A ROYAL NUMBER SPECIALLY ILLUSTRATED

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1901.

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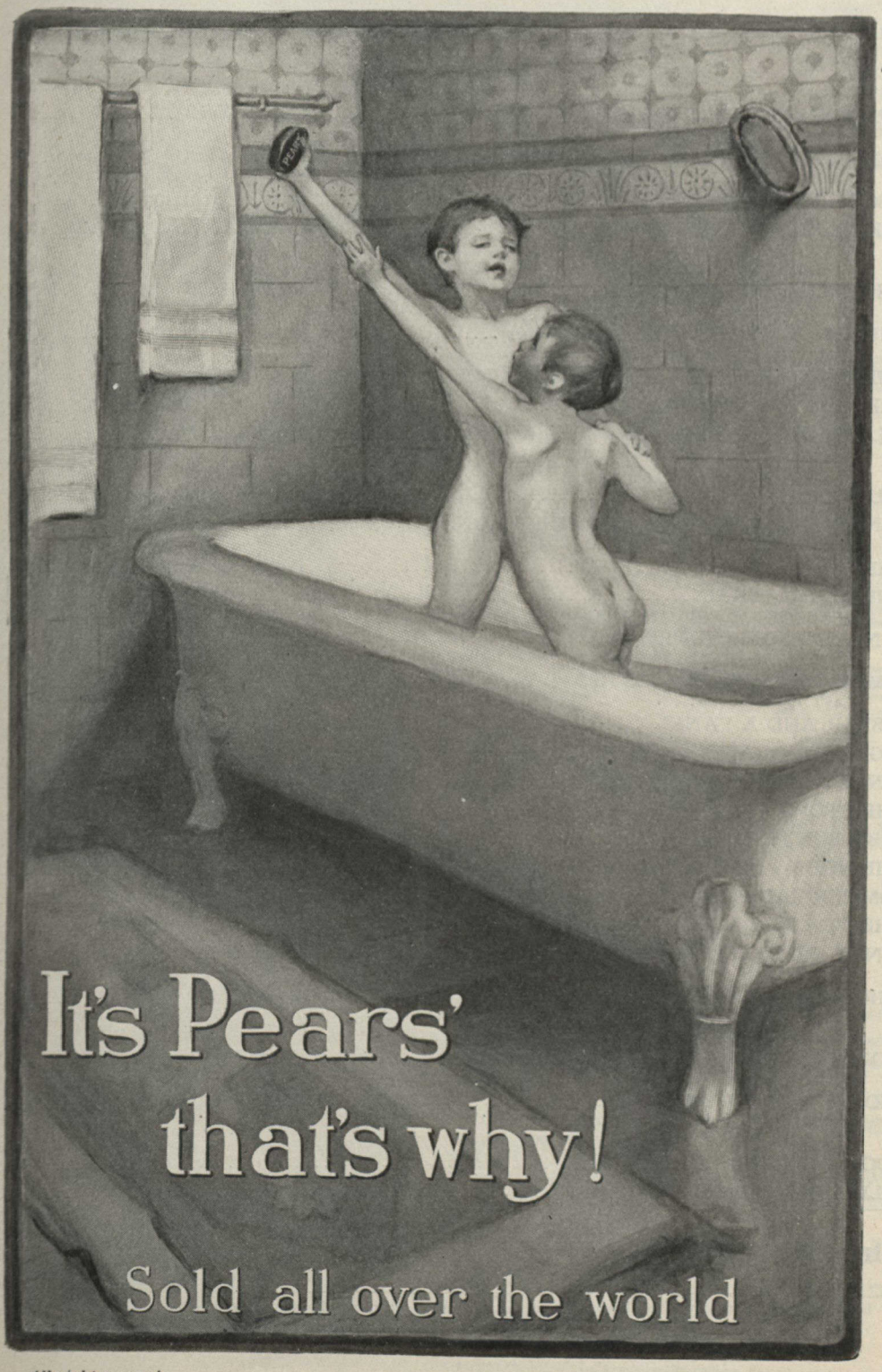

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVII. OCTOBER, 1901. No. 6.

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IT may interest the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE to glance over some of the journalistic comment upon recent issues. The words indicate the appreciation which is rising steadily to meet the excellent work now being done by native writers and artists.

ST. JOHNS, QUE., NEWS:—"Each succeeding issue of this Magazine commends it more and more to the commendation of Canadian readers. It is building its reputation on a substantial foundation. The August number is devoted particularly to sport, travel and fiction. . . . ."

WOODSTOCK, N. B., PRESS:—"Attention has often been called to the real excellence of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and it is pleasant to be able to report that it not only keeps up its good reputation, but it is improving continuously. The July number is very interesting. . . . . ."

VANCOUVER PROVINCE:—"With the number published this month THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE just concludes its one hundredth issue, and its editors and publishers are naturally pleased at the work that has been accomplished. THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is a publication of which all Canadians may be proud. Despite competition and opposition which might have appalled many stout hearts, despite the bitter experiences of others who have attempted to found similar publications, those responsible for the Magazine have stuck to their task and have made it 'go.' That its continued prosperity is assured seems evident . . . . . ."

TORONTO, THE TEACHERS' MONTHLY:—"THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE reached its one hundredth number with the June issue—a notable achievement. And, what is better, it has been steadily attaining to a standard of excellence that ranks it with the best on either side of the sea. Every cultured Canadian home should have THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, not only because it contains good matter and excellent illustrations, but because it breathes the high and hopeful spirit of our new nation, and gives special attention to things Canadian. It is literature of this sort that puts substance into loyalty; for truest loyalty grows from fullest knowledge. The long list of previous Canadian magazines, which have bravely dared, but sadly perished, is pathetic, with a touch of the humorous in it. This CANADIAN MAGAZINE has evidently 'come to stay.'"

MONTREAL GAZETTE:—"THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for June, being the hundredth number, gives us an opportunity of congratulating the management on a most creditable success, due mainly to the untiring efforts of the editor and his assistants to make it worthy of its name. Macte virtute, puer! Among the contributors to the June number are Dr. George Stewart, C. G. D. Roberts, Prof. Horning of Victoria University, Arthur H. U. Colquhoun, M. L. Fairbairn, W. A. Fraser, H. B. Manley, Miss Jean Blewett, Prof. A. B. DeMille, Virna Sheard, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, and other well-known writers. . . . . ."

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER:—"This month THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE celebrates its one hundredth appearance with a specially interesting number, under a pretty new cover in brown and green. . . . . The editor tells of Making One Hundred Magazines, and it may be inferred that the business manager and the public, including the advertisers, have combined to make a publication worthy of support by patriotic Canadians."

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK

PHOTO BY THOMSON, LONDON

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII OCTOBER, 1901 No. 6

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ROYAL VISIT.

By Arthur H. U. Colquhoun.

CANADA is not new ground to the Duke of Cornwall and York. When a lad of eighteen he was midshipman on board a ship attached to the North American station. In 1883, and on subsequent occasions, he visited several of the chief cities of the Dominion, journeying as far west as Niagara. He has not before seen the Great West, which will be to him, as it has been to many others, at once an inspiration and a revelation. Few men of our time, except the most confirmed globe-trotters, have seen so much of the British Empire. Certainly no Prince of a reigning monarchy has had, to anything like the same extent, the education which travel affords.

Other modern Empires have not the world-wide dimensions of ours. Their Princes would waste time in tours to colonial possessions which are either unsettled wastes or military camps. It was once the custom to describe the setting up of self-governing units within this Empire as so many "sucking republics." Time has falsified the apprehension. The rule of Britain is "broad-based upon the people's will." The people desire to see their kings face to face, and to further this object the policy of royal tours has been systematically carried out with excellent results. The tie between Crown and democracy is stronger than in the days of "divine right." Something has replaced the mediæval idea. What that something is cannot easily be defined. The personal element was developed to an extraordinary degree by Queen Victoria. The innate respect for law and authority, which is part of the British character, is another element. Racial pride in the illustrious family which traces its descent back to the Saxon kings cannot be ignored. A feeling thus compounded of different sentiments has produced the modern attachment to the throne, so that the British monarchy has evoked that most subtle and telling influence—the willing allegiance of a free people.

"You British," said an observant Frenchman, "change the form but you leave the substance untouched. You pose in Europe as the most democratic of states; in reality you have the most aristocratic of governments." The explanation is often ignored by the foreign critic: fitness to govern continues to the British aristocracy its unchallenged ascendency in the national councils, and in the same sense the royal house has adapted itself to the new conditions, and created for itself a distinct place in the constitutional system. Its authority is unquestioned. A new nationality sprang into shape in Australia the other day, and the chiefs of state courted the presence of the King's son at the opening of their first Parliament. No country in the world

has advanced so far in democratic and socialistic experiment as Australia, but no hesitation was shown in registering the closest alliance with the Crown. The Australians are doubtless intelligently informed upon the breakdown of republics everywhere. The most distinguished of republics, the only one from which a comparison could be drawn, has lately become an empire.

There was political meaning in the Australian visit which has no parallel in the presence of the royal pair here. The Duke and Duchess are primarily our guests, and it chances that no political significance attaches to any of the state functions which they discharge. But it would be unsafe to predict that the fruits of the visit will, on that account, be less real and less lasting. By ceasing to exercise many of his political functions the British monarch has increased the possibilities of his personal influence. Can we set a limit to that influence? Intangible are many of the most potent factors in modern life. Many working maxims and practices of our government are unrecorded in the constitution. Behind the formal civilities and homage which Canada, as in duty bound, will pay the Royal guests, is the sentiment that will crystallize in the minds of men. This will be passed on from father to son. The tradition of monarchy will be revivified,

H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF CORNWALL AND YORK—ELDEST SON OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK

and if it is found good in the eyes of a practical age, and if its representative proves himself a worthy embodiment of what we expect in a prince, bold is that prophet who will foretell for us the fruits that a generation hence will witness. Familiar in politics is the influence of a strong party leader. Equally striking is the far-reaching power of a king and a king's son. It is hard to analyze these things; the prudent historian records them, leaving to others the task of deciding how far they represent the weakness or the strength of mankind, and whether they are permanent or evanescent factors in national life. But no man questions their existence. All the way down our history, from the time when the wise statesmanship and strong personality of William the Norman played as effective a part in over-throwing Saxon rule as his army, to the time when the virtuous character of George III lent to his policy a popular authority that proved injurious to his Empire, the personality of the monarch has been in evidence. The influence of kingly power and kingly attributes is, in fact, scarcely ever absent. The mistakes, like the triumphs, of kings stand out in bold relief. When Henry sent Prince John to Ireland it was assuredly not intended that the idle profligate should pluck the beards of the Celtic chieftains, as

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK

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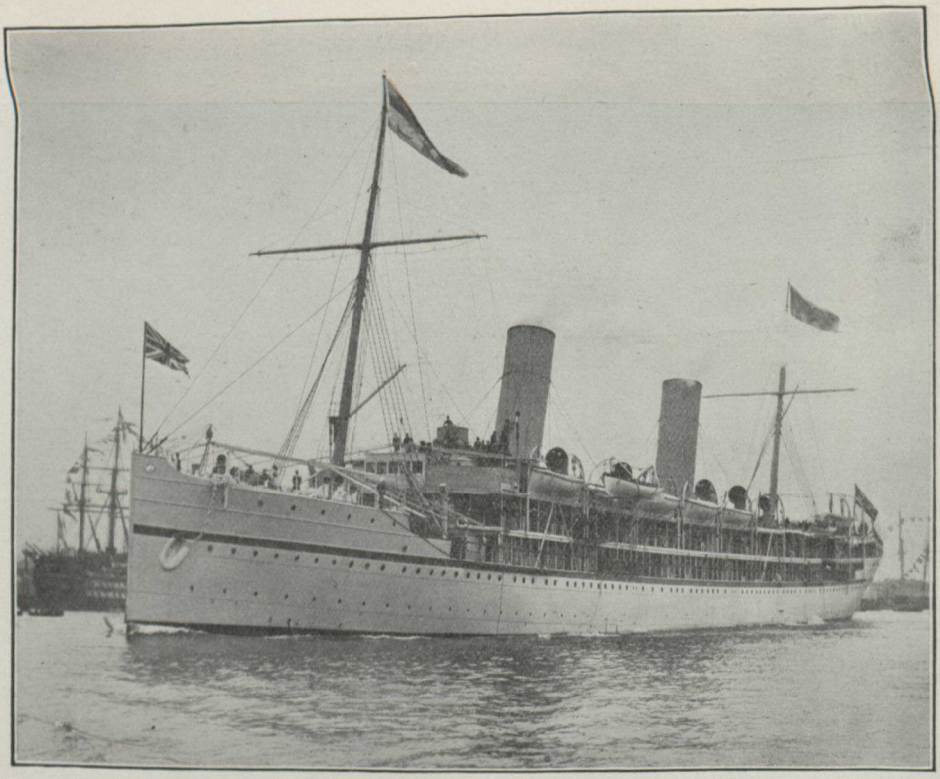


S.S. OPHIR, ON WHICH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK ARE MAKING THEIR COLONIAL TOUR

he did, making enemies instead of friends for his father's cause. So much depends upon the man, so little, after all, upon the circumstances.

There was a Duke of York of whom his brother said: "James, they will never kill me to make you king," and whose subsequent career justified the gibe. But, if we can believe history, this same James, who afterwards threw away three kingdoms, governed himself with wisdom when sent to reside in Scotland and keep court at Holyrood. His dignity and courtesy made an impression so deep upon the nobles and Highland chiefs of the north that for two generations they followed the fortunes of his ill-fated family, at last paying the supreme forfeit of life upon the field of Culloden. The personal attachment of their followers to the Stuarts was one of the most romantic features of their melancholy career.

We cannot doubt that even under the changed conditions of to-day the personal loyalty of high-spirited men survives in every community and with every race having noble traditions and centuries of history behind it. Burke thought that the age of chivalry had gone when the French guillotined Marie Antoinette, but Napoleon soon evoked from the same race a passionate devotion which amazed the philosophers and economists who dreamed of the dawn of a hard commercial era. And the legend is still living in our own time. The opportunity of kingship must always survive until the very nature of man is radically modified.

By drawing closer the ties that now unite the Mother Country and her Colonies, the House of Guelph, therefore, establishes itself on a broader and a firmer basis. There was a time when such a policy would have been watched with a jealous eye. The loss of England's Norman possessions is counted

S.S. OPHIR—THE DRAWING ROOM

as one of the most fortunate strokes in English history because it confined the English kings to their island dominion. The momentary revival of Continental power by the conquests of Henry V is not included in the list of Britain's lasting victories. Edward, as the "Hammer of the Scots," is a more potent name to conjure with amongst English people than the conqueror at Agincourt. The partiality of the first two Georges for their Hanoverian possessions was ever a cause of offence. When Hanover was cut off the nation was pleased. But in modern England the strength of the Crown in India, Australia, Africa and Canada is hailed with satisfaction. The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York to the three greatest colonies has been followed with interest and pleasure by the people of Great Britain. No fear betrays itself that the political development of the Colonies, by sensibly increasing the prestige of the Crown—as it inevitably will do—may revive the latent powers, as it enhances the splendour of the monarchy.

The Duke comes to Canada, therefore, with universal acceptance as the representative of his father, and also in his own capacity to view the dominions which, in the natural course of human events, must one day owe him allegiance. In either case he is sure of a cordial welcome, not merely manufactured by interests which often ally themselves to courtly ceremonial, but a spontaneous heartiness springing, there is every reason for assuming, from the friendly feelings of the mass of the people.

The life of the Prince is an open book to the whole world. His career has been a busy, if not an eventful one. All the qualities he has displayed are such as to arouse in his behalf the kindest sentiments. His connection with the Navy, that branch of the service so gloriously associated with the achievements of the British name,

S.S. OPHIR—THE DINING SALOON

would of itself secure him a warm welcome. His marriage to an English Princess, whose charming domestic life is a reflex of the homes of British people in whatever corner of the world their lot is cast, was not the least of many wise actions attributed by public opinion to the sound judgment of King Edward. The Duke was an affectionate brother, and he is a good son. The four little children, three sons and a daughter, who form the family circle with their parents, exhibit in their happy faces the simplicity of life and training which is the rule in the households of British royalty.

More than thirty years have passed away since the Prince of Wales, then in the first flush and ardour of manhood, came to visit the British Provinces in North America. Political unity and material progress have wrought many changes. Instead of official welcomes from four separated provinces the heir to the Crown now receives one. The west in 1860 was a sealed book. Now it forms half of the Dominion and establishes British power firmly upon the Pacific Ocean. We are all conscious of the vast possibilities of a country so rich and so extensive. The present may disappoint those whose whole minds are taken up with the interests of to-day. But to men who reflect, and most of all to the future Sovereign, the ultimate destiny of Canada is indissolubly linked with the strength of the Empire. The Crown could not lose the second half of the North American continent and regain its place among the nations. There are no new worlds to conquer and to colonize. In 1860 interests the most diverse, and phases of opinion the most distinct united in cordial greeting to the father. In 1901 we shall witness the same unanimity toward the son. The older branch of the Canadian people, those who speak French, have the same reason to display their attachment to their Sovereign as their fathers had before them. The think-

ing French Canadian knows right well what his race and church owe to the magnanimity and justice of the British Crown. A century at least of British history appeals to them, for they are the living evidences of the freedom and liberality its pages record.

Men of every opinion find their way to a free country. In Canada all are not Imperialists, in the strict sense, or even Monarchists as the doctrine is expounded by its advocates. But the best members of the community love order and respect authority. They have not yet discarded as servile the injunction to "Fear God and honour the King." The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York embody legitimate sovereignty, free government, sound principles, and lofty traditions. To all, or to some of these, every Canadian will doff his hat.

A SONG IN OCTOBER.

COME home, Tired Heart, with the closing day,
The swallows depart, and the woods are grey.

And the last gold falls down into the West,
And the night wind calls, Home, Home is best!

You have longed to roam, and you had your way;
Wild Heart, come home with the closing day.

To-night the rime is on the hill,
But your roses climb and await you still.

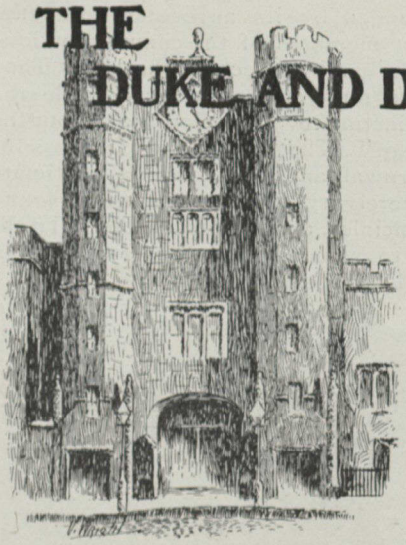
Yes, withered they climb at your window-pane,
And await the time you shall come again.

And about the eaves the wind grows cold,
And whines and grieves that the year is old.

But come, once more, come home to rest,
As the sail to the shore, and the bird to the nest.

Arthur Stringer.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT HOME



By Claude Bryan

AN article on the Duke and Duchess of York at home must necessarily be very short, and to be of any length at all it must wander somewhat from the point; that is to say, up to this time the Duke of York has taken almost no part in British political life.

There have been two reasons for this: first, his youth (albeit this is the country of youthful public men), and second, the large place which his father, as Prince of Wales, has taken in public affairs. Everyone knows that her late Majesty Queen Victoria leaned complacently upon her competent and tactful son, who on his part was so equal to the situation that there seemed no need to enlist the help of the third generation in affairs of State.

Time and recent events, however, have changed all that, and the Royal Colonial tour marks the first large commission that has been entrusted to H. R. H. the Duke of Cornwall and York. How admirably he is achieving that Imperial work everyone knows; and Canadians are soon to take for themselves the measure of the heir-apparent.

This, however, is not the first time the Duke of York has visited Canada. Twenty years ago he and his older brother, the Duke of Clarence, were there as princely midshipmites; and staunch little seamen they were.

The present colonial tour recalls somewhat the royal progresses of old-time monarchs throughout their domains. The difference is largely one of space, for since the world began no empire but ours has occupied so much of the earth's surface or the waters that cover the sea. The Duke of York's commission to these world-encircling dominions is a declaration of visible sovereignty, a pageant-progress that in time to come will enable Britons beyond the seas to say, "With our own eyes we have seen the King."

Standing on the platform of Victoria station the day when the royal travellers left London for their empire tour, I was much impressed by the look of sad anxiety upon the countenance of the King. Amid the flaunting of banners and the *maestoso* music of the bands, the heir-apparent was setting out upon the most magnificent voyage it has been in the heart of man to conceive—yet, in spite of the *éclat*, parental sadness seemed to be the feeling uppermost in the royal mind.

This strong affection between father and son is also evident from circumstances quite apart from that above mentioned. Their London residences, for instance, are side by side—for both Marlborough House and St. James's Palace stand at the Pall Mall entrance to St. James's Park. The country seat of the heir apparent, York Cottage, is situated on his father's estate of Sandringham in Norfolk. To these pleasant retreats two or three generations of the Royal Family withdraw when London is in the doldrums; and for the autumn shooting they fly away together to the moors of Balmoral.

And now to say something of the London residence of the Duke and Duchess of York. Their address is,

Ambassadors' Court, St. James's Palace, a beautiful suite of rooms, so named because it is situated at the palace entrance through which the *Corps Diplomatique*, and others whom the Lord Chamberlain has upon his list, make their way to the State apartments. Ambassadors' Court is reached through a passage just beyond the Chapel Royal. Passing through the Gothic doorway one enters through a vestibule into a spacious waiting-room; the library and dining-rooms are also upon the ground floor. Upstairs are the beautiful drawing-rooms where the Duke and Duchess privately entertain.

This suite of apartments has had some distinguished occupants during the last hundred years. The Duke of Cumberland vacated Ambassadors' Court to sit upon the throne of Hanover; and the Duchess of Cambridge lived here from 1851 till her death in 1889. Then the apartments were allotted to the Duke of Clarence, and they were being put in order under his own supervision at the time of the melancholy death of that Prince in 1892.

It is a singular thing that the Duchess of York (*née* Princess May of Teck) succeeds her own grandmother in the occupation of this suite; and perhaps more singular still is the fact that but for his death she would have lived there as the consort of the Duke of Clarence, to whom she was once betrothed.

PHOTO BY RALPH DERSINGHAM

PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF YORK PRINCE ALBERT OF YORK

PRINCE HENRY OF YORK

St. James's Palace itself is one of the most historic castles of England. Away back beyond the Norman Conquest the site was occupied by an "ancient spittel for mayden lepers." In the sixteenth century this convent still stood alone on the borders of the City of Westminster; and as he looked across the park, Henry VIII was struck with the sylvan beauty of its situation. He forthwith acquired the convent. By extensive rebuilding it was transform-

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK—FROM THEIR MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS, NOW PUBLISHED IN CANADA FOR THE FIRST TIME

ed into a royal palace, and from the year 1532 down to the present time the subscription "Given at our Court of St. James's" has been a legend of authority throughout the length and breadth of Christendom.

Since the Tudor period the green fields of Pall Mall have been transformed into the finest street in all London, and the stately mansions of clubland now surround the ancient palace instead of the cow pastures of the middle ages.

Time has dealt gently with the quaintest of the royal castles, and the grim walls of St. James's are fairly steeped in historic memories. Both brilliant and sombre are its annals, and the ancient clock over "the brick gateway" still ticks out the history of England. Charles the Second, Queen Mary the wife of William the Third, James the Second, Queen Anne, and George the Fourth were born within the palace. In it died that Mary whose reign deluged England with blood. Charles the

YORK COTTAGE AT SANDRINGHAM—THE DUKE OF YORK'S COUNTRY SEAT

First spent the last days of his life a prisoner in St. James's before he was led forth to Whitehall for execution. Here also died Queen Caroline the consort of George the Second. Of the royal marriages which the palace has

ST. JAMES'S PALACE BESIDE MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, FROM PALL MALL. JUST BEYOND THE MIDDLE TOWER IS THE WINDOW OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL, AND FURTHER TO THE RIGHT IS THE ARCHED GATEWAY LEADING INTO AMBASSADORS' COURT

witnessed, the most noteworthy are those of William the Third and Mary, Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and, within everyone's recollection, that of the present Duke and Duchess of York.

A part of its ancient brilliance, however, has now departed from St. James's. Since 1865 the State drawing-rooms have been transferred to Buckingham Palace. During Queen Victoria's reign State *levées* were held at St. James's, most often by the Prince and Princess of Wales acting on behalf of Her Majesty. A few times also this royal duty was deputed to the Duke and Duchess of York. The official life of their Royal Highnesses up to this time, however, has been confined to these infrequent occasions; but when the royal travellers return to England, beyond a doubt they will be distinguished as the Prince and Princess of Wales, thenceforth to undertake more varied and more important duties of State than have hitherto been placed upon their shoulders.

It is also probable that with the King's removal to Buckingham Palace the Duke of York will take up his residence at Marlborough House, the palatial structure which Queen Anne erected for the hero of Malplaquet. In the transfer the heir-apparent will be forsaking the precincts of a royal palace for a mansion unhallowed by the birth, death, and divine right of kings; but behind the high walls of Marlborough Gardens there is a peaceful privacy which is entirely wanting in the thronging palace of St. James's.

PRESENTATION AT COURT

By

Joanna E. Wood

THE question of presentation at the Court of St. James's is of much greater interest to colonial girls now than formerly. Indeed it is of interest to smart society everywhere. The United States mother planning eagerly for the social career of her daughter remembers, perhaps with relief, that all the daughters of the greatest republic are eligible—under favour of their Ambassador—whilst British girls are so by virtue of lineage, or upon their marriage—for wives take the rank of their husbands, high or low, whatever titular rank they may by courtesy retain.

To be eligible for a privilege, however, does not necessarily confer it. The *débutante's* name must be sent in to the Lord Chamberlain's office—the sooner the better, after the drawing-room is announced, for the list is limited to two hundred.

If the invitation (or rather "command to be present") is happily received, the *débutante* gets two cards, of which she must be most careful, as she requires them at the drawing-room. Upon these cards, in certain spaces indicated, must be the *débutante's* name and that of the lady presenting her. On the obverse of each card the *débutante's* address is written, and this should be done with particularity, as in the flattering event of the Lord Chamberlain being "directed by the Queen" to invite the *débutante* to any Court function, the *débutante's* card will be referred to for her address.

These prosaic preliminaries being successfully accomplished, the *débutante* devotes herself to her white gown—her "presentation frock"—which in the imagination of the young English girl outranks the visionary "wedding-gown" in interest. There

are certain stringent rules and regulations about these frocks—so that individuality must be shown in detail rather than in the *ensemble*. There must be a court train (mantle it was once called) depending from one or both shoulders. The train of a court gown is its very special feature, for it gives the gown its *cachet*. It must be specially arranged with regard to the fact that, after the actual presentation is over, upon retiring from the throne room, the train is carried over the left arm ; thus the left corner of the train should be specially adorned with a large and elaborate display of artificial flowers, bunch of feathers, or other effective decoration. Formerly, trains were made exclusively of heavy silk, brocade, or gold and silver damascene, but last year, at the last drawing-rooms held by the late Queen Victoria, there were a number of exquisite trains worn contrived of tulle, chiffon, and other gauzy and perishable materials.

The hair is dressed with three white feathers and a graceful white veil. Formerly, real lace lappets were worn, but these are now the very rare exception.

White shoes, gloves and stockings are absolutely *en règle*, even for those who, having been presented previously, are wearing coloured dresses.

The *débutante's* bouquet is an important accessory of her toilet. It is as elaborate, as simple, as artistic as possible, and the great effort is to achieve distinction. The "shower" bouquets are much the most effective, their long sprays falling into graceful garlands when the "curtsies" are made, lending a poetic grace unattainable by those carrying the "flower-pot" style of bouquet. Flowers form quite a feature in drawing-room preparations. Smart people see that their coachman wears a nosegay of white flowers about five inches long by three broad, and that the footman's left lapel is similarly adorned.

One of the most interesting questions in British social life to-day is whether the "evening" drawing-rooms will be revived or not. It is eagerly hoped that they will be, for artificial light lends infinitely to any scene where jewels play a part—and they play a most important *rôle* at the drawing-room, when each great lady wears her finest gems and each *débutante* disports herself in pearls. In some countries the worth of a woman is reckoned by her anklets of silver and necklaces of cowry shells. We shall hardly say it is thus the English girl is appraised upon her first appearance at court, but—a *débutante's* pearls are always much remarked.

Since the far-off days of her happy gracious youth, when Queen Victoria descended two steps of her throne to meet the aged Lord Rolles, whose faltering steps were embarrassed by his peer's robes, until those later days, when she was too feeble to remain more than a very short time after receiving the *Corps Diplomatique* and the *entrée* people, Queen Victoria had always a charming kindliness at a drawing-room. She had her preferences, one of the most marked being that she liked *débutantes* when they curtsied to look at her, the view of feathers, veil or lappets, however beautifully arranged, not satisfying the gracious sovereign. Moreover, being herself the social law upon such occasions, she did not hesitate to murmur a word of kindliness to any *débutante* who appealed to her in any special way. It is confidently hoped that after the coronation of King Edward VII and Queen Consort Alexandra, there will be a repetition of the splendid court functions which starred the first years of Queen Victoria's wedded life—such balls as the one at which Prince Esterhazy appeared in such a prodigality of jewels that it was said he lost thousands of pounds' worth and never observed it.

Nothing of its kind can be more amusing than the *finesse* of old and experienced London coachmen as they manœuvre for a good place on the "rank" on a drawing-room day.

It is, of course, understood that none but private carriages are allowed to "rank," that is "line up." Some

A DEBUTANTE DRESSED FOR PRESENTATION AT THE BRITISH COURT

few British families who believe in suitably supporting the pomp and circumstance of their great names, still use magnificent state carriages; but these are the too rare exceptions. The utilitarianism of the present vanquishes, even in detail, the picturesque past, and the gorgeous "chariot" is rapidly falling into desuetude. Alas! the decadence of "the times and the manners."

In the time of good Queen Victoria it was very desirable to "rank" as early as possible, for of late years she stayed but a short time, and naturally any "nice" girl—no matter of what nationality—desired specially to do homage to the best queen of modern times, a woman who was the typification of what is best in her sex—the beauty of gentle maidenhood, wifehood, and motherhood.

One feature of a drawing-room day is specially interesting to those born, not with the proverbial silver spoon of wealth, but with the golden bells of the natural jester—that is the wait in the "rank," when one has the full benefit of cockney wit in its choicest expression—the measure heaped up and running over. It is wit which embraces every phraseology from the sporting slang in which a bechecked coster acquaints his 'Arriet with the fact that in his opinion such or such a dowager (indicated by personal description which admits of no doubt as to identity) should be "scratched because she carries too much weight" to the poetic panegyric which describes a blonde *débutante* as a "primrose a-floatin' in yer pot o' beer, *if you loike.*" The London *mot* is nothing if not sophisticated.

The carriages approach Buckingham Palace either from the Mall or Buckingham Palace Road, and "rank" at one o'clock. The Palace gates open at two o'clock. After putting down his ladies the coachman gives a name-card to an attendant at the Lodge, so that upon leaving the Palace the name may be telephoned from the Palace hall to the Lodge (where the footman waits).

In the Palace there is now luckily a room where one may leave her cloak—then comes the hall. From the hall a few steps lead to a long gallery; upon entering the *débutante* gives one of her two precious cards to an official. She then finds herself in the hall-room, and (if among the first) proceeds at once through a little ante-room and a second drawing-room, in each of which there are chairs arranged as if for a concert. One must keep in view the desirability of getting as near the door as possible, so as to get through the barrier as soon as may be and thus avoid the perhaps disastrous effect of crushing upon one's gown.

From the second drawing-room the ladies go in single file, the *débutante* following her *chaperon*, through a room where there are no chairs. Here the trains, which have hitherto been carried, are put down and arranged by two attendants.

The *débutante* now runs the preliminary gauntlet of passing along the roped-off end of the picture gallery, in the body of which the *entrée* people and those who have already passed through the throne-room, stand, observing the newcomers.

At the door of the throne-room the *débutante* presents her other card to an attendant, who hands it to the Lord Chamberlain, who announces the name in a loud voice, together with the name of the lady by whom she is presented.

If the Queen is present the *débutante* will by this time have removed her right-hand glove; this, because when at last before the Queen, she must put her ungloved hand (back uppermost) under Her Majesty's outstretched hand, which she gently touches with her lips.

The Queen only is seated; the Princesses and Princes receiving stand in a row according to their order of precedence.

They all have curtsies accorded to them. After saluting His and Her Majesty you pass to the right. An attendant at the door of the throne-room will have told you how many curtsies are to be made; these you

will accomplish, taking care in curtsying not to *recede* from the line of royalties, for immediately facing them are the ambassadors and gentlemen of the *Corps Diplomatique* in a semi-circle.

When the obligatory curtsies are made the *débutante* must back as gracefully as she may out of the throne-room. An attendant, equipped with a rod, lifts her train and puts it over her left arm; the *débutante* should keep her wits about her, and have her left arm ready to receive the train, as unwary and unfortunate *débutantes* have before now literally received their trains over their beplumed heads.

