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CANADA'S INTERNATIONAL STATUS. Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper.
ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE AND THE GRAIN TRADE. Edward Farrer.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

PUBLISHED BY
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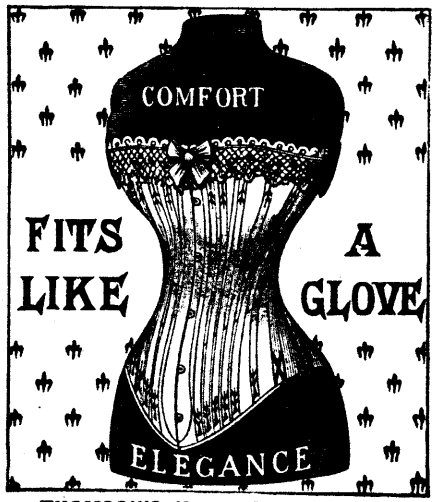

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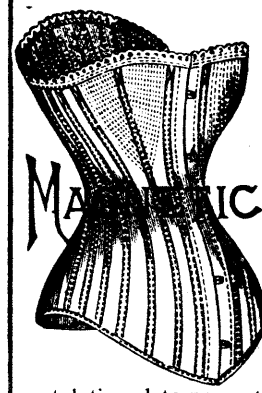

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"One little sin, David," said Wardrop, "how fast are its ravages. Yet let no man say the sinner escapes even here. Some men's sins go before them to judgment, and some follow after. God forgive me my stony heart. I have said the Lord's Prayer for over forty years, David, and there is one of its petitions of which I have had no understanding until to-night."

"What is it?"

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI. SEPTEMBER, 1898. No. 5.

THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE AND MANITOBA GRAIN TRADE.

BY EDWARD FARRER.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER has said that the question of the day in Canada is transportation. It is a question everywhere, owing mainly to the drop in prices during the last twenty years. When wheat was $1.50 per bushel the cost of transportation was not the vital factor it is to-day, when the price is so much less. The general movement in behalf of lower transportation rates is caused, as economists put it, by the fact that whilst improved transportation has contributed greatly to the fall in prices, it has not similarly reduced its own price; in other words, while formerly ten bushels of wheat would fetch enough to carry 100 bushels, say, 250 miles, it would now be necessary to sell fifteen bushels to transport the same quantity the same distance, so that, to quote Professor Mavor, of the University of Toronto, "The transportation charge tends at present to form a progressively increasing proportion of the realized price of the article transported."

What Mr. Laurier had particularly in mind, however, was the question of transportation from the North-West. The Canadian route from the Sault to the Welland Canal, and from the Welland to Montreal and Quebec, has cost the people over $50,000,000 for canals, besides a large sum for harbours and dredging; yet the bulk of the grain traffic of Manitoba is going to the Atlantic by way of Buffalo and New York. For every bushel of Manitoba wheat sent to Montreal for export in 1893, two bushels were sent to Buffalo and New York; in 1894 the proportion was three to one in favour of the American route; in 1895 as much as eight to one; in 1896 three to one; in 1897 five to one.

The export of grain from Manitoba is destined, we all believe, to become an immense traffic, and it is of importance, after all we have spent and are spending on the St. Lawrence route, that the trade should not be diverted in this fashion to the United States.

The reasons why it seeks New York in preference to Montreal appear to be these: First of all, Montreal is handicapped by its remoteness from the ocean and by the freezing of the St. Lawrence so soon after the Manitoba harvest. It was cruel of nature, when she had built so majestic an outlet from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, to place that heavy ban upon it. Wheat does not begin to reach Fort William in large quantities till the first of October. Ordinarily the last ocean vessels leave Montreal about November 20. But as it takes on an average 10 to 12 days for a cargo to reach Montreal from Fort William, the Manitoba shippers do not care to ship to Montreal after November 10. On the other hand, they can ship to Buffalo as late as the first week in December; it takes a week to send a cargo from Fort Wil-

liam through to New York, and their insurance runs to December 10. Buffalo has thus an advantage of thirty days of shipping time at the busiest period of the year. Besides, when the wheat gets to Buffalo the owner has the choice of four ocean ports, New York, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, open the year round—an important consideration.

Secondly, the speculative market at New York enables the Manitoba shipper to insure himself against a drop in price while the grain is in transit. For instance, when he has 100,000 bushels of No. 1 hard ready to ship from inland elevators to Fort William, he wires his New York agent to buy an option for the delivery of 100,000 bushels of No. 2 red, the standard grade there, a fortnight thereafter. The option, of course, goes up and down with the market while the No. 1 is on its journey and protects the No. 1. Hence, as he says, the banks need not worry about his account. The option is bought in when the Manitoba grain arrives. There is no speculative market at Montreal, so that the Manitoba shipper lacks this sort of protection at that port. Moreover, the longer duration of the voyage to Montreal increases the risk of a bad turn in the market; it also represents an extra loss of interest on the wheat while in transit.

In the next place, and this is perhaps the chief reason, it is usually cheaper to use the American route. The Manitoba shipper has no sentiment in his soul; the sole question with him is how to lay down grain at Liverpool at the lowest cost. There is not much difference between the cost of getting it to Montreal and the cost of getting it to New York, Boston or Baltimore. But the objective point is Liverpool, and it is almost always cheaper to get it to Liverpool via New York than via Montreal, because as a rule, ocean rates from New York are lower. There are more steamship lines at New York and Boston than at Montreal, and greater competition among vessels of greater carrying capacity. At Montreal he is in danger of being "held up" by a sudden demand for increased rates, especially towards the close of the season; consequently it is difficult for him to know in advance at Winnipeg exactly what a shipment for Liverpool via Montreal is going to cost at its destination. Again, at Montreal the grain may have to wait three or four days till a vessel is ready to take it, and when a vessel does turn up, the facilities and appliances for loading it are not up to date; while if the shipment should miss the last vessel it costs money to store it or send it to Boston or St. John. In consequence of these drawbacks, Montreal is not regarded favorably by Manitoba shippers. There are only a few buyers in Montreal competent to handle the blocks of wheat now shipped from Manitoba, and the number is not likely to increase till the port has been modernized.

These, briefly stated, are the reasons why Montreal has lost the greater part of the Manitoba grain traffic. But it is necessary to a full understanding of the subject that we should look a little beyond immediate causes.

As most persons know, the shipping business on the Upper Lakes has undergone remarkable expansion since a 16-foot channel between Buffalo and Duluth was obtained in 1882. Prior to 1882 the available depth was 9½ feet. At that depth the route could move only comparatively small shipments, indeed was little better than a local route. The Upper Lakes are now a great through route between East and West, carrying bulky commodities at a very low rate, and, what is probably as important, tempering the rates of all the railways running from the agricultural States to the Atlantic seaboard. It is quite supposable that but for cheap lake rates and the effect of lake competition on rail rates, the Northwestern States might not have been able to make wheat-growing pay in the recent era of low prices; in other words, might have stood still instead of adding millions to their population; and that it would have been impossible to bring the iron ore of Lake Superior to

the coal of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, that is, to have made the iron and steel industry of the United States what it is to-day. The old sailing vessel has gone and along with it the iron steamer, once considered a leviathan. The present type is the steel steamer, with double bottom and triple expansion engines, capable of carrying 5,000 tons of cargo at a speed of thirteen miles an hour. One of the steamers lately built for the Bessemer Steamship Company measures 475 feet over all, and has a carrying capacity of 6,500 tons. The substitution of steam for sails with the improved facilities for loading, unloading and fueling, has greatly augmented the working power of the fleet, a lake steamer being able to do something over twice the work of a sailing vessel of like tonnage. In a recent report to the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Tunell, of Chicago, shows that in this way the carrying power has been increased two and a-half times since 1885. Formerly fifteen or sixteen round trips were considered a good season's work in the ore business between Lake Superior and Lake Erie ports, whereas twenty-two round trips are now usually made. On June 30th, 1897, the gross tonnage of the steel vessels on the lakes was 490,000 tons. The wooden tonnage was 885,000 tons. Steel was the material used in the construction of eight-ninths of all the tonnage built last year. In 1897 the freight received and shipped at Buffalo, the eastern terminus of deep-water navigation, exceeded 10,000,000 tons. The shipments of coal from Buffalo exceeded 2,400,000 tons, the receipts of grain and flour over 200,000,000 bushels. The aggregate tonnage of freight carried on the Upper Lakes was 30,000,000 tons; the quantity going through the canals at Sault Ste. Marie in a season of 230 days being about twice the traffic of the Suez Canal in 365; while the traffic which passed up and down the Detroit River is said to have exceeded the foreign and coastwise traffic of London and Liverpool combined. It is hard to realize that it is only sixty years since the first American vessel was launched on Lake Superior, and since the first vessel arrived at Chicago from the Lower Lakes. "On that occasion all the male inhabitants of the village, including the boys, numbering nearly 100, assisted in dragging the craft across the bar." The village has now 1,500,000 inhabitants, and 30,000,000 people, about the population of England and Wales, dwell in the eight States bordering the Upper and Lower Lakes.

As said, the period of greatest expansion dates from 1882, when a 16-foot channel was obtained. Since then the centralization of industries, with the concentration of population in large manufacturing centres, has been going on with considerable rapidity, and the process has undoubtedly been hastened in the watershed of the Upper Lakes by the ease and cheapness with which food and raw materials are carried long distances from the place of growth and extraction to the place of consumption and manufacture. The huge steamers bring down grain, flour, iron ore and lumber, and carry back coal, salt, building material and heavy factory goods, thus effecting an exchange between East and West of the coarser staples which the railway could not effect at anything like so low a cost. Now, however, a 21-foot channel is all but completed. Shortly before his death, General Poe, of the United States army engineers, who had charge of the St. Mary's Canal and other improvements, said, in a report: "The increase from 9½ feet to 16 feet brought about a truly extraordinary development of lake commerce, the result being most notable, perhaps, in the character of the vessels employed. Give the commerce a channel from Buffalo to Duluth that shall be navigable on a draft of 20 feet, and it needs no prophet to foretell a more wonderful growth still." I suppose it is safe to say that steamers carrying 7,000 tons of cargo or more may be looked for so soon as the harbours are made deep enough to accommodate them; that, low as they are, rates have not nearly

touched bottom, nor can any limit be set as yet to the development of a commerce already of colossal proportions.

Unfortunately the St. Lawrence route lies outside the deep-water area. There is only 14 feet of water in the Welland Canal and an available depth of only 9 feet in the canals below Kingston. About all the United States Government has had to do is to improve the lakes themselves; whereas we have had to dig a series of canals aggregating 70 miles in length past the rapids of the St. Lawrence and round Niagara Falls, at a time when we have been building a transcontinental railway and carrying on other burdensome enterprises. There is no prospect, at present at any rate, of our being able to deepen the Welland to 21 feet. That is a task we might, perhaps, have undertaken had it not been deemed advisable to deepen the canals below Kingston in order to obtain a uniform depth of 14 feet from Lake Erie to Montreal; but to do the two works simultaneously would be a heavy strain. Sanguine persons believe the United States will sooner or later deepen the Canadian canals to 21 feet in the interest not of our trade but of their own. Professor Emory R. Johnson, an authority on the subject of American waterways, says in a recent work:

"There has been a good deal of discussion whether the deep-water channel to the sea should pass by way of the St. Lawrence or from the lakes to New York City; but the question seems clearly to have but one answer so far as the United States is concerned. However desirable it may be for Canada to have deep-water communication between her western territory and Quebec, Montreal and her other eastern cities, and however important it may be for Canada to have a water route from Canadian fields, forests, mines and shops to Liverpool and other markets of Europe, the case with us still remains different. Our concern is primarily to connect the Great Lakes with the great cities of the Eastern States. These are our chief markets. Trade with England is desirable, but it has only a secondary importance. The traffic on the Welland Canal is comparatively light; in 1890 it was only about one-third that on the smaller, essentially barge-traffic Erie Canal. The St. Lawrence route would not only have less commercial value for us, but it would increase rather than lessen our commercial and political independence. Our political relations with Canada and England would be injured by such a waterway. We should have about 1,400 miles of coast from which our ocean cruisers and men-of-war could be excluded. As long as Canada remains a dependency of Great Britain, our commercial and political interests will remain opposed to hers."

At all events, American co-operation is not in sight.

Vessels carrying 175,000 bushels of wheat, or 200,000 bushels of corn, sail into Buffalo from Fort William, Duluth and Chicago. Such cargoes cannot be taken through the Welland. At Port Colborne, the Lake Erie end of the Welland, connection between the Upper and Lower Lakes is broken as effectually as though it was the meeting place of a standard gauge railway with a narrow gauge. The largest cargo that has ever passed through the Welland was probably that of the *Algonquin*, belonging to Hagarty & Co., of Toronto, which took 67,000 bushels of wheat through last summer. Ordinarily, when a steamer reaches Port Colborne with more than 60,000 bushels she is obliged to lighter; then when she reaches Kingston or Prescott she has to transfer all she has on board to barges, which take it down the 9-foot channel to Montreal. With 14 feet of water all the way from Port Colborne to Montreal, rates to Montreal will certainly be reduced. Per contra, the deepening of the Erie Canal, now in progress, will have the effect of reducing water and rail rates between Buffalo and New York, while the rate from Fort William and Duluth to Buffalo is sure to be reduced when the 21-foot channel is fairly going and the supplementary improvements finished. It is obvious that the advantage to Montreal in having 14 feet of water from Lake Erie will not of itself enable her to recover the Manitoba grain traffic from Buffalo and New York under the new conditions making for lower rates by the latter route.

My own notion is that it was a mistake for the Government to deepen the canals below Kingston. True, it had been decided on by the former Government; nevertheless, I venture to think it would have been better to spend the

money in deepening the Welland to 21 feet. The Chief Engineer of the Public Works Department tells me there was no engineering difficulty in the way. Nothing in the economics of water transportation is much better established than that the modern lake vessel abhors canals. With her costly equipment she cannot afford to incur the delay and danger inseparable from passing through them. Between Kingston and Montreal there are 43 miles of canals, as against 27 miles on the Welland. I have not been able to find a practical man who believes that when those 43 miles are deepened to 14 feet, lake vessels will make use of them to get to Montreal; the vessels, it is universally thought, will, as now, tranship at Kingston or Prescott to barges. Had we deepened the Welland to 21 feet and left the lower canals as they were, the position would have been this: Vessels could have carried cargo from Fort William or Duluth to Kingston for nearly as low a rate as to Buffalo. The 27 miles of canalling in the Welland, and the difficulty of procuring return cargoes at all times, would, of course, have militated against the route; still, the rate to Kingston would have been materially lower than now. Then from Kingston to Montreal, 178 miles, we should have had the present barge service of 9 feet to compete with a barge service of 9 feet—the depth the Erie will have when the projected improvements are finished—from Buffalo to Albany by canal and from Albany to New York by river, a total distance of 500 miles. Under such circumstances the rate from Lake Superior to Montreal would have been sufficiently low to recover for Montreal at least a portion of the Manitoba traffic, and to augment the export via Montreal of grain from Chicago and Duluth.

Let us return to the actual situation. There are already 300 steamers or more on the Upper Lakes which cannot pass through the Welland, and consequently cannot enter Lake Ontario. All of these, or nearly all, are United States vessels. I am sorry to say the Canadian fleet on the Upper Lakes is quite insignificant. Of the vast tonnage going through the Sault canals only four per cent. is Canadian. A Canadian steamer of the latest United States type would be hard set to earn expenses. She would be cut off from Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston, etc., by the termination of deep-water navigation at Port Colborne. She might sail to places like Owen Sound, Parry Sound and Goderich; but, as everyone knows, there are no ports of any great account on the Canadian shores of Huron, Erie or Superior; whereas United States steamers do business with Chicago, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo and Buffalo, with an aggregate population of 3,000,000, as well as with many smaller cities and towns situated on the Upper Lakes, some, like Escanaba and Marquette, with a booming shipping trade. Furthermore, Canadian vessels, large or small, operate at a disadvantage in being excluded from the vast stream of United States lake commerce. Manifestly, if a vessel has a cargo both ways she can make more, and yet charge less, than if she has a cargo only one way. A Canadian vessel going to Duluth for a cargo of grain for Kingston is usually obliged to go light, because not allowed by United States law to carry from one United States port to another—as, for example, from Oswego or Buffalo to Duluth. Going to Duluth light she cannot afford to accept as low a rate to Kingston as a United States vessel which has reached Duluth with a full or partial load from Buffalo. That is to say, she not only suffers directly through being deprived of purely United States traffic, but the deprivation cripples her in the competition for traffic between United States ports and Canadian ports. This is why the Canadian fleet is insignificant by comparison with the United States fleet, and the largest Canadian vessels, with a few exceptions, mere tubs by the side of the largest United States vessels.

The larger the vessel the less the cost of carrying per bushel and the longer the time in which navigation is possible in the fall. The report for 1896 of the Buffalo Merchants' Ex-

change says, with a touch of Populism: "The future of the business on the lakes seems to be most discouraging to the owners of small vessels; the business is apparently drifting into the hands of capitalists and corporations, one concern having built during 1895 sixteen large steel vessels, at an expense of $3,000,000, and they are still building." "The vessels now being built," says an American expert, "can be navigated with safety in the fall under conditions which would have been dangerous to the class of vessels prevailing ten years ago."

For these reasons Canadian vessels are unable to make as low rates as United States vessels. This rule may admit of exceptions; all the same it is the rule. Hence, in their anxiety to regain the Manitoba traffic, the Montreal Board of Trade has asked the Dominion Government to permit United States vessels to carry grain for export from one Canadian port to another. The theory is that if United States vessels were allowed to carry grain from Fort William to Port Colborne, Kingston, Owen Sound, Midland or Parry Sound it would be possible to lay it down at Montreal cheaper than it can be laid down for at New York. The fact that a good deal of export grain is carried in United States bottoms from Chicago and Duluth to Kingston for Montreal in preference to Buffalo is cited in support. There is no denying that United States competition between Fort William and Eastern Canadian ports would reduce the rate to Montreal. A United States vessel of the smaller class going to Kingston or Prescott with Manitoba wheat could return to Duluth, on the way back to Fort William, with a load of coal or something else from Oswego or Sodus Point—a traffic from which Canadian vessels are debarred. This of itself would be a consideration in favour of lower rates. Canadian vessel-owners protest that to allow the United States to participate in Canadian traffic while Canadians are rigorously excluded from United States traffic would be grossly unfair, and, as they put it, unpatriotic; and add that if United States vessels are going to carry the harvest of Manitoba to the St. Lawrence, the harvest might as well go to New York at once and be done with it so far as Canadian interests are concerned. The answer of Montreal is that it is a serious matter to contemplate the diversion of the export trade of the Canadian Northwest to United States seaports. It is so much lost to Canadian labour, steamships, railroads, banks, etc.; furthermore, if New York is to be the regular outlet for Manitoba, Manitoba may some day ask what there is left for her in the connection with Old Canada that she should prolong it.

Some maintain that the opening of the railway to Parry Sound will restore the traffic to Montreal. It is difficult to see how. The Canadian Pacific, which in railroad parlance originates the traffic, has elevators at Owen Sound, to which port its passenger steamers run from Fort William, and rail connection from Owen Sound with Montreal. Yet, except in a year like 1897, when prices were higher than usual, it has not been able to carry much export grain from Owen Sound to Montreal in competition with the Buffalo route. It carries next to none all-rail from Fort William to Montreal; the all-rail traffic could not be made to pay and was abandoned years ago. The grain brought to Owen Sound by the Canadian Pacific steamers, which, however, are not grain-carriers in the proper sense, is mostly for Ontario millers, although last year, as just observed, a considerable quantity was for export from Montreal and St. John. The line from Parry Sound to Montreal will be a trifle shorter than the Canadian Pacific line from Owen Sound, but that will make no difference. Since, in ordinary seasons, the Canadian Pacific cannot make money by hauling Manitoba wheat for export from Owen Sound to Montreal and St. John in competition with the Buffalo route, notwithstanding that it has the haul from the place of growth to Owen Sound, I do not see how the Parry Sound road can cut much of a swath in the trade.

It is true that United States railways haul wheat from Buffalo tc New York in competition with the Erie canal, indeed, get the lion's share of the traffic, and while it is 440 miles by rail from Buffalo to New York it is only 390 from Parry Sound to Montreal. But the conditions of transportation at Buffalo and Parry Sound and along the respective routes are so different that it does not follow that what the United States roads do the Parry Sound road can do. The United States roads start grain trains of sixty cars, each car containing 1,000 bushels, from Buffalo. The grades on the Parry Sound road would not allow of a train of that weight being drawn by a single locomotive. Again, local traffic on the New York Central, Erie, West Shore and Lehigh is out of sight greater than on the Parry Sound line; and there is an indefinitely better chance of obtaining a return load to the point of departure. Besides, Manitoba wheat can be carried from Fort William to Buffalo in United States steamers at a lower rate than from Fort William to Parry Sound in Canadian. The ordinary quoted rail rate from Buffalo to New York "alongside," *i.e.*, alongside the ocean vessel, is five cents per bushel, $1.67 per ton, but the actual rate is frequently less. Last fall it was four cents from vessel at Buffalo to alongside vessel at New York. The Parry Sound road cannot charge more to Montreal, or it will get none of the traffic. It may be able to carry Manitoba grain to Montreal for that sum. But to say that, under a running agreement between the Dominion Government and the Parry Sound road, Manitoba grain can be shipped for four or five cents, at a profit to both carriers, from Parry Sound to Montreal and thence over the Drummond County road to Quebec and the roundabout Intercolonial to St. John, 1,150 miles, with the cars returning empty, looks like a very wild assertion.

The Parry Sound road may possibly stand a better chance at carrying United States wheat to Montreal. It can employ United States steamers and barges between Duluth and Parry Sound, which will ensure a lower water-rate than can be obtained between Fort William and Parry Sound, where the traffic has to be carried in Canadian bottoms. Only here again the rate to Parry Sound will be higher than the rate to Buffalo, because the vessels carrying grain to Parry Sound will have to return empty, whilst those going to Buffalo have return cargoes. Everyone will rejoice if the Parry Sound road shall succeed in bringing a greater volume of United States grain to Montreal; but, to be candid, the prospect is not bright.

The best authorities, Canadian and United States, whom I have been able to consult, say the true if not the only way of recovering the Manitoba traffic for the St. Lawrence route is for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to put large grain steamers, with barge consorts, between Fort William and Owen Sound, running them in connection with the railway at Fort William and with a first-class ocean steamship line owned by the company at Montreal, so that the Manitoba shipper can get a through rate and through bill of lading direct from his elevator at Brandon, Morris or Indian Head to Liverpool. This, it is believed, would give Montreal a pull over the United States route which she can hardly hope to get in any other manner. What is of more moment, it would add to the value of all the grain annually produced in the Canadian Northwest by reducing the cost of transportation of the surplus for export. It would bring the Manitoba wheat grower, the Montreal or Toronto buyer and the English wheat-broker closer together, and enable them to handle the crop to better advantage all round. At the close of navigation grain stored at Owen Sound or Montreal could be shipped over the Canadian Pacific line to West St. John. The distance would be: Owen Sound to Montreal, 460 miles; Montreal to St. John, 480; total 940—a long rail haul, to be sure, but with this vital fact in its favour, that it would be merely part of a continuous

rail and water haul in the same hands from Manitoba to the United Kingdom, a distance of 4,500 miles. As it is, the Canadian Pacific ceases to have any interest in the grain once it reaches Fort William. The transportation from Fort William to Montreal, and the transportation from Montreal across the Atlantic, are separate and distinct transactions.

Such a plan would not call for any fresh canal expenditure by the Dominion. The grain steamers of the Canadian Pacific would not enter the Welland but go straight to Owen Sound. It would be immaterial whether the Welland or the canals below Kingston were deepened or not. One of the most eminent waterway engineers in the United States, a man familiar with the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence route, wrote to me the other day:

"We all know how cheaply the Canadian Pacific, with its railway lines running from ocean to ocean, can carry merchandise across the continent—what an advantage it has over the so-called transcontinental roads in the United States, which have to receive freight from, and deliver freight to, other roads that have the hauling half way across or more. On the same principle the Canadian Pacific could carry wheat from the place of growth in Manitoba to Fort William and thence to Liverpool on its own steamships from Montreal at a rate which no other route or combination of transportation interests that I know of could touch. When Montreal was closed it could fall back on St. John, where it has already built up a large export business, and which would become a still more important seaport if it were the winter terminus of Canadian Pacific ocean vessels. Given a Canadian Pacific steamship line at St. John in winter, fed with Manitoba wheat, it ought to carry a great deal of the Ontario and Quebec produce which now goes to Europe from Portland and Boston.

"The Navigation Laws, compelling British trade to be done in British bottoms, were repealed long since as unsound in principle, I am sure there is no economic heresy in the doctrine that the trade of a country should be carried by that country's own land and water routes if the service can be performed by them as cheaply as by the routes of a foreign nation. Looking at Canada all over, a country of length without breadth, with her western provinces separated from the eastern by uninhabited if not uninhabitable stretches of desert, while lying for hundreds of miles alongside our hustling Prairie States, of which, indeed, Manitoba is the northern projection, it seems to me she, of all countries, ought to keep her carrying trade in her own hands if she can. For a like reason, she ought to keep her seaboard provinces in closer touch with the rest of the country by establishing a winter port there. Were I a Canadian Minister I should not vote a dollar to a Canadian Atlantic service except on condition that it fulfilled the ends here outlined—that it regained for Canadians the carrying of their own harvest in the North-West, and promote the solidification of the country by uniting Manitoba to Montreal and St. John. In my judgment, the Canadian Pacific Railway is the only agency that can establish and successfully operate a steamship line capable of doing this, simply because it alone has the machinery to work with—a transcontinental road all the way from Vancouver and Winnipeg to Montreal and St. John, affording unequalled facilities for feeding Canadian ocean steamships and for carrying the cargo from the place of origin to Europe at lowest cost. The wheat crop for export of the Canadian North-West amounts at present, I understand, to twenty million bushels annually. If by the project just outlined only five cents a bushel were added to its value and to the value of the wheat not exported—and that is a rather low estimate—the payment of a subsidy of $1,000,000 a year to the Canadian Pacific ocean line would be recouped to Canada two or three times over every year."

I have no idea what the views of the Canadian Pacific Company are, nor indeed whether the scheme admits of being worked out or not just now; but the opinion of this distinguished United States authority is worth considering by the company and by the Government.

Under any circumstances it is time to reconstruct Montreal harbour. We should also abolish the canal tolls and wharfage charges. There are no tolls on the Erie Canal and no harbour dues on grain at New York, whereas the canal tolls on the St. Lawrence route and the Montreal wharfage charges amount to half-a-cent per bushel. The immense sum which Canada has spent on the St. Lawrence above and below Montreal cannot be considered well invested till Montreal is able to supply a quicker ocean service with lower rates, so that the Canadian exporter may have something like as good a chance as his United States competitor. Anyone can see that the west end of the harbour is in a hopelessly congested state. The Grand Trunk has one track by the Wellington bridge, the Canadian Pa-

cific one from Hochelaga. This is all the access the railways have to the wharves and harbour, and they are prohibited by a by-law, which to a stranger must read like a bit of Chinese legislation, from moving cars except at night. The prime requisites of a harbour are, first, channels deep enough to admit vessels of the largest size; second, such arrangements for loading and unloading that vessels may get in and out with the least possible cost and delay, which, of course, implies that the railways shall have plenty of room for storing, shunting and running cars alongside the ship. London has ten miles of docks; Liverpool eight miles, which have cost $200,000,000; Glasgow six miles, cost $65,000,000; at New York the wharves are distributed over a frontage of fifteen miles, at Baltimore of six miles, and at Boston of four miles. The principal wharves at Boston, the Cunard and Allan, are not in the city proper, but have been built at some distance from it, on the other side of a channel, for the purpose of providing the railways with more convenient access. At Portland the wharves are spread over a frontage of 8,000 feet. At Montreal the frontage in the west end, where the older shipping firms are in possession, does not, I am told, exceed 3,500 feet. Yet the famous Plan No. 6 actually proposed to crowd 14,000 feet of wharves into that space, although at the east end a magnificent stretch of unoccupied river front is available for wharves, warehouses, elevators, railway lines and all the other apparatus of a great port.

Montreal is served for the most part by steamers of the old-fashioned type, of 4,000 and 5,000 tons. There are larger ones, but very few. Such vessels cannot carry freight at as low a rate as the modern steamer of 8,000 tons and upwards which does business at New York and Boston.*

Putting Manitoba aside for a moment, see how this affects the farm staples of Ontario. Here is the average ocean rate per ton on cheese and butter from Montreal and Boston to Liverpool, from May 7 to October 30, 1897:

	Cheese.	Butter.
	s. d.	s. d.
From Montreal....	21 9	26 9
" Boston.....	13 3	13 3

All the export cheese and butter of Ontario does not go to Liverpool; a great deal goes to London and Glasgow, and to these ports Boston rates average less than rates from Montreal. It is likewise true that rates on flour, hay and cattle from Boston are lower, as a rule, than rates from Montreal. All of which means that the Ontario farmer loses a large sum annually by reason of the existing condition of things at Montreal, and would be benefited probably more than any one else were the Ottawa Government to take the harbour in hand.

New York is asking Congress to deepen the ship channel in that harbour from 30 to 35 feet. "Our prestige would be gone," says a shipping man, "if when the 'new vessel,' the leviathan of the future, arrived at Sandy Hook we could not admit her." The expenditure by the United States Government on improvements in New York,

* The *Railway and Engineering Review* says: "Even more noteworthy than the recent attempts to make the trans-Atlantic journey at high speed is the evident decision of the companies that, other things being equal, it pays to build steamers of enormous size. Excepting the White Star ship *Oceanic*, which is building, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* is the largest vessel since the *Great Eastern*. The older vessels, which ranged from 300 to 400 feet in length, are completely outclassed. A good idea of the tendency to build immense vessels may be gained from the following table, in which the largest new steamers of leading lines are compared with the famous *Great Eastern*:

Names.	tonnage.	h.-p.	length.
Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse....	14,000	28,000	649
Kaiser Fredrich.....	12,005	24,000	599
Oceanic.....	17,000	.....	704
Lucania.....	12,950	30,000	622
St. Louis.....	11,629	20,000	534
La Touraine.....	9,778	13,000	520
Furst Bismark.....	8,250	16,400	500
City of Rome.....	8,144	11,500	560
Teutonic.....	9,984	18,500	556
Great Eastern.....	18,915	8,000	692

"And the next marine monster, the *Oceanic*, when completed, will be fifty feet longer than the *Kaiser Wilhelm* and twelve feet longer than the *Great Eastern*."

exclusive of armaments, has been as follows, to June 30th, 1897 :—

Hudson River, above New York - - - -	$1,800,000
Harlem River - - -	1,030,000
East River and Hell Gate -	4,370,000
New York Harbour channel	1,750,000
Total - -	$8,950,000

The North River improvements at New York, carried on by the city, involve the construction of sixteen piers and an outlay of $18,000,000. The United States Government completed in 1892 the work of deepening the Baltimore harbour channel to 27 feet, and is now engaged in deepening it to 30 feet, the cost of this latter work being estimated at $2,500,000. At Boston the United States Government is deepening the principal channel to 27 feet. At Philadelphia, which is 100 miles from the open ocean, the United States Government has just completed a ship channel 26 feet deep at mean low water, at a cost of $2,500,000. Down to 1896 the United States Government had spent $2,500,000 on the harbour at Buffalo, $2,125,000 on the harbour at Chicago, $1,700,000 on Oswego harbour, $1,500,000 on Cleveland harbour, $600,000 on Duluth harbour, $1,100,000 on the harbour at Michigan City, and $1,200,000 at Toledo.

At Montreal the entire expenditure on the harbour has hitherto been borne by the harbour itself, the interest on the debt being paid from wharfage dues, which, notwithstanding a recent reduction of 20 per cent., are a perceptible burden on commerce. The Ottawa Government has not spent a dollar on our national port ; it has spent over $60,000,000 on the canals leading down to it, and on the St. Lawrence channels below, but the harbour itself, the key of the situation, is left to the mercy of local effort.

The policy of the day is to trade more with Europe and less with our own continent—a policy forced on us by the Dingley Act, which, although Mr. Dingley might deny the soft impeachment, is to some extent an expression of United States dislike, not of us as Canadians, but of our connection with England. If, however, trade with England is to be profitable, and there is no denying that it is subject to the natural drawbacks incidental to all trade carried on at long range, it is obvious that we must have as quick and as cheap an ocean service as the people of the United States, whose commodities have the same free access as our own to the British market. And I for one am unable to see how such a service is to be established at Montreal till the Dominion Government takes hold of the harbour and places it on a thoroughly modern footing, as the Government at Washington is doing with the chief seaports and lake ports of the United States. In proposing to utilize the east end of the harbour Mr. Tarte is moving in the right direction, but he should go further, and ask Parliament to assume the debt incurred for past, present and future improvements. That done, and the Canadian Pacific induced to co-operate with the Government in founding a fast passenger and freight service, so that wheat may be shipped direct from Manitoba and Fort William, Minnesota and Duluth, to Liverpool by the St. Lawrence route, Montreal will once more be in the running as an ocean port ; while the farmer of the Canadian North-West, together with the farmer of Ontario, will be benefited to a very important extent indeed.

Edward Farrer.

PREHISTORIC LIBYA AND ITS PYGMIES.

REVIEW OF SOME SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERIES MADE BY A CANADIAN.

THE division of labour is essential not only to industrial pursuits, but also to modern scientific research; and if a man wishes to devote himself to such studies, he must select his field, and be content to delve patiently, like a mole, out of sight. If he proves to be a lucky explorer, who has hit on a scientific Klondike, his reputation is made, and he reaps laurels, if not a golden harvest.

Mr. R. G. Haliburton, Q.C. (whose brother was recently made Lord Haliburton), has collected his essays and articles written since 1881 into one volume* in which he gives the fruits of his enquiries respecting the primitive races and early history of North Africa, a country which may be best described by its ancient name—*Libya*.

While collecting all the data possible as to the unknown nomadic races of the Sahel and of Southern Morocco, he happened on something of great interest of which he was not dreaming—the existence of a pygmy race about 4 feet high in Southern Morocco, identical in appearance and even in name, *Akka*, with Schweinfurth's little savage folk of Equatorial Africa. It is a comparatively civilized race, called by the Berbers "the little *Talebs*" (Scribes), and reverenced as possessing "no canny" lore, for they know the stars and their secrets better than ordinary mortals. Each of them, therefore, is addressed as *Sidi Baraker* ("Our Blessed Lord").

