a man of his years to be out, but he persisted—much to her surprise—and started off in the rain.

Missy spent a quiet afternoon; her aunt would not allow her to leave the house, and, after she had finished her Saturday's "homework" for Monday's school, there was nothing for her to do save to sit at the window, awaiting her grandfather's return. Martha knew no loneliness; she was always employed at something and she prided herself upon never having known what it was to be lonesome.

When Mr. Burwell came in that evening—quite late, tea had almost been kept waiting for him—he wore an unusually cheerful and confident air, and he assumed a commanding manner when he demanded another cup of tea.

"You have had two cups of tea already, father," said Martha, looking surprised, "and you know that I don't like you to take more. A man of your age has to be careful—you wouldn't be able to sleep a wink to-night, if you took it."

"Sleep or not," he returned recklessly, "I'm goin' to have another cup."

Martha stared at her father as though she feared he had taken leave of his senses, but she poured out the tea, making it a little stronger than usual, perhaps hoping that he would be kept awake all night. Missy was so much astonished that she forgot to eat until her aunt threatened her with a dose of castor-oil if she did not finish her supper.

All that evening Mr. Burwell kept up his brave demeanour, frightening though much pleasing Missy (one time he took out his pipe in Aunt Martha's very presence and put it in his mouth, though he did not light it), and mystifying his daughter by his strange conduct. He did not wait for Martha to suggest bed, but boldly marched off when he was ready. He gave Missy a knowing look when he started from the room, and when he passed her he stooped and muttered: "Grandad's a-goin' to fix it, Missy."

About a week later, Miss Burwell sat in her kitchen alone (she had discharged her maid for incompetency) shelling pease, when one of her neighbours—a Mrs. Ferry—came bustling in, quite out of breath.

"Miss Burwell!" she blurted out, "do you know what an awful fool your father is makin' of hisself?"

"What do you mean by saying such a thing to me, Mrs. Ferry?" Martha demanded stiffly (she considered her-

self as Mrs. Ferry's social superior and she put on certain lofty airs in consequence). "My father has always been one of the foremost men in the township, and he has a reputation for good sense and integrity. And though he is now too far advanced in years to take an active part—"

"Well, he's goin' to take a active part ag'in. He's buildin' a new house down on the calf-pasture lot, and he's a-goin' to get married."

"My father!" Martha cried angrily. "You don't know what you're talking about. Why, he's over eighty years old and he's almost helpless; he depends on me for everything, and I haven't let him do a stroke of work for years."

"Helpless or not, he's a-buildin' a new house."

Martha sprang up, letting the pan of pease fall to the floor, where they rolled off in every direction.

"I don't believe it!"

"Well, he is. My son Jake has got the contrack for buildin' the house; and me and Mrs. Boddy both seen your father go into Mrs. Larkinses time and ag'in. Folks say they see him spookin' 'round the widder's house time after time. Ain't you seen nothin' queer in his actions lately? Ain't he off somewheres a good deal of the time?"

Martha fell limply into a chair and put her hand on a nearby table for support. Her father had been acting strangely, she thought, and he had been away from home a good deal of the time lately. She had noticed a change in him and she had wondered at it.

"When did this begin?" she asked.

"He let out the contrack about a week ago, but Jake is so close-mouthed that he never said a word about it till to-day—They're all a-talkin' of him and the Widder Larkin; she's middlin' young fur him, an' she's got eight or nine younguns, but I s'pose he's got plenty to keep the hull caboodle of 'em." Mrs. Ferry turned toward the door. "You ain't ast me to set down, Miss Burwell, and I see't you're struck all of a heap, so I guess I'll be a-goin'. Good-bye!" She shut the door with a bang and Martha heard her heavy shoes creak on the board walk that led down to the side gate.

Martha stooped to pick up the pease. Even under this strain, her natural love of order did not forsake her, and she was ashamed that she had shown any lack of self-control before Mrs. Ferry. She went on as neatly as ever with her work, but her mind was not on what she was doing. She was thinking: "The Widow Larkin and eight or nine young ones," and she could not think of anything else.

Missy came home from school at half-past four that night, and her grandfather came in with her. Both their faces were a-shine with happiness, and the old man looked ten years younger than he had looked on the Saturday, over a week before, when he and Missy had had their little talk. When they entered, Martha stood at the table, facing them. Her face was pale and her eyes glared wrathfully, but the two were in such good spirits that they did not notice that anything was wrong.

"Well, Martha," Mr. Burwell began cheerfully, "who do you think I seen to-day?"

But Martha did not care whom he had seen.

"Father," she burst out, "is it true that you've been seen calling on the Widow Larkins'?"

"May be. Who seen me?"

"And you're building a house on the old calf-pasture lot, are you?"

"Who told you that?" the old man returned sharply. "I didn't mean to tell you till the house was done."

"Then it's true?"

"Yes. I wanted a house, and this old homestead is yours, Martha, so I thought I'd just get in and build a home fur myself."

Martha Burwell covered her face with her hands and broke into a passion of weeping. She sobbed and moaned as though her heart were breaking. Her father had never before seen her in such a state. He went to her, and stood looking helplessly down upon her.

"Marthy," he begged, "don't do that! What on airth's the matter with you? Don't do that!"

"To think of it!" Martha sobbed. "After all I've done and sacrified! Oh, my poor mother! to think of your place being filled by the scum of the earth! After all I've done and given up! Oh, Will, it serves me right for acting so cruel to you—Oh—"

"For the Land of Goshen, Marthy, what're you talkin' 'bout?" said her father impatiently. "What in Cain's got into you?"

"And us that always held our heads as high as anybody in the county," Martha went on, "to have to take up with the Widow Larkins and her eight or nine young ones! I never can look anyone in the face again!"

"I can't see as there's any mortal disgrace in havin' a poor woman to work fur you," Mr. Burwell declared calmly, "even if she has got a drove of brats."

"But it's disgrace enough to go and marry them."

"Marry! Whatever put that in your head?"

"Why you confess that you go and see the widow and that you are building a house."

"Well, ain't I 'bout old 'nough to build a house if I want to, and there ain't no law to pervent me from goin' to see the widder, is there?"

"And you laugh at it and glory in it!" cried Martha desperately, almost beside herself with chagrin. "You're so old and childish that you're proud to think that even that—that—perfect fool of a woman's willing to have you. You must be—"

"For the love of Britain, Marthy, you ain't got it in your head that I'm a-goin' to marry the widder, have you?"

"Why, what else can I think?"

"Well, get it out of your head—What I'm meanin' to do is to fix up a place fur Missy and me to housekeep in, and I've been seein' the widder 'bout helpin' us to get settled. We got tired of allus bein' sot in a back seat and bein' used as though we wasn't no more good than a pair of 'Gyptian mummies, and we air a-goin' to start out for ourselves."

Martha stared wildly from her father to Missy, who stood back against the wall, timidly watching her grandfather, and listening to the dialogue.

"You and—Melissy! Good Land! After spoiling my whole life. You ungrateful—!"

Missy sprang forward and—for the first time in her life—clasped her arms about her aunt, and begged:

"Don't do that! Don't say that, aunty. We ain't going to leave you alone. Grandad has talked to Mr. Wright, and he says he likes you just as well as ever he did, and he's been waiting for you all this time."

"And I seen him to-day," added the old man, "and he said 't he guessed he'd come 'round to-night about seven o'clock and see how we're all gettin' on."

"And maybe," her father continued, "maybe sometime after I'm—when I ain't here, you and Billy'll take Missy back here to live with you. Maybe by that time she'll be used ter house-keepin' and 'll do things to suit you, and won't feel herself in the way."

Martha turned from them. She leaned against the window-sill, looking out with tear-blurred eyes at the rose bushes covered with buds and blossoms. And the old man and the little girl stood holding hands, their eyes smiling at each other, looking hopefully toward the future.

BY

F. A. ACLAND

THE vagaries of American life are curious. At the annual banquet of the National Civic Federation in New York on December 16th, President-elect Taft and Mr. Andrew Carnegie were seated at table beside Mr. Samuel Gompers and Mr. John Mitchell, and publicly exchanged badinage in the addresses which they were respectively called upon to deliver. A week later Mr. Gompers and Mr. Mitchell were under sentence of imprisonment for terms of a year and nine months respectively. Of course it does not follow that they will really go to gaol; it is another vagary of American life that sentences involving men eminent in any line of public activity often do not get carried out. The gigantic fine imposed on the Standard Oil Company is another instance in which delays and technicalities arising out of successive appeals will quite possibly enable Mr. Rockefeller's great monopoly to escape the penalty.

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As to the justice of the sentence passed on the labour leaders, that is a matter hardly proper for discussion even in a country foreign to the courts and the defendants concerned, though it is unquestionably startling in its severity. The question involved was not, of course, in any sense the rights of labour, but the right of any individual deliberately to defy the solemn decision of a court, and Messrs. Gompers and Mitchell doubtless fully appreciated the gravity of the step taken by them. The right of boycott which lay at the foundation of this dispute between the labour leaders and the state had disappeared before the greater issue of contempt of court. The result, however, is a sensational and dramatic situation, which has greatly stirred the ranks of labour throughout the United States, and if the unexpected should happen, and Messrs. Gompers and Mitchell should really go to prison, we may depend upon it that their incarceration will become a leading feature in United States politics.

