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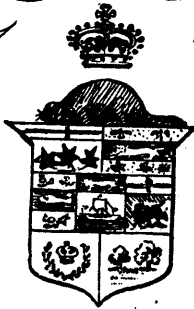
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MAY, 1896.



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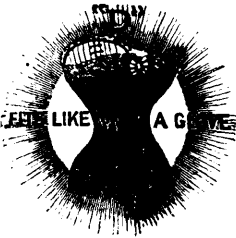
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VOL. VII.

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1896.



# CONTENTS OF VOL. VII.

MAY, 1896, TO OCTOBER, 1896, INCLUSIVE.

## FRONTISPIECES.

	PAGE
SCENES AT THE TORONTO HORSE SHOW.....Drawn by Semple.....	2
A STURGEON-HEAD PUNTER.....Drawn by Heming.....	100
THREE PICNICERS.....	198
YACHTING ON A CANADIAN LAKE.....	296
TRINITY UNIVERSITY, TORONTO.....	394
MUSK OXEN.....Drawn by Heming.....	492

## ARTICLES.

AFRICA, BRITISH EMPIRE IN SOUTH.....	<i>Hon. David Mills.</i>	62
ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP SERVICE, FAST.....	<i>Sir Charles Tupper, Bart.</i>	493
BRITISH EMPIRE IN SOUTH AFRICA, THE FUTURE OF.....	<i>Hon David Mills.</i>	62
BICYCLE, A CANADIAN IN EUROPE..... Illustrated.....	<i>Constance Rudyerd Boulton.</i>	11, 111, 216, 328
BRODLIQUE, EVE..... With Photo.....	<i>Mary Temple Bayard.</i>	515
CANADIAN GIRL, THE.....	<i>Reginald Gourlay.</i>	506
CANADIAN BICYCLE IN EUROPE, A..... Illustrated.....	<i>Constance Rudyerd Boulton.</i>	11, 111, 216, 328
CABLES, VALUE OF ALL BRITISH.....	<i>Danvers Osborn.</i>	74
CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.....	<i>A. H. U. Colquhoun.</i>	569
COUNTY COUNCIL, THE NEW.....	<i>J. M. McEvoy, LL.B.</i>	148
COLONIES AND THE NAVY, THE.....	<i>A. H. Loring.</i>	159
CAPE BRETON, SOMETHING ABOUT.....	<i>Thomas Mulvey.</i>	264
COMMUNISTIC CELIBATES OF ECONOMY.....	<i>Mary Temple Bayard.</i>	199
CORPORAL PUNISHMENT, USE OF.....	<i>J. Lambert Payne.</i>	477
CONFEDERATION, TWENTY-NINE YEARS OF..... Illustrated.....	<i>Frank Yeigh.</i>	228
DURHAM—DID LORD D. WRITE HIS OWN REPORT?.....	<i>Martin J Griffin.</i>	520
DAILY NEWSPAPER, THE.....	<i>Jos. T. Clarke.</i>	101
FLOWER CHILD, THE..... A Pastel.....	<i>W. E. Hunt (Keppell Strange.)</i>	296
FISHERS, THE ISLE OF..... Illustrated.....	<i>James Murray.</i>	462
FAST ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP SERVICE.....	<i>Sir Chas. Tupper, Bart.</i>	493
HIS MAJESTY'S SIXTY YEARS SOVERBIGNTY.....	<i>Thos. E. Champion.</i>	565
HISTORY OF PARLIAMENTARY DISSOLUTIONS IN CANADA, 1844 TO 1891.....	<i>Martin J. Griffin.</i>	3
HUNTING FOR JACQUES CARTIER..... Illustrated.....	<i>Kate Westlake Yeigh.</i>	105
HISTORICAL EXHIBITION, THE CANADIAN.....	<i>O. A. Howland, M.P.P.</i>	165
HIGHLAND REGIMENTS AND THEIR ORIGIN.....	<i>C. E. Macdonald.</i>	259
HOWE, LIFE AND TIMES OF HON. JOSEPH..... A Review.....	<i>John A. Cooper.</i>	562
IMPERIAL FEDERATION.....	<i>John Ferguson M.A., M.D.</i>	455
ISLE OF FISHERS..... Illustrated.....	<i>James Murray.</i>	462
JACQUES CARTIER, HUNTING FOR..... Illustrated.....	<i>Kate Westlake Yeigh.</i>	105
LITERARY RENDEZVOUS OF QUEBEC..... Illustrated.....	<i>John A. Cooper</i>	511
MAGYARS, A THOUSAND YEARS OF.....	<i>Thos. Lindsay.</i>	464
NEWSPAPER, THE DAILY.....	<i>Jos. T. Clarke.</i>	101
ORONHYATEKHA, DR..... Illustrated.....	<i>Mary Temple Bayard.</i>	135

PARLIAMENTARY DISSOLUTIONS IN CANADA, HISTORY OF.....	<i>Martin J. Griffin.</i>	3
PHYSICS BUILDING AT MCGILL UNIVERSITY. Illustrated.....	<i>F. T. Thomson.</i>	425
PUNISHMENT, USE OF CORPORAL.....	<i>J. Lambert Payne.</i>	477
QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY AND ITS FOUNDERS. Illustrated.....	<i>J. Jones Bell, M.A.</i>	19
ROBERT'S NEW VOLUME.....	<i>Francis Sherman.</i>	179
REMINISCENCES OF THE 100TH REGIMENT AND GIBRALTAR.....	<i>An Old N.C.O.</i>	269
RENDEZVOUS, A LITERARY..... Illustrated.....	<i>John A. Cooper.</i>	511
REPLY, A.....	<i>Professor Goldwin Smith.</i>	540
REGIMENTS, HIGHLAND, AND THEIR ORIGIN.....	<i>C. E. Macdonald.</i>	259
SANGSTER, CHARLES, THE CANADIAN POET. Illustrated.....	<i>E. H. Dewart, D.D.</i>	28
SILVER QUESTION.....	<i>Hon. J. W. Longley.</i>	406
SUB-ARCTICS OF CANADA, THROUGH THE... Illustrated.....	<i>J. W. Tyrrell, C.E., D.L.S.</i>	411, 524
SILVER, THE CRY FOR FREE.....	<i>John A. Cooper.</i>	378
SIXTY YEARS SOVEREIGNTY, HER MAJESTY'S.....	<i>Thos. E. Champion</i>	565
TRINITY UNIVERSITY..... Illustrated.....	<i>A. H. Young, M.A.</i>	395
TWENTY-NINE YEARS OF CONFEDERATION. Illustrated.....	<i>Frank Yeigh.</i>	228
VICTORIA UNIVERSITY..... Illustrated.....	<i>H. Hough, M.A.</i>	205
VALUE OF ALL-BRITISH CABLES.....	<i>Danvers Osborn.</i>	74

FICTION.