To American girls presentation at the Court of St. James's is the *accolade* of social distinction in Britain; to a British-born girl it is the official recognition of the beginning of her social career—and to the latter it is something more. When one's mother teaches us lovingly the *nuances* of the curtsy, in which she is to express for the first time her loyalty to her sovereign; when upon her virginal bosom the pearls rise and fall which were stirred by the beating of her mother's heart upon such an occasion; when one stands and bends before the man or woman who represents the flag for which one's nearest and dearest through a long line of pure, unsullied blood have bled and died, then there enters into the formal homage a sense of passionate fealty which raises the pageant far above the level of a mere picturesque ceremony.

After the throne-room the *débutante* may, if she wishes, linger in the picture gallery, playing in her turn the rôle of critic, where so lately she was the criticized. But she will not stay long here, for we will assume that she is giving a drawing-room tea, so very presently she will hear the stentorian announcement, "Lady ———'s carriage stops the way."

The *débutante* now takes one of two courses: she either goes directly from the drawing-room to a fashionable photographer's, or she betakes herself home to her tea, or, mayhap, to the tea of a sister *débutante*. All smart photographers hold their studios in readiness for drawing-room photographs, but of course your *chaperon* (who has a serpent-like wisdom) has made a definite appointment. Many of the best photographers (whose *clichés* rank with "studies in crayon") object to photographing the drawing-room bouquet, knowing that its beautiful blossoms and pendent sprays usually resolve themselves into an undecided blur in the picture.

Drawing-room teas are now recognized as a separate function in fashionable London's life. Friends are always good-naturedly eager to approve the *débutante's* appearance upon this the official inauguration of her social and individual career.

Cards for this afternoon read:

"*From 4:30 to 6:30 P.M.,*
Drawing-Room Tea."

The wily *débutante* and her yet more wily and wise *chaperon* will have endeavoured to entice as many more "trains" as possible to put in an appearance, for, of course, the more "trains" the more brilliant the scene.

The whole duty of the *débutante* at her drawing-room tea is to look as pretty as possible, speak to each guest, and last, but not least, display her court train, her bouquet, feathers and veil, to the best advantage; to some one else are delegated the receiving of the guests, and the hospitable task of seeing that each of them is refreshed.

Cups of tea, and accidents which arrive with ices, are not to be thought of in the same room as drawing-room trains without a shudder; the tea is usually served in a separate room, and the high office of bringing the *débutante* a cup may be fittingly performed by a favoured relative or friend.

It must be remembered that to be "presented" renders one eligible for an invitation to other court festivities, but does *not entitle* one *de faire part.* Therefore, it is wise as soon as a court ball or garden is announced to apply at the Lord Chamberlain's, or to some "friend at court" for the invitation coveted.

The Perils of the Red Box

By Headon Hill

PERIL VI.—THE MORGANATIC BRIDE.

ONE evening in July I had dined early at the Junior Carlton, intending to go on later to the Italian Opera; and finding Anstruther of the War Office in the billiard-room I invited him to a "fifty-up," which would just about pass the time till it would be necessary to start for Covent Garden. But I had hardly finished chalking my cue, when a waiter came and said that I was wanted at the telephone.

As a general rule diplomatic intercourse slackens with the advent of the dog-days, and the political outlook had not indicated that a call to service was at all probable. I was therefore surprised, and in view of the arrangement I had made for the evening, annoyed, when I found that my man, Simmonds, was at the other end of the instrument. An urgent summons had come to my chambers, he informed me, requesting that I would at once repair to the Foreign Office, where I should receive instructions which would entail my leaving London for the Continent by the night mail.

There was nothing for it but to obey, and with many apologies to Anstruther I abandoned the game, and jumping into a hansom was soon closeted with the Under-Secretary of State in Downing Street. The absence of the Prime Minister and the curious smile on the Under-Secretary's expressive countenance rather discounted the idea which I had preconceived as to the importance of the business in hand.

"Come, Melgund, don't look so cross," said my official superior. "I can assure you that we are not sending you off at such short notice without sufficient cause. As a bachelor and man of the world you ought to like your job, for it is neither more nor less than to prevent a wedding."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed, becoming interested. "And is it permitted to inquire whose wedding it is that I am to put a stopper on—though that will probably become apparent when you tell me to whom I am to convey despatches."

"To a man with your knowledge of affairs it may, but I doubt it," said the Under-Secretary, smiling. "Here is the despatch, which by the way is more in the nature of a private letter than an official document. You will see that it is addressed to his Serene Highness, the reigning Duke of Lippe-Steinfurth. Now whose romance are you about to interfere in?"

"In the romance—I might say one of the romances—of the heir-apparent to the Grand Ducal tomfoolery of Lippe-Steinfurth," I answered promptly.

The Under-Secretary had sharp white teeth, which he was fond of showing, and he grinned again. "Correct, so far," he said. "But, my dear Melgund, a man of your attainments knows that it takes two to make a romance. Who is the lady?"

There I was hopelessly nonplussed, and my face must have confessed defeat, for the Under-Secretary went on —"I thought that would stump you. What do you say to Mademoiselle Ilma Fejervary, the opera singer?"

In all good truth I had very little to say, and a good deal to think, for as it happened Mademoiselle Ilma Fejervary was the attraction which but for

this interruption would have taken me to Covent Garden that night. Those who have followed these reminiscences will be aware that, though not a marrying man, I have always had a soft spot in my heart for a pretty woman, and ever since I had been introduced to the brilliant young singer, at a reception a month before, I had been more or less under the spell of her glorious voice and wondrous eyes. I had not spoken with her again, but I had spent many sovereigns on stalls at the opera to hear her sing and watch her face; and it came as a shock to find that her name was matrimonially coupled with that of one of the worst young blackguards in Europe.

For Prince Adolphus of Lippe-Steinfurth had succeeded, as the Americans say, in painting the town red during the season that was now waning. As a distant relative of our own Royalty he might have enjoyed an *entrée* into the most exalted circles, but he had chiefly spent the three months of his stay in London behind the scenes of variety theatres, with the result that he had been the hero of as many scandals. Heir though he was to a royal duchy, he was the last person in the world whom I should have expected to hear mentioned in the same breath with the peerless young queen of song, matrimonially or otherwise. For no taint had ever fallen on Ilma Fejervary's fair fame, and, if my knowledge of women went for anything, her reputation for virtuous refinement did her but simple justice. To me, I say, it was impossible to imagine her as receiving the addresses, however honourable, of the roystering German boor. Yet the communication which the Under-Secretary went on to make seemed to leave the matter beyond all doubt.

"I can see that you are surprised, and no wonder," he said. "Of course, I have only an official knowledge of the affair, but such as it is I am instructed to impart it to you, so that when you deliver the despatch to the Grand Duke of Lippe-Steinfurth you may be able to answer any questions he may put to you. The despatch, as I have already hinted, is really a letter from a very exalted personage indeed, who cannot write as fully as she would wish, and she therefore desires the messenger to be in a position to confidentially supplement the letter. The purport of it is to request the Duke to recall his son to the paternal castle before he degrades himself—save the mark—by contracting a morganatic marriage with Mdlle. Fejervary."

"Degrades himself!" I burst out. "I should have thought that any woman would degrade herself by marrying such a young beast as Prince Adolphus."

"Ah, you are smitten, I see," said the Under-Secretary, with one of his exasperating grins. "Well, my dear Melgund, if it is any consolation to you I may say that the word degrade is only used diplomatically—with a view to not hurting the feelings of the Grand Duke, and getting him to do what we want as quickly as possible. As a matter of fact I may tell you in strict confidence that the writer of the letter, while taking this step ostensibly in the interest of the Lippe-Steinfurths, is really actuated by a wish to save the girl from ending her brilliant public career in private misery. Mdlle. Fejervary has been, as you are aware, a *persona grata* in the royal circle, and they cannot understand her infatuation any more than you and I."

"She is really infatuated, then?" I said incredulously. "My mission is not based on the gossip of the town—gossip which, by the way, has not reached me."

"The fact that it has not reached you, my dear Melgund, should surely be evidence that there is no such gossip," replied the Under-Secretary, firing off what I believe was a hit at my clubable tendencies. "Yes, we have ample proof that the marriage is intended, and with the full consent of the bride. Briefly, this is the position which we want you to confirm for the old Duke's benefit if he asks for particulars. A day or two ago the registrar of marriages for the Western District felt it his duty to report to the Foreign

Office, that he had received the usual statutory notice of a marriage to be performed before him between Prince Adolphus of Lippe-Steinfurth and Mdlle. Ilma Fejervary. Knowing both the contracting parties by repute, and thinking that a marriage before him betokened a desire for secrecy, he very properly gave us the particulars.

"From these it appears that the formal demand for a certificate was made by the lady herself. She came accompanied by an elderly man, whom the registrar understood to be her father, Count Fejervary, late of the Austro-Hungarian cavalry. The count seems at first to have impressed the registrar unfavourably, having a peculiarly forbidding demeanour, though he had cause to modify his opinion almost immediately. For to the last Count Fejervary strove to dissuade his daughter from the marriage upon which she was bent, and even after the formalities had been completed pleaded with her, none too gently, to cancel her signature to the notice. It was only when the fair *prima donna* sharply threatened to stop his allowance that he desisted, thereby forfeiting some of the regard that he had won from the registrar.

"With this pretty kettle of fish brought under his nose of course there was only one thing for my respected chief to do. Lord Selhirst had some private enquiries made, which tended to show that Prince Adolphus had been to supper several times lately at the Fejervarys' rooms, and then he took train to Windsor and craved audience. The result is the letter which you are taking out to Lippe-Steinfurth to-night."

"And which I shall not take anywhere further than my own rooms if I do not hurry," I said. "It is nearly half-past eight now, and it will take me all my time to catch the nine o'clock boat-express from Charing Cross. You may rely on my doing my level best, as always on a matter of duty, Cursitor, though this is something more. I would lose a hand to stop this iniquitous marriage."

"If you feel like that wouldn't it be better to win the lady's hand yourself?" said the Under-Secretary with one of his superior smiles.

I wanted no chaff from him, as I could not quite answer it on an equal footing, and taking the letter I hastily quitted the room. From the Foreign Office to the Albany is not a far cry, but in calculating my time I had forgotten that I was in evening dress and should have to change into travelling clothes before I could start for the station. My man was expecting me and did all in his power, but by the time the letter had been locked up in the red box and I had made the necessary alteration in my dress, I knew that I was cutting it very fine. When my cab turned into the station-yard the hands of the clock were pointing to a minute past the hour, and as I leapt out at the steps the head-porter came forward with a shake of his head.

"Missed her, sir, by thirty seconds," he said. "She's just gone out. If you'd let us know as usual we'd have kept her."

When one has lost a train one's first instinct is to revile the cabman and make insulting remarks about his horse, and having done this to my satisfaction, I set myself to face the exigencies of the situation. I soon saw that, short of engaging a special train and a special boat, which I had no authority to do, there was nothing for it but to postpone my journey till the next morning.

To say that I was annoyed would be to put it mildly. I was not only deeply grieved, but much concerned lest the twelve hours' delay should make all the difference between success and failure to the purpose of my errand. The day's notice necessary for marriage by licence before a registrar had already expired, and the ceremony might take place at any time. My only hope lay in the fact that Mdlle. Fejervary was in the bill at the opera for the next night but one, which was a Saturday. That was announced as her last appearance for the

season, and it was not probable, I told myself, that an artiste so favoured by the public would disappoint her patrons by breaking her engagement. Registrars' offices are not open on Sundays, and Monday was, therefore, the earliest day on which the marriage was likely to take place. In which case, by a great effort, I might still reach Lippe-Steinfurth in time to place the Grand Duke in a position to take effectual action against the marriage.

Deriving what consolation I could from figuring the business out this way, I drove back to my rooms and found my man not at all surprised at my return. Simmonds knows my habits, and when he had locked the red box with its august contents into my safe he pointed significantly to the dress-clothes, which he had been brushing during my brief absence.

"No need to be putting them away now, sir?" he said. "Your honour will be going out again now for the rest of the evening, I expect?"

I had been so busy brooding over my failure to catch the train that I had as yet given my own plans no thought. But the sight of the dress-clothes recalled to my mind my previous intention to go to the opera; and feeling that it would be unbearable to remain in my rooms alone, and equally so to be bored with the petty babble of the club, I saw no reason why I should not use my stall-ticket at Covent Garden after all. I should be very late certainly, but there was nothing that I could do that night towards furthering the service on which I was debarred from starting till the morrow, and what better send-off could I have than the music of Ilma Fejervary's noble voice. At any time there was inspiration for me in those swelling tones, and if the purpose of my journey failed, it might be the last time I should hear them. The idea took hold of me and possessed me. My journey shall *not* fail of its object, and Ilma, herself unconscious, should speed me on my way.

"Yes, Simmonds," I said. "Help me into those things again, and call another cab. I shall not be late, but," I added as an afterthought, "you need not wait up for me."

When I arrived at the theatre the third act of *Don Giovanni* was nearing its close, and Ilma, who was the Zerlina, was singing with the Leporello. From the moment of my entrance I noticed a change in her—a change so subtle that any ordinary observer would have failed to discern it. Her voice was as full and rich as ever, her beauty was undimmed, and her singing disclosed no fault to the keenest critic. It was rather in her acting that I, who had studied her every graceful movement for weeks past, found, or thought that I had found, less freedom and less spontaneous intuition of her part than of old. If it had been any other artiste I should have been tempted to apply the term "mechanical" to the more dramatic side of her performance.

And then as I settled into my seat I began to be aware that her eyes wandered often from those of her stage companion to a box in the grand-tier, and I raised my glass to more narrowly scan the occupants. The jealous thrill which had run through me as I turned to follow the direction of her glance was not belied. There sat Prince Adolphus of Lippe-Steinfurth. His handsome, dissipated face thrust forward for a better view of the stage, while now and again he would turn and address a remark to a man who stood in the shadow of the curtain behind him. The features of this individual I could not at first make out, but presently he stepped into the fuller light, and from the familiarity with which he occasionally allowed his hand to rest on the prince's shoulder, I guessed him to be the Count Fejervary who had accompanied Ilma to the registrar's office.

His appearance was certainly peculiar, and in it I could detect no resemblance which would have led a stranger to suppose that he was Ilma's father. His lithe, erect form, and well-squared chest, tended to confirm the description he had given of himself as "late of the Austro-Hungarian caval-

ry"; indeed there was a supple motion in his limbs which to my trained eye suggested the good swordsman. But of Ilma Fejervary's fair young face not the faintest hint could I trace in the extraordinary countenance that seemed to be playing a sort of "bo-peep"—now dodging forward, now darting back—from behind the curtains of the box. And all the time he kept talking to the prince and patting him on the shoulder. Watching keenly I noticed that his hand was always thus busied when Ilma's gaze wandered that way.

The man's countenance was more than extraordinary, it was simply devilish. He had coal-black eyebrows, moustache, and goatee-beard, but his hair, worn brushed back from the forehead as Henri Rochefort wears his, was snow-white. The head, too, was curiously shaped, protuberant at the temples, but tapering to a diminutive jowl and chin. And the eyes of the man! They seemed to burn with the steady radiance of an electric searchlight, and always with one object for their focus—the beautiful woman singing on the stage. There was no admiration, no paternal pride or fondness in the dull glare of those smouldering orbs; the unwavering gaze was rather that of a snake that is bent on fascinating its prey, and for that reason my jealous pangs lost something of their poignancy. It seemed possible that Ilma's frequent glances to the box were not for the prince, but were the result of magnetic attraction exercised by her father.

I was confirmed in this view by Count Fejervary's demeanour when Ilma was not upon the stage. At such times his eyes lost their fixed stare, and altering his position he ceased his strange fondling of the prince's shoulder. The conversation of the two men in the box became more disjointed and natural, and the elder yawned occasionally, as though temporarily relieved from some state of tension. But the moment Ilma swept on to the stage again he would resume his old position, and his hand would recommence its paternal caresses of the princely broadcloth, while his gaze would once more fix itself rigidly on the *prima donna's* face.

So engrossed was I in watching the occupants of the box that I paid little heed to the opera, and the fall of the curtain on the final scene took me by surprise. It also brought home to me the fact that unless my delayed journey of the morrow were crowned with success, the next time I saw Ilma she would be a married woman—married, so my instincts told me, by some piece of jugglery that for the present I could not understand, to a semi-royal boor, for whom it would be an insult to her to believe that she could feel the slightest affection. And those men up in the box now helping each other on with their overcoats, I felt that there was a mystery about them that I was in a fair way to divine if only I were given further opportunity.

As I rose from my seat a sudden impulse seized me to gain this opportunity by, as the police say, keeping observation on Prince Adolphus and his companion when they left the theatre. At any rate that would be better than dropping in at the club or going tamely home to bed, and there were ten good hours at my disposal before I should have to be in the train for Dover. Was it not possible that in that interval I might fortify myself with information which should enable me to enlighten the Grand Duke of Lippe-Steinfurth with something more startling than the dry outlines of my official message? And still more, was it not possible that if I dogged the steps of these two men I might, before I left London, be led into Ilma's gracious presence again?

The latter contingency decided me, and quickly procuring my Inverness cape from the cloak-room, I hurried into the crowded vestibule. I had not been there a minute when I saw the prince and the count in the midst of the crush descending the staircase. To my great satisfaction, instead of waiting for a carriage, which would have made it extremely difficult for me to follow them, they left the theatre on

foot, and so gave me the chance to slip out in their wake. As I had more than half expected, they only went slowly round the corner to the private door used by the chief professionals, and disappeared within.

I walked quickly by the doorway, looking in as I passed, and saw the pair standing at a glass sentry-box in conversation with the janitor. I went on to the end of the building, turned, and came back again ; but as I glanced into the doorway this time a change had taken place in the position of the men. The prince was still talking unconcernedly to the doorkeeper, but Count Fejervary had left them, and was standing in the entrance, looking out into the street. Brief second though it was that I took to pass the door, his eyes ablaze with that wonderful latent fire, met mine, and seemed to pierce my brain with red-hot gimlets. I swerved like a frightened colt, and staggered towards the curb. Directly I had gone by I recovered from the strange shock, and proceeded at my former pace along the pavement, much annoyed with myself. Was I, who had many times looked into men's eyes with the light of battle in them as my red sword went home, to be startled by a glance from a foreign count lurking in a theatre doorway? Not much. Fighting Joe Melgund's nerves had not come to that pass yet.

And yet, when I had gone on fifty yards, and the question arose whether to turn and pass the door a third time, to be quite frank with my readers I hesitated. There were several good reasons why I should not do so, and I confess that in considering them I took longer than was absolutely necessary. At this distance of time I do not mind saying that if the choice had been put to me to walk up to a battery of quick-firing nine-pounders or to face those fiendish eyes again, I should have chosen the nine-pounders. Fortunately for my self-respect the question was decided for me by a brougham which was driven rapidly round the corner to the private door. At the same time the Count and Prince Adolphus appeared, escorting Ilma to the carriage. If I was to follow the party the situation could only be saved by prompt action on my part, aided by luck, and the latter was forthcoming in the shape of a crawling hansom that came round the opposite corner at that moment. I supplied the promptness by engaging the cabman, and instructing him to follow the brougham wherever it went.

I very soon guessed by the direction taken by the cab the brougham was bound for Victoria Street, Westminster, where I had long since learned that Ilma occupied a flat. Sitting forward in the cab, so as not to lose sight of the chase as it threaded its way through the traffic, I hastily threw together the rough germs of a plan. From what I had seen in the theatre, and from the sensations I had experienced outside, I had come to the conclusion that the count possessed some kind of mesmeric influence which he was practising on Ilma for his own purposes. It struck me that if I could remove her from that influence, explain to her the nature of it, and substitute another stronger, or as strong, I might break the chain which I felt certain bound her against her will. At all hazards I determined to follow the party into the flat.

This proved easier than I anticipated. As soon as the brougham stopped before the main entrance of the huge mansions I left the cab and advanced cautiously on foot, noting that, whereas Prince Adolphus handed Ilma out and led her straight into the building, Count Fejervary loitered for half a minute on the pavement, glancing suspiciously about him, as though apprehensive of having been followed. But I managed to conceal myself by darting into an entry, and he soon went up the steps after the others. When I reached the door of the mansions the hall was empty save for the porter in his box; but the lift was running, and it was evident that all three were ascending to the floor on which Ilma's flat was situated.

Not wishing to appear to the hall-

porter to be a total stranger, I refrained from asking him the way to Mdlle. Fejervary's rooms; and having reason for doing so in the fact that the lift was in use, made my way quickly to the first floor by the stairs. It was nearly certain that I should have to go no higher to find the apartments of an artiste of Ilma's celebrity, and when I arrived on the landing all doubt as to this was set at rest. Some way down a corridor Ilma, the prince and the count were stepping from the lift, and the luck being on my side, turned, without any of them looking to the stair-head, towards the door of a suite a little further down the passage.

Descending a few stairs I waited, peering through the banisters with my head on a level with the landing floor, so that I could watch them with the least risk of discovery. Advancing to the door of the suite Ilma unlocked it with a latch-key and motioned to the two men to enter. Then she followed them in, and to my joy, whether intentionally or not, pushed the door to so feebly that the latch did not "bite."

In an instant I gained the landing, and running, thanks to my dress-shoes, noiselessly along the corridor, paused for a moment at the door to listen. I heard voices, but so faintly as to suggest that no one was in the hall of the flat. So, bracing myself for any emergency, I pushed the door open and slipped in.

The hall in which I found myself was about fourteen feet square, and was separated by a curtained archway from an inner passage on either side of which were the rooms of the flat. Those nearest the entrance would, as usual in such places, be the reception-rooms, while beyond would be the bedrooms and offices. I had not been ten seconds in the hall before I was confirmed in this view by hearing voices quite plainly in an apartment on the left, the door of which was only just the other side of the archway.

"I hope she won't be long changing her clothes, count. I am uncommonly hungry, and that supper-table looks tempting," came in a man's tones.

"She will return, my prince, almost immediately, for so I willed it," was the reply. There was a sound of a yawn, and then the prince spoke again —as before in German.

"All goes well?" he said. "You are sure of bringing her to the scratch to-morrow?"

"I would stake my reputation—nay, my life upon it," replied the count. "Have I not convinced your Highness of my powers by what I have already done? There is only one thing that could prevent you from making Ilma Fejervary your bride to-morrow, and I shall take good care that the contingency does not arise."

"And that?" said the prince.

"Her removal beyond the sphere of my influence," returned the other. "As you know, it is only by sticking so close to her during the last fortnight, and never allowing her when awake to be more than an hour out of range of my eyes that I have kept her under control. She is not a very good subject for hypnotic suggestion, and would soon kick over the traces if I gave her the chance. I shall not be sorry when to-morrow's ceremony at the registrar's finishes my responsibility in the matter. And, prince, I do not envy you when the effect of my influence has passed away from her."

"That is my affair, and I doubt not that I shall be able to tame her," said the hope of the Lippe-Steinfurths brutally.

After this there was a pause in their vile talk, and I set myself to master the new situation revealed by it. Two paramount facts stood out beyond all others. In the first place, my journey to Lippe-Steinfurth would have been abortive, even if I had caught that night's boat; as, contrary to all calculations, the marriage was to take place on the morrow; in the second, Ilma's consent had been gained by unlawful means to a horrid union which she would loathe almost from the moment of its inception. The count had pointed out the only remedy, and, unless I could apply it in the next few hours, an outrage unparalleled and yet

impossible of proof would have been perpetrated. For who would believe Ilma's story that she was forced to wed the prince, when the registrar would prove that she had not only given notice of the marriage herself, but had overruled the count's sham opposition. How was she to show that she had done all this in a waking trance induced by that scoundrel with the ugly eyes?

"Yah. I wish she would come," yawned the prince in the dining-room. "I am desperately hungry and thirsty."

"Your Highness must recollect that she has to do without the service of her maid," the count replied. "It has been a little inconvenient, but it has been wiser to send the servants to bed early on these occasions."

The information thus conveyed was useful, for it told me that there was no one about but the two wretches in the dining-room and Ilma herself. I began to examine my surroundings more closely, and could derive but little comfort from them. There was the life-size figure of a knight in armour behind which I could hide and listen to what was said in the supper-room with but little fear of discovery, but eavesdropping, even in such a cause, was not much to my liking, nor could I see how it was to further my purpose of separating Ilma from the influence of the count's eyes. However, concealment in the event of any one coming out into the hall was something, and I slipped behind the mailed figure.

I had hardly done so when the rustle of silk beyond the curtain signified that Ilma was coming down the passage from her room to join the two men. For a moment I feared that she would shut the door of the dining-room and that I should hear no more; but her first words on entering reassured me.

"It is so hot," she said, "and the outer door of the flat is shut. I will leave this one open."

I heard them gather round the table, and as the meal progressed it made my blood boil to listen to the fulsome compliments which the prince showered on his hostess. It galled me, too, that she should accept them without resentment, couched in such florid terms; though there was a crumb of comfort in the entire absence of warmth in the tones in which she answered him. The *words* were complacent enough, but her voice betokened a cold carelessness, the discrepancy being accounted for doubtless by her speaking words put into her mouth by the black art of the count.

The figure of the knight in armour, behind which I stood, formed the pedestal of the electric lamp lighting the hall, the arc being set in the crest of the helmet. After awhile, the tension of my mind being relieved by a pause in the conversation, I found that my eyes had been unconsciously dwelling on the wire that ran up the back of the figure to the arc, and suddenly my unseeing gaze crystallized into an inspiration. If I could only trace this branch wire to the main one, and cut the latter with the nippers in my sportsman's knife, I should throw the installation out of gear and plunge the flat into darkness. In the confusion that would ensue anything might happen, and anything would be better than inaction. Darkness, too, would mean the extinction, or at any rate the weakening, of the power of the count's eyes over Ilma.

At the outset I was confounded by seeing that the wire ran down into the floor, which suggested that to get at the main it would he necessary to raise a plank. Even had I possessed tools that would have been impossible without disturbing those in the dining-room, and without tools it was impossible altogether. But I chanced to look upwards, and there, sure enough, was the main wire running along the cornice about a foot below the ceiling. I knew that it "fed" the arc in the mailed figure, and also those in the inner rooms, because a branch from it led down an angle of the hall into the floor, and the main portion went on into the central corridor through the curtained archway.

By standing on a chair I saw that I

could reach the wire, and I took out my knife and opened the nippers. Then, stealing from behind the knight, I mounted the chair and raised my hand—only to pause irresolute. What on earth was I going to do when the lights went out !

"And so, my Ilma, this is the last night for cold farewells ; I look forward to the rising of to-morrow's sun, which is to shine upon the happiest of men," came the voice of Prince Adolphus from the supper-room.

That gave me nerve. I wanted to hear no more mechanical replies, inspired by the white-headed rascal who, I felt sure, was working his wicked eyes on his victim. I raised my hand again and clipped the wire. In an instant all was darkness, and from the room beyond the curtain came the sound of exclamations and the shuffling of chairs. A moment later and the count and the prince hurried past me and out of the flat to get some one to find and remedy the failure of the electric light, and I—well I went on into the dining-room.

. . . . . .

"*Wouldn't it be better to win the lady's hand yourself*"? The chaffing words of the Under-Secretary recurred to me as I sat opposite to Ilma Fejervary in my chambers in the Albany. After persuading her to leave the mansions with me by another exit I had taken her to my own rooms, as the only place where she would be safe from her father's influence. And now that for two short hours she had been free from the bidding of those baleful eyes she had just told me that he was not her father at all. The "Count" was no more, no less, than a professional hypnotist whom Prince Adolphus of Lippe-Steinfurth had hired for his purpose. He had appeared on the scene a fortnight before, and since then Ilma, brought to believe by his mesmeric skill that he was her father, had not been her own mistress. To a great extent her memory was a blank as to the events of the last fourteen days, but by the aid of my explanation and her own restored faculties, we were able to piece together the links of the vile plot, which was to make her the unwilling bride of a man whom she had previously, it appeared, repulsed with scorn.

I will not weary the reader with the details of my brief wooing, but those who have followed my former narratives will smile, perhaps, when they hear that at first my tongue halted and my knees shook over a simple bit of love-making. It made all the difference, I suppose, that my other adventures had been but flitting episodes, whereas nothing would satisfy me but that at the end of this one I should surrender myself a willing victim on the altar of matrimony. But however great a fool I made of myself over the job I could not have bungled it very badly. In a day or two it was all over the town that Joe Melgund had been laid by the heels at last, having been "caught"—mark that word, please—by Mdlle. Fejervary of the Italian Opera.

And a very good catch it has been for me, too, although as an Irishman I may be allowed to perpetrate the bull that that last journey which I failed to take with the red box was the last I ever took with it.

"After this you are impossible as a Queen's Messenger, Melgund, and had better resign," the Under-Secretary said at our next interview. "We like red tape at the Foreign Office, and you ought to have gone to Lippe-Steinfurth."

THE END.

THE GAME LAWS OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

By A. C. Shaw.

THE game laws of Ontario, as enforced, are certainly better than no laws at all. Perhaps it is just as easy to damn them with faint praise as to go through the performance in the ordinary way. The laws themselves are not perfect, but after changing them nearly every year for a quarter of a century the Legislature has succeeded in improving them somewhat. After a few more changes are made and the laws enforced, we may hope for more tangible results in the future.

No matter how good a law may be, if its observance is not supported by the community at large it is an exceedingly difficult matter to properly enforce it.

The laws are not being thoroughly enforced, partly through the indifference of the public, partly through want of proper machinery and enough funds, and partly because of the absurdity of some of the provisions introduced into the laws themselves, which it was practically impossible to enforce. For example, it was forbidden to kill deer in the water although dogs could be used to "run" them. The absurdity of this provision became apparent after one season's trial and it was struck out.

The Legislature passes these game laws, but with all respect to that body it is safe to say that nine-tenths of the members from their own knowledge and experience know nothing about hunting game. The commissioners, of course, can report and advise, but upon the question of deer-hunting alone it is understood that there is not more than one of them, if there is one, who can speak from practical experience. Some of the wardens, particularly the one for the Eastern District, know something of deer and deer-hunting, but they do not make the laws and are handicapped for want of funds and proper deputies. As to other game the commissioners are no doubt posted, but deer are probably the most important game, and their habits the least understood.

Neither the man who hunts for sport, the sportsman, nor the man who hunts for meat, the pot-hunter, nor the settler, who may be one or the other or a little of both, wants the open season at the same time of the year. The sportsman, with some exceptions, wants hunting to begin earlier. The others prefer it later when with snow on the ground they can track the deer with ease. The settlers too, as a rule, do not want outside sportsmen upon the hunting grounds. The sportsmen are scattered over the land, while in every deer-hunting county the settlers are consolidated and their influence and misleading representations brought to bear upon those very members who are looked to as authorities upon the subject of deer. Whether this is correct or not the fact remains that the open season for deer is a month later than it used to be and than it should be. The bucks in November are "running," and it does not need a medical man to point out that many barren does will be the result of vigorous hunting at that time. Game should be protected when it is mating. If the hunter must have the game protected until he can go out for meat, then make the season later still and there won't be any need of that cold storage for game for which the Act so carefully provides. If a man goes for sport he can usually preserve his two deer even in October. Although the early part of November, 1900, was very mild, and for that reason it was thought by some that the season should be still later, yet deer killed in the early part of that season, properly hung up, but treated with no special care, came out of the woods in good condition.

The open season has been shortened with the laudable intention of better protecting the game, but with the result that all the sportsmen are in the woods at once. Few take an outing of more than a couple of weeks, and many kill their legal number in a shorter time. Spread the open season over a month and some hunters will go at one time and some at another. With every lake watched, as is practically the case now, and the runways alive with men, a deer hunted by one party of hunters and escaping them, frequently falls into the hands of another party. The deer's chances of escape are greatly lessened, and consequently the shortening of the season is having the opposite effect to that which was intended. In Quebec the open season for deer, except in Ottawa and Pontiac counties, extends from 1st Sept. to 1st Jan., and from the 1st Oct. to 1st Jan. in these counties. This is going to the other extreme, and certainly in this, as in several other respects, the Ontario laws are more stringent and better than those of Quebec.

Notwithstanding much that has been said and written, the use of hounds in hunting deer is lawful both in Ontario and for a part of the open season in Quebec. The settlers do not want dogs used. They want the game themselves. It is said that the use of dogs is unsportsmanlike. True, deer can be overtaken and killed more readily when in the water than on the land. No doubt, also, deer have been killed from a boat at very close range. But put a green hunter on a lake to watch for deer, and the odds are he loses five out of six. It requires both skill and work to kill a deer after it has been "watered," though there are undoubtedly cases where neither much skill nor much work is required. If the object of the game laws is to protect the game and still give sportsmen a chance to hunt, then dogs should be allowed. If dogs are not allowed to be used, fewer deer will be killed. If "still hunting" is stopped, fewer still will die. If all hunting is stopped, the deer will be still better protected. Protection, however, does not mean that hunting shall be stopped entirely.