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It happens somewhat oddly that in Great Britain, too, the organised workers are at the moment the subject of a judicial decision, which is in their case an even more far-reaching and momentous matter than that in which Messrs. Gompers and Mitchell are concerned. The courts have decided that the funds of trades unions may not be legally used to pay salaries to representatives of the Labour party in Parliament, and that all the funds that have been devoted to this purpose have been misused and are recoverable at law. There are three score or so of labour members receiving allowances from this source, and the decision of the court must have a serious, if not a paralysing, effect on the action of the British Labour party as a whole. The situation is further complicated by the possibility, perhaps we should say probability, of actions being brought to recover the amounts which according to the judgment have been illegally

expended on salaries for members of Parliament; for it need hardly be stated there has not been in the past an absolute unanimity as to the policy to be pursued by the various trades unions on this crucial point.

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The present judgment is not indeed more revolutionary than the famous Taff-Vale decision of a few years ago, by which the funds of trades unions, no matter for what purpose accumulated, were declared attachable at law, and it will be remembered that in that case the British Government, on the advent to power of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, came to the relief of the trades unions with a new measure regulating the funds of the unions, and freeing them from the danger represented by the judgment. It has been suggested that in this case also the Government will enact as soon as possible legislation which will have the effect of mitigating the severity of the judgment. There is some difference, however, in the two cases. In the case of the Taff-Vale judgment trades unionists were absolutely a unit in opposition to the pronouncement of the judges, since they regarded the very life of trades unionism as at stake; whereas with respect to the later judgment it is by no means certain that a strong minority of the trades unionists will not welcome it as an excuse for endeavouring to break up the present system of Parliamentary representation of Labour. Legislation intended to enable the existing system to continue may therefore be an occasion for dividing the trades unionists among themselves to some extent, and yet no better way out of the difficulty presents itself. It is true the case is to be appealed to the House of Lords, but the general expectation, as shown in English newspaper comment, is that the judgment will be sustained.

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The problem confronting the labour members might be solved by the payment of all members of the British House of Commons, a reform for which the Asquith Government would no doubt be quite prepared, and which would remove the anomaly that renders members of that body the only unpaid parliamentarians in the world; but the cost would be considerable and the Chancellor of the Exchequer must be already at his wits' end to know where the extra revenue which the Government is now pledged to spend is to be found. When salaries are paid by the British Government they are usually on a liberal scale, and salaries to members, if paid, would not probably be less than a thousand pounds a year, which for 670 members would represent in Canadian currency not less than $3,350,000, no slight annual addition to the present oppressive burden of the British tax-payer; and this does not take into account the members of the House of Lords, who would have the same right to a salary as the members of the Commons, and whom the Commoners might themselves object to leave in the rank of honorary legislators. No such addition to the British taxes therefore, we may be sure, will be proposed at the present juncture.

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The general estimate is that Mr. Lloyd-George will have to provide the enormous sum of twenty million pounds, or considerably more than the annual expenditure of Canada, to meet the increased expenditure next year. A considerable portion of the increase is, of course, due to the old age pension law, and there is in addition the proposed addition to naval expenditure, for which public opinion has called under any circumstances. Vast new sources of income will have to be found and it will tax the ingenuity of the most skilful financier to find them without deranging business or pinching trade. Tariff reformers, looking at the great deficit looming up on the one hand, and the army of unemployed daily parading the streets on the other hand, are more

than ever hopeful that their own particular policy will eventually be called in, if for no other purpose than to raise the revenue needed. Chichester is the latest bye-election to the credit of the tariff reformers; the seat was not won, being already Unionist, but the Unionist majority was increased from 500 to 2,500. Mr. Asquith in the meantime has the overwhelming support of Parliament, and refuses to have his hand forced. Parliament has adjourned, and no new crisis is likely to develop until Mr. Lloyd-George presents his budget.

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Much has been said in the English Unionist press of the alleged unfair treatment of English-speaking officials in the Transvaal since the granting of responsible government, and many who wished to see the great experiment in magnanimity succeed were fearful lest it might be wrecked through what appeared to be Dutch greed for place. Now it seems, according to a statement officially made by Colonel Seely, the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, the Dutch have been very moderate after all, and down to the end of July last the Transvaal civil service still contained five English officers as against one Dutch, or 3,870 English and 737 Dutch. The proportion is certainly startling in view of the charges. It is possible, however, that the Dutch minority may include the chief administrative positions, and that in Premier Botha's reorganisation it is from these positions that the English-speaking officials have been ousted. It is difficult to conceive of any other ground on which, with such a disparity of figures against the Dutch, the latter can be said to have been favoured. Colonel Seely's statement, it may be added, was made in reply to a question put by Sir Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist who sits for Gravesend.

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There are numerous messages going out to workingmen in these days. Reference was made in these pages recently to the frank talk given by Sir Christopher Furness, the great English shipbuilder, to his employees, and to his proposition for a profit-sharing arrangement between him and them in place of the old arrangement of simply master and men, out of which had grown a friction which rendered the continuance of business almost impossible; the proposition, it may be noted, was subsequently accepted by the men, at any rate for a year, and Sir Christopher manifested his approval of the arrangement by placing immediately with the reorganised firm an order for a dozen ships, which he had previously hesitated to undertake because of the uncertainty involved in his relations with the men. Crossing the Atlantic, we find Mr. Melville Ingalls, president of the Big Four Railway combination and one of the leading representatives of capital in the United States, boldly declaring at the convention of the National Civic Federation in favour of the same principle of profit-sharing, and, moreover, deliberately predicting that it is a principle that must and will be speedily accepted as applied to the relations between capital and labour. In the third place we have Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a prince among capitalists, and much given in these later years to efforts to blend the ideal and the practical, declaring also that in this same direction "lies the final and enduring solution of the labour question." Mr. Carnegie's discussion of the subject is more exhaustive than that of the English shipbuilder or the American railway magnate, and is contained in the new book which the Pittsburg Crœsus is shortly to give to the world under the title of "Problems of To-day," the *World's Work* magazine having in the meantime been given the privilege of publishing in its January issue the chapter of the book dealing especially with this question. With pioneers of so striking personality, and wielding in their respective spheres influence so

extended, we may look to see the movement of profit-sharing make great advances during the twentieth century. We must not expect to see Mr. Carnegie's ideal attained and all difficulties immediately ended, but it is an ideal worth working for. In the meantime Canada's capitalists seem to lag a little in the rear in the discussion of such topics.

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President Roosevelt's call to Canada and Mexico to consult with the United States as to plans for conserving the natural resources of North America does not come too soon and the spirit that prompts the friendly appeal will no doubt evoke a hearty and sympathetic response from the Governments and peoples of both countries. It is not quite clear what the three countries can jointly determine to do other than they could agree to do separately, but only good can come from a closer view of each other's suggestions and methods, and very great benefit is likely to come from the publicity which such a conference is likely to give to the wastefulness and careless prodigality with which in all parts of the continent the wonderful natural resources are being dissipated. Publicity has its evil side, but it is a great agency for awakening the public conscience, and none appreciates this better than Mr. Roosevelt or makes an apter use of it to that end, though we may perhaps feel that when he discusses in a message to Congress the ethics and personality of the proprietor of a sensational newspaper he wields the "big stick" of publicity a little wildly. The whole North American continent has been for the past hundred years given over so completely to material development that the problems of higher statesmanship have been too commonly neglected. The twentieth century seems destined to witness a reaction which will employ the highest intellects and the most profound minds, and can hardly fail to leave our civilisation on a higher and better plane.

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The climax of the marvellous material development to which reference has just been made appears to have been reached when we find the northern capital of our country, an infant as to age among the great cities of the world, preparing on the one hand to receive the delegates of the famous British Society for the Advancement of Science, which meets in Winnipeg next summer, and, on the other hand, to entertain the world at large, or such of the world as will come, at an international exposition. The two events will combine to offer a dramatic demonstration to the world of the existence here in this fertile northern zone of a new and beautiful metropolis wholly created within the generation. As to the exposition, it is not to be yet for a year or two, not until 1912, in fact, when it will mark the centenary of the Selkirk settlement, which may be said to have godfathered the West, but it is necessary to look well ahead in such matters, and three years will not be too long a period to devote to developing and carrying through such an enterprise. Nor is there any reason why Canada at large should not utilise such an exposition to show to the world other aspects of her development than the material side, and to impress upon the nations her unique and fortunate position as a free and independent member of the mightiest of empires.

A Picture Poem.

PAINTING and poetry are so nearly related among the arts that it is not surprising when the form and colour on the canvas become matter for ode or lyric. Among modern poems so inspired, Mr. Kipling's "The Vampire" on Sir Philip Burne-Jones' painting of that name and Mr. Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe" are doubtless the most widely-known examples. The subjects of these notable efforts were degraded and even hideous, and it hardly edifies the reader to dwell upon either theme.