AU SUCREBIE.....	<i>S. J. Robertson.</i>	60
BARKER'S SECOND HONEYMOON, THE.....	<i>Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton.)</i>	470
BOMBASTES FURIOSO.....	<i>Helene E. F. Potts.</i>	143
"DE HALF PAS' TWO HOSS".....	<i>Clifford Smith.</i>	474
DEPOSED FAVORITE, A.....	<i>E. Laetitia Phillimore.</i>	467
EAGLE AND THE CHILD, THE..... Illustrated.....	<i>Thos. Swift.</i>	305
EDITHA..... Illustrated.....	<i>Isabel Alexandra Steary</i>	300
FARMER'S DAUGHTER, A..... Illustrated.....	<i>Jean Blewett.</i>	535
FLOWER CHILD, THE.....	<i>W. E. Hunt (Keppell Strange.)</i>	296
FOR SERVICES RENDERED.....	<i>Mabel Maclean Hellinell.</i>	275
GLYDON EPHSCOTT'S BRIDE.....	<i>A. Maude Jolley.</i>	81
HOLLAND COVE, THE LEGEND OF..... Illustrated.....	<i>F. Gerald.</i>	499
KATE CARNEGIE..... Illustrated.....	<i>Ian Maclaren.</i>	35, 121, 236, 358, 435
KITCHEN AFFAIR, A.....	<i>Valance Berryman,</i>	155
MANSION HOUSE, ALL THE WAY TO THE.....	<i>Grace McLeod Rogers.</i>	457
MEN CALL IT CONSCIENCE..... Illustrated.....	<i>Marry Marstyn.</i>	449
MERMAID'S POOL, THE..... Illustrated.....	<i>Lee Wyndham.</i>	336
MOTHER, A.....	<i>Joanna E. Wood.</i>	558
MRS. CRONARTY'S MAID..... Illustrated.....	<i>Fidele H. Holland</i>	348
MY GRANDMOTHER'S WORK-BAG.....	<i>E. Laetitia Phillimore.</i>	267
SECRETARY OF THE DONGA-PA MISSION... Illustrated.....	<i>Easter Talbot Kingsmill.</i>	50
SHAKSPEAREAN COURTSHIP, A.....	<i>Frank L. Pollock.</i>	372
STARS THAT NEVER SHONE.....	<i>Wyndom Browne.</i>	171
TRAVEL NOTE, A.....	<i>Harriet Ford.</i>	177
WHO DID THIS SIN, MAN OR HIS PARENTS?.....	<i>Recta.</i>	571
WRONG JIMMIE, THE..... Illustrated.....	<i>W. S. Arnold.</i>	250

DEPARTMENTS.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.....	92, 190, 284, 388, 486,	579
CURRENT THOUGHTS.....	<i>The Editor.</i>	87, 184, 291, 383, 480, 575
NONDESCRIPT.....	<i>Ella S. Atkinson.</i>	83, 181, 281

## POETRY.

	PAGE
ADVENT OF JUNE, THE.....	<i>Lizzie E. Dyas.</i> 154
BALLAD OF BOLD SIR BRUN.....	<i>C. Pryme.</i> 423
BIRTH.....	<i>Reuben Butchart.</i> 514
CHIONE.....	<i>Archibald Lampman.</i> 496
DOMINION HYMN.....	Illustrated..... <i>Geo. White Armstrong.</i> 227
EUCHARIST OF EARTH, THE.....	<i>C. W. Vernon.</i> 59
HOW PANSIES OR HEARTSEASE FIRST CAME.....	<i>R. Herrick.</i> 333
HYMN TO CANADA.....	<i>Kay Livingstone.</i> 534
HYMN TO THE GOD OF NATURE.....	<i>John Stuart Thompson.</i> 258
INDIAN'S GRAVE, THE.....	<i>H. A. Cody.</i> 147
KINGSHIP.....	<i>Francis Sherman.</i> 204
LAKE MAGAQUADARIC.....	<i>C. W. Vernon.</i> 448
LION'S WHELPS, THE.....	<i>Marry Marstyn.</i> 293
LOVE'S QUEEN.....	<i>Shirley Denison.</i> 280
LOONS, THE.....	<i>Marry Marstyn.</i> 382
MIDSUMMER IN MANITOBA.....	<i>M. Le Seur MacGillis.</i> 422
MY LITTLE CORNSTALK FIDDLE.....	<i>S. J. Watts.</i> 170
NEPIGON INDIANS TO CANADA.....	<i>Kathleen F. M. Sullivan.</i> 510
O ! CLEAREST POOL.....	Illustrated..... <i>Charles G. D. Roberts.</i> 334
ORCHIDS.....	<i>W. E. Hunt (Keppel Strange).</i> 371
PHANTOM OF THE BRAIN, A.....	<i>Arthur G. Doughty.</i> 18
POLAR SEA, THE.....	<i>E. H. Dewart.</i> 544
RUINED GARDEN, THE.....	<i>Francis Sherman.</i> 304
RECOMPENSE.....	<i>John McCrae.</i> 142
SONG OF MAY, A.....	<i>Edmund Hardy.</i> 73
SPRING IS HERRE, THE.....	<i>H. T. M.</i> 82
SUMMER STORM, A.....	<i>G. M. Standing.</i> 164
SUMMER'S DREAM, A.....	<i>A. P. McKishnie.</i> 523
SUPER FLUMINA.....	<i>Francis Sherman.</i> 226
SWEET ANNABEL.....	<i>Hastings Weblyn.</i> 34
SWEET BRIAR.....	<i>Jean Blewett.</i> 322
TO WAKE AT SPRING.....	<i>Hastings Weblyn.</i> 9
TO THE POET.....	<i>John Stuart Thompson.</i> 27
TOM'S LETTER HOME.....	<i>Archie McKishnie.</i> 110
TROOPER'S SONG, THE.....	<i>Theodore Roberts.</i> 574
TWO QUATRAINS.....	<i>Robert M. Harper.</i> 49
UNFETTERED.....	Illustrated..... <i>Robert M. Harper.</i> 10
UNSPARING NATURE.....	<i>Reginald Gourlay.</i> 469
VIA CANOE.....	<i>Theodore Roberts.</i> 423
WELCOME DEATH.....	<i>Marry Marstyn.</i> 266
WHERE SILENCE LIVES.....	<i>Arthur G. Doughty.</i> 519
WILD FLOWERS.....	<i>W. T. James.</i> 405
YOUR BIRTHDAY.....	<i>Jean Blewett.</i> 249

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

MAY, 1896.