By a man of endurance and moderate skill, with a knowledge of the country, more deer can be killed in a week than most parties of hunters with dogs can kill in two. One party of five in 1900, in Ontario killed eight deer, four of them in the water, three by still hunting after four hours of hunting, and one on a runway. As many deer were killed by "still hunting" in four hours as were killed in the water in six days. Experiences of this kind are common, yet few people from the towns and cities can be successful still hunters. The effect then of doing away with dogs would be to throw most of the hunting into the hands of pot-hunters and those living in the immediate vicinity of the hunting grounds, while less efficient supervision could be exercised. The proportion of wounded deer getting away is infinitely greater when the game is "still hunted" than when run to water. Killing in the water is by all odds the most merciful mode. Sportsmen in Europe are still sportsmen after a battue where hundreds of half-tame birds are killed. Owing to misapprehension and want of knowledge many intelligent people imagine that a deer run to water has no chance for its life. The contrary is the case. Of six deer run by dogs it is safe to say that from four to five will escape scot free, at any rate from the party using the dogs. Of course, as has already been pointed out, if the woods are crowded with men, owing to a short open season, then another party miles distant may bring the game to bay.

A law may be as stringent as you like, but if it is not supported by public sentiment its proper enforcement is almost impossible. Time will educate the people in this respect, and already there are signs of improvement. Some day, no doubt, offenders against the game laws will be classed with the English poacher.

A rigid, uncompromising course would soon open people's eyes. The game laws are undoubtedly continually

broken and the people living in the vicinity of the game, if they do not aid and abet, at least are well aware of what is going on.

The game wardens appear to be active in following up cases which come to their notice, but the deputy game wardens, as a class, are comparatively useless—they are worse than useless in many cases, for many of them are offenders themselves.

It is, in fact, difficult to get men to act in earnest as deputies, and to bear the odium of informing upon their neighbours. They get nothing in default of a conviction, and except in a sure case can hardly be expected to risk being saddled with costs by instituting proceedings.

A few men accustomed to the woods should be paid by salary, the deputy wardens weeded out, and the poor ones replaced by men, who, if they would not take the initiative, at least could be of great service to the salaried deputies. The latter could cover much ground and by keeping in touch with the unsalaried deputies, the game clubs, and sportsmen generally they ought to improve matters very much. As it is now, the deer are hunted throughout the summer and after the open season closes. With snow on the ground, and a stiff breeze blowing, the still hunter is at his best.

The ducks, too, are banged at a month before the season opens. The partridge, somewhat protected by the leaves, runs a better chance from the small boy going for the cows, as it is a bit too soon to shoot for the underground market, through which many of these fine birds find their way to the tables of the wealthy.

It is amusing to notice that in the Ontario Act hunting or killing deer by what is known as "crusting," or while they are "yarding," is declared to be unlawful. It is unlawful to kill deer except between the first and fifteenth of November. Whoever heard of "crusting" being possible during this period, and what did the framer of this section know about the habits of deer, when "yarding" in the first half of November is gravely referred to? If the deer "yard" then, why have the open season at that time? Quebec has a similar statute, but there is some sense in it, as the season there extends to 1st January. In Quebec there are two zones or districts with some difference as to the length of the season in each. In Ontario the Western and Eastern sportsmen differ upon many essential points, and the feasibility of creating two zones might well be taken into consideration. They differ on the deer and duck question. Hares are protected, and this is probably advisable so far as the West is concerned. In the East no attention is paid to the law at all and few people seem to care whether they are protected or not. They are little hunted.

The Quebec laws are too lax. Three deer are allowed per man and three more on a special permit and the payment of a fee of $5.00. The two allowed to each man in Ontario are enough. The excessive length of the open season for deer in Quebec has already been alluded to. Spring duck shooting, a very questionable practice, is sanctioned. Then, too, a club of five or more can get a lease for a comparatively nominal sum of a large tract of land for shooting over. It may work in Quebec, but would not be tolerated in Ontario. There are, it is true, several preserves in Ontario, but a comparatively indiscriminate leasing of the shooting rights has not been, and presumably will not be, seriously thought of.

Although not strictly within the scope of this article, mention may be made of the absurd, unfair, and unreasonable practice in Ontario of issuing fishing licenses to persons to catch bull pouts or cat-fish and ling, upon the theory that these being predatory fish they should be destroyed. The simple effect of these leases is to lend cover to the indiscriminate capture of large numbers of game fish which are shipped to the most convenient market.

There are a number of other minor points in connection with the game laws which have not been alluded to. Every-

one who knows anything about the matter at all, and many who know practically nothing, have opinions which vary according to locality.

The open seasons in Ontario for the different game birds are reasonable. Snipe, woodcock, quail and partridge cannot be bought or sold before 1905, but it would be a sensible move to prohibit the sale of these birds altogether. Notwithstanding such prohibition great numbers are still bought and sold, and will be so long as they are good to eat.

Although the Government in Ontario in recent years seems to have awakened to the importance of enforcing the game laws, yet both eyes are not fairly open, and certainly the pockets are closed. It seems that practically all that is spent is the revenue derived from the sportsmen themselves as license fees. The outside sportsmen too are the men who pay the greater portion at the rate of $2.00 per head for a deer license, while the man on the hunting ground can hunt for twenty-five cents. The statute provides for the payment of deputy wardens, and funds should be provided for that purpose, unless the department is content to allow the continued decrease in the numbers of game of all kinds to continue, and to so decrease at a greater rate than is inevitably necessary as the country becomes more thickly populated. The reservation of large districts which cannot be hunted over is a wise and statesmanlike move, but there are many kinds of game which, well protected, will continue to frequent more settled districts for many years.

THE ALIEN'S FAREWELL.

IF I should die, Love, here to-night,
An alien, under unknown skies,
It would not be the heathen's cries
That press the anguish on my sight,

Or any doubt in Him who gave
The faith that made the human soul;
But somehow, e'er the deeps unroll,
I want your hand to make me brave.

One parting more! not all the past
Farewells and greetings were as sweet,
As the near music of your feet
That came to see me at the last.

One kiss! but I would not awake,
But bear the seal to Paradise:
The imprint of your lips and eyes,
That I would treasure for your sake.

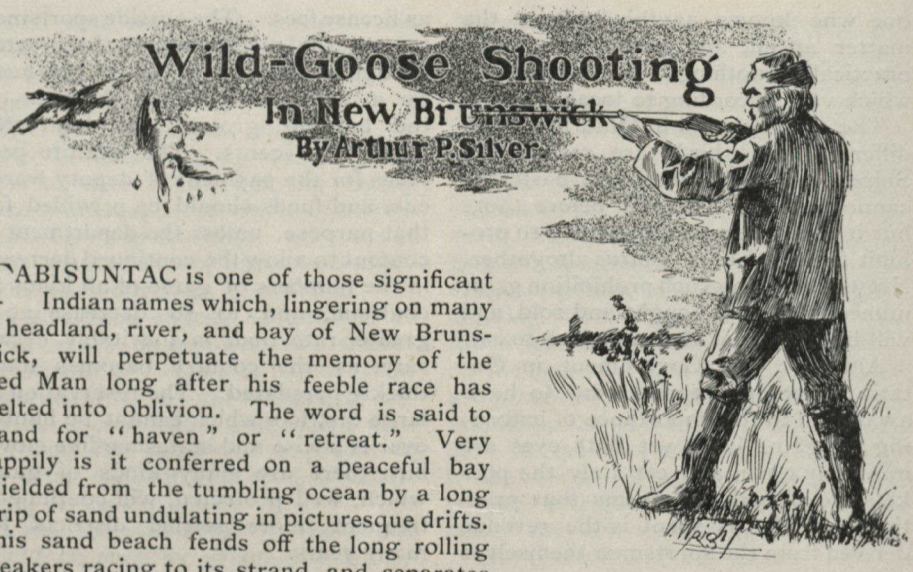
Your hand! that I, across the dark,
May know the path you chose of eld,
When some affinity had held
Us kindled by a kindred spark.

It cannot be you will forget!
And so I will not say farewell;
I loved you more than I can tell,
And waited till the last star set.

Hong Kong, China. *J. Stuart Thomson.*

Wild-Goose Shooting In New Brunswick

By Arthur P. Silver.



TABISUNTAC is one of those significant Indian names which, lingering on many a headland, river, and bay of New Brunswick, will perpetuate the memory of the Red Man long after his feeble race has melted into oblivion. The word is said to stand for "haven" or "retreat." Very happily is it conferred on a peaceful bay shielded from the tumbling ocean by a long strip of sand undulating in picturesque drifts. This sand beach fends off the long rolling breakers racing to its strand, and separates the quiet waters of the bay from the angry surf of the Atlantic.

Inside there stretches for fifteen miles a tranquil lagoon of an average breadth of three miles.

At ebb tide Tabisuntac Bay looks like a veritable prairie of bronze sea grasses. Here and there the sea winds in deep narrow sluices; through these waterways the tide streams boiling and raging. The waters keep forever eating away the sand banks and constructing new channels as they pass and repass in their mad gambols.

Here amidst luxuriant sea-pastures thousands of geese and brant love to hold high revel and make a prolonged bivouac while in the course of their semi-annual migrations.

Hence Tabisuntac Bay affords the sportsman a rare chance of noting the ways of these wary birds and by means of approved bay shooting tactics, from sink boat, and blind near the water, obtaining excellent sport.

The shooting itself may not be better than is to be had from tubs in any of the little harbours along the Atlantic sea board. In this case, however, after one has bagged his bunch of heralds, eiders and scoters they are apt to prove an unsavoury mess at table, however skilfully prepared; whereas the flavour of the birds which luxuriate among the grasses at Tabisuntac Bay is hardly excelled even by celery-eating "canvas backs," or Lake Erie teal fed on wild rice.

The date could not have been better chosen—it was the middle day of October, when the writer arrived at Newcastle in the grey of the morning, and embarked in a tiny little steamboat which plies down the picturesque Miramichi estuary towards Tabisuntac Bay.

On the morning following, incased in several layers of flannels, I found myself "while the pale dawn was fading from the sky," gliding over the placid waters of the bay, in a "pirogue" propelled by my trusty guide Colin; I wore a homespun blouse of the grey neutral colour it is well to select for sea-fowl shooting.

Arrived within about five hundred yards of the sand barrier our "sink boat" was put overboard. Outside we could see white ocean breakers. Grand and wildly beautiful looked the long swell of the Atlantic surging irresistibly in as if moved by some unseen power. How quiet by comparison seemed the calm water whereon floated our coffin-shaped little "sink boat." It is in reality a floating blind;

nothing more than an anchored box furnished with flaps on hinges which serve to steady it ; weighted well down to lie level with the water by bars of steel-rail for which there is a receptacle running all around the outer edge.

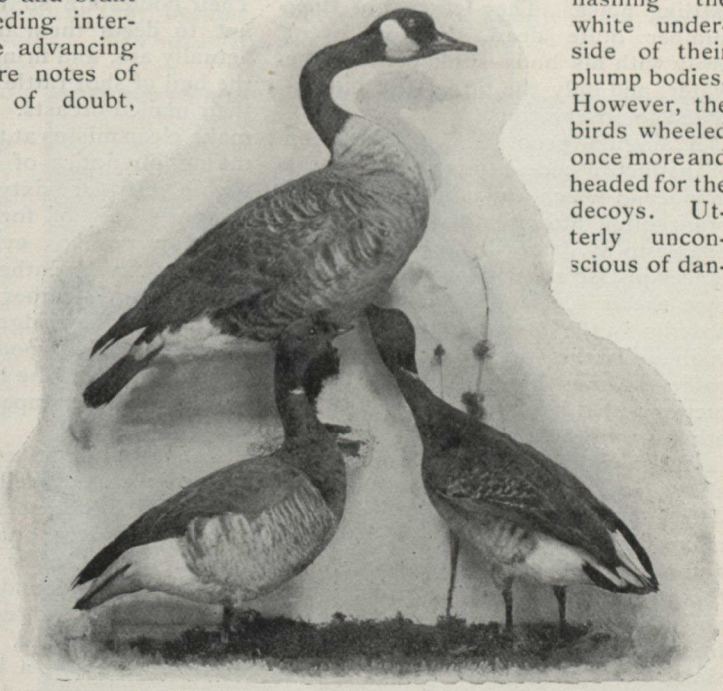
Some fifty painted decoys floated around it. The decoys are manufactured with remarkable ingenuity. They are made of pine and spruce neatly modelled into a variety of attitudes. They are attached to each other by bits of cod line of various lengths so that on the water they are distributed exactly after the manner of their living patterns. At a little distance they may deceive any eye.

A few gulls were the first birds seen on the wing printing their grey slender forms against the blue as they poised on motionless pinions in the freshening breeze. As I took my position in the sink boat while Colin withdrew to the sands, a welcome sound came from far up the bay—nothing less than the complaining notes of myriads of geese and brant finding their feeding interfered with by the advancing tide. There were notes of distress, notes of doubt, notes of inquiry, quite easy to distinguish.

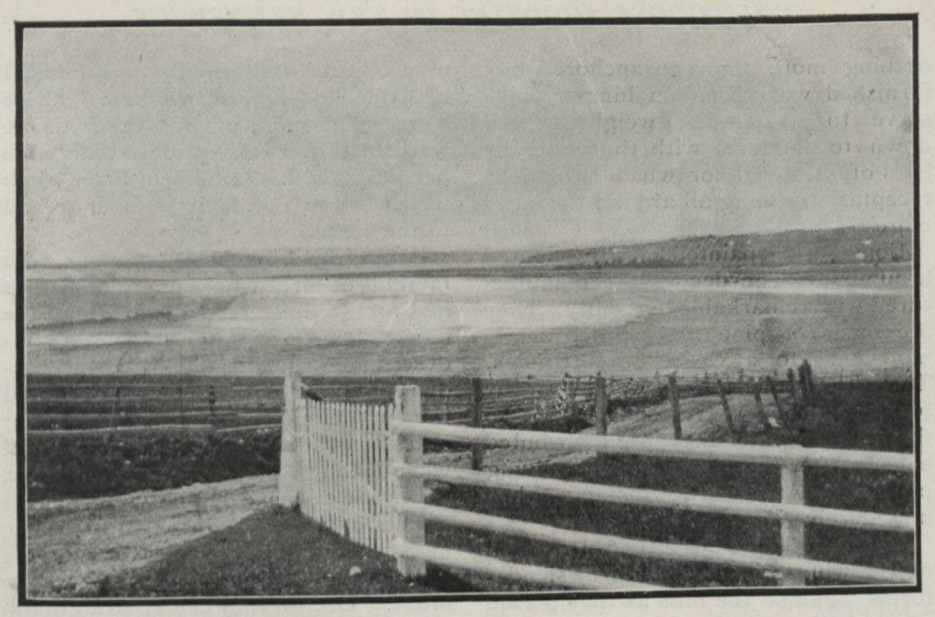
Well I knew that the rising water would soon drive the breakfasters to take wing on a search for shallower waters. Then my chance would come—of a certainty.

Suddenly there was a whistling of quick wings and a bunch of four or five swiftly moving shadowy objects drew my fire. I found I had killed a couple of widgeon. These were good spoil, but not the birds we were in quest of any more than were our next visitors, a bevy of black duck which left two of their number to add to the score.

After much strident clamour, the myriads of birds whose querulous notes had for so long resounded across the bay at length rose in a body. An indescribable rushing noise like the subdued roar of a distant cataract filled the air. Giving vent to shrill calling notes, so different from their "talk" when feeding, they streamed across the sky in the distance looking like a swarm of ants or bees. Right out from their midst bearing directly towards the sink box, came a flock of not less than fifty brant. On, on they came, straight for the decoys till at a distance of some two hundred yards some cautious birds, having doubtless smelt powder before, swerved the whole flock. They veered off provokingly, flashing the white underside of their plump bodies. However, the birds wheeled once more and headed for the decoys. Utterly unconscious of dan-



A CANADA GOOSE AND A PAIR OF BRANT GEESE—STUFFED SPECIMENS



TABISUNTAC BAY AT EBB-TIDE

ger ahead, they lowered to within a few feet of the water, craned their necks and set their wings. The young birds twittered with an indescribable rattling noise. They left two of their number quite dead, and one went away with his body sunk beneath the water, and only the tip of the bill exposed to observation.

A singular proof of the adaptation of instinct to necessity is found in the manner in which a wounded goose or brant often attempts to escape when unable to fly. It will swim long distances just so much below the surface that the end of the bill as far as the nostrils is the only part of the body visible. In this way the wounded often baffle the most careful pursuit. Such tactics would hardly avail against any other enemy save man.

At times the brant were everywhere all at once, arriving from half a dozen different directions. At length the main flight had entirely passed over and "bedded" in a distant cove, but there remained many lone birds, pairs, and trios on the wing. As these frequently flew across the head of the sink-boat from left to right, the awkwardness of the shot over the right shoulder made it impossible to follow their quick flight with the barrels.

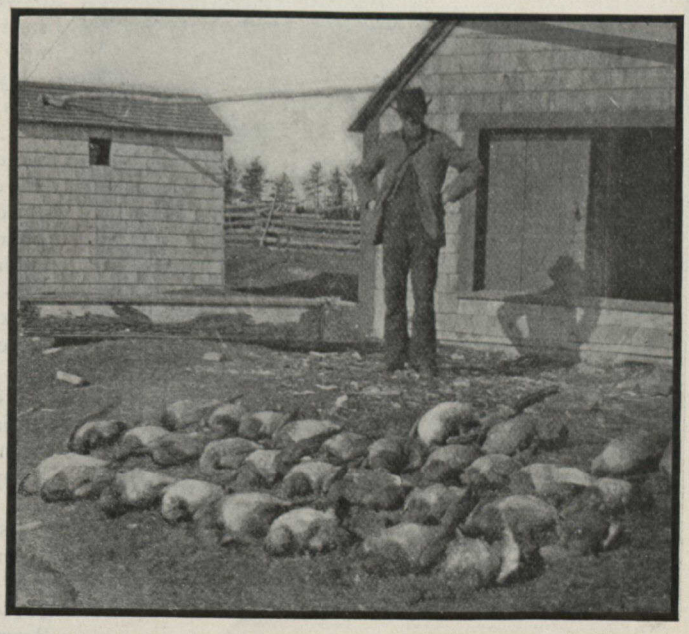
Now and then the steady honking of a bunch of geese arrested attention. Their bodies are so large that one is apt to deem them nearer than they actually are, and firing too soon hear the hail of shot rattle harmlessly from their mailed breasts. One must often make clean misses at those birds which, taking no notice of the decoys, pass within fifty or sixty yards at their ordinary gait of forty-five miles an hour, or perhaps even much faster. In very fine weather the shots are sometimes altogether of that character, when three cartridges for every bird bagged is called good shooting. It is difficult to cover the bird going strongly down wind cramped up as one is in the sink-boat.

Colin's vigilant eye had detected that we were not well placed under the "fly line" of the geese coming in from the fresh water ponds of the Black lands. Flight after flight in quick succession was found to be taking exactly the same direction as the first one. This decided us to move the decoys. Making a hurried departure we were obliged to leave two or three wounded birds to be gathered in by

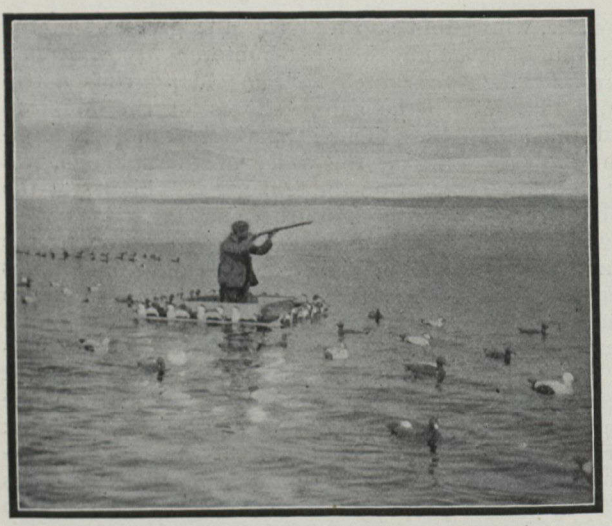
some French lads from Tracadie, who cannot shoot on the wing, but in a "dug out" canoe prowl around the bay looking for "cripples." These hunters are armed with old muskets with queer crooked stocks, and as they load four fingers of powder and three of BB shot it is always an open question which end of the gun will do the most damage. Black eyes and bloody noses are the not uncommon penalties of their day's sport. Yet nothing can daunt them or induce them to load with a lighter hand.

The line of flight was seen to pass directly over a spit of sand running out from Brant Island. Here Colin soon shovelled out a considerable pit in which he buried the sink-boat. The main flight had passed before our preparations were complete. However, before long there came a resounding ah-runk! ah-runk!! ah-runk!!! from four birds who seemed to be lured. On they came, holding their grey necks stretched stiff out, giving out a steady honking. How they sprang in the air when they became aware of their mistake! Up, up, fully ten feet! But it was too late. Two veteran "honkers" tumbled headlong with a mighty splash, displacing hogsheads of water by their fall. To them had come sudden oblivion of Labrador peat lands, where as goslings they had nested among the moss and lichens; of the juicy grass roots which grow in Tabisuntac Bay, where they had feasted long days; of the still ponds of fresh water in the Black lands, where at night they had wended their way to drink and sup and run the gauntlet of the ambushed pot-hunter. My shot had frustrated for two old pilgrims a trip to the sunny shores of the Mexican Gulf. There their luckier mates, laughing at the fierce northern blasts, will feast on the tender grass blades of the luxuriant southern savannahs.

It was interesting to listen to the calling of the captains and commodores of the feathered hosts, and to watch the V-shaped formation of the flights, often varied by an advance in a perfectly straight line. At the slightest deviation from the ranks by some younger goose a single warning honk would come from the leader. Instantly the offender curved into his proper place. If it were necessary to deviate to the right or the left a similar signal was sounded, while other tones conveyed the order to ascend, descend, alight or arise. If thoroughly alarmed half a dozen honks in rapid succession strained every pair of eyes and craned each neck to try and discover some hidden danger, while the whole flock kept rapidly rising into the sky.



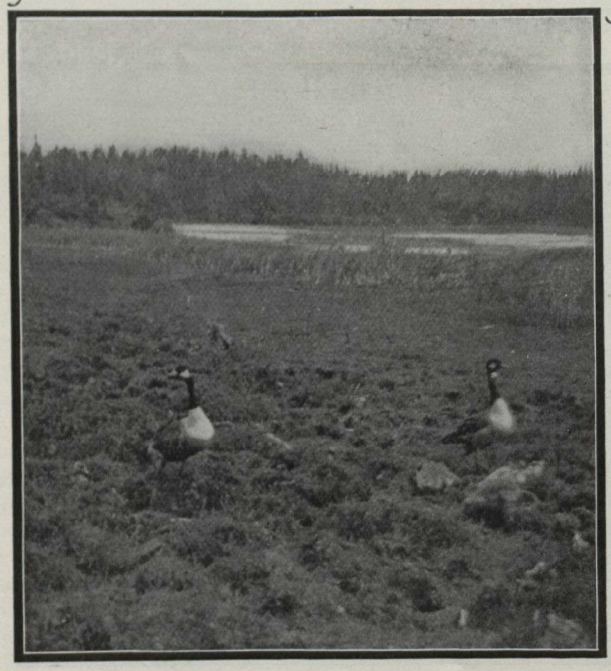
"MY TRUSTY GUIDE, COLIN"—ALSO SOME RESULTS OF GOOD SHOOTING



A SINK-BOAT—AN ANCHORED BOX FURNISHED WITH FLAPS OR HINGES WHICH SERVE TO STEADY IT—SOME FIFTY PAINTED DECOYS FLOAT ABOUT

Geese decoy best when worried by stormy weather, or when returning unsuspiciously to some point where they have been feeding on the previous night. Big bags are sometimes killed in November when a snowstorm is raging, especially should there happen to be a lacing of hail to it. This rough weather tames the birds, and makes them utterly reckless of the presence of man.

Shooting into "the brown" of flocks is a mistake. In the long run more birds are got by singling out individuals. Moreover this method is apt to wound birds which one never gets and is therefore cruel. However, the first barrel often kills two birds just as a flock is wheeling outwards, and the second barrel sometimes may be put in with equally telling effect.



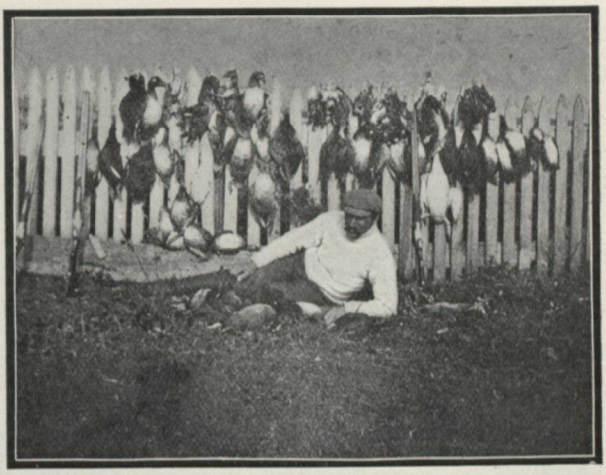
A HANDSOME PAIR OF CANADA GEESE

It will be seen that the ordinary methods of hunting wild fowl hardly answer with geese and brant, as they are exceedingly wary. Two flights a day are made by these birds half way between tides. There is room for the exercise of a great deal of judgment in judging distance quickly and accurately as well as in placing the decoys and sink-boat so as to get the kind of shots of which one can make the most.

A skilful imitation of the call of geese when feeding will often bring them straight upon the decoys. A curious fact also is that a fox or a red setter dog will attract them. It is said that a fox is able to call the geese to him. No doubt Reynard is a very cun-

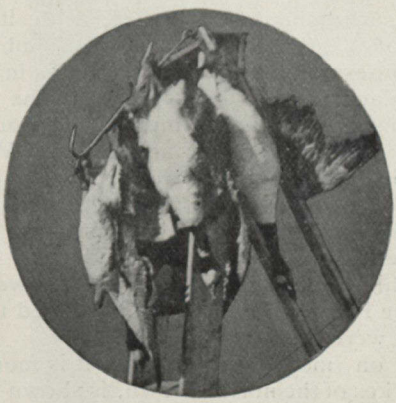
ning animal, and there may be an occasional fool among the geese ready to respond. At all events he and the equally cunning seal purloin a great many wounded birds. I have caught both marauders in the act.

At the approach of very cold weather when the Frost King suddenly lays his iron hand on the waters of the bay, on some raw November evening the birds may be seen in countless numbers massing for their southern flight. They rise to a high altitude and are said to cover prodigious distances in one flight, especially if pursued by a howling north-easter. Some stragglers have been known to remain in this district till after Christmas.



A MIXED BAG

My bag for a week's trip to Tabisuntac Bay was, brant fifty-six ; geese twelve ; black duck and other varieties twenty-two.



BOUNTY.

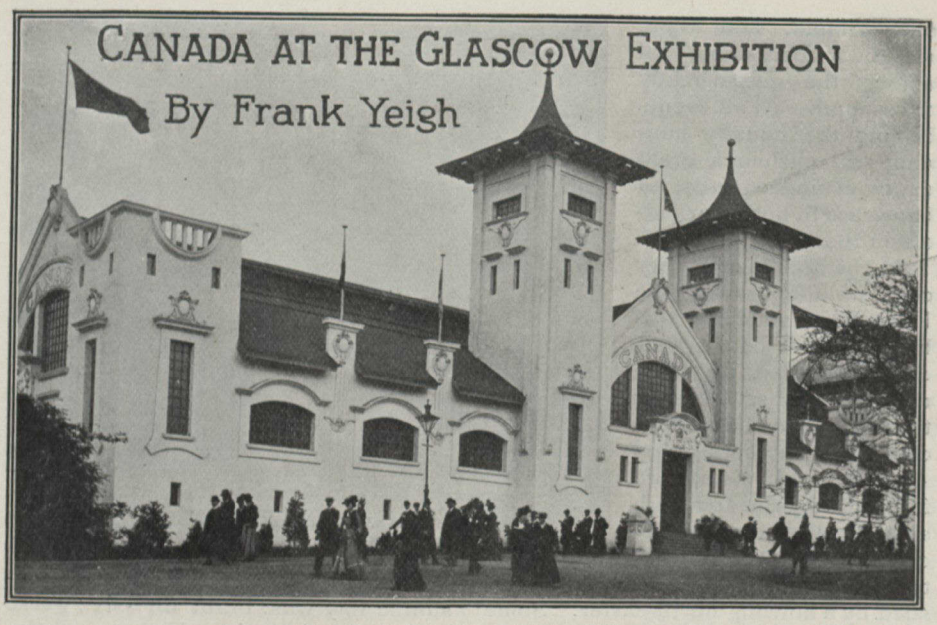
A CHILD and a rose,
A rose and a child;
In the heart of the one repose,
And joy in the heart of the other.

A child and a friend,
And the rose changes hands;
In the heart of the man godsend,
Child, rose, and white soul of his mother.

G. Herbert Clarke

CANADA AT THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION

By Frank Yeigh



THE CANADIAN BUILDING

APPROACHING Glasgow at eventide, a blood-red sun shone dully through a mask of cloud and a pall of smoke. From countless chimneys arose the columns of black incense to industry, outlined against the strangely coloured sky; from the great city came the deep note of its united voice. Left behind were the garden of mountain tops above the English lakes, the broad estuary of the Solway, the Scotch farmhouses—white-washed like the quaint homes of the French-Canadians. Only a memory were the flocks and herds browsing on moor and mountain—the stone dykes of the north instead of the hedges of the south—the village communities far afield. One even forgot the fellow traveller who preferred his *Tit-Bits* to drinking in the beautiful landscape stretches of our well-groomed old Motherland, as the express rushed on through the rural environs to the suburbs of the Clyde city, over the river, above the Broomielaw, and into the cavernous terminal.

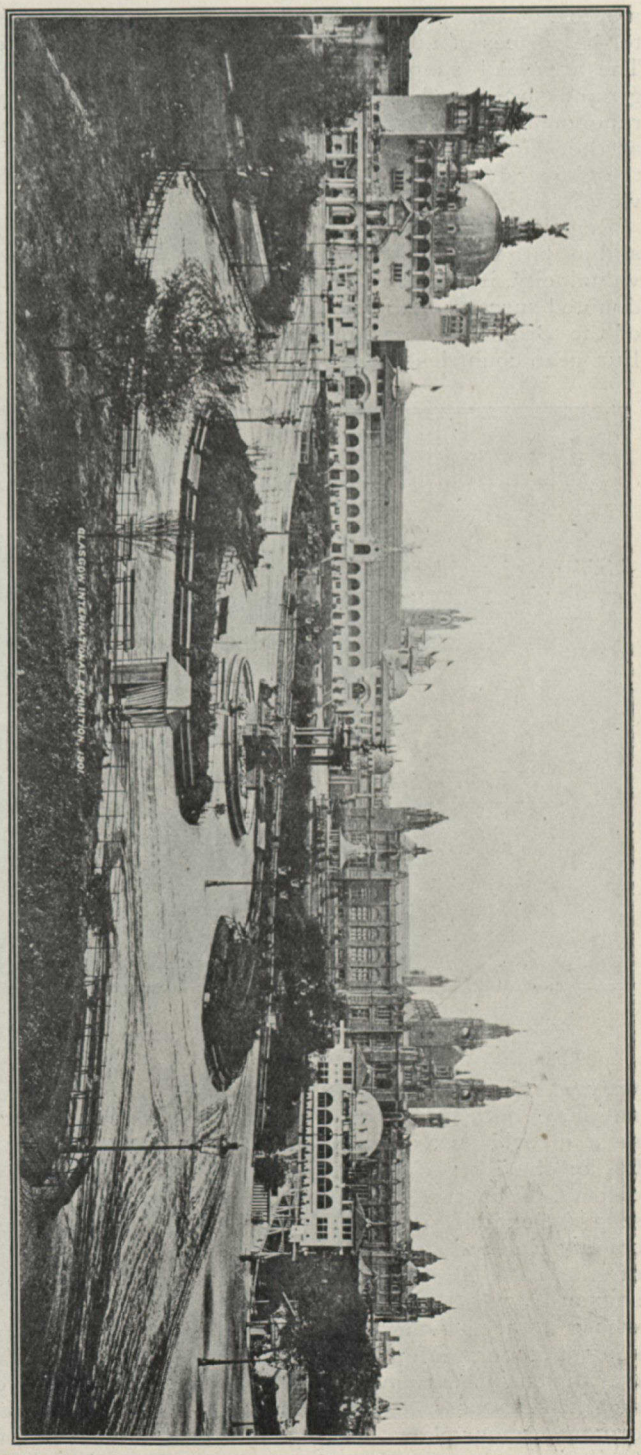
Once in the streets, the senses are distracted by the roar of traffic and the surging waves of men in this human warren. And yet, this old Scotch centre, with its three-quarters of a million of inhabitants, is a leader among cities in many respects, and an example to the world in the successful municipalization of its chief natural monopolies. With cheap gas, cheap water, a profit-making electric tram service, an extensive municipal telephone system, splendid schools and parks, blocks of model houses for artizans, and well-paved streets—Glasgow is entitled to its leadership among cities.

That it is moreover a public-spirited town, is shown in its Industrial Exhibition. It was a bold undertaking, after the achievements of Chicago and Paris, for any country to attempt an exhibition on the colossal scale that these modern times demand, even with substantial government aid; it was a bolder task for a city to essay such a responsibility, and without outside financial backing. This, however, Glasgow has done for itself, and by itself, and within six weeks of the formal opening of its Exhibition, all liabilities had been met and a profit account opened! All

that remains is to meet the daily running expenses, and a credit balance of possibly half-a-million pounds is an almost certain result. A portion of the profits will likely be spent in erecting technical schools, and in completing the new civic art gallery.