Among the pictures by the Canadian artist Elizabeth McGillivray Knowles is one which has caught the poetic fancy of Dr. T. B. Richardson, who has given to the towering pine in the foreground of the picture the name of "The Dreamer." From Mr F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., the artist's husband and sole instructor, was obtained a print of the picture, which is reproduced on the opposite page, with the poem it inspired:

I.

He stands amid his giant herd
In the dew-drenched stilly night,
With gnarled breast
And ragged crest,
A kingly pine of noble height
To the melting moon upreared.
A crusty seer,
This lusty peer
Of the foot-hills' age-old clan.
He croons a lay the night-winds
hear
And bear to the ear of man:

"Through gleam and gloom
Through frost and rain
My hoary years glide on.
Life's busy loom
Weaves in my grain
The woof of many a sun.
So, what reck I the lightning's
scath
Or tempest's bonds undone?
What matters mankind's puny
wrath?
My myriad sons live on!"

II.

His towering top has caught the
beam
Of crimson-tipped new day.
And marked the flight
In solar light
Of fierce Aquila's trackless way,
Or heard the gorging Vulture
scream.
Full past his base
In hurtling chase
He's heard the night-wolves howl,
The while with up-turned tranquil
face
He mused within his soul:

"The law of life
Through wood and plain
Is life from death begot;
The world is rife
With wrack and pain
Whatever goal be sought.
Come, then, man's levelling axe,
and claim
My ancient, pitchy heart;
Mayhap, to life, its quickening
flame
A flickering soul may start."

Woman in Epigram.

THERE are certain small books which always make their appearance in the month of December, in elaborate style and gilt-lettered covers. They contain sayings about women, selected from cynics and sages, and are regarded by the women who receive them as vain and doubtful gifts. Why men carefully choose these dainty and sometimes envenomed volumes, to bestow upon women friends, whom they profess to admire, is one of the masculine mysteries. Woman does not care to read page after page of remarks concerning her sex. She knows the subject after a practical fashion and is not moved to respect by the random remarks of the various writers who have dared to generalise on the least abstract subject in the world. However, here are a few brilliant attempts at classification and criticism from "Woman in Epigram," just to show how the scribbling brotherhood deals with the vexed, or vexing question:

"The girl who makes the poet's sigh is a very different creature from the girl who makes his soup."

"You may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better material, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything."

"Theologians deplore Eve's taste and appetite,

Painting by Elizabeth McGillivray Knowles, A.R.C.A.

"THE DREAMER"

THIS PICTURE SUGGESTED THE POEM OF THE OPPOSITE PAGE

but philosophers give her a vote of thanks. If she hadn't bitten that apple in the garden, we should all, save beggars and tramps, be out of a job.''

''Women are compounds of plain sewing and make-believe, daughters of Sham and Hem.''

''Nothing, certainly, is so ornamental and delightful in women as the benevolent affections; but time cannot be filled up and life employed with high and impassioned virtues. We know women are to be compassionate; but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night, and what are they to do in the interval?''

''Man carves his destiny; woman is helped to hers.''

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THE JUDGE OF THE JUVENILE COURT.

THE recent reëlection of Judge Ben Lindsey, who has presided for years over the Juvenile Court of Denver, Colorado, has been hailed throughout his state and the Republic generally as a triumph for the women and the children. Judge Lindsey was opposed by both Republicans and Democrats. The ''machines,'' with all the villainous manipulation of which the modern political system is capable were working against the man who has devoted all his energies to saving the children from becoming criminals. Yet the issue of the struggle is encouraging to those who believe that the forces which make for righteousness are still recognised as the greater. Judge Lindsey is a man of extraordinary combination of strength and gentleness. His work in saving boys who are merely mischievous rather than evil, from becoming degraded criminals, has been a blessing to the whole continent and his triumph over those who are mere selfish partisans is one to be rejoiced in by all decent citizens. There are comparatively few children who are little wretches. Most of the luckless youngsters who get into the juvenile courts have not erred seriously but have been so unfortunate as to possess no restraining home influences.

To the *University Magazine* for December, 1908, Mr. William Trant contributed a decidedly sensible and advanced article on ''The Treatment of Criminals.'' In the course of his reflections on juvenile offenders the writer says: ''Children may be roughly divided into two classes: parlour children and street children. The former have the advantages of a home, of parental training, and supervision; the latter have no advantages whatever and a heap of disadvantages 'huge as high Olympus'—sin and sorrow around them, bad example, overcrowded and miserable homes, parental influences they would be better without. Both these classes of youngsters have the same childish instincts and commit the same peccadilloes. But how different the treatment for the offence, and this is the crucial point.

''Master Alfonse purloins a forbidden orange from his mother's fruit dish. As a result he has no sugar in his tea and is sent to bed; where, repentant and remorseful, he cries himself to sleep. He steals no more oranges, becomes a respectable member of society, mayor of his city and justice of the peace. In the last named capacity, Jim the Joker, the pride of his fellow street-waifs, is brought before him charged with stealing—not purloining—an orange from an old woman's barrow. The little wretch is sent to prison for fourteen days and in a short time Jim the Joker is manufactured into a full-fledged criminal, to the admiration of his companions. In the first case the punishment was effective and efficacious; in the latter it was a failure. One punishment reformed, the other degraded.''

The relation of women to this modern movement for the prevention of juvenile offenders being classed with mature incorrigibles, is clearly set forth. ''Such legislation is generally initiated or at any rate stimu-

lated by women. No one will deny that the reclamation of juveniles is a work for which women are especially adapted. . . The only danger is that they are often too sympathetic and assert proposals that are mawkish and mischievous. Ladies' organisations are too prone to regard street Arabs as 'dear little saints' that only require kind watchfulness to keep them from falling. It is necessary to realise that many of the lads and lasses are not dear little saints but horrible little rascals, and perhaps the harsher material of men is necessary to guide somewhat the too tender sympathies of women."

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The Feminine Gifts.

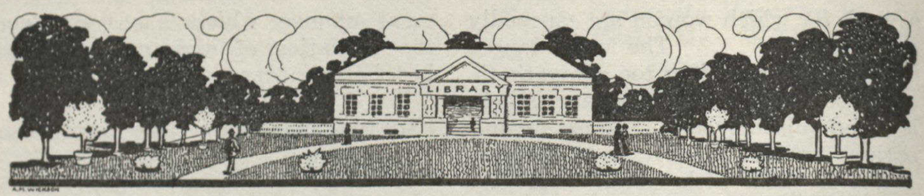
A MODERN essayist, in anticipation of the centenary of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who was born in that Year of Wonder, 1809, refers, as many a writer has done before him, to the circumstance that there is a dearth of feminine genius of the first order. He impresses upon the world, once more, that there has been no woman whose creative genius equalled that of Raphael, Shakespeare or Beethoven. We may admit the fact with cheerfulness and say—what then? The majority of those who read poetry, admire and copy pictures, or study the master's sonatas will be found to be women. The feminine gift is appreciation rather than initiation, but the Raphael, the Shakespeare or the Beethoven would fare badly without the womanly imagination and sympathy. Perhaps the domestic triumphs are just as fine in their own unobtrusive way. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his delightful account of an inland voyage, declares that it is quite unfair to discriminate between the senses. It may require, he says, as delicate taste to appreciate the flavour of an olive as to admire the gorgeous tints of a sunset.

Tennyson's prophecy is as true as anything written in the last century regarding the much-vexed "woman question." No one who considers the great change which has come over the education of woman during the last half-century can doubt that

"In the long years, liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man."

The virtues of patience and forbearance, usually classified as feminine by the writers of the Middle Ages, are more noticeable in masculine dealings than ever before, while self-reliance and mental breadth are more characteristic of the woman of to-day than of the sweet young creatures of *Amelia Sedley's* day. Tennyson was not afraid of the change, for he knew right well that Nature may be trusted to take care of the desirably feminine attributes. There are dangers and difficulties attendant upon the changes in the industrial world, since so many women have become self-supporting, but most observers of our new democracy believe that they will be met and overcome. In the broadening avenues for woman's effort, there may open a way for greater creative work in poetry, music and art than woman has yet achieved. Genius, it may be objected, makes a way for itself and gives no heed to opportunity. "Howsoever these things be," the modern maiden has little to complain of when she comes to the cultivation of whatever talent she may possess. She will probably elect in the end the course which leads to culinary triumphs, for the science of to-morrow may give a new dignity to the dairy and a positive grace to the manipulation of the rolling-pin. Man is doubtless entirely selfish in his praise of woman as housewife and cook, but he may become reconciled to the new order of feminine training, when he discovers that it does not mean the overturn of domestic comfort.

Jean Graham.



The WAY of LETTERS

99.

that five dollars. 'You see, judge,' I sa

this that's happened today - it's my fa

he's an orphan - an' after his father di

Five Forks - he was only so big - just a

baby - an' his charācter weren't forme

ain't done well by him. There was no

him we were sort o' scared of him - an

him too much - an' so I kep' off putt

trainin him,' I says, 'an' lettin' him

Part of a page from the first draught of a novelette by Harvey J. O'Higgins, founded on David Belasco's play "A Grand Army Man"

A Young Man's Confessions.