No. 1.

## CONTENTS.

Frontispiece.....	Scenes at the Toronto Horse Show.....	2
History of Parliamentary Dissolutions in Canada, 1844 to 1891.....	MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, Parliamentary Librarian.	3
Unfettered.....	<i>Illustrated Poem</i> ROBERT M. HARPER.	10
A Canadian Bicycle in Europe.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> CONSTANCE RUDYERD BOULTON.	11
A Phantom of the Brain.....	A Poem ARTHUR G. DOUGHTY.	18
Queen's University and Its Founders.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> J. JONES BELL, M.A.	19
Charles Sangster, the Canadian Poet....	<i>With Two Photos.</i> E. H. DEWART, D.D.	28
Sweet Annabel.....	A Poem HASTINGS WEBLYN.	34
Kate Carnegie.....	Chapters VII. and VIII. IAN MACLAREN.	35
The Secretary of the Donga-Pa Mission.....	<i>Illustrated.</i> ESTHER TALBOT KINGSMILL.	50
The Eucharist of Earth.....	A Poem C. W. VERNON.	59
Au Sucrerie.....	A Sketch S. J. ROBERTSON.	60
The Future of the British Empire in South Africa.....	<i>Photo of Author.</i> HON. DAVID MILLS, LL.B., Q.C., M.P.	62
The Value of All-British Cables.....	DANVERS OSBORN.	74
Glydon Ephscott's Bride.....	A. MAUDE JOLLEY.	81
Nondescript.....	ELLA S. ATKINSON (Madge Merton).	83
Current Thoughts.....	THE EDITOR	87
Books and Authors.....		92
June Forecast.....		98

Also Poems by Hastings Weblyn, Reginald Gourlay, Robert M. Harper, John Stuart Thompson and H. T. M.

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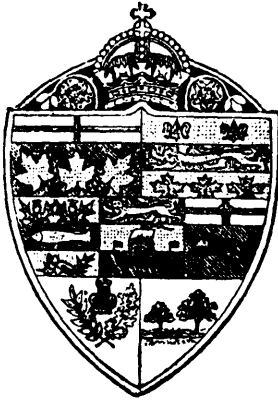
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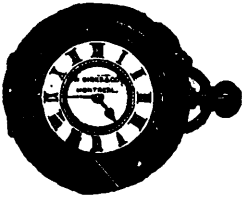
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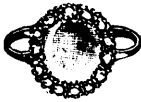
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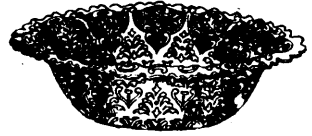
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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VII.

MAY, 1896.

No. 1.

## THE HISTORY OF PARLIAMENTARY DISSOLUTIONS IN CANADA, 1844 to 1891.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

THE dissolution of Parliament must always possess for persons of intelligence a profound interest. The act of dissolution is one of the few theoretically uncontrolled powers of our Governor-General. The fact of dissolution reduces our form of government to its lowest denomination, the will of the people. The will of the people, created, influenced and controlled by private interests, by party feeling, by religious prejudice, by articles in the press, by speeches on the stump, by bands, banners, torches, bribes, intimidation, and organizations of various merits and demerits, is expressed in so precarious a manner as to show us, in the matter of politics, what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue. The act of dissolution is artificial. The fact of dissolution is the parent of a thousand artificialities. And when Parliament re-assembles, the artifices re-assert themselves. The Speaker presides over a House whose rules are subject to artifice of every description. The Speech from the Throne is an artificial production; the reply is of like kind. The speeches and votes of members are artificial in character. The whole atmosphere is unreal. That under such a system of government, the countries subject to it do, in fact, make

real progress, and are able to collect revenue, pass laws of binding force and popular acceptance, and to carry on the complicated business of public administration, is due, not to the perfection of the system, but to that "genius for self-government" and traditional capacity for make-believe, which are inherent in the Anglo-Saxon race. Foreign nations are apt to qualify their submission to artificialities by occasional revolutions. We are probably saved by our sense of humour from such useless disturbances. They proceed to reform by revolution. We accomplish revolution by reform.

The pending dissolution of our Parliament, under circumstances which lend to the electoral struggle a somewhat lurid character, induces us to give, in brief, a history of the dissolutions which have taken place since the Act of Union of 1841. The political history of the country is not too perfectly known. A contribution to the literature of the subject may not be without interest and value.

In 1844 the dissolution of the first Parliament of the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada was declared by Lord Metcalfe.

The Government which had been chosen in 1841—and which did not become a "responsible" Government



till the second session of the Parliament—had gradually been changed in composition till it became what is known as the Baldwin-Lafontaine Government, Liberal in character. These Ministers having endeavored to secure from Lord Metcalfe a pledge that he would consult them in all appointments to office, and having been refused the pledge, resigned in a body, with the exception of Sir Dominic Daly, a gentleman who did not take public life very seriously, and whose idea was that "the Queen's Government must be carried on" Then followed an episode unique in our political history. For six months the government of the country was carried on by Mr. Secretary Daly and the Governor-General's Secretary. The Governor-General was not fully prepared to accept to the full the new system of Responsible Government. Lord Durham had written eloquently about it. (The allegation that Lord Durham's report was written by Mr. Charles Buller has often been made, but not on any authority entitled to find acceptance. Lord Durham was one of the ablest men in public life in England. He wrote well; he was well informed. His Secretary, Mr. Buller, was also an able man, but with an ingrained levity of disposition by no means in accordance with the sustained dignity of the report. No doubt the Secretary had a hand in the report; but that the ideas are those of Lord Durham, as well as much of the composition, we are disposed to contend, and this opinion is not to be shaken by the gossip of an ill-natured libeller like Charles Greville, or of a personal enemy like Lord Brougham.) Lord Sydenham had given some degree of effect to Lord Durham's ideas. Sir Charles Bagot had followed him and bettered his instruction. But Lord Metcalfe was not able to see any space or place for the Governor-General on the new system, and he did not resign himself to it without a struggle.