Such a degree of success, thus early in the history of the Exhibition, was rendered possible by the loyalty of the citizens to the undertaking. It was estimated that forty thousand would purchase season tickets at a guinea each, whereas nearly a hundred thousand were sold.

The Exhibition occupies a hundred acres in Kelvingrove Park, where the trees and shrubs, the gravelled walks and leafy lanes, and the bridges over the winding Kelvin, make an effective setting for the white and gold structures. The sloping hillside on the north, crowned by Glasgow University, adds



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—THE PERMANENT CHARACTER OF THE BUILDINGS AND THEIR COMPACTNESS ARE THE DISTINCTIVE FEATURES

a necessary note of stability and dignity to the palaces of a day lying at its feet. The area and shape of the available grounds prevented as striking an arrangement of courts and buildings as at the Pan-American, but seen from the University Heights, the panoramic view is an imposing one.

Regarding the Exhibition as a whole, and as largely the product of an individual city, it may be termed an undoubted success. A sufficient number of the British colonies and of central European countries are represented to as if possessed of human intelligence —all these tell a tale of mechanical triumphs. They speak of Glasgow's lead in many lines of manufacture, they tell the world that the industrial supremacy of the United Kingdom is not yet overthrown by foreign genius.

The other varied industries of Scotland are displayed to advantage in the main industrial building, the chief feature being the ship models, revealing the triumphs of the shipbuilders of the Clyde as well as other parts of the British Isles.

CANADA AT GLASGOW—THE FINEST APPLES IN THE EMPIRE

warrant the use of the term International, but the British Isles are most in evidence. The main feature lies in the industrial and mechanical display. The three or four hundred separate exhibits in the immense Machinery Hall are chiefly representative of the vast Glasgow foundries and shipyards, where Vulcan is king, and whose anthem of the anvil voices the song of labour. Machinery of ponderous dimensions, triumphs of strength and noiselessness, are at work. Enormous armour-plates, castings of Titanic size, great machines that operate

Another prominent attraction of the Exhibition is the permanent Art Gallery —a building of rich architectural beauty, filled with a loan collection of paintings claimed to be the finest ever gathered under one roof in Scotland, or indeed in the three kingdoms. No less interesting are the exhibits dealing with the archæology, the history and the clan and racial glories of old Scotia. A visitor does not need Scotch blood in his veins to thrill with interest at the rich treasures here displayed.

But it is of Canada at the Glasgow Exhibition that I am to write. Apart

CANADA AT GLASGOW—DISPLAY OF WOODS

CANADA AT GLASGOW—THE FURNITURE DISPLAY

CANADA AT GLASGOW—THE AGRICULTURAL TROPHY

from Russia, which has erected a group of five buildings of typical Muscovite architecture, Canada is the only country that has erected a separate building. Along with Australia, New Zealand, Rhodesia and other far-distant parts of the King's realm, Canada has large courts in the main industrial hall, but her most effective display is in her own pavilion, of Grecian design, its white fibre-coated walls standing out prominently in front of the highly-coloured domes and minarets of the Czar's village. The large letters that spell C-a-n-a-d-a can be seen from many vantage points, and it is gratifying to a Canadian to see the great proportion of visitors who find their way to our display with little delay. "Where's Canada?" is one of the first questions heard after the turnstile is passed.

The chief object that attracts the eye in the Canadian pavilion is a huge octagonal trophy, thirty feet high, formed of Canadian cereals and grasses. Over two thousand specimens were used in its construction. Beside the one hundred and fifty varieties of grasses shown, the supplies of tobacco, flax and hops are a revelation to many. The total effect of this fine agricultural pyramid is universally admired.

Surrounding this central feature are a series of courts filled with agricultural implements and products, an horticultural display and a collection of carriages and canoes. The forestry and fishery departments have a place here, the former including specimens of all the leading varieties of commercial woods, as well as exhibits connected with the paper and pulp industries. The walls of the pavilion are decorated with fine large photographs

CANADA AT GLASGOW—AN EXHIBIT OF ORES

depicting the scenery along the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways.

The fruit display attracts a large share of attention. It invariably comes as a surprise to one who is ignorant of our climatic conditions. Thanks to the cold-storage system (which of itself forms an exhibit), the shelves are kept supplied with fresh fruits, the apples especially looking as sound and healthy as when picked. No more valuable object lesson can be afforded the Britisher than these perishable fruits, which are supplemented by the specimens preserved in antiseptic fluid.

The dairy and food products are well preserved by the same cold-storage methods, the exhibits being placed in the Canadian court in the main building, where 9,000 square feet of space was allotted to our commission. Here are shown a varied line of manufactured articles and textiles. The Mineral Department—a very comprehensive one—occupies a portion of the area, and is of much comparative interest by reason of the adjoining Australian mines display. Every province of the Dominion is here represented, the long line of glass cases containing the gold nuggets from British Columbia and the Yukon naturally attracting the most notice. Gold, nickel, silver, copper and iron ores in the rough are piled in pyramids, along with excellent displays of mica, corundum and graphite. Blocks and piles of bituminous and anthracite coal are also shown. Building stones, cements and kindred articles assist in completing this exhibit.

The food products are of great variety, including all kinds of canned fruits and vegetables, honey, maple sugar (a production peculiar to Canada) and, of course, cheese and butter. A display of Canadian-made wines should be mentioned in this connection.

A large space, richly decorated with furs, is constantly surrounded by admiring visitors, while neighbouring courts are devoted to musical instruments, household and office furniture,

a wide range of leather goods, granite and enamelled ware, stoves, scales, brass and iron bedsteads, and many other lines of home manufacture. One might criticize certain inequalities and omissions in the Dominion display in its entirety, but these must necessarily exist where exhibitors, to the number of one hundred and fifty, contribute according to their individual ideas. But the exhibit as a whole is undoubtedly a well-arranged display of our natural resources, covering the products of the soil, the forests, the fisheries and mines; and of many of our manufactured lines as well.

The additional interest the Dominion is attracting at the Exhibition is shown in the visit of thousands of school children to the pavilion. Troops of Scottish youth throng the aisles, especially on holidays, and each one carries away a Canadian copy-book, prepared by the Department of the Interior, and containing head lines of Canadian facts. The recent placing of a small text book, dealing with Canada, in hundreds of the old country schools, will also be sure to bear good fruit. Lord Strathcona has rendered Canada no greater service than the presentation of hundreds of medals and diplomas to those who passed the proper examination based upon a study of the book in question.

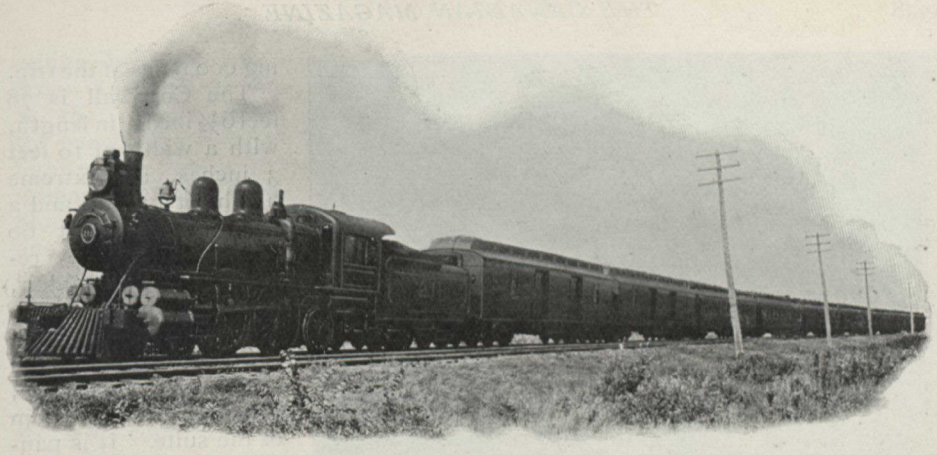
Apart from the good seed sown in an immigration sense, the value of the trade opportunities presented by the Canadian exhibit cannot well be computed. Inquiries among the members of the Dominion staff and many of the exhibitors produced evidence that a highly satisfactory amount of business was being done, that substantial orders were being taken, and that many new channels of trade were being opened up. As an illustration, a representative of an Ontario firm spoke of having booked scores of sales of an article new to Great Britain, including orders from countries as remote as Natal, Australia and India. One is justified in the conclusion that this Canadian display at Glasgow will amply repay the Government and the assisting firms; in a word, that it is an excellent advertisement. When in Glasgow we are, as one has well said, not among strangers as at Paris, but among our most promising customers, the very people with whom we are anxious to trade and desirous of attracting to our shores, and the very people who are in a mood to trade with Canada if their tastes are studied and their needs met.

In conclusion, a word of commendation is due to the Canadian representatives at Glasgow: to Mr. W. D. Scott, upon whom the chief responsibility has rested for the installation of the various exhibits; to his assistants in the several departments, to Mr. James Brodie, the secretary, and to Col. W. E. O'Brien, of Shanty Bay, who is also in daily attendance as one of the commissioners. Canadian visitors to the pavilion and courts have met with uniform courtesy from the staff, and, what is perhaps of more importance, the same degree of attention is being paid by them to the constant stream of inquirers in the Canadian pavilion and courts.

MAN.

MAN is but a labourer
'Mid the shadows past;
A soul that dreams of beauty
While days of time last.

Inglis Morse.



THE ROYAL TRAIN.

By Norman Patterson.

IF Queen Victoria had visited Canada when she was first crowned Queen, she would have had to travel through the country by stage-coach. Her son, the present King, in 1860, travelled from Montreal to Toronto by train, but he could not get the same privilege when going from Halifax to Quebec, for the Intercolonial was then only a visionary project. When he reached Sarnia he had passed to the westerly limits of train transportation in this country. The Canadian Pacific transcontinental railway was not even projected, for Canada did not even possess the territory west of Lake Superior.

The Queen's grandson will, however, be able to travel from Quebec to Vancouver, and from Vancouver to Halifax by Canadian trains. For this purpose special cars have been made and furnished. The Canadian Pacific Railway has constructed in Montreal "a Royal Train," which is something beyond the dreams of twenty years ago. The train will be 730 feet in length, and will weigh 595 tons. It will consist of the day coach Cornwall and the night coach York, for the especial use of their Royal Highnesses; the compartment car, Canada; the sleeping cars, Australia, India and South Africa; and the dining car, Sandringham—together with cars for the baggage, and for the railway employees—nine coaches in all. This long, heavy train will be hauled by locomotives of the Atlantic and Consolidation types of passenger engines of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

This train is truly a marvel of elegance. It is finished outside in natural mahogany. At either end of each car, and on both sides of the long train are the armorial bearings of the Duke of Cornwall and York. The train is vestibuled throughout, and the interior is a revelation of the possibilities of luxury and comfort of modern railway travel.

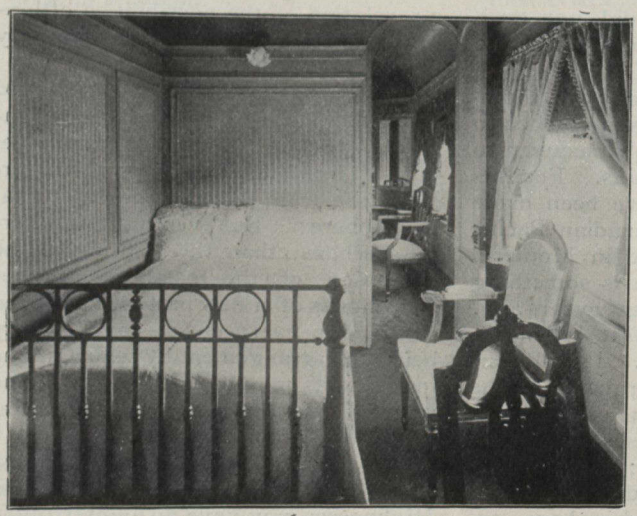
The lamps are all placed behind shades of cut glass, set in the ornamental work of the ceilings, an ample, but soft light flooding the whole interior of the train through the great opal hemispheres. But even more wonderful, perhaps, than the lighting is the perfection of the telephone service. Telephones of a new pattern have been installed in every coach—one novelty being an arrangement by which all the instruments may be in use at the same moment, without any one of them interfering with any other.

The Cornwall will be the rearmost coach of the train, so that their Royal Highnesses may have an uninterrupted

CAR "CANADA"—RECEPTION ROOM

view of the superb scenery through which the train will pass. This sheltered observation platform will be a delightful point of vantage from which to view the charming bays and bold headlands of the northern shore of Lake Superior ; the seemingly illimitable stretch of plain through which the train will journey for 900 miles between Winnipeg and the Rockies ; and the wonderful mountains, which make one long, enchanting panorama of the closing 600 miles of the trip.

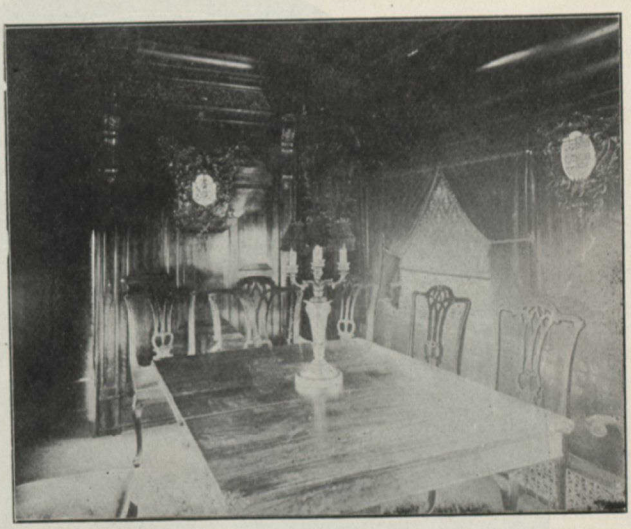
The Cornwall is 78 feet 6½ inches in length, with a width of 10 feet 3 inches, an extreme height of 14 feet, and a weight of almost 60 tons. It contains reception-room, boudoir, dining-room and kitchen. The reception-room opens directly on to the observation platform, and is the largest room of the suite. It is panelled in Circassian walnut, and while it is undecorated save for a few ornamental mouldings, it gives the effect of extreme richness, and is in admirable taste. The ceilings are finished in dead gold, and the mouldings and ornaments are just touched with gold and blue, the decorations being of the Louis XV style. The hangings and drapings are of dark blue velvet, while the floor is carpeted with a heavy Wilton of a quiet, grey-green shade, into whose heavy texture the foot sinks without making a sound. The sofa, arm chairs, table, escritoire and other articles of furniture are upholstered in blue velvet to match the draperies. The piano is of Canadian manufacture and a very perfect instrument. One feature of the car is its admirable light and airy appearance, this being due to the eight large plate glass windows of the side, together with the glass panels of the door and rear wall.



CAR "YORK"—DUCHESS' BEDROOM

The Duchess' boudoir is between the reception and dining rooms, half way along the corridor adjoining them. Its prevailing shade is a pearl grey. The panels are painted à la Watteau. The lattice work of the

ceiling, by which ventilation is secured, as well as the ornaments of the panels, are touched lightly with gold. The draperies are of light blue moire silk, and divans, chairs and table are gilt to match the panels. This little boudoir on wheels will be the envy of every woman who sees it; nothing more perfect of its size could be imagined.

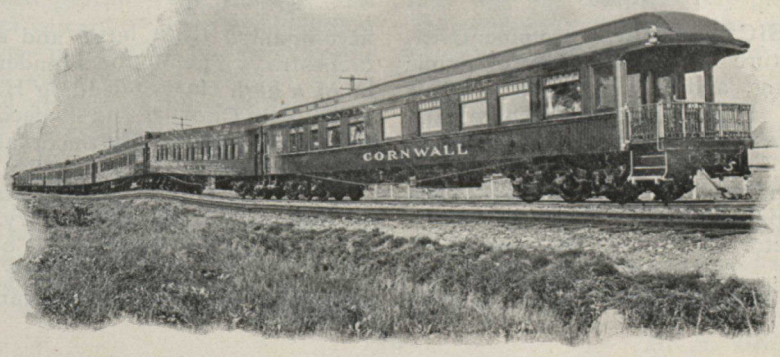


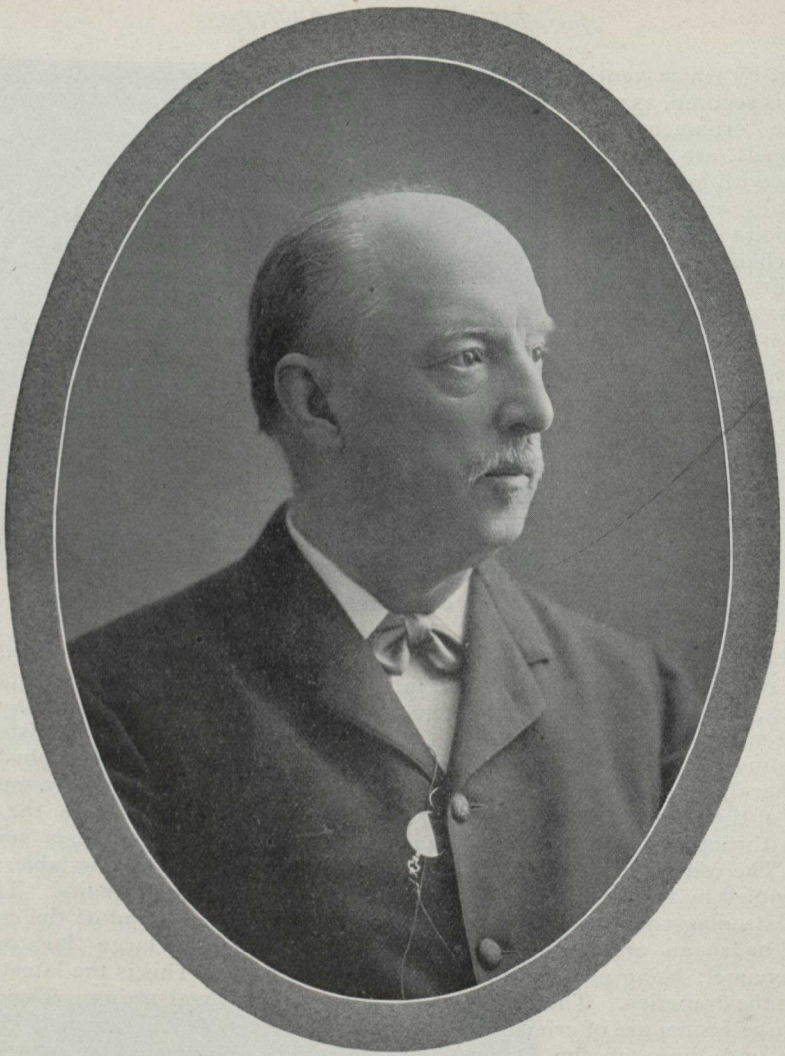
CAR "CORNWALL"—PRIVATE DINING-ROOM

The perfection of the arrangements is as conspicuous in the kitchen and pantry of the Royal car as in any part of the train. It is in reality a model kitchen that is found here, smaller in size, indeed, than those found in palaces, but not a whit less complete.

The night coach York is 78 feet 2 inches in length, and weighs 57¼ tons, its other dimensions being the same as those of the Cornwall. A corridor extends throughout the length of the car. The central portion of the York is occupied by two bedrooms with servants' sleeping-rooms adjacent. These Royal bedrooms are finished in pearl-grey enamel; being panelled in silk to match the draperies. The draperies of the Duke's room are of crimson silk armure, and those of the Duchess' of pale blue moire.

The Canada, which is the third coach from the rear of the train, is a compartment car, finished in prima vera or white mahogany, and upholstered in terra cotta and olive green plush. The Canada contains six state rooms fitted with every convenience; in the centre of the car is a commodious smoking-room, with a large writing table, lounge and luxurious easy chairs. There is also a bath at one end of the car, and at the other a large lavatory and shower bath. This is the latest novelty, even in Royal trains. The shower bath is installed in a small chamber which is upholstered in grey waterproof cloth.





F. H. TORRINGTON

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. XXVIII.—F. H. TORRINGTON, CHORUS LEADER.

MUSIC is usually a prominent feature on all occasions of public rejoicing, and the reception of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York will be no exception to the rule. The City Council of Toronto have voted funds for the purpose and appointed Mr. F. H. Torrington conductor of the principal, or adult, chorus. This chorus will comprise about two thousand picked voices, accompanied by a large and efficient orchestra. The numbers rendered will be of a high class, including Handel's Hallelujah Chorus, and a special patriotic song, written for the occasion by Mr. Torrington.

Mr. F. H. Torrington is a landmark in Canadian musical history. The length of his public service is only excelled by its quality. He came to Canada, from England, many years ago,

and was soon chosen organist of the Great St. James St. Methodist Church in Montreal, a position which he held for twelve years. He then removed to Boston to assume the position of organist of King's Chapel, leaving shortly afterwards to assume his present position of organist and choirmaster of the Metropolitan Church of Toronto. Mr. Torrington is an accomplished organist, choirmaster, violinist, pianist ; an excellent teacher of all branches of musical art ; and a forceful and inspiring orchestral conductor. His chief claim to fame, however, is that he has done more than any other man to cultivate in Canada a taste for and familiarity with the best choral and orchestral works of the greatest masters. His activity in this direction has been phenomenal ; a mere record of the works performed would fill some pages of this magazine. Few laymen (even if possessed of some musical knowledge) can even approximately estimate the labour involved in producing such works as Gounod's "Redemption," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Handel's "Messiah," or Haydn's "Creation." This labour was, moreover, much greater when Mr. Torrington commenced his pioneer work, for at that time musical knowledge was much rarer than it is to-day in Canada ; he was not only a builder, but he practically had to make his own musical material : this is a fact too often forgotten in estimating the value of Mr. Torrington's services to music. Another cause for public gratitude to Mr. Torrington is that such services, as have been specially mentioned, have almost invariably been performed gratuitously ; there is little financial reward in the production of Oratorio—nothing but the artist's pride in work well done.

Mr. Torrington's manner is one of rugged brusqueness, such as is indispensable to a conductor, but his outward brusqueness covers a kindly, helpful nature ; he has freely aided aspiring talent to take its place, and many a now prominent musician admits owing his success to the inspiration of "F. H. T.," as his intimates call him. Mr. Torrington is the Musical Director of the Toronto College of Music, an institution which he founded, and which has a recognized status, not only in Canada, but with the musical leaders of Great Britain.

Forty years is a long time to look back upon, but Mr. Torrington recalls with pleasure the fact that when the then Prince of Wales (now His Majesty Edward VII) visited Canada, in 1860, he (Mr. Torrington) was joint conductor of the great musical festivals given in his honour in Montreal. Mr. Torrington conducted the orchestra, and Mr. Fowler the chorus. The programme included several of the great choruses from Haydn's "Creation" and Mozart's 12th Mass, a special cantata written by Chas. Wugck Sabatier, an eminent but eccentric musician of that period, and a miscellaneous selection of operatic music. A point worthy of remark is the great eminence of some of the associated artists who took part : among them were Madame Adelina Patti, the Strakosches, Barili, Susini, and others whose names may be unknown to the present generation, but whose rank in the musical world was then of the highest.

While no artists of a similar rank are likely to take part in the reception to the Duke and Duchess of York, Mr. Torrington looks back with pleasure over the forty years of Canadian musical history, and notes the immense advance which has been made in musical culture. Then music was the accomplishment of the favoured few, now its practice is almost universal. Instrumental players were scarce then, now they are comparatively plentiful. Thirty or forty years ago the average pianist confined himself to the veriest trash, now no one is considered a pianist who is without a fair knowledge of the works of Beethoven, Chopin and Mendelssohn : now the vast majority of the public take a keen personal interest in the rendering of the great oratorios ; then they regarded them as almost as unmitigated musical nuisances. All has changed for the better.

H. H. Godfrey.

A Maid of Many Moods

By Virna Sheard

CHAPTER X.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—The story opens at the One Tree Inn, halfway between Stratford and Shottery. Master Thornbury has two children, Debora and Darby. Darby is a play-actor in London and, with his father and his sister, is a friend of William Shakespeare. Darby is expected home for Christmas. He arrives, and for some days there is much festivity and much talk of London and its ways. Judith Shakespeare is present at some of these gatherings and chats. Debora wants to go to London, but Darby and her father think it no place for young maids. She has her way, however, and is lodged with her brother at the house of Dame Blossom in Bankside, on the south side of the Thames. She pleads to be taken to the theatre, but it is neither the fashion for women to act nor to attend. Darby, however, promises to take her secretly to a rehearsal. There she is accidentally discovered by Don Sherwood, who is playing the part of Romeo, Darby being the Juliet. Sherwood escorts her home and secures permission to call again. Meanwhile, Darby comes home intoxicated and disfigured. It was clear that when the great play was put on for the public he would be unable to appear. Debora, his other self, comes to the rescue, secretly dons his clothes and plays the part of Juliet for three evenings. Sherwood and Nick Berwick, her two admirers, are the only persons to suspect that Debora is masquerading as Darby. Then Darby resumes the part, but the acting of Juliet is the talk of the taverns. Sherwood, whose real name is Dorien North, acknowledges his love for Debora, but is rejected because of a sin committed by a cousin of the same name.

IT was early morning of the next day and Debora Thornbury was in the upper room at Mistress Blossom's house. She folded one garment after another and laid them away in the little trunk that had come with her from home.

Darby entered the room before she had finished and threw himself wearily into a chair.

"Thou hast brought news," she said, eagerly; "he is better—or—"

"Nay, there is no great change. The Leech is still with him and makes no sign; yet I fancy he hath a shade of hope, for no further hemorrhage hath occurred. Nick sent me back to thee; he would not be denied."

"Ah!" she cried, "I am afraid to take heart. I dare not hope." Then, after a moment's pause, "Tell me, Darby; I must know. Who was it that struck him?"

"'Twas a player I know well by name," replied Darby, "yet never saw before yesternight. He is one Dorien North, and hath the same name that Sherwood discarded, with reason if tales of this fellow be true. Moreover, they be first cousins, so report doth say; but while Don Sherwood is a rare good fellow, this other is the greatest

scamp out of Newgate to-day. Of late, I hear, he hath been with the Lord High Admiral's men at 'The Rose.'"

The girl moved unsteadily across to her brother. She grasped the velvet sleeve of his tabard and gazed into his face with eyes great and darkening.

"One thing follows on another o'er fast. I am bewildered. Is't true what thou hast just said, Darby?"

"Egad, yes!" he replied, wonderingly. "I would have told thee of North the day thou swooned, but 't went out o' my mind. Dost not remember asking me why Sherwood had changed his name on the bills o' the play? Yet what odds can it make?"

"Only this," she cried, "that this Dorien North, who has so painted the name black, and who but last night struck Nicholas Berwick, is in very truth little Dorien's father. So goes the man's name the Puritan maid told me. Moreover, he was a player also. Oh! Darby, dost not see? I thought 'twas the other—Don Sherwood."

"'Twas like a woman to hit so wide o' the mark," answered Darby. "Did'st not think there might chance to be two of the name? In any case what is't to thee, Deb?"

"Oh!" she said, laying her face against his arm, "I cannot tell thee; ask no more, but go thou and find him and tell him the story of Nell Quinten, and how I thought that Dorien North she told me of was he; and afterwards if he wilt come with thee, bring him here to me. Perchance he may be at Blackfriars, or—or, 'The Tabard Inn,' or even abroad upon the streets. In any case, find him quickly, dear heart, for the time is short and I must away to Shottery, as I promised Nick, — poor Nick, — poor Nick." So she fell to sobbing and crying.

The young fellow gazed at her in that distress which overtakes a man when a woman weeps.

"Marry," he said, "I wish thou would'st give over thy tears. I weary of them and they will mend naught. There, cheer up, sweet. I will surely find Sherwood and at once, as 'tis thy wish."

It was high noon when Darby Thornbury returned. With him came the player Sherwood and another. The three entered Master Blossom's house, and Darby sought his sister.

"Don Sherwood waits below," he said, simply. "I met him on London Bridge. He hath brought his cousin Dorien North with him."

"I thank thee, dear heart," the girl answered. "I will go to them."

Presently she entered Dame Blossom's little parlour where the two men awaited her.

She stood a moment, looking from one to the other. Neither spoke nor stirred.

Then Debora turned to Don Sherwood; her lips trembled a little, and her eyes were full of tears.

"I wronged thee," she said softly. "I wronged thee greatly. I ask thy pardon."

"Nay," he said, going to her. "Ask it not, 'twas but a mistake. I blame thee not for it. This," motioning to the other, "this is my kinsman, Dorien North. He is my father's brother's son, and we bear the same name, or rather did so in the past."

The girl looked at the man before her coldly, yet half-curiously.

"I would," went on Sherwood, steadily, "that he might hear the tale Darby told me." To-morrow he sails for the Indies, as I have taken passage for him on an outward-bound ship. He came to me for money to escape last night, after having stabbed one Master Berwick in a brawl at 'The Mermaid.' It may be thou hast already heard of this?"

"Ay!" she answered, whitening, "I have heard."

"I gave him the passage money," continued Sherwood, "for I would not either have him swing on Tyburn or rot in Newgate. Yet I will even now tell the Captain under whom he was to sail, that he is an escaping felon—a possible murderer—if he lies to thee in aught—and I shall know if he lies."

The man they both watched threw back his handsome blonde head at this and laughed a short, hard laugh. His

dazzling white teeth glittered, and in the depths of his blue eyes was a smouldering fire.

"By St. George!" he broke out, "you have me this time, Don. Hang me! If I'm not betwixt the devil and the deep sea." Then, with a low bow to Debora, raising his hand against his heart in courtly fashion, "I am thy servant, fair lady," he said. "Ask me what thou dost desire. I will answer."

"I would have asked thee—Art thou that Dorien North who deceived and betrayed one Nell Quinten, daughter of Makepeace Quinten, the Puritan, who lives near Kenilworth," said Debora, gravely; "but indeed I need not to ask thee. The child who was in her arms when we found her—hath thy face."

"Doth not like it, fair lady?" he questioned with bold effrontery, raising his smiling, dare-devil eyes to hers.

"Ay!" she said gently, "I love little Dorien's face, and 'tis truly thine in miniature—thine when it was small and fair and innocent. Oh! I am sorry for thee, Master Dorien North, more sorry than I was for thy child's mother, for she had done no evil, save it be evil to love."

A change went over the man's face and for a moment it softened.

"Waste not thy pity," he said; "I am not worth it. I confess to all my sins. I wronged Nell Quinten, and the child is mine. Yet I would be altogether graceless did I not thank thee for giving him shelter, Mistress Thornbury."

Sherwood, who had been listening in silence, suddenly spoke.

"That is all I needed of thee, Dorien," he said. "You may go. I do not think from here to the docks there will be danger of arrest; the heavy cloak and drooping hat so far disguise thee; while once on ship-board thou art safe."

"I am in danger enough," said the other, with a shrug, "but it troubles me little. I bid thee farewell, Mistress Thornbury." And so saying he turned to go.

"Wait," she cried, impulsively, touching his arm. "I would not have thee depart so; thou art going into a far country, Master North, and surely need some fair wishes to take with thee. Oh! I know thou hast been i' the wrong, many, many times over. Perchance, hitherto thou hast feared neither God nor the law. But last night—Nicholas Berwick was sorely wounded by thee, and this because he defended my name."

"Yet 'twas thou who played at Blackfriars?" he questioned, hesitatingly. "I saw thee; it could have been no other."

"'Twas I," she answered. "I played in my brother's place—of necessity—but speak no more of that, 'tis over, and as that is past for me, so would I have thee leave all thy unhappy past. Take not thy sins with thee into the new country. Ah! no. Neither go with bitterness in thy heart towards any, but try to live through the days that are to come as any gentleman should who bears thy name. Moreover," she ended, looking up at him sweetly, "I would bid thee godspeed."

The man stood irresolute a moment, then stooped, lifted Debora's hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Thou hast preached me a homily," he said in low voice; "yet, 'fore Heaven, from such a priest I mind it not." And opening the door, he went swiftly away.

Then Don Sherwood drew Debora to him. "Nothing shall ever take thee from me," he said, passionately. "I would not live, sweetheart, to suffer what I suffered yesternight."

"Nor I," she answered.

"When may I to Shottery to wed thee?" he asked.

"Oh! I will not leave my father for many a day," she said, smiling tremulously. "Yet I would have thee come to Shottery by-and-by—peradventure, when the summer comes, and the great rosebush beneath the south window is ablow."

"Beshrew me! 'tis ages away, the summer," he returned, with impatience.

"The days till then will be as long for me as for thee," she said tenderly; and with this sweet assurance and because he would fain be pleasing her in all things, he tried to make himself content.

CHAPTER XI.

It is Christmas eve once more and all the diamond window panes of One Tree Inn are aglitter with light from the Yule log fire in the front room chimney-place and the many candles Mistress Debora placed in their brass candlesticks.

Little Dorien had followed her joyously from room to room, and many times she had lifted him in her strong young arms and let him touch the wick with the lighted spill and start the fairy flame. Then his merry laugh rang through the old house, and John Sevenoaks and Master Thornbury, sitting by the hearth below, smiled as they listened, for it is so good a thing to hear, the merry, whole-hearted, innocent laughter of a child.

Even the leathery, grim, old face of Ned Saddler relaxed into a pleasant expression at the sound of it, though 'twas against his will to allow himself to show anything of happiness he felt; for he was much like a small tart winter apple, wholesome and sound at heart, yet sour enough to set one's teeth on edge.