We may make use of Mr. H. J. Morgan's useful and laborious work, "Canadian Men and Women of the Time." His biographical sketch of Mr. Haliburton says of him: "Continued ill health compelled him in 1881 to give up his law business in Canada, and to spend his winters in tropical or semi-tropical climates. Since 1881 he has devoted his attention chiefly to scientific subjects. They have reference (1) to the discovery of a very simple calendar among savages and early civilizations regulated by the Pleiades, or 'the seven stars'; (2) To the discovery of a pygmy race in North Africa. In 1890-1 he devoted nearly eight months to enquiries in Morocco on the subject, the results of which were embodied in a paper written by him for the 9th Congress of Orientalists, which awarded him a medal for his discovery, which was commented upon, *pro* or *con*, by all the leading London papers. *The Times* reported it at length, and made it the subject of a long editorial. (3) To survivals of dwarf races in the Pyrenees and America. (4) To the Holy Land of Pount of the Dra Valley ot Southern Morocco."

As it is now conceded that he was right, even by his most furious critics, as to the existence of these pygmies in North Africa and Spain, it is desirable that this new subject should be placed within the reach of enquirers, for hitherto his papers have been scattered among scientific journals, or the publications of societies, and have been practically inaccessible to ordinary students.

In his preface Mr. Haliburton says: "The discovery of a pygmy race in North Africa in 1887-8, and 'the acrimony of dissent' on the part of *The Times* and some other London papers that greeted the reading of my paper on the subject, excited much attention and surprise, especially as the 9th Congress of Orientalists (1891), before whom it had been read, had awarded me a medal. Over six years have since elapsed, and *The Times* editorial, which is now reproduced, will be read with interest by the light of later discoveries that have put an end to all

*Printed privately in Toronto in 1897, under the title "How a Race of Pygmies was found in North Africa and Spain, and Essays on other Subjects."

doubt and discussion as to the existence of the pygmy race in question.

"My various papers relating to this and kindred subjects . . . will be a record of my work and of the difficulties I have met with in prosecuting my researches. Some of them refer to pygmy survivals in Spain and America, but most of them relate to the races and archæology of North Africa.

"Though it is hardly necessary to state that Professor Virchow stands at the very head of European scientists, it may be as well to mention that he is famous as a specialist respecting dwarf races, as well as Cretinism. Prof. Starr, of the Department of Anthropology in Chicago University, is well-known as the translator of *Les Pygmées* of de Quatrefages, a work published only a few months before I learned of the existence of a pygmy race in Morocco."

We understand that this volume is intended to be Part II. of a work the first part of which will contain essays on Imperial and Colonial problems, of all of which, however, it has not been possible to find copies. It is hoped that in a few months the missing essays will be found in England. Meanwhile fifty copies of the present volume of scientific papers have been struck off for circulation among leading libraries in England and America, and among persons specially interested in such subjects.

The essays are prefaced by extracts from the comments of Professor Virchow and Professor Starr; and to these we may add some letters of Professor Sayce, one of the very first Orientalists and Egyptologists of the age.

In the course of a paper by Professor Virchow* on "Extracts from Mr. Haliburton's writings," he says: "The statements of all eye-witnesses as to the physical condition of these dwarfs agree. Their height is given as 4 ft. 6 in., from 4 ft. 2 in.; also 'not higher than four feet.' The women are the size of a little girl; men with beards, that of a small boy. They have a peculiar reddish complexion, like that of the Redskins of America; quite different from that of the Moors, Arabs, Blacks, etc.; according to others, of a 'mahogany colour.' They are broad and muscular; their hair is 'crisp and curly, short, woolly,' like that of the Blacks. In appearance they are so much alike that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other . . . The fact that south, and to some extent on the heights of the Atlas, a dwarf race is living that has woolly hair and a reddish complexion, seems to be beyond doubt, and we must certainly give the credit of that discovery to Mr. Haliburton, who first proved the existence of these dwarfs."

The Ruins of Pount, in the Dra Valley.

"A special interest is due to the discovery of these dwarfs through the manifold references which he writes, and which he has tried to harmonize with old Egyptian traditions, an endeavour in which no less an authority than Prof. Sayce stands beside him.

"Mr. Haliburton found that the old Egyptian god, Didoo, which Brugsch is said to have called 'a Nubi-Libyan divinity,' must have originated south of the Atlas, where rivers and tribes bear the name . . . The god Didoo Osiris is said to be known in that region as Didoo-Isiri, and in the Dra Valley are said to be found the ruins of an old town of image-worshippers, called by the natives Ta-Pount, also *Anibna-Didoo* (the town of Didoo). Thus the query arose, should the Holy Land of Pount of the Egyptians be looked for here, and not at the Indian Ocean? The statements of Mr. Haliburton about Ta-Pount (Arab, Tabount) are somewhat obscure. It appears that the ruins lie in the upper Dra Valley, in the district of Warzazat. In them are found small figures with horse or bull heads, which are called Beni Mahkerbu, Beni Hazor, and Beni Kerbu; and also Patiki, just as the small people are called. The figures are said to be 18 in. to 3 ft. high, half human, half animal, some

*Verhandlungen der Berliner Gesellschaft fur Anthropologie, Ethnologie, und Urgeshichte; Rediget von R. Virchow Sitzung von 20 Jule, 1895.

with the body of a human being and the head of an ape or dog. The small people adore Didoo-Isiri. In ancient times there was a treasure of gold found buried in Pount.

"Professor Sayce reminds us that Schiaparelli discovered a grave near Contra-Syene, in which an inscription says that Harkhuf, therein buried, had been sent by Pepi II. (Sixth Dynasty) on an expedition to the South, and that he brought back from the King of Ammaan, among many other kinds of gifts, a Denga dwarf from the Land of the Holy Spirit, who could dance divinely, like the Denga dwarf which the late Chancellor Urdudu brought from the land of Pount in the time of King Assa (Sixth Dynasty). This expedition was a thousand years earlier than that of Hannu, which itself is to be placed one thousand years before the celebrated expedition of Queen Hartasu. The latter, however, was in quite a different direction from that of Hannu, which was towards the West, 'The Holy West, The Land of Truth.' Long ago Bunsen sought for Put, or Pount, in Mauritania. Mr. Haliburton also brings the story of Jonah and the Perseus Mythus in connection with that country.

"In Ta-Pount is said to be the grave of the fat queen Hlema, or Hlema Mena. Even now the dwarfs of the Drà Valley are called Pouni or Ou Mena (Mena's People). Two Dafur Blacks, whom the writer saw in Cairo, spoke of Ta-Pount and Hlema Mena, and the name Didoo inspired them with dread. (He does not recall the Carthaginian Dido.)

Dwarf Survivals in Spain.

"Finally, Mr. Haliburton also claims that survivals of dwarfs exist in Spain, both in the Pyrenees and in other parts. He appeals to the explorations of the British Consul at Barcelona, Mr. Macpherson, who found in the Eastern Pyrenees, in the Val de Ribas, people of 1 m. to 1.17 m. in height, copper-coloured, with broad, flat noses and red hair, who are active and robust. Previous to that similar statements had been made. An accurate description of the Val de Ribas (Province of Gerona) is to be found in *Kosmos*, May, 1887. Macpherson found them especially in the Collada de Tosas; and he lays stress on the fact that they have often been considered to be Cretins, but that both Cretins and dwarfs are found in that district. Their hair is described as being mahogany-coloured wool."

Mr. Haliburton adds a note to Prof. Virchow's references to Pount: "Until Ebers suggested that Pount was situated in the far East, Put, or Phut, was held to be connected with Libya, and, according to Bunsen, is admitted to mean in the strictest sense Mauritania." J. G. Müller, in his *Die Semiten*, says, "the old suggestion that Put refers to the Libyans is confirmed by Champollion, and also by Bunsen (1.572)."

The earliest traditions of the Egyptians make "the Holy Land of Pount" to have been the cradle of their race, from which their ancestors brought with them their ancient gods, when they descended to the Nile valley.

Following Professor Virchow's comment are those of Professor Starr, of the University of Chicago, made in the *North American Review* for March, 1896, in his article on "The Pygmy Races of Men." Mr. Morgan quotes him as writing: "Half of my article on 'The Pygmy Races of Men,' in the *North American Review*, was devoted to Mr. Haliburton's discoveries. It is possible that his idea that the history of man begins with a "*Dwarf Era*" may in time be accepted by science."

A Pre-Egyptian Civilization in Libya.

While visiting Tangier as an invalid in 1881, Mr. Haliburton's attention was drawn to Southern Morocco and its inhabitants, who greatly differ in their manner, looks and habits, from the natives who live north of the Great Atlas, and he embodied the results of his enquiries in a paper read at Montreal before the American Association for the Advancement of Science in August, 1882, in which he says: "The

Riffians, known still to us as 'the Riff Pirates,' inhabit the northern portions of Mount Atlas. To the south of that mountain is a tribe of excellent artificers in brass and copper called Shelluhs, Shilhas, or Shilhachs, who inhabit the province of Sus, and are therefore called *Susi*. There are other tribes still farther south. The results of my enquiries proved that there is a marvellous collection of ancient myths, legends, &c., among the Susi that seem to carry us in succession to Britain, Greece, Rome, Phœnicia and Egypt, and even to Babylon; while one very remarkable festival seems as if it had reached them from the Aztecs, or *vice versa*. The great Mother of the Greeks, Damater, appears as Ta Mata, 'the Mother who presides over the cornfields.' 'Apalo, a good god, who comes and plays upon a harp,' suggests the enquiry is not Apâlo, the original form of the name. To this a note is added, "'Aplo' is the Etruscan form of the name." The story of Hercules and Geryon is found there, and connected with the great mummy cave which is under the peak of Teneriffe, Adon is said to have been 'slain by a boar, and heaven and earth all weep for him. He was greatly beloved by Tachal and Isai.' Many striking survivals of classical myths are given, borrowed perhaps by the Greeks, for 'Herodotus says that the *dress of the statue of Minerva was borrowed from the Atlas country*,' and, according to him, 'a Berber shield, ornamented with a fringe of long strips of leather, suggested the idea of the snakes encircling the head of Medusa.'"

But we cannot give more of the examples of this which are supplied. The author says further:

"These are a few of the traditions and beliefs that carry us to Greece and Rome. We meet with Phœnician traditions also as to Isiri, who 'taught the three letters,' while the belief in an imperfect creation, in which the forms of animals and men were blended together, recalls a similar tradition of the old Chaldæans. To this there is a note." According to one of my Susi informants, the Aiissawa rites symbolize this idea of men representing wild beasts, while the fat Moor on horseback represents the good spirit who civilized primeval man; and this was the origin of *mumming*. Of Egyptian ideas there are, perhaps, traces in a belief as to seven brothers, who sail in their ship across the sky, and carry with them the spirits of the dead.

"The early Egyptians seem to have borrowed many of their religious ideas from an older civilization in the Atlas country, for it has been conjectured by an eminent authority that all the magical features of the ritual of the Egyptians, and their belief as to the danger attending the passage of the soul to Hades, were derived from the people south of the Atlas. (See Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, *tit* "Magie.")

"The earliest traditions of Greece point to Mount Atlas, and to the Garden of the Hesperides, which was on the flank of that mountain. The Susi told me that their people were the most ancient in the world. Diodorus Siculus says that the Atlantes claimed to be the oldest of nations, and that their country was 'the birthplace of all the gods of antiquity.'

"Solon was told by Egyptian priests the same tale, that the Atlantes were the first great commercial and maritime people, and exceeded in wealth all the great nations of later times, and that they extended their conquests as far as Greece, but in consequence of an irruption of the sea the great island they inhabited was buried under the waves in a single night. History proves, too, that the Berber race was once dominant over North Africa, and it is probable that they supplied the Hycsos or Shepherd dynasty, that ruled over Egypt for centuries, and who have been connected with the Moors, or Berbers, by Movers."

The following note suggests why the world lost sight of Southern Morocco and its past:

"Ionian and Carian mercenaries were largely employed not only by the Pharaohs, but also by the Libyans, thousands of years before the time of

Homer, who must have been familiar with the history, traditions and position of the Atlas country. The Ionians divided the world into four quarters. One of these was Libya, not Egypt. In time these mercenaries ceased to be employed in North Africa, and as the Carthaginians kept all strangers out of their country, the later Greeks lost almost all knowledge of the geographical position of Mount Atlas, and even transferred it and its myths to the Danube and to the Caucasus. Hence we have the Amazons of Libya and of Asia, and an African and an Asiatic Hercules."

"Leo Africanus, himself a Moor, has described that country as it appeared in his day, and has told how the Arabs had ravaged it, destroying the cities and burning the ancient books of the Berbers, and states that near the walls of one town, the stones of which, as large as those employed in constructing the Coliseum, had defied the fury of the invaders, gold and silver medals are to be found with characters which he had in vain endeavoured to decipher, and that everything indicates that at a former period these cities must have been the homes of a prosperous people."

Are not Atlantis and Pount two names for the same country?

Respecting both Atlantis and Pount the Egyptians had traditions of a pre-Egyptian civilization. It seems clear that two such prehistoric civilizations cannot have existed in Libya.

For many years the ideas of Champollion, Bunsen and other old authorities connecting Pount with Morocco have been given up, and so persistently have scholars turned to the East for the origin of early civilizations that their weakness has been put down to a *mirage Orientale*. Mr. Haliburton claims that to this day the Cyclopian ruins of Pount exist in the Dra Valley, and that that region is still called and regarded as "The Holy Land of Pount," *Dmim Kiel Pount*. Even the Fat Queen of Pount is a household word in southern Morocco. But within the past eighteen months, according to two letters received from Professor Sayce by Mr. Haliburton, excavators have brought to light evidences that seem to settle the fact, that the prehistoric inhabitants of the Nile Valley were light or red-headed Libyans.

In 1893 Professor Sayce wrote Mr. Haliburton: "I return you your book with many thanks. Your name will hereafter be attached to the discovery of dwarf races in North Africa, as Schweinfurth's is to that of the dwarfs of Central Africa. It is one of the most important discoveries that have been made for a long time. I wonder if your dwarfs have anything to do with the Neolithic people who carved the forms of animals, birds and men on the sandstone rocks of North Central Africa, when the Sahara was a fertile plateau."

In February last he wrote from Assouan, Egypt: "That one at least of the Neolithic races of Egypt, whom the Pharaonic Egyptians found here, was Libyan is now quite clear. Quebell the other day mentioned to me that in every case in which he found any hair in the prehistoric graves of this country, it was of a red or light colour. You will remember that 'the Typhonian men,' who were the enemies of the Pharaonic Egyptians (the followers of Horus), had *red hair*, and that it was accordingly the fashion to sacrifice red-haired men in some parts of the country down to a comparatively late date. I was so glad that you have followed my suggestion to embody your discoveries in a volume. It comes, too, very opportunely, just at the moment when excavators in Egypt have drawn attention to the Libyan origin of pre-Egyptian civilization."

Writing from Queen's College, Oxford, June 19th, 1898, he says:

"I found your book welcoming my return to Oxford and have been since greedily reading it. It is exceedingly interesting and full of facts that are important to science. I am so glad that you have at last put your papers and articles together. The world can now appreciate the value of them, and

the extent of your services to anthropology. You must feel very happy in having so completely demolished your adversaries. I hope that some attention will now be turned to Morocco and the Berbers. Recent discoveries in Egypt lend an additional value to your researches. It is now quite clear that the Pharaonic Egyptians came from Babylonia, bringing with them their culture and the knowledge of bronze and engineering. The result was that they overpowered the native population, which was in an advanced stage of the stone age, and made them work first at embanking the Nile and digging canals, and then at architectural monuments which they have left us. Now, it is rational to suppose that a part, at least, of 'the prehistoric' population was Libyan, and it is noticeable that whenever any of its hair has been found, it is always red or auburn. The suggestion, moreover, has independently come to both Mr. Arthur Evans and myself, that the prehistoric population possessed a system of writing of its own from which the Libyan alphabet is descended, and that it continued to be used by the side of the Pharaonic hieroglyphs on pottery and the like. But this portion of the subject still needs working out.

"I was much disappointed at not seeing you at Cairo this spring."

Canadians may well be proud of these discoveries made by one of their fellow-citizens, and of the fact that his scholarly work has won encomiums from such masters of science as Professors Virchow and Sayce.

Norman Patterson.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

(*Florida Times-Union.*)

AN' O! may I never live single again—
I wish I may never live single again;
I hae a gudeman, an' a hame o' my ain,
An' O! may I never live single again.
I've twa bonnie bairns the fairest of a',
They cheer up my heart when their daddie's awa':
I've ane at my foot, an' I've ane on my knee,
An' fondly they look, an' say "Mammy" to me.

At gloamin' their daddie comes in frae the plow,
The blink in his e'e, an' the smile on his brow,
Says, "How are ye lassie, O! how are ye a',
An' how's the wee bodies sin' I gade awa'?"
He sings i' the e'ening' fu' cheerie an' gay—
He tells o' the toil an' the news of the day;
The twa bonnie lammies he taks on his knee,
An' blinks o'er the ingle fu' couthie to me.

O! happy's the father that's happy at hame,
An' blythe is the mither that's blythe 'o the name;
The frown o' the warld they hae nat to dree—
The warld is naething to Johnny an' me.
Tho' crosses will mingle wi' mitherly cares,
Awa', bonnie lasses—awa' wi' your fears;
Gin ye get a laddie that's loving an' fain,
Ye'll wish ye may never live single again!

—*Alexander Laing*

THE MAKERS OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

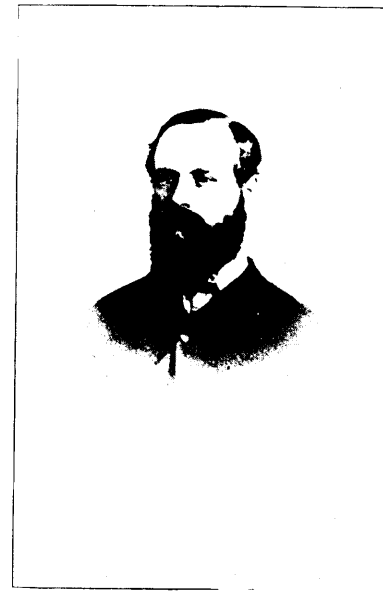
A Series of Twelve Illustrated Papers on Famous Men and Incidents of Canadian History, from the Norse and Cabot voyages until Federal Union (986-1867.)

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF CANADA," AND OTHER WORKS ON THE HISTORY AND GOVERNMENT OF THE DOMINION.

XI.—THE BUILDERS OF A CANADIAN DOMINION FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN, (1864-1873)—*Continued.*

5.—THE WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY THE QUEBEC CONVENTION.

THE Quebec Convention of 1864 sat for seventeen days, and succeeded in maturing a plan of union which, already after thirty years of practical experience of its working, seems well adapted on the whole to meet the necessities of the immense country which it governs. It is unfortunate that we have no full report of the deliberations and debates of this great meeting. We have only a fragmentary record from which it is difficult to form any adequate conclusions as to the part taken by the delegates in the numerous questions which necessarily came under their purview. Mr. Joseph Pope, for years the able confidential secretary of Sir John Macdonald, has edited and published all the official documents bearing on the origin and evolution of the British North America Act of 1867, but despite all the ability and fidelity he has devoted to the task the result is most imperfect and unsatisfactory on account of the absence of any exact original report of proceedings. Consequently a careful writer hesitates to form any positive opinion based upon these reports of the discussions, still no one can doubt that the directing spirit of the conference was Sir John Macdonald. Meagre as is the record of what he said, we can yet see that his words were those of a man who rose above the level of the mere politician, and grasped the magnitude of the questions involved. What he aimed at especially was to follow as closely as possible the fundamental principles of English parliamentary government, and to engraft them upon the general system of federal union. Mr. George Brown took a prominent part in the deliberations. His opinions read curiously now. He was in favor of having the lieutenant-governors appointed by the general government, and he was willing to give them an effective veto, without advice, on provincial legislation. He advocated the election of a legislative chamber on a fixed day every third year, not subject to a dissolution during its term—an adaptation of the American system. He went so far as to urge the advisability of having



VISCOUNT MONCK.
First Governor-General of the Dominion, 1867.

the executive council elected for three years—by the assembly, we may assume, though the report does not state so—and also of giving the lieutenant-governor the right of dismissing any of its members when the House was not sitting. Mr. Brown consequently appears to have been the advocate, so far as the provinces were concerned, of principles that prevail across the border. He opposed the introduction of responsible government as it now obtains in all the provinces of the Dominion.

We gather from the report of discussions that the Prince Edward Island delegates hesitated from the beginning to enter a union where their province would necessarily have so small a numerical representation. With respect to education, we see that it was Mr. (afterwards Sir) Alexander Galt who was responsible for the provision in the constitution which gives the general government and parliament a certain control over provincial legislation in case the rights of a Protestant or a Roman Catholic minority are prejudicially affected. The minutes on this point are defective, but we have the original motion on the subject, and the note of Sir John Macdonald himself that it was passed, with the assent of all the provinces, at the London Conference. The majority of the delegates appear from the outset to have supported strenuously the principle which lies at the basis of the Confederation: that all powers not expressly reserved to the provinces should appertain to the general government, as against that principle of the constitution of the United States which, as Sir John Macdonald pointed out, had led there to great difficulties in the working of the federal system. Sir John Macdonald also, with his usual sagacity, showed that, in all cases of conflict of jurisdiction, recourse would be necessarily made to the courts, as was the practice even then whenever there was a conflict between Imperial and Canadian statutes.

In the seventy-two resolutions adopted by the Quebec Convention we see clearly expressed the following principle as the fundamental basis of the federal system of government:

"*A Federation with a central Government exercising general powers over all the members of the union, and a number of local governments having the control and management of certain matters naturally and conveniently belonging to them, while each Government is administered in accordance with the British system of parliamentary institutions.*"

"*The residuum of legislative power, after the enumeration of the powers especially given to the Dominion Parliament and the provincial legislatures, generally rests with the central Government.*" *

6.—ESTABLISHMENT OF THE FEDERATION.

These seventy-two resolutions were submitted to the Legislature of Canada during the winter of 1865, and passed in both Houses by large majorities after a very full discussion of the merits of the scheme. The opposition came chiefly from Mr. Antoine Dorion, Mr. Luther H. Holton and other able men in the ranks of the Reform party who were unwilling to follow Mr. Brown and his Liberal colleagues in their wise departure from mere "partyism." It was argued that the Legislature had no special mandate from the people to carry out so vital a change in the political condition of the provinces, but this argument had relatively little weight in view of the dominant public sentiment which, as it was obvious to the most superficial observer, existed in the valley of the St. Lawrence in favour of a scheme which seemed certain to settle the difficulties so long in the way of stable government, and offered so many auspicious auguries for the material, political and social progress of the provinces embraced in the federation. In the Maritime Provinces, however, the prospect for some months was far from encouraging. Much dissatisfaction was expressed with the financial terms, and the haste

* See Bourinot's "How Canada is Governed, pp. 40, 125.

with which the Maritime delegates had yielded to the propositions of the Canadian Government and given their adhesion to the larger scheme when they were only authorized in the first instance by their respective legislatures to consider the feasibility of a maritime union. In New Brunswick Mr. Tilley found himself in a minority as the result of an appeal to the people on the question ; but his successor, Mr. (afterwards Sir Albert) Smith, a member of the Mackenzie Cabinet from 1874 until 1878, was defeated at another election, and the new Legislature gave its approval of union, largely under the conviction that it was essential to the security of the provinces, then threatened by the Fenians. In Nova Scotia the situation was aggravated by the fact that the Opposition was led by Mr. Howe, who had been always the idol of a large party in the country, and an earnest and consistent supporter of the right of the people to be consulted on every measure immediately affecting their interests. As I have previously shown, he had been as far back as 1854 one of the most eloquent advocates not only of a federal union but even of the grand ideal scheme of the federation of the empire, which he again urged as his first choice in the discussions which arose between him and the promoters of union, who charged him with inconsistency. He succeeded in creating a powerful sentiment against the terms of the measure, and it was not possible during 1865 to carry it in the Legislature. It was not attempted to submit the question to the people, as was done in New Brunswick —indeed such a course would have been fatal to its progress—but it was eventually sanctioned by a large vote of the two Houses, who were chiefly influenced by the facts that it was strongly approved by the Imperial Government (who sent out Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kars, as Lieutenant-Governor with special instructions) ; that both Canada and New Brunswick had given their consent ; and that it was proposed to make such changes in the financial terms as would be more favourable to the Maritime Provinces. In Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland it was not possible for the advocates of federation to move successfully in the matter.

A conference of delegates from the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada was held in the December of 1866 at the Westminster Palace Hotel in the City of London. The members on behalf of Canada were Messrs. Macdonald, Cartier, Galt, McDougall, Langevin and W. P. Howland, the latter having succeeded Mr. Brown in the Government ; of Nova Scotia, Messrs. Tupper, Henry, McCully, Archibald and W. Ritchie, who took Mr. Dickey's place ; of New Brunswick, Messrs. Tilley, Johnson, Mitchell, Fisher and R. D. Wilmot, afterwards Speaker of the Senate and Lieutenant-Governor. The latter was a Loyalist by descent and replaced Mr. Steeves, subsequently elevated to the Senate of the Dominion. The results of their deliberations were some changes in the financial provisions of the Quebecplan with the view of satisfying the opposition as far as possible in the Maritime Provinces, but without disturbing the fundamental basis to which Canada had already pledged itself in the legislative session of 1865. All the difficulties having been removed, the Earl of Carnarvon, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, submitted to the House of Lords on the 12th February, 1867, a bill intituled "An Act for the union of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and the government thereof and for the purposes connected therewith." It passed the two Houses with very little discussion, and the royal assent was given to it on the 29th of March of the same year. It is interesting to know that in the original draft of the Bill as given us by Mr. Pope in "Confederation Documents," the united provinces were to be called the "Kingdom of Canada," but when it came eventually before Parliament they were designated as the "Dominion of Canada," and the writer had it from Sir John Macdonald himself that this amendment did not

HON. J. CAUCHON.
First Speaker of Senate, 1867.

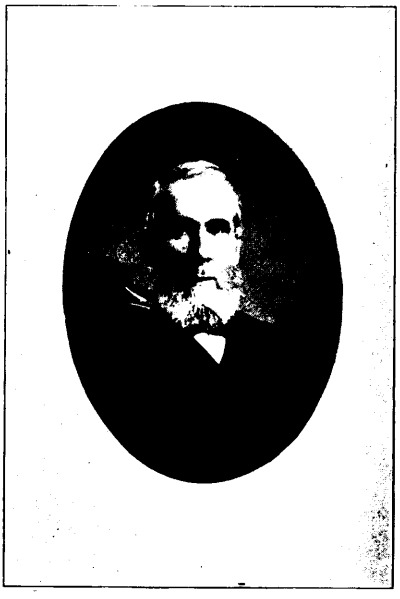
HON. J. COCKBURN.
First Speaker of Commons, 1867.

emanate from the colonial delegates, but from the imperial ministry, one of whose members was afraid of wounding the susceptibilities of the Government of the United States, then incensed at the attempt of the Emperor Napoleon to establish an imperial dynasty in America.

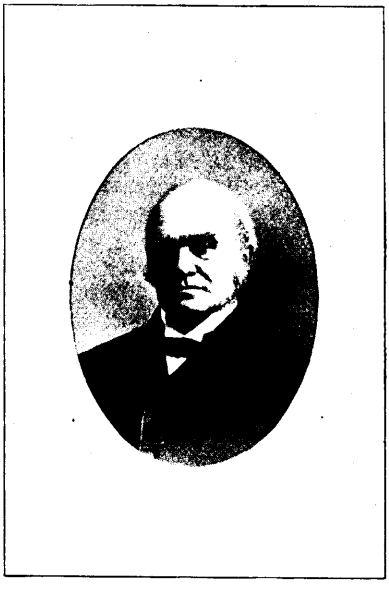
To make this review complete for purposes of reference by the readers of this magazine, I may add that the union came into operation by royal proclamation on the first of July, 1867. The first Governor-General was Viscount Monk, who had been head of the executive government of Canada throughout all the stages of Confederation after 1864. He was an Irish nobleman, who had been Lord of the Treasury in Lord Palmerston's government. He was a collateral descendant of the famous general of the Commonwealth, created the Duke of Albemarle after the Restoration. Without being a man of remarkable ability he was gifted with admirable discretion, and gave all the weight of his sagacious counsel to bring about a federation, whose great benefits from an imperial as well as a colonial point of view he fully appreciated as a British statesman. The Premier of the first Federal Government was naturally Sir John Macdonald, who chose as his colleagues Sir Geo. E. Cartier, Sir S. L. Tilley—to give them all their later titles—Sir A. T. Galt, Sir W. P. Howland, Mr. William McDougall, Mr. P. Mitchell, Sir A. G. Archibald, Mr. A. F. Blair, Sir A. Campbell, Sir H. L. Langevin, Sir E. Kenny and Mr. H. Chapais. Mr. Brown had retired from the coalition government formed in 1864, some months before the union, nominally on a disagreement with his colleagues as to the best mode of conducting negotiations for a new reciprocity treaty with the United States, but notoriously, as it was commonly reported, through his intense jealousy of Sir John Macdonald, whose dominant influence in the Government he could not brook.

8.—THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF THE DOMINION—SKETCH OF ITS FAMOUS MEMBERS.

The first Parliament of the new Dominion of Canada met in the



HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.
Member of First Parliament—Afterwards Premier.

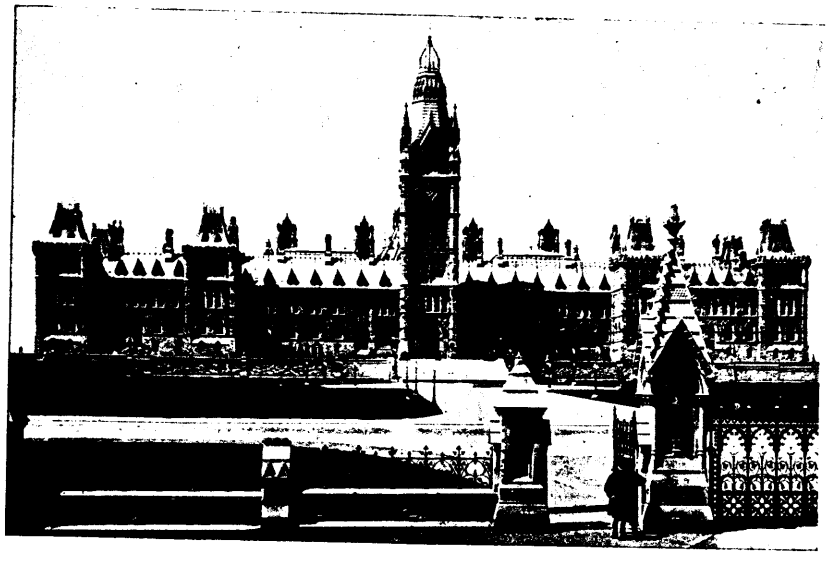


SIR J. J. C. ABBOTT.
Member of First Parliament—Afterwards Premier.

autumn of 1867 in the new buildings at Ottawa—also chosen as the seat of government of the Federation—and was probably the ablest body of men that ever assembled for legislative purposes within the limits of old or new Canada, and has never been equalled in point of intellectual strength by any of its successors so far. In the absence of the legislation which was subsequently passed with respect to Ontario and Quebec against dual representation—or the election of representatives to both the Dominion Commons and the local legislatures—it was composed of the leading public men of all parties in the two provinces in question. Such legislation had been enacted in the Maritime Provinces before 1867, but it did not prevent the ablest men of New Brunswick selecting the larger and more ambitious field of parliamentary action. In Nova Scotia, Sir Charles Tupper was the only man of eminence who emerged from the battle in which so many unionists were for the moment defeated. Mr. Howe came in at the head of a strong phalanx of anti-unionists—Repealers, as some called themselves—but it was not long before he recognized the futility of further opposition to a federal union, supported by the great mass of people irrespective of creed and nationality throughout British North America, and obviously essential to the consolidation of imperial interests in the British dominions on the northern half of this continent. He was faithful to those principles of loyalty to the Crown and Empire which had forced his father to seek refuge in Nova Scotia, and which had been ever the mainspring of his action even in the trying days when he and others were struggling for responsible government. He believed always in constitutional agitation, not in rebellion.

As I write now I have before me the "test roll" on which the members of the first House of Commons of the new Dominion inscribed their names after they had taken the oath of allegiance required by the constitutional law. About twenty-six years have passed since that roll was completed and folded away at the close of the first Parliament of the Dominion

among the archives of the Clerk's department. Unfolding it once more, let us for a moment or two study the signatures of the men of 1867-72—of the most famous Parliament of Canada—and think how many of them have ceased to sign since those memorable years. This roll consists of a long, broad sheet of vellum, at the head of which is engrossed the title: "Oath of Allegiance of Members of the House of Commons of the Dominion of Canada. First Parliament." Then follows the oath given in the British North America Act of 1867, in English and French: "I, ——, do swear that I will bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. So help me God." The signatures of all members elected during the Parliament appear in due order on this one roll, which consists of seven columns, together with the names of the commissioners appointed by the Crown—the Clerk and other prominent officers of the House—to administer the oath. The first name on this historic roll is that of the eminent Canadian statesman, Sir Charles Tupper, whose signature is written in a rapid, uncertain way, nowise indicative of his decision of character and his positive style of debate. Then follows the name of Alexander Morris, a Cabinet Minister, a Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, and a founder of Confederation. Just below is the name of Sir J. C. Abbott, then chiefly distinguished as a commercial lawyer, but, at a later time, on the death of Sir John Macdonald, as First Minister of the Government of Canada. Following his bold lettering is the clear, well-defined signature of William Macdougall, an incisive, logical debater, long distinguished in Canadian public life. The name of Alexander Mackenzie, a Liberal Premier from 1873 until 1878, is written in that clear, steady hand, illustrating his sturdy Scotch character and decision of character. John Hamilton Gray, one of the fathers of Confederation, writes his name in a neat, graceful hand, giving prominence to Hamilton. A little further down is the not very legible or elegant signature of Mackenzie Bowell, who became Prime Minister in 1895, but was in those early days only in the rank and file of his party. In the middle of the column is a collection of rapid strokes, which



PARLIAMENT HOUSE AT OTTAWA.
Where the First Dominion Parliament Met in 1867.

long experience tells the writer is the name of the great Canadian, Edward Blake. Here is the bold, clear signature of Stewart Campbell, once Speaker of the Nova Scotia Assembly, a polished gentleman and graceful debater, who died a district judge in his native province. Next follows the plain signature of Charles Fisher, once Attorney-General of New Brunswick, one of those very rapid speakers that the Maritime Provinces produce in numbers, and a father of Confederation. A former Chief-Justice of Ontario, an old student of Sir John Macdonald's, Robert Harrison, signs his name in bold letters, which were characteristic of his own portly presence. Last but one on the column is the very modest signature of David Mills, who has won for himself in the years that have passed a high reputation for his diligence as a public man and his earnest study of the constitution of his own and other countries.