IN "The Letters of a Remittance Man to His Mother" Mr. W. H. P. Jarvis has written a very interesting and informing book. Every person knows that the so-called remittance man is the one who comes out from England to make his way in the "Colony", but who has to depend for subsistence on money sent to him from the old land. As the title suggests, Mr. Jarvis' book is in the form of letters, and these letters deal in the first person with the experiences of the young Englishman in Canada. The book is full of good humour and entertaining narrative, but its chief value lies in the very sane lesson that it offers to all young men who start out to make their way in the world. The young man of the book comes out to Canada and shows himself to be a "Tenderfoot". He thinks more about his riding leggings and breeches, about the chances for a good mount and a little hunting and shooting, than about the real problem of getting on in a new country. He is absolutely unsophisticated, and easily becomes a prey to others of his class who have had some experience, but who have not had the moral courage to rise above their circumstances. In time, however, he becomes humbled, and his humility leads him into the way of obtaining a creditable livelihood. Having read the book, one can scarcely help regretting that the author's modesty prevented him from making it a more important volume, for it is rather slight in quantity, and the possibilities of the subject were such that it might very well have been increased in size and importance without de-

MR. WILFRED CAMPBELL, WHOSE LATEST BOOK "POETICAL TRAGEDIES" WAS PUBLISHED RECENTLY

tracting from its quality. However, it is a book that will be read with genuine interest and amusement by Canadians and, if the advice be taken, with entertainment and profit by all who purpose to seek a fortune away from the homeland. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company. Cloth, $1.25).

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WILFRED CAMPBELL'S TRAGEDIES.

The appearance of a new volume of poetical tragedies by Mr. Wilfred Campbell is of more than usual significance to all who are interested in literary development in Canada and particularly in the development of this author's own powers as a writer of dramatic verse. Two of the four dramas that make up the present volume, "Mordred" and "Hildebrand", were published, in a small edition, thirteen years ago, but since then they have been slightly revised. The other two are entitled respectively "Daulac" and "Morning." Both are in five acts. The first publication of Mr. Campbell's dramas elicited much warm praise, and one critic in particular referred to them as the greatest poetical dramas next to Shakespeare's. Perhaps no form of writing so tests ability as the poetic drama, and even so early as thirteen years ago

Mr. Campbell set a very high standard for himself. He has been an admiring and careful student of Shakespeare, and, therefore, the reader of his dramatic work should not be aggrieved if he finds some lines or forms that seem to be reminiscent of the great master. "Daulac" is based on the hero of the Long Sault, and contains a poetical and rather ingenious plot. "Morning" goes back to a period before the advent of Christianity, and it is doubtful whether it will ever be as popular as the other three. Mr. Campbell is above all things a poet, and whether or not his dramas ever see the footlights, he can be generously complimented for their sincerity and loftiness of purpose. The present volume is dedicated to Mr. F. A. Acland, Deputy Minister of Labour, and to Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, M.P., and on its reception, it is announced, will depend the publication of another volume of dramas. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.50).

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The Hereafter.

Prof. Hyslop is the first scholarly and competent American to undertake psychic research as a life work. Prof. Elliot Coues dabbled in occultism, and the literature of the subject ancient and modern has attracted many able students. But Prof. Hyslop is the first man of standing to devote himself to the rigorous application of the scientific method in this direction. Prof. Hyslop's "Psychic Research and the Resurrection" is a collection of papers contributed to various periodicals, with two new essays. The volume covers the whole field of what are sometimes known as the pseudo-sciences, and embraces most of the phenomena of the borderland.

To the ordinary reader the book may be too precise and technical and too heavily loaded with detail to excite absorbing interest. But as the twitching of the frog's legs was momentous for Galvani, even the casual amateur may find in Prof. Hyslop's records suggestions of the existence and clues to the solution of the most profound problems. He himself looks to the younger generation who have no prejudices to maintain, to establish the value of his work.

The present volume opens with a paper on "Humorous Aspects of Psychic Research", which illustrates a good many of the prejudices psychic research now has to combat.

One or two valuable points are arrived at. Prof. Hyslop concludes that there are "very few people interested in a future life on moral or religious grounds."

He limits the scope of the term "telepathy" so as to abolish ideas that prevail in some quarters.

"That a man can sit down and gravely assume, without experimental proof, a sort of infinite access by some sublimal process to the memories of any living mind that the telepathic subject chooses to select, and yet claim to be scientific, is something that transcends my idea of conscience."

"The only telepathy that can lay the slightest claim to recognition in scientific grounds is the transmission of present active states of consciousness." (Page 74).

Many of the incidents recorded go to confirm the views held by the Greeks and other ancients as well as by modern occultists that the so-called spirit communications are derived, not from the true personality or individuality of the deceased one, but from the *larvæ* or *reliquiæ* of those whose spiritual principle dwells in a superior state of consciousness, inaccessible to psychic research or physical observation.

Prof. Hyslop's views of the resurrection will not suit the average theologian any better than those of Sir Oliver Lodge. Prof. Hyslop appears to be tending towards the adoption of the theory that it is not the body of flesh and blood that undergoes anastasis, but the psychic body. The

translation of the word "psychic" as "natural" in St. Paul's epistle has led to much confusion, as most readers understand the "natural" body to be the body of flesh. The eastern teaching is that the psychic ("natural") body is sown at birth in the body of flesh and blood, sown in weakness and corruption, that is, and afterwards raised, by salvation or redemption or grace, a spiritual body, or as St. Paul puts it, raised in power, incorruptible. The ordinary theological teaching ignores the psychic body, and Prof. Hyslop ignores the spiritual body. Neither theologian or scientist appears willing to grapple with the problem of the *soma sarkikon*, the *soma psuchikon*, and the *soma pneumatikon*. Prof. Hyslop at least agrees with St. Paul that flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom. (Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. Cloth, $1.50).

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STUDIES OF THE METROPOLIS.

Those who read "A Commentary" by John Galsworthy will wish to know something more of the author, if they have not already made the acquaintance of "The Island Pharisees" and "The Country House." This latest book, a collection of nineteen essays or sketches, which first saw publication in English weeklies, is remarkable in poignancy and penetration. The writer has selected the material for these papers from the lowliest life of London and has given every character an individuality, almost of silhouette isolation. While the sordidness and misery of the environment stir the reader to acute sympathy, there is no evidence of overstrain on the writer's part. His pathos is calm and contemplative, even when he is stating most tersely the injustice of the case. His work is the etching of the artist, not the easy splash of the sensation-monger. Those who care for discriminating observation and careful phrase will ask for more of this writer's work; but let no idle reader who seeks nothing beyond the happy-ever-after school of fiction think to find a moment's comfort in the sketches of "A Commentary." (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons).

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A BOOK FOR DOUBTERS.

"The Seeming Unreality of the Spiritual Life," by Henry Churchill King, President of Oberlin College, is a book which aims to meet a few of the difficulties confronting the unwilling doubter. It is intended for the help of the man who, earnestly desiring to live the spiritual life, is discouraged by its seeming unreality. That this unreality is only an appearance and not a fact, this book goes very far towards proving. It deals with its problems from the standpoint of the best thought of to-day, looking every difficulty squarely in the face. Instead of attempting to explain the unexplainable, it takes the ground that the exercise of some faith is, in the religious life (as in everything else), a first element of understanding; just as struggle is the great necessity of growth. While the author deals with his subject in a most scholarly manner, the style is lucid and interesting. Altogether the book should prove valuable to many, especially to such as have felt their own faith waver or have to combat want of faith in others. (The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50).

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THE EMERALD ISLE.

So much has been written in a political way about Ireland that it is refreshing to find a book on the Emerald Isle making no pretension but to give an impression of the country and its people, quite apart from its politics, with interesting bits of history and legend. Such a book is "Shamrock Land," by Plummer F. Jones. Mr. Jones has recorded his impressions in a most entertaining and informing manner, and the text

is illustrated with forty-eight excellent reproductions of photographs. It is a valuable book for the traveller, and, indeed, for any one who wishes to know Ireland with some intimacy. It takes one to Cork, Castle of Blarney, to Killarney, the golden vale of Tipperary, among the peat-cutters of Galway, through the north and the south, to the Giant's Causeway, with a chapter also on rural Ireland as it is to-day. The book is thoroughly enjoyable. (New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. Cloth, $2).

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IN OLD PHILADELPHIA.

About ten years ago, the novel "Hugh Wynne: Free Quaker," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, appealed to a wide class of readers who had first been attracted to the author by his essays entitled "Characteristics." Hugh Wynne appears once more in a new romance, "The Red City," which has a historic setting of the second administration of President Washington. *De Courval* and his mother, unhappy *émigrés*, arrive in Philadelphia, the "Red City," and find there a refuge and home. Famous personages go about the quaint town, "where the streets are called for trees and the lanes for berries." At the library, we meet no less a dignitary than Mr. Thomas Jefferson, who smiles dubiously when *Mary Swanwick*, Quakeress, asks if "Thomas Jones" is a proper tale for her daughter to read, while the librarian refuses to recommend Fielding.