And they talked together, these three ancient cronies, while now and then Master Thornbury leaned over and stirred the contents of the big copper pot on the crane, sorely scorching his kindly old face in the operation.

Presently Nick Berwick came in, stamping the snow off his long boots, and he crossed to the hearth and turned his broad back to the fire even as he had done a year before on Christmas eve. His face was graver than it had been, for his soul had had a wide outlook since then, but his mouth smiled in the old-time sweet and friendly fashion, and if he had any ache of the heart, he made no sign.

"Hast come over from Stratford, lad?" asked Thornbury.

"Ay!" he answered, "an' I just met little Judith Shakespeare hastening away from grand dame Hathaway's. She tells me her father is coming home for Christmas. Never saw I one in a greater flutter of excitement. 'Oh! Nick,' she cried out, ere I made sure who it was in the dusk, 'Hast heard the news?' 'What news, gossip?' I answered. 'Why, that my father will be home to-night,' she called back. 'Tis more than I dreamed or dared to hope, but 'tis true.' I could see the shining of her eyes as she spoke, and she tripped onward as though the road were covered with rose-leaves instead of snow."

"She is a giddy wench," said Saddler, "and doth lead Deb into half her pranks. If I had a daughter now—"

Thornbury broke into a great laugh and clapped the old fellow soundly on the shoulder.

"Hark to him!" he cried. "If he had a daughter! Marry and amen, I would we could see what kind of a maid she would be."

"I gainsay," put in Sevenoaks, thinking to shift the subject, "Will Shakespeare comes home as much for Deb's wedding as aught else."

A shade went over Berwick's face. "The church hath been pranked out most gaily, Master Thornbury," he said.

"'Twill be gay enough," said Saddler, "but there'll be little comfort in it and small rest for a man's hand or elbow anywhere for the holly they've strung up. I have two lame thumbs with the prickles that have run into them."

Thornbury smiled. "Then 'twas thou who helped the lads and lasses so greatly this afternoon, Ned," he said, "and I doubt nothing 'twas no one else who hung the great bunch of mistletoe in the chancel! I marvel at thee."

At this they all laughed so loudly that they did not hear Deb and little Dorien enter the room and come over to the hearth.

"What art making so merry over, Dad?" she questioned, looking from one to another.

"Nay, ask me not. Ask Saddler."

"He doth not like maids who art curious," she said, shaking her head. "Nay, I am content to be in the dark."

Then she cried, listening, "There, dost not hear the coach? I' faith I caught the rumble of the wheels, and she is on time for once! Come Dorien. Come, Dad, we will to the door to meet them."

Soon the lumbering coach swung up the road and the tired horses stopped under the oak.

And it was a welcome of the best the two travellers got, for Darby Thornbury and Don Sherwood had journeyed from London together, ay! and Master Shakespeare had borne them company though he had left them half a mile off. And as the merry group drew their chairs about the fireplace, Darby had many a jest and happy story to repeat that the master had told them on the homeward way, for he was ever the best company to make a long road seem short.

Deb sat in her old seat in the inglenook and Master Sherwood stood beside her, where he could best see the ruddy light play over her wondrous hair and in the tender depths of her eyes. They seemed to listen, these two, as Darby went lightly from one London topic to another, for now and then Don Sherwood put in a word or so in that mellow voice of his, and Deb smiled often—yet it may be they did not follow him over closely, for they were dreaming a dream of their own and the day after the morrow was their wedding day.

The child Dorien lay upon the great sheepskin rug at Deb's feet and watched Darby. His eager, beautiful little face lit up with joy, for were they not all there together, those out of the whole world he loved the best, and it would be Christmas in the morning. What more could any child desire?

"When I look at the little lad, Don," said Debora softly, "my thoughts go back to his mother. 'Twas on such a night as this, as I have told thee, that Darby found her in the snow."

"Think not of it, sweetheart," he answered; "the child, at least, has missed naught that thou could'st give."

"I know, I know," she said in a passionate low tone, "but it troubles me when I think of all that I have had of care and life's blessings, and of her woe and desolation, and through no sin, save that of loving too well. I see not why it should be."

"Ah! dear," he said, bending towards her, "there are some 'Why's' that must wait for their answer for 'twill not come this side o' heaven." Then in lighter tone, "When I look at the little lad, I see but that scapegrace kinsman of mine; but although he is so marvellous like him, thou wilt be his guide. I fear nothing for his future, for who could be aught but good with thee, my heart-love, beside them."

And presently there was a stir amongst them as Nicholas Berwick rose and bid all goodnight, and this reminded John Sevenoaks and old Ned Saddler that the hour was late. It was then that Berwick went to Deb at a moment when she stood a little apart from the others. He held towards her a small leather-covered box.

"'Tis my wedding gift to thee, Deb," he said, his grave eyes upon her changeful face, "'Tis a pearl collar my mother wore on her wedding-day when she was young and fair as thou art. I will not be here to see how sweet thou dost look in it."

"Thou wilt be in the church, Nick?"

"Nay, I will not. I have not told thee before as I would not plant a thorn in any of thy roses, but I ride to London on the morrow. I have much work there, for later on I sail to America to the new Colonies, in charge of certain stores for Sir Walter Raleigh."

She raised her eyes, tear-filled and tender, to his.

"I wish thee peace, Nick" she said, "wherever thou art—and I have no fear but that gladness will follow. I will miss thee, for thou wert ever my friend."

He lifted her hand to his lips and went away, and in the quiet that fol-

lowed, when old Master Thornbury and Darby talked together, Don Sherwood drew Debora into the shadow by the window-seat.

"I' faith," he said, "if I judge not wrongly by Master Nicholas Berwick's face when he spoke with thee but now, he doth love thee also, Deb."

"Ah!" she answered, "he hath indeed said so in the past and moreover proven it."

"In very truth, yes. But thou," with a flash in his eyes, "dost care? Hast aught of love for him? Nay, I need not ask thee."

She smiled a little, half sadly.

"I love but thee," she said.

He gave a short light laugh, then looked grave.

"'Tis another of life's 'Why's,' sweetheart, that awaiteth an answer. Why!—why in heaven's name, should I have the good fortune to win thee, when he, who I think is far the better gentleman, hath failed?"

And as he spoke, the bells of Stratford rang out their joyous pealing, and the sound came to them on the night wind. Then the child, who had been asleep curled up on the soft rug, opened his wondering eyes.

Deb stooped and lifted him and he laid his curly head against her shoulder.

"Is it Christmas, Deb?" he asked sleepily.

"Yes, my lamb," she answered; "for hark! the bells are ringing it in, and they say, 'Peace, Dorien—Peace and goodwill to men.'"

THE END.

A BEAR AND A PANIC.

By H. Wright.

I HAD been for several years engaged in the lumber business in the East, but, like many other young men, had taken somebody's (I think, Horace Greeley's) advice and "gone West," where I secured a position with a large lumber concern in the north of the Province of British Columbia.

In the month of September, '95, I was sent by my firm up a certain large river to cruise the ground along its banks for new timber limits. A half-breed guide, who had a local reputation as a Nimrod, accompanied me. I thought, as this was a noted game country, it would be too good an opportunity to miss bagging a deer or two, so took along a 30-Winchester (smokeless) rifle. The Breed had an old-fashioned 38-Winchester repeater, as we did not anticipate anything bigger than deer.

We had been out about a week, and I had located several likely-looking patches of timber, and we still had a couple of days' grub left. I decided to have a try for my deer.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a most beautiful day, when, after having secured a couple of deer, we sat down to rest on the side of a small mountain, at the foot of which was a very narrow valley, not more than fifty yards across; on the opposite side rose a larger and steeper mountain. We had just lighted our pipes, and I was listening to one of Dave's stories of old-time hunting trips when I looked across to the mountain opposite and noticed something moving slowly along the side of the hill. I called my companion's attention to it, and then, taking another look, satisfied myself that it was a bear, and a big one. His side was fully exposed to us, and I raised my rifle and was about to take aim when Dave exclaimed, "For God's sake,

don't fire ; it's a grizzly." But I was young and green, and did not know the danger in which I would place my companion and myself if I succeeded in only wounding the bear, for we had nothing heavy enough in our armament to warrant stirring up a brute which was apt to take so much killing. After a moment's hot debate as to the wisdom of the step, I decided by firing after taking careful aim.

Mr. Grizzly stopped, and I could see by his actions that I had struck him ; but, before I could fire again, he had sighted us and came tearing down the mountain towards us. At this point I must acknowledge that I completely lost my head and fired several times wildly, missing every shot. The bear came on fast, and seemed to grow bigger and more fierce with every step he took. As he reached the bottom of the small hill on which we were (I blush to say it, but I must stick to facts) I dropped my gun and fled up the hill. Anyone who knows the Rocky Mountain grizzly will understand that this was the height of folly, for not even a trained athlete could outstrip one of them on such rough ground.

In the meantime Dave had settled himself in an easy firing position on one knee and opened up a fusilade from his repeater on the advancing animal. As he fired the last shot, the bear grasped the muzzle of the rifle and, wrenching it from the hand of the Breed, dropped dead.

When, in my mad flight, I had gone some distance, I stopped and turned around to see what had become of Dave and the bear. Dave beckoned me back to him. I returned at a very different pace from that which I had left him, thoroughly crestfallen and ashamed. Dave told me that he had done the one thing that could possibly save us ; for, had he not stood his ground, it would have meant certain death for one, and perhaps both of us.

It is needless to say that I was not anxious to further continue our hunting expedition ; and after exacting a promise from Dave never to mention my cowardice on this occasion, we returned to the village as speedily as possible. I have never been able to account for the panic which seized me at the critical moment, but I am glad to say that I have since made use of more than one opportunity of redeeming myself.

A GREY DAY AND A GOLDEN.

By Jean Blewett.

THERE are two prairie scenes stamped vividly upon my memory. One is that of a grey day—grey at morning, at noon, at night. No flush of rose at dawn to tell of the sun's coming, no hint of glory at sunset to tell of his going, nothing but a grey world creeping out to meet a greyer sky. The hills, away behind, which yesterday were bold glad things with the sun on their heads, and the blue mist about their feet, are nuns, grey-faced, grey-robed, grey-veiled. There is no gleam of life, or colour, or beauty. The small lakes dotting the landscape are but sombre grey eyes staring up into space. The gulls flying over are grey, the wild ducks swimming warily by reeds and rushes are grey. The very rain is grey—no sparkle to its drops, no frolic to its patter.

Nothing breaks the monotony of these vast plains. No rancher's shack, no settler's cot, no man at the plough, no woman at an open door, nothing lessens the weird effect of the greyness. No sound of life, no stroke of hammer, no lowing of cattle, no cry of a child at play lifts the curtain of silence. So grey and desolate the land stretches

itself in the softly falling rain, you feel to wonder if God did not make it, and then forget it, leaving it to its loneliness and virgin strength and silence.

The other is of a golden day. Golden when the dawn signals so loudly that the earth, dewy and dreamy, and fairer than at any other hour, must needs wake and welcome; golden at noon when the languorous heat presses heavily; golden all the long, long day; golden still when the stars creep out in the saffron sky, and night comes lingeringly over the land with a harvest moon to light her way.

East, west, north, south, as far as the eye can reach in any direction are prairie wheat fields ripening for the harvest. As the west wind stirs, mark the faint line of green mingling with the bronze, and the bronze losing itself in the deep yellow. It is a sea of gold, this great stretch of waving grain—a sea of gold stretching away, away into the dim distance, its ripples running to some far-off shore. The beauty of it thrills you, the immensity of it wakes a wondering reverence. The golden sea has a song of its own—"Seed time and harvest shall not fail! seed time and harvest shall not fail!" The whisper grows into a strain so sweet and clear the heavens bend low to listen. There is a glamour in the air. The turbid Assiniboine has golden lights on its bosom, the poplars on its banks glisten and flutter, a boat going slowly round the bend has cloth of gold for sails. There is a golden glory in the heavens above, a golden glory in the earth below, as though:

God with His own right hand did gently lay
Upon a golden world a golden day.

A NORTHERN REVERIE.

HERE where the pale green twilights brood
On snow and silent pine,
With no world but God's solitude
Between His face and mine;

Here where is bared the untempered tooth
Of blast and boreal cold,
I shall hold question with the Truth
Of those strange tales they told.

Yes, tales that lulled my youth away,
And dreams that drowsed my soul,
Here would I know your worth to-day;
Face, unafraid, the whole!

O hills that know man's old despair,
And wastes my feet oft trod,
Facing His night, I ask, "Is there,
Or is there not a God?"

For though He rend me limb from limb,
And stoop to crush me here,
The hunger to know aught of Him
Is stronger far than fear!

See, not by His soft Aprils crooned
Asleep with folded hands;
Not by His summers, golden-nooned,
Drugged reckless of all bands;

No, not of His vast seas afraid,
Nor by His stars o'erawed,
Lost in His night, but undismayed,
I ask, "Who is this God?"

Odin and Asgard are no more;
The old names pass away.
Ymir is gone, and their grim Thor
Has died this many a day.

These ancient iron hills that brood
Beneath dead Balder's sun—
These aching leagues of solitude
Cry out, "There must be One!"

There must be One who dwells above
The change and dust of Time!
Beyond the storm some final Love,
Some Spring beyond the rime!

Deep in the North, I know there are
Dim runic Lights hung out;
And so I dream He dwells afar
Beyond the snows of Doubt.

I spin my fancies, thread by thread,
And weave my web of thought:
The cage still waits untenanted
Of that dread Name I sought.

And yet, would God stand as before
If knowledge drained the grail,
And life swung wide the barrier door,
And rent the mystic veil?

Ah, whence He came, or whither goes,
I know not, being blind;
My soul walks naked in His snows,
And here some fire must find!

But lo, the Norland solace where
The gold-green twilight ends:
The dusk that buffets me to prayer,
The doubt that still befriends!

The voice that deep as Life doth speak:
"O foolish child and blind,
Too far He dwells for ye to seek,
Too near for ye to find!"

Arthur Stringer.

THE STORY OF IM.

By Howard Farrant.

THE dog was no particular beauty to one who judged by outward appearances. The head was large and unshapely, disfigured by an ugly pair of great flapping ears. The body, of a brownish-yellow colour, was rather short and disproportionately lean in comparison with the great head, while the long ungainly legs added in no slight degree to his whole grotesque appearance. The one redeeming feature was the eyes—those great, brown eyes, wistful as a pleading woman's, almost drew tears from my own, as I gazed into his dog's pure soul.

"Will the Sahib have the dog?" asked Nana Din, deferentially.

The Sahib would have the dog and wondered much where his old servant had got him.

"By your Honour's grace, I have a friend. He had a master who had the dog which is now the Sahib's. My friend is going away with his Sahib and asked me to take the dog. He has a soul."

No one could accuse faithful old Nana Din of taking sudden, unfounded fancies to stray dogs. He knew whereof he spoke when he said, "He has a soul." Nana led out the new dog into the verandah; and from the window, I watched the pair as they walked across the lawn to the animals' quarters. The dog with his beautiful eyes had won a place in my heart.

Next day, coming from the office an hour earlier than usual, I became aware of a presence in the dining-room —a yellowish-brown dog. He did not hear my noiseless tread over the heavy carpets and I stood for a moment at the door, gazing at him as he lay outstretched on the rug before my desk.

He had no business in my room, of course, but it did not occur to me to kick him out, as I had kicked the cat the previous day. I stepped into the room and, quick as a flash, he was upon his feet facing me. I instinctively realized that it would be dangerous to meet as an enemy this strange dog with the human eyes. He advanced slowly to meet me, his tail slowly waving like a huge brush, and put up his great head to be patted. I sat down in my chair and he rested his muzzle on my knee while I fondled him.

In three minutes Nana Din was in the room. He looked at me, then at the dog.

"This dog I left here to learn to know his master's rooms. He can now go to his kennel. He is a good dog, Sahib. Come, Im!"

The dog looked at me, licked my hand and then, reluctantly withdrawing from my caress, retired slowly after my old servant.

"He can come to the office with me to-morrow!" I called down the hall to Nana and I smiled as I saw the sudden waving of the dog's tail at the sound of my voice.

From that day dated my acquaintance with Im. He followed me everywhere, watched over me, waking and sleeping, like my own shadow. He was more human than canine. He never acted like other dogs. I never saw Im ravenously gnaw a bone in preference to the careful dish which Nana Din put before him. He slept across the threshold of my door each night. All day he basked in the heat of my office, but regularly as closing hour came would rise from the floor, look at the clock, then at me, quietly open the door and stand expectantly till I should pass out on my way to my bungalow.

Im never had any companions. Dogs were scarce in our district until one day a new clerk came and with him a dog. She was a pretty little black

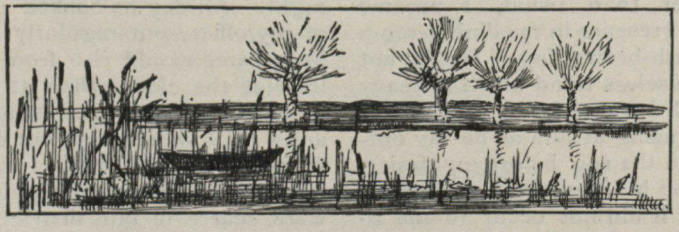
spaniel, and from the first Im fell in love with her and, I am sure, she with him. They presently set up housekeeping in a secluded part of my garden ; and one bright morning, Im's pretty wife presented him with six small pups as a first instalment towards a family. Im was busy now. He came to see me depart in the morning, and usually trotted as far as the office to accompany me home ; while during the day he confined himself to domestic duties, of whatever nature they may have been.

I could plainly see that the dog was anxious lest his desertion of me might cause me to entertain any ill feeling towards him, but I soon relieved him on that score and delighted his faithful heart by sundry little attentions to his family. The kennel was at the farther end of my garden and there I often resorted for a pleasant walk. One evening, a stroll through the shrubbery brought me near the dogs' quarters. I was still some distance away when I felt something soft beneath my foot. At the same instant a faint squeal sounded distinctly, but the warning cry came too late and I shuddered as I heard the crunching of tender bones. The next instant up bounded Im and not till I heard his little whine of distress did I realize that I had killed one of the little ones. Next morning, I came upon the dog burying his dead. He had dug a hole beneath a castor-oil bush and beside the grave sat the mother and father, looking for the last time on their little one. Stooping over the dead, Im sadly licked its little black face, and then, gently picking it up in his mouth, placed it tenderly in the grave and replaced the earth as it had been.

For some months the happy family thrived. The little ones passed from puppy days and began to think of maturer things. One by one I parted with them to friends and at last, one day, Im and his wife were left alone. That night he again took for the first time his accustomed position in my room. It was a wet night, and with some concern, I had seen Nana Din search every nook and corner of my room to be certain that no deadly snake had made its way into the bungalow by reason of the heavy rains. I lay long, listening to the pat pat of the rain on the low roof, but by-and-by sleep came and I remembered no more.

I know not how long I slept, but some hours later I awoke with a start. In the darkness I could hear a struggle going on below me, close beside my bed. Hastily striking a match, I threw a gleam of light on the floor, and there not three feet from my bed lay a huge snake, his coils still quivering in death. Close beside him lay Im, licking his flank. When I leaned over to look at him, he raised his head and fixed upon me such a look of doggish love, as I shall never forget. We did all we could for the poor fellow, but the snake's poison was deadly. He died an hour after.

The next morning, in the early light, Nana Din and the little black spaniel followed me to the castor-oil bush, and there, beside his little one, we buried all that was left of my dear old Im.



BABY BUNTING.

By May Austin Low.

"Bye, Baby Bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap the Baby Bunting in."

NURSERY RHYME.

BABY BUNTING came when all hope had gone of her ever appearing upon the scene. What she thought of the world she had arrived in she kept to herself, accepting also everything done for her comfort in the most matter-of-fact manner.

Daunt had declared he dreaded the disturbance a baby would make in the house. While his wife admonished him for the heresy, she hoped in her heart that the Baby, when it came, would be a *good Baby*. She hastily ran over in her mind the many women of her acquaintance blessed with motherhood; the blessing had never seemed to her to be an unmitigated one. But then her baby might be—would be—so different to the rest. And so it was, for from the first Baby Bunting, as her father christened her, seemed bound to accept, with great placidity, the responsibility of life imposed, unasked, upon her. Even Madame Demers, the monthly nurse, after a time dropped the key-note of her training, letting the "*Shoo-Shoo-Shooee-Shoo*" rest, when she discovered that Baby Bunting had no desire to break the peace.

"She no cry dis baby, 'cos she no got nothing—no pain for the belly—colique. No not'ing. Tak mickle—no cry—no tak mickle jes de same. She is one *ange*.

The happy mother listened to this rhapsody in her child's behalf, and loved the little Frenchwoman for bestowing it, and before a month was over Daunt was inclined to confess that the Baby made no difference.

But it did make a difference.

Laying awake at night Daunt found himself building wonderful castles in the air, second only to those he had builded in his boyhood, and these were all for a little morsel of humanity, swathed in flannel, reposing upon his wife's breast.

He saw her playing by his side in childhood, prattling her thoughts into his ear; and then came a tall and Queen-like creature who would call him "Father," but that is what Baby Bunting never did. He was Daddy from first to last, and he liked it best.

It remained on record that Baby Bunting had never used her lungs for aught but breath, until the day she blurted out "Dad-dee" in Daunt's delighted face.

Mrs. Daunt declared she was jealous of her husband, but it made her very happy, this close union between him and her little daughter.

It would be: "Dora, I am going into the garden; may Baby Bunting come?" or "Dora, the man wants me in the stables, and Baby Bunting delights in the stables." Wherever he went that he could with a possible pretext take Baby Bunting she would be sure to go. Generally her mode of location was on Daunt's shoulder, one chubby arm wound round his neck for safety, and there was always a kiss to be given for payment before she got down.

There was a bay cob in the stables who had given many years to Daunt's service, and to be, for a moment, perched on his broad back was Baby Bunting's highest delight. When she grew older the cob was taken out into the yard, and led slowly up and down with her in the saddle. This was how Baby Bunting learnt to ride. When she was old enough Daunt bought her a horse of her own, and she accompanied him in many a canter up the Montè, and glorious gallop over the common.

After Daddy, her mother and the bay cob, came next in her affections a curly-headed youth, Ballantyne by name, who frequented the Stone House by the lake, listened to Daunt's tales of by-gone adventures, helped Mrs. Daunt wind her worsted, or had games of romps with Baby Bunting under the sumach trees.

Ballantyne had an uncle who lived near by, and with whom he was supposed to spend his time when he had leave of absence sufficient for him to do so. For Ballantyne was a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards; but without much pretext Ballantyne managed to spend most of his days when at Chambly with the Daunts.

"Daunt is a capital fellow," he would say to his uncle in explanation of these prolonged visits, "and his wife is the right sort too, and as for Baby Bunting ——"

But here Ballantyne would stop, words failed to describe Baby Bunting as she really was—a little living bundle of red roses and white, with soft fair hair just long enough, and curly enough, to form a golden halo round her head.

Old Ballantyne smiled grimly over his nephew's ecstasies.

"You are young," he would say, "and I wouldn't undeceive you at any price. Go on believing in human nature, if you like, but I tell you it is all rot!" Old Ballantyne, alas! had no feminine influences at hand to soften him. As years went by he retired more and more within himself, growing daily, as such people do, more crotchety and suspicious and unsatisfied.

The story was abroad that old Ballantyne's brother had married the woman of his heart. Be that as it may, old Ballantyne was wonderfully kind in his way to this curly-headed lad, who was that brother's son, and the only living being bearing his name.

Time trod its round, and took Baby Bunting's Daddy away from her.

There was no warning, no gradual change, which accustoms the heart in a measure, to its dreariness. Daunt rode out one morning with his head as straight and his heart as light as a boy's, and was brought home—dead.

Baby Bunting could scarce be brought to believe the cruel truth. She cast herself beside him, covering the cold hands with kisses—crying aloud in her anguish the name that meant the world to her—"*Daddy, Daddy.*"

And for the first time "Daddy" could not answer.

. . . .

Ballantyne heard of Daunt's sudden death and lamented his friend and pitied the widow in her bereavement; but for Baby Bunting his whole heart ached. Sorrow had seemed so far away from her glad eyes.

If he could, he would have gone on the instant to Canada, to where his thoughts were, in that village by the lake; but as this could not be done, he wrote, hoping for an answer, and after a time one reached him.

"Dear Bal.—

I thank you so much for all you have said—we are very lonely, mother and I, and we wish we could see you—though it can never be the same again—we want Daddy so much.

Yours—with affection,
BABY BUNTING."

"And we wish we could see you," that sentence kept ringing in Ballantyne's ears until he could have shouted with joy. It was now two years since he had been in Chambly, and Baby Bunting had not forgotten this. Young love is very true and very strong. Among all the temptations of a military life the boy had walked scatheless, with the memory of Baby Bunting's pure eyes ever before him.

. . . .

It was a smoky-grey day in September of the next year when Ballantyne found himself once more in Chambly. The Savanne was on fire. The smell of the smouldering peat in the air pressed pleasantly upon his senses. So often on such a day as this he and Baby Bunting had sailed about by the old fort, or cantered across the common.

He had not told his uncle of the

actual hour of his arrival, so there was no one to meet him at the little station. Turning the corner quickly he almost ran against a slight figure in a black frock, which brought him to a sudden standstill.

"Why," he cried, "it is Baby Bunting!" and then he was holding her hand, and there were tears in her eyes.

"How pale you have grown, sweetheart, he said," and at his words a flame of colour swept into her cheeks, and she looked away to hide the new light that had leaped into her eyes.

When Ballantyne walked back from the Stone House that evening it was all arranged. Baby Bunting had promised to be his wife.

Mrs. Daunt had cried a little, as might be expected, and then they had both told her she was never to leave them, but when Baby Bunting had bid Ballantyne good-night at the door, her voice had broken.

"If I could only tell Daddy," she cried.

And then this sceptical young soldier who never opened a Bible, and seldom went to church, had caught her to him, saying with conviction:

"He knows—he knows!"

. . . . . .

They were happy days that followed. Old Ballantyne received the news of his nephew's engagement without surprise. There was something in the boy's face—perhaps in the boy's evident belief in a happy future that brought back vividly before him his own love-dream so ruthlessly broken—and dreamed so long ago.

"Thank God, my lad, that she loves you," he said, gripping his nephew's hand so hard that it hurt, and Ballantyne, who knew his uncle never made a show of sentiment, was deeply stirred by his words.

Many a ride had he and Baby Bunting over the common in the cool of the early morning, so many sweet idle hours under the shade of the pine trees in the afternoon.

"The course of true love runs too smoothly," quoted an old dame who had had enough bitterness in her own life to make her disbelieve in the joys of others. And sure enough her prophecy, as most evil prophecies do, came true.

One late September day Ballantyne suggested that they should have a row on the lake. Baby Bunting said a paddle would be better, but Ballantyne preferred a boat with such a precious cargo.

There was a stiff breeze blowing from the north as they pushed out from shore—it strengthened to a gale before they were half way across the lake. It had beaten back the smoke from the Savanne and the air was clearer than it had been for days.

Baby Bunting laughed gaily as the spray dashed up over the gunwale, splashing her from head to foot.

"You are not afraid," said Ballantyne with a glance of admiration and affection into her bright young face.

"Afraid. It is glorious! the wind sweeps the smoke from our souls—oh"—she broke off and gave a cry. A *coup de vent* had been sweeping up from the point, and just then it caught and capsized a small green canoe ahead of them, which had only a woman for occupant.

"Take me back to the shore at once," cried Baby Bunting, with a pale and resolute face and something in the depth of her dark eyes Ballantyne had never before seen there.

"Sweetheart," he said, in sorrow and shame—giving heavy strokes onward.

But then she was at his feet in the bottom of the boat, winding her arms about him.

"For love of me," she cried, "won't you do what I ask you? . . . Let us go back. . . . Nothing can save her in such a sea. . . Do not risk your life . . . and oh! I lost Daddy—" What a cry it was, from her very soul.

But all the soldier was awake in Ballantyne's breast in the face of danger. His voice was calm to sternness.

"I will save her."

He stooped down so as to loosen

Baby Bunting's clasp, and in that moment she had wrenched one oar, rowlock and all, from the socket, and cast it into the water, out of reach!

"Oh you horrible little coward," he cried, and had his coat off, and was in the water in a moment.

Baby Bunting said not a word, but her face was like one turned to stone, as she seized the other oar, using it as a paddle in Ballantyne's track. But her progress was slow.

Presently he came back, swimming with one hand, and bringing the woman with him.

Then Baby Bunting came to herself, giving all the help she could; but by the time Ballantyne had clambered in she had fainted.

They had been so secure in their love and regard for each other, these two, it had never come to either of them that aught could divide, and here, suddenly—something had come and caused a coldness.

Even with Baby Bunting lying pale and listless among the cushions, Ballantyne could not bring himself to forgive her, her apparent cowardice—her desire to make him act as one—for Ballantyne was, after all, made of clay, and his dignity was very dear to him.

He did not go to see Baby Bunting that evening, her indisposition was sufficient excuse. He sent over a note to the Stone House instead, and it was a cold little note for an impassioned lover to send.

"Dear Baby"—he wrote—

"As you are under the weather there is no use my calling. I hope by to-morrow you will have quite pulled yourself together again.

Always yours, BAL."

And it brought back such a loving answer.

"Dearest Bal,—

I *must* write for I want you to *understand*. I was afraid—terribly afraid to-day—but it was not for myself—but all for you, because I love you so—and it seemed as if I could not give you up—even for a brave action—oh! I can't explain it properly—but don't you understand? You said you were going to Montreal to-morrow. I shall be at the station to meet you. Always your own,

BABY BUNTING."

Ballantyne did not understand. Happy-hearted, healthy-minded, how could he gauge a woman's fear—a woman's soul, such as this?

She had shown the white feather—so it stood to him.

He went into Montreal the next day, still with the bitter feeling in his heart, but before the day was over his mood had softened.

He longed for the day's close, the evening train bearing him homeward, and Baby Bunting's smile at the end of the journey.

The road had never seemed so long before, as he whirled countryward when the evening came. He could hardly wait for the train to slacken at the station before he jumped off.

There was an excited group on the platform—a woman crying over a little child, "You might have been killed—you might have been killed," as she covered him with kisses.

Apparently an accident had just been averted.

The crowd broke at sight of Ballantyne, and showed him what he could scarce bring himself to look upon—soldier though he was—something he could scarce have known but for the black frock and golden hair, while to his ears came the station-master's excited explanation:

"De mudder mek one big cry—an Mam-selle she mek one big jump—"

Then Ballantyne *understood*.

THE YOUNG MARTINET.

A TALE OF OLD NOVA SCOTIA.

By Percie W. Hart.

IN the autumn of the year 1746 the shattered remnant of the French Armada found a temporary refuge in the sheltered basin adjacent to where the city of Halifax, Nova Scotia, now stands. This great fleet had been sent to reduce the coast of British North America, from Newfoundland to the Virginias, inclusive. A further incursion among the British West Indies was also contemplated by the ambitious projectors. But, somewhat after the fashion of its Spanish predecessor, the sudden raids of the smaller and more readily handled English craft, the lack of discipline resulting from jealousy among the leaders, and the wrath of the storm-winds, had played havoc with these extensive plannings. To add to their troubles a plague of smallpox and scurvy broke out on board the few ships that finally reached the rendezvous. Over a thousand French soldiers and sailors, and several hundred of their Indian allies, were buried upon the shores of the picturesque Bedford Basin.

On a certain morning in October, a little expedition started away from the collection of hastily-improvised hospital and barrack buildings, and entered the virgin forest. No gathering of comrades cheered the detachment on its way. Save for the perfunctory salutes of the few posted sentries, the departure was scarcely noted by the miserable camp. Several Indians were in the lead as guides. After them trudged over a hundred Musketeers of the Guard, sullen and haggard-looking for the most part, borne down by the weight of the general affliction.

The officer in command of the party was well along in years, gray-moustached, and lean of body. Beside him marched a mere stripling, a lad of about sixteen years. The latter also wore an officer's uniform, although he had no real rank at that time. Baron Audrey L'Ardoise was a younger son of a noble family, and had been sent out under the care of Vice-Admiral D'Estournelle, to learn the practical workings of his chosen profession. The youth had already spent some years under military tutelage and was strongly imbued with the stern theories of the time.

"How comes it that you chose this sorry expedition, baron?" remarked Captain Ambon, after they had passed out of sight of the great stricken camp and were advanced several miles inland.

"The death of my guardian has made the place distasteful to me," replied the lad gloomily. "Moreover, there should be chance for glory with you, my captain."

The officer laughed bitterly, and then, looking to see that they were not within easy earshot of the troops, said:

"I was amazed when I saw the council were willing to let you sacrifice yourself."

"Sacrifice?"

"Why, yes. That is the whole truth. What do you imagine we will be able to accomplish?"

"It is a splendid plan," cried Audrey vigorously. "We join forces with DeRamazay and invest Fort Royal from the landward side. Meanwhile, the fleet goes round, first blockades, then bombards, and these English surrender. What would you have? They are trapped."

"But supposing we can effect no junction with DeRamazay? By his last message he is in rapid retreat up country."

"Then we could, at least, hold the

garrison in check by feints and attacks calculated to give them a most exalted idea of our numbers. With the arrival of the fleet——"

"Ah! That is the main point."