His Ministers having resigned, he got together a forlorn hope of Upper Canada Conservatives, and one Lower Canada man, D. B. Papineau (brother of Louis Papineau), to form a government, and he dissolved the Parliament as above stated on 23rd September, 1844. On this occasion Sir John Macdonald entered public life.

The Parliament of 1844 was dissolved on Dec. 6th, 1848. The Conservative Government which Lord Metcalfe had formed was defeated in the struggle at the polls. On the meeting of Parliament—for which they very properly waited, though in more modern times, in England and Canada, that excellent practice has been unwisely abandoned—the Ministers were defeated on the election of the Speaker; Sir Allan McNab having been defeated by Hon. A. N. Morin on a vote of 54 to 19. On the debate on the address the Ministers were again beaten on the 5th March, 1848, by 54 to 20, and on the 6th they resigned. The Lafontaine-Baldwin Government took their places. The Ministers knew they would be beaten, as Mr. Pope makes clear in his "Life of Sir John Macdonald;" but they were no doubt aware that the heritage of political questions they had received from their predecessors was a dangerous one, and, to use the language of Disraeli, they "passed the poisoned chalice" on to their successors, knowing what the end would be.

In 1851, Parliament was again dissolved by Lord Elgin on the 6th November. The circumstances were these. The Lafontaine-Baldwin Government had been maintaining a hard struggle with its combined Tory and Radical opponents, and having a majority vote against him in Upper Canada, Mr. Baldwin, in disgust, resigned; and Mr. Lafontaine, though remaining with the others temporarily in office, gave notice that he would retire from public life at the close of the session. Few men in public life, in this or any country have left more

honorable names; few were more sincerely regretted; yet each retired from public life in a state of despair at the conditions under which that life had to be conducted. Many, if not most, public men entertain the same feeling of regret at the conditions of their careers. One of the last long conversations which the present writer had with the late Sir John Macdonald was marked by an almost passionate lament of the statesman at the loss of peace, happiness, domestic comfort and security of personal fortune which public life had entailed upon him. The same feeling was expressed in even stronger language by Sir John Abbott and Sir John Thompson. Yet the forces which create parties will forever compel men of like capacity to make similar sacrifices. When Mr. Lafontaine, in accordance with his own announcement, retired later on, the Governor sent for Mr. Hincks, who formed the Hincks-Morin Administration and dissolved Parliament on 6th November, 1851.

In 1854, the Hincks-Morin Government, which had been sustained at the elections of 1851, having been defeated on a motion censuring them for the absence of any reference in the Governor's speech to the Clergy Reserves and the Seigniorial question, asked for a dissolution, though only three years had elapsed since the general election. Lord Elgin consented and dissolved Parliament on the 23rd June, during a sitting of the House amid protests and confusion. The Government was not sustained at the polls. On the election of the Speaker, they had to abandon their own candidate and vote for Mr. Sicotte in order to prevent Mr. Sandfield Macdonald from being elected. As Speaker of the previous Assembly Mr. Macdonald had delivered on the occasion of the dissolution, a severe reproach to the Governor-General and his ministers, and the latter were determined on revenge. They therefore voted for Mr. Sicotte in preference to the late Speaker who was

put on nomination. They resigned on September 8th, 1854. The Taché-Macdonald Ministry succeeded.

In 1858, Parliament was dissolved on November 28th, by Sir Edmund Head. The Taché-Macdonald (John A.) Government had remained in office after the elections of 1854 and the defeat of the Hincks-Morin ministry. Mr. Taché resigned and the Macdonald-Cartier Government was formed in 1858; and two days afterwards the Parliament was dissolved. The Government was sustained in Quebec but not in Upper Canada; and being in this position they determined to resign. The practice of having a majority in each province in order to maintain a ministry was open to serious objections and tended to render stable government almost impossible. It had obviously to be abandoned if the Union was to be in reality a Union and not a mere alliance. Then followed the most amusing and memorable event in the history of the two Provinces. George Brown was sent for to form a Government, and in conjunction with Mr. Dorion he formed the Brown-Dorion Administration. It lasted for just one day. The amusing particulars may be found in Mr. Dent's and Mr. Pope's books. At noon, on Monday, August 2nd, 1858, Mr. Brown and his colleagues were sworn into office, the same evening a vote of want of confidence was carried in both houses against them. On Tuesday, Mr. Brown waited on the Governor-General and asked for a dissolution. The Governor-General refused. Mr. Brown and his friends were compelled to resign and found themselves at once out of office and out of Parliament.

Mr. Mackenzie in his "Life of George Brown" accuses Sir Edmund Head of perfidy. The charge is hardly just, inasmuch as the circumstances made the formation of a ministry quite impossible and the general election had taken place only six months before. But it is quite possible that, under like circumstances in the more fully devel-

oped system of government we now possess, a dissolution would be granted. The Governor, on the failure of Mr. Brown, sent for Mr. Galt; he advised His Excellency to send for Mr. Cartier, who accepted the duty and formed the Macdonald-Cartier Administration out of the material of the one that had resigned eight days before. The new Cabinet was sustained in the House, though their action in not going back for re-election was called the "Double-Shuffle," and fiercely denounced. That the action was legal was certain. That it was free from objection, can hardly be said; and as the law was altered in 1878 to prevent any such episode recurring, we may assume that history gives but a halting assent to the conduct of the administration.

In 1861, on June 10th, the Parliament of 1858 was dissolved by Sir Edmund Head. The Macdonald-Cartier Government was still in power; and was sustained at the elections. There was no great question before the people to make the dissolution or the election memorable. The defeat and retirement of Mr. Brown was the only personal incident of the campaign. But events were precipitating themselves towards the great consummation of 1867.

In 1863, on May 16th, the Parliament of 1861 was dissolved. At the close of the Session of 1863, on May 12th, the Governor-General in his Speech alleged:

1st. That it was not possible to conduct public business in a satisfactory manner under existing conditions.

2nd. That two successive administrations had failed to obtain the confidence of the Legislature.

3rd. That these circumstances made a dissolution (16th May, 1863) necessary.

The causes of the trouble were as follows:

On the 20th May, 1862, the Government was defeated on the Militia Bill by the defection of some of Cartier's Quebec following, and they resigned.

On the 24th May, the (Sandfield) Macdonald-Sicotte government were sworn in, and carried on for nearly a year.

On the 8th May, 1863, Sir John Macdonald carried a vote of want of confidence against the new ministry. The ministers asked for a dissolution, and Parliament was dissolved accordingly on May 16th, 1863. The elections were held in June, and the Government was narrowly sustained. In its first session, after a sharp parliamentary struggle, the Macdonald-Sicotte ministry, finding its position too difficult, resigned on the 21st March, 1864.