It is a courtly company we meet, even if the Republic be established—for are these not the days of leisurely manners? We take chocolate with Mr. Alexander Hamilton and hear of the new luxury, ice-cream, which *Monsieur de Malerive* makes on the mall Matters there are of statecraft and also matters of feminine lure, for *Margaret Swanwick* is a bewitching Quaker maid. It is a charming, old-world story and should be bound in brocade and scented with lavender. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.50.)

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MORE LETTERS.

"The Letters of Jennie Allen," by Grace Donworth, is the title of a volume composed of letters of a good-hearted, illiterate person to her "friend Miss Musgrove." The letters are amusing in their very crudeness, and, as all such letters should, they contain much homely philosophy and good sense. Jennie Allen is a sewing girl, a member of her brother's household, and the letters are addressed to Miss Musgrove, a valued patron of the seamstress. On the least provocation, whatever, Jennie sits down and rattles off page after page about the affairs of her workaday world, and incidentally she manages to introduce some amusing characters and a good deal of human interest. To many readers this book will prove to be extremely funny. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. Cloth, $1 50)

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A MEMORIAL DRAMA.

The volume, "Champlain: A Drama in Three Acts," is described by the author, Dr. T. M. Harper, as "a tercentennial memorial volume" and is prefaced by a historical sketch: "Twenty Years and After." The latter discloses the argument of the drama as an antagonism between the self-interest of the trader and the steadfast purpose of the coloniser. Champlain, Governor of New France, is the hero-pioneer, whose purpose holds firm throughout the conflict against sordid foes. The drama has much of thrilling situation and poetic charm, while the character of the great explorer is dominant in every act, until one exclaims with Pontgravé—

"And if his plans mature, as chance they may,
The centuries will carry down his fame,
The father of a western fatherland."

Among the lighter touches of the drama are the songs which are me-

lodious with true Gallic gaiety. (Toronto and Quebec: The Trade Publishing Company, T. J. Moore and Company).

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A Romance of the "Terror."

Some years ago, the Baroness Orczy gave the readers of romance a story of the French Revolution, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which delighted youthful admirers of a beautiful heroine, a bold hero and adventures manifold. The book was dramatised and became a success for more than one season. Now appears "The Elusive Pimpernel," the sequel to that stirring tale, and, while it is not of the same attraction as the first volume, it is a story to beguile a winter evening. The daring Englishman who ventured across to France in the days of Robespierre, to rescue distressed aristócrats, was a mysterious and thrilling personage in the first story. Of course, we know from the first chapter of "The Elusive Pimpernel" that he is Sir Percy Blakeney. The narrative is told with spirit and, although the romance is hardly to be classed with "Simon Holmes" or "Under the Red Robe," it is much better than the average novel with "historical" ingredients. The various flashing glimpses of the little red flower are well worth watching, but one breathes freely when it returns to bloom in England. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

❋

Where the Buffalo Roamed.

A good book, particularly for young Canadians, comes in the form of a historical narrative of the northwestern part of the Dominion. It combines a series of vivid sketches under the general title, "Where the Buffalo Roamed," by E. L. Marsh. Advantage has been taken of the picturesque side of the narrative, and therefore there are entertaining chapters on the explorations of Henry Hudson, the founding of the Hudson's Bay Company. The illustrations have been judiciously selected from paintings by Paul Kane, and photographs by M. O. Hammond and others. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1.25).

❋

A Story of Slavery of To-Day.

Mr. Harold Bindloss, who has written a number of books with a Canadian setting, has stirred up interest in the alleged slave trade in Portuguese West Africa by the publication of his latest novel, "Long Odds." If slavery exists there, an attempt has been made to disguise it, but the novel is accepted as being a pretty faithful picture of the situation, apart altogether from its dramatic interest as a work of fiction. Should international intervention result from the publication of the book, it will at least serve a good purpose. (New York: Small, Maynard and Company. Cloth, $1.50).

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Notes.

—"Quiet Talks With World Winners" is the title of a new book by S. D. Gordon. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 75 cents).

—J. D. Freeman, M.A., author of "Life on the Uplands," has written another book, entitled "Concerning the Christ." (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 75 cents).

—Sylvanus Stall, D.D., has writtenanother book for children, entitled "Talks to the King's Children." In this book the teachings of the Bible are presented in a simple, attractive style. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, $1).

—A most useful book in every household is "Bright Ideas for Entertaining," by Mrs. Herbert B Linscott. It contains two forms of wholesome amusement or entertainment for social gatherings. (Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs and Company. Cloth, 50 cents).

—"The Empire Builders" is the title of a very creditable volume of poems and ballads by Robert J. C. Stead. Throughout the book there is a strong patriotic and imperial note (Toronto: William Briggs, Cloth, $1).

Within The Sanctum

LITERATURE is an indefinite and uncertain commodity. Very likely it always will be so. Some of us might dislike to speak of it crudely as a thing of exchange, and yet that is very often its most commanding aspect. It is all very well to regard it as an artistic achievement, as an æsthetic accomplishment, but unless it can be exchanged for dollars and cents its usefulness is oftentimes not established. At this season of year, when literary clubs flourish, the art of letters is discussed in a serious and generally beneficial manner, but unfortunately the discussion is most often incomprehensive; it does not deal with the subject from the standpoints of both commercialism and æstheticism. It is either wholly commercial or wholly æsthetic. In order to be comprehensive it must be both. Here in Canada the commercial side predominates, largely because there are not as yet many persons who can afford and care to cultivate literary gifts purely as an accomplishment. The number is increasing, very slowly, it must be admitted; but as it increases the population increases also, and likewise the ability to support, if only in a very moderate way, a native literature.

Apart altogether from the standpoint of leisure or necessity, which, after all, is scarcely a factor with us, Canada occupies a unique position in the universal struggle for literary distinction—a unique position, with three formidable obstacles to overcome: language, population, and extensive territory. In the first place, those of us who use the English language are justly proud of it, but unfortunately from a mercenary standpoint we speak and write the same language as the mother country and the neighbouring republic, which embrace the two greatest literary distributing centres in the world. At once Canadians are therefore placed in competition with these two great countries, and while they cannot hope to materially affect those markets in published form, they are materially affected by them. Newspapers, periodicals or magazines do not go in appreciable numbers from outlying points to the great literary centres, but they do go in effective numbers when the direction is reversed. Still, that is not a phenomenon; it is a result of conditions that affect in the same way many other things besides literature and the business of publishing. If in Canada there prevailed a distinctive language such as prevails in countries like Denmark or Japan, conditions would be very different from what they are now. Our writers would write in the Canadian language; the great mass of the people would and could read nothing but Canadian; the publishers would publish in the prevailing language, with the result that a self-contained literature would develop, quite apart from and independent of the literatures of other countries. The market would not be flooded with the products of alien presses, or the work of native writers confused with or submerged

by foreign importations. But that is not the condition here in Canada, and so the situation must be faced as it is found.

For the purposes of this discussion, French-Canadians must be deducted from the total of population, which would leave about 4,000,000. Of that number, including miners, fishermen, lumbermen, outlying agriculturists, navvies and foreigners, at least 2,500,000 could be struck off from the list of those who read literature just because it is literature. That leaves 1,500,000 to support native products from domestic presses and in competition with the literature of the rest of the English-speaking world. It seems like a very small population indeed to draw upon when it is compared with the population of the United States. Eighty million sets Canada away back in that one respect, and indeed the same process of deduction cannot be applied in this instance. In the first place, there is nothing like the same proportion of French-speaking people in the United States as there is in Canada, nor is the proportion of farmers, miners and fishermen nearly so large. Nevertheless, for the purposes of this consideration, the population that could be called on to support literature might be reduced to forty-five or fifty million, which would even at that be thirty to one in favour of the United States. The comparison serves to indicate the situation.

Population and extent of territory are inter-effective. If the available population for literary purposes in Canada were concentrated in one city, conditions would be very much ameliorated, because under present circumstances a publisher might go to the expense of sending his canvassers all the way from Sydney to Victoria, with all the necessary side trips, and still not cover as much ground, in view of his object, as could be covered in New York and Philadelphia alone. The same conditions apply whether the canvassing be for subscriptions or advertisements. So that while the available population in Canada is infinitesimally small as compared with the population of the United States, the expense incurred in obtaining patronage is proportionately much greater. Time will undoubtedly improve the situation in Canada, and there will soon be here, as well, large centres of population, and also literary centres, or at least *a* literary centre.