"You speak incredulously?"

"I have very good reason to know that our navy is too demoralized to be trusted. Let them but once get away from the plague-infested anchorage, and the new admiral will easily find some excuse to head for France."

"You astonish me!"

"There is yet time for you to return. We are scarcely an hour's walking distance from camp."

"Sir!"

"I can improvise a message to the council which will relieve you from the slightest chance of censure. Come, baron, you are young, with everything to live for. Go back while the door is open, and leave the empty honour of extermination by the enemy, or, more likely, the perishing miserably from starvation, to a gray-beard like myself."

"Captain Ambon, this is a strange fashion of insulting me!"

"You bristle up like a bantam cock!"

"I am a gentleman, and hope to be a soldier."

"Hey-day! Forgive me, lad. I am old enough to be your father, and spoke as I would to mine own son. I see you are determined to die with us. Be it so then. Let me say one thing."

"What is it?"

"If you had been my son, and turned back after setting your face to the gale upon the invitation, I should have disowned you. As it is, I am about to confer an honour."

"But, my captain, I do not——"

"Soldiers, halt!" bellowed the officer.

The little column was some paces ahead of the conversing pair, but close enough to heed the order.

"Musketeers of the Guard," went on Captain Ambon, as the ranks stood at attention, "by virtue of my authority, I hereby nominate and confirm the Baron Audrey as second in command during the present campaign. You are to give him full obedience."

The soldiers remained silent and immovable.

"What, not a cheer, villains?" shouted the lean captain indignantly.

"If it please you, sir," announced a tall sergeant, saluting and stepping from the ranks as he spoke, "whatever you order is law to us, but we reserve our breath for marching."

"It is always Gaspard who has the pert reason for everything," retorted the officer angrily. "Forward, rascals. I might have known better than to waste courtesy upon such a pack."

It was no easy route by which they were travelling. From all appearances it might never before have known the tread of a human being. The tree trunks grew closer and closer together the farther they proceeded. In many places the lower branches interlaced with the shrubbery in such a fashion as to necessitate the hacking of a clear path. There were prostrate forest giants to clamber over, and slippery-rocked boisterous brooks to pass, in almost monotonous succession. The emaciated soldiers were weighted down with equipment and supplies. No verbal complaint was heard, but bloodshot eyes and laboured motions, gave evidence of the strain. Long before nightfall they were compelled to halt and make camp. The second day's journey was no better than the first. Likewise the third. On the morning of the fourth day came an Indian runner to inform the officer that DeRamazay awaited him at a certain spot some forty miles distant. By this time fully one-third of the soldiers had to be helped along by their more rugged companions.

"Come. Things are happening in proper course," chirped the young baron, making quite a successful attempt at cheerfulness.

"Why not a hundred or a thousand miles?" cried Captain Ambon petulantly. "They would be much the same as forty at our present rate of progress."

"Pshaw! 'Tis but a trifle. Most

likely the road will soon be easier. This interminable labyrinth of wood and water should certainly have an end. Give us but open country enough to stretch our legs upon, and—My captain, what is it? You stagger. Your face is flushed."

"Nothing, nothing. A fit of dizziness. That is all," replied the officer in feeble tones, and fell to the ground in a sort of stupor.

The position of the young baron for the next day or two was most trying. Captain Ambon partially recovered consciousness only to relapse into mild delirium. He was carried along upon an improvised litter. Many of the men were in open mutiny, and treated their youthful officer with scant respect. During the night following the captain's attack of sickness, the Indian guides, probably scenting the failure of the expedition, deserted the party. It required all the tact of which the young volunteer was capable, to induce the disheartened soldiers to press forward. One thing slightly encouraged them. This was the emerging upon a tract of open country. It was only a rolling waste of scrawny sand-hills and poor soil, but, nevertheless, a delightful change from the dispiriting gloom of the forest. They made camp near a tiny brook, which wound its way upon the margin of a stretch of perfectly level green sward.

"This reminds me of the drill ground at Amiens," muttered the cadet, gazing thoughtfully around him.

"What has happened? Where am I?" thickly queried the stricken officer, who lay upon the litter close beside the baron, at the same time endeavouring to rise upon one elbow and failing.

"The saints be praised!" ejaculated Audrey. "You are yourself again, my captain. I willingly resign the unwilling command I have been holding of late."

"No, no. Listen to me," put in Captain Ambon huskily and with great apparent effort. "I fear that my mind begins to wander already. Where was I? Yes. Listen!"

"Your orders, my captain!" cried the young volunteer, leaning affectionately over the ailing man.

"You—you must join DeRamazay," commenced the officer. "In order to do this, it will be absolutely necessary for you to preserve strict discipline. I will—I will—speak—to—the—men. Marie, Marie, you look so pretty in that pink dress. Has the artillery passed the ford? It is—what a flower garden for the children!".....And again the old soldier went off into the babble of delirium.

Upon the following morning came the crisis. It was bad weather to begin with, and that means much in human undertakings. Threatening clouds covered the whole sky. The sun's light seemed well-nigh obscured. The air was heavy with promise of storm. After the scant breakfast, some twenty or thirty of the soldiers who had almost succumbed to weakness and fatigue, lay upon the sward uncared for and uncaring, while the main body gathered in noisy groups and discussed matters. Finally, the tall sergeant who had been their spokesman upon a former occasion, left them, and advanced towards where the Baron Audrey sat by the sick captain.

"I regret to inform you, sir," said the non-commissioned officer, punctiliously bringing his hand to the salute, "that the men have determined to try and make their way back to the army. As soon as you are ready we will set out."

"At the moment I am in command," retorted the stripling coolly. "I have decided that we will rest and recuperate to-day, continuing our advance upon the morrow."

"But, sir, I have tried in vain to reason with them, and they"—began Gaspard.

"You interrupt me," went on the young baron. "This afternoon the men must parade for drill and inspection. Only those too weak to bear arms will be excused."

"It is madness for—"

"What! You retort upon your

commanding officer? Have a care or I shall feel compelled to reduce you to the ranks. Inform these triflers of my intentions. Go."

Awed into silence by the stern tones of the young volunteer, the sergeant again saluted and returned to his comrades. The message was received with scornful jeerings, too loudly uttered to be unheard by Audrey. The soldiers gathered up their accoutrements, and after placing an abundant store of the provisions alongside of the silent baron, started away, the stronger men assisting the weaker. The slow-moving crowd soon disappeared over the crest of a hillock.

Audrey felt despair tugging strongly at his heart, but continued to administer as well as he was able to the wants of his patient. Within an hour the lonely young commandmant was astonished to see a soldier come crawling painfully back towards the brook. Later on, others followed by twos and threes and fours. To add to his wonderment, every now and again he caught sight of the main body upon some one of the nearby elevations, keeping sturdily onward. He could not understand it. At length he unbent sufficiently to inquire the cause of this erratic marching of a returned soldier, who sat crouched upon the ground near at hand, alternately praying and cursing.

"'Tis an enchanted country," howled the man. "I know not the reason for it, but one quickly loses all sense of direction. Point as we would we came back to the starting place over and over again. We are doomed to perish within its confines."

"The hills and hollows blind the eyes by their sameness," put in another; "and the very trees and bushes appear to be placed alike. It is worse than being placed down in the midst of a strange forest."

The young volunteer could not refrain from smiling.

At length the main body trooped sullenly back to the camp and drew near him. Sergeant Gaspard came forward shamefacedly.

"Show us but the way out of this horrible place, my commander," cried the soldier pitifully, "and we will follow you to the end of the world."

"It is time for parade," replied the young officer sternly, rising from the ground as he spoke in order to buckle on his sword.

"But"—began the sergeant impetuously.

"Have you forgotten the admonition I gave some hours ago?" cried Audrey. "This answering back to an officer bespeaks poor discipline. Tear off your chevrons. You are no longer a sergeant."

"I implore you to save us!" pleaded the poor fellow, falling upon his knees.

"Get up, man!" called the lad. "Kneel only to God. It is as easy for true soldiers to march across this plain as if there was a paved roadway to guide. Fear nothing so long as you render proper obedience to your superiors."

"Oh, this is good to hear," cried Gaspard, his face lit up with the joy of renewed hope. "Will you not forgive and leave me my rank? Never again shall"—

"All must depend upon future conduct. Now for parade. Let the men fall in."

There were some mutterings and scowls. Human nature has its limits. But Gaspard's counsels prevailed. The tired soldiers drew up in accustomed ranks, and after being inspected by their stony-faced young acting commandant, marched and countermarched to his peremptorily called orders. The sick and helpless ones, crouched upon a margin of the natural drill ground, watched his every motion with greedy eyes.

Next morning the party was early astir. The men lined up, perfectly obedient to command, the litter-borne officer and weakly ones at their head. The young baron selected three privates for his own use and bade the tall Gaspard lead the main body along the route given. Himself always in the

rear, the acting commandant placed his human markers a few hundred feet apart, and sighted so that the centre soldier stood in exact line with the other two. As soon as the column had marched abreast of the middle marker, the rear one was sent ahead to take up position in front; thus forming the centre man into the rear marker for the time being. In such fashion the detachment was able to make a perfectly straight course across the bewildering sand plain.

"Peste!" grumbled Gaspard, as they at length came in sight of the forest's fringe. "Muscle and valour are, apparently, not the only essentials for proper soldiering. Brains seem to be somewhat necessary."

. . . . . .

Some five months later, although basely deserted by the fleet, as foretold by Captain Ambon, the young baron and his Musketeers of the Guard participated in the gallant capture of Grand Pré; in which action Colonel Noble and over a hundred of his Massachusetts regiment were killed. After the surrender of the British, conquerors and conquered joined in a hearty banquet, toasting the fallen heroes of both sides, and separated with much openly expressed regret.

COMMERCIAL EDUCATION AT UNIVERSITIES.

By S. Morley Wickett, Ph.D.

THE introduction of commercial teaching at universities is a recognition of the growing claims of business upon trained ability. That the professions alone called for a liberal education is an old view rapidly giving ground. The exigencies of commerce, especially of international commerce, in the wonderful proportions it has assumed during the last twenty years, and the universal interest with which its course is followed have raised a commercial career to a new plane of dignity and responsibility. This result is certainly in no small measure an outcome of the ethical view of business whose moderating influence is happily beginning more and more to tell.

I do not refer here so much to technical education popularly so-called, as to something broader and more advanced in which one studies not merely the laws of production, but the manifold laws of distribution as well: commercial geography and industrial history; wages and prices; tariffs and transportation; banking; modern languages and commercial law; besides some of the natural sciences. The phrases commercial course and business course have too long been synonymous with something good as far as it goes and extremely useful, but something not at all suggestive of a liberal education. We shall have to revise our phrases.

University instruction on theoretical business subjects, it must not be forgotten, does not imply necessarily a great change in academic work. For business men can already find much work of interest to them in the curricula of our larger universities. It means in most cases chiefly the grouping of selected lectures into a definite course of study, along with some slight modification of detailed work, with perhaps an additional topic or two to be lectured upon. We have here, in the main, merely a change of attitude between universities and public, and public and universities.

Concerning higher commercial training in Canada, it is a matter of congratulation that such representative and influential organizations as the

Canadian Manufacturers' Association and the Toronto Board of Trade, have already placed themselves on record as strongly in its favour. The resolution of the Manufacturers' Association, inviting our academic bodies to consider the question of undertaking more of such work, was sent to all our larger universities. So far the University of Toronto alone has formally responded by drawing up a two-year course of study admirably fitted to the requirements of a commercial career. The Toronto Board of Trade at once expressed its appreciation by generously granting an annual scholarship of $250 for the student taking the highest stand.

As regards special business training the commercial experience of Germany, France and Belgium has spoken decidedly in its favour. Two of our most representative business associations, we have seen, have also expressed themselves in a way that cannot be misunderstood. Yet objections are still met with in some quarters which it may be well to examine. These objections seem to rest largely on two misconceptions. In stating them I will draw in part from an article on Commercial Education, published some time ago in the *North American Review*, by Mr. James Bryce, M.P.

In the first place, commercial education does not turn every boy into a competent business man. This is what no education will or can do in any trade or profession whatever. Many young fellows of good ability, who have had the best instruction money can buy, do not succeed, whether it be in business or in law, in medicine or in soldiering, because a host of other things besides ability and education are elements in success. Industry, honesty, sobriety, steadiness of application, pleasant manners, social tact and knowledge of human nature, the power of inspiring confidence, all count for much in winning success in any walk in life. In business as well as in law or soldiering no amount of teaching, or, for the matter of that, no amount of cleverness will ensure success. All that preparation can possibly do is to make those who have the natural gifts somewhat better, and to make those not so well endowed somewhat less bad. And as the majority of young men are neither so capable as to be sure of success however ill-trained, nor so incapable as to be certain to fail, however well trained, the difference which training may make seems sufficient to determine us to give it.

The second mistake is to suppose that a young man so prepared will, during his first business experience, be as useful to his employer as one who had entered the office or warehouse or factory two years sooner. But there ought to be little doubt which youth, other things being equal, in a reasonable time, will be the more efficient.

Following the afore-mentioned writer—and Prince Florizel (Mr. Godall) in Stephenson's *The Dynamiters*—one must distinguish at the outset between *aptitudes* and *knowledge*. Commercial education seeks to train the mental faculties and to impart certain kinds of knowledge most serviceable in business. The habit "of using one's head," of observing quickly, keenly and accurately, and of reflecting on facts observed, of putting facts together, and asking the reason for them, is something precious in all walks in life. In the shifting conditions of commerce this means a faculty and habit quite as valuable as in any profession. Some people too readily imagine, as already observed, that business is an easier sort of occupation than a profession and demands less active minds. Moreover, in this social age it is not to be forgotten that the well-educated, able and alert business man has open to him exceptional possibilities, not alone for commercial success, but also for exerting a helpful influence within his sphere.

This question of higher commercial training leads us to ask as to the relation of universities to the general intellectual life round about them. A peculiarity of German universities, for example, is the fact that they form the active centres of German scientific

thought. Oxford and Cambridge, on the other hand, constitute a life almost apart from the main current ebbing and flowing near them. The two great English universities have indeed their work to perform, and they are performing it. It is being left to the other universities, such as Glasgow and Victoria and Birmingham, and others, to come more directly in touch with everyday life. As for a young country like Canada, it seems as if the mission of a university can, for a considerable time to come at least, be none other than to provide for the teaching of all the main departments of knowledge and skill in a philosophic spirit and upon scientific methods.

The writer, when visiting a leading technical college in a certain American city, received the impression that, generally speaking, the students there were being simply trained for traffic. The presence of commercial instruction at our universities should in this respect act as a leavening and broadening influence, and teach business men to look upon business from a higher standpoint, as a fit matter for science, as a subject which may engage the higher faculties of thought instead of being regarded solely from the side of pecuniary gain. Nothing would do more, as the experienced parliamentarian remarks, to secure sound legislation in all questions of currency and taxation, especially in tariff questions, than a mastery by the leading business men of a country of the scientific theory of production and distribution. Nothing would go further towards assuring commercial stability, and therewith social well-being. The business and theory of distribution are indeed to be learned just as much as are the laws of production.

In providing such a training the influence of universities will be extended in an important respect. For, as is clear to all, the world is coming to look more and more to the trained common-sense and broad social sympathy of its business men. As for Canada, whose export trade is now rapidly developing, it remains to be seen to what extent those equipping themselves for a commercial life will take advantage of the increased and increasing facilities for a business education.

THE NORTH LAND'S WELCOME.

WE, of the strong young nation, that dwelleth over the sea,
Stretch out our hands in welcome, of the North, O Prince, to thee ;
Come, see our mighty wheat-fields bowed with their weight of grain,
Our wondrous stretch of forest reaching from main to main.
Hear how the cataract thunders its voice across the land,
Bidding our foes have caution, an' ever we raise our hand ;
Hark, how its echo drifteth forever full and free
Till it fades, and fading dieth, in the depth of the troubled sea !
Naught have we of the clamour of England's millions' feet ;
We cannot raise so great a cheer, as they, thy face to greet ;
But from the ice-bound Artic, where the lonely hunter dwells ;
From the cliffs of the Rocky mountains ; where the scream of the sea-gull swells ;
Yea, from the north and eastward, from the south to the westward far,
Strong as the never-failing beam that falls from the Northern star,
We offer love from every heart—offer it full and free,
We, of the strong young nation, that dwelleth over the sea.

Helen Baptie Lough.

A NEW INDUSTRY FOR CANADA.

By John R. Bone.

AN agitation begun more than twenty-five years ago resulted, in the Province of Quebec, in an attempt being made to follow the example of European countries in the manufacture of sugar from beets. The promoters after working away for a few years and meeting new difficulties at every turn became discouraged, and after a final effort at Farnham about eight years ago the project was abandoned. Since then, the problem of the manufacture of sugar in Canada has been treated with cold neglect. Quite recently, however, the question has been mooted again, and foreign capital—ever nervously seeking some comparatively safe investment—has been casting designing glances on our fertile fields in the belief that they can be made the scene of a successful founding of the industry. Possibly the next year or two will see one and perhaps more beet sugar factories in operation in Ontario. At this point it seems opportune that a short sketch of the industry as it has developed in Europe and America, as well as a forecast of its probable success in Canada, should be given to the readers of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The career of the industry on its way to final success has been exceptionally varied and checkered. As far back as 1747, a German chemist, Maggraf, after a series of most diligent experiments, read a paper before the Berlin Academy of Sciences, showing how sugar might be obtained profitably from the beet. Maggraf, however, was modest, poor, uninfluential and a discoverer. Such a combination of qualities could have but one result—Maggraf was looked upon by his contemporaries with great compassion as a poor enthusiast. The man died, but the idea lived; and by the time of the Napoleonic wars, it had been clearly demonstrated that such a process of obtaining sugar was quite practicable. The wars interfering with the importation of the tropically manufactured cane sugar, quite an industry, in a small way, sprang up in both France and Germany. With the cessation of hostilities cane sugar rushed in freely again, and the process of manufacture of the beet sugar being at that time so little perfected that it could not compete with its easily made rival, the insignificant beet was forced to retire in disgrace.

The beet had good backers, however, in the continental chemists, who immediately set to work to put it in a position to compete with the cane. Slowly but surely their efforts were crowned with success. In England, curiously, the new industry was looked upon with contempt. The press, the stage, the illustrators, the clubs, the politicians, vied with each other in pouring ridicule and abuse on the earthy root, which claimed it could produce sugar. The stolid German scientists worked away undismayed however, and the industry after meeting many difficulties, after meeting every influence which could tend to depress it, has attained such proportions that it can in recent years boast that it brings annually to France and Germany over $60,000,000, besides supplying the domestic demand. And England has had to acknowledge it as one of the chief competitors of her own great commercial interests. There is little of ridicule or abuse in a statement of Sir George Baden-Powell's in a recent "Fortnightly," that "the enormous development of the beet sugar industry on the continent is one of the most striking of the industrial phenomena of the century."

The truth probably is that England was thinking of her cane-producing Indian possessions. The struggle be-

tween the beet and the cane has been a battle royal—a battle between Art and Nature—with the result even yet in doubt. Some knowing ones have on diverse occasions, declared that the beet would have to go, that it was being temporarily pampered only by government bounties. But the quantity of beet sugar manufactured has been doubling and trebling as the years pass, while cane sugar is scarcely holding its own. Each year science brings some new force to the support of the beet—some labour-saving device, some fertilizer specially adapted for the root; Nature did her best for the cane years ago. Syndicates with their money invested in cane fields, seeing the danger, have been making vigorous moves. In England some three years ago a commission was appointed to investigate the grievances of the Indian growers, with a view to re-fixing the tariff. An American firm has obtained expert botanists, and posted them off to the cane fields, to preside at the nuptials of the flowers, in the hope that by a process of selection of the fittest a more profitable cane may be obtained, and so the fight goes on; which will ultimately win it is difficult to foresee with certainty.

But to return to the growth of the beet industry. Our neighbours to the south, with characteristic push, did not long let the continental manufacturers have the field to themselves. In 1830 some experiments were made. It was several years later before an attempt was made to run a factory. When it was made it was a failure. So was the second attempt. So were many others. Trial after trial made in various parts of the country, resulted only in a considerable loss of capital. One wonders that the scheme was not early thrown up in disgust. But such a thought seems not to have entered the minds of the enthusiastic promoters. Events show that their persistence and confidence were well founded, for the long and tedious road led eventually to success, although that success has only been arrived at during the past ten years.

It was reasoned that if the industry could be carried on successfully in Northern Europe it could also be established in the States. Indeed, many distinct advantages were claimed for the American manufacturer over his European competitor. The promoters of the scheme pointed to the natural fertility of the soil, quite surpassing that of Germany and Austria. They claimed that as compared with the foreigner they had a much more favoured market, for while the factories of Europe turned out such a large quantity of sugar that it had to seek a foreign market, the home consumption in the States was so great that it would greatly exceed the sugar they could hope to make for many years to come. If the foreign capitalist was favoured by bounties—averaging, as a rule, about one cent a pound—the disadvantage was met by the duty amounting to about the same. In fact, they had the tariff amended so that in addition to the regular duty, sugar upon which a bounty had been paid was forced to pay a tax equal to this bounty before entering the country. A further reason given for the success of the American venture would probably be advanced by no other nation under the sun; with calm self-confidence it was asserted that the innate ingenuity and enterprise of the American nation was a large asset, upon which they could rely for ultimate success. Events have proved that the claim was more than an idle boast. Nearly all of the improvements in the process of sugar extraction in recent years have been of American origin. One instance may be cited. The machinery for one of the first factories was, of course, brought from Germany. One year's operation was long enough to enable one of the brainy employees to render obselete by clever inventions no less than $35,000 worth of the foreign machinery.

The natural advantages of the country were not the only inducements to attempt the industry. In recent years the United States has paid for imported sugar $100,000,000 annually. To

keep this amount of money in circulation at home would be no small item towards the prosperity of any nation. The question consequently became a national one as well as a personal one. Congress recognized that the matter was worthy of its attention, and no pains were spared to help the founding of the industry. Experiments—most thorough and varied, have been and are being carried on by the Government chemist and his staff—experiments to decide the most suitable climatic conditions, the best soil, the best methods of cultivation, and so on. Most extensive reports and bulletins based on these experiments have been issued by the Secretary of Agriculture. One instance will show how extensive and liberal the efforts of the Government have been. In 1897 more than 2,000 samples of beets were collected from almost every State in the Union, and individually analyzed and the results tabulated.

To such united, systematic and determined effort there could be but one result. The industry is firmly established and growing by leaps and bounds. During the last few years factories have sprung up from Maine to California. The last year has witnessed a phenomenal increase in the number of factories. To the west in Bay City, Cairo and other Michigan towns new factories are running up each year. Meantime Canadians have not made much progress. So far they have been content to watch in apathy the success of their more enterprising cousins. Will this apathy continue, or will our natural canniness allow us to reap some of the benefits of the experiences of reverses and final success of our neighbours? One company has been formed and a bounty has been arranged for in one province.

Many reasons are given for the failure of the experiment in Quebec. Sufficient capital was not behind the enterprise to make the factory large enough, nor to give the baby industry strength to weather a storm or two. Difficulty was experienced in getting the farmers to take up the scheme and get them to grow sufficient beets. At any rate the promoters soon became discouraged and sold out. The plant was bought by an American firm who began operations in Rome, N. Y. The following significant item appeared in a recent issue of *The Sugar Beet*, whose editor, by the way, has perhaps done more than any other individual to father the industry in America—"The factory at Rome has been in operation for some years. It is found that it was a mistake to bring the factory from Canada."

The collapse of that attempt threw a wet blanket on the ardour of Canadian experimenters. At about the same time Mr. Wm. Saunders, of the Experimental Farm, prepared, under the instruction of the Minister of Finance, a report on the production and manufacture of beet sugar. A mass of useful and interesting facts were collected. The deduction that Mr. Saunders made from them was, that it would be inexpedient to attempt the production of sugar in Canada. So far the public has agreed with him.

It will be readily recognized that if it is possible to manufacture sugar from beets in Canada at any profit it would greatly benefit us to do so. During the fiscal year of 1899 Canada imported sugar to the following extent:—

Country.	Value.
Great Britain	$207,748
United States	782,949
Argentine Republic	68,506
Australasia	960
Austria	79,838
Belgium	766,265
British Guiana	51,934
British West Indies	500,403
China	56,222
Dutch East Indies	241,934
Danish West Indies	14,257
France	538,194
Germany	1,905,144
Hawaii	110
Holland	28,281
Italy	744
Peru	350,875
Spanish West Indies	297,458
Other Spanish Possessions	140,606
Turkey	3
Other Countries	59
Total	$6,032,490

The question remains, Is it possible to manufacture sugar from beets in Canada at a profit? Of the $6,000,000 worth of sugar we import it will be seen that the biggest amount comes from France, Germany and Belgium. If these nations can grow beet sugar and send it over here so cheaply that we can buy it in preference to cane sugar, why cannot we make it for ourselves? Or again, are we not in as good position to compete with those nations as our friends to the south? The sugar tariffs are quite similar in the two countries; as in the States we have a duty of about a cent a pound, which easily neutralizes any bounties and puts our manufacturers on an equal footing with the foreigner. We are as well situated otherwise as the Americans; we have the home market, the fertile land, and if we are too modest to put a value on our "innate ingenuity and enterprise," we can, at least, profit by that beside us and share the benefits of their improved machinery and methods.

That the industry will soon be one of the leading ones in the States is established. The writer had the privilege of recently visiting the factories in Binghamton, N.Y., and other places, and the stockholders everywhere are most enthusiastic. Their only fear is that the Government will allow free sugar to come in from their newly acquired possessions. Nevertheless, new factories and increased capacities are the order of the day. It is a booming business. Why should Canada lag wearily behind?

Southern Ontario seems especially suited for this industry. During the past two years, indeed, some experiments have been made in Ontario; several samples of beets have been analyzed and have been found to yield from 14 to 18% sugar and to be free from injurious impurities. In the States and foreign countries 12% is considered a high percentage. To be adapted for the location of a sugar factory, a locality should have an abundance of pure water, a cheap fuel and a limestone free from silicates. Several such localities are known to the writer in Ontario.

Farmers should easily be persuaded to take up the growing of beets. An acre of land will grow easily 12 to 15 tons of beets. The minimum that is now paid for beets in the States is $4.00 a ton. The cost of cultivating the land, marketing the beets, etc., is not more than $30.00 per acre, and this allows full wages for all work done. Thus a net profit would be given of from $18 to $30 an acre. A farmer in Nebraska cleared over $1,300 from 40 acres, after paying $900 to send his beets to the factory by freight.

The man who invests his money in the factory runs a risk, of course, but the following estimate would seem to indicate that he might go further and find a worse investment. The figures are based on actual experience, and are for a factory of a capacity of 500 tons of beets per day.

Cost of factory and plant	$375,000
Capital required for year's running expense	50,000
Total capital required	$425,000

EXPENSES.

6% interest on $425,000 capital	$ 25,500
Depreciation of 7% on machinery	17,500
Insurance	3,000
Salaries and other general expenses	35,200
Wages to labourers	24,000
Coal, limestone, oil, etc., etc	32,000
50,000 tons of beets at $4 a ton	200,000
Total	$337,800

RETURNS.

Sugar, granting beets to have 11% average, at $92 a ton	$506,000
Pulp, seed, etc	5,000
Total	$511,000
Net profits	$173,200

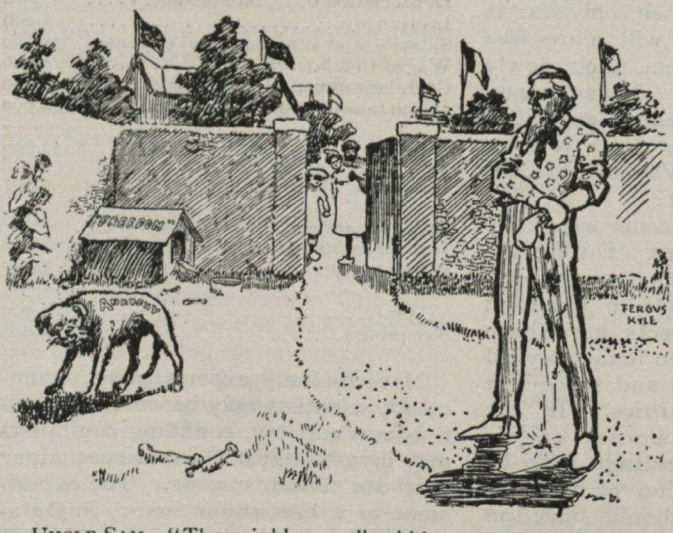
Nevertheless, experts may recommend, scientists may be confident, enthusiasts may try, confiding capitalists may invest—but it is experience alone that can assert success. The experiment of a beet sugar factory in Ontario will be awaited with the greatest interest.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD
by John A. Ewan

THE assassination of President McKinley was the most extraordinary incident of the past month. The men of this generation have seen three Presidents of the United States struck down by the hand of the assassin. When the first of these perished a million men were in arms ready to obey to the death, if need be, a wave of his hand or a nod of his head. Yet the puny blow of a hysterical strolling play-actor laid him low. There have been incidents of this kind in the past, but the murders of the Duke of Buckingham and of Spencer Percival, for example, were due to the indulgence of personal grievances, real or fancied. The assassin of President McKinley had no personal grievance against his victim. The blow was aimed at society. The President was the personification of government and law and order, and as such he was struck down. Of course none of these things were actually struck down or imperilled in any way, so that if the world is to be reformed by means such as these, we must look for a long succession of brutal, cowardly and treacherous assassinations as the footprints of this red beast of revolution.

Reasoning with anarchy is like reasoning with the inmates of Bedlam. The crime, say the defenders of anarchy, is the expression of social despair. Despair on the part of whom? The assassin has youth and health and strength, had money enough to enable him to travel about the country and put up at comfortable stopping places. No indication is afforded that he found difficulty in obtaining employment. He has never been in worse case than some of the men at certain periods of their lives who have occupied the Presidential chair. Numbers of men from like condition have raised themselves to positions of influence and affluence. There was nothing to prevent this Polish youth from achieving a measure of competency and independence. While such is the case, why should

A NUISANCE ON INTERNATIONAL STREET



UNCLE SAM—"The neighbours all said he was a mean brute, but who'd have thought he would ever turn on me?"—*Toronto Star.*

youth and health and strength despair? If it was on behalf of others that he struck, that the despair of others moved him, one would think that so sympathetic a nature could scarcely be induced to approach an inoffensive man with his hand outstretched to greet him, while the other held the weapon of murder.

❧

Is the attitude of the masses of the United States an attitude of despair? That there is discontent is undoubted, but is it not a discontent that, far from despairing, is struggling towards better conditions, and not struggling towards them with revolver in hand? Was there ever a time when there was so general a recognition of the principle that the toiler was entitled to a greater proportion of the wealth he creates, that he should have something better to look forward to than an old age of penury and misery? He may complain that the finding of remedies seems a slow process. In this, however, it resembles everything that has contributed to the progress of man.

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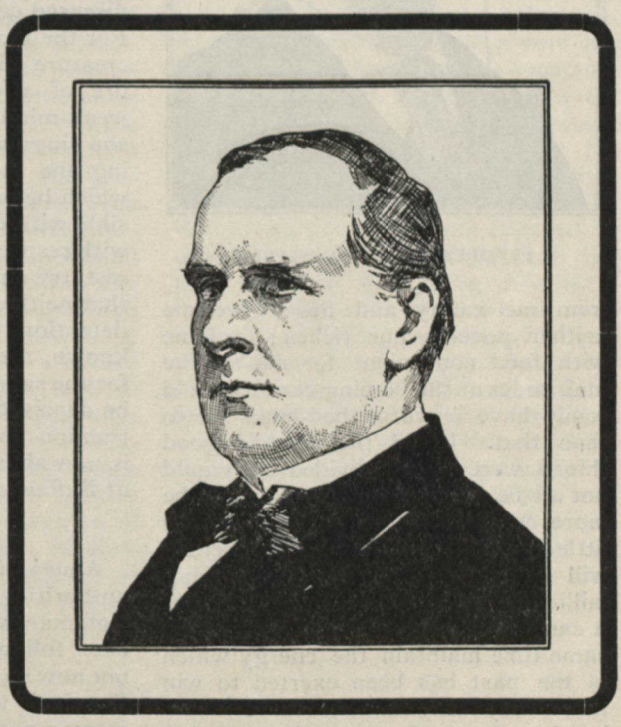
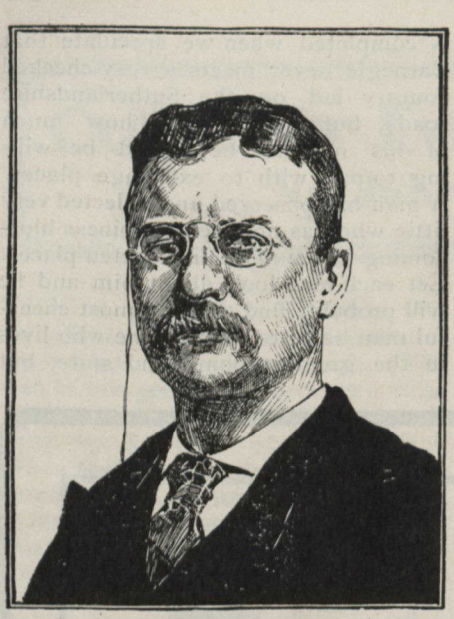


THE LATE PRESIDENT McKINLEY, SHOT AT BUFFALO SEPT. 6TH.