After Mr. Ferguson Blair and Sir Geo. E. Cartier had each declined to form a government, Sir Etienne Taché accepted the task; and the Taché-Macdonald (John A.) Ministry was formed on 30th March. On the 14th June, the new ministers were defeated by a vote of 60 to 58, on a vote of censure of Mr. Galt for unauthorized indirect advances of money to the Grand Trunk Railway Company; and having assumed responsibility for Mr. Galt's action, the ministry resolved to dissolve and seek the opinion of the people. Four ministries had been in office in four years. The second session of a new Parliament had only begun, but the Governor-General, Lord Monck, consented to give the ministers a dissolution. It did not take place, however, at this time.

Before the appeal was made, Mr. Brown, owing to negotiations opened up by Hon. Alex. Morris and Hon. J. H. Pope, gave it to be understood that he was willing to co-operate with the administration to get rid of the Constitutional strain between Upper and Lower Canada, and to form a Federal Union of all the Provinces. He was invited to enter the Government, but at first refused. Finally he consented to enter, with two other Reformers (Messrs. Mowat and McDougall), to carry out the Federal scheme. Then followed the Charlottetown Confer-

ence. the Quebec Conference (1864), the deputation to England, and finally the Act of Union of the Provinces in 1867, after which the next appeal was made to the wider constituency of the four original Provinces of the Confederation.

In the last speech which Lord Monck delivered to the Parliament of the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, he said :

"In bringing to a close the last session likely to be held under the Act for the Union of the Two Canadas, I congratulate the Parliament which that law called into existence on the retrospect afforded by the events of the last quarter of a century. You can mark during that period the firm consolidation of your institutions, both political and municipal, the extended settlement of your country, the development of your internal resources and foreign trade, the improvement and simplification of your laws, and, above all, the education which the adoption of the system of responsible government has afforded to your statesmen in the well-tried ways of the British Constitution."

That "education" had certainly proceeded at a rapid pace, and the men who had moulded the constitution of Canada from the rigid material of 1841 to the plastic condition of 1866, were richly endowed with all the experience necessary for the guidance of the New Dominion.

Lord Monck had been painfully in earnest about the later stages of the Confederation negotiations. His correspondence with Sir John Macdonald, as given in Mr. Pope's work, shows that he was nervous at the delay which took place, and fearful lest his name should not, after all, be immortally connected with the foundation of the Dominion. Sir John's cheerful confidence in the progress of the scheme, and his assurance that he, too, was desirous of having his name made historical by the Confederation, gave the Governor-General the greatest satisfaction.

The elections for the New House of Commons, were ordered for August 7th, 1867, the writs generally being returnable on Sept 24th, and those

for Chicoutimi and Gaspé on 24th October, owing to their remoteness.

The elections resulted in the support of the new administration by a large majority. "Our majority is in fact too large," wrote Sir John Macdonald to a correspondent. The four years which followed were years of fruitful experiment. The conciliation of Nova Scotia, the selection for the route for the Intercolonial Railway, and the pushing on of the work, the acquisition of the North-West, the suppression of the rebellion in that territory, the Manitoba Act, the negotiation of the Washington Treaty of 1871, and the inauguration of the Pacific Railway scheme, were the memorable events.

The first trial of strength after the first Parliament of the Dominion, took place in 1872. Lord Lisgar had come and gone, leaving behind him a name of dignity and private worth, and expressing, at his departure, the liveliest sense of pride at having had his name connected with the history of the Dominion. Lord Dufferin had taken office on June 25th, 1872. Parliament was dissolved on the 8th July. The circumstances were not favourable to the administration, and but for the personal activity of Sir John Macdonald, his Party would have been beaten. He carried on for one session. Then came the Pacific Railway affair, and after a struggle through the three sessions of 1873, the resignation of Sir John Macdonald on November 5th.

The dissolution of 1873 was decreed on January 2nd, 1874. After testing with success the feeling of the country in the re-election of Ministers, Mr. Mackenzie, the new Prime Minister, determined to appeal to the country. The appeal was made suddenly. Mr. Mackenzie issued a Manifesto, as Mr. Gladstone had done to the people, and then asked their support. It is worth recalling the fact, that Sir John Macdonald condemned Mr. Mackenzie strongly, at some length and with much appeal to the constitution, for

this personal appeal by Manifesto to the people. But the process of development in Constitutional Government goes steadily on; what Mr. Gladstone did in 1874, Mr. Disraeli did in 1880; and what Mr. Mackenzie did in 1874, Sir John Macdonald did in 1891. The rapid democratization of Parliamentary life, makes this appeal to the public by Manifesto, likely to be a permanent feature in all general elections.

In 1878, when Mr. MacKenzie having sought the opinion of the country (17th Sept.) on his administration and having been defeated, was forced to consider his position, he established another precedent, which had Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Disraeli's authority. He resigned without waiting for the meeting of Parliament; his government having been obviously hopelessly beaten at the polls. The English precedents have high authority in Gladstone and Disraeli; but this is one of the cases of proceeding to Revolution by Precedent, to which reference was made at the beginning of this paper. It is Popular or Populace Government; it is not Parliamentary Government. His Conservative opponents of course demanded that he should resign in order that they might earlier call their Party to Parliament, to put their policy of Protection in force. Mr. Mackenzie conceded their demand. A lingering fondness for the British Constitution of Pre-Reform-Bill days, induces one to wish that he had denied it. Some inconvenience might have arisen from his denial; but it need not have been great, and the maintenance of Parliament's prestige would have been worth the sacrifice.

In 1882 Parliament was dissolved on May 18th. The Governor's speech, on the occasion of proroguing the session of 1882, on 17th May, contained these words:—

"I heartily congratulate you on the rapid and successful development of our manufacturing, agricultural and other industries. I am,

however, advised that their progress would have been greater were it not that capitalists hesitate to undertake to embark their means in undertakings which would be injured if not destroyed by a change in the Trade and Fiscal policy adopted by you in 1879. In order, therefore, to give the people without further delay an opportunity of expressing their deliberate opinion on this policy, etc."

This was the ground of appeal between the two parties at this election, the first after the adoption of the "National Policy." All the arguments for and against that policy were put forth to the fullest extent. It is doubtful if any new idea has been added to the controversy since 1882, though the subject has never ceased to be the topic of vehement discussion.