It can be appreciated, therefore, that any consideration of Canadian literature or the conditions under which Canadian literature is produced would not be comprehensive if it did not embrace the commercial side as well as the æsthetic side. Canadian writers are doing excellent work, and they are doing it sucessfully in competition with the rest of the English-speaking world. And they are doing it notwithstanding the lack of leisure or of necessity. In works of imagination they are especially strong, and the poetic muse is here courted naturally and with distinction. While comparing favourably with others as essayists and writers of articles, their greatest promise seems to come from the domain of fiction on the one hand and the realm of poetry on the other hand. The artistic sense and the value of suggestion are taking a more important place in their work, and other subtleties of the craft are being cultivated with marked effect all along the ever-increasing line. It is sometimes said that Canadian writers have little or no sense of humour. While that may be generally true, we cannot accept it as all-embracing, because we need not forget that the eminent Nova Scotian whose *nom de plume* of Sam Slick is so widely known, is regarded by many as the father of American humour. But it is doubtful whether to be the father of the real "American" humour would be a real distinction. In any case, humour is a most uncertain quality, and no man has the right to arbitrate regarding it, for, like the boys and the frogs, what is fun on one

hand is sometimes death on the other hand. To see a dog running with a tin can tied to its tail sets some persons roaring with laughter, and other persons, perhaps a little more savage, are greatly amused by the terrified grimaces of the one above whose head the tomahawk is momentarily poised. It should be observed that we and our ancestors, our ancestors in particular, have been struggling against the grim realities of existence. To attain, not a fortune, not even a competence, but a living, it has been a constant fight against natural obstacles and artificial barriers. Still the great fight in this respect has been fought, and we may now look for increasing leisure and increasing capacity to appreciate the peculiar or humorous aspects of Canadian life. But just what quality of humour Canadians will produce as a national type remains to be seen, but it can be honestly hoped that it will not lean towards smartness or burlesque.

Sometimes earnest discussions arise over the quality of what is regarded as the national literature of Canada. Before anyone enters upon a discussion of that kind, it might be well to be convinced that we have a national literature at all. To attain the dignity of nationality, literature must bear the stamp of age, a result of much testing in the crucible of time, and it must also have taken its place, and still occupy its place, in the formation of national ideals and national sentiment. Therefore it must needs live with and be revered by the people from generation to generation. If England possessed no other piece of literature than Milton's immortal epic, or "The Winter's Tale," or "The Vicar of Wakefield," she would still have a national literature. If France possessed no other writing than Hugo's "*Les Misérables*" or the dramas of Molière, she would still have a national literature; and the same thing might be said of the United States in the possession there of "The Scarlet Letter," "The Raven," "The Sketch Book," or even "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But can we point to any such instance in Canada? Can we say of any one piece of Canadian literature, "This is a living thing, a pulsating entity, a thing that will live and take its place in the formation of national characteristics or national sentiment?" Until we can point to some such instance we cannot say with authority that we have a national literature. Conjecture is all that the circumstances permit for us. To posterity alone is the right of final judgment given. But while we may never produce an outstanding national literature, we are almost sure, with a commingling of Celtic fire and imagination, English perseverance, French piquancy and Teutonic common sense, to make, as have, for instance, the American writers Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson, and Poe, an enduring contribution to that brilliant galaxy of letters, that imposing assemblage of written sentences, that is at once the glory and the dignity of the English language.

The Editor

What Others are Laughing at

WILLING TO PAY.

A certain bishop lived all his life unwed. A friend mentioned that one of the states in America was imposing a tax on bachelors, to be increased a certain percentage every ten years of bachelorhood, and added: "Why, Bishop, at your age you would have to pay twenty pounds a year."

"Well," said the bishop quietly, "it's worth it."—*The Canadian Courier*.

⁂

A RELIEF.

"So you're a butcher now?"

"Yes," exclaimed the former dry goods clerk. "The ladies don't try to match spare ribs or steak."—Kansas City *Journal*.

⁂

THE TALLY.

"What are those notches in your gun?" asked the flirt, who was visiting the ranch.

"They represent men," replied Cactus Sam, "who thought they wuz smarter than I wuz."

"A good idea! I'll have to notch my parasol handle."—Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

⁂

A MISUNDERSTOOD MAN.

"Think of the extravagance of that New York broker who gave an automobile to an actress."

"Gave away an automobile," rejoined Mr. Chuggins, thoughtfully. "That wasn't extravagance. That was economy "—Washington *Star*.

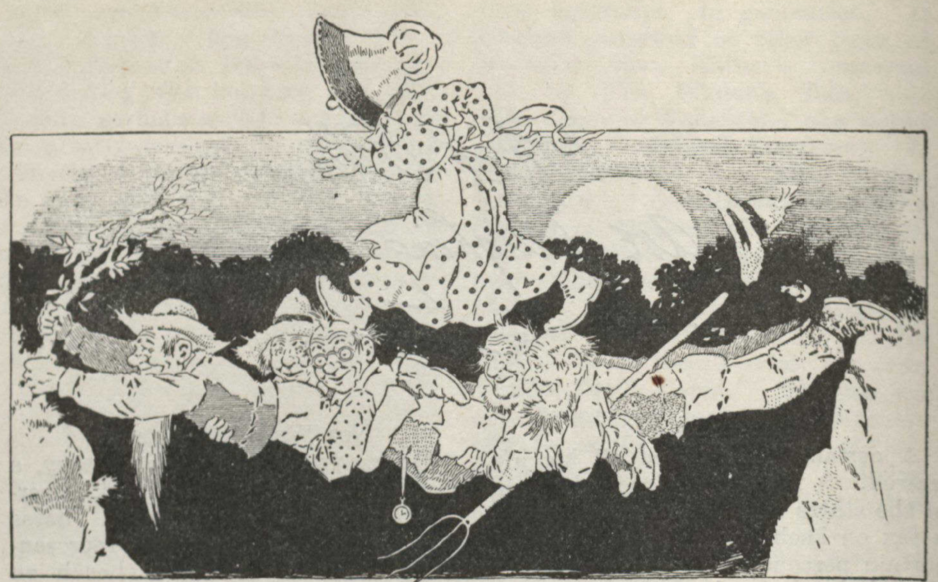
NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

During the Quebec Tercentenary, a visitor from New Brunswick overheard two well-to-do United States guests discussing the naval representation, as they sat on a bench on Dufferin Terrace.

"There is no doubt," said one, "that America has the best navy."

"Yes," said a British tar, who caught the remark, "smoking and chewing."—*The Canadian Courier*.

TRAMP: "Will yer give me somethin' to eat, Missus? I'm that thirsty I don't know where to sleep to-night!" —*Punch*



THE BRIDGE OF CYS —*Life*

THE LITTLE MAN.

"Hello, Harry! How are you? You seem to have a pretty nice office here. How are you making out?"

"I'm at the top of the ladder. I am the vice-president of this mining concern."

"Is that so? You do a large business, I guess?"

"Immense. The responsibility weighs on me quite heavily, but I've got to shoulder it. No way of getting around that, you know."

"The man over there at that elegant desk is one of the officers of the company, I suppose?"

"Yes. He's the secretary. And those other two men at those fine desks are his assistants. He has a wonderful amount of work to do. But, remember, he is a first-class man. We pay him a big salary."

"The man over there behind that railing is another official, is he not?"

"Yes. That's the treasurer. He's another great man. We pay him big money; but we require a large bond. Got to do it. We handle too much money to run any risks."

"And who is that little wizened-face old man over there in the corner at that old desk?"

"That's old Bangs. He—ahem—owns the mine, you know."—*Bohemian.*

✻

WHAT TROUBLED PAT.

An old Irish labourer walked into the luxurious studio of an artist and asked for money to obtain a meal, as he was too weak to work.

The artist gave him a shilling, and then, seeing possibilities for a sketch in the queer old fellow, said:

"I'll give you half a dollar if you'll let me paint you."

"Sure," said the man, "it's an easy way to make money, but—but I'm wonderin' how I'd get it off."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

✻

THE LAST STRAW.

Arthur—"They say, dear, that people who live together get to look alike."

Kate—" Then you must consider my refusal final."—*The Christian Register.*

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We want to show you how BOVRIL will help you to economize and improve your meals.
BOVRIL proves its real value :
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Pure Delicious Chocolates and Bon Bons, Toronto Chocolate Creams, Dominion Chocolates, known the World over for Purity, Quality, Flavor.

Fancy Boxes and Baskets, Favors and Novelties.

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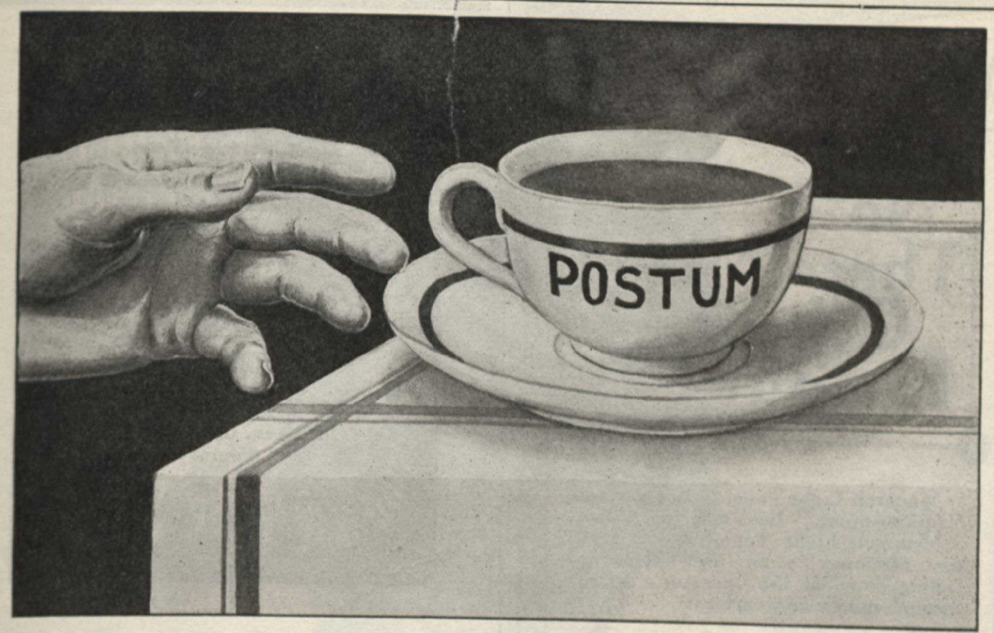
In times of peace make ready for war. Though winter winds be round about us it's none too soon to give thought to house-cleaning. In fact house-cleaning is ever with us. Something needs attention. We're always ready to help whatever the work. Cleaning of lace and damask curtains is special work with us. Consult us.