At the top of the next column is the signature of Joseph Howe, written in a clear, running hand, taking up the whole space allotted—the signature of a poet, orator and statesman, who commenced his life in a printing office with a composing stick, and ended it in the old stone Government House at Halifax, where he was refused admittance in the days of Lord Falkland. The third name, written in a graceful, easy style, is that of the most famous minister of the Crown that the dependencies of England have yet produced—Sir John Alexander Macdonald. Charles A. Colby, for a short time a member of a Dominion Cabinet, a careful, thoughtful speaker, whom Parliament misses in these later days, when Canada requires the services of all her best men, signs his name in a very unostentatious way, characteristic of his demeanour. J. G. Blanchet, a speaker of the Quebec Assembly and of the Commons, is the next prominent man on the list. Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, for many years a very conspicuous figure in the politics of British North America, before and since confederation, the first exponent of the protection policy of the Macdonald administration from 1879, writes his name in an ordinary business hand. John Costigan, in a delicate hand, represents the name of a faithful Irishman, afterwards a member of a Conservative Government. The large clear letters of the signature of H. G. Joly recall a pleasant gentleman bearing an historic name. In the same column is the signature of Christopher Dunkin—noted in parliament for his extremely tedious, though well studied, learned speeches—written in a careless style, not at all characteristic of his cautious manner of public speaking or ordinary conversation. Sir Hector Langevin, who took part in the Quebec convention, writes his signature in that careful, natty way which has not altered a whit for over thirty years. The scratchy uncertain letters that immediately follow indicate the name of Geo. Et. Cartier—thus abbreviated—one of those liberal-minded, patriotic statesmen who, freeing themselves from national prejudices, have been instrumental in laying—deep and firm, as we must all hope—the foundations of a confederation. Albert J. Smith, Minister of Fisheries in Mr. MacKenzie's government, knighted for his services in connection with the

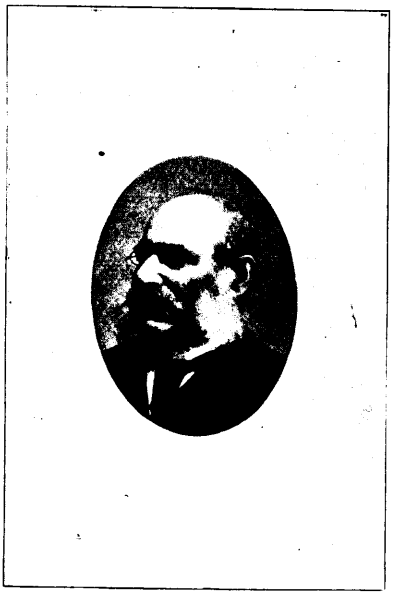
SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL.
Member of First Parliament—Afterwards Premier.

HON. DAVID MILLS.
Member of First Parliament—now Minister of Justice.

Halifax Fishery Award, one of the results of the Washington Treaty of 1871, writes an illegible scrawl. Thomas B. Gibbs, who for a short time was a Cabinet minister, writes his name in a clear commercial hand. At the foot of the column is the very clumsy, but bold, signature—very characteristic of the man—of E. B. Wood, the "Big Thunder" of the public platform, who died Chief Justice of Manitoba.

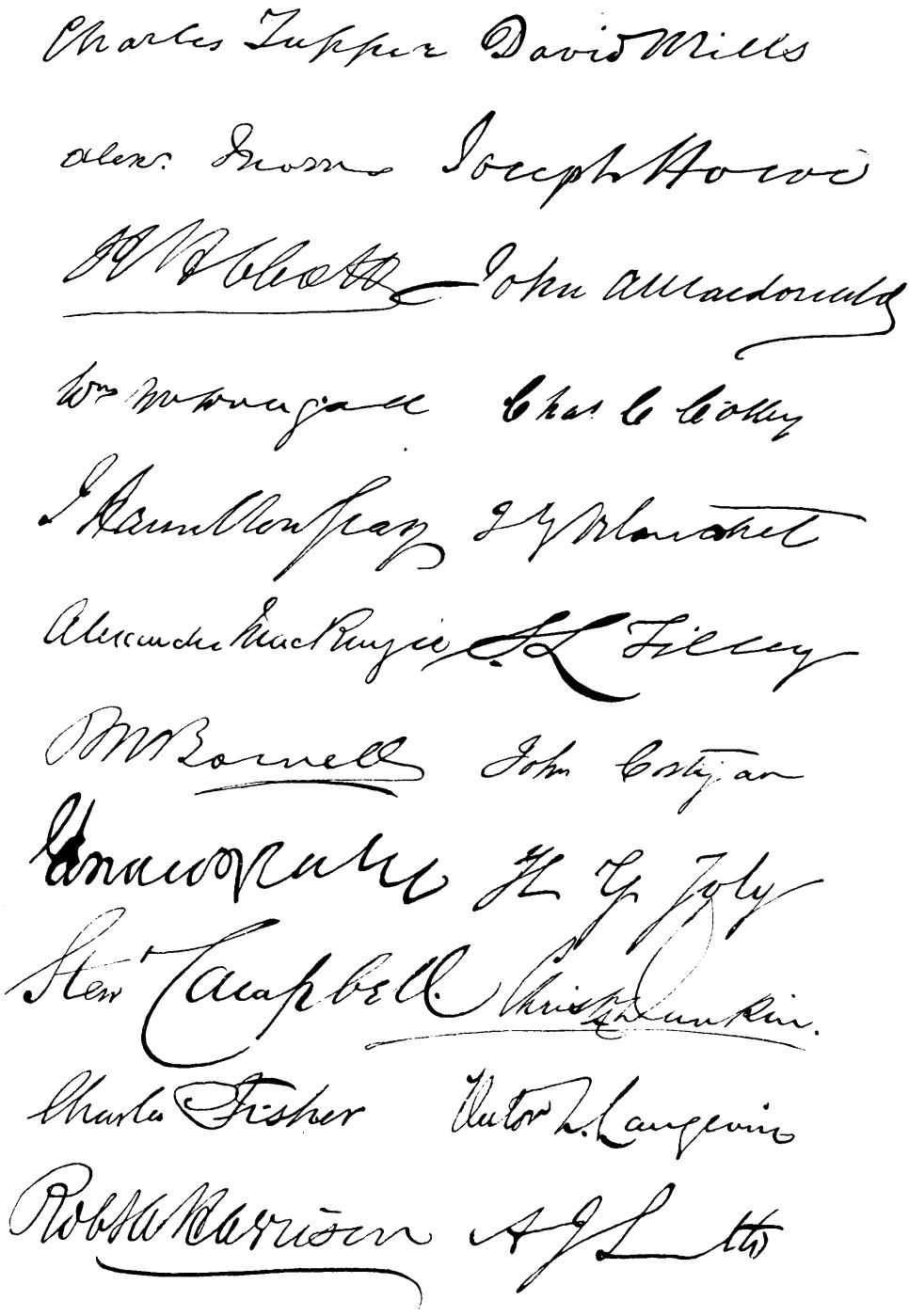
An almost undecipherable signature heads the third column of the roll. It is recognized by experts as that of Pierre J. O. Chauveau, once Premier of Quebec, Speaker of the Senate, President of the Royal Society of Canada, an orator of the old regime, a *littérateur* of note and a polished gentleman. The recognized Nestor of the Liberal party, Luther Holton, who died a few years later, deeply regretted by friends and opponents, while in attendance on parliament, wrote his signature in a small, symmetrical manner. Sturdy Joseph Rymal, the grandson of an Upper Canada Loyalist, who was gifted with a great fund of rough, natural humour, gives a signature which bears the impress of the plough. The remarkably small, unpretentious signature below is by no means an index to the emphatic character and portly person of Timothy W. Anglin, once Speaker of the Commons. One of the most modest, retiring signatures on the whole page is that of John Carling, who held office for a long time in Conservative administrations, and was knighted some years later. Lucius Seth Huntington, who possessed the gift of oratory in a remarkable degree, a Minister in Mr. MacKenzie's Cabinet, evidently liked a very scratchy pen. Immediately following is the somewhat original signature of a famous leader of the Liberals of French Canada, Antoine Aimé Dorion; one of those gentlemen whose unsullied character in political and private life, and unvarying courtesy of demeanour, gave dignity to the public life of Canada. Further down is the small, neat signature of Thomas D'Arcy McGee—the last signature he ever appended to a similar public document, for a few months later he was the victim of a midnight assassin. Soon after the name of the brilliant Irishman comes the neat, lady-like handwriting of John Hillyard Cameron, a polished gentleman, great lawyer and eloquent speaker. Closing the column is the hesitating, ambiguous signature of Sir A. T. Galt, famous in finance and eloquent in debate, and, above all, a true Canadian in thought and aspiration. In the fourth column we meet with the jerky, inelegant signature of Richard John Cartwright, then a prominent member of the Conservative party—a signature not at all indicative of his incisive style and force of expression

in the debates of later years, when he spoke from the Liberal benches as Sir Richard. A Minister of the Crown and a Lieutenant-Governor in later years, A. W. McLelan, an exceptionally fortunate man, since he was generally in office from 1867, signs his name in an ordinary business style. Alfred Jones, a prominent man ever since in the councils of the Liberal party, a Minister in Mr. MacKenzie's government, takes up only a very small space with his unpretentious name. In the next column a Minister of Finance and a very successful man in his subsequent career in England, John Rose, banker, baronet and imperial privy councillor, writes his signature in a free way, with the John a little doubtful. Sir W. P. Howland, member of the Westminster Palace Conference—afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario—writes his name in a hasty scrawl. Adams G. Archibald, urbane gentleman, Dominion Secretary of State, Lieutenant-Governor of two provinces, Knight of St. Michael and St. George, writes his name, probably for once in his life, so that one may read it. John Henry Pope, in later times a Minister in Sir John Macdonald's Ministry, a man of political sagacity, a keen political manager, denotes his name by a few faint scratches. Further on is the hasty signature of Alonzo Wright, who, in the twenty years before him in parliament, was to make himself the most popular man in the House for his urbanity and hospitality in his spacious mansion on the banks of the picturesque Gatineau, and too rarely delighted his peers with flights of genial humour and eloquent periods, illustrating a mind that reveled in much miscellaneous reading. Towards the foot of the fourth column is the very small, neat signature of Sir Francis Hincks, an old-time Liberal, one of the earnest advocates of responsible government, a Prime Minister of old Canada, a governor of one of the dependencies of the empire, who was chosen by Sir John Macdonald to replace Sir John Rose as Finance Minister, a position he was to hold for a relatively short time and then retire permanently from Canadian public life. In the sixth column, representing the

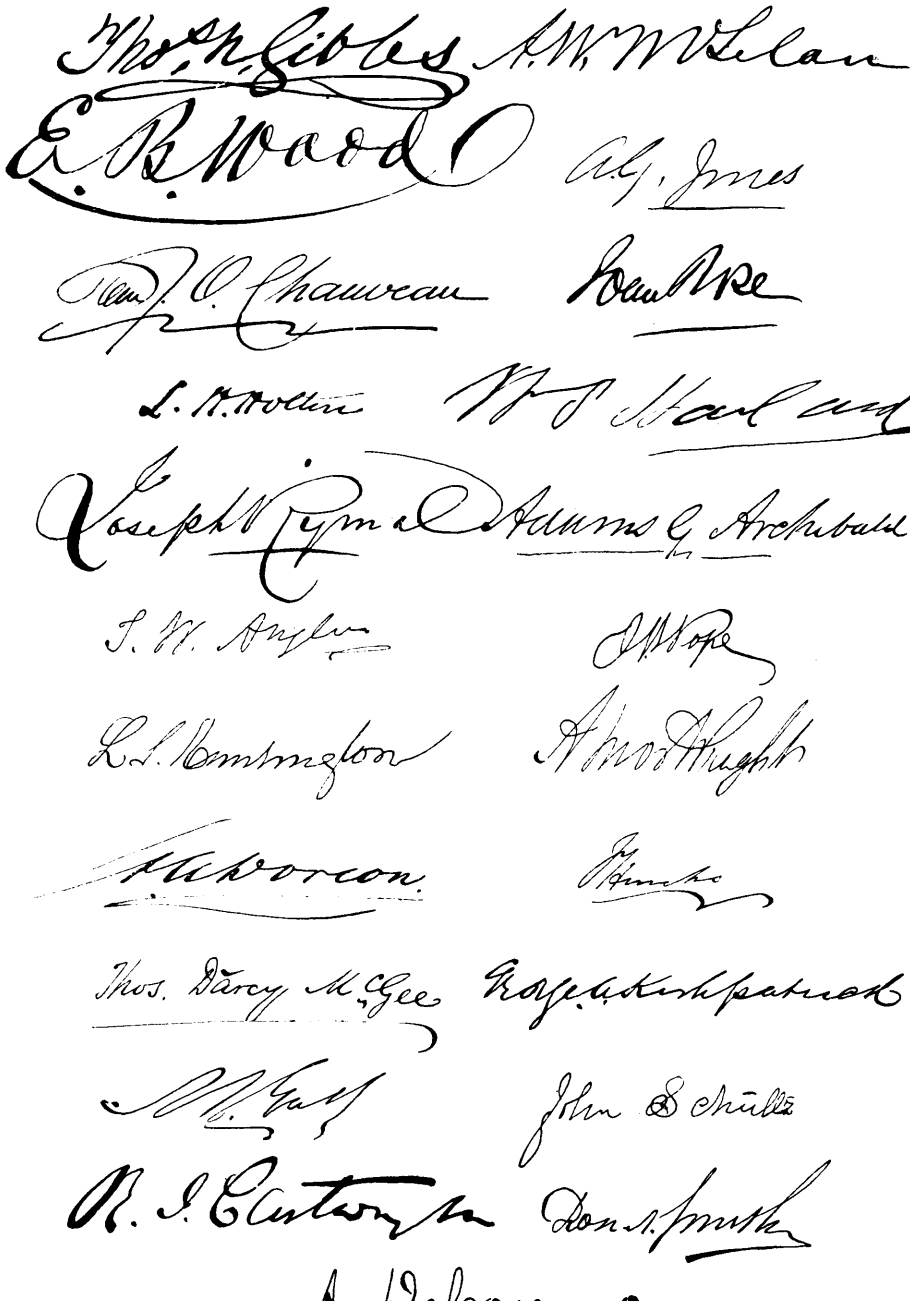


SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.
Member of First Parliament—now Minister of Trade and Commerce.

HON. T. D'ARCY McGEE.
Member of First Parliament—Assassinated 1868.



AUTOGRAPHS OF MEMBERS OF



FIRST DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

members elected in the third session of this Parliament, we meet for the first time with the symmetrical signature, in a running hand, of George Airey Kirkpatrick, afterwards Speaker, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and a K.C.M.G., who was returned after the death of his father, whose name appears previously on the roll of 1867. The remainder of the roll is chiefly noteworthy as illustrating the development of the Dominion, for we see the signatures of the representatives, first of the new Province of Manitoba, and later of the Province of British Columbia, which came into the federation during this Parliament, as I shall show in another paper. We see the names of John Christian Schultz, then conspicuous for his conflict with Riel in the first Northwest Rebellion, and later, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province; of Donald A. Smith, a man of great financial ability, who subsequently became associated with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and received a peerage from the Queen.

But here we may close the roll; for the other names are less noteworthy, and, in many cases, probably forgotten by the Canadian world. The first Parliament will always be memorable for its intellectual strength; but of the one hundred and ninety-one men who signed the roll from 1867-72, only six appear on the roll of 1896, and these are Sir R. Cartwright, Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. Mr. Costigan, Mr. M. C. Cameron (lately appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories), Sir Henry Joly de Lotbinière and Mr. Scriver. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Mr. Mills, (now Minister of Justice in the Liberal Government led by Sir Wilfrid Laurier), M. Bellerose, Sir John Carling, Mr. L. McCallum, Mr. Masson, Sir C. A. P. Pelletier, who were members of the first Parliament, now occupy seats in the Senate, of which body the latter is Speaker.

Of the seventy-two members first appointed to the Dominion Senate in 1867 only the following, seven in all, are still alive and occupy their seats in the same chamber: J. C. Aikens, who was a member of Sir John Macdonald's Ministry, and subsequently became Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba when he retired from the Upper House, but was re-appointed in 1896; W. A. Allen, the urbane Chancellor of Trinity University and Speaker of the Senate for a short time; of R. B. Dickey, a member of the Quebec Convention; of David Reesor, long connected with the local affairs of the Yorks in Ontario; of J. F. Armand, a member of a family who came to Canada during the French revolution of 1793; of William Miller, one of the members whose vote finally carried union in the Nova Scotia Assembly, and a Speaker of the Senate; of David Wark, long connected with the public affairs of New Brunswick, now in the ninety-fourth year of his life. Of the thirty-three members of the Quebec Convention of 1864 only seven remain to recall that momentous event in the history of Confederation: Sir Charles Tupper, who still displays great intellectual vigour as leader of the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons; Sir Oliver Mowat, who has at length found a well-earned rest in the Government House at Toronto; William McDougall, who shows no inclination to venture again into the uncertain conflicts of party, and is almost forgotten in the retirement which he seems to prefer; Peter Mitchell, who occupies a relatively unimportant position in connection with the Marine and Fisheries Department which he organized with such signal ability; Sir Hector Louis Langevin, of whom I have written elsewhere as living a secluded life at Quebec; A. A. Macdonald, who has been a Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island and has now a seat in the Senate; and Mr. Dickey, a member of the same House. Of the members of the Westminster Palace Hotel Conference there only remain Sir W. P. Howland, and the gentlemen just named, with the exception of Mowat, Dickey and Macdonald, who took part only in the great meeting of 1864.

(To be concluded next month.)

OVER THE ROSES AND UNDER THE VINES.

A COMEDIETTA IN THREE SCENES.

Dramatis Personæ :

MR. PHILIP STANLEY, a young lawyer.
MRS. FREEMAN.
MISS ELIZABETH FREEMAN, her daughter.
MISS LILIAN REED, her friend.
MISS FLORENCE CASIMIR, her friend.
MISS LAURA MOORE, her friend.
WILLIAM, coachman to Mrs. FREEMAN.

SCENE I.—*Before the Freeman residence. Time—Saturday afternoon.* Miss FREEMAN, Miss REED, Miss CASIMIR, Miss MOORE.

Miss FREEMAN.—I hope that I have not kept you waiting too long, girls. But I knew that the horse would not be here for some time, and so did not hurry.

Miss MOORE.—That is right—never hurry.

Miss REED.—Oh, you surely delayed designedly, that we might wait on this verandah and gaze into this garden. When the carriage does come, I am going to refuse to move.

Miss MOORE.—So am I. It is so delightful here.

Miss CASIMIR.—Yes, you lackadaisical young creatures, just like you! But if you don't work for usefulness, you must for pleasure.

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, now, Florence, they do work hard—these dear girls.

Miss MOORE.—I laundried four blouses belonging to mother and the girls this morning, and the one I have on, too.

Miss REED.—And I baked bread and made a cake, and gave singing lessons to two ladies, who intend to make their fellow-creatures more miserable upon every opportunity.

Miss CASIMIR.—You are both exonerated, and I will not confess what I did.

Miss FREEMAN.—I dusted the house after breakfast, and then finished "Dianah of the Crossways."

Miss MOORE.—Well, it is no waste of time to read Meredith.

Miss FREEMAN.—What a formidable phalanx we four people make standing together!

Miss REED.—And behold! The enemy heaves in sight.

Miss CASIMIR.—Goodness, Bess! It is Mr. Stanley coming to see you.

Miss REED.—How will he have courage in broad daylight to make the attack? And what is the weapon he beareth?

Miss MOORE.—I don't see anything.

Miss REED.—No, I thought he had something in his hand. I perceive a hesitation about his feet. Let him turn and flee!

Miss CASIMIR.—Why, he knows we have seen him.

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, girls, do behave! He will hear you.

Miss CASIMIR.—But he will want to stay, and we shall not be able to go.

Miss REED.—Not he! He wishes he were where "Full fathom five thy father lies."

[*Mr. Philip Stanley, after having fumbled in his crowded pockets, and thrust the bunch of roses, which he had intended to give Miss Freeman, under his hat, finally approaches.*]

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, how do you do, Mr. Stanley?

Mr. STANLEY.—How do you do.

[*He bows in turn to the others but does not remove his hat, whereat a sensation of surprise circulates among the ladies.*]

Mr. STANLEY.—I have been at least fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of all of you. But you must not let me detain you even for a moment.

Miss FREEMAN.—I am sorry that we should have been going out. We had

DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

"Mr. Stanley bows but does not remove his hat."

promised to call on the Fletchers this afternoon. They have just got back from England, you know. But you must see mother, Mr. Stanley.

Mr. STANLEY.—Oh, no, pray don't call her. I had intended to make only a hurried call. The fact is, I am overwhelmed with work at present, and—

Miss FREEMAN.—But it is too warm to return without first resting. Oh, here is mother.

(*Enter Mrs. Freeman.*)

[Mr. STANLEY *moves forward to meet her, but does not lift his hat.*]

Miss CASIMIR (*aside*).—What rudeness! Not even to your mother!

Miss MOORE (*aside*).—So queer of him!

Miss REED (*aside*).—Poor soul! He is distrait.

Mrs. FREEMAN (*laughing and turning to the girls*).—Mr. Stanley has just been telling me, girls, that having nothing to do to-day, he thought he would come and see us. Now, you would feel more flattered if he had much to do, and yet—

Miss FREEMAN (*interrupting rather coldly*).—He told us a minute ago that he was very busy.

Mr. STANLEY.—You ladies have really legal minds.

Miss CASIMIR.—Well, I'll never want you for a witness, Mr. Stanley.

Mr. STANLEY.—Ah, no, no—I am very easily confused—I am, in fact—quite timid, and—

Miss REED—Heavens! Mr. Stanley! There's a caterpillar under your hat!

Mr. STANLEY (*starting*).—I am not afraid of it.

ALL TOGETHER.—Oh! oh! Take it off!

Mr. STANLEY (*setting his teeth*).—Nay, why disturb it? Let it be.

Mrs. FREEMAN.—I beg you, Mr. Stanley remove it!

Mr. STANLEY.—But it is against my principles to——

Miss REED.—It is a large green caterpillar. Ugh!

Mr. STANLEY (*desperately*).—I know.

ALL TOGETHER.—You don't mean that you put it there?

Mr. STANLEY.—I did indeed.

Miss REED.—Gracious! It has a leaf now!

Mr. STANLEY.—Pray don't observe it, Miss Reed, it is at ease.

ALL TOGETHER.—Take it off!

Mr. STANLEY.—I am determined that it shall not be molested. Don't you know that the New Yorkers——

Miss FREEMAN.—It makes me shudder—I cannot look at you.

(*The carriage arrives.*)

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, here is the carriage. Come, girls! Good-by, Mr. STANLEY. (*Turning to the coachman*) You were a long time, William.

WILLIAM.—Yes, Miss, the 'orse was 'ot; I couldn't run 'im, Miss.

[*William gets out to help the ladies in, and sees their horrified glances fixed on Mr. Stanley's head.*]

WILLIAM. — Gosh, Sir, you 'ave a boa-constrictor on your 'ead!

[*Whereupon he dashes the gentleman's hat to the ground, and the roses lie scattered in deep red shame.*]

SCENE II.—*The Freeman residence. Time—A week later.* Mrs. FREEMAN, Mr. Philip STANLEY.

Mrs. FREEMAN. — You will find Elizabeth in the summer-house, with her three friends. They are sewing together while one reads aloud. The four girls have so much in common that they are almost inseparable.

Mr. STANLEY. — I can quite understand it. They are most charming girls, and seem to possess that large-mindedness which is necessary to substantial friendship. If you will allow me to do so, then, Mrs. Freeman, I shall make my way across to their little arbour.

Mrs. FREEMAN.—Oh yes, go; they will be glad to see you. I only wish that I could accompany you and defend you a little from their mischievous tongues.

Mr. STANLEY.—I have become somewhat emboldened since last week.

(*Mrs. Freeman goes away smiling*)

SCENE III.—*The Arbour. Time—Same.* Miss FREEMAN, Miss REED, Miss CASIMIR, Miss MOORE.

Miss REED (*turning the book, face downward, upon her knee*).—Some one else will have to read now for a little while. My throat has given out. Oh, (*looking dreamily through the trees*) what a beautiful day! And what a shame it is that we should be reading

"Gosh, Sir, you 'ave a boa-constrictor on your 'ead!"

of this most excellent lover, and be ourselves without one!

Miss CASIMIR.—One would hardly suffice for us.

Miss FREEMAN.—Especially the one Lilian would make it.

Miss MOORE.—I don't know, now. I entirely approve of Lilian's—ahem—what shall I say?

Miss REED.—If you would explain to me of whom you speak, I might tell you.

Miss CASIMIR *(calmly)*.—We speak of Professor Merton.

Miss REED *(flushing and endeavouring to appear surprised)*.—You should not speak of a wise man so foolishly. He is, I think, a friend to all of us in a certain sense, but that is all.

Miss CASIMIR.—Oh, indeed, the good creature! One would think he was a Humane Society.

Miss REED (*stoutly*).—He has in himself certainly an association of the humanities. I have not seen him for a very long time.

Miss CASIMIR.—Bess is afraid to say anything because he is a friend of Mr. Stanley.

Miss MOORE.—Which individual I perceive at this moment coming across the garden.

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, girls!

Miss REED.—Oh, what a pity we are here!

Miss CASIMIR.—It isn't at all; it's a joke after last week.

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, girls!

Miss REED.—It wouldn't matter so much if it were not for last week. Oh, come, let us get into this cupboard behind the grapevine.

Miss MOORE.—The very thing.

Miss FREEMAN (*eagerly*).—Oh, could you?

Miss CASIMIR.—There isn't room, it would be dreadfully hot and uncomfortable.

Miss REED (*seeking an inducement*).—Oh, come along—he may propose—it will be such fun!

Miss FREEMAN (*with horror*).—Girls!

Miss CASIMIR (*deciding*).—Hurry up, then—let us get settled, or he will be here. (*They crowd into the cupboard.*)

Miss CASIMIR.—We must have a crack open.

Miss REED.—Oh no, there is plenty of air—these cedar posts are not close together. You must lock it on the outside, Bess, or he might examine it and ——

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, mercy! What shall I say if he does?

Miss REED (*from within*).—Say you keep spirits in here. That will be true.

Miss CASIMIR (*from within*).—Say you keep liquor in here. That will be true—I am fast becoming a fluid.

Miss FREEMAN.—Shsh!

Miss REED (*in a whisper, from within*).

Mr. Stanley.—This is a very complete little arbour.

—Don't let him stay very long—unless he proposes !

Miss FREEMAN. — Shsh ! Shsh ! (*Whispering*) Girls, I hope you are comfortable.

Miss CASIMIR (*from within*).—You wouldn't *hope* so if you were inside !

Miss FREEMAN.—Shsh ! Shsh ! He is almost here.

(*Mr. Stanley, scrutinizing the arbour closely, approaches.*)

Mr. STANLEY.—Ah, Miss Elizabeth, do I find you alone?

Miss FREEMAN.—Yes, Mr. Stanley, I have been sewing a little, and reading at intervals.

Mr. STANLEY. — You have never shown me this retreat before. It is delightfully cool and picturesque.

Miss FREEMAN.—Yes, isn't it? Father is very fond of sitting here. When the grapes are ripe, one can just reach up and break off a cluster, and they are very fine.

Mr. STANLEY.—One thinks involuntarily of Omar Khayyam.

Miss FREEMAN.—Yes. Repeat a little of the *Rubaiyat* for me.

Mr. STANLEY.—Nay, I am too much in the mood he praises—too much inclined to enjoy—to bother with him.

Miss FREEMAN.—I wish there were more for you to enjoy, then.

Mr. STANLEY.—I find enough.

(*There is a scarcely perceptible stir of eagerness from within.*)

Mr. STANLEY.—This is a very complete little arbour. I see your father has built a cupboard on that side.

Miss FREEMAN.—Yes, a kind of little cellarium in which to keep his home-made wine and so forth. I think he keeps his garden pipes and tobacco there too. But you don't smoke, so I need not look.

Mr. STANLEY.—No, I don't smoke.

Miss FREEMAN.—What a glorious day it is!

Mr. STANLEY (*after a moment's thought*).—Yes, a splendid day for sailing.

Miss FREEMAN (*eagerly*).—Oh, the water would be divine!

Mr. STANLEY (*very distinctly*).—Merton is off for a sail, or, rather, he will be. He said he was going down to ask Miss Reed to accompany him.

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, I am so sorry. I believe she was to be out this afternoon.

Mr STANLEY.—Perhaps she will have returned by the time he gets there. He did not intend to go until four o'clock, and it is now (*looking at his watch*), only three.

[*There is a scarcely perceptible stir within.*]

Miss FREEMAN (*nervously*).—I hope she will. She would be so disappointed. Suppose we go to the house.

Mr. STANLEY.—Oh no, it is so pleasant here I would rather remain. I shall not be able to allow myself more than a brief period of happiness to-day, anyway.

Miss FREEMAN—You do put things in such a fashion, that if I did not know that you speak in exactly the same way to everyone else, it would surprise me.

Mr. STANLEY.—You are mistaken, I don't speak in this way to Professor Merton.

Miss FREEMAN.—I mean every woman.

Mr. STANLEY.—I don't speak so, then, to Mrs. Graham.

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, well.

Mr. STANLEY.—Nor to Miss Reed, nor to Miss Casimir, nor to Miss Moore, to multiply instances.

[*There is a scarcely perceptible stir within.*]

Miss FREEMAN (*nervously*).—I don't know about that. Won't you come to the house ? I have learned a new sonata which I want to play to you.

Mr. STANLEY.—Oh, presently we can go. Let us stay here a little longer.

Miss FREEMAN (*after a pause*).—What time is it now?

Mr. STANLEY.—A little after three. Merton will just be starting for Miss Reed's house.

Miss FREEMAN.—Oh, I do hope—oh, I have an idea ! We will go and telephone to the Reeds'. If she is out, they may know where she is, and send for her. She was here earlier in the afternoon ; and I don't know where

she was going after that. Oh, I don't want Professor Merton to be disappointed, nor Miss Reed either, for that matter. Please come, and we will telephone.

[*A silent prayer arises from within the cellarium.*]

Mr. STANLEY (*deliberately.*)—I would rather not. To tell you the truth, I am not as anxious that the Professor should take Miss Reed with him as he is.

MISS FREEMAN.—What in the world do you mean?

Mr. STANLEY.—Well, I must remember that Miss Reed is your friend, but really I don't think she exerts a very good influence over Merton. I think he feels that himself, too.

Miss FREEMAN.—I am utterly astonished. She could not help exerting a good influence over everyone she meets; she has such a beautiful nature.

Mr. STANLEY.—Nevertheless——

Miss FREEMAN.—I certainly do think you forget that she is my friend.

Mr. STANLEY.—I think a great deal of her myself; much more than I do of Miss Casimir or Miss Moore. All I say is that I think she has a bad effect on Merton. It may be his fault as much as hers. As he is my friend, I think I probably have a right to express this opinion. Besides, I would say it to no one but you, and I know it will go no further.

Miss FREEMAN (*after an indignant silence*).—I feel very much annoyed with you. And you can only restore yourself in my favour, first, by telephoning for me, and, secondly, by explaining exactly what you mean about Miss Reed.

Mr. STANLEY.—I really regret that I must not obey your first command, and as for the second, my meaning is so elusive that I can hardly do that either. As I said, it may not be Miss Reed's fault, and I like her much better than your other two friends.

Miss FREEMAN (*distractedly*).—And pray, what have you against them?

Mr. STANLEY.—Pardon me, but I know they will never hear of my criticisms from you. Miss Moore, from the standpoint of attractiveness, is rather—rather—slow mentally, and much too small physically. While Miss Casimir, from the same standpoint, is much too large physically, and has otherwise altogether too sharp a tongue. At least, such is the current opinion among the men I know.

[*There is a more palpable stir within.*]

Miss FREEMAN.—I have almost loss my power of speech.

Mr. STANLEY.—I believe you asked me to tell you. But I seldom point out faults without suggesting possible remedies. As far as Merton is concerned, we must of course leave him and Miss Reed to destiny, but if you could persuade her never to sing, and Miss Casimir never to speak, and Miss Moore to think occasionally, you would really have accomplished a good deal.

Miss FREEMAN.—I refuse to listen to you any longer, Mr. Stanley, I am going in. You may come or not, as you choose.

[*Miss Freeman moves away.*]

Mr. STANLEY.—I think I shall remain, then, thank you; I think I shall rest here, for I am still tired.

Miss FREEMAN (*returning and standing in the doorway*).—You spoke of having only a few minutes at your disposal this afternoon.

Mr. STANLEY.—Yes, but I have decided that, after all, I did enough work this morning. Don't trouble yourself, Miss Elizabeth, on my account. If you will allow me to, I shall have a little siesta.

Miss FREEMAN (*desperately*).—Oh, you couldn't sleep here. The vines are so full of insects, mosquitoes, you know; you would have no peace. Come into the house and I will make you comfortable.

Mr. STANLEY (*placidly*).—Not at all, thank you. I would not have you bother about me. I am very well here.

Miss FREEMAN (*completely reduced.*)—*Stay* here then!

[*She walks rapidly towards the house.*]

[*Mr.* STANLEY *watches her until she has entered, and then turns an amused eye upon the cupboard behind the vines, after which he proceeds to stretch himself*

rather noisily at full length upon one of the benches, and yawns audibly once or twice. After the lapse of five minutes he rises, and without making the least sound creeps stealthily out of the summer-house. Crossing the garden in the direction covered by the trees and vines from the view of the house, he vaults lightly over the fence, and disappears. Three-quarters of an hour afterwards Miss FREEMAN, *who has been anxiously peering from the drawing-room window, in the hope of seeing Mr.* STANLEY *leave the arbour, rushes in a frenzy across the lawn, muttering to herself: "I will get a policeman if he refuses to come now!"*]

Miss FREEMAN.—(*Upon reaching the arbor she gasps with surprise, and then cries in a tragic voice:*) "Girls!"