The Parliament of 1882 was dissolved on the 15th January, 1887. On this occasion our relations with the United States, and the prospects of a renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty, and the settlement of the Fisheries Question by Treaty, entered into the controversy; and the currents of public opinion were disturbed by the "Riel question" in Quebec. But the Ministry were duly sustained.

The four years which succeeded were full of difficulties for the administration. The Riel question continued to keep some of its Quebec supporters aloof. The Jesuit question had the like effect in Ontario. The failure of negotiations with the United States, and the peculiar personal disputes which arose between Mr. Blaine and the Canadian Ministers, had a tendency to weaken the Government. There was also an obvious defection of the farmers in Ontario in certain sections. But the result was the same as on previous occasions. The Parliament was dissolved on February 3rd, 1891, and largely by the personal exertions of Sir John Macdonald, the Administration was sustained. The Parliament met on April 29th, 1891; the Prime Minister died on the 5th of June. Between 1891 and 1896 there has been rapid precipitation of opinion

concerning constitutional practice, colonial questions, our relations with Great Britain and the United States, and our own Constitution. Three Prime Ministers have passed away. New Ministers have been created. Some Ministers have temporarily retired. Each event was a species of education for the public in Constitutional practice. The powers of the Governor-General; the privileges of a Premier; the duties of Ministers; the status of Departments; the true conduct of an Opposition; the attitude of Parliament during a Ministerial crisis—all these things are better understood to-day than they were in 1891.

It is just fifty years since Constitu-

tional Government was established in any true sense in Canada. Previous to that period, it meant the responsibility of the Executive to the Crown. Next it developed into the responsibility of the Executive to the Legislature. In our time, there has been a decided tendency towards the responsibility of the Executive to the election returns and the newspapers. That way danger lies; but any form of protest would be useless. The development of political institutions goes on by force of laws for which we have no scientific classification, and against which all forms of objection would be vain.

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"TO WAKE AT SPRING."

Beneath a snowy mantle sleeps  
 The flowers of coming spring,  
 That waiteth long her magic touch,  
 New life, new hope to bring.  
 They sleep, but soon the world will share  
 The beauty of their petals fair.

Away in softer summer climes  
 The birds await the sign,  
 To bid them back to this fair land  
 Of maple grand, and pine.  
 They rest, but soon our hearts will be  
 The brighter for their minstrelsy.

And love that sleeps thro' winter drear,  
 Shall wake to feel the bliss  
 Of birdling's song and scented flowers,  
 And zephyr's balmy kiss—  
 Shall wake to see dull winter wing  
 Before the charms of winsome spring.

Awake! awake! she comes at last,  
 Soft clad in pure array,  
 She smiles and all the world is glad,  
 And snowdrifts melt away—  
 'Tis well that winter comes awhile  
 To know the charm of spring's first smile.



# UNLETTERED.

*A song of the sault à la Puce.*

AWAKENED again by April's sun  
From dreary December's frozen sleep.  
With many a frisk and many a leap,  
With many a rush and headlong run,  
The mountain stream on the hillside steep  
Rewinds its thread as from silver spun.

As diamond clear thro' the wood it breaks,  
Gainst the sturdy rocks o'er the sandy shoals,  
It tumbles and tosses and seethes and rolls  
In rapids and falls and tiny lakes;  
While soothed thro' many a black pool glides  
In whose sullen depths the sly trout hides.

To never a warning pays it heed,  
But rushes along in its folly freed,  
From every restraint, till, beyond recall  
In its dare-devil race to the misty fall,  
With a last mad plunge from the cliff's high brow,  
Is hushed in St. Lawrence's wave below.

Robert M. Harper.

\* The Sault à la Puce, in English, "The Flea's Jump," is the name of a picturesque woodland stream, which forms, at its joining with the St. Lawrence some fifteen miles below Quebec City, the beautiful fall from which it takes its name.



## CHAPTER II.\*

### GIBRALTAR AND ALGIERS.

ON a fair morning, such as we Canadians know full well when the early spring-time is with us rich with promise of a lovely summer and the breeze is laden with the breath of fresh budding life, the low lying cliffs and hills of Spain and Africa lay to left and right, rolling away in graceful undulations. A wealth of color lay upon land and sea, great masses of cloud that had no threatening of rain in them moved over the headlands and indentations, while Africa was clothed in mist which rose and fell, ever and anon disclosing and then concealing her beauty.

Early in the day the bold cliffs of Cape St. Vincent were passed with the monument to Nelson plainly to be seen on the heights, and a little later the battle-ground of Trafalgar. Nearly opposite, on the African shore, the interesting town of Tangier, "more eastern than the East," lay in a valley surrounded by hills

Farther on our attention was directed to the Spanish Main where the ancient town of Tarifa slept, resting

thankfully, perhaps, from the turmoil of ages. Each traveller spins his yarn, adding a word to the general stock of information on its history, and one gentleman with an eye to business announced to his audience that this peaceful village is responsible for our word "tariff," leaving an uncomfortable impression that appearances are ever deceitful, and such a small innocent-looking place has a great deal to answer for.

At this point The Straits reach their narrowest width of twelve miles, and thoughts travelled quickly back to the wild days of the Moors, when they held the keys of the Mediterranean compelling all who entered the Straits to pay heavy toll.

A thrill of admiration passed through us all as Gibraltar loomed into view, towering darkly menacing against the sky, in outline having the appearance of a lion *couchant*, looking out toward the sea,—a noble promontory, standing up abruptly from the low lying ground immediately surrounding it, surely in very truth a thorn in the side of the haughty Spaniard ever since old Admiral Rooke gave the key of the Mediterranean into the possession of John Bull. The harbour is protected on the farther side by the frowning fortress falling abruptly away almost to a marsh called the Neutral Ground, which, toward the left, across the bay, rises again into picturesque hills with the little town of Algeiras lying at their feet.

\* Chapter I, "From Toronto to Gibraltar," appeared in the April issue.



The temperature rose to summer heat when the steamer finally dropped her anchor inside the harbour and we divided into various parties, availing ourselves of the precious time at our disposal to go on shore. The difficulty of getting our bicycles to shore, and the danger of not finding a guide on a wheel, led us to leave them in their corner and travel like the common tourist.

On the tender we were met by eager, clamouring, hungry guides, all talking together in a wild, hopeless muddle of broken English and Spanish. After much excitement a bargain was struck with one who proved to have some intelligence.