R. Parker & Co. Toronto Canada.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES IN ALL PARTS OF CANADA



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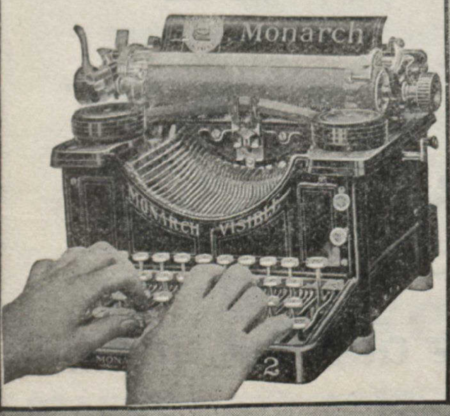

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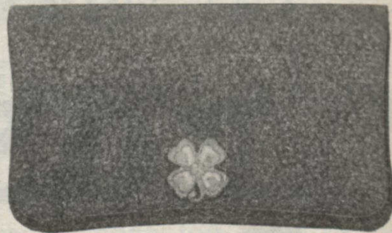

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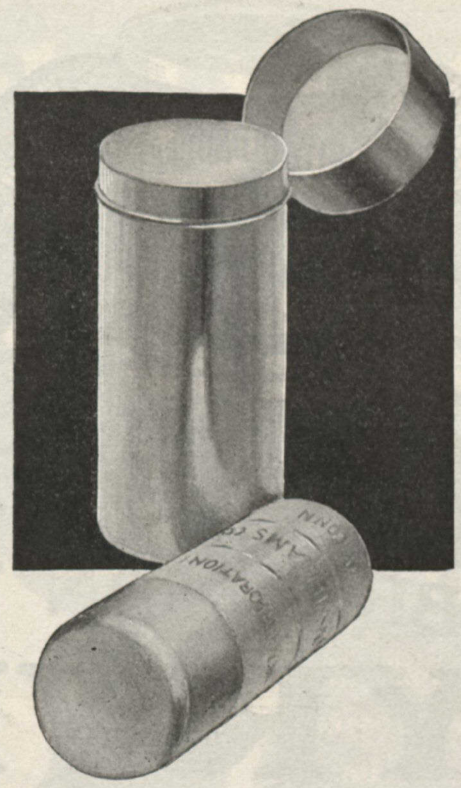

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"The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face"

Wintry winds are very trying to the faces of most men. At this season Williams' Shaving Stick is peculiarly valuable. The soothing influence of its creamlike, emollient lather prevents roughness, chapping or other irritation. The tougher the beard or the more tender the skin, the more a man needs these softening, soothing qualities to keep his face in a smooth, healthy condition.

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Address THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
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EDWARDSBURG
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It supplies it more quickly and in greater abundance than anything else--because it contains all the fat and tissue making qualities of ripe corn—ready for immediate assimilation into your blood and tissues.

See that you and your children partake plentifully of it. Commence to eat it now. Simply delicious with bread, crackers, pancakes, porridge or made up with pastry and in puddings. For cleanliness, purity and your convenience your dealer has it in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. air-tight tins with lift-off lids.

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It cleans, scrubs, scours, polishes.

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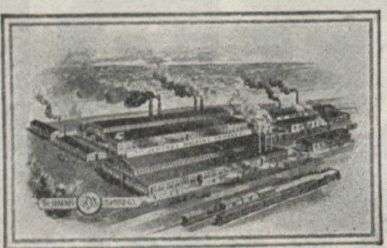

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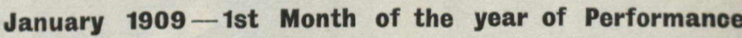

January 1909—1st Month of the year of Performance

We mark the initial advance of business on the first floor of the New Building by the opening of the Annual January Sale of Whitewear. The same occasion influences the whole store wherever white goods are stocked. WHITE is the key note of the month.

But the main theme of the January White Goods Sale—THE UNDER MUSLINS—THE LINGERIE—what of it, this January?

Let us give you a few facts and figures, from which you may form your own conclusions.

We have over double the space for the selling of Lingerie, the wall between the old and the new building having been removed.

We offer nearly 200 different styles, every one "brand" new for this sale.

Last year's sale was the most successful of the long series of ever increasing successes.

We have aimed to out-do our former best, and we have a new building to help us.

Simpson's reputation for taste, quality and liberal sizing stand behind every January price.

Novelties abound—Parisian Hand-made Lingerie, three-piece Isabella Suits, new ideas and designs, new laces, new embroideries, etc., etc. The following will give you an idea of the splendid values we are giving.

Night Dresses—Of fine nainsook, slip-over style, elbow sleeves, silk ribbon in casing around neck and cuffs, a dainty gown, lengths 56, 58, 60 inches. Regular price, $1 each. Sale price, 73c.

Corset Covers—Fine lawn or nainsook, two beautiful styles, one has dainty embroidery yoke, run with ribbons one has pretty embroidery medallions, outlined with lace insertion, beading and silk ribbons, narrow frills of lace, full fronts, sizes 34 to 44 bust measure. Regular value, 75c. each. Sale price, 50c.

Drawers—The new "Isabelle" skirt style, fine nainsook, no gathers or fullness at waist or on hips, wide frill with tucks both styles, lengths 23, 25, 27 inches. Regular value, 65c. each. Sale price, 45c.

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Combination Suit—Two-piece, corset cover and drawers, fine nainsook, insertions and frills of dainty fine Vallenciennes lace, embroidery and lace, beading and silk ribbon around neck and waist, drawers are Isabelle style, a dainty garment, sizes 32 to 42 bust measure. Regular value $2.50 each. Sale price, $1.50.

Aprons—Fine white lawn, size 38 x 40 inches, deep hem, sashes. Regular price, 25c. each. Sale price, 19c.

Corsets Extra Special

Royale Corsets—A magnificent model in fine white coutil in the new long style, very long back and hips, finest rust-proof steels, 4 wide side steels, medium bust, finished with 4 wide elastsc garters, lace and ribbon, sizes 18 to 26 inches. Regulor pricc, $2 a pair. Sale price, $1.00.

The January Sale Prices on Women's Whitewear hold good during February.

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Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

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Mean Comfort for Baby

The above picture shows how the tapes are carried from over the shoulders to the tab to which diaper is attached, absolutely preventing sagging or stretching or tearing of the garment.

The wool used is made from the Australian Merino Sheep, noted for its beautiful softness.

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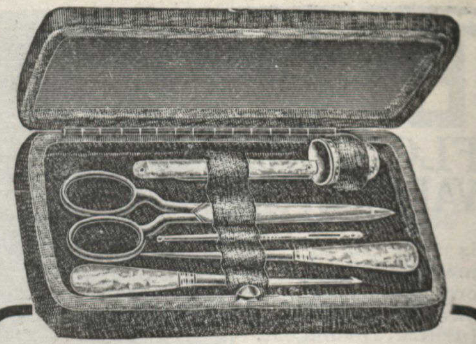

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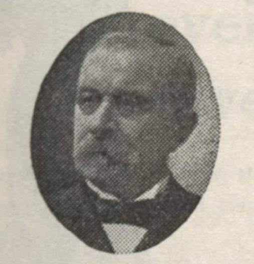

Hercules Sanche

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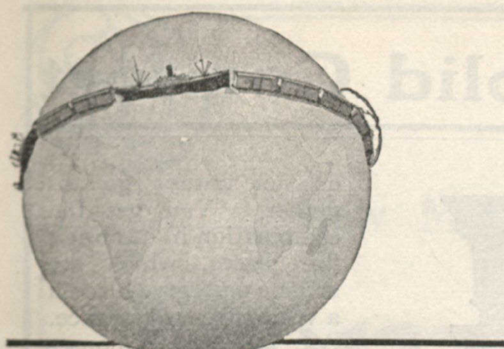