(*A mingled moan from within comes in response.*)

Miss FREEMAN (*hastily unfastening the cupboard-door, and dragging out her friends*).—Are you alive?

Miss REED (*faintly*).—We have, I think, a lingering vital spark.

Miss CASIMIR.—Which would kindle, could we lay our hands upon him.

Miss MOORE (*grimly*).—I have been thinking a little.

Miss REED.—The only consolation is, that he does not know what we have endured.

(*Enter Mrs.* FREEMAN.)

Mrs. FREEMAN.—Well my dears, have you had a pleasant time?

ALL TOGETHER.—Pleasant!

Mrs. FREEMAN.—Why, what faces! I met Mr. Stanley down town, and he said that he had spent a delightful afternoon. He said, however, that he and Elizabeth did all the talking, and that the rest were remarkably quiet. But he added that he found an inspiration in the fact of their presence—— which was very pretty of him; was it not?

ALL TOGETHER.—Oh!

Evelyn Durand.

NELL.

NELL, with the sea-gray eyes,
  Cheeks with the dream of bloom,
Oft, when the daylight dies,
  Visions of you will come.

Standing alone on the shore,
  Robed in your quaint attire,
Waiting the beat of my oar,
  When the west was a golden fire.

You were a fading flower,
  Chilled by the earliest frost—
The fairest in life's bower,
  To be the earliest lost.

For a rival boatman came
  And bore you away from me,
Beyond the sunset's flame,
  Over a bornless sea.

Now, through the twilight years,
  Glimmers the nearing dawn,
Seen like a joy through tears,
  Which fond hope dreams upon.

Bradford K. Daniels.

FAILURE OF THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERATION BILL.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE AUSTRALASIAN "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

FOR twenty golden minutes on the night of June 3rd it was believed in every Australian capital that Federation was won. The boards in front of the great newspaper offices reported that 86,284 votes had been recorded in New South Wales in favour of the Bill. Everyone knew that the fight turned on the New South Wales vote reaching the minimum number of 80,000; and, apparently, this was accomplished. Great was the enthusiasm everywhere; stentorian the triumph! And apart from the shouting crowds, thousands of intelligent men felt as if they had suddenly grown taller in political stature. The bad old days of a divided Australia, gridironed with hostile tariffs, had vanished. A nation was born! But it all turned out to be a dream. The clerks in Sydney had blundered in their addition; the 80,284 vanished from the newspaper boards, and, instead, the real number of votes counted up to that moment appeared — 67,500. And with that dramatic substitution of figures, Australian Federation vanished like a ghost from the stage. But the thrill of exultation and pride, the sense of sudden gain in political scale, which thousands experienced during those few happy but mistaken minutes, supply a hint of what Federation, when it does arrive, will mean. The emotion was not one of partisan triumph; it was the sense that a great stage in the evolution of a nation was reached and passed.

The bill was carried in Victoria by a majority of nearly five to one, in South Australia by more than two to one, in Tasmania by almost five to one; in New South Wales there was a majority for the Bill of 5,458. Taking the first four colonies together, the totals reported up to the present moment are as follows:—

For the Bill	218,929
Against the Bill	107,958
Majority in favour of the Bill	110,971

These figures seem decisive. If democracy means anything at all, or if in Australian politics the popular will is the final argument, the Bill is carried, and Australian Federation is assured. But this is not the case. The majority in favour of the Bill in New South Wales is treated by those who opposed it as "a magnificent triumph" for their side! The Bill, they announce, is dead, and the tables are clear for a new combination. It was in their eyes the darkest crime of the Bill that it would establish "the rule of the minority"; and there was no political wickedness resembling that described as "minority rule." But, somehow, when a minority of 65,954 is able to defeat a majority of 71,412, this becomes, in the judgment of these virtuous democrats, "a glorious victory for popular government!"

The fate of the Bill was decided, not on June 3rd, and by the 65,954 electors who voted against it in New South Wales, but on October 12, 1897, and by the votes of exactly 25 persons. On that day Mr. Nield moved in the N.S.W. Assembly that the minimum number of votes required in New South Wales should be raised from 50,000 to 100,000. The original compact betwixt the Premiers was that a plain majority should carry the Bill. In the Federal Enabling Act, as passed by the New South Wales Parliament, a minimum affirmative vote of 50,000 was fixed, and the other colonies accepted this principle, and in the case of each a minimum vote in the same proportion was fixed. But later on came Mr. Nield's proposal in the New South Wales Parliament to raise the minimum to 100,000; and finally the mini-

mum of affirmative votes was fixed at 80,000. This was carried by 53 votes to 28, or a majority of 25, Mr. Reid himself voting in the minority. Those 25 gentlemen are responsible for the arrest of Australian Federation. It is a curious result that, under a democracy, 25 votes should thus defeat 71,412 votes. Many, no doubt, will regard the result of those 25 votes with admiration. But for the action of the New South Wales Parliament on October 12, 1897, Federation would have been accomplished on June 3, 1898. This is, no doubt, true; but the result, contemplated from the point of view of pure democracy, is somewhat surprising.

The immediate result of the Federation vote is to make Mr. Reid once more the centre of interest. He had voted for the Bill; but he told his hearers at Milton, "New South Wales had acted very wisely in rejecting it." The electors, in a word, had shown wisdom by following, not his example, but his exhortations! As soon as it was known that in New South Wales the required minimum of 80,000 votes had not been reached, Mr. Reid invited the Premiers of Victoria, South Australia and Tasmania to meet him in conference for the purpose of considering certain changes in the Bill which would make it more acceptable to New South Wales. Sir John Forrest, he suggested, was too far off to attend this Conference, and Mr. Reid proposed that Queensland should be invited to take part in it. Mr. Kingston, with characteristic decision and promptitude, replied that, as a large majority in all the colonies represented at the recent Convention had accepted the Bill, he was not disposed to consider any alterations in it; still less did he favour a Conference which left out a colony originally represented in the Convention, and included one which stood obstinately aloof from it.

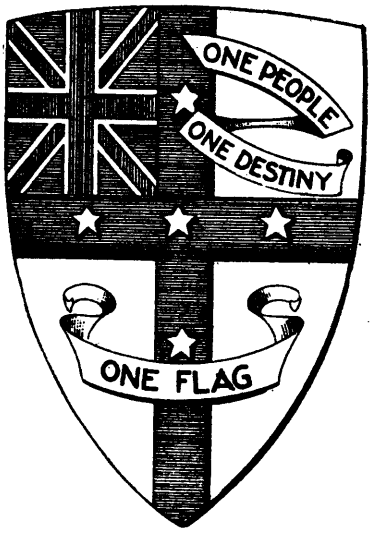
Tasmania was even more decided. Sir Edward Braddon "strongly resented" the proposal to make changes without reference to the people in a Bill which had been accepted by the

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN "CRITIC."

HOW HE DID IT.

MR. REID—I have embraced the cause of Australian Federation.

people. Sir John Forrest evidently resented his omission and took refuge in expressive silence. Sir George Turner, wisely anxious to serve Federation in any way, said he was prepared to accept the Conference, but asked Mr. Reid to define the exact changes in the Bill he desired. To an interviewer Sir George expressed the view that, while in details the Bill might be amended, yet "serious changes" would be impracticable. On this Mr. Reid wired that, "Of course, the proposed meeting would be a waste of time unless the Premiers are prepared to make the Bill more acceptable to New South Wales, not in immaterial matters, but in matters of substance." On the same day, June 11th, Mr. Reid delivered an important speech at Milton, defining his policy. The 80,000 minimum, he said, must remain. He desired several changes in the Bill. "Braddon's blot" must be removed; the three-fifths majority in the joint sitting of the Federal Houses must go; he discovered in the railway clauses a hitherto unknown peril. The Federal Parliament might take over the railways of one State and use them to the



AUSTRALIAN FEDERATON BADGE.

injury of another. Mr. Reid was dissatisfied with the settlement of the rivers question, and there were also "other questions" which must be considered and settled. Mr. Reid also wired to Sir Edward Braddon—"I accept your strongly-worded message just received as final refusal to join in the proposed Conference of Premiers, and will make no further communication with you on the subject."

As a result no Conference will be held, a matter to be profoundly regretted. If Mr. Reid had declared that, say, there must be another settlement of the fiscal question, and that the three-fifths majority must go, there is no doubt an earnest attempt would have been made to meet his wishes. Neither of these points is essential to the Bill, and to surrender them would be a cheap price to pay for Federation. But Mr. Reid failed to specify to the other Premiers what exact changes he desired, and his speech at Milton opened up a vague prospect of unknown alterations. It is clear, too, that Mr. Reid desired not merely an alteration in the game, but a change in the players. He jumped at the chance of excluding Tasmania. That colony is tiny in size, and its population of 170,000 bulks small against the 1,300,000 of New South Wales. As an example of the manner in which many persons in New South Wales regard the modest geography of the little southern island, the suggestion of a member of the Convention published in the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* may be quoted: "Tasmania," said that gentleman, "we could treat as a dependency, and send a Government or magistrate over there, with a couple of clerks, to look after it!" And yet Tasmania is an essential part of the defence system of the colonies. Everyone, of course, desires to see Queensland in the Federation, but that colony twice refused to take part in the Convention.

As a result the centre of interest and of action is transferred to the quick-coming parliamentary elections in New South Wales. Federation in all the colonies has hitherto been kept separate from party politics; in New South Wales, however, it now becomes the decisive factor on that field. In that struggle, Mr. Reid and Mr. Barton will be the chief opposing figures. If Mr. Reid wins, the prospects of Federation are remote and unknown. He will, no doubt, attempt to negotiate union betwixt the three eastern colonies, leaving Tasmania, West Australia, and perhaps South Australia to come in later to a Federation whose basis they have had no share in deciding. That policy opens the prospect of a long and distracting struggle. If Mr. Barton wins, the existing Federal Bill, which has already been accepted by majorities in the four colonies, will, with some modifications, be the charter of Federated Australia. Federation will, no doubt, sooner or later, and by one path or another, arrive. Great is Mrs. Partington; great is her mop; but greater still is the Atlantic! Yet it must be a matter of profound regret that betwixt the colonies and a goal so splendid there still stretches a sea of strife so stormy and so wide.

W. H. Fitchett.

CANADA'S INTERNATIONAL STATUS.

BY SIR CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER, LATELY MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

CANADA, once a petty Province, considered "a few barren acres of snow," has become practically more powerful and important than many States, possessing, as it does, large powers of self-government. Yet, in the language of the Duke of Newcastle's despatch of 1862: "The main security which Canada enjoys as a portion of the British Empire is the fact, known to all the world, that war with Canada means war with England; not in Canada only, but upon every sea, and upon the shores wherever situated of the aggressive power itself."

Have we as Canadians an International Status?

The present Minister of Justice, discussing in 1894 the position of the Governor-General of Canada who had made use of the word "Viceroy" in the Speech from the Throne, quoted Sir Montague Smith in the case of Musgrove *v.* Pupulido: "His authority is derived from his Commission, and limited to the powers thereby expressly or impliedly intrusted to him;" and again, "all the powers belonging to the Sovereign" are not for the time being intrusted to the Governor-Genral of Canada. Sir Richard Cartwright, during the same year, referred to Canada as "only a dependency whose suzerain state has very solid reasons of her own for wishing to keep on good terms with the United States."

In view of the approaching Conference at Quebec, these statements suggest an interesting subject in the history of a country whose Prime Minister has lately proclaimed it to be a Nation.

The Fathers of Confederation proposed that the Dominion should "constitute and be one kingdom under the name of 'the Kingdom of Canada.'" Sir John Macdonald's statesmanlike and broad grasp of Imperial policy quickly seized upon this idea. Unfortunately at the time Downing Street did not "rise to the occasion." Sir John explains this in a letter to Lord Knutsford, as follows: "The union was treated by them (the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Monk) much as if the British North America Act were a private Bill uniting two or three English parishes." Lord Carnarvon, however, lived to appreciate Sir John's views, and at Montreal, in 1883, told us: "The British North America Act . . . should be viewed as a Treaty of Alliance," and "In self-government you are free."

Wittingly or unwittingly, the British Parliament in 1867 passed an Act which paved the way for the advent of a unique condition of affairs in the history of nations.

Slowly and surely the Canadian system is growing. From an International point of view Canada is developing her strength within the borders of an Empire, but practically, and in fact, she is exerting an influence and obtaining quasi-political recognition abroad. Canada, as Canada, obtains loans, military materials, acknowledgment for her flag, respect for her revenue laws; while the parent Government in London is responsible among the Nations for the acts of the Government at Ottawa. Canada is not, however, a sovereign state, she does not exercise the right, *i.e.*, the full right, of self-government. Lord Cairns said in the case of the United States of America against Wagner (L.R. 2 Ch. App., 582"):

"In the courts of Her Majesty, as in diplomatic intercourse with the government of Her Majesty, it is the Sovereign, and not the State, or the subjects of the Sovereign, that is recognized. From him, and as representing him individually, and not his State or Kingdom, is an ambassador received. In him individually, and not in a representative ca-

pacity, is the public property assumed by all other States, and by the courts of other States, to be vested."

Our own Todd is authority for the following statement, which will not be contradicted by those who have read the history of the Fielding Tariff and of the so-called preferential clauses in it:

"The responsibility of determining what is the true construction of a Treaty made by Her Majesty with any foreign power must remain with the Imperial Government, who alone can decide how far Great Britain should insist upon the strict enforcement of Treaty rights, whatever opinions may be entertained upon the subject in any Colony specially concerned therein."—(Todd's "Government in The Colonies," 272.)

To turn again to the subject of the development of Canada's political status, time was when all the Colonies were included without consultation in trade arrangements made by England with foreign powers. An Imperial despatch in 1872 stated that

"Her Majesty's Government apprehend that the Constitutional right of the Queen to conclude treaties binding all parts of the Empire, cannot be questioned, subject to the discretion of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, or of the Colonial Parliaments, as the case may be, to pass any laws which may be required to bring such treaties into operation."

We have obtained within a few years a large measure of freedom, exercisable under Imperial authority and sanction be it remembered, in regard to Commerce. In 1865 the British Government agreed to instruct the British Minister at Washington to act in concert with Canada (No. 63 Sessional Papers, 1867-68). In 1871 Sir John A. Macdonald was appointed a Plenipotentiary to negotiate the Treaty of 1871. In 1874 the Hon. George Brown was made a Plenipotentiary to negotiate another Reciprocity Treaty. In 1880 and 1881 Sir Alexander Galt discussed this subject with the Home Government, and the Imperial authorities agreed that hereafter Canada should not be included in Treaties with foreign powers without her consent, but that she should have the right to accept or reject their application to Canada. Subsequently Sir Charles Tupper was appointed (in 1883 and 1888) as Plenipotentiary with other representatives of England to negotiate a Treaty with Spain, and also in 1888 a Treaty with the United States, and again in 1892-3 with France. In a matter of Imperial concern, but incidentally relating to Canada, the writer was appointed by Her Majesty as her agent before an International tribunal. In the cases of the Fisheries Commission and the Behring Sea Commission for the assessment of damages, the counsel who conducted the British case (in which Canada was wholly interested) were Canadians, appointed, in fact, by the Government of the Dominion. In each of these cases, and in all International matters, the real representative of Canada appeared as the Imperial nominee, and, in fact, was and must be subject to the control of the British Government.

The Government of the United States has more than once chafed under the ever-increasing influence of Canada, as the "Power behind the Throne" in Canadian-American matters. Snow, in his "American Diplomacy," says:

"The United States can only negotiate with the Home Government and hold it responsible in matters connected with the Canadian Fisheries; whereas the Dominion Government since 1867 has really taken the matter into its own hands, and put its own construction upon Treaties, and under the name of local regulations may greatly modify the Treaties. Except in the last resort, England seems to have abrogated her authority in Canada."

It was during the progress of the Atlantic Fishery Question that Mr. Bayard wrote to Sir Charles Tupper (May 31st, 1887), deploring "the embarrassment arising out of the gradual emancipation of Canada from the control of the Mother Country, and the consequent assumption by that community of attributes of autonomous and separate Sovereignty, not, however, distinct from the Empire of Great Britain." . . "The awkwardness of this imperfectly developed Sovereignty is felt most strongly by the United

States, which cannot have formal Treaty relations with Canada except indirectly, and as a Colonial dependency of the British Crown." Discussing the case of the "D. J. Adams" in 1887, the United States Minister in London wrote Lord Salisbury (Jan. 26th): "Still less can the United States Government consent to be drawn, at any time, into a discussion of the subject with the Colonial Government of Canada."

Lord Salisbury, however, in continuing the discussion, speaks of "Her Majesty's Government and the Government of Canada" as, for instance, where he says: "In proof of their earnest desire to treat the question in a spirit of liberality and friendship, these governments are now willing, &c., &c. Mr. Blaine made it a *sine qua non* in the negotiations respecting Behring Sea, that no Canadian should represent the Imperial Government. England must have been "splendidly isolated" when her Foreign Minister caused the Government of the United States to be assured that this extraordinary stipulation would be respected. As a matter of fact, the British Ambassador was assisted and advised by a Canadian delegate, who in the end attended the conferences with Mr. Blaine, and, at the request of the latter, taking part in all of them.

Afterwards, with Mr. Gresham and Mr. Olney, the British Ambassador, assisted directly by Canadian representatives, agreed upon a Treaty for referring the Behring Sea claims to a Commission; and we are now face to face with an International Conference to be held in Quebec, where Canadians associated with Lord Herschell will represent the Crown of England.

The real parties at this Conference will be the United States and Canada; the nominal parties, the United States and Great Britain.

Strictly speaking, Canada has no International Status, notwithstanding her importance at Washington and at Paris. Foreign governments may informally treat with her representatives, and may, in fact, recognize the power of her Parliament within the Empire in all that concerns her; but Foreign Governments understand that Canada, as a Nation, has indeed no existence, no responsibility. The British Parliament, with the British Crown, represents the Sovereign Majesty of the Empire.

Canadian Ministers do not advise the Crown direct. They deal with a limited agent of Her Majesty, and Her Majesty acts upon the advice of her immediate Ministers responsible only to the British Parliament.

As the Lords of the Judicial Committee in Hill *v.* Bigg say:

> "If it be said that the Governor of a Colony is quasi Sovereign, the answer is that he does not ever represent the Sovereign generally, having only functions delegated to him by the terms of his Commission, and being only the officer to execute the specific powers with which that Commission clothes him."

Perhaps the best illustration of the National dependence of Canada and of the absence of any International Status is the rough handling too often accorded to meritorious grievances of those of Her Majesty's subjects who are domiciled in this part of the Empire. The case of the "Araunah," for instance, arose some years ago. Far from any territorial jurisdiction, this vessel, owned in British Columbia, was seized by Russia. The most complete evidence of the unlawful seizures reached the hands of the Foreign Office and of Great Britain's Ambassador at St. Petersburg, when suddenly Her Majesty's Government announced the withdrawal of the claim. The Canadian Government insisted so far as it could on the claim being pressed, but there were no means left for her to act when Lord Salisbury said "No." And Canada cannot call his Lordship to account!

There is the case of the "Coquitlam," ruthlessly seized when 12 miles from land for an alleged breach of the U.S. Revenue Laws. Years have passed. The owners have gone through the courts of the United States as defendants at the suit of the U.S. Government, at great cost and charges, to obtain a judgment in their favour.

They had appealed to England through the Canadian Government; but to-day they stand fleeced by the unlawful action of U.S. officers, with no redress for loss, costs and damages.

The Canadian Government could only speak through England in this as in the other case.

In such cases as these, and unfortunately there are more, something must be done lest the situation grows intolerable. State reasons may sometimes require us to sacrifice our interests for the National good, but I have yet to learn that an English Government has dared to surrender such claims arising in the case of a ship registered and owned in the constituency of a member of the Imperial Parliament.

The Colonial Office and the Foreign Office can pigeon-hole claims from the Colonies. A different treatment would be meted out were we able to "beard" the Government on the floor of the House. The leaders of British Columbia have for years been as toads under the harrow for the sake of preserving peace between England and America. Their rights have been indicated by a High Court of Arbitration, to be in large part whittled down by the diplomacy of London and Washington.

It is not too much to charge that a handful of men on these Western waters have been made to bear a large part of the cost of preserving peaceful relations between England and America.

In all of this Canada could but protest. That this was done an examination of the Fisheries Blue Book will show. Yet on this subject but half the truth can be known, since, under existing rules and relations with Downing Street, let the Canadian Government protest ever so emphatically, it is only by the will of the Right Honourable the Colonial Secretary that the Canadian Government is permitted to inform the representatives of the Canadian people in Parliament assembled of the nature and contents of the protest.

If we have not reached in our system, developing as it is, that condition where we enjoy the presidency of a Viceroy, there is much to be accomplished before Canada can even claim a direct International status. Indeed, the case of Shortis shows how much we remain yet in a state of tutelage in certain phases of nationality and self-government. The Governor-General in that case, under the laws of Canada, had no duty cast upon him to interfere with the due course of law. He was not advised by Ministers responsible to a Canadian Parliament to interfere; but, forsooth, the judgment of a Canadian Court was upset by the *tpse dixit* of a Colonial Minister who thought the Governor-General might act on his own motion. And we were solemnly told a short time ago in the House of Commons that Mr. Chamberlain (*sic*) approved of our "Viceroy's" conduct in June, 1896!

In the case of Copyright, the publishers and authors of London to-day frustrate the declared wishes of the Canadian Parliament.

We may debate about the growing importance of Canada in Imperial councils, we may discuss the question as to whether the Mother Country ought or ought not to concede treaty-making powers to the Government of our Dominion, but there is no room for the discussion of this proposition: that so far as an International status is concerned, England, as in Milton's time, is standing "with all her daughter-lands about her," and to the nations only England speaks for Canada.

Charles Hibbert Tupper.

'TWERE FOLLY TO BE WISE.

IT was a foolish fancy, and the most unheard-of thing, the staid F. C. Jennings (as he generally signed his name), successful man of business, unmarried and on the shady side of thirty, taking an assumed name. But he did it. It came about in this way:

"I want to get away a while from everything connected with business," he said to himself. "I want to forget it. I've been tied down fifteen years, and it's a pity if I can't get unloosed from it a few weeks. I'm not going in for jaunting nor sight-seeing. Drifting in a boat or holding on to a fishing-rod—that's the hardest work I want to do this summer. And I won't be bothered answering letters."

He leaned back in his chair and glanced through the glass partition into the store—one of the largest in Ottawa—where the clerks were bustling about waiting on the crowds of customers.

"Jim," he said, turning to an elderly man, who came in and sat down, facing him on the other side of the double-roller desk, "I've made up my mind to take a vacation, say three months."

His partner opened his eyes very wide.

"Yes, three months at least," he repeated emphatically. "I'm entitled to it. I haven't had but an occasional day in fifteen years."

"Where are you going?"

"Down Kingston way, I think. There used to be a creek down there when I was a boy—I suppose it's there yet—where there was some fine fishing. It empties into the lake not far from Kingston. I'm going to spend about half the summer on the water. I'll run up to Kingston once in a while, and if anything occurs that renders it positively necessary for you to write to me, address me there. But don't you write unless you have to."

* * * * * *

It was a pretty picture. The house, a dull grey, with verandahs on all sides, stood a little way back, and a green velvety lawn sloped from it down towards the road. A few stately trees threw great cool shadows across the grass, and at one side a flower garden wafted perfume from a hundred nodding blossoms. Behind the house was an orchard of goodly size, the twisted branches and dancing leaves outlined against the blue waters of Lake Ontario.

On the opposite side of the road spread acres of strawberries, from which came the laughter and voices of merry pickers.

F. C. Jennings, wheeling along the path, came to a stop.

"Now this just suits me," he said under his breath. Then he added aloud: "I wonder if it's a go," with which enigmatic words he proceeded to trundle his wheel up the gravel path that led to the front door of the grey house.

He certainly looked ten years younger than when we saw him last sitting in his office, and he felt so too. The sight of a young woman reclining in a hammock on the verandah as he came close to the house and the thought of his errand decided the course he took; the half-formed thought in his office developed, and in a moment, in his mind's eye, he had changed his identity, and instead of being Franklyn Carew Jennings, of the well-known firm of Mason and Jennings, he was simply Frank Carew, a young fellow out for a holiday.

The young woman—she looked about twenty-two or twenty-three—struggled to her feet, smiling as she did so in a way that made him at once take heart of grace.

"I am looking for a boarding place for the summer," he said, "and along here would just suit me."

"I will ask my mother. We have

never had a boarder. Most people go to the hotels or cottages in the village."

"Both of which places I am anxious to avoid," he explained. "I want rest and quiet. I expect to spend a good part of my time on the water. Tell your mother I will make her as little extra trouble as possible."

She disappeared through the screen door, and he dropped into an easy willow chair. The boom of bees floated on the perfume-laden breeze. It seemed to him that he had reached a green oasis in the dusty desert of his business life. He gave himself up to the charm of it all.

"I hope I won't have to go farther," was his thought.

A woman of about fifty, with a weary face that yet was sweet, came through the doorway, giving him a scrutinizing glance that soon changed to one of satisfaction, as though she liked the appearance of the tall, good-looking, jauntily-dressed young wheelman.

"I believe I'll make an exception in your favour, Mr. Carew," she said, after he had introduced himself, and repeated his assurances of being little trouble. "My son is away for the summer, and it will not seem as lonesome with a young man about the place."

Terms and other matters arranged, Mrs. Richings went in to get dinner. Frank Carew—as we must now call him—took a walk down to the lake, and was gratified to find a fair-sized boat drawn up on the beach, and a very good boathouse close by.

He walked back to the house and to the verandah, as he knew it must be nearly dinner time, and he was getting hungry. The young woman was lolling in a rocking-chair, her fingers engaged at some kind of delicate embroidery work.

"Constance," called her mother, "will you tell Mr. Carew dinner is ready."

The dinner was delicious, and had been prepared by Mrs. Richings alone. No help was kept in the house, "because," Mrs. Richings said, "we prefer to do our own work."

Mr. Richings came in late. He had been superintending the berry-pickers. His thin face lighted with pleasure when he met Mr. Carew.

"I hope you'll enjoy your vacation, sir. I'm thinking of taking one myself before long. The fishing is fine up the creek, they say. When does Jeannette come home, mother?"

"Constance just brought a letter from the office this morning, and she is coming home in a day or two. She was to come the first two weeks in August, but she's changed with some girl that would rather have her vacation in August."

"Just like her," said her father with a queer chuckle.

The whole of the afternoon Frank Carew spent on the water. There were two boats—one a small skiff—and they were never used when Charlie and Jeannette were away, he was told, Constance never going on the water.

He found himself wishing there was no Jeannette coming. He could put up with one girl, when she was so fair to look upon as Constance Richings, and so retiring—she didn't intrude herself upon one at all—but he was afraid Jeannette would be different. She was fond of the lake, they had said, and he would have to ask her to go with him. He had counted upon having a good, quiet time all by himself. It would bother him awfully to have to play the agreeable to a girl. He wasn't used to them taken singly. He had always considered them from a distance, in groups—the girls that stood behind the counters in Mason & Jennings'—the girls he met in society.

Two days afterward she came. He had thought Constance a most beautiful girl, with her wide-open blue eyes, cherry-red lips and tawny gold hair drawn high in a coronal above her winsome face. But this other, this Jeannette—nothing could equal her beauty he was sure of that. Her eyes were a violet blue under black lashes and arching brows, and her hair—in the shadow it was brown, in the sunlight it was glinted with red. She was slender and rather short. Her features were not

regular, but no one noticed that, because the colouring and expression were incomparable.

All this Frank Carew thought, and more too. He began to wear his eyeglasses all the time. He had never before worn glasses excepting in the office. He began to wonder if Jeannette would go with him on the lake. The solitary boat rides had lost all their charm. But he learned to his dismay that Jeannette's strong point when at home was helping her mother. He never saw her at breakfast. She was always churning or preserving fruit, having had her breakfast long before. At dinner-time she took her father's place superintending the pickers. At supper-time it was something else.

He became interested, and ended before a week had passed by being deeply in love with her. It was his own fault —he hadn't had the least bit of encouragement. She had rather seemed to avoid him. He didn't understand that. He hadn't noticed the strange flash in her eyes and the slight start when her mother had introduced him to her. He hadn't begun to wear his glasses then.

He began to linger about the house, and watch for a chance to see her. He seemed so restless and anxious that Constance tried her utmost to make things pleasant for him. She brought out her embroidery and sat down on a rustic chair near by where he had thrown himself on the grass one day after dinner. He watched her shapely fingers plying the needle laden with delicate silks ; but his thoughts were in the kitchen, where he could hear the steady clatter of the churn. He was trying to imagine Jeannette with her white arms gleaming as she kept the dasher going in rhythmic time to the old ballad she was singing. Constance was talking to him. He tried to be attentive and courteous, but the effort was exhausting. He almost decided in desperation to go to Kingston for a few days.

"I cannot stand another week of this," he thought.

He changed his mind the next morning about going away. At the breakfast table Mrs. Richings met him with her sweet, weary face set and white.

"I'm alarmed about Jeannette," she said. "She went out about five o'clock in the skiff for a row, and it's nearly eight now. I can't see her the whole length of the shore."

"I'll find her," exclaimed Carew, springing out of the door with a bound. He pushed the larger boat out into the water. The breeze was brisk and in his favour, and the jib alone sent the boat dancing along swiftly. He kept as close in shore as he dared, scanning the banks carefully. One mile, two miles, then a turn—and he saw her. She was sitting down a few yards from the shore, looking white and faint.

"I slipped on a stone," she explained, "and I guess my ankle is sprained. Anyway, it hurts so I cannot stand up. I have tried to twice, but the pain was unbearable."

"I wanted these flowers," she continued, holding up a spray of dark red lily-shaped blossoms.

"They are not nearly as handsome as those you have at home."

"I know, but they are different, and they were hard to reach. That was why I wanted them so badly."

He thought he understood.

There was silence for a moment, then he said :

"They are fretting about you at home. Lean on me and I will help you to the boat."

Gently he helped her to the water's edge, then lifted her into the boat. They were at the beach waiting, and her father picked her up and carried her into the house.

For a week he saw a little more of her. She spent most of the time on the verandahs, and Constance sometimes took her place assisting the mother. He made no headway, however, in getting better acquainted with this girl he had set his heart upon whom. She was gentle and friendly, but nothing more.

A dozen times he was on the point of crying out, "Can't you see I love you ? You are everything that is lovely and desirable in my eyes" ; but the

words only burned his lips and remained unsaid, for he must not frighten her away. She utterly refused to read the language of his eyes.

The last day of her stay came. She was able to walk about again, and they were busily arranging for her departure on the morrow. The day was a perfect one. He hoped to persuade her to take a sail in the afternoon, but she gave him no chance to ask, as every minute was taken up with preparations for her going.

He came back in the evening from his lonely sail. It was rather warm, and he threw himself down beside a thick hedge that divided the orchard and flower garden. He lay watching the moonlight shining on the water until the soft lapping of the waves lulled him to sleep. Voices close by partially awakened him. He tried to rouse himself completely, but his senses seemed steeped in a dull stupor, and the voices sounded as in a dream.

"You are the strangest girl, Constance, with such opportunities for happiness—boating, bathing, or just resting, looking at the water—instead of wearing out your eyes over that elaborate embroidery."

"You're just like all the city people, Jeannette. They come here and drift around the lake all day, and moon around the shore at night. I don't blame them. They want to get their money's worth, and it's got to last them the rest of the year. You always *did* like the water, though, while I've always had a dread of it. If I go out boating I'm afraid of getting upset. Of course you never think of that—you can swim. When it comes to being strange, Jeannette, I don't think you need to say much. You might be satisfied with less, and stay here with us."

"Oh, no; every dollar I save looks so big to me!" exclaimed Jeannette fervidly.

"What an avaricious little wretch she is," thought Frank Carew, rousing himself, and wondering when they would be going on.

"I wished I liked going out on the lake," said Constance, after a pause. "Mr. Carew has asked me to go with him several times, and I would like to go to please him—he is so nice."

"I think he would be a good deal nicer if he was not so conceited."

They were moving away now.

"You little rogue," exclaimed Frank Carew, and shaking his fist at Jeannette's retreating figure. "You're a little jealous of your sister, I see."

The next morning her father drove her to the station. Close after them came Carew with an immense bunch of her mother's choicest flowers. She had said at breakfast she wished there was time to gather some.

"For you," was all he said, and her smile, he thought, repaid him a thousand-fold for all his trouble.

He was uneasy and restless all the rest of the day. He sailed around in his boat awhile, then back to the house. He would find out where she had gone. No, he wouldn't either. She had never mentioned it. Most likely to interest him and draw him on. That was the way with girls. They would tease a man and lead him on only to fall in his arms at last. All the heroines in the books did that. But was Jeannette a book girl? He was not sure about that.

Anyway, he would go back to his work, and try to forget her for awhile. If he seemed to drop out of her life for a time she might regret her coldness. He absolutely refused to recognize the truth that she had dropped out of his life.

. . . . . .

It was F. C. Jennings; there was no mistaking him—he had put his ten years on again with that worried wrinkle between his eyes—who came through the front door of the store soon after it was opened one morning. There was a what's-up-now glance exchanged between two or three of the clerks. He generally came in from the other street where the offices fronted.

He needed some gloves—he had lost a pair that last day on the lake—and he thought to get them early before the morning crowds besieged the counters. He had to inquire the way to the glove

counter. The floor-walker rapped sharply, and called "Gloves here." Two or three young women were dusting the boxes on the shelves. The nearest one turned around and took a step forward.

"Mr. Jennings!" she exclaimed in surprise, and the boxes slipped from her fingers and rattled down to the floor.

It was Jeannette. He had his eyeglasses on the better to see the gloves.

"Is it possible you belong here?" he cried. "Have you been here long—were you here before I went away?"

His questions came in a breezy rush.

"I have been in your store five years, Mr. Jennings."

"Then you recognized me at your home?"

"You were Mr. Carew there. I tried to convince myself I was mistaken."

"It was just a sudden notion," he said in a matter-of-fact tone, as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world to have done. "I wanted to put my business cares behind my back for a short time."

Two women came along just then.

"Where's them cotton gloves, two for a quarter?" inquired one.

Jeannette reached for the box, and both women began to ply her with questions: "Will they wear good?" "Won't they fade?" "Are these the cheapest you have?" etc.

Annoyed that the women had not gone on to where the other girls were gossiping over their dusting, and utterly forgetting his intended purchase, Mr. Jennings went on to the office.

"I thought you were going to be gone three months, and you've not been gone three weeks," was the greeting of Mr. Mason when he came in an hour later.

"I've had about all the rest I want just now. It's best for me in small doses."