Discontent is probably a chosen instrument by which the vast design for man's advancement is carried out. A world that was wholly contented with itself would stand still. That we have not reached that stage yet is perfectly clear. The labourer is discontented that he is not a mechanic, the mechanic that he is not foreman, the foreman that he is not proprietor, the proprietor that he is not a millionaire, the millionaire that he is not Carnegie. And I presume the circle of discontent is completed when we speculate that Carnegie never meets a rosy-cheeked country lad on the Sutherlandshire roads, but he wonders how much of his millions he would be willing to part with to exchange places. A man has observed and reflected very little who has not seen happiness blossoming in the most unexpected places. Let each man look about him and he will probably find that the most cheerful man he knows is not he who lives in the greatest pomp and state, but probably some poor old man or woman whose prospects to the worldly eye seem dark enough.

❧

This is all trite enough and perhaps to some ears it has an echo of cant. That does not impeach its truth. None of us wants to be poor. An ambition of that kind could be most easily gratified. The wise man repeats the words of Agur :—" Remove far



PRESIDENT-ELECT ROOSEVELT

from me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me." The multitudes of the coming century could easily have a worse bed-head motto than that. If all the world's good things were evenly divided we would not all be rich. Some of us would be more comfortably off. There can be little doubt that the trend of democracy will be in the direction of rendering millionairism less possible, but whether it can reduce the rewards and at the same time maintain the energy which in the past has been exerted to win them, may fairly be doubted. The fact is, that democracy scarcely seems to know what it wants, and certainly does not accept the leadership of assassins. One of the large pieces of irony connected with this startling event was the sight of the minions of authority protecting the life of the rebel against its laws from the rage of those in whose interest he convinces himself he is acting.

The question as to how anarchy should be dealt with arises each time that fresh attention is directed to it by its horrid acts. Some increased violence in the punishment is the popular suggestion, but would be quite ineffective, and would, moreover, degrade humanity. If it were possible to surround the culprit from the very moment of the commission of his crime with absolute secrecy and namelessness, something might be accomplished. If from that hour he became as one that was not, one whose identity was lost, nameless, placeless, futureless, a great incentive to such crimes, namely, diseased egotism, would be removed. For the next few weeks this worthless creature will be made the central figure of a continent, and every other weak-minded, exaggerated first person singular will see the road to attaining the notoriety and attention for which he now thirsts. If it were possible with due regard for the maxims with respect to individual liberty, to arrest, try and sentence such fellows so that neither their name, their place of detention, nor their fate would ever be known, the killing of prominent men for the sake of the notoriety in it would be deprived of much of its present attraction for that type of freak who is now about to begin his performances at Buffalo.

American gallantry may prompt the authorities not to be severe with the Goldman woman, and if that plan had been followed from the first she might not now be the dangerous person she is. But it is worth remembering that a woman anarchist gifted with the power of inflammatory speech is more dangerous than one of the other sex. A man counselling to desperate deeds is apt to be asked why he does not do these things himself. Such is not the case with the female incendiary. She may fittingly appeal to men to do deeds that she would not be expected to do herself. She takes the place in the anarchic revolution that the gentle lady takes in chivalry. She sends forth her red knights pledged to fearful deeds, and the mysterious power of sex is enlisted

in the ranks of murder. In some of the confessions of Mr. McKinley's assailant it is suggested that his admiration for the Goldman woman is not wholly intellectual, and one can fancy his going forth on his mission determined at any cost to win the regard and applause of this modern Hecate.

Mr. McKinley was not a great figure, but he had a perfect genius for attracting devoted friends and conciliating opposition. Office had conferred on him calmness, dignity and kindliness withal. His refusal to participate in the active work of his second campaign lent to him the character of being, not the chief of a party, but the chief of the State. The fortitude with which he met his doom, and the consideration he showed for others, even for the treacherous wretch who murdered him, leave a sweet savour behind them. The ovation delivered the day before his death was a composition well worthy of the Chief Magistrate of a great peaceful nation. It breathed commercial and industrial as well as physical peace, and it is a happy augury for the Republic that Mr. Roosevelt, his successor, specifically states that he intends to pursue Mr. McKinley's policy. The best guarantee of this is that he continues Mr. McKinley's advisers in office. A Cabinet of which John Hay is the head is a guarantee of safe, sound and conservative relations with the rest of the world.

Lord Lansdowne is receiving tardy praise for the skill with which he is managing Britain's foreign affairs, particularly the Chinese mess. Those who were familiar with Lord Lansdowne's record at Ottawa would expect as much. If genius be a capacity for taking infinite pains Lord Lansdowne is a genius. His pleasure in work created it even out of the picked bones of the Governor-Generalship. Ministers in his time were astonished at the familiarity he constantly displayed of the most minute questions that came before him in the shape of public documents to be signed. No document in his time was signed without being first carefully perused. The War Department has been exposed to criticism because of its conduct of the Boer war, but it is altogether likely that time will show that Britain was fortunate in having so thorough a man as Lord Lansdowne in the Secretaryship when the war broke out and for some time before it. When his Lordship took the Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs people were inclined to regard it as a makeshift, but it will not be surprising to find that in him the Empire has found one of the safest and most judicious Foreign Ministers that has ever filled the office.

AVE!

SCION of her whom lov'd we,
Son of her first-born son;
Heir to the Crown she hath scarce laid down—
Heir to the love she won:

GEORGE, for her sake whom serv'd we,
His whom we serve to-day;
Heir to her zeal for her people's weal—
Heir to our love for aye:

CORNWALL AND YORK, we greet thee!
Son of her son thou art;
Heir to the throne that she made her own—
The throne of her people's heart.

Viator.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

Edited by Mrs. Willoughby Cummings

THE question of Domestic Service, or rather the problem of how to supply the lack of workers in Domestic Service, is becoming one of national importance in Canada. Not only is the comfort and happiness of many homes seriously threatened by the existing state of affairs, but, which is to be much deplored, the difficulty of securing efficient workers in the household is inducing many to give up their homes and go boarding. The ill effects upon children of the loss of home life, and of the substitution of life in a boarding house is apt to be more lasting than might at first be supposed. Therefore in the interests of the children as well as of their parents the whole subject of Domestic Service is worthy of the attention of thoughtful people.

GERMANY'S DOMESTIC SERVICE.

We are told that the reason young girls prefer the smaller wages and often harder work of service in a shop or factory to that in a home, is the fact of the regular hours, the free evenings and what is considered to be the social superiority of the one to the uncertainty and the so-called "degradation" of the other. If that be the case there will have to be some sort of re-organization in the home in order to meet existing conditions before matters will be righted.

The employment of Chinese servants or of lady helps has been thought to be the solution of the difficulty, but Chinese servants are expensive, and while lady helps are excellent provided they are ladies, and are really helps, the combination unfortunately seems to be rare. In Germany the State has considered domestic service a matter for its consideration and supervision, and therefore every domestic servant in that country is personally under its protection. A German lady writes of this matter as follows: "Each one, on entering service, is duly registered at the burgomaster's, or at the nearest police station, and receives a little book containing not only the various rules and regulations of domestic service, the by-laws concerning the 'hiring penny,' the 'fortnight's notice,' and so forth, but blank pages, on which the masters and mistresses subsequently insert the discharge and testimonial. On leaving one situation to enter another the domestic's book must be shown to the police sergeant, who puts the official seal to it and enters the new address in his ledger. This little bit of state interference has a wholesome effect on all parties, for the servant soon feels ashamed of throwing up a good situation without adequate reasons (as too many of our own domestics do), and the most fickle of mistresses does not like what she calls 'everybody' to know that she is difficult to please, and so will go on until some real fault has occurred, when she is obliged to dismiss her domestic, and must distinctly state the real cause of dismissal.

"In connection with the old age and invalid pensions, a new law has been made in Germany for the benefit of servants. Special stamps are issued by the Government for this purpose. Every mistress has to see that her servant is provided with a certain number of these stamps every quarter, usually at the rate of 2d per week.

The servant has a card given to her at the nearest police station, and the stamps are pasted on to it, in most cases by the mistress herself.

"In this way the servant has nearly ten shillings to her credit in the state's bank at the end of the first year. When the card is filled she delivers it up to the sergeant, who gives her an official receipt for the amount on it, and presents her with a new card. If after a few years the girl marries, she receives back, as a wedding dowry from the state, one-half of the money which has been paid in by or for her. If she retires after a certain number of years, or her health fails, she becomes the recipient of an old age or invalid's pension, which helps her to live more comfortably to the end of her days.

"One of the first questions a German lady asks of the servant in quest of a place is, "Have you anything in the savings bank, and are you properly provided with clothes —with three dresses at least, and sufficient underclothing ?"

"'My bank book I can show,' says the domestic, 'and as for my outfit, mother has attended to that.'

"And it is a fact that in Germany you rarely discover a servant-maid or a man-servant without his or her complete trousseau. They know that an outfit is expected of them, and the parents will save and stitch for years in order that their children may have all the necessaries for their proper start in life."

This clever German lady, who has been a resident of Canada for some years, to whom I am indebted for the above information, tells me that she is bringing the matter to the attention of the Dominion Government as a real solution of the present difficulties. The result of her efforts will be awaited with interest.

A statement was made by the Committee on the Emigration of Women at the last annual meeting of the National Council of Women, to the effect that we in Canada can hardly hope to get many servants from Great Britain, as the steamships charge them £5 for a passage to Canada, and only £1 to go to New Zealand, although the latter voyage occupies about a month instead of a week. It was further stated that fifty young women servants are given free passage to New Zealand annually, while none are carried free to Canada. The

THE DUCHESS OF YORK AND CHILD

following extract from the *London Express* shows that the steamship companies are not alone in giving the preference to other British possessions in this connection. The article in question reads as follows :—

"British girls seeking homes in the Colonies, notably in South Africa, are soon to have material assistance from the Colonial branch of the World's Young Woman's Christian Association, having offices at 26 George-street, Hanover-square, W. Representatives of this association will go to South Africa to establish homes for business women in the Transvaal, to provide employment bureaus for servants, and otherwise encourage the efforts of those endeavouring to assist themselves in a country with which they are unfamiliar. Canvassers are now going about London to secure funds for the erection of buildings for Y.W.C.A. purposes in South Africa. Lack of money has delayed the departure of the women interested, but it is hoped that before many weeks elapse a delegation will have started southward. Miss Mary Morley, treasurer for the World's Young Woman's Christian Association, in an interview on this subject, said :—

"'Mr. Chamberlain's glowing picture of the opportunities for women in South Africa created a profound stir among enterprising girls. As a result they are going to South Africa in great numbers. They will need our help. We intend establishing branch associations at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth and Durban to receive girl emigrants.'"

The Young Woman's Christian Association of Canada is a part of this World's Y.W.C.A. organization. They might well look into this matter and press upon their associates the claims of Canada as a most advantageous home for the British young woman.

WOMEN WORKERS.

No organization of women workers in Canada can show more rapid growth, nor more tangible results from their labours than the Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Domestic and Foreign Missions of the Church of England. At the Fifth Triennial Meeting which has just closed in Montreal a distinctive feature of the reports from most of the eight Eastern Dioceses which were represented was the fact that the number of girls' branches and children's branches is increasing rapidly each year, which augurs well for the continuity of the work. Among many resolutions that were considered was one referring to the grave evils of child-marriage among the Blackfoot, Blood and Piegan Indians in Alberta, which was said to be most detrimental to the Indians as a nation. Little girls, often not more than 13 or 14 years of age, are frequently sold by their parents for a certain number of ponies to an Indian, often to elderly men who already have other wives, some of them old women. The child thus taken away from the Christian Boarding School into the degrading life in the teepee will soon forget the good she has been taught, and often becoming a mother while yet she is a child herself, must surely be unable to bequeath to her offspring the qualities that will improve the race. A piteous story that was told of a little girl found crying on the lonely prairie one cold winter's night, because from fear she had run away from the man who had bought her, and her father had refused to take her back into his teepee, touched the hearts of those who heard it, and made them feel that the law should be invoked to prevent this grave evil. Mrs. Tilton, who has been the presiding officer since the association was formed 15 years ago, was again in the chair, and was cordially welcomed back from England, where she had spent the summer with her husband, Colonel Tilton, of Ottawa, who was in charge of the Bisley Team.

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THE ROYAL TOUR

ON March 10th, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York started on their colony-visiting tour. Their vessel, the S. S. *Ophir*, for the time being dignified with the term "H.M.S.," is accompanied by two fine cruisers. Here and there it has been met and escorted from port to port by other battleships. The trip has been a triumphal procession, with the heir-apparent as the chief figure. The loyalty of the colonies, though feeding on the unseen, has advanced by leaps and bounds during the past twenty-five years. The Colonial Office was not able to keep pace until the advent of that swift runner, the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. Colonial loyalty, pampered by a Colonial Secretary with dreams of a great self-governing and unified Empire, and fed with an occasional sight of royalty, must continue to gain strength and force.

A united Canada, a united Australia, and a soon-to-be united South Africa, are Empire features which are changing the sentiment of an unchanging people. The loyalty to the ancient chieftain has changed to a loyalty to constitutional monarchy and is now changing again to loyalty to a constitutionally-governed Empire. Present-day loyalty in the British Empire excites the wonder of the world, but who would dare analyze its complex and peculiar character?

On Sunday, May 5th, the *Ophir* steamed into Melbourne Harbour without much display. A grand arrival, with the booming of guns from forts and battleships, had been arranged but fell flat. The *Ophir* arrived nearly twenty-four hours ahead of time and the powder was not ready. The half-million of people in Melbourne was increased by another hundred thousand and, when the Monday morning dawned, a crowd of about 400,000 people assembled to make up by their presence and their cheers for the quiet arrival of the previous day. This great crowd was scattered along a route more than six miles in length—six miles of arches, flags and spectators. The *Ophir* and her attendant battle-ships swung up the bay amid smoke and flame from the vessels and forts. The Royal Duke lands. The procession starts, and Melbourne's great day has begun. The six miles are traversed. The Parliament buildings are reached by the Royal guests, followed by the rolling wave of cheers. "Melbourne has seen and welcomed the Prince."

Three days later, the last act in the Federating Drama of Australia is played. A new Parliament is created. Twelve thousand people assemble in the Exhibition Building and "God Save the King" is played by the orchestra, while the Duke and Duchess of York, accompanied by the Governor-General (Lord Hopetoun) and Lady Hopetoun ascend the dais. The Usher of the Black Rod leads in the newly-elected members. The clerk reads the letters-patent authorizing the Duke of York to open the new Parliament. Lord Hopetoun reads the prayer. The Duke reads the Speech from the Throne. The members are sworn in and the Hallelujah Chorus ushers Australia into its new place among the nations of the world. "The Commonwealth is born."*

A busy and festive month and three

*This account of the event is based on Dr. Fitchett's magnificent article in the Australian *Review of Reviews* for May.

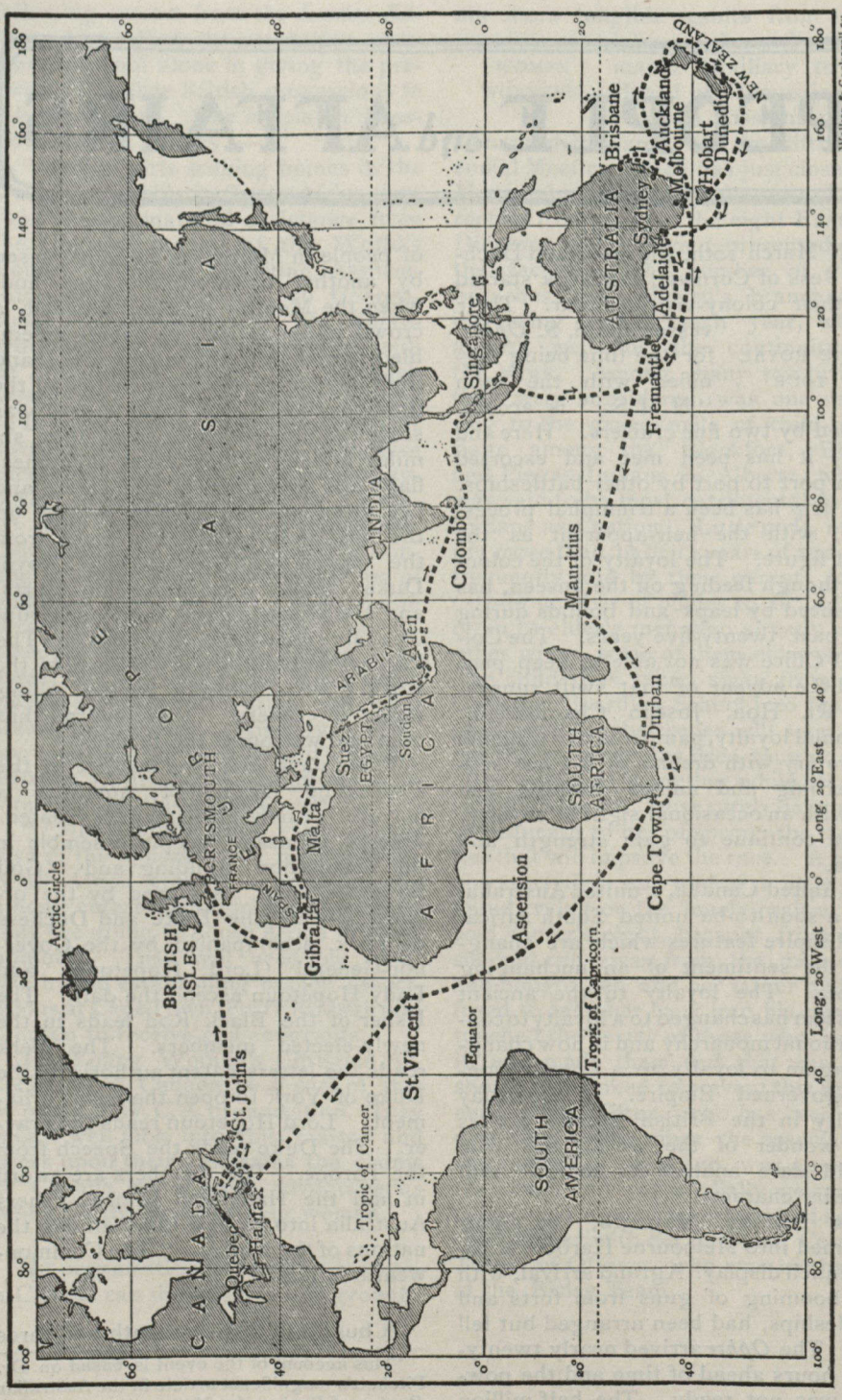


CHART SHOWING ROUTE TAKEN BY H.M.S. "OPHIR"

days were spent by the Royal pair in Australia proper, and on June 9th the *Ophir* left Sydney for New Zealand—the colony that desires to own allegiance to none other than the throne of Great Britain itself. Two days later they landed at Auckland, and are welcomed with as great enthusiasm as in the cities of the Confederation—Melbourne, Brisbane and Sydney. They visited the Maoris at Rototura, where the scenes of native character were extraordinary and picturesque—two thousand men taking part in a full-dress Maori war-dance. On the 17th they are at Wellington; on the 26th at the Scotch town of Dunedin; and on the 27th they leave for Tasmania. The second day of July finds them at Hobart, the ninth at Adelaide, and the twenty-second at Perth. Federated Australia has again claimed them as its guests. Four days later they go to Fremantle, and say good-bye to Australia's hospitable shores.

What does the Duke think of Australia and New Zealand? He cannot but have been impressed. The Federal Government spent its £43,000 to the best advantage, no doubt. Australia celebrated with one eye on the Duke and one on the advertising it would get throughout the world. No doubt it won the Duke's good opinion, and it certainly got good advertising value for the money expended. But what the Duke actually thought of Australia will be left for the record of the future. Royal Princes are not allowed to tell all that is in their minds until the value of that opinion has passed away.

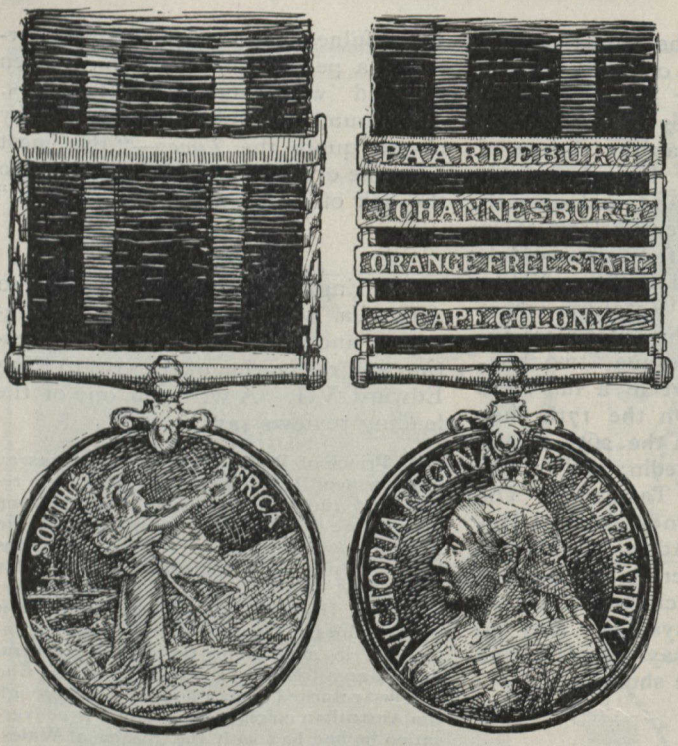
All reports agree, however, that the Australians thought well of His Royal Highness. They wearied him with displays, receptions and addresses, but admit that he bore himself with unfailing grace and tact. They even go so far as to pronounce him an orator. His clear, resonant voice made itself heard everywhere, even when he faced the assembled 12,000 in the great building at Melbourne. Some of his speeches showed a readiness and resourcefulness and "go" which surprised a people who would have been satisfied with mumbled platitudes. They found the Duke of York worthy of—to quote the *Times*—"the finest welcome ever given by a free people to the heir of a constitutional monarch."

The English people view the visit to Australia with considerable complacency, and give credit for the suggestion and realization of the visit to King Edward VII. A writer in one of the leading reviews says:

> As Prince of Wales, King Edward was an early pioneer in Imperial questions, who recognized the greatness of Greater Britain long before it became a commonplace. He had a close interest in colonial questions before they became fashionable and popular topics, and Australians, e.g., would be surprised at His Majesty's intimacy with their public affairs. There is, perhaps, nothing indiscreet in mentioning the fact that several years ago a friend of the present writer, who had just returned from a lengthy tour through the Australian colonies, recounted a conversation he had had with the Prince of Wales, and expressed his admiration and even astonishment not only at the Prince's general knowledge of Australian affairs, but likewise at his mastery of detail. We are rapidly losing our ignorance of colonial questions, and educated Englishmen are nowadays expected, e.g., to discuss the contest between Mr. Reid and Mr. Barton, or Sir Wilfrid Laurier's chances of winning the next General Election, but at the time of which we speak a dense ignorance pervaded this country on all such matters. The Royal Family have had no small share in dissipating this. They have been Big Englanders in a sense which the most inveterate Little Englander would approve and applaud.

Other journals have credited the suggestion which brought about the Royal Tour to Queen Victoria, but the weight of evidence is in favour of King Edward.

From Fremantle, the *Ophir* went to Mauritius, then to Durban, the chief town in Natal, and thence to Cape Town. At the latter centre the reception was most enthusiastic. On the parade ground near the railway station the city presented the Duke with an address. A levee at the town hall fol-



THE WAR MEDALS, NOW BEING PRESENTED BY THE DUKE OF YORK TO CANADIANS WHO SERVED IN SOUTH AFRICA

lowed, and addresses were presented from the Governments of Cape Colony, Rhodesia, and Bloemfontein. The Duke's reply to the Cape Colony address is worth a close reading :

"We are glad to have this opportunity to give public and grateful expression to our feelings of profound satisfaction at the very enthusiastic and hearty welcome accorded us on our arrival here to-day. The fact that during the last two years you have been passing through such troublous times, and that in addition to your other trials the colony has suffered from an outbreak of plague from which it is not yet entirely free, might well have detracted from the warmth of your greeting ; but in despite of all your trials and sufferings you have offered us a welcome the warmth and cordiality of which we shall never forget. I should also like to express our admiration of the appearance the city of Cape Town presents to-day. Apart from their tasteful decoration, the principal streets through which we have passed offer an aspect very different from that which they possessed 20 years ago, when I visited your colony. I congratulate you on the abundant evidence of the progress achieved during that time, and notably on your trade and commerce and the development of your harbours and railways. I greatly deplore the continuance of the lamentable struggle which has so long prevailed within South Africa, and for the speedy termination of which the whole community fervently prays. During this time you have had to make grievous sacrifices. Numbers have personally suffered trials and privations, while many of the flower of your manhood have fallen in the service of their King and country. To all who have been bereaved of their dear ones by the war we offer our heartfelt sympathy and condolence. May time, the great healer, bring consolation. That South Africa may soon be delivered from the troubles which beset her is our most earnest prayer, and that ere long the only struggle she knows will be eager rivalry in the arts of peace, and in striving to promote good government and the well-being of the community."

The Duke of York has reached Canada, and has begun to form his opinions of this the greatest self-governing colony in the world. Montreal is smaller than Sydney, and Toronto than Melbourne; but Canada is larger and more populous than Australia. Australia has mines and ranches; Canada has mines, ranches, wheat-fields, dairies, cheese factories, paper mills, cotton mills, carpet factories, steel works, a great lumber industry, and a more complex industrial development. Australia is British; Canada is both British and American. The Duke of York will detect the difference. When Canadians bow their backs before him he will notice how stiff are their backbones, for forty years is a long time to elapse between royal visits.

John A. Cooper.

TRISTRAM OF BLENT.*

Mr. Anthony Hope's latest novel may be recommended to those who affect a deep interest in modern social types in England, and who consider time well spent in following the fortunes of two very perverse people. Lord Tristram has a much higher opinion of his family and his ancestral home than Mr. Hope, with all his skill, has been able to awaken in us. Consequently when, believing himself illegitimate, Lord Tristram hands everything over to the handsome girl, his cousin, as the rightful heir, we do not find him so magnanimous and romantic as it was intended we should. The two cousins might have married at once and relieved the strain. But they don't, and in the contrast between the two temperaments the author furnishes a certain amount of clever character study. The English critics find Mr. Hope very brilliant at this point, and where doctors agree who has the courage to disagree? In point of fact there are pages where the narrative strikes one as dull and others where it is nearly commonplace. But, in the main, it is readable and not lacking in the refinement and firmness of touch which are characteristic of this experienced writer.

D'RI AND I.

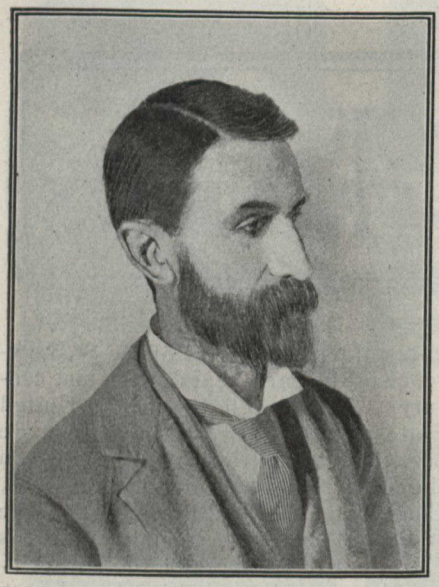
The author of "Eben Holden," a decidedly successful book, has essayed a novel† based upon pioneer experiences along the shores of the St. Lawrence in the early years of the last century. The hero fights for the United States in the war of 1812, and we are invited to be patriotically ecstatic—on the other side—about Lundy's Lane, Chrysler's Farm, and President Monroe (the gentleman still remembered by his Doctrine). And really, the author is so pleasant about it, that he almost makes a Canadian regret that our ancestors felt compelled to drive back such very agreeable people, and put them to the inconvenience of wearing scars to the end of their days. The adventures of D'ri, a British deserter who developed a Yankee twang in an incredibly short time, and Capt. Bell, include swimming under water, being haled in closed carriages before British authorities, and sailing down the St. Lawrence on timber rafts. Here the reader holds his breath, thus freely giving testimony that the author knows how to invest an adventure story with much reality and moving incident. Tried by this test the tale is quite satisfactory, and the Canadian reader will take the "Hail Columbia" patter in the spirit in which it is offered.

ROYALTY, LIMITED.

There is an anecdote about a duel between an Englishman and a Frenchman which took place in a dark room. The Englishman, wishing to be generous, fired up the chimney—and brought down the Frenchman! "When I relate this in France," said a dealer in anecdotes, "I always make the Englishman go up the chimney." In Mr.

*Tristram of Blent, by Anthony Hope. Toronto: Morang & Co.

†D'ri and I, by Irving Bacheller. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.



SYDNEY H. PRESTON
Author of "An Abandoned Farmer"

MacGrath's romance* an Englishman and a United Stateser are leading figures —and keeping the immense constituency of United States readers before his vision—the author invests his countryman with all sorts of virtues (including a habit of whistling operatic airs in the society of ladies), while the Englishman breaks his promises, sacrifices his friends and acts at times in a disorderly manner. Our circle of royal acquaintances being limited, we do not know whether or not it is the custom with the queens of small European monarchies to loll about open-air cafés in the evening with masks on. But, assuming that it is and that queens and princesses conduct themselves as they do in these diverting pages, we can commend this novel for its vivacity and wealth of adventure.

THE LONDON OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

There is something about a romance of England in the days of the good Queen Bess which recreates a bygone period with a reality that is hard to impart to any other age.* The gallant captain in this tale is a swaggering gentleman of the town and has nearly sunk into the stage of the out-at-elbows soldier of fortune. There is a spark of gentleness and chivalry left in him, however, and he takes pity on pretty Millicent, the daughter of a rich goldsmith in Cheapside, and resolves to baffle the efforts of Master Jerningham and Sir Clement Ermsby, two dissolute men of fashion, who design to carry her off. He enters their employ only to deceive them and undertakes the mission of go-between. A plan to deliver her to a poor-spirited but worthy scholar strikes him as a reasonable way out of the diplomatic. But the plan miscarries and both the maiden and her would-be cavalier find themselves almost helpless in the hands of their craftier foes in a lonely house near London. What is worse, the girl believes that the Captain, instead of being her rescuer, is her persecutor. An evening of fighting and excitement is succeeded by a morrow of peace and happiness for the fair Millicent and her leal cavalier. The author has drawn for us gallants, bullies, rufflers and gipsy ruffians—all characteristic of that roaring and romantic time. The love story is no prettier in its way than many another, but the way in which the author has reproduced the spirit of the time is a capital piece of work.

NEWFOUNDLAND ANNALS.†

One of the literary products of the Queen's Jubilee enthusiasm over the colonies was a "Story of the Empire Series." The general editor of the series is Mr. H. A. Kennedy, formerly a Canadian journalist, and he contributed a monograph on "Canada," which was carefully done by one who knew his subject well. Several other volumes of the series were in competent hands, for example, "New

*The Puppet Crown, by H. MacGrath. Toronto: McLeod & Allen.

* Captain Ravenshaw, or the Maid of Cheapside. By Robert N. Stephens. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† The Story of Newfoundland. By F. E. Smith. London: Horace Marshall & Son.

Zealand" was by Mr. Reeves, "West Africa" by Miss Kingsley, and "Uganda" by General Lugard. The latest issue in the series deals with Newfoundland. Its author, Mr. F. E. Smith, compresses the annals of the oldest colony of the Empire into ten short chapters, and the little work, which does not pretend to be exhaustive, is readable and interesting. Perhaps its chief value is that it brings the record down to date. Recent years have been fruitful in important political events, and it is not easy for the general reader to find a convenient summary of them such as we have in these pages. Mr. Smith speaks plainly of the errors of British diplomacy as they have affected the Island. One cannot but feel that until Colonial policy fell into the able hands of Mr. Chamberlain the office of Colonial Secretary was a source of weakness rather than of strength to the Empire. Referring to the Bond-Blaine treaty, Mr. Smith states that "it was felt in Newfoundland that the island had been sacrificed to the exigencies of Canadian party politics." Surely the author should have guarded himself against the tacit admission that the complaint was well founded. True, the controversy which arose out of reciprocity negotiations at Washington—and these originated from Canada's protest against the treaty—was, indeed, a matter of party politics. But Canada's objection to the treaty was based on Imperial, not partisan grounds, and there is no reason to doubt that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government would take the same view as that taken by Sir John Macdonald ten years ago.

CARLYLE ON HEROES.

It may be that Professor MacMechan's new work * is of primary interest to the student, but we imagine that the sapient person known as the general reader will find in the Introduction as entertaining and scholarly a piece of work as it has been the fortune to enjoy in a long time. Carlyle has always inspired those who admire and study him, with some of his own insight and earnestness, some of his characteristic expressiveness and downrightness. There is, therefore, in this examination of the lectures on Heroes and the circumstances under which they were delivered, a sympathetic touch in which we recognize the true teacher—one who understands his subject and believes in him. It may be convenient to quote a sentence or two from Professor MacMechan which will at once illustrate and prove the assertion that he has dealt with Carlyle in the spirit that is at once candid and illuminative:

> "To appreciate the power and freshness of such a book, we must put ourselves in the place of Carlyle's audience and his first readers. To them every one of Carlyle's heroes was presented in a new and startling light. There was, first, the outstanding feat of completely reversing the general estimate of Mahomet and Cromwell. The consecrated verdict of centuries was shown to be utterly false; and the tide of public opinion was turned back and set flowing in the contrary direction to that which it had followed so long. Only a Hercules could perform two such labours."