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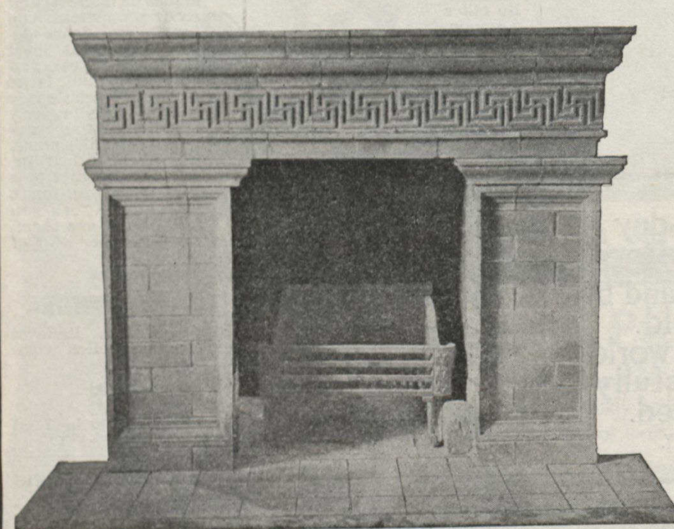

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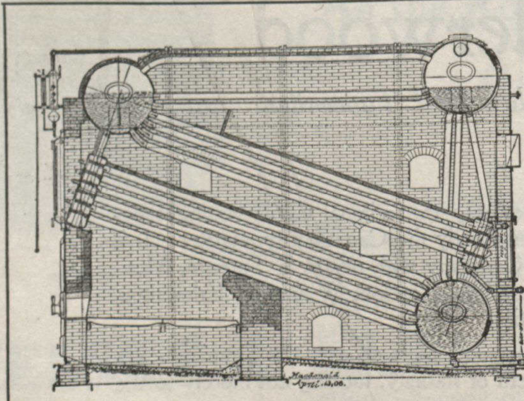

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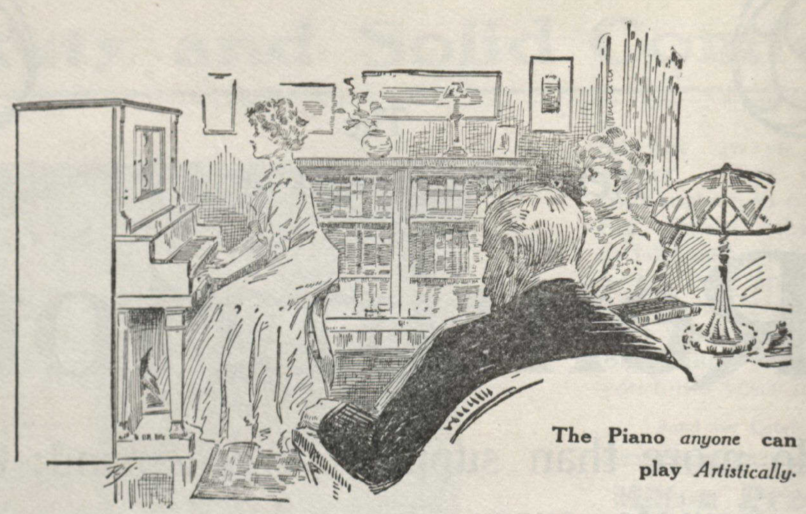

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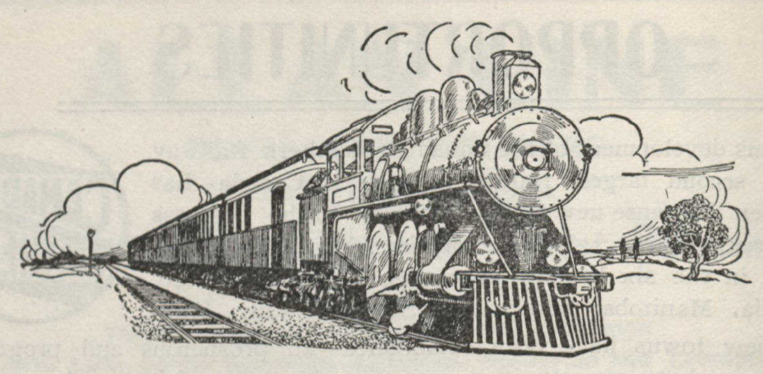

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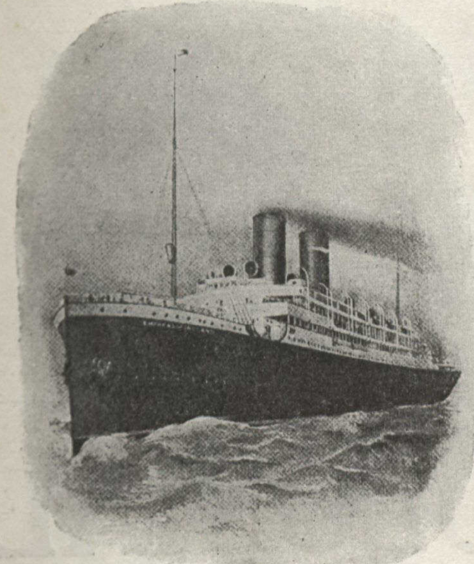

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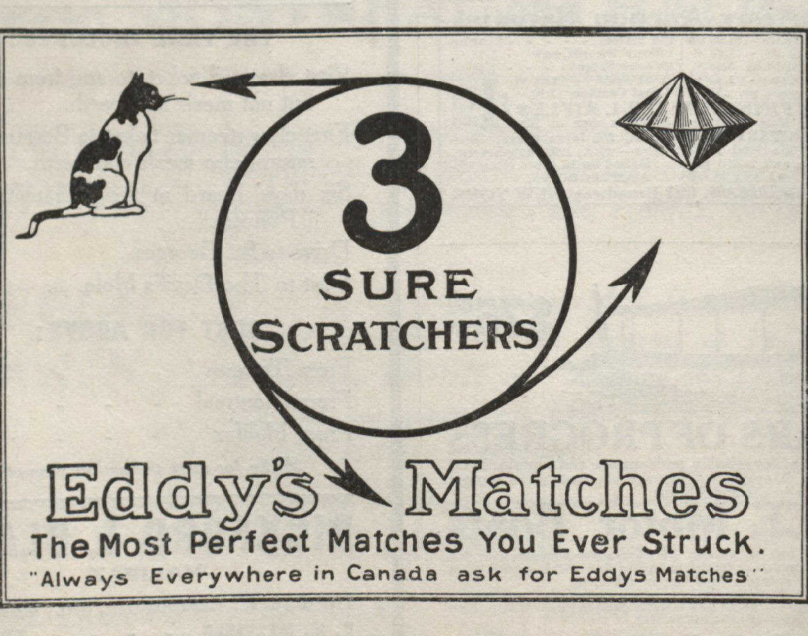

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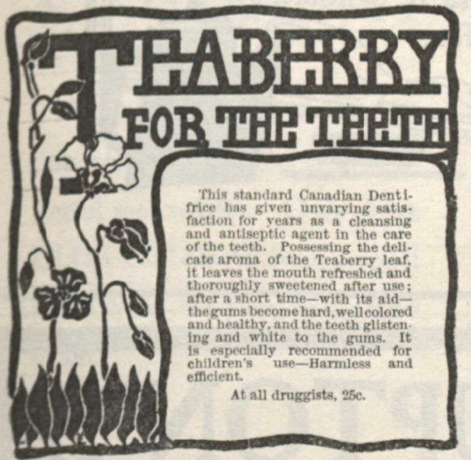

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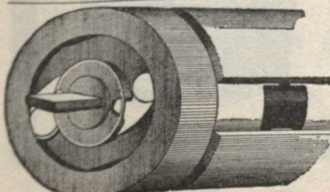

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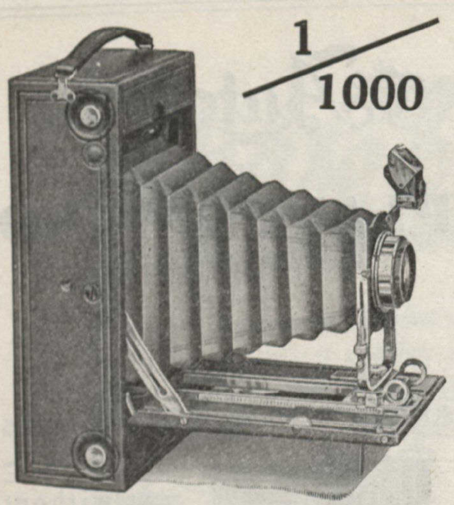

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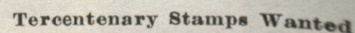

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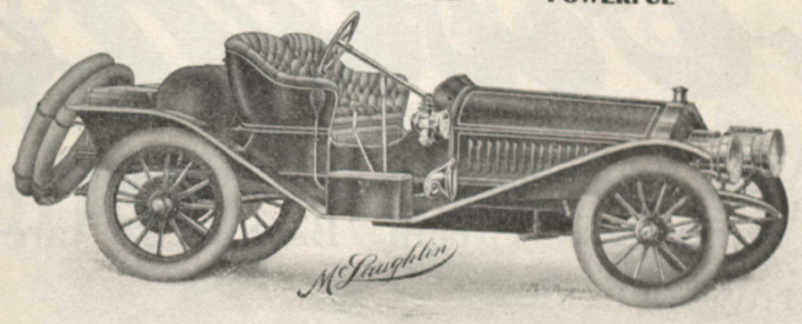

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