He came through the front door every morning and noon now. It meant a walk around the block to do it, but he didn't mind that. He bought a pair of gloves every two or three days. When it came to the seventh or eighth pair, Jeannette felt it necessary to remonstrate.

"You are getting recklessly extravagant," said she, glancing up with a mischievous light shining in her dusky eyes.

"Your gloves don't seem to wear very well," he said feebly.

"A size larger would probably wear better," she retorted.

At last the chance he waited for came. He overtook her going from the store on a quiet street one evening, and walked along beside her.

"Jeannette," he began, "it is the greatest mystery to me how you can drudge away the summer days behind that counter when you might be revelling among the fruits and flowers of your father's farm".

"I will tell you everything," she said with a sudden uplifting of the flower-like face. "Then you will understand."

"Father is prosperous, as things go. 'He might set his girls up well,' as we country folks say, but he is a little near. You look puzzled. Don't you know what that means? Well, a girl hates to call her father stingy. He is the best father in the world, only he is *close*. In order to have the money I need for a certain purpose I've been standing behind that counter five years."

His eyes softened with sympathy. He started to speak, but she hurried on:

"A friend of mine" (how lovingly her voice lingered on that word) "is studying at the Agricultural College at Guelph. His father, a neighbour of ours, is poor. George has saved enough to buy a few acres near Kingston. I am saving enough to stock our little farm, and we expect to be married in the fall."

What he muttered in reply, and how he left her, he never knew. He felt as though something had shrivelled up inside. He wondered if it was his soul and if it ever would expand again.

"Why should I have been so attracted to her when there was no

counter attraction to draw her to me?" he bitterly asked himself.

"'Tis the way of the world," came the mocking answer to his thought.

What a mistake he had made. He had thought her a man's girl; one of the kind that is shy and dignified till the man that loves her tells her so—and, of course, he had thought he was that man—then the girl's heart awakes, and she knows she has loved him all the time. No, she had not loved *him* all the time. That was very plain now. She hadn't cared two straws for him. She had been working, and planning and saving to buy a cow and chickens and pigs.

He shuddered.

Then the picture came up before him of another face—far lovelier. Oh yes, Constance was far the best looking—so tall and queenly—and she had been tender and sweet. Ah, how blind he had been. Yet perhaps it was not too late. Her soft eyes and sweet lips might mean a salve to his wound. Yet it might be as well to wait awhile.

He went down to the office the next morning and tried to work. It was impossible. He threw the letters in a heap on the desk.

He called for a time-table and looked through it in feverish haste. The train he wanted started within an hour. "I'm off to take another dose of my vacation," he scribbled on a piece of paper, and pushed it over to his partner's side of the desk. He hurried to his boarding-house to pack his grip.

Constance was sitting under the trees as he wheeled up to the gate. She was leaning listlessly back in her chair, a dainty piece of embroidery slipping from her hands.

An enchanting smile lighted her face when she saw him.

"I knew you would come back," she cried.

"And you are glad," he said, and he took her hands in his.

"*Glad!*" she echoed, and the rapture of her voice satisfied him.

A day or two later the following letter reached Jeannette.

"Dear Sister:

"Mr. Jennings is here. I was not surprised at his return. We will be married in October when George and you are. I wanted him to wait until spring, but he wouldn't listen to it. He is so impetuous, but I can excuse it. Although he is thirty-five, he has never been engaged to be married before. And to think you knew who he was and did not tell me.

"I have finished that set of doilies. Now I can give a violet tea when I am Mrs. Franklyn Carew Jennings."

Jeannette folded the letter with a somewhat sardonic smile.

"Such blissful ignorance!" said she under her breath.

* * * * *

Constance made a great social success. Her husband is very proud of her.

"She is much more suitable for the position my wife holds in society than her sister would have been," he thinks.

And she—she believes he loved her all the time. He has never told her different, and he is right. In her case "'Twere Folly to be Wise."

Eva Rice Moore.

KING STREET, KINGSTON, JAMAICA—ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

JAMAICA PAST AND PRESENT.

UNTIL comparatively recent years, Jamaica, the Queen of the West Indian Islands, has had little if any interest for the world at large except from a purely commercial point of view. Certainly its slave question and the agitation to recompense the planters attracted attention at one time, but for the bulk of English-speaking mankind it is simply a place or kind of machine into which you empty planters and "niggers" at one end, and draw out rum, sugar, and molasses at the other. To hundreds of thousands, indeed, Jamaica would never have been known but for the name being imprinted on innumerable rum bottles, and for the fact that the majority of bananas and cocoa-nuts, that yearly flood our markets, come from the Island of Jamaica.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, when well in the hands of the English, most of the Spanish inhabitants forsook the island and betook themselves to Cuba; the greater number of African slaves, of whom the Spanish were said to possess 1,500, fled from the plantations and took up their abode in the mountains. There they existed in a wild state of freedom, living by plunder and theft, and were known by the name of "Maroons." For some time they greatly harassed the English, making sudden unexpected raids upon them, killing, murdering, and stealing, and then retreating to their mountain caves, before the English had time to sally out and cut them off.

In the latter part of the year 1656, however, their leader, a famous negro

by the name of Juan de Bolas, seeing that all hope of succour was at an end, on account of the final overthrow of the Spaniards, surrendered to the English on terms of pardon and freedom. But as many of them refused to leave their mountain resorts, and continued to live in the same manner as before, by the advent of the year 1736 they had again grown so formidable as to be a terror to the whole island.

All attempts to subdue them having failed, and both parties having grown weary of the conflict, in 1738 a peace was again attained, by virtue of which perfect freedom was assured them and certain parts of the island assigned them to cultivate. For fifty years they continued to live peaceably, and even to this day some are to be met with amongst the caves in the heights of the mountains. Their appearance was striking; they were tall, broad-shouldered, muscular men, with a keen eye and a great acuteness of hearing.

But the old days have passed away, and with them many an old story and legend of great interest, and Jamaica is now a quiet, peaceable country, under good laws and excellent government, while the inhabitants, a civilized, happy people, rejoice under English rule and perfect freedom. In spite of the Christianizing influence and ruling power of the white man, many curious old customs and superstitions still linger amongst the natives and negroes.

A COCOA-NUT PALM.

The stragetic value of Jamaica is very great, and when the two great oceans are connected by the Panama Canal (as they are in all probability almost certain soon to be), the value of the island will be increased an hundredfold to what it is at present, lying as it is directly en route between Central America, South America, Canada and the United States. Captain Mahan, the well-known American author, in an article on the West Indies, in a late number of the "Harper's Magazine," says: "With such advantages of situation, and with a harbour susceptible of satisfactory developments as a naval station for a great fleet, Jamaica is certainly the most important single position in the Caribbean Sea."

At Christmas time, managing to get a few days holiday, I made a trip across the island, to see what was to be seen, and to look into as well as I could the customs, habits, and superstitions of the ancient negroes, coolies, and creoles. We—that is, my friend and I—arrived at our destination at a late hour Christmas Eve, and as we were dead-beat after our thirty mile drive, after a few "Xmas Eve cocktails," we were only too glad to "tumble in" at once. It was early morning when I awoke, and leaning on my window-sill I watched the sun come up, while I tried to realize that it was really Christmas Day—the day of all days that one thinks of home and loved ones, of family gatherings, and cheerful home circles. As the sun sprang above the horizon the clouds of mist arose from the surrounding hills, disclosing picturesque, roughly-built stone cottages perched on their summits. Above, a winding road through bright foliage led up to the walls of a ruined church.

Not many days before, I had read in one of the papers of this very

ancient church, and so being curious, we that afternoon climbed the zig-zag path to the ruins. After a fifteen minutes' climb, we came to a hole in the broken wall, through which we clambered into the long trampled guinea-grass beyond. Through this we tramped till we came to a little cluster of ancient storm-blackened tombs. As we gazed upon their solid masonry and brickwork, we thought of the curious old negro superstition that causes them to cover over the graves of the dead with brick and stonework, so as to guard and keep within the grave the spirit, or "duppy," of the dead person; for the negroes believe that the dead person leaves behind a freed spirit, or "duppy," that will terrorize the neighbourhood, unless the most careful precautions are taken at the beginning to keep the offensive sprite within bounds.

A SILK-COTTON TREE.

They—the tombs—to the number of thirty or more, lay in even rows on either side of what had once been a carefully kept gravel walk, which ran about the walls of the ruined church. In place of a grassy mound of earth and sod over each resting-place, there was built up to about two feet above the level of the ground a solid brick, long-shaped tomb, with a marble slab let in on the surface, on which was inscribed the person's name and age, with all his talents and virtues, as well as the date of his birth and death. Most of them, in fact all of them with one exception, were so eaten away by the ravages of time and decay, that it was almost impossible to depict anything whatever upon their smooth, time-blackened faces. The one exception was that of an elderly man, whose name I could not decipher, but "who passed away to Eternal rest," so read the slab, in the 86th year of his age, in the spring-time of 1699. Just two hundred years ago, and now even the little graveyard itself was crumbling away into dust!

Rank weeds and tall guinea-grass grew in profusion about the graves, and in a few years hence all traces of cemetery, church, and tombs will have disappeared as completely as if they had never been.

Now-a-days all things are changed, and the city laws allow of the burial of no person in the already crowded churchyards, but provide out of town cemeteries and burying-grounds. Of course, in the country it is different, and village churchyards are still the wonder and "sight" of every little wayside town. When a native dies it is the occasion of great grief, mourning and speechmaking, but the old-day custom of the dead man's friends carrying his body on their shoulders to its last resting-place is done away with, and a common every-day hearse is substituted in their place.

Touching on the Ancient Customs and Burials of the Aborigines, Professor Haddon, M.A.D.Sc., in an article in a recent number of the "Jamaica Institute Journal," says:

"It has been suggested by several writers that the human remains met with in the caves in Jamaica are those of Indians who were attempting to escape from the more warlike Carib, or from the cruelties of the discoverers of the island—the Spaniards; that the caves were places of refuge, and that some of the unfortunate natives became immured, and met their death in one way or another. From a consideration of many of the connected circumstances this explanation appears in most cases untenable. Most of the caves

are of small dimensions, not larger than sufficient to hold a few living persons. Further, the proportions of the bones do not correspond. Compared with the number of lower jaws and other bones, a deficiency of skulls is always evident; while the limb bones do not show a corresponding completion.

"In this connection, it must however be borne in mind that few of the caves are now in their primary conditions as found by the Indians. No indications that the caves ever formed regular places of habitation are presented, and tropical conditions would never necessitate such a cause. All the circumstances seem to warrant the idea that the caves served the Indians as natural ossuaries, or places where the bones of their fellows, perhaps some time after death, were collected and deposited in a common sepulture.

"What historical knowledge of the methods of the burial of the Indian of the West Indies there is supports this view. Writing of those of Hayti, Ling Roth quoting Oviedo, Moralis, and Ferdinand, Columbus states:—'When a "cacique" died two (or more) women were buried with him. . . . . Their custom is to place beside each of them in their sepultures a cup of water, and a portion of the fine bread, or cazabi. . . . . The best beloved of the King's wives, or concubines, are buried with him. . . . . In some cases the "cacique's" body is opened, and dried at the fire, that he may keep whole. Of others they keep only the head, and others they bring into a grotto and lay a calabash of water and bread on his head' . . . . .

"In his second voyage Columbus states: 'On examining some things which had been very cautiously sewn up in a small basket, we found a man's head wrapped up with great care; this we judged might be the head of a father, or a mother, or of some person whom they much regarded. I have since heard that many were found in the same state, which makes me believe that my first impression was a true one.'" . . . . .

The negro is very superstitious, and very unwilling to mention his superstitions to a stranger. Notwithstanding his own unshaken belief in them, he feels that to acknowledge them would be to make himself ridiculous in the eyes of the unsympathetic white man. You may be surrounded with "duppies" of the most malevolent sort, but you will never get a word of friendly warning. The "duppy" performs the most monkeyish and impish tricks. The branches of the towering silk-cotton tree, mysteriously clothed with a parasitic growth, are his favourite haunt. A boy was once so reckless as to throw a stone into one of these trees.

A STREET SCENE IN KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

The stone was hurled back by a "duppy" lurking amongst the branches with such precision that it struck the boy on his side, causing his death two days later.

Illness which is traced to "duppies" is very likely to prove fatal, for not only does the patient relinquish all hope, but friends and relations withhold their aid, for fear of turning the wrath of the vengeful spirit upon themselves. Often at night some poor wretch of a fellow will be so pestered by the pranks of the "duppies" that he cannot sleep, and through the thin partition his neighbours will hear him vainly adjuring his tormentors to leave him in peace.

The Obi man, who was once such a menace to the white people, is now almost unknown, as those who even as yet do practice this lucrative art are, on account of the strict laws against it, obliged to be very guarded in their dealings with the people. They act the part of the doctor, the fortune-teller, the wizard, something in the style of the witches of the olden days, and are supposed (by the negroes) to make wondrous cures and foresights. They will for a certain sum of money (generally as much as they can get) drive away the malevolent "duppies" which haunt the tormented man, and restore him to health and happiness to his rejoicing friends and family. But the fact that the Obi man's powers do not succeed with the white man has finally induced the negroes to believe that the white man's Obi is more powerful than the black man's, and the latter is gradually dying out of favour and existence with the advent of civilization.

Also, the customs of the old days of slavery are slowly dying out of existence. One, which I read a few days ago, is well worthy of repeating, as it was a very curious old superstition. It seems that when a negro died, his body was carried round and set down before the door of those with whom he had quarrelled, that they might forgive him before he was laid in his last resting-place. Perhaps the dead slave had offended his master. Then the funeral procession stopped before the door of the master's dwelling, the coffin was put down, and one of the mourners went in and stood before the master.

"Well," inquired the master, "what do you want?"

"Sambo dead, massa."

"Well, go and bury him."

"Him can't be buried, massa, till you forgive him."

Then the master went out to the coffin, and rapping three times on it said: "I forgive you, Sambo."

The bearers then picked up the coffin, and lifting it again to their shoulders, passed on with it.

The native girls are (most of them) quite pretty, and most of them—I may safely say all of them—are exceedingly graceful. Accustomed from almost their infancy to carry heavy weights upon their heads, they have grown up tall and straight, with divinely graceful figures, and a manner of walking that one must see to understand. There are all kinds and all colours, from the pure-blooded African native to the almost fair creole, showing only faint traces of the darker blood. Some are dainty and slim, blondes and brunettes; others are short, plump and brown, dressed gaily in some many-coloured garment, and wearing a prodigious display of cheap, showy jewellery and trinkets, which set off to the best advantage their rich, dark complexions. Some of these ever-smiling brown and olive "fairies" are often more attractive than their fairer sisters. Their full lips have winsome curves, and their little white teeth give a coquettish touch to their merry smile.

One decree of civilization which the native girl refuses to adopt is the wearing of shoes and stockings. Her dress must be trim and neat, stiffly starched and smoothly ironed; her hat must be bright and gay with some impossible colours, but her feet are usually bare.

The ancient blood of the fighting African warriors has passed away from the men into the veins of the women, and at the present time the men are

JAMAICA—THE HOME OF THE BANANA.

lazy and indolent, and the women do all the work. It is she who, with fifty pounds poised upon her head, walks twenty miles to town and market twice a week. It is the women who do the field work, the sugar-cane cutting, the banana picking and loading, and it was only one day last week that when passing through the town I came upon a gang of women busily engaged in pulling down an old stone building.

The ignorance of the men is surprisingly great, and in their ideas they are but children, and I think that I am safe in saying that a white child of twelve years of age knows more than a full grown black does.

In illustration of this point I may cite an example. I asked a black sailor, who in jersey and white—once white—ducks stood one day on the wharf smoking, "if he had travelled much."

"Oh, yes sah," he said, "I'se trabbeled all ober de wurld in de beg ship."

"Well, John," said I (I always call them John when I don't know their names), "I suppose you've been in the Greater Antilles?"

"No, sah, I hasn't been dere yet, sah."

"Well then, John, I have no doubt that you've been in the West Indies?"

"No, sah, I'se hasn't done got dat far yet, sah, but I s'pects to do dere soon, sah."

A brown man of rather a more educated look, who was standing by and who had evidently overheard our conversation, could stand this display of ignorance no longer, and burst in with:

"Where yo' is now yo' fool? Ain't yo' in de West Indies? Ain't yo' in the Greater Antilles? Here is West Indies. Here is Greater Antilles. Huh, yo' fool!" and with a smile of disgust at his compatriot's ignorant display, and a little nod to me, he turned on his heel and walked away.

The style of the native huts is decidedly primitive, though very picturesque.

Nestling close at the foot of the wooded hills, in a tangle of foliage and colour, cluster the small, native villages. Most of the dwellings are but small one-roomed cabins, built of branches and mud plastered down and dried hard in the sun. These are thatched over with a roof of dried branches or guinea-grass. The life is essentially an out-of-door one, and passing by these cabins about the time of the noon-day or evening meal one has a full view of the cooking, often superintended over by an aged crone, done in broad daylight, under the pleasant shade of some spreading bread-fruit or plantain tree. All about lie the family waiting the completion of the meal, while the half-starved dogs, pigs, goats and hens quarrel over sundry morsels and prowl about at will, inside and outside the cabins. In any country but the tropics it would be a common, vulgar scene. Dirt and disorder everywhere abound, but amid such foilage, such a bloom or colour and brightness as is about, the dirt and disorder disappear and leave but the picturesque behind.

And so with the setting of the sun we will leave them, for as the sun goes down and darkness spreads her nightly mantle over the land the malignant "duppies" come forth, and for this reason, and perhaps because they cannot afford candles, the natives retire to rest and oblivion almost with the setting of the sun.

Norman S. Rankin.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, Feby 20th, 1898.

JAMAICA—NATIVE CANE-CUTTERS.

CARNATIONS.

With Illustrations by Tom Wilkinson.

"THERE is Connie Hall's dance to-night," said Violet. "I accepted, you know. You agreed that it was really impossible for us to refuse, Jack."

Mr. Brown passed his cup for more coffee. "I suppose her brother will be there, after all," he said, unpleasantly. "He's back in town, you know."

"Is he?" said Violet, sending the freighted cup back to port, and ignoring the peculiar emphasis upon the "you know."

Mr. Brown shuffled his slippered feet. "I don't care about your dancing with him, Violet," he remarked, assiduously stirring his coffee, and keeping a steadfast gaze upon the circumrotary movement of that turbid little eddy.

"Don't be absurd, dear," said Violet. "You know I couldn't be rude." Mr. Brown, looking up, saw his pretty wife smiling.

"There's Society's iron hand in its velvet glove for you! We have to go to an affair that we don't want to go to —at least, that I don't care about going to—and I have to see you dancing with a fellow I abominate!"

"It's very foolish, your being so absurdly jealous," said Violet, calmly, "considering that I refused him for you."

"He's as mad after you as ever! I think that is reason enough for me to ——"

"How do you know?" said Violet. Then they looked at each other, and Mr. Brown smiled, as if against his will.

"Of course, if you don't think you can trust me," said Violet, with quiet dignity, "we will not go. On the whole, Jack, I do not think I care to go." And she rose, looking pink and pretty in the unaffected guise of offended wifeship.

"Don't be silly, Vi," said her husband. "Of course we'll go. I know Dick's not a bad fellow, but....there! Hang it! I'll not say another word about him! Now, what can I do for you in town?"

"You can mail these letters for me. And I shall want some flowers. Let me see!....Roses? No. Some carnations; some red, and some white, and some pink! What would you like me to wear, my pink and white moire, or my white satin?"

Mr. Brown thought, aloud, that his wife would look perfectly charming in either; and he promised to mail the letters, and to order the flowers and the cab; and to be home to dinner at six-thirty, sharp, as a dutiful young husband, three months wedded, should; and so departed, while his wife at the drawing-room window watched his well-dressed, receding figure, and ingenuously wondered that the self-same feminine art which could turn one man's smile into a thundercloud should with equal facility transpose the choleric mood of another into complete and perfect good-humour.

At that post-meridian but indefinite period known as lunch hour, Mr. Brown remembered that he had forgotten to order the flowers for his wife. Then, with a mild and transient sensation of self-reproach, he realized that he had forgotten altogether the kind of flowers he had promised to send home. He smiled at this evidence of early marital dereliction; but, of course, the sight of the desired flowers would refresh his memory, and suggest their own name to his mind. So he went into a florist's.

He looked about, but saw nothing that stimulated the faculty of recollection into recalling his wife's wishes. The clerk gazed expectantly at him over the counter.

"I don't care about your dancing with him.'

"What have you got in the way of cut flowers?" said Brown at last, feeling that he must have the appearance of being somewhat in harmony with the prevailing colour of the shop.

The clerk said they had nothing but roses at the moment, and produced a tray of them; but added that they could supply anything that was in season, if Mr. Brown cared to leave an order.

"No, it was not roses," Mr. Brown said musingly, and aloud. Violet had mentioned roses, but.... So he asked the clerk to name the sorts of flowers in season; and at that moment someone touched him on the arm.

"Hello!" said a voice he knew; and a hand was held out. It was Dick Leigh. "What's the difficulty?" said Mr. Leigh. "Have I bought them all up?"

"Have you bought all what up?" said Brown, feeling his way.

"Why, the flowers of the sort you want," said the other. "You are going to Connie's dance to-night, I suppose? Connie commissioned me to buy the flowers, you know; and I have had to go to three shops to get the quantity she wants, though, of course, if she hadn't wanted so many carnations....Hullo! Then you are after carnations, too!"

"You didn't mention carnations, sir," said the florist's clerk, and instantly withered into silence at the thunderous look Mr. Brown gave him. It left the clerk more in the dark than before, so that there may have been a little lightning in Mr. Brown's glance; but it is possible that Mr. Richard Leigh was not lacking in astuteness, for he smiled—to himself.

"I'll look in later," said Brown, anxious to get away. Was it possible that beggar Leigh understood that he had forgotten what Violet had asked him to order? But Mr. Leigh was in a congenial mood, and refused to be shaken.

"Come and have lunch with me," he said, as together they left the shop, the affronted clerk frowning at the unoffending back of Brown. "I know you haven't lunched yet, because you're

in such capital humour!" Mr. Brown would have liked to refuse, and was endeavouring to articulate a little lie about an engagement at the office.... a splendid risk....a large premium ....when they were met by two capital fellows, intimate acquaintances of both, one of whom suggested that they should all go and have a drink. So they took that broad and glittering path; and Mr. Brown took the opportunity, while his favourite cocktail was being mixed, to write the word "carnations" in the memoranda pages of his pocket-book. Then, of course, there were more cocktails; and the end of that little chapter, and the beginning of the story proper, or improper, was that these four young gentlemen lunched together, and had wine, and made merry, and drowned the cares of office, or office cares, and vowed, without a dissentient murmur, that after all the world was a jolly old place to live in, now and then.

And between the period during which the aforesaid averment stamped itself in the form of conviction upon the impressionable mind of Mr. Brown, and the period of the latter part of this story, several hours are supposed to have elapsed.

Mr. Brown, standing at a corner, a parcel under his arm, had a vague idea that the evening was like the contents of his pocket-book, far spent. He looked at his watch by the electric light, and after a full minute's inspection of that timepiece discovered that it was not his own timepiece at all, i.e., the one which had been his earlier in the day; but one, which, as far as he could remember, he had never seen before. He remembered, dimly, Dick Leigh insisted on his "bracing up," with a view to going home, and how he had eventually broken from the mentorial comradeship of that gentleman, and joined another set, who were not at all loth that he should spend his money upon them. He remembered, vaguely, of course, having subsequently been in rather questionable company, and in a little card game; and though his reasoning faculties were not in a condition to deal very logically with propositions in analogy, he connected that little card game with a transaction which he surmised must have taken place and resulted in the exchange, to which he had no doubt dumb-

"Mr. Brown would have liked to refuse.

ly consented, of his gold timepiece for the time-worn nickel-plated chronometer which now reposed in his pocket.

He did not know what material the parcel which he was carrying contained. It could not be anything *very* material, he concluded, since it was very light; but the impression forced itself through the maze of his fuddled understanding into the light of distinct recollection that he had been carrying this parcel with exceeding great care and faithful persistency through the adventurous incidents and perils of the day; and he cunningly reflected that it was really a miracle that the parcel had come through with him.

Well, he would go home! So he called a cab and surlily wondered why the cabman grinned; and as, with a slightly uncertain step, he proceeded to get into the cab, he very properly resented the cabman's unsolicited assistance to that end.

The lights and a stream of people flowed by, and Mr. Brown, huddled in a corner, reflected that Violet, three months a wife, would be displeased and disquieted. Perhaps it would not be best for him to go home for an hour or so. Mr. Brown's senses were returning, one by one, like lost sheep to the fold, rather the worse for wear, but the majority of them serviceable in such a crisis as the present. He had the sense of taste—very bad, and much the worse for wear—and—"tear"; the sense of sight, a little blurred; the sense of hearing, dully; the sense of touch, that he had been "touched"; and he had the sense of smell. In spite of tobacco, he could detect a strange, sweet perfume in the closed vehicle.

"Perhaps some ladies have just been driven to a ball," he suggested, orally, for the select benefit of his own hearing; and then, like a spark struck in the dark, flashed the recollection of his appointment with his wife for Mrs. Hall's dance.

Mail letters—they were still in his pocket; order flowers—they must be in the box he had been carrying; order cab, and be home by six-thirty—he was in the cab, and the city hall clock was striking eleven.

But it is at the eleventh hour that the anæsthetized conscience re-asserts itself. Mr. Brown shrank into his corner, and in doing so crushed the parcel there. He opened it now, and in the intermittent light of the street perceived that it was a cardboard box, such as florists use. It was empty, save for a few bits of smilax and a half-withered bud, that, like himself, seemed to have shrunk into a corner.

But, perhaps, Violet, thinking he had been unavoidably detained on business, had gone on to the party alone; yet he could not long cling to that poor straw. What of the flowers, that apparently he had bought with the intention—which he could not now recall—of taking them to Violet himself? What of the sleigh which, through his neglect, could not have arrived? Why had he not taken that beggar Leigh's advice, and been persuaded into the sensible course of regeneration not at the eleventh hour? If he had done that, he would now be at the dance with his wife, and, possibly, enjoying himself at a perfectly square little card game in the smoking-room. At all events, his head would not be aching.

He had acted contemptibly toward his sweet, beautiful, and, alas! trusting little wife. He, but three months wedded, to have carelessly forgotten his promises, to have broken his word and appointment with the one being in the world who really cared for him! It was base, execrable, unforgivable; and he upbraided himself with all the censuring adjectives of his limited vocabulary.

Once before, yea, even within that brief period of marital relationship, he he had offended, though less heavily, in like manner; and had cried *peccavi!* and been tearfully forgiven. He felt how Violet would look upon this further transgression, and he shuddered. For he had forgotten his promises, had forgotten her, had forgotten himself, and had broken his word—yea, even doubly.

Poor little Violet! He could pic-

Mr. Brown reads the letter.

ture that little crushed flower as he would find her; possibly still in her pretty evening gown; disconsolate, half-broken hearted, perhaps in tears, her head upon her fair, round arms.—Well, he must face the ordeal! But he had made up his mind, finally, irrevocably. He would never transgress again.

The cab came to a standstill. The driver jumped down and opened the door. Mr. Brown was at home.

He did not feel so, as he tried the door and then let himself in with his latch-key. Poor Violet! The servants were out, or in bed, no doubt, and his wife, lonely and fearful of burglarious intrusion, had sprung the latch.

A light burned in the hall, and he saw himself in the mirror. He uttered an oath, and snatched the hat from his head. Through the band, garlanded, had been stuck a number of flowers, some red, and some white, and some pink; and these had been frost-nipped, and were half-withered and drooped disconsolately. They were, or had been, carnations. They suggested their own name now. No wonder the cabman had smiled, and that he had thought some ladies had "just been driven to a ball," because the cab smelled so faintly, strangely sweet. And there were more withered flowers in the various button-holes of his coat. He had not noticed them until now, when the mirror introduced them.

Violet had not heard him come in. That was fortunate. He stuffed the unfortunate but offending flowers into his pockets, and, hatless, went quietly up the broad staircase. The house seemed very still, and an undefinable sense of foreboding came upon him. His wife's rooms were in darkness; but in his own dressing-room the electric light was burning, and his glance fell upon a note placed upright upon his dressing-case. It was addressed to him. He clutched at it and ran a trembling finger through the envelope. The note read:

9 p.m.

DEAR JACK:

Dick Leigh has just come, and tells me that you have been "unavoidably detained on business"—but a very paying business, he says—a splendid risk—a large premium—and that you have asked him to take me to Connie's, as you may be very late. I think you might have written me a note, but I suppose you were too busy with that splendid risk! I am glad you are so sensible as to be friends with Dick, and that you lunched together. You can't tell how pleased I am! If you get home in time, and are not too tired, dear, come on to Connie's, and I will keep a waltz for you.

VIOLET.

P.S.—Thanks for the carnations which Dick has brought from you. They are beauties!

Charles Gordon Rogers.

THE CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT.

"A world of perfect chrysolite, a pure and noble heart."

THE ceremony of unveiling the monument which posterity has erected to perpetuate the glory of Samuel de Champlain, Founder of Quebec, is to take place on the fifteenth day of the present month. The zeal with which the project has been carried out by the citizens is evidence of their appreciation of the magnificent heritage bequeathed to them by the illustrious Frenchman.

It is becoming that this monument should adorn the quaint city, and reveal to the world the image of a man whose life would have adorned any age, or any country; but if no monument existed, the fame of the Founder would not suffer, for the glory of Champlain is as imperishable as the rock upon which he built his city.

The site chosen is particularly appropriate; first, because it is consecrated to his memory as being the place of his death, and in the vicinity of his tomb; secondly, because it is within the area of Champlain's Fort—the scene of so many of the stirring events of his life; and, thirdly, because it is the most commanding position in the city.

The artists, Mr. Chevré, sculptor, and Mr. Le Cardonnel, architect, of Paris, have successfully carried out their designs. Champlain is represented standing on the rock of Quebec, saluting the new country on his arrival from France. In his left hand he holds the commission of Henry IV., to which is attached by a ribbon the great seal of France (le grand sceau de cire jaune) with the three fleurs de lis. The figure is colossal, being fourteen feet nine inches in height; the extreme height of the monument being about fifty feet. The architecture of the pedestal is pure Doric, simple but expressive, and in every respect harmonizes with the character of the Founder.

The feminine figure in high-relief in front of the pedestal represents Quebec, transcribing on the bronze the following words, written by Champlain himself shortly after the foundation of the colony: "Dieu, par sa grâce, fasse prospérer cette enterprise à son honneur, à sa gloire, à la conversion de ces pauvres aveugles, et au bien et honneur de la France." On the right is the genius of Navigation, recalling the fact that Champlain had attained renown as a navigator before he was called to be the Governor of New France. The figure above with outspread wings represents Fame, sounding by trumpet the glories of the immortal Saintongeois, and, in the perspective, the future of the colony is depicted by an outline of the Basilica of Quebec.

The text of the inscription on the pedestal is as follows:

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN

NÉ A BROUAGE EN SAINTONGE, VERS 1567;

SERVIT A L'ARMÉE SOUS HENRY IV.

EN QUALITÉ DE MARÉCHAL DES LOGIS;

EXPLORA LES INDES-OCCIDENTALES DE 1569 A 1601,

L'ACADIE DE 1604 A 1607;

FONDA QUÉBEC EN 1608;

DÉCOUVRIT LE PAYS DES GRANDS LACS;

COMMANDA PLUSIEURS EXPIDITIONS CONTRE LES IROQUOIS,

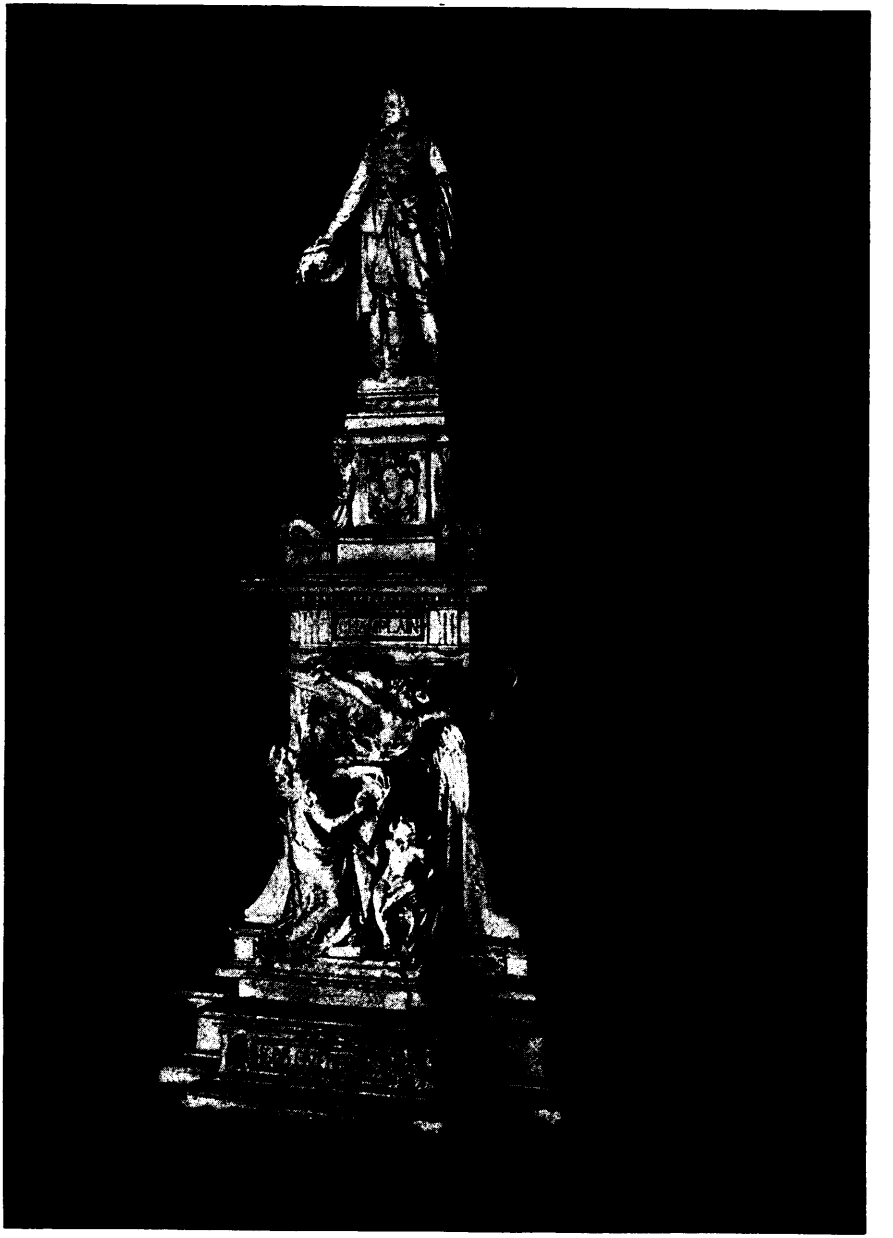
DE 1609 A 1615;

FUT SUCCESSIVEMENT LIEUTENANT GOUVERNEUR

ET GOVERNEUR DE LA NOUVELLE FRANCE

ET MOURUT A QUÉBEC, LE 25 DÉCEMBRE 1635.