A twofold delight took possession of us as we stepped on shore, for the luxury of treading on *terra firma* was increased by the novelty surrounding us. Dark-eyed Spaniards returned our curious gaze with equal curiosity, and Moors, at the doors of their queer little shops, dressed in European costume, with an inevitable bit of color introduced somewhere, stood lazily in



AT GIBRALTAR.

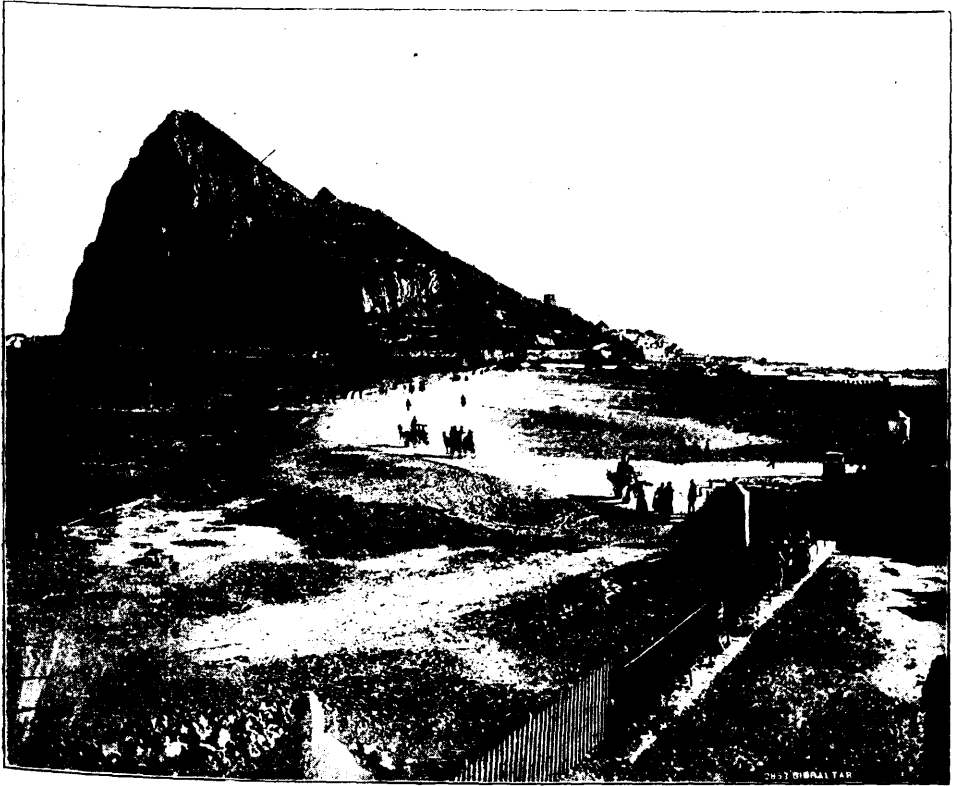
the midst of the Oriental brilliance of their wares.

In a nutshell, Gibraltar seems to contain most things that charm. We

wandered up and down odd narrow streets with the most unexpected turns and corners; quaint old houses, with their gables and jutting angles forming themselves into delightful picturesque irregularities. Patient donkeys disappear under enormous burdens of huge paniers on either side, filled with coal or vegetables or rags, the whole generally surmounted by a woman of grand, if not artistic, proportions, comfortably installed on the capacious seat anywhere between the tail and the shoulders. Nothing can be seen of this means of locomotion but a long tail, a long pair of ears, and four delicate little feet. Tommy Atkins, resplendent, brushes past the grave persons of Spanish priests in black silk shovel-shaped hats, and long black gowns. Stately English girls, with calm exterior, survey the hurrying travel-stained tourist with lofty disdain, which would be crushing had we time to notice it.

A drive in a funny little carriage, with a fringed top and open sides, drawn by a very small horse, from the quay through a gateway in the old wall of this town up to the Alameda Gardens, where the palms were growing to the size of trees, heliotrope and geranium in profusion forming high shrub-like hedges, while the cactii could be seen in many varieties. On the way to the gardens the great 100-ton gun was shown, that is, the little there was to be seen all the elaborate arrangements for dealing death at twelve miles distance, being below ground, and worked by electricity.

Two of these monsters, 400 smaller guns and about 6 000 troops complete the garrison of Gibraltar. An uncanny feeling took possession of us as we realized the hidden power that undermined the whole surface. Wherever we scanned the rock, were black yawning mouths which could at a moment's notice belch forth fire, spreading death and desolation on sea and land. Nearly every part of the rock facing Spain and the sea, is a



GIBRALTAR.

ramification of tunnels with gaping caverns at regular intervals, in every one of which is a great gun.

After driving through the gardens, and surveying monuments, etc., in true guide-book fashion, we passed under some fine old historical gates, and on to the neutral ground, an insignificant patch of dusty grass a quarter of a mile wide, which could be instantly submerged if necessary, across which the watch-dogs of Spain and England glare at each other. On the British side Highland soldiers were on guard, pacing up and down a narrow path, and on the opposite side were the Spanish sentry-boxes.

All who wish to pass between the two countries must go by the high-road armed with a permission which is only granted for a few hours, and

on the frontier every one is rigidly examined.

We stared about us, laughing, talking, exclaiming like a lot of ill-bred children just let loose, smelling the flowers, gazing at the view, driving the guide frantic with a thousand questions, tumbling over guns and soldiers; the latter returning our admiring gaze with interest, and a look that seemed to hover on the borderland of a wink, which we were inclined to resent, till remembrance forced upon us the sad truth that we were "tourists," and must take the consequences.

Soon a stampede was made for the photograph shop where we pulled down the whole place and walked off with the worst specimens we could find; much weeping and gnashing

of teeth being the out-come thereof.

An hour and a half from the time we landed, we were once more steaming out into the sunny richness of the blue sea—yet not more blue (I am aching to say it in the face of possible ridicule)—not more blue, with an exquisite sapphire bathed in lovely silver gleam, than our own Ontario, lying spread with gladness as oft I flew by on the wings of my silent steed, with an exhilarating sense of life rushing through my veins.

Luncheon was a material matter not worthy of notice. We stood rather at the stern, watching the changing outline of the fortress, strong and splendid, with silent defiance bristling at every point, while Ceuta, the other Pillar of Hercules, dimly distinct across fifteen miles of distance could be seen on the southern shore. Then as the day wore on both faded into the twilight, and we were once more out of sight of land on our way to Algiers.