Needless to say the editor's notes are thorough and instructive, and the edition one which students of literature—who are not all undergraduates—will prize as a very valuable contribution to current scholarship.

NOTES.

Thomas O'Hagan's volume of essays has met with considerable appreciation. This is but meet, since Dr. O'Hagan's prose is much better than his poetry, and above the average work done by Canadian writers. The Doctor, like other Canadians, has had a stern struggle in trying to follow his literary ideals, and no one will begrudge him the success which this work has brought him. (Toronto: Briggs.)

Two of the forthcoming novels are to deal with Canadian subjects to some extent. "The Road to Frontenac" is purely Canadian in character and scene. The hero, a Frenchman, is sent from Quebec to Frontenac (now Kingston), bearing despatches regarding a raid

* Carlyle on Heroes, Hero Worship, and the Heroic in History. Edited by Archibald MacMechan. Boston: Ginn & Co.

that is to be made on the Seneca Indians, is captured, and has some exciting adventures. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.) The other story is "Juell Demming," in which the leading character is a Canadian youth devoted to the idea of a union of the Anglo-Saxon races. He serves with the Americans in Cuba and with the Canadians in South Africa, thus demonstrating his theory. This book will, no doubt, attract some attention. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

Among the new novels to be issued by the Copp, Clark Co., are "New Canterbury Tales," by Maurice Hewlett, a writer whose plethora of ideas makes him most entertaining; "God Wills It," by William Stearns Davis, a tale of the first crusade, and the adventures of Richard Longsword, a redoubtable young Norman cavalier; "The Giant's Gate," by Max Pemberton, who always writes good historical tales; "My Strangest Case," by Guy Boothy, who has gone in for a rattling Sherlock-Holmes story; "The Seigneur de Beaufoy," by Hamilton Drummond, a French story; and "Her Majesty's Minister," by William Le Mieux, who writes of the plots and intrigues of modern diplomacy.

Wm. Briggs will have a capital autumn list, chief of which is "The Voyage of Ithobal," by Sir Edwin Arnold. This romantic adventure in verse is a Phœnician tale reminding us of "Phra, the Phœnician;" but the scenes are mostly laid along the coasts of Africa which Ithobal circumnavigated. "The making of a Country Home," by J. P. Mowbray, is an experience rather than a romance; "Memory Street," by Martha Baker Dunn, is a New England story; "The Lion's Whelp" is a Cromwellian story by Amelia E. Barr; while "The Man from Glengarry," by Ralph Connor, needs no recommendation to Canadian readers.

Gilbert Parker's novels maintain their leading place among the "sellers" in the Canadian market, even though "David Harum" went to 30,000 copies, and "The Crisis" to 25,000. His new novel, "The Right of Way," will contain sixteen full-page drawings by A. I. Keller, and will be handsomely bound. Better than that even is the fact that the hero of the story is a Canadian, as is the author. Charley Steele is a lawyer, clever, dissipated, unsuitably married. He disappears. His wife marries. Under another name he builds up a new life, only to be confronted with a new love and the old marriage bond. Which woman has the right of way? Such a plot, well handled, makes a most interesting story, and Canadians may well prepare to enjoy another of Mr. Parker's treats. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

"Tarry Thou Till I Come," by George Croly, with an introduction by Gen. Lew. Wallace, has been one of the talked-of books of the past three months. Gen. Wallace places the story by the side of "Ivanhoe," "The Last of the Barons," "The Tale of Two Cities," "Jane Eyre," and "Hypatia," thus making a list of the six greatest novels. Whether or not this is a true estimate is a question which time—the greatest test of a novel—will decide. (Toronto: Briggs.)

"A Maid of Venice," by F. Marion Crawford, will be issued soon. The period of this story is the end of the fifteenth century, when the Queen of the Adriatic was approaching the time of her greatest splendour, and the romantic episode with which it deals is historically true, being taken from one of the old Venetian chronicles. The action and interest centre in the household of a master glassblower, and there is much curious information as to that artistic craft, the members of which formed a powerful corporation, possessed of many rights and privileges. As the readers of "Marzio's Crucifix" and "A Roman Singer" know, Mr. Crawford has always been singularly fortunate in his descriptions of artists and their surroundings, and the careful study which he has made of the domestic life of the middle ages in Italy enables him to give an accurate background to his characters, and to fill out the meagre notes of contemporary historians with many picturesque details. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

IDLE MOMENTS

AN ABSENT-MINDED M.P.

THE episode of absent-mindedness of Mr. Gourley, M.P. for Colchester, N.S., while at Ottawa, going to church by mistake on a Saturday instead of a Sunday, is brought to mind by him now having to get the police to look for a lost valise. A despatch from Truro says that in company of Albert Black, nominee of the Conservatives in the local election, Mr. Gourley attended the monster "old home picnic" at Bass River, Friday. They had to drive 20 miles. Mrs. Gourley was with them. On arrival home, Mrs. Gourley took the small traps and went into the house, leaving Mr. Gourley to bring in a large valise containing his best suit and some valuable papers and several of Mrs. Gourley's best dresses. After bidding Mr. Black good night, Mr. Gourley went in leaving the valise in the middle of the sidewalk. This was about 11 o'clock. He never thought of the valise till next morning, when his wife wanted the dresses. Then he thought that he had left it in his waggon, and only to-day discovered that thieves had removed it from the sidewalk out of pedestrians' way. It is advertised in the local papers, and the police are engaged in the case.—*Toronto Star.*

THE WIFE BEHIND THE PURSE.

You may talk about your heroes—of the man behind the gun,
Of the gallant boys in khaki—bless em all;
But a toast I'd like to give you—very short, and only one—
Which you haven't heard in any music hall.
She's a heroine quite humble, and she's called upon to dare
A thoughtless man's displeasure—maybe worse;
Look around your own wee homeland and perhaps you'll find her there,
In the little wife who rules behind the purse.

Though Bill is very loving, still he's careless of the cash,
And Jack's all right when not upon the spree;
But both upon a Saturday are given to be rash,
'Mong pals within the "public" over-free.
Yet their kiddies, neat and decent, go about at school or play,
And the Sunday grub's not stinted—the reverse.
Oh, the secrets, and the sorrows, and the plans of Saturday
Are hidden by the wives behind the purse.

Now Jack and Bill may grumble if she keeps them short of beer,
And hints that they might smoke a little less;
But she's got a reason for it, and a good one, never fear,
If Jack and Bill had sense enough to guess.
She was charming as a sweetheart, sentimental as the rest,
And she's still to love and kisses not averse;
Though she's careful of the pennies—Bill and Jack, it's for the best!
God bless the little wife behind the purse!

—*London Express.*

THE MODEST SCOT.

Love of country is so fine a virtue that it seems difficult to carry it to excess. A resident from a small village in the north of Scotland paid a business visit to London the other day. He happened to call on a merchant who, unknown to him, had once made a stay in his native place. In the course of conversation the visitor made use of an expression that led the other to exclaim: "Surely you come from Glen McLuskie?" The assertion, however, was denied. Presently, to the merchant's surprise, another Glen McLuskie expression was heard. "My dear Mr. MacTavish I feel convinced that you are a Glen McLuskie man, after all," insisted the merchant.

"Weel," returned the other, "I'll no deny it ony langer."

"Then why didn't you say so at

CYNIC—Mrs. Nuggets, to whom we bowed just now, is something like the Klondike, isn't she?

BLASÉ—Rich?

CYNIC—No, cold and distant.

first?" demanded the Englishman.

"Weel," was the calm response, "I didna like to boast o' it in London."—*Selected.*

THE AMENDMENT.

Stormy the night, the hour was late,
Waxed fast and furious the debate;
With rancour and with bitter hate
Each speaker still contended.

The question that had given rise
To wild assertions and replies,
Was, was it fact or mere surmise
That man from apes descended.

Affirmative had tried in vain
To make its logic clear and plain;
It went against the human grain
And all seemed much offended.

Said one at last as he arose
To bring this matter to a close,
To friends and foes I now propose
The motion thus amended:

Although through Nature's high decrees
We may have sprung from Chimpanzees,
Yet every gentleman agrees
That man must have ASCENDED.

At first this bold suggestion awes,
Then breaks the silence of the pause;
Carried, they cry, with loud applause,
And the debate was ended.

E. F.

SPOKES.

A loveless money-marriage is like a street railway, neither graceful nor very comfortable, but exceedingly convenient.

Love and the bicycle-rider are scorchers until they come to a rough place in the road.

A woman in love for the first time is like a bicycle running down hill with inexperienced hands to guide it. Her heart runs away with her wisdom.

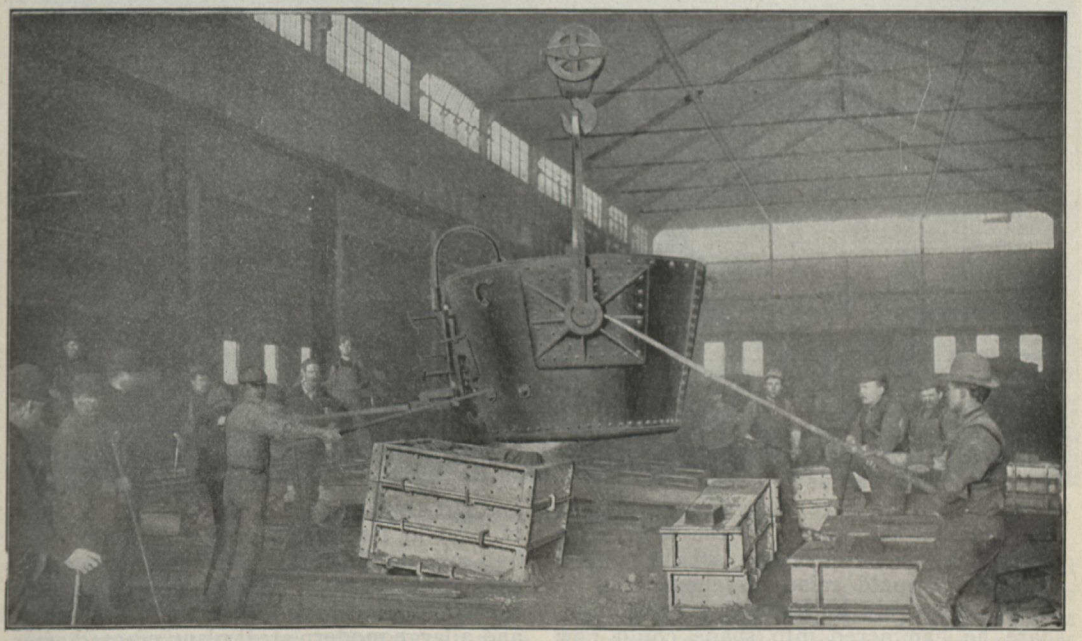
Love ran a race with Common-Sense and Love won. When that love died Common-Sense made for him his grave-clothes and gave him a decent burial.

A man in love is like an electric car that for a short time goes off the track but is very soon put on again.

There was a collision of wheels, that of Time ran down that of Fortune and overthrew the rider whose name was Life.

Jean Lyall.

A Revolution in Steel-Making

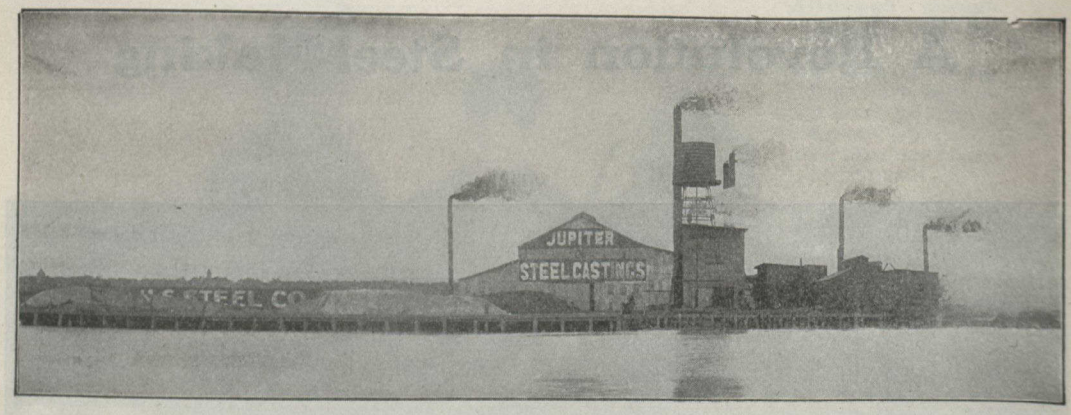


Making Steel Castings from Scrap Steel

EVEN "Harnessing the Sun," as described in a recent magazine, is not more marvelous and certainly not nearly so potent in present industrial application as is the discovery of a process of steel-making which cuts the cost of production over one-half. For this is preëminently the Steel Age, in distinction to those old prehistoric Stone and Bronze Ages, of which the scientists tell us, and the Iron Age, which is even now disappearing before the triumphal progress of its successor. One might almost suppose that modern civilization, like the tall buildings, is created around a steel frame. As a recent writer says, "steel has now come to be the basis of all material progress," and this is no exaggeration of a material which is all the time entering so many fields of usefulness. Already we depend on it for thousands of articles of daily use, ranging from a pressed steel freight car to the gossamer-like hair-spring of a watch; and the United States alone produces some fifteen million tons a year, worth probably four hundred millions of dollars! It does not take much penetration to see the possibilities of an industrial process which cuts in half the cost of steel production.

This new marvel yields from steel "scrap" a product so strong that it will stand a strain of 73,000 pounds to the square inch before breaking, and so hard that it will take the sharp edge of the cold chisel or the hatchet without forging. And it comes to this state of great industrial efficiency, not by the expensive process that gives to American tool steel a cost of nine cents a pound and to Jessup's English bar a cost of fourteen cents, but by the direct and simple process of melting and casting which reduces the cost to three and one-half cents a pound.

The name given to the product of this new process is Jupiter steel. The process is now in operation at the large plant of the United States Steel Company, at Everett, Mass. A few weeks ago the writer saw all sorts of steel scrap, borings from a gun factory, clippings from boiler plate, broken wheels

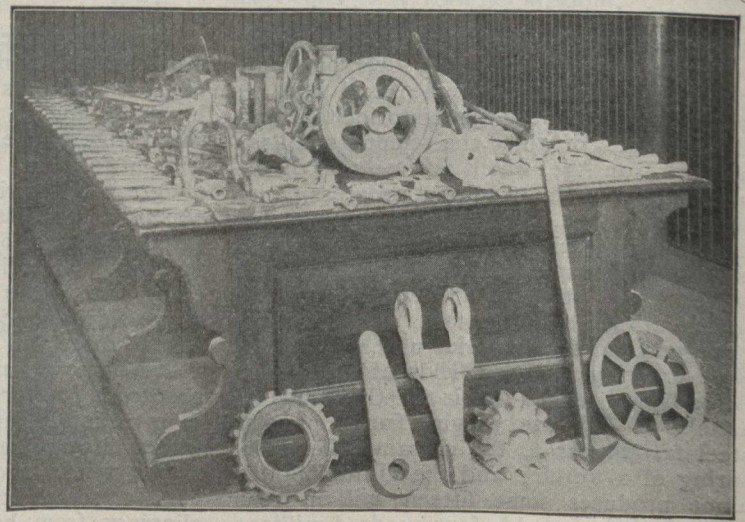


The Water Front of the Plant at Everett

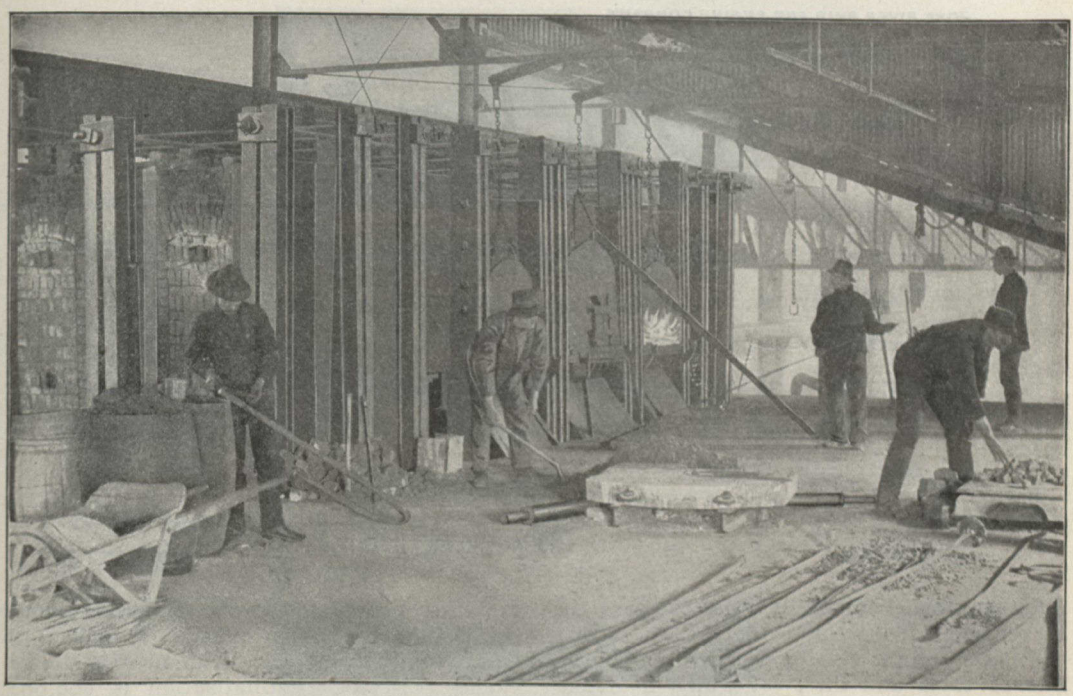
and crank shafts, in fact, all kinds of waste and junk,—if that can be applied to old steel,—turned into bright new tools in a few hours with only the furnace and the mold as intermediaries. Worthless scrap made into useful tools by direct casting—that is the net result of this process. As one saw the change actually being wrought, it seemed as if an ingenious Yankee had at last been let into some of the secrets for which the old alchemists sought. How Tubal-cain would raise his thewy arm in amazement could he know that the ploughshare he hammered into shape could now be cast in a mold without tempering or forging and all ready for its work, save the sharpening!

This Jupiter steel is a composition after a formula that is covered by patents, both in the United States and in most foreign countries. The process was worked out by H. B. Whall, of Boston, and A. G. Lundin, a Swedish worker in steel. These men discovered that by adding certain ingredients, at a fixed point in the melting of scrap steel, a product resulted which had every quality of the best steel. It was homogeneous; it would weld perfectly; it could be made hard or soft as desired; it had a tensile strength of 73,000 pounds, Government test; it could be produced in two hours; it took a fine tool edge. Put to one of the severest steel tests in the shape of a cold chisel, it repeatedly excelled the quality of all other bar steel and without any tempering whatever. It seemed to be a product, in short, that would have a large part in the future of steel-making.

In September, 1899, the United States Steel Company was formed to acquire the patents and put Jupiter steel on the market. A tract of land in Everett, having a frontage of a half-mile on the Malden River and stretching back from the river nearly a quarter-mile to the Boston and Maine Railroad, was bought, and a large modern steel plant erected after plans by E. G. Spilsbury, of New York, long President of the American Institute of Engineers. The strategic value of this location is at once apparent, for the thousands of factories in New England are both mine and



Tools and Castings Made from Jupiter Steel



One of the Great Open Hearth Furnaces in the Everett Plant

market. From them the steel scrap comes in abundance, and to them Jupiter steel goes back in tools and machinery. Over 700 manufacturers have become customers of the plant. If any part of their machinery breaks, the pattern for it is hastened to Everett and a steel casting of it soon returns. Not long ago in the great Amoskeag Mills, at Manchester, N. H., a cross head on a large engine broke. Had an order gone to Pennsylvania mills to have it replaced, three weeks or a month would have been required, and time means money and a great deal of it in a concern with over 3,000 employees. The pattern maker went down to Everett, had a change or two made in the pattern, and in a few days a new steel casting was back in Manchester to replace the broken one.

This wonderful process is in one sense a "secondary" one ; it cannot entirely replace the old method of steel production, for it requires old steel as its raw material. But it is in just such ways that some of the most astonishing edifices of modern industrialism have been built up! Some man has discovered how to utilize "waste" products, and these formerly neglected materials have often proved more valuable than the original production. Moreover, there is a beautiful sort of "endless chain" about it : there is almost an unlimited quantity of old steel in the world, and it is necessarily added to each year. Converted into Jupiter steel, it becomes renewed, rejuvenated, transmuted into new forms, and enters upon a fresh career of usefulness. It comes perilously near an immortalization, this! Not perpetual motion, but to all intents and purposes perpetual value and efficiency.

As showing the wide range of the work being done at the great plant in Everett, when the writer of this article was there recently, castings were being made of gears and other parts for the Carnegie Rolling Mills, of driving wheels for Manchester Locomotive Works and for the Boston and Maine Railroad Company, of a stern bracket weighing five tons for the ocean going steamship *Prince George*, of gun pivots for the cruiser *Olympia*, repairing at Charlestown Navy Yard, of various parts for the new plant now being built by the Fore River Ship and Engine Company, of Quincy, Mass., which has the contract for building the new battleships *New Jersey* and *Rhode Island*, and of an endless variety of things, small and great, for factories throughout the East.

The facsimile order on the next page is for over one million pounds of Jupiter steel castings for these battleships, which is the very highest possible endorsement for

FORE RIVER SHIP AND ENGINE COMPANY,
SHIP BUILDERS,
QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS.

May 16th, 1901.

U. S. Steel Company,

West Everett, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We hereby accept the proposition contained in your letter dated May 1st, 1901, to furnish us with steel castings for the Battleships NEW JERSEY and RHODE ISLAND, f.o.b. lighter our dock. The castings to conform in every way to the specifications of the U. S. Navy Department under the inspection of the Bureaus of Steam Engineering and Construction & Repair.

Very truly yours,

Thomas A Watson

President.

Jupiter steel because it has to pass the Government inspection.

Jupiter steel is also being cast into a large line of tools and dies, for which a strong demand has been created.

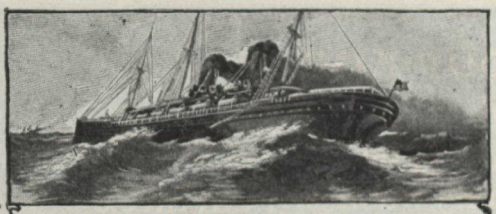
But the specific thing at present which the company is chiefly devoting itself to making is the Neal-Duplex brake. It is now in daily passenger service on the cars of the Boston Elevated Railroad Company, the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, the Worcester Consolidated Street Railway Company, the Lynn and Boston Street Railway Company, and the Fitchburg Street Railway Company. This brake requires no power except that generated by the axle. It will stop a car quicker than any other brake and do it without perceptible jar or jerk. It weighs less than 500 pounds and can be attached to any form of truck. All parts of this Neal-Duplex brake are made from Jupiter steel castings. As the United States Steel Company owns the patents on the brake and also the patents on Jupiter steel, it is in a position to make the two-fold profit on both raw material and finished product. To make this profit, which awaits only the manufacture of the brakes in quantity, the Company must at once increase its productive capacity.

The Directors, therefore, have ordered the sale of a block of treasury stock at its par value of $5 per share, to provide the working capital for the manufacture of the brakes. In this connection it should be stated that the Company has paid quarterly dividends at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum on its stock since December, 1899. With the facilities provided for the manufacture of the Duplex brakes we confidently expect to be able to increase our dividend rate. The Company's stock capitalization is 600,000 shares of a par value of $5 per share. Of these 252,671 remain in the treasury to be sold as occasion requires.

It is interesting to note the significance of stock purchases, for they nearly always have been, in quantity, in direct ratio to the knowledge acquired by the purchaser of the Company's affairs. An investor who will write about the purchase of twenty or thirty shares will buy 200 or 300 shares after an inspection of the Company's plant, its patents, and its growing business.

At Everett the Company owns 3,200,000 square feet of land and has both rail and water transportation. On this land a modern plant 200 by 130 feet has been built, with powerful electric cranes, furnaces, drying ovens, gas producers, boiler and power house with dynamos, sand blast, crucible plant, finishing machines, office buildings, etc.

A cordial invitation to inspect the plant at Everett is extended to all who are looking for safe and legitimate investments. Those who cannot do this will have any information desired sent to them by our Canadian Fiscal Agent, Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, 406 Temple Building, Toronto, Canada. The Union Trust Company, Limited, of Toronto, will act as Transfer Agent for the stock. This U.S. Steel Co. has no connection with the recently formed U.S. Steel Corporation.



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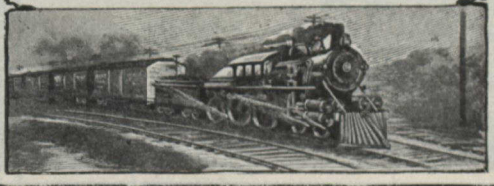

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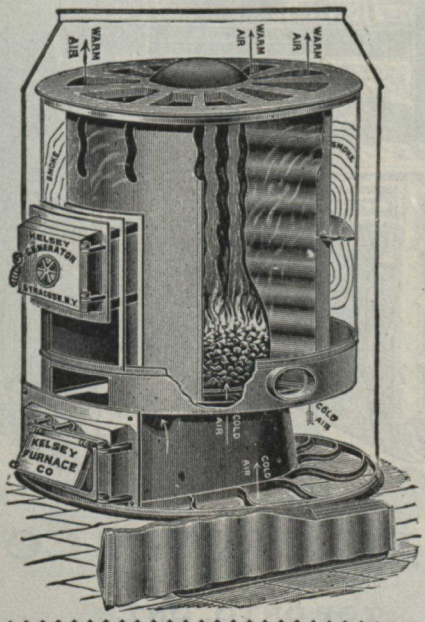

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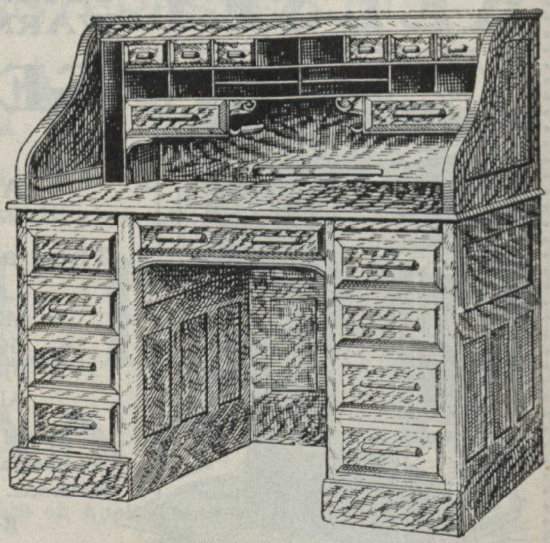

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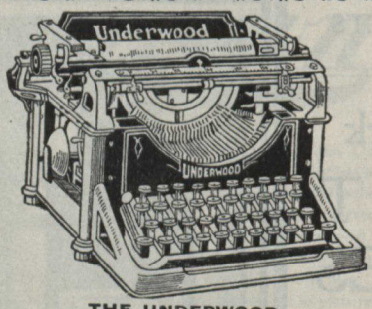

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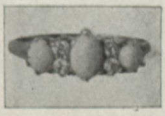

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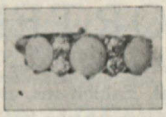

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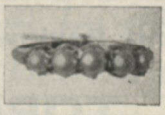

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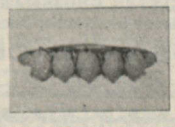

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Dr. Harlandson recommends as the safest and surest cure for sour stomach (acid dyspepsia) an excellent preparation sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. These tablets are large 20 grain lozenges, very pleasant to taste, and contain the natural acids, peptones and digestive elements essential to good digestion, and when taken after meals they digest the food perfectly and promptly before it has time to ferment, sour and poison the blood and nervous system.

Dr. Wuerth states that he invariably uses Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in all cases of stomach derangements and finds them a certain cure, not only for sour stomach, but by promptly digesting the food they create a healthy appetite, increase flesh and strengthen the action of the heart and liver. They are not a cathartic, but intended only for stomach diseases and weakness, and will be found reliable in any stomach trouble, except cancer of the stomach. All druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50 cents per package.

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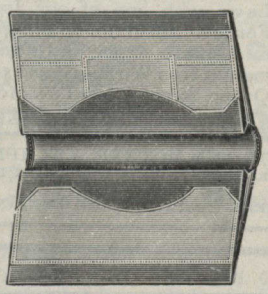

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Catarrh is Not a Local Disease.

Although physicians have known for years that catarrh was not a local disease but a constitutional or blood disorder, yet the mass of the people still continue to believe it is simply a local trouble and try to cure it with purely local remedies, like powders, snuffs, ointments and inhalers.

These local remedies, if they accomplish anything at all, simply give a very temporary relief, and it is doubtful if a permanent cure of catarrh has ever been accomplished by local sprays, washes and inhalers. They may clear the mucous membrane from the excessive secretion, but it returns in a few hours as bad as ever, and the result can hardly be otherwise, because the blood is loaded with catarrhal poison, and it requires no argument to convince anyone that local washes and sprays have absolutely no effect on the blood.

Dr. Ainsworth says, "I have long since discontinued the use of sprays and washes for catarrh of head and throat, because they simply relieve and do not cure.

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The tablets are composed of Hydrastin, Sanguinaria, Red Gum, Guaiacol and other safe antiseptics, and any catarrh sufferer can use them with full assurance that they contain no poisonous opiates, and that they are the most reasonable and successful treatment for radical cure of catarrh at present known to the profession."

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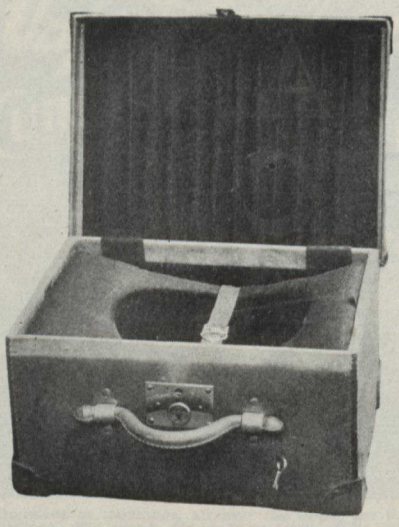

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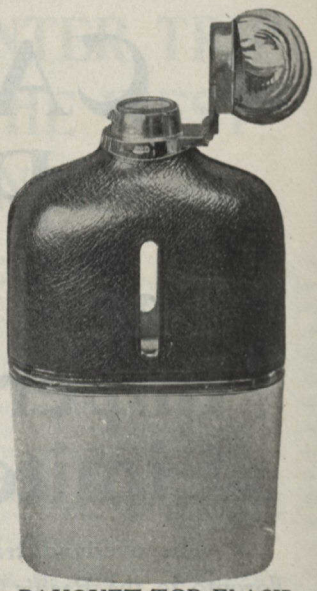

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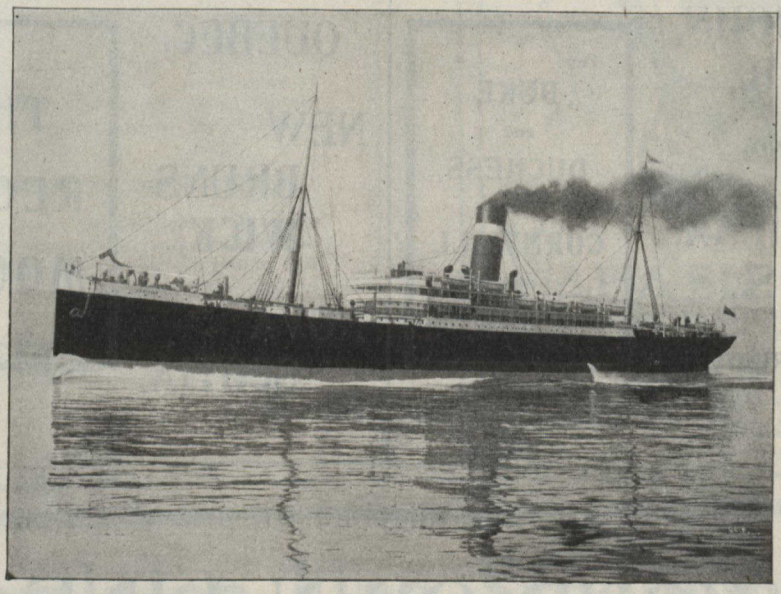

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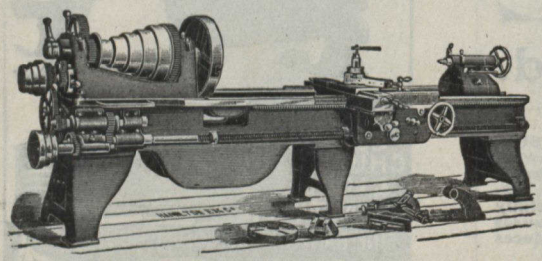

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