The steps forming the base of the monument are of granite from the quarries of Vosges, and the stone of

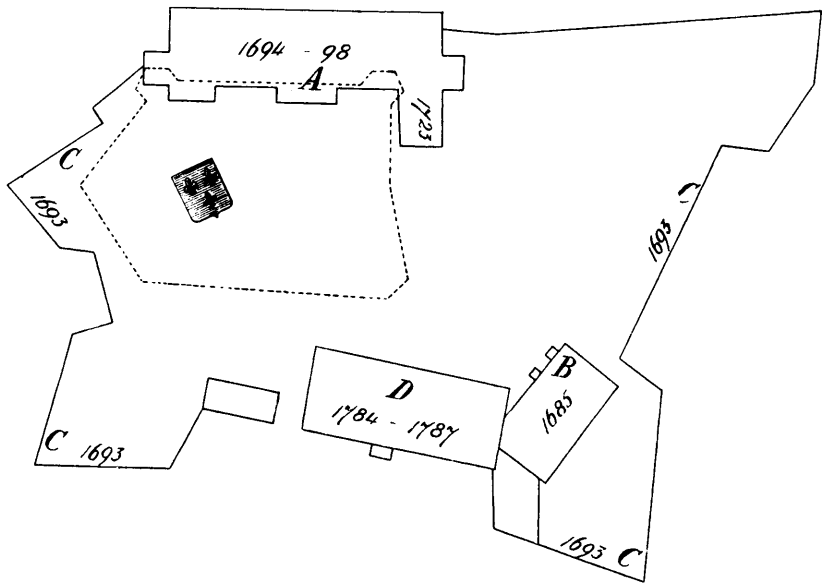


PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS, QUEBEC.

THE CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT.

To be Unveiled in Quebec on September 15th.

LE FORT ET LE CHATEAU SAINT-LOUIS IL Y A CENT ANS (1798)



A Le Château Saint-Louis, reconstruit par Frontenac en 1694-98. Détruit par un incendie en 1834. B Le magasin des poudres, construit par Denonville en 1685. Démoli en 1892. C Les murs de l'enceinte agrandie du fort Saint-Louis, construits par Frontenac en 1693. Dernière portion démolie en 1854. D. Le Château Haldimand, construit en 1784-87. Demoli en 1892. .....Les lignes pointillées indiquent approximativement le fort Saint-Louis, tel que reconstruit par Champlain in 1626, "selon l'assiette du lieu." Cet écu de la vieille France indique l'endroit où s'élève le monument Champlain, qui doit être inauguré le 15 septembre, 1898.—Prepared by Ernest Gagnon, Quebec.

the pedestal is from the department of the Chateau-Landon, the same as that employed in the construction of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre.

Among the men who have made history, few were endowed with a more versatile genius than Champlain, and to few has it fallen to exercise a more extensive or permanent influence on a new country. Considering the age in which he lived, his achievements are remarkable, and he appears to have excelled in each role that he essayed.

When quite a young man he was renowned as a navigator, by having made a voyage to the West Indies and Mexico. At the age of about thirty-six, in 1603, he was entrusted by the merchants of Rouen, Dieppe and St. Malo, with a commercial enterprise to Canada. Five years later, in 1608, after having entered the service of his sovereign, Henri IV, we hear of him as the founder of the city of Quebec. The circumstances in which he was placed were favourable to the development of a genius such as his, but no one, without prejudice, would question the wisdom of his choice in the location of this city. As a discoverer, he is distinguished as being the first European who traversed the great lake which bears his name, and he was also the first to navigate the Richelieu, which he thus named in honour of his protector, the great Cardinal.

Of his career as Lieutenant-Governor and Governor of New France it is unnecessary to speak; this monument may be regarded as a favourable interpretation of his acts. The Treaty of Alliance which he formed with the Algonquins surrounding him may be cited as an instance of his skill as a diplomat. As an author, he is known by his Treatise on Navigation, by the Memoir of his voyage to Mexico, and

by the History of his transactions in New France.

Of his moral qualities, it has been said that he was brave to the verge of temerity, and would have gone with a single European into the midst of a horde of savage enemies, and, "with all the ardour of an adventurer, he possessed the abnegation of a hero."

The vicissitudes of his career brought him into contact with so many different nationalities and types of character, that he may be said to have reached the limit of human experience. "One day he would draw up plans of political aggrandisement for Henri IV. and Richelieu, another day he would make plans of campaign with the Huron chiefs and the brave Algonquins. He united in the highest degree the faculties of action and reflection . . . . . and many of his words which have passed into maxims would form a most suitable inscription to place upon his tomb."

But there is another phase of his character of which we should not lose sight. All through his life he was deeply imbued with the faith of his native land, and strong in this faith he fought the battle of life, weaving for his brow an immortal wreath of honour. And he has raised to his glory a more enduring monument than bronze or stone, by bequeathing to posterity the memory of an honest heart.

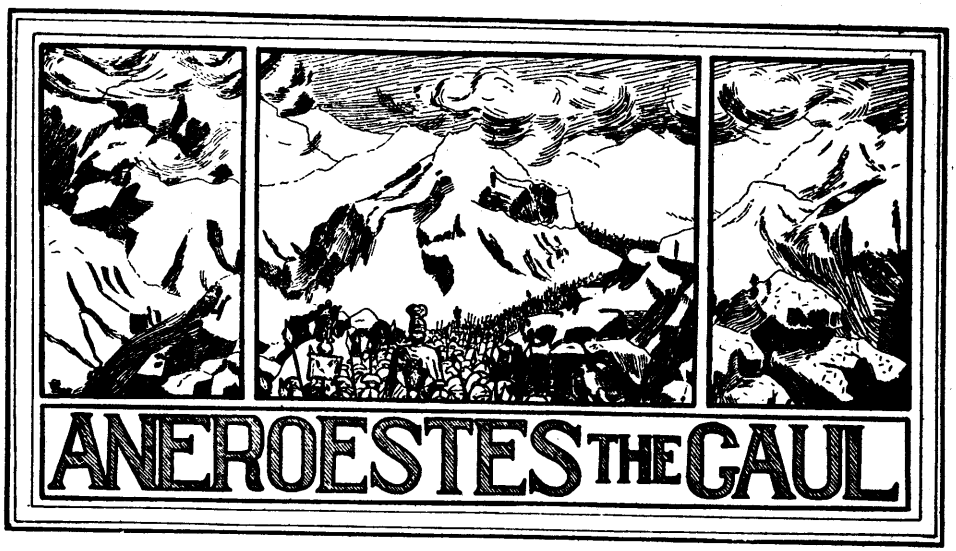
Of his death on the 25th of December, 1635, Father Paul Lejeune thus writes in the *Relation* of 1636:

"Le vingt-cinquième décembre (1635), jour de la naissance de notre Sauveur en terre, Monsieur de Champlain, notre Gouverneur, prit une nouvelle naissance au ciel; du moins nous pouvons dire que sa mort a été remplie de bénédictions. Je crois que Dieu lui a fait cette faveur en considération des biens qu'il a procurés à la Nouvelle France, où nous espérons qu'un jour Dieu sera aimé et servi de nos Francais, et connu et adoré de nos Sauvages. Il est vrai qu'il avait vécu dans une grande justice et équité, dans une fidélité parfaite envers son Roi et envers Messieurs de la Compagnie; mais à la mort il perfectionna ses vertus avec des sentiments de piété si grands qu'il nous étonna tous. Que ses yeux jetèrent de larmes! Que ses affections pour le service de Dieus' échauffèrent! Quel amour n'avait-il pour les familles d'ici; disant qu'il les fallait secourir puissamment pour le bien du pays, et les soulager en tout ce qu'on pourrait en ces nouveaux commencements, et qu'il le ferait si Dieu lui donnait la santé. Il ne fut pas surpris dans les comptes qu'il devait rendre à Dieu; il avait préparé de longue main une confession générale de toute sa vie, qu'il fit avec une grande douleur au Père Lallemant, qu'il honorait de son amitié; le père le secourut en toute sa maladie, qui fut de deux mois et demi, ne l'abandonnant point jusqu'à la mort. On lui fit un convoi fort honorable, tant de la part du peuple que des soldats, des capitaines et des gens d'église; le Père Lallemant y officia et on me chargea de l'oraison funèbre, où je ne manquai point de sujet. Ceux qu'il a laissés après lui ont occasion de se louer; que s'il est mort hors de France, son nom n'en sera pas moins glorieux à la Postérité."

Such are the dominant characteristics of the life of Samuel de Champlain, Founder of Quebec.

"Facta ducis vivent, operosaque gloria rerum.
Haec manet, haec avidos effugit una rogos."

Arthur G. Doughty.



A Fragment of the Second Punic War.

BY EDGAR MAURICE SMITH.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: The story opens in the year B.C. 218, a day or two after Hannibal had crossed the Alps into Gallia Cisalpina (Northern Italy). To arouse his worn and weary soldiers, Hannibal chose two captured Gauls to engage in gladiatorial combat, the prize being freedom, a warhorse and the full equipment of a cavalryman. The winner is one Aneroestes, who, his home having been destroyed by Hannibal's troops, enlists in the Carthaginian cavalry for service in the war against Rome.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ADVANCE ON TAURASIA.

THE liberated mountaineer was joined to the mixed cavalry which was originally composed of Celtiberians and hardy riders from Lusitania. These, however, seemed likely to be outnumbered by the Gauls who daily swelled the ranks. Nevertheless, the recruits were eagerly welcomed, for they brought with them much-needed horses and cattle which Hannibal purchased at high figures.

Aneroestes was received with favour by the soldiers. His gallant struggle with the giant Allobrogian had not only made him famous throughout the army, but it commanded a respect for him somewhat akin to fear. Scarce any, even of the most celebrated, would have cared to encounter the animal wrath of so tenacious a champion. The timid sought to be friendly with him, but he received their advances unmoved. His very silence aroused a nameless terror within them which they but poorly concealed.

Soon he was left to himself.

He took his liberty as a rightful possession and made no display of the joy he felt at its recovery. Some thought him indifferent and marvelled. The more discerning saw in him a man whose bearing but rarely reveals the state of the mind.

Reared amid the cold of the mountains—above the valley of the Isara, near to the sources of dashing torrents—his disposition lacked the geniality that characterized the Celts whose villages nestled in the lower slopes. Strength can alone survive the hardships of the Alpine climate, and among the inhabitants of the heights there were no weaklings. The few that were born always died.

The many ills inflicted upon Aneroestes during his captivity quickly disap-

peared in the atmosphere of freedom. He still limped slightly, but he nursed this by walking little. When not occupied with his horse he lay about gazing abstractedly towards the mountains. He did not return thither because his section of the Centrones had been annihilated through the fruitless opposition offered the Carthaginian host. Besides, he was flattered by Hannibal's invitation to remain, and the prospects of rich plunder appealed strongly to him. Furthermore, he had in his intercourse with other tribes heard of the autocracy of the Italian Republic and her oppression of the Gauls. This aroused anger in his independent nature. Like his newly-formed companions he was a mercenary soldier, but under the sway of Hannibal's generalship a contagious enthusiasm pervaded all to such a degree as to rival the patriotism of the Romans.

Nine days the army rested in the shadow of the mountains, and at the end of that time the troops had regained the elasticity of step that bounds to victory. The intersecting lines on weather-beaten visages became softened, and projecting bones disappeared beneath the surface of new-made flesh. Unrestrained glee was manifest throughout the camp at the rapid metamorphosis. Wounds healed with renewed spirits, and those who in the beginning had lamented the loudest now made light of their ills.

Then came the order to prepare for war, which all obeyed with alacrity.

On his arrival in Italy Hannibal had been warmly greeted by the Insubres, who gave up their lands to his convenience, and further supplied him with horses for the cavalry as well as an abundance of food — corn, barley, beeves and young sheep sufficient to satisfy the wants of the whole army. His ranks were also recruited by large numbers from this tribe, whose hatred for Rome, combined with their love for plunder, prompted them to such action. And they were warriors of no mean order.

In all this Hannibal was well pleased, but there was war between the Insubres and the Taurini, who dwelt southwest of them as far as the banks of the Padus. This powerful people, after entering into negotiations with the Carthaginian, suddenly refused to treat further and massed their forces in Taurasia. This was their capital city, and being but poorly fortified Hannibal decided to attack it immediately. His army was hardly great enough for such a purpose, but the Insubrian chieftains were only too ready to supply one of their own to act in conjunction with him and under his command.

On the morning of the tenth day after the crossing of the Alps the soldiers buckled on their armour and fell into line. By noon of the next day the enemy's country was entered. As yet no resistance had been met with, though several too-venturesome scouts, falling in with a small detachment of Taurini on the same mission, were dispatched before any aid could reach them. This particularly incensed the newly-enlisted Gauls, who loudly clamoured to be allowed to give chase so that they might avenge their slain comrades. But Hannibal, fearing some ambush, refused to grant the request. In petty rage they cursed him among themselves for his caution.

The country occupied by the Taurini was, in richness and fertility, inferior to none in Italy and possessed all the advantages for agriculture. The inhabitants profited greatly by this, for with little effort they were able to raise abundant crops of corn, barley and millet. Having more than sufficient for their own wants they sold the balance for gold, wine and other articles. But at this season, when Hannibal traversed the fruitful plain, the grain had all been gathered and much of it conveyed away at his approach.

The massive oaks dotted the country in clumps, and in some instances so thickly did they grow as to constitute forests of tolerable size. These gave great satisfaction to the Celtiberians, who were permitted to gather the acorns that strewed the ground—a food much favoured by this tribe, whose ab-

stemious living was a source of wonderment to the Gallic soldiers.

Late in the afternoon the army camped within six miles of Taurasia, and much surprise was manifested when it was known that a move would be made in five hours. It was Hannibal's intention to make a night march and storm the city at dawn. In this way he hoped to take the enemy unawares. Though Taurasia was fortified, the walls were rough, and amid the confusion of a sudden attack could easily be scaled at various points by the Lusitanians and others chosen from the Gallic tribes. One of the gates could then be thrown open and all resistance would be at an end.

Meantime he strengthened the number of scouts and impressed on them the necessity of clearing the intervening territory of the enemy's spies so that the move about to be made would have the effect intended. To more surely foster the deception, he arranged that the camp fires should be kept burning after the army had departed, as the glow from them could be easily seen from the walls of the city.

All preparations were soon completed, and shortly after midnight the order was given to advance. The main body envied the small detachment remaining behind to feed the fires, for with the sinking of the sun the atmosphere had become uncomfortably cold. The darkness, too, was intense, for not only was there no moon, but the thick, threatening clouds shut out all light from the stars.

The way lay over undulating ground that at times rose to the height of small hills. This alone made the marching more tiresome than on a level stretch, but the chief difficulties were the trees and bushes, for while these would cause little inconvenience during the day when the paths were easily distinguishable, they now sorely tried the patience of the men. Many tripped on the undergrowth and fell heavily to the ground, sustaining painful bruises and sprains that unfitted some for the duties before them. Curses and groans intermingled with the ordinary noises attendant on an army when marching.

Presently a drizzling rain began to fall and added to the general discomfort.

The soldiers struggled on, stumbling at almost every step, the walking becoming more and more slippery with the increasing wet of the ground. Murmurs of discontent were heard first on one side, then throughout the whole long column. The hardships suffered in the Alps recurred to all and the present ferocity of the elements combined with the cold were such as to make them fear a repetition. Brave men quailed at the possibility of again measuring strength with frigid nature.

It required the continued assurance of the captains to dispel this dread and maintain the order of the cavalcade, for the rain had by degrees become so violent as to almost blind the soldiers. Fortunately it was not necessary to tax them too much, the greater part of the distance having been covered.

After three hours of hard toil a halt was called at the entrance of a wood. The necessity for quiet was impressed upon all, as Taurasia was now but six stades distant, and if the attack proved a complete surprise, victory would not be long withheld. Consequently no fires were lighted. The trees broke the force of the wind, but the air was exceedingly chill and men huddled together like cattle in the effort to get warm.

The curious sat about in congested groups discussing the situation and speculating on the richness of the plunder, Hannibal having promised it all without reserve to the army. They expected to find much gold, but while the majority gloried in this prospect the Baleares dreamed more of the fair-haired women who would fall into their hands. Others essayed to sleep. The men from Iberia wrapped themselves in black blankets of goats' hair, but the Gauls and those of wild habits carried as covering the skin of a sheep or perchance of some wild animal.

The cavalry were more to be envied. Not only had they been spared the difficulties undergone by the foot soldiers,

but they were able during the halt to derive warmth and comfort from their horses by lying close to them.

The night dragged slowly on.

An hour before dawn preparations were made to advance, but not until each man had fortified himself with food and wine. Accompanied by a Gallic guide and several of his staff Hannibal took the lead. He was followed first by the slingers and light armed troops, with the Insubres next in order, and the heavy Libyan and Iberian infantry last. The cavalry remained behind, for, besides being unnecessary in such an enterprise, the noise made by the horses would certainly have been heard by the besieged. Nevertheless, they were held in readiness, the men either seated in their saddles or standing nearby prepared to mount. On them at least would fall the duties of pursuit.

Stealthily following their leaders the attacking host crept to the far edge of the wood, and there waited for the light of day. The city was but three stades distant from this point, and was distinguishable by a few torches planted at intervals upon the walls.

By taking a circuitous route the army occupied a position facing the south wall. Hannibal expected that this ruse would avoid the Taurinian scouts and subject the enemy to an attack from a quarter least anticipated. For the Carthaginians had marched from the west, and the reflection from the deceiving camp fires could be seen. The plan had been completed by the despatching of a band of Lusitanian mountaineers and Gauls under Mago to the opposite side, with instructions to there scale the walls in conjunction with the onslaught of the main body.

Anxiously the army gazed towards the east where the broad Padus made its presence known by a gentle purring. Night seemed reluctant to surrender its sway, and as the minutes succeeded each other the darkness became intensified. Men shivered with excitement no less than with cold. At last the extremity of the black canopy was raised slightly and revealed a great streak that marked the birth of day. Gradually the pall of night was forced back against the horizon opposite until it faded into nothingness.

Of a sudden there was a commotion among the soldiers. Those in the rear crowded forward to learn its cause and forced the front ranks out from the shelter of the wood in full view of the enemy. In the open space before them a Taurinian who had been spying upon the invaders was rushing towards the city, with a swift-footed Balearian close at his heels. While preparing to advance the Carthaginians watched the runners, whose figures seemed giant-like in the half-formed day.

No sign of life was visible in the city. The torches had burnt out, and sentries were nowhere to be seen Old campaigners smiled at the prospect of so easy a conquest. The pursued would give the alarm if he outstripped the pursuer, but that would be too late, and there were doubts of his ever being able to save himself. He was now within a few yards of safety and might be able to maintain his lead unto the end, but more than speed was necessary. As a child the Balearian had only been allowed to eat bread knocked from a post by his skill, and he realized the importance of his present task. He halted and fitted a pebble in his sling. Measuring the distance carefully, he advanced a step and discharged the missive. It was well aimed and did its deadly work. Without a sound the hurrying victim fell flat on his face almost at the gate's entrance.

A savage yell from the Carthaginian host greeted this act and disturbed the awful silence.

Intoxicated with what he had done the slinger advanced in the direction of the prostrate body, as though defying the city that continued so quiet. The army, eager for spoil, thundered in his wake.

But a change soon came. As if by magic the walls became alive with warriors, armed and ready to defend themselves against the invaders. Neither wonderment nor fear was expressed on any of the fierce faces, for every man

had slept with sword and shield at his side, prepared to rise at the signal. Spies had kept close watch of Hannibal since his entrance into their territory, and everything was made ready for a stern resistance. The intended surprise was quite expected, as Hannibal at once saw when the organized defence loomed up so threateningly before him. Instantly he commanded a halt, for though he did not fear the result of an attack he grudged the many men he would have to sacrifice before the city would fall.

But the spirit of war was now thoroughly roused within them, and they were with difficulty restrained by the officers. It was like suddenly reining up a horse at full gallop.

Hearing the tramping behind him cease the Balearian looked up and saw the cause. He was too near to danger to escape, and he knew it. Friends' voices calling him to come back reached his ears, and seemed as very mockery. He saw a strong-armed Taurinian poise a javelin carefully, but he did not move, and the next moment it pierced his chest. Writhing in pain he staggered forward a few steps and then fell.

Enraged at this, many broke from the lines and pressed forward in defiance of the expostulations of those over them. A shower of missiles from the defenders laid twelve low, but the charge was not stopped; and, fired by the example of their fellows, the whole army might have broken loose into wild confusion had not Hannibal spurred his horse forward, and in person intercepted the advance. At sight of him, pale with ill-suppressed indignation, his eyes glowing ominously and his features contracted, the soldiers halted, then in silence feel back to their places. The command to do so was felt rather than heard.

CHAPTER V.—THE STRATAGEM.

All that day there was rejoicing in Taurasia and the sounds of revelry increased with the approach of night. No battle had been fought, but the frustrating of the enemy's plan was in many respects equivalent to a victory. Those who had hitherto waited in trepidation for Hannibal's arrival now became hysterical with joy and advocated such bold steps as an immediate sally. They laughed at the precautions taken by the chiefs and grumbled when called upon to keep watch.

"The walls of the city are high," proclaimed one, "and cannot be scaled by such soldiers as are encamped hereabouts."

"It would be more reasonable if the besiegers guarded themselves against us," added another.

Such remarks were greeted with general approval, and, feeling that the danger was removed, many relaxed their watch and slept.

But this over-confidence was not shared by all. Agates, the chief of the tribe, understood to some extent the nature of the man with whom he had to cope, and he exercised all his vigilance in guarding against any unexpected move. Elated by the trifling advantage obtained over the foolhardy sympathizers of the Balearian, many, even among his counsellors, advocated taking an aggressive stand. But Agates was wary in the ways of war, and determined to do nothing.

The city was well provisioned with cattle that had been driven in from the surrounding country at the first sign of war, while a rich harvest strained the capacity of all the sheds. There was a great abundance, and many months would have to pass before the cry of hunger would arise.

The Carthaginians, on the other hand, were not fitted to undertake any lengthy siege. Winter was near at hand, and the scant shelter afforded by the tents would be insufficient for the requirements of soldiers accustomed to warm climes. They would be compelled to push forward or return to the territory of the Insubres, and that soon.

So argued Agates with his fellows, when after the repulse Hannibal moved to the front of the city, though full five stades back from the gate (for the

wood did not extend in this direction) and there pitched his camp.

Meanwhile the inhabitants feasted and made merry. Beeves and sheep were roasted on large fires, and the warriors sat around, tearing at juicy joints of the smoking meat and imbibing large quantities of mead made from barley. Some among the more affluent partook of wine in private.

In their great confidence the boastful laid aside their armour, and walked about clothed only in the garb of peace. The air being chill they wore goat or chamois skins across their bare shoulders. One and all sneered at the enemy. The women applauded the valour of the men and encouraged the aggressive spirit so rapidly spreading among them. They predicted an easy victory should the two armies meet.

To such a pitch did the enthusiasm rise that Agates feared being forced into giving battle.

The difficulty of his position was increased by the behaviour of the enemy as the day advanced. Bands of Numidians rode to within a short distance of the walls and hurled darts into the city. These wild creatures, so dark and savage-looking, clothed in lion skins and riding their horses without bridles, impressed the besieged with wonderment. But this feeling soon gave place to rage as the effect of the swift attacks was realized. Many Baleares, too, crept up close to the battlements and directed showers of stones at the sentries. They also, with others of various tribes, but especially the Gauls, incensed their opponents with taunts of cowardice.

"Give us your wives and daughters," they cried, "and we will spare your lives."

So enraged did the Taurini become that it was with difficulty they were restrained from seizing their weapons and rushing forth upon their tormentors.

Hannibal had hoped by aggravating the Taurini to draw them into an engagement, but, finding this impossible, he abandoned the attempt and prepared to lay siege to the city.

"The old fox in command will not be deceived," he remarked to the chief members of his staff, "but he will find it difficult to resist an assault when a breach is made in the walls."

"But that," interposed Gisco, "is no easy matter and will entail much time. We have neither ram nor vinea."

He was the most cautious of Hannibal's officers and ever regarded things in the least encouraging light.

"It will, as you say, take up much time," answered Hannibal. "I had expected to be in possession of the city to-day, but now I shall be held here for three days at least, and perhaps four."

"Days!" echoed Gisco in surprise, and those nearby smiled at the amazement expressed in his tone as well as in his face.

"Surely not months! If I am to conquer Rome, I must not pass my time before the walls of a Ligurian town. In a few days I shall have other matters of more moment to occupy me. Rome will not long remain inactive and we must have allies instead of enemies in these northern plains."

"But where shall we find battering-rams and towers?" asked Mago, "for without them we can but poorly assault a walled city."

"Numberless trees surround us, and we have axes," answered Hannibal, sharply. "There is not sufficient time to construct towers, but the rams will answer my purpose. Yonder walls though thick are poorly built, since the stones are unhewn and without lime in the interstices. A breach can easily be made with little work."

Then Himilco spoke.

"The walls are, as you say, poorly built, and, in truth, more clumsy than strong. I doubt not that portions would fall before the ram, but, even so, a storming entails the loss of many men, and we have few to spare."

"What, then, is your suggestion?" asked the General as Himilco paused.

"I would undermine the walls—drive a gallery beneath a corner and so overthrow a whole section."

"I had thought of that, but the la-

bour would be too great and the time is to be considered."

"The Gauls could do the work."

"They might rebel at such injustice."

"Leave them with me and I will vouch for the result," said Himilco with a venom that intensified the cruel expression of his face.

"Doubtless your measures would be severe, but more than that is necessary in managing new allies. I fear, Himilco, that under your command this expedition would scarcely come in sight of the Roman legions," and Hannibal turned a reproving eye on his subordinate.

"Men differ in the ways of war."

"True, and it is but natural. I follow the ways of my father, and he was a great man."

All present bowed in acquiescence, and for some minutes there was silence.

"Would it not be well," remarked Maharbal, "to build two rams and attack the city front and rear?"

"The idea is commendable, but I fear to divide the army. Still, an entrance at two opposite points would certainly lighten our loss," added Hannibal meditatively, "and I will try to obtain a second by subtlety."

"That is always a chance," muttered Himilco.

"Even so, we can lose little. But for the present we must make ready to build our engines of attack. Noon is near at hand, and I have yet to examine the outskirts of the camp before I return to my tent. Do you, Mago, have the engineers and sappers there assembled. We can then arrange everything necessary. Meantime I will retain only Maharbal to ride with me on my inspection."

"Tell me, Maharbal," he began when they were out of hearing of the others, "where can I find a man to perform a dangerous service?"

The cavalry leader smiled at the question and gazed meditatively at the different quarters of the camp before replying.

"You have still many soldiers left who have followed you from Iberia. Almost any one of them is to be trusted with the most important undertaking."

"True, true; but for this particular task more than that is required. I want a man to enter Taurasia in the guise of a deserter from our forces. When the proper time comes it will be for him to open one of the city gates."

"An easy matter."

"You doubt the possibility of its accomplishment, but the right man will succeed."

"The right man—yes," muttered Maharbal almost scoffingly.

"That is the main difficulty—to find a suitable man. It is necessary that he should understand the language of the Taurini and be familiar with their ways. In fact, he must be a Gaul."

"A Gaul!"

"You seem surprised. Yes, he must be either a Gaul or a Ligurian. No other would be able to carry out the part."

"No Gaul can be trusted. They are a fickle and treacherous people. Should you prevail upon one to undertake the task he would sell your plans to the enemy."

"And yet," persisted Hannibal, "we have met with nothing but kindness from them. Our army arrived in their country ragged, footsore and hungry; an easy prey to any people. But they gave us of their best and made us welcome while we recruited our health. Surely there is some good in them."

"I have no liking for them. They welcome us because they hope by our aid to overthrow the dominion of Rome. It is true they fight with much ferocity and will prove valuable allies; but the duties on the battlefield are very different from those of a spy. You cannot find the Gaul to carry out your plan."

"He must be found."

Hannibal uttered the words with a determination that could not be gainsaid, and his dark eye swept over the array of tents as though it would espy its object in the midst of all.

"I see you are determined on this

course," remarked Maharbal, "but I cannot recommend any man to you. There are, doubtless, many among the Gauls who would feign to follow out your orders, but afterwards play you false."

"Such treachery must be guarded against."

"But how?"

"There are many ways. I will decide on a course when the man is found."

"I trust that may be soon."

"It will have to be to-day."

By this time they had reached the western outskirts of the camp, where, from a slight eminence, they commanded a magnificent view of the country. To the left the deep, glacier-fed Duria flowed rapidly towards its junction with the hardly more voluminous Padus. Near to the fork stood Taurasia. The grey, irregular walls seemed less threatening in the light of the mid-day sun, but the arms and breastplates of the sentries glistened significantly. Beyond the city, partially concealed by clumps of pine trees, could be seen the Padus—the glorious stream that finds an icy source in the Alpine heights and wends its way through the fertile plains of Gaul.

"The city is well situated," said Hannibal in admiration.

"But it will fall," remarked his companion.

"Yes, and soon; it will be of service to us."

"Without doubt; and the plunder will satiate the desires of the soldiers."

"They shall be given everything."

"Even the women?"

"It must be so. An example must be made of these troublesome people if the other Ligurians and Gauls are to be kept in check. But let us move on. The elephants are not far distant and I would see them before returning. The keepers tell me they are progressing well towards recovery."

"They will have need of all their strength."

"Yes; and we cannot replace any we may lose. Indeed, they are of more value to us than men or horses, and should be correspondingly cared for. But what have we here?"

Maharbal turned in the direction indicated by the General's gaze and saw a Gaul a little way ahead, staring intently in front of him. His back was turned, and as yet he had not heard their approach, or if so he paid no heed to it. Presently he turned about and, though evidently recognizing the new comers, he made no sign.

Hannibal, too, knew him, and without apparently noticing the absence of the proper salute, he called to the man.

"This Gaul," he said, turning to Maharbal, "will do my mission."

"Who is he?"

"Your memory is short. Do you not recognize the victor of the combat?"

"A good warrior; but why is he to be trusted?"

"That you will see. Meanwhile I shall talk with him."

He signed to the man to draw nearer. Aneroestes obeyed the order.

His form was more healthful in appearance than at the time of the terrific contest ten days earlier, and, judging from the broad, naked chest and sinuous arms, he was thoroughly fitted to endure all the hardships of war. A scar disfigured his forehead, for he had removed the bandage, and his wounded ear still looked jagged and sore. In exchange for one of his military coats he had procured an ample chamois skin, which was thrown across his back. He wore no head covering, but his hair was arranged in a pyramid.

"You seem to enjoy solitude," remarked the General.

"It is not strange," was the quiet rejoinder.

"In that I differ from you. A man who has but recently attained his liberty should be filled with rejoicing. The yoke of captivity is not light, as you know full well."

Maharbal nodded his head and added: "The difference between this man's lot and that of his former associates should dispel any gloom from his mind. Even from here he can see them.

Their quarters adjoin those of the elephants."

The mountaineer's face darkened with anger.

"The misery of my friends is no source of happiness to me," he growled, "it rather fills me with sorrow."

"You would like to see them free?" remarked Hannibal, quickly, and his eyes watched the effect of his words."

"Surely so," replied Aneroestes. "But it is not possible."

"It is possible," retorted Hannibal, sharply. "Furthermore, it rests with you to win their freedom."

For several seconds Aneroestes failed to grasp the full extent of the words, but presently his face brightened in a hopeful smile.

"Will you, then, set them free," he asked, "all of them; my countrymen—those brave warriors who have fought side by side with me against the powerful Salassi and other tribes of the mountains? Will you, oh mighty one, break the shackles that bind their feet, and the cords that cut their wrists?"

His eyes glowed with unrestrained excitement and he approached nearer to Hannibal. Maharbal made an attempt to intervene, but the General waved him back.

"Will you," continued the mountaineer, "give my brethren back the freedom they so love. If so you shall not regret it. They will become your soldiers and fight in your army until Rome is overthrown. This will they do in exchange for liberty. I can promise you, for I have led them and know."

"That may be," said Hannibal, "but their freedom depends altogether upon you."

"Then shall they be free."

"Are you prepared to encounter a great danger?"

"No danger would be too great."

Hannibal turned smilingly towards Maharbal.

"I have found my man," he whispered.

"It would seem so, but he may not succeed."

"There is a risk in everything."

"And he may prove false."

"That is impossible. His friends would pay the forfeit. My security, you see, is good. Aneroestes," he continued, addressing the Gaul, "the task I am about to impose upon you is no light one. To-night you will enter the city as a deserter from the camp; it is possible the Taurini may mistrust you," and Hannibal looked significant.

"In that case I will not return."

"You see the danger, then?"

"I do."

"You are a brave man."

Aneroestes raised his shoulders while his thoughts reverted to those of his race groaning in captivity.

"When you get to the city," proceeded Hannibal, "you will attempt to become friendly with those in authority. Tell them anything you think they already know. If necessary, take them further into your confidence, for as the storming is to be made chiefly with battering-rams there will be little to conceal. We shall attack on this side only, and when a fair-sized breach is made we shall force an entrance. All the Taurini will be there stationed to repel it, and it is at this time you will serve my purpose. There is a small gate at the rear, facing the Padus. In the midst of the fighting you must open this to a body of my soldiers. The enemy, attacked both in front and behind, will quickly give way."

"I understand," said Aneroestes eagerly, "but when may I expect the troops? For it is necessary that I should be at the place fully prepared."

Hannibal thought for a while, then answered:

"On the day following to-morrow, about noon, the breach in the front will likely be sufficient. I shall see that it is so. Himilco will be in command of the troop."

"If, then, the gate is not opened at noon on the day named you will know I have been slain."

"Or played us false," added Maharbal.

The mountaineer turned angrily upon

the speaker, but Hannibal checked him with a gesture.

"If," said he, "you play me false, the greatest tortures will be inflicted upon the men of your tribe. They will also be told the cause of their punishment before death overtakes them and their curses shall rest upon your head. You see, I have you well bound. Furthermore, you shall not escape your treachery, for I will make sure of your capture and a cross will be your resting-place."

Aneroestes smiled grimly and showed his sharp, white teeth.

"Threats are not necessary," he replied. "My countrymen are dear to me, and they shall be freed. But if my life is lost in the attempt to do your mission say that mercy will be shown them."

"I swear that they shall be freed if you are faithful. I swear it by Melcarth, Tanith and all the gods of my country; even by Moloch, the avenger."

"And I swear by my gods that I shall be faithful to your service," answered Aneroestes solemnly.

(To be Continued.)

GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA.

SINGULARLY diverse in their elements of strength are the two world powers which are facing each other in China. Enormous strength on land is opposed to dominance upon the seas, and no man can reduce their comparative value to exact terms. We have one precedent in the great French war, when for a quarter of a century military strength which looked to be overpowering was slowly strangled by sea-power. No precedent is complete, however, and we have to recollect that the theatre of war was then infinitely more contracted than would be the case were the present Chinese crisis to lead to hostilities; while, in addition, the diversions which Britain was enabled by her subsidies to create for Napoleon in Europe were far more formidable than any that Britain can now safely count upon. Instead, Russia is the more likely to have allies to aid her, for the bargain with France is an unknown quantity, and a declaration of war against the Russian Empire might prove to include the French Republic. Of that there is no certainty, and for the moment we may confine ourselves to the armed strength of Russia alone. This is rendered safer because the accession of France to the quarrel would not materially enlarge the area of conflict from a strategical point of view, for the forces employed in Africa would be relatively few. The theatre of operations is already world-wide, and, as of old, it will not be strength which will win so much as the ability to apply strength.

A statement of the military and naval establishments of the two countries will be useful in so far as it will afford a basis of comparison. With the British army we are, of course, reasonably familiar. In round numbers, the regular army consists of about 13,000 cavalry, 27,000 artillery and 91,000 infantry. It is impossible to give an exact statement of the size to which this would swell in case of war. There is an army reserve of about 80,000 men, and we must count the militia and the volunteers, 120,000 and 260,000 strong respectively. The reserves would at once go into the ranks, and the militia would also be utilized, so that with the present establishments the regular army would probably consist of at least 20,000 cavalry, 30,000 artillery and 150,000 infantry, while certain militia corps would probably be used.

The distribution of this army is in-

teresting. India is its great charge, and in India there is a British army of 75,000 seasoned troops ready to move almost at a moment's notice. It is backed by a good native army, 135,000 strong. In addition, there are the Imperial service troops, raised by native states, but at the disposal of the British, which would give close upon 20,000 more troops. The entire British army in India is well over 200,000 strong, and it is stationed so as to turn its strength towards the northwest. In Great Britain the regular army is, including all auxiliary services, about 100,000 strong, and this portion of the army would be swelled by the addition of the reserves and the drafts from the militia. The remainder of the army is scattered over the world in a great number of garrisons. The largest are Gibraltar, where there are usually four battalions of infantry, and Malta, with seven battalions. The Soudan campaign for the moment is absorbing nine or ten battalions. Aden, Sierra Leone, Cape Colony, Natal, Mauritius, Ceylon Singapore, Hong Kong, Halifax, Bermuda, Jamaica and St. Lucia take one or two battalions each. Colonial stations absorb fully 40,000 men.

We know how formidable the British navy is. Adopting Lord Charles Beresford's classification, we may describe it as having available for instant service twenty-two battleships of the most modern type, and seven other ships which are older, but still formidable; while back of these are perhaps eight old but still useful ships. The supply of cruisers, small craft and torpedo boat destroyers is very large, far in excess of that possessed by any possible opponents. In addition to these there are on the stocks half-a-dozen first-class battleships and seven first-class cruisers, while eight or ten battleships and eight armoured cruisers are projected; but when the powers have once locked horns, projected ships will figure very little. The Royal Navy has close upon 100,000 men permanently embodied, and a reserve of 20,000 men.

The finest vessels of the British fleet are in commission, ready to strike at once. The channel squadron, cruising from the English channel to Gibraltar, comprises eight splendid battleships, two first-class cruisers, and a complement of smaller vessels. The Mediterranean squadron comprises nine battleships, with two first-class cruisers and smaller vessels. The channel squadron is properly a reserve for the Mediterranean squadron, as the bulk of the French and Russian ships are in that sea; and a junction of the two squadrons would make an overwhelming fleet.

Scattered around the coasts of Great Britain, but periodically drawn together for manœuvres, are the twelve ships of the Reserve Squadron; of these not more than seven are available for action in a fleet engagement in the earlier phases of a war. In the China squadron there are three first-class battleships and five first-class cruisers, three of them armoured, with other vessels. A fine battleship is stationed on the North American station, which would probably be called elsewhere were war to break out.

The Russians are augmenting their navy with great vigour, but they are slow at finishing the vessels they start, and a large proportion of the ships which are credited to them in comparative statements are as yet unfit to go to sea. The strategic position of the fleet is most unfavourable, for it is split into three sections, two only of which could surrender each other mutual aid. Russia's only coastline is on the Baltic, and that sea is not adapted to fleet manœuvres. The Black Sea is bottled up by the existence of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Of late years Russia has kept the bulk of the Baltic fleet in the Mediterranean, and it is significant enough that the Russian ships have used the French ports as their own. In the Mediterranean the Russian fleet numbers two rather old battleships and a coast defence vessel, and practically nothing else. In the Black Sea they have five good battleships, and in the Baltic only one old battleship available. The Russian

squadron in Chinese waters comprises two battleships, and five or six armoured cruisers, with a few small vessels. Five powerful ships are building, or being completed, in the Baltic, and three in the Black Sea. The navy has some 40,000 men on the active list and a large reserve.

Viewed from the purely statistical aspect, the Russian army is enormous. Service is compulsory, and every year a large batch of recruits go into the army to commence their course of training. In Europe they, as a rule, spend four years actually with the colours, and thirteen in the reserve, with five additional years in the second reserve. In Asia, where a comparatively small portion of the army is stationed, the term is longer—seventeen years in the active army and six in the reserve. Not far from a million young men become liable for service every year; and of these about 275,000 are chosen. Of those who escape active service, part are placed in the reserve and part in the second reserve. The first reserve is really a species of efficient militia, which in case of war would fill up the ranks of the active army. Passing over a great mass of details, we find that the active army of Russia on a war footing would amount to over 900 battalions of infantry, 671 squadrons of cavalry, and nearly 400 batteries, with over 3,000 guns. This would account for over a million combatants, and there are huge reserves. The Field Reserve comprises over 700 battalions, 576 squadrons and nearly 1,000 guns with nearly 800,000 combatants; the fortress troops answer for over 200,000 more; the depot troops add yet another 300,000; and the militia bring up the total to the enormous number of something like three millions.

This is not so overwhelming as it looks, for the vast bulk of these troops could do little more than stand on the seacoast and wait for the British to come. For Great Britain, the Russian strength is to be measured by the number of men who can be thrown upon the points of conflict. There are two such points, the northwest frontier of India, and the northern portion of China; and the question is, what proportion of this colossal army can be placed on these frontiers and fed and maintained while there? Of the three millions whom Russia can nominally place in the field the vast bulk could never stir out of Europe. Twenty army corps, of a war strength of 40,000 each, are strung along the western frontier from St. Petersburg to Sebastopol, to face the armies of Germany, Austria and the Balkan States. This does not leave a large proportion of the active army for Asia; the most recent figures available show 45,000 in East Siberia, 33,000 in West Siberia and 52,000 in Turkestan. There are rumours of a large army hidden near Vladivostok ready to swoop down upon Manchuria and Northern China; and equally positive statements have affirmed that their forces in that locality are comparatively feeble. Of the two stories, the latter is the more probable, for the Trans-Siberian Railway still lacks about 1,400 miles of completion, and without it the subsistence of such an army would prove a matter of great difficulty. The Indian frontier is far closer to European Russia and the Caspian Sea, and the single railway line skirting Persia, and running through Merv and Bokhara to Samarcand, with a projected branch from Merv towards Afghanistan, places the army which would assail the passes of the Hindu Kush in touch with Europe. Even then unlimited armies could not be used, for the troops would have to be fed, and a single railway line would find great difficulty in forwarding supplies for an extremely large army and there would intervene between the nearest point of railway communication and the British outposts a country of frightful difficulty, inhabited by numerous and particularly ferocious tribes of hereditary robbers and expert mountain fighters. The question of transport would not take long to assume the gravest proportions.

These considerations go to show that the forces of the two powers to all

appearance are remarkably well balanced. On the sea the British have an overwhelming superiority, and Russia might easily have to lock up great masses of troops in coast cities, waiting idly for raids which might never come. On the China station the British fleet has a substantial superiority, and it could be reinforced far more speedily than could its opponent. This brings the question down to the two armies. The little British army of 220,000 regulars, with 130,000 Indian troops, is really all available for service. The entire army could be sent out of the United Kingdom without danger, for the militia and volunteers if treated seriously could garrison the islands and furnish reserves to fill gaps in the foreign army. The 300,000 or 400,000 men of the regular and Indian armies can all practically be placed in the fighting line. In the case of India the British army, 200,000 strong, is practically concentrated on or close to its fighting ground, served by a splendid strategic railway system, and occupying a most formidable position. To attack and defeat it would demand a force of at least 200,000 men in the fighting line, with probably 50,000 more to maintain communications, and many thousands more for transport service; so that it becomes a question of transportation, even as forty years ago the Russian army exhausted its strength in toiling to place some portion of its numbers in the Crimea. In China the effect of sea-power would be still more marked, for British troops could be ferried over the ocean far more speedily than the Russians could march over the gaps in the Siberian railway system, and the British army would be supplied with water-borne provisions and munitions of war, while their foes would be dependent upon huge waggon-trains painfully crawling over the Siberian plains. It is impossible to state what troops Great Britain could or would send to China; but we may conclude that it will prove no more difficult to send an army to China today, with steam navigation at its present pitch of excellence and the Canadian Pacific Railway in working order, than it was in 1853 to send one to the Crimea.

The question persistently resolves itself into a problem of transportation, and we may express grave doubts as to whether Russia will be able to throw enough of her enormous army across the entire breadth of Asia to overpower the armies Great Britain can send in ships. Sea-power, lithe and crushing, with its deadly skill of fence in assailing an opponent's weak points, against land-power, strong and bulky, but offering those weak points upon which its agile opponent may fasten—that is the epitome of the threatened struggle.

Charles Frederick Hamilton.

APRÈS.

OH, loved and lost; can the passing years
Bring aught that will e'er atone
For loss of love, past doubts and fears,
That once were ours alone?

Lost, through the malice of sland'rous foes;
Lost, while beloved and lovely still;
No grief of all Earth's myriad woes
Can strike my heart so deep and chill.

With thee is lost the light of life,
That led to peace—to hope—to God,
Through Earth's wild field of wolfish strife,
While by my side thy light feet trod.

Reginald Gourlay.

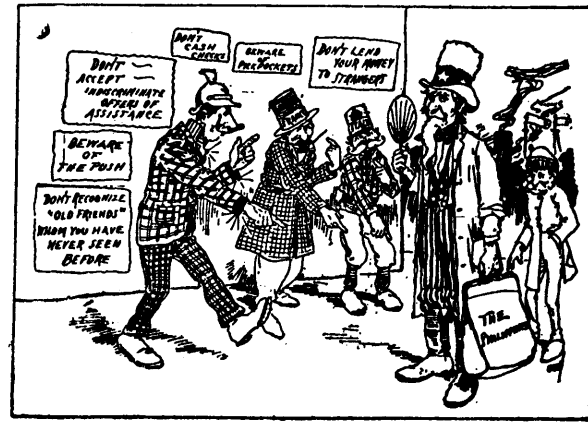
CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

THE war is ended, and for that mercy humane people all over the world will be thankful. We have had charming essays in the United States newspapers with respect to war as a school for the inculcation of the manly virtues. The humblest of men every day, in civil life, display as much self-sacrifice, courage, resolution, patience and endurance as the soldier on the battlefield, and he does it alone and without expectation of the recompense of the applause of his fellows or a more widely-diffused glory. There need be no depreciation of the merits of the one in order to exalt those of the other. The soldier who assails a trench in face of the iron sleet of modern arms, is practising in war the indomitableness and courage that he has learned in peace. Things are constantly happening in the lives of plain, unheroic men which require qualities quite as great as those that served the men who carried the rifle-pits at Santiago by storm. The psychological analysis of the soldiers' courage in the mass is not a very profound matter. A regiment, or, taking the smaller unit, a company, is a collection of average men. As in every such collection, there are some of greater hardihood than the great majority. These set the pace when any feat of daring is to be performed. It is they who crawl through the jungle up to the muzzle of the enemy's guns.

Among their companions are a proportion at the opposite pole with regard to physical courage. These drop out and become the laggards who have to be driven by the men detailed for that purpose towards the front. The larger proportion occupy the middle position between these two. They have no active or initiating courage. Their virtues are passive. They are prepared to follow the more eager spirits rather than to confess the shame that they are afraid to do so. There is, too, a species of frenzy which at the mid-stage of a battle is liable to take possession of the men. They are capable then of extraordinary enterprises. They become oblivious to wounds, and pains and death. They are in the transports of the boy who, in his rage, does not feel the blows of his antagonist. The panic which causes the soldier to run back instead of running forward is not a frenzy; it is merely the obeying of a primal instinct—the avoidance of danger. From the beginning to the end of a battle there is a struggle between these two forces—between the natural desire to preserve life and avoid pain, and the moral desire to do a duty or preserve self-respect or the respect of your fellows. There are, of course, the men with the fighting spirit, the men in whose bosoms the combat wakens a sort of fury to retaliate on the foe the injury which he is endeavouring to inflict on you. This, which at the beginning of a conflict burns intensely in but few breasts, becomes infectious as the fray deepens and develops into the widespread rage of battle.

But it would require more space than the editor of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE can afford to follow such an enquiry further. "The Red Badge of Courage," it is said, is largely devoted to impressionistic pictures of the matter, and the curious reader may therefore be referred to Mr. Crane's story. We may be all very glad that there is to be no further exploitation of the battle possibilities of either Spaniard or American. As a result of the war Spain appears likely to lose the greater portion of her possessions. The only place that seems in doubt is the Philippines and the fate of these islands will be settled by subsequent negotiations. It is not at all improbable that with the exception of a port and a zone of surrounding territory which the Americans will retain,

the islands may revert to the Spaniards. There is not the same contempt and hatred towards Spain among the Americans that there was at the beginning of the war, and for lack of any better disposition of the islands, Spanish diplomacy may regain them for the territories of the child-king.

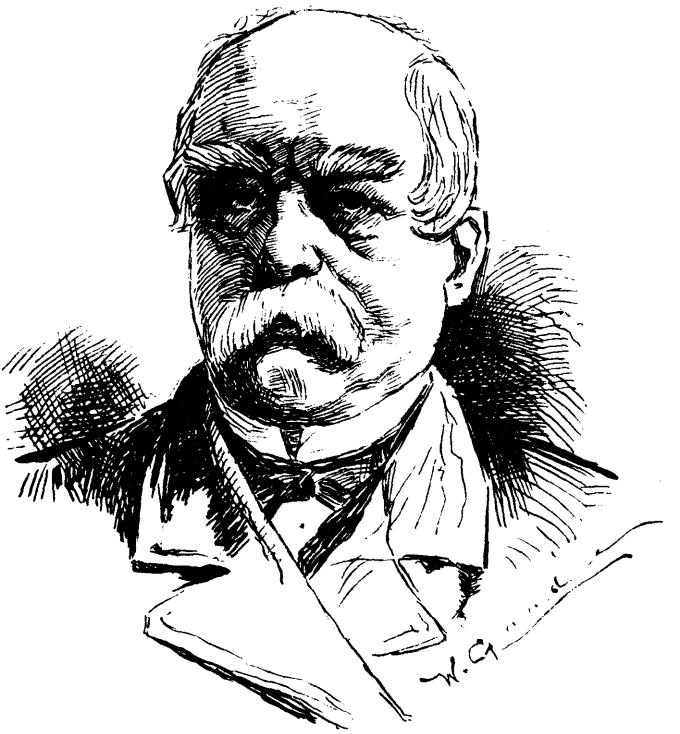


HE WON'T NEED ANY ASSISTANCE, THANK YOU.

—*The Inter-Ocean, Chicago.*

The difficulties of the conqueror loom up large on the horizon. That he will overcome them we may well believe, but whether the reward will be worth the energies and sacrifices expended on it may be questioned. The men who warn their countrymen against the acquirement of foreign possessions may be found to be the truest although not the noisiest patriots. At present the United States present an unbroken and practically invulnerable mass to the world. It is absurd to say that these fugitive islands of the two oceans add to their capacity to resist the onset of a foe. They are, on the other hand, sources of weakness to a power which is a continental power and not an island power. Britain is the latter. The ocean is her defence, and therefore she must be all-powerful on the ocean. The true defence of the United States lies in the patriotism of 70,000,000 of people, reposing in peace under their own vine and fig-tree and no man daring to make them afraid—not giving offence and not exposed to any. They are, however, committed to the policy of expansion, and we of to-day are the witnesses of events which must be fraught with enormous consequences to the world. It is the addition of one more great force to the European muddle, and it cannot honestly be said that it is a pacifying force. There is too much of the boy in the American people to encourage us to think that. When you see a youth continually feeling his biceps, regarding the size of his fists with complacency and occasionally smiting inanimate objects with them, you need not be surprised if you meet him anon dancing around an opponent with hostile intent. He has been dying to test his equipment practically. Has this not been the United States attitude recently, and is there any hope that it will not revive after a short rest?

This war will undoubtedly produce a calm for a while when the butcher's bill is reckoned up, when the money outlay is ascertained and the pension-roll begins bounding towards the zenith. This latter is likely to be greatly added to by the malaria which has practically driven the American army out of Santiago. Malaria has, as physicians know, an unpleasant habit of leaving the blood poisoned, and thereby troubling those who have had it for years after an attack. The material which this fact will afford for the pension-agent does not need to be dwelt upon. In the meantime, however, the agitation for the increase of the navy, and even of the army, will be going on, and by about the time that the unpleasantnesses of war have become a dim memory, the two branches of the services mentioned will be in a state to excite the pride of the people, and the temptation to "try them" on something will be as strong as in the



BISMARCK.

case of that Duke with a mechanical turn who for lack of an accidental fire secretly had a match applied to one of his own hay-stacks in order that he might try the new fire-engine on it.

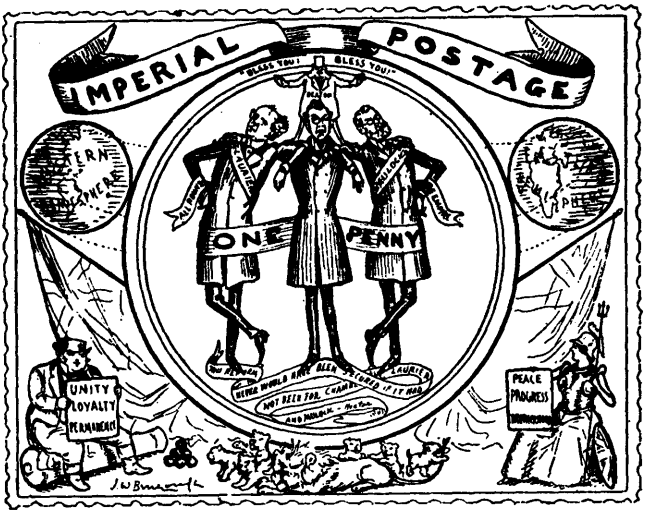
The Spanish-American war, and the results that have followed from it, are milestones in the history of the world.

Bismarck's death enabled us to regard more fixedly the phenomenon which his life was. There are two ways of regarding this Titanic career. We are accustomed to admire achievement, and the greater the achievement the greater the world's admiration. German unity was the most natural of dreams, and it is almost as old as German disunity. The dream at last found a wide-awake dreamer with all the qualities needed to bring it to realization. Bismarck saw that the feat could not be accomplished by reverie or by singing songs. The first thing that had to be settled was what existing power should be the nucleus of the scheme. Austria seemed to have the greater pretensions. Largely a German state, she was recognized as the hegemonic German power. Bismarck pushed Prussia forward as most entitled to assume that preponderant influence in Central Europe. In the six weeks which ended with Sadowa he made good his pretensions. Austria was humbled, and Prussia stepped almost unquestioned into the leadership of the Germanic states.

But federation seemed yet far away. Some of the states scarcely felt like taking a secondary place to the power which Frederick the Great and his father collected together with rude and unpolished Brandenburg as a nest-egg. Jealousies and misunderstandings were rife ; it would require the mighty welding of some great common danger to make the separated parts adhere. Many saw this ; Bismarck not only saw it, but, it must be thought, made up his mind that at the first opportunity the necessary pressure should be supplied.

Everything was ready within the little kingdom for the destined event. One of the greatest military geniuses of modern times was in control of the war department. It may well be doubted if the statesman could have accomplished his designs without the aid of Moltke the warrior. This great soldier had undoubtedly settled how Austria could be over-

whelmed long before the war of 1866 broke out. And when that task was finished he undoubtedly turned to a study of the map of France. The condition of the French army was, we may be sure, better known to Von Moltke than to its imperial master the occupant of Versailles. When everything was in readiness the question of the succession to the Spanish throne arose. This would have blown over without even shaking a blossom from a tree, but he who was the arbitre of destiny had determined otherwise. Even if lying telegrams were needed to precipitate the crash the statesman was not too squeamish to employ such questionable means. What had been worked for so carefully and patiently was brought about. Prussia and France were face to face on the battle-field. It was a conflict between an athlete and a gourmand, and, in so short a time that Europe gasped and stared, France lay bleeding at Sedan, Pomeranians stabled their horses in Paris, and the name established by Bonaparte disappeared from the muster-roll of kings.



SUGGESTED DESIGN FOR NEW IMPERIAL PENNY POSTAGE STAMP.

—*The Globe, Toronto.*

The world does not look too closely into the dirty machinery with which such feats are accomplished. It is too busy admiring and applauding the engineer. The blood-press of war finished the process of German unification. Whether the German people lead happier or more restful lives as a consequence is too extended an enquiry for these pages. One result is that a young man is entitled to be called Kaiser, and has the power to dismiss from the councils of Germany the man who created it, and this power he promptly used.

Ocean penny postage is one of the victories of peace. It is a considerable turn of the ball which Rowland Hill set rolling. Nevertheless, to a Canadian it should be nothing wonderful that a half-ounce letter is carried across the ocean for two cents. A far greater post-office feat is the delivery of an ounce letter in Dawson City for three cents. Indeed, there are a hundred parts of Canada where the vigour and expense needed to deliver a letter are infinitely greater than in sending it across the Atlantic. It is fitting, therefore, the impetus for the reform should come from this side of the Atlantic. Mr. Mulock is to be congratulated on the success of his mission.

John A. Ewan.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

A MOST cultured Ontario journalist has called me a misogynist. After a consultation with the dictionary I find that the accent is on the second syllable and that the word means "a woman-hater." This aforesaid cultured journalist was led to apply this epithet to me because I ventured last month to criticize the women of America. For his benefit, and for the information of the public generally before whom this charge has been made, I desire to state that I have two grandmothers, one mother, one wife and one daughter, and that I am on good terms with them all. That contradicts his statement.

But what I most object to is that any man should take the attitude that in order to criticize one must hate. To my mind, criticism founded in and upon hatred cannot be sound, sensible, and reasonable criticism. It would lack the element of fairness. Can THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE be said to hate Canadian literature because it criticizes —rather severely sometimes—most of the Canadian books which appear each month? On the contrary, this publication is doing more for Canadian literature than any other publication, than any government, than any royal society. True, it does not fawn upon it. A fawning, flattering friend is most properly looked upon with suspicion.

What I endeavoured to point out was that some of our more wealthy women need more smypathy with suffering humanity and a greater knowledge of their power for good.

They need more sympathy so that they will spend less on silks and satins and coachmen and society events, and enable their husbands to get through life with less *stealing*, and less *gambling*. They need more sympathy so that their children may be less conventional, less hard-hearted, less narrow-minded. They need more sympathy so that they may listen to the cry of the hungry and the suffering at close quarters, instead of afar off. They need more sympathy so that they may criticize their sisters less, and may help the fallen more. They need more sympathy so that they may make the world once again a peaceful garden of Eden. The women are the salt of the earth—but a certain amount of the cargo has lost its savour.

They need a greater knowledge of their power for good. If the women of America were good, this would be a beautiful place in which to live. Many of them are pure, innocent, thoughtful; desirous of bettering the world; unselfish in the spending of their own and their husbands' money; not given to backbiting or slander—in fact, as angelic as the world will allow. But these form but a certain percentage of the total of our womankind. The others love display and idle pleasures; spurn gentleness, womanliness, and knowledge; and lead empty, artificial lives.

The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world;—and yet our women do not fully realize it. They rush into one society after another, vainly attempting to find out what they can do. But societies have never accomplished much. The woman's influence is in the home with her father and her brothers, her husband and her sons. To exercise this influence, she must be thoroughly educated, must understand politics, and must be familiar with the topics and books of the day. If she adds to this knowledge her womanly

tact and intuition, using all in an unselfish manner, she will be an influence for good.

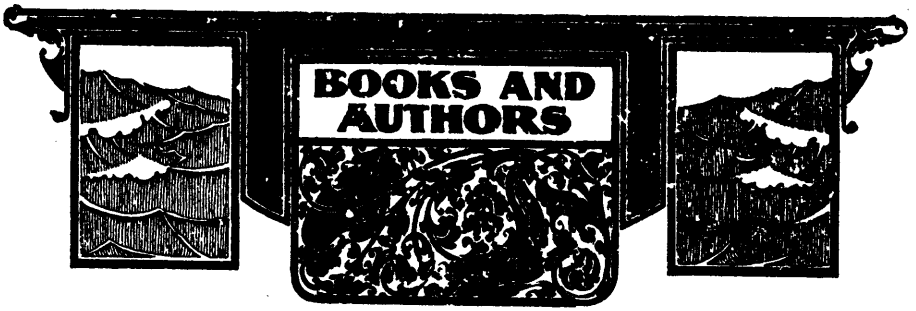
Canada lost during the month of August two distinguished citizens, Sir Casimir Gzowski and the Most Rev. John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto. The former was born in St. Petersburg in 1813, and was a son of Count Stanislaus Gzowski, a member of a noble Polish family and an officer in the Russian Imperial Guard. Sir Casimir, as a young man, had brilliant Russian prospects, but deserted all to take part in the Polish Revolution. For his share in this, he was banished to the United States, where he lived from 1833 to 1841. He then came to Toronto, being for some time in the Crown Lands Department, and afterwards following his profession as an engineer and railway contractor. He amassed considerable wealth, took a strong interest in everything military, was made a Lieutenant-Colonel in 1872, an A.D.C. to the Queen in 1879, and later a Knight. It was owing to his efforts that the first Canadian rifle team was sent to Wimbledon.

Archbishop Walsh was an Irishman by birth, coming to Canada in 1852, when he was nearly twenty-two years of age. About 1863 he was made Bishop of London, and in 1889 Archbishop of Toronto. He was a man of great executive ability and one to whom the Roman Catholic Church in Ontario owes a great deal of its success. Further, he was an enthusiastic and loyal Canadian, always in favour of peace, and never inclined to aggressive religious controversy. He advanced the interests of his church without incurring or inciting antagonism and had many admirers and friends among the Protestant citizens of the country.

The explanation of the defeat sustained by the supporters of the Australian Bill, as given by the editor of the *Australasian Review of Reviews* in his June issue, and in this number, shows that Mr. Reid, the premier of New South Wales, holds the fate of Federation in his hands. "Mr. Reid's vote was cast for the Bill, but his speeches supplied the bullets which other people fired for the purpose of killing it." This gentleman—like a number of our own distinguished cabinet and ex-cabinet ministers—is more of a partisan than a statesman. Because he had a certain game of his own to play, he was willing to delay the onward sweep of progress in a group of British colonies. By clever tactics, he prevented the will of the majority from triumphing over the will of the minority. At times, such an action might be justifiable. But not in this case. Premier Reid has prevented the Australian colonies from receiving in 1898 what Sir John Macdonald and the other Fathers of Confederation gave to the Canadian colonies in 1867. And we who know what a blessing confederation has been to us—how it has created a new nation, a broader citizenship, a higher standard of national life, a magnificent industrial and commercial development, and a brilliant prospect—we can sympathize with those fellow-Britishers in Australia who are lamenting the loss of a federation similar to ours.

If the Sovereign of Great Britain now were the Sovereign of Great Britain of 1776, Mr. Reid would be speedily brought to his senses. But we live in democratic times, when people are allowed to suffer from all their self-created evils until such time as their own experience and common-sense enables them to effect a cure. However much the authorities in Great Britain may desire to see a federated Australia, there will be no interference. Australia must work out its own political destiny, and in the working Australians will gather much wisdom which will be handed down to their posterity.

John A. Cooper.



A NATIONAL WORK.

THE ignominious defeat of Spain at the hands of the United States shows the evils likely to follow upon the decay of a national life. After many years of misrule and corruption, the Spanish Government was found without the ability, the means or the support necessary to carry it through a severe national crisis. The consequence is that the United States is able to occupy Cuba and other Spanish possessions and dictate terms of peace which will rob Spain of its American and Asiatic colonies.

Canada's national life is young and not strong. It did not exist until the provinces were confederated in 1867. The thirty-one years that have elapsed have shown much development, but more remains to be accomplished. If Canada is to become a nation of citizens with an ideal national life, with a unity of aim and object, with a sturdy public thought and patriotism, the fundamental principles of good citizenship must be observed and followed, must be embodied in all our political and social institutions.

One of these fundamental principles of good citizenship is to know and appreciate the past. Canada has a peculiar history, and a thorough knowledge and understanding of it is part of the necessary equipment of every loyal and patriotic subject of the Dominion. No man can be a true Canadian until he has studied the making of the country to whom he pays allegiance. He must know why Canada waged a war for three years in 1812, 1813 and 1814; he must have studied the struggles which ended in the establishment in the forties of responsible government; he must have learned the reasons for confederation and the changes which it wrought in political and material conditions; he must have traced for himself the process by which this land of forest and prairie was converted into a country in which agriculture, dairying, mining and manufacturing are the chief industries of five millions of people.

The most comprehensive work published in Canada dealing with its history, its natural resources, its material progress and its national development, is "Canada; an Encyclopœdia,"* of which the third volume is now ready. It is not the work of one man, but of a large number of the most intelligent Canadians; it is not the product of one year, but of an age; it is not a novel of the hour, to be read and thrown aside, but a work to be perused and studied and then placed upon the shelves for future reference. In the words of Sir Charles Tupper, who writes the introduction to the third and latest volume:

"In view of the important position now attained by Canada, no one can, I think, be found to question the great value of the work undertaken by Mr. Castell Hopkins, or that the time has arrived when Canada is entitled to such a compendium of information relating to its history and resources."

* Canada; an Encyclopœdia of the Country, by a corps of eminent writers and specialists. Edited by J. Castell Hopkins. Toronto: The Linscott Publishing Co.

This third volume contains six sections. Section I. contains two leading articles: The Rebellion of 1837 in Upper Canada, and the Troubles of 1837 in Lower Canada; the former by Dr. Canniff and the latter by N. E. Dionne, F.R.S.C. These are followed by a score of interesting notes by the editor, many of these being sketches of such men as the Earl of Durham, Gourlay, Mackenzie, Robinson, Baldwin, Papineau and Rolph. The only fault that might be found with this valuable section is the lack of an editorial note describing the condition of affairs in the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia at the time when grievances were driving some of the residents of the Canadas to open rebellion.

Section II., which deals with the Seignorial Tenure and Clergy Reserve Questions, is less lengthy, and very properly so. These two questions were important in their day, but most of that importance has passed away.

Section III., on the other hand, deals with an exceedingly important question and is justly very extensive. In fact, I do not know where one can find a review of "The Provincial Educational Systems of Canada" which will at all compare with the one which this section gives. There are three articles on the Ontario, two on the Quebec, one on each of the other provincial systems. Each of these articles is by a leading educationist, who has a special knowledge of his subject. The editor's notes on this subject occupy over thirty pages.

Section IV. deals with Waterways, Canals, Shipping and Steamship Lines. Watson Griffin writes of the first, Robert McGregor of ship-building in Nova Scotia, and James Croil gives a "History of Canadian Navigation." This part of the volume will be of supreme interest to business men and economic students.

Canada's mines and minerals form the subject of Section V. As a producer of minerals, this country has not yet begun to take its proper place among the nations. The future of Canadian mining is something to which all citizens may look forward with a great deal of hope. Our mineral deposits are immense and when thoroughly prospected will prove that Canada possesses a natural wealth which is unsurpassed. The six leading articles in this division of the volume indicate what has been done and what the future may be expected to disclose.

Section VI. deals with the history of the Congregational and Baptist Churches.

The volume is even more attractive than the previous two, and exhibits a closer attention to details, a greater coherence in arrangement, and a much maturer supervision.

ROSE A CHARLITTE.

Marshall Saunders, whose "Beautiful Joe" was such an enormous success, has also dipped into history, but deals with it in a different way from Mr. Hopkins. She has written an historical romance, Rose à Charlitte,* which is Nova Scotian in character and scenery. Her intention, apparently, is to show the pathos of the expulsion of the Acadiens and in what condition the remnants of this race are now to be found.

Miss Saunders cannot be termed a strong writer, although her book is decidedly interesting. Her weaknesses seem to lie in her tame dialogue and her tendency to choose large words where small ones would better convey her meaning.

> "Vesper quickly *attained* to the top of the last hill."
> "He *vociferated* in her ear."
> "The ranks of the *somniferous* hens."
> "They were *both* silent, and *the same thought* was in their minds."

The first three extracts indicate one of the peculiarities mentioned, while the fourth indicates a lack of carefulness on the part of the author.

*Boston: L. C. Page & Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., cloth $1.50.

Aside from such blemishes as these and the weakness of the plot and many of the incidents, the book is a charming picture of a most interesting people, and as such will be read by every intelligent Canadian. Miss Saunders endeavours to correct some of Parkman's mistakes as to the expulsion, and to prove that she is justified in her efforts we have the splendid work "Acadia," by Edouard Richard, published by Lovell in 1895. Further, the characters introduced in the story are very fairly delineated. Rose is a most charming person, living her life of suffering with an honesty, a due regard for religious virtue and a sympathetic generosity which make her truly noble. Little Narcisse, and Agapit, and Bidiane are more eccentric, but are not given too much prominence. The peculiarities of Nova Scotian history and life are delineated in this romance as they have never been before, so far as I know. The matter is much better than the style.

BOOK NOTICES.

Mr. Morang's announcement of a Canadian edition of Rudyard Kipling's new book of stories, "The Day's Work," will be read with interest by a public that is ever ready to put on its shelves anything that Mr. Kipling has written. The vexed question of the immortality, or otherwise, of Mr. Kipling's writings, does not come within the sphere of practical affairs, where the name of Rudyard spells success.

Of "John Splendid," by Neil Munro, a story which is now appearing serially in *Blackwood's Magazine* and in *The Bookman*, a well-known critic writes: "Meredith, Hope and Hardy may write good books, but they will write nothing that will increase our estimate of them. But here comes Mr. Munro with a romance of the days of Montrose, and he at once fills us with curiosity and hope. If the first chapters of his serial, "John Splendid," maintain their promise, we have at last a Scotch romance writer who is worthy of the land of Sir Walter Scott and R. L. Stevenson. The story in question, which is now running in *Blackwood's Magazine*, is infinitely superior in matter and in style to the stories of the kailyard. I am not often enthusiastic, but Mr. Munro's story came to me as a surprise. If he does not prove to be the legitimate successor of Stevenson, I shall be surprised as well as disappointed." This story will be issued in book form by The Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

The cheapest form in which the best scientific books are published, is that of the Humboldt Library of Science. This series contains the works of Spencer, Tolstoi, George, Marx, Salter, Mill, Carlyle and many other specialists, at prices running from 15 to 50 cents. Catalogues may be secured from The W. B. Campbell Co., Canadian agents, Medical Building, Toronto.

A story by Mrs. Sheard, an accomplished Toronto lady, will be issued this autumn by William Briggs. The title is "Trevelyan's Little Daughters." Mrs. Sheard has of late contributed frequently to the American magazines and to Canadian periodicals, but this is her first essay into the book arena. The story is said to be a charming one.

Among the fall publications of William Briggs is one of particular interest as being the work of a native Armenian, Rev. H. S. Genanyan, who is making an extended tour of this country to enlist financial aid in support of his missionary and philanthropic work among his countrymen. The book in question is entitled "An Easter Child of the Orient," and gives the life history of the author himself, with much information of the life and customs of the Armenians.

Notwithstanding the imbecility produced by the hot weather, or as some ill-natured people may be disposed to say, because of it, the sales of "Rupert of

Hentzau" during the past month has been, it is understood, remarkably good. It is not surprising that the success of "Rupert" has also revived interest in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Novelists who are anxious to make their books successful should follow Anthony Hope's recipe, viz: "Be first in a new field of story and write about it very cleverly. Then have it well-dramatized and played to crowded houses all over the world. "Rupert" is to be dramatized during the coming season, we understand.

We are interested to hear that Dr. Rand has been employing the summer vacation amid the sea-breezes of his favoured Minas Basin, in making a careful selection from the Canadian poets for a "Treasury of Canadian Verse." The work, we believe, is now near completion, and will represent a large company of writers —well on to a hundred and fifty in all. The selection will be chiefly of the lyrical kind, and will not include any of the French, nor, with few exceptions, any dialect verse. Dr. Rand has given a thorough reading to some two hundred volumes of native poetry, besides a mass of fugitive verse. Of the latter he writes that while a great deal of it is weak and inartistic, yet "there are silver threads of great beauty and much solid gold." Brief biographical notes will add to the interest and value of the book. William Briggs will issue an edition for the Canadian market in good time for the Christmas trade. It should have a great reception.

Mr. George N. Morang announces a cheap edition of McEvoy's "Away From Newspaperdom and Other Poems." Judging from the reception this book met with last year, it should be a success in its fifty-cent form.

Hopkinson Smith's strongest story, "Caleb West; Master Diver," has scored a tremendous run in the United States, where the organs of the publishing business have repeatedly reported it as being at the head of the "sellers" for the month. There is nothing to be surprised at in this, for the book is full of keen observation of human nature and interesting incident. Mr. Morang announces a Canadian edition of the book in the near future.

Mr. E. A. Owen's "Pioneer Sketches of Long Point Settlement"—practically a history of Norfolk County, Ontario—announced last year as in preparation, is now in the press of William Briggs, and will be issued some time in September.

"Bird Neighbours," by Neltje Blauchan (Morang), a book that describes common birds to the number of 150, has been so successful that a second edition is to be published. The book is capitally illustrated with coloured photographs of fifty-two of the birds described. John Burroughs, who writes a preface to it, says that these pictures, "with the various groupings of the birds according to colour, season, habitat, etc., ought to render the identification of the birds, with no other weapon than an opera-glass, an easy matter."

A contribution of some interest to Canadian dramatic literature is announced for early issue by William Briggs. It is from the pen of Mr. J. B. Mackenzie, a gentleman who has made a special study of the history of the Six Nations Indians, and has already published some two or three prose works on the subject. This drama is entitled "Thayendanegea" (Joseph Brant) and deals with the stirring military achievements of that renowned ally of the British.

Dr. Dewart's "Essays for the Times" is announced by the publisher, William Briggs, as now ready. One of the papers is a most interesting sketch, biographical and critical, of the poet Sangster, a reading of which creates the wish that some enterprising publisher would give us an extended biography of Charles Sangster, included with a collection of the best of his poems. Such a volume should find a ready market. In this connection we are glad to learn

that Dr. Briggs proposes to publish during this autumn a complete collection of Alexander McLachlan's poems, with a biographical sketch of the poet by Dr. Dewart. Both of these were poets of whom any country might be proud.

Another volume in the series being written by the well-known Methodist missionary, Rev. John McDougall, relating his early experiences in the Northwest, is announced by William Briggs for issue in September, with the taking title of "Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie." This volume covers the years 1865 to 1868, and abounds in graphic descriptions of adventures among Indian war-parties, and in pursuit of buffalo, moose, and other wild game. These books are of great value as preserving faithful and true pictures of a condition of life on our great western plains, now long a thing of the past. Mr. J. E. Laughlin has contributed twelve very fine wash-drawings to illustrate the text, and has designed a very striking cover.

Apparently the United States is bound to have popular authors even if it must steal them. The New York *Mail and Express* has this paragraph in a recent issue :

> Several years ago "An American Girl in London" appeared from the press of a New York publisher, and at once attracted widespread notice. It was one of the books of the year, and when the author, who is really an American girl, wrote "A Social Departure," her literary reputation was fixed. The writer is Miss Sara Jeanette Duncan, now a resident of Simla, India, and she is spending the summer at the Hotel Childwold, in the Adirondacks, where she is a great favourite with the guests. Miss Duncan is an enthusiastic devotee of out-door sports, and has won fame on the tennis court and over the golf-links.

William Briggs, Toronto, has just published "Cuba and other Verse," by Robert Manners. This is an excellent volume of general compositions which possess much more than the average grace and thought. One seeks in vain, however, for a reason for a special Canadian edition, although no reason could be advanced such should not be issued. The poem entitled "Cuba" is the longest of the collection. Besides, there this are many general poems, several fine sonnets, and some graceful and vivacious songs.

T. Fisher Unwin has reprinted a volume of Ouida's short stories, including The Silver Christ, Le Selve, A Lemon Tree, An Altruist and Toxin. The first and the last will be remembered as very strong Italian pictures, the former dealing with peasant life, and the latter with Venetian society. The other stories are almost equally worthy. This volume is No. 37 in Unwin's Colonial Library, in which will shortly appear : Evelyn Innes, by George Moore ; The Romance of a Midshipman, by W. Clarke Russell ; Rodman, the Boat-steerer, by Louis Becke ; two novels by Dr. W. Barry, and Sister Theresa, by George Moore. The White-headed Boy, by George Bartram, which was recently reviewed in these columns, was one of the best of recent issues in this valuable series.

In Toronto there are twelve libraries of a public character, and as a means of extending the usefulness of the libraries and of economizing their funds by preventing the purchase of duplicate sets, it was decided to co-operate. As a preliminary step it was agreed to prepare a joint catalogue of the sets of Periodicals, Transactions of Societies, Almanacs, and other sets of books published at intervals in the twelve contributing libraries. This has now been completed and given to the public. Every person interested in reference literature will find this little volume of 96 pages a most valuable reference book. It may be secured through any bookseller or from James Bain, Jr., Public Library, Toronto.

The Home of the North American Life.

By F. HOWARD ANNES.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
Company's Building, 112–118 King Street West, Toronto.

LIKE the growth of a youth by almost imperceptible stages into the full vigor and vitality of manhood, a sound financial institution should, with the lapse of years, add to its stature and strength.

More than to any other monetary organization does this truth apply to life insurance corporations, and an apt illustration is afforded in the history of the North American Life Assurance Company.

Always careful to the verge of conservatism in its progress along a singularly successful career, another and the latest evidence of wholesome growth by the North American is the recent moving into a beautiful and commodious home of its own.

As a man, feeling the natural and noble impulses of life, desires to rear for his dear ones a roof-tree that shall shield them from harm, and, with all that inspiring name means, be their home in this world, so it seems to be with business enterprises; the men who make them what they are will never rest until the institutions with which they are identified occupy premises that may properly be called—home.

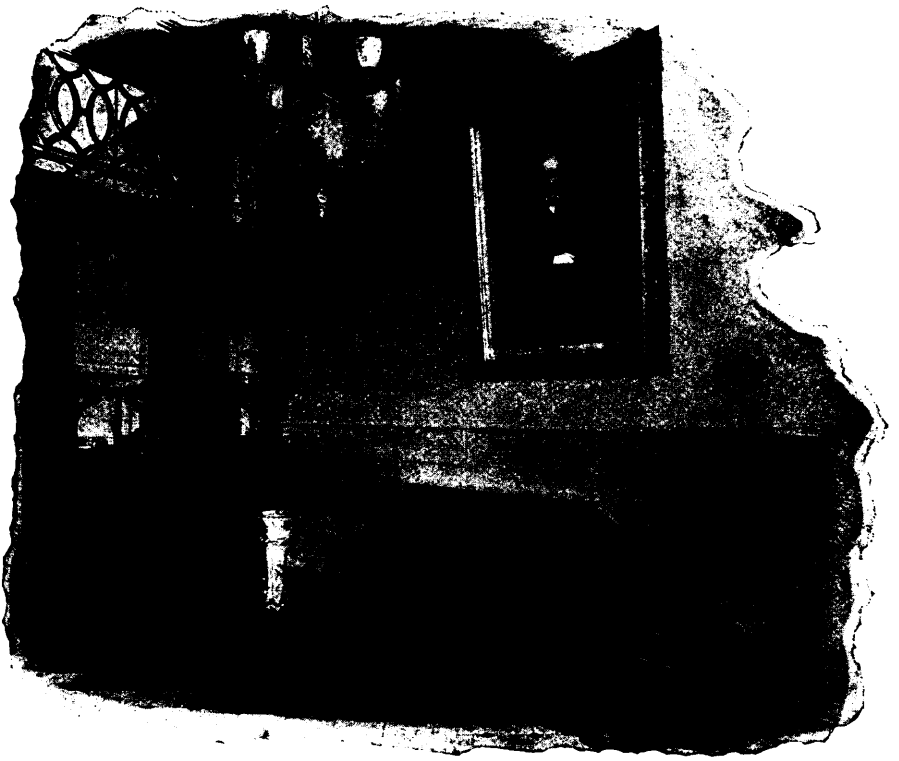
Looking over the field of Canadian insurance companies as they are housed in Toronto, it cannot be denied that no severer test of wisdom on the part of those who direct the movements of these corporations can be applied than to observe the way this very human and altogether commendable wish to provide a home has been realized.

In the case of the North American Life Assurance Company the greatest prudence and foresight appear to have been exercised by the gentlemen responsible to the policyholders and guarantors for such executive action.

An opportunity of rare occurrence to acquire a valuable property suitable for the purposes of the company at a nominal cost was promptly accepted.

The property has been improved to meet the requirements of the North American Life's increasing activities, and as a consequence the officers and staff are now performing their duties under far more favorable conditions than ever before, in a home almost perfect in beauty and usefulness.

Indeed, first, through the good fortune of securing so splendid a site and imposing a structure, and, secondly, by reason of judicious care in directing the skill of architect and artisan, designer and decorator, and the many workers in wood, stone, marble and metal, the wand of the magician may fairly be said to have been waved by the North American Life over that historic building on the north side of



NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Entrance to Business Office, Showing Portrait of the late Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, M.P., the First President.

King street west, between Bay and York streets, Nos. 112-118, formerly occupied by the United Empire Club, and later by the C.P.R.—and behold! in the classic lines of the Italian renaissance of its fine facade all the old charm of the warm cream-colored stone front returns, together with new beauties in the rich ornamentation with copper, making it one of the handsomest business buildings to be seen in Toronto, or probably in Canada.

From the chastely beautiful entrance between polished granite pillars, through massive swinging doors, into the vestibule and hall, with their tesselated floors, marble wainscoting and exquisite coloring of walls and ceiling, suggestive of the admirable simplicity, yet perfect art, of a Roman palace, up the low steps of a good old-fashioned stairway with square landings, luxuriant palms lending their refreshing grace to the sense of home impressed upon one in entering from the street, to the ideal suite of rooms on the first floor, now the various offices of the company, nothing better adapted for use as the home of a modern insurance business has ever been conceived and put into concrete form in this country.

Competent judges say, indeed, that there is now no home office with quite so tasteful appointments and up-to-date equipment on the continent as that of the North American Life.

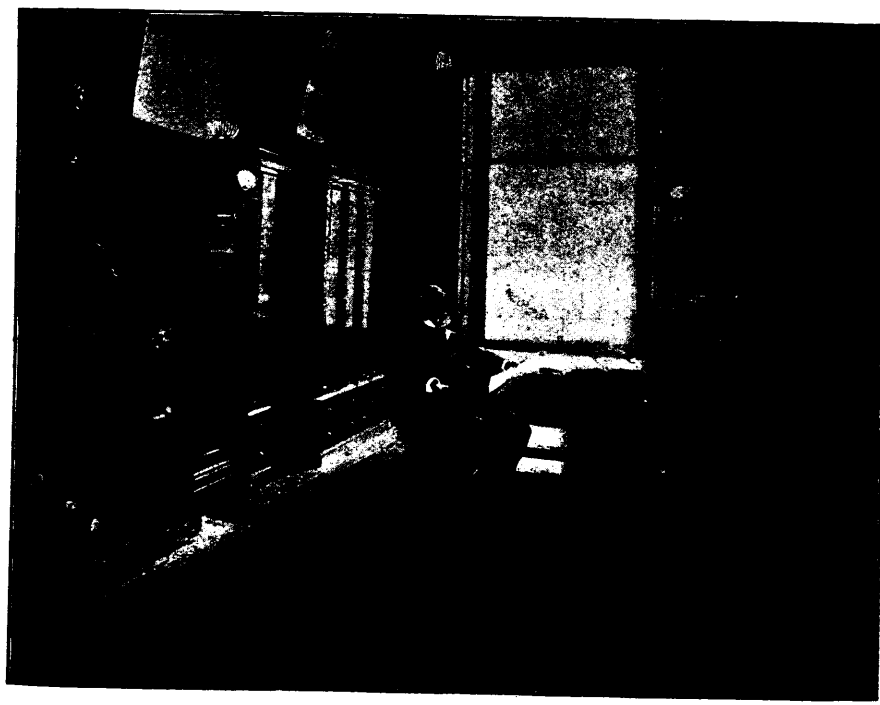
This is only as it should be with the North American, which, as its name implies, covers in the scope of its affairs the whole of the northern half of the western hemisphere of the world.

The situation of the North American Life building is the most convenient of that of any of the financial institutions in Toronto, so far as relates to the nearness of the Union Station, for getting in and

out of the city, and of the immediate proximity to the leading hotels, clubs, banks and other financial institutions.

At once when the North American began to renovate and improve the building before occupancy there were enquiries for the stores and offices in King street, on either side of the entrance to the company's apartments.

The building itself covers a frontage of 75 feet, by a depth of lot to Pearl street



NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
Managing Director—Wm. M'Cabe, LL.B., F.I.A.

of 187 feet. These business places, as well as office rooms on the second floor, have all been taken.

The result of this is that the company has the use of its own ample accommodation at a nominal cost.

The transformation of this notable building, erected by the United Empire Club, and afterwards used by the Canadian Pacific Railway, has been effected for the North American Life, under the advice as to the architectural matters of Messrs. Langley & Langley, the well-known architects of Toronto, the chief executive officers of the company, having first visited the home offices of the great American insurance companies in New York and other cities of the United States.

THE QUEBEC AGENTS.

AN INTERESTING EVENT—DELIGHTED WITH TORONTO.

An interesting competition among the agents of the North American Life in the Province of Quebec, Canada, arranged by Dr. Ault and Mr. Thomas G. McConkey, of Montreal, the managers of the North American's business in Quebec, resulted in an extremely pleasant outing for a number of these gentlemen. The competition was as to who of the company's agents could secure the largest paid-for new business up to the middle of July. The fortunate ones left Montreal on Monday night, July 25, and arrived in Toronto the next morning. There they were treated to a day of sight-seeing, and to an inspection of the new Home Office of

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
President—John L. Blaikie.

the North American Life. The admirably convenient situation of the building, its classic architecture and beautiful interior, with the many convenient and useful arrangements that make the North American's a model home office, won from the visitors the warmest commendation.

On Wednesday, accompanied by Mr. William McCabe, the managing director; Mr. L. Goldman, the secretary; and Dr. Thorburn, the medical director of the company, the party were taken across Lake Ontario by steamer, and the day spent in viewing Niagara Falls and the scenery about that world's wonder. Returning in time for the night train to Montreal, they left for their home with the strong determination to try and do even better in the future for the North American Life. Before leave-taking, occasion was made to present to Mr. McCabe an address, as follows:

To William McCabe, Esq., LL.B., F.I.A., F.S.S., managing director, North American Life Assurance Company, Toronto.

Dear Sir,—We, the representatives of the company for the Province of Quebec, on the occasion of a holiday trip to your city, take the opportunity of congratulating you upon the success which has attended your efforts as one of the chief executive officers in placing the North American Life in the front rank of Canadian institutions, and to assure you of our unswerving loyalty and devotion to its best interests.

It is a great satisfaction to us that under your management the company has attained such an excellent position, the knowledge of which encourages us in the prosecution of our work,

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
Medical Director—Jas. Thorburn, M.D.

and gives us the confident assurance that we represent a company second to none, and one that accords its policy-holders undoubted security and honorable treatment.

As this is the first opportunity we have had of seeing the new office home in which the business of the company will in future be conducted, we desire to express our high appreciation of its imposing exterior, and to compliment you on the admirable taste and judgment with which it has been fitted up internally, making it one of the best equipped offices in the Dominion.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
Secretary—L. Goldman.

We desire also to record our thanks for your uniform kindness and aid at all times the prosecution of our work, and express the wish that you may be long spared to guide and control the destinies of the company, the foundation of which you have already so well and firmly laid.

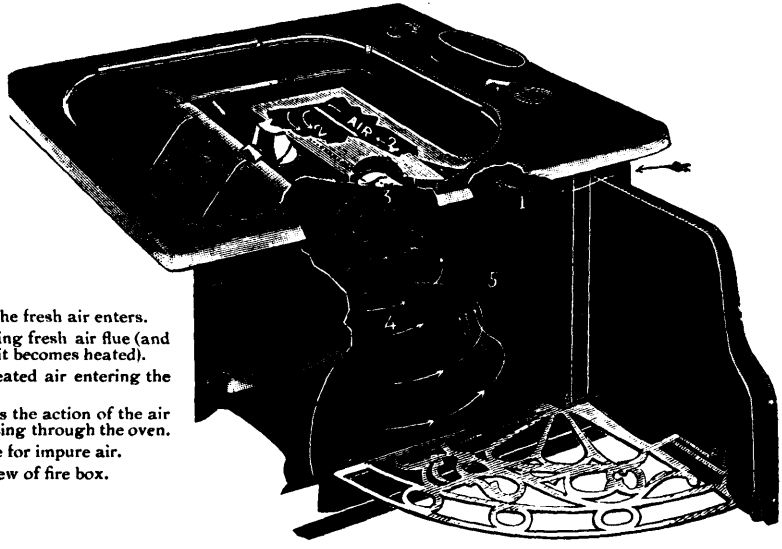
NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
Cashier and Loan Department.

The address, which is beautifully engrossed, is the work of Mr. Desrochers, of Montreal, being handsomely illustrated in gold and colors, forming a fitting memento of a happy and profitable reunion between the executive officers of the North American Life and its corps of fortunate workers in Quebec.—*Insurance and Financial Chronicle*, Montreal, Aug. 5, 1898.

Souvenir's Distinctive Feature

IS

ITS AERATED OVEN.



1. Where the fresh air enters.
2. Circulating fresh air flue (and where it becomes heated).
3. Fresh heated air entering the oven.
4. Indicates the action of the air in passing through the oven.
5. Exit flue for impure air.
6. Back view of fire box.

The one worry of the good housewife is the cooking. All skill is exercised in the preparation of the food—the best recipe of a wide experience has been used—and everything is ready for the oven. She has watched with care the building of her fire; has brought the oven, as she has thought, to the proper heat, and surely there can be no mistake. But, alas! her work is spoiled in the cooking. Something has gone wrong.

We can speak universally when we say that these are mishaps that do not occur if the housewife is the owner of a Souvenir range with aerated oven, for **the principle of the aerated oven** renders the stove proof against these troubles.

It is worth while any reader sending to us direct or obtaining from an agent near by, our little booklet telling in simple and untechnical terms why the aerated oven has made the Souvenir the greatest stove of the 19th century.

It may pay you to study the subject a little, for we are giving $155.00 in prizes, in five different sums, to those who can write the best essay telling the story of the Souvenir Range, and particularly the operations of the aerated oven. What the booklet does not tell, your neighbours who own Souvenirs can tell you, or do not hesitate to ask our agent in your town to tell you all about the stove and its oven.

$155 in Prizes for those who can best tell the story of SOUVENIR STOVES.

The Gurney-Tilden Co., Limited

HAMILTON, - CANADA.

25 Ideas FOR 1 CENT

THEY are yours for a post card—twenty-five ideas in Radiators. Each idea represents a style of its own for a definite purpose, for all folks who use (or want to) Radiators that won't leak, and give quick, positive circulation in a minute after the heat is turned on.

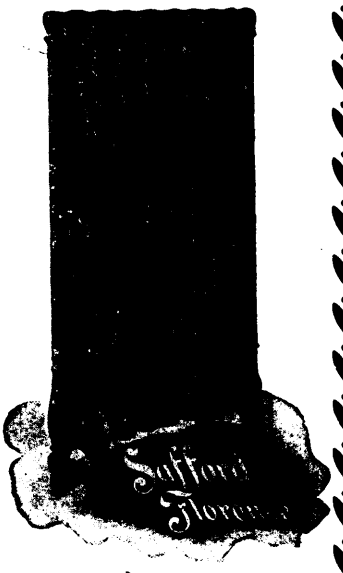
Twenty-five ideas for a cent—isn't it worth your while to send for them and thus know all about the largest Radiator manufacturers under the British Flag? The originators of the Screw Nipple connection that does away with bolts, rods, packing, and absolutely prevents even a suspicion of a leak.

THE DOMINION RADIATOR CO., LIMITED

Formerly

Toronto Radiator Co.

Toronto = Montreal



The Safford Radiators

You use Enameled Ware?

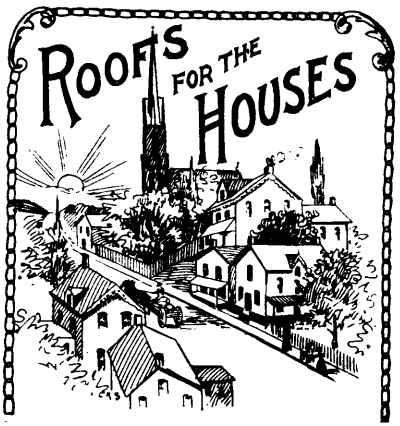
Of course—everybody does. But do you know that every piece bearing Kemp's

GRANITE
or
DIAMOND

Label is guaranteed to give you splendid long-lasting satisfaction.

Not more expensive—but more durable than others, that's why it pays to ask your dealer for them.

Kemp Manufacturing
Toronto



32 Years ago

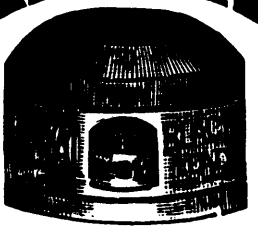
we started the manufacture of sheet metal building materials, and this long experience enables us to offer intending builders all that is desirable in Steel Roofing, Steel Sidings, Steel Ceilings, etc.

We give You

the benefit of our long experience—any of our big catalogues—and up-to-date information on these goods on receipt of a post card.

The Pedlar Metal Roofing Co.,
Oshawa, Ont.

ROYAL



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A Stove Tonic.

Royal Blacklead is pure blacklead. It acts on the iron stove as a tonic, filling up the pores, preserving it from rust and wear, while giving it that polish dear to the housekeeper's heart.

Beware of paste and liquid polishes, as they stain the hands, and are as bad for the stove as for the human beings who inhale their poisonous fumes.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.,
Yarmouth, N. S.

DEAR SIRS,—A journalist, like myself, of over thirty years' standing, often finds amusement in testimonials that occasionally are printed, some of them about as remarkable as that of the mixture which cured the wooden leg. However, a circumstance happened the other day that set me thinking a little in another direction. A member of my family, being a good deal on foot, found it necessary to obtain or do something to get relief for the feet. A friend, who had had relief not only from neuralgia but from "tired feet," suggested your MINARD'S LINIMENT. It gave immediate and great relief.

At a time when no doubt many unworthy preparations are being pushed, I consider it a public benefit to speak a good word for an article found by experience to be really meritorious. You are quite at liberty to use my name, and this testimonial.

Yours very truly,

JOHN CAMERON,
Founder and Publisher of the
London (Ont.) Advertiser.

THE

Toronto Patent Agency

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THE TORONTO PATENT AGENCY,
LIMITED,
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YEARS AGO

We adopted the old-fashioned motto: "Honesty is the best principle." It has proved to be so. People have confidence in our trade marks—they know that goods that bear our sterling mark are $\frac{925}{1000}$ fine. Is it not worth the trouble when investing in sterling silverware to see that this stamp is on it?

Our Patterns Unsurpassed

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.

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A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager for Canada

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Fastest Time Toronto to New York.

The new route between all CANADIAN POINTS and BUFFALO.

DIRECT LINE TO AND FROM

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

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Toronto, all points in Canada and Chicago.

Solid Vestibule Trains through.
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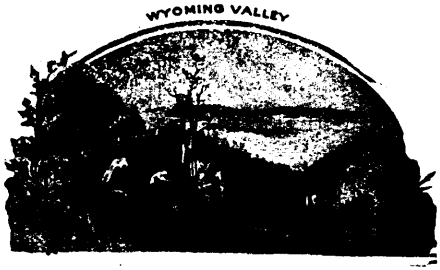
Route of the **BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS.**
Handsomest trains n the world.



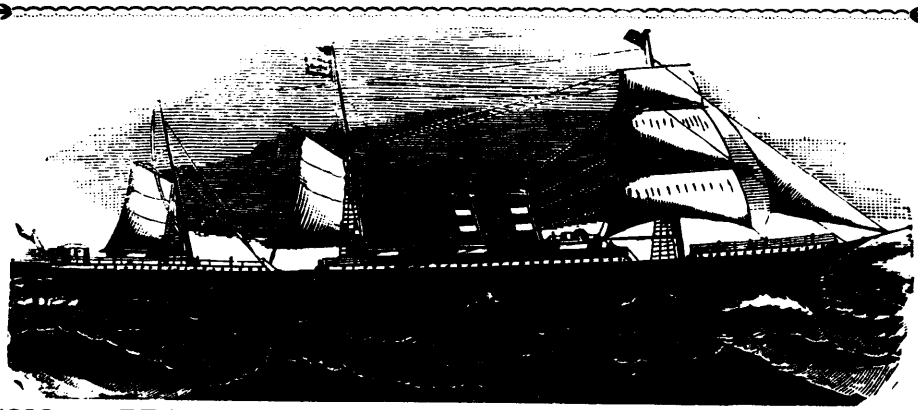
For Tickets, Time of Trains, etc., apply to Agents of Grand Trunk Railway System, or to

R. S. LEWIS,
Canadian Passenger Agent,
33 Yonge St., TORONTO, ONT.

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

CHAS. S. LEE,
General Passenger Agent,
26 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK OFFICES—355 Broadway, 273 Broadway, and 26 Cortlandt Street.
DEPOTS—Foot of West 23rd, Cortlandt or Desbrosses Sts.



1898 PROPOSED SUMMER SAILINGS (Subject to change). **1898**

BEAVER LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

SAILING WEEKLY BETWEEN MONTREAL AND LIVERPOOL. Calling at Rimouski, and Moville, Ireland, each way.

From Liverpool.	STEAMERS.	From Montreal.	From Liverpool.	STEAMERS.	From Montreal.
Sat., July 9	Lake Huron	Wed., Jly 27	Sat., Sep. 10	Lake Winnipeg	Wed., Sep. 28
" " 16	Lake Superior	" Aug. 3	" " 17	Lake Huron	" Oct. 5
" " 23	Gallia	" " 10	" " 24	Lake Superior	" " 12
" " 30	Lake Ontario	" " 17	" Oct. 1	Gallia	" " 19
" Aug. 6	Lake Winnipeg	" " 24	" " 8	Lake Ontario	" " 26
" " 13	Lake Huron	" " 31	" " 15	Lake Winnipeg	" Nov. 2
" " 20	Lake Superior	" Sept. 7	" " 22	Lake Huron	" " 9
" " 27	Gallia	" " 14	" " 29	Lake Superior	" " 16
" Sept. 3	Lake Ontario	" " 21	" Nov. 5	Gallia	" " 23

Steamers sail from Montreal Wednesday Morning, passengers embark the Evening previous after 8 o'clock.
Passengers from Quebec embark Wednesday Afternoon, and must apply to the Agents, G. M. Webster & Co., Dalhousie Street, not later than Wednesday Morning, for the time at which they are to embark.
Passengers from the Lower Provinces embark at Rimouski Thursday Morning, on arrival of Mail train, and those so desiring from Montreal and the West can do so by taking the I. C. R. Mail Train leaving Grand Trunk Depot at 7.05 P.M. Wednesday.

SPECIAL RAIL RATES TO AND FROM ALL POINTS.

D. W. CAMPBELL, General Manager, 18 Hospital St., Montreal. D. & C. McIVER, Tower Buildings, 22 Water St., Liverpool.

LADIES' CLOTH SUITS.

TAILOR MADE READY-TO-WEAR.

1. Serge suit of good quality suiting serge, shrunk, tailor made, jacket lapels silk faced, new flounced skirt with satin ruffles, navy and black, jacket 3-4 silk lined..... $12 50
2. Ladies' tailor made suit, as cut, flounce skirt, trimmed with braid, made of good quality suiting serge, shrunk, jacket 3-4 silk lined, 14 00
3. Close fitting tailor made suit, flounced skirt, suit nicely stitched, jacket 3-4 silk lined, navy and black suiting serge..... 12 50
4. Tailor made suit, melton cloth, piped collar, front, cuffs, and around skirt, navy and black, jacket 3-4 silk lined..... 10 00
5. Tailor made suit of best broadcloth, strapped seams on jacket and on skirt, black, navy, green, fawn and brown, jacket 3-4 silk lined..... 15 00
6. Ladies' suit of navy or black melton cloth, jacket tight fitting, single breasted, skirt trimmed with satin ruffles, jacket 3-4 silk lined..... 11 50
7. Ladies' plain tailor made suit in navy and black melton cloth, neatly finished, jacket 3-4 silk lined..... 8 00

This is a Sample Page from our New Fall and Winter Catalogue. You can have one free of charge by addressing post card exactly as below.

The Robert SIMPSON Co. Limited

Section 34 **TORONTO**

"PROPOSALS INVITED."

He—"I leave here to-morrow. How long shall you remain Miss Grey?"
She—"That depends upon you."—*Judy.*

Pimples and Freckles

ARE THINGS OF THE PAST.....

If your Skin is Sallow, Disfigured by Blackheads, Pimples, Freckles, Moth, Liver Spots, Sunburn, Tan, Eruptions or other Skin Blemishes, in

DR. CAMPBELL'S SAFE ARSENIC COMPLEXION WAFERS

FOULD'S ARSENIC COMPLEXION SOAP
And FOULD'S ARSENALENE CREAM
YOU HAVE A SURE AND CERTAIN REMEDY.

"Pure Blood" dominates that perfection of **Health** which is **Mirrored** on the **Skin,** as the effect of "fertilization" shows upon the sickly tree by the **Brighter Tint** which the leaves take on.

Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers, Fould's Arsenic Complexion Soap and Fould's Arsenalene Cream are the only Real, True Beautifiers in the world.

These peerless beautifiers impart to the skin that delicate, clear and refined appearance so charming to women, marvelous in their action, and perfectly harmless. No lady who values a pink-white skin should fail to try them. **Dr. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Wafers, Fould's Arsenic Complexion Soap** and **Fould's Arsenalene Cream** beautify and preserve, make the skin clear, soft, transparent, and remove **Pimples, Freckles, Moth, Blackheads, Sallow** or **Muddy Skin, Sunburns, Tan** and all other blemishes, whether on the **Face, Neck, Arms** or **Body.** Wafers by mail, 50c. and $1 ; 6 large boxes, $5. Soap by mail, 50c. Cream, 50c. Address **H. B. FOULD, 256 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.** Sold in all first-class drug stores.

Fould's Eyebrow and Eyelash Grower, $1, with Brush. Every package sold under guarantee.
Inspect our line of Imported Perfumes and Toilet Articles.

Save 1/2

Your health is worth protecting, especially in the Bath Tub. The "Duplex" Bath is as sanitary as the most particular doctor in the world could wish it to be, but it costs fifty per cent. less than the ordinary Bath Tub of commerce.

$17 is not much to pay for a handsome Bath Tub that will not chip or crack—that is light but will last a life time—that will keep even a little hot water hot as you want it.

Booklets tell more about it—send for them if your dealer can't show you the tub.

The Toronto Steel-Clad Bath and Metal Co. Limited,
125-127 Queen St. East, Toronto.

The "Duplex" Bath