Imagination becomes sharpened by new scenes crowded with the history of the past, and a New-World, peace-loving soul is wrung with horror as he (or she) glides over the quiet summer sea, away from the shores of Spain, and comes upon the little fortress called The Penon of Algiers.

Thought quickly stretches back across the ages to the time when hordes of Turks, Moors and Barbarians from

east and south and north, swooped down upon the world with ruthless savagery, to scenes of awful conflict, hand to hand, upon the high seas when galleys were locked, and man to man they fought with the cruel glare of lust for blood flashing from their pitiless eyes, while the groans of the dying, mingled with the hoarse cry of the victor, and the pure blue of the inland sea was dyed with the blood of her children.

The various stories of splendid defences made by the gallant little garrisons of The Penon in many a cruel siege, awaken deep interest, which is not lessened by the fact that it extended its protection to the pirates, and during three centuries was a safe refuge for the robbers of the high seas.

On arrival at Algiers, various curious sight-seers deluded themselves with the idea that they would have six or eight good hours on shore, to pry into the most sacred recesses of the town. But we had something yet to learn.

The calm deliberation with which the mind and body of southern humanity moves has something deeply impressive about it. I confess to being positively awed therewith, and in times of chiefest agitation feel a hypnotic sensation of suppression steal over my turbulent spirit, and with the resignation of a fatalist await the progress of events.

Illness of some description in the steerage necessitated a visit from the quarantine doctor. In the interval we amused ourselves hanging over the sides of the vessel, from which we had a fine view of the "White City," spread out over the shore and up the hill, terrace upon terrace towards Musta-



EASTERN CHIVALRY.



A STREET IN ALGIERS.

pha on the one side and the old Arab quarter on the other.

Very beautiful it looked, with its pure whiteness brilliant in the southern sun, a calm sea drowsing lazily within its sheltering embrace. The long straight buildings, with arched galleries supported by many pillars, and the rounded domes of the Mosques lending a delightful picturesqueness to the whole.

Close in under the lee of the vessel, life curious, if not pleasing, presented

itself. Life—made up of Turks, Moors, Arabs, Soudanese, faces of every type, dialects of all known tongues and costumes in odd mixtures of gorgeous eastern coloring and rag-tag and bob-tail of modern garments used for whatever purpose their prolific fancy prompted—sat itself in small rude boats, gabbling gesticulating in a wild hurly-burly, yet ever good natured, a crowd of dirty humanity, ready to pounce upon us the instant we appeared at the gangway.

Where the vessel was coaling, a gathering of creatures, seemingly hardly human, congregated,—with faces absolutely black and their bodies covered by what might once have been flour bags blackened by coal dust, the tops of which stood up over the head in long satanic peaks, thence falling over the shoulders and arms to the knees. Two or three dozen formless figures thus arranged, stood about looking like shades of lost souls just arrived from the river Styx to wander abroad on the earth.

Even the most interesting things become monotonous after a time; the arrival of the quarantine doctor was restlessly looked for, and the waning of the sun was damping the highest spirits, while, by way of passing the time, charming rumours of smallpox, diphtheria, or anything else that a vivid imagination could conjure up, was re-tailed for our benefit.

Something after six the grumblers ceased their grumbling, and the patient put off their air of resignation, as a portly personage much alive to his own importance, laboriously climbed the gangway and passed between the groups of weary waiters, accompanied by the ship's doctor and first officer.

Shortly after, *à la* every man for himself, we were pushing and scrambling, as best we could, down the gangway and caught in the grasp of Cook, or of a yelling crowd of dark eager faces asking ten times their price to take us from the ship to the landing-steps; swinging lanterns and topplish boats added to the confusion and we flopped down somewhere, which was, more by good luck than good management, in the boat instead of in the water. To have taken our bicycles was impossible.

Once on land a guide and carriages were hurriedly engaged, and we drove to the Great Mosque and the Palace of the Deys. In the darkness made visible by miserable gaslight, we could see enough of the carving, mosaics, and curious panelling formed

of priceless tiling, to imagine the artistic beauty and richness of the whole when the full light of day was upon it.

Then we drove away to our heart's desire, the old Arab quarter, and we were at once translated back to the weal and woe of a bygone age.

From street to street we wandered in a maze of wonder and delight, the fitful light of gas-lamps high up in the walls, few and far between, intensifying the gloom of the weird place. Such streets, two or three yards wide at the widest—yet streets they are, running, twisting and winding in every direction, up and down steep ascents with pavements perhaps thousands of years old; sometimes with flights of steps the whole length and width of the street, worn into deep gullies by the tramp of seething life which has infested them through all the ages.

Shops, or rather, tiny cellars on either side, piled nugga-mugga with every kind of commodity that can be conceived; fruits of all sorts, vegetables, meats, gaudy trinkets, Moorish brasswork, and all manner of materials, pottery and basketwork, in a setting of unsightly filth indescribable. In the midst, sat squalid figures, enveloped in colored draperies, thrown about them with a picturesque grace, utterly unattainable in a clean and inartistic community, with the swarthy skin and lustrous eyes that hold one enthralled, while yet physically repulsed.

There were Cafés and card places, where dozens of men of all ages congregate, gambling, talking, drinking. Above us, as we walk, rise the dark walls of the houses, discolored and distorted with age, leaning outwards till they touch each other, with here and there a peculiar shaped balcony jutting out, with cross pieces of wood plastered over, supporting them.

At intervals, small apertures appear in the walls, through which a light glimmers feebly, and the guide tells us inside those prison walls are the women of the better classes, who never

go out, are never seen—a low, heavy, black door opens and shuts with a hopeless clang, as a dark, gliding figure disappears within, and we pass on, shuddering, down the streets of this city of mystery, ignorance, and medi-



IN ALGIERS—HOUSES AND BALCONIES.

eval superstition. A full moon forces its pale light through crevices in the meeting roofs, deepening the mystery and horror.

Ghostly figures, with superb carriage, in flowing white raiment, glide to and fro with noiseless tread, or stand motionless in unexpected niches, the black eyes gleaming with wondrous light from out the darkness. Women of a lower grade pass us slowly, silently, all in white, veiled to the eyes in the lovely *Jashmak*. Now we come upon a Moorish prayer-house, where the priest, in weary monotone, calls continually "Al—lah, Al—lah," while the worshippers bend forward in quick, successive, rhythmic motion, touching the floor again and again with their foreheads.

On we pass, fascinated, yet with a tremor in our veins, for the shades of

night make gruesome shadows, and we fear to stay, though loath to go. But, alas! our short time is up, and shaking off the stealthy mysticism that has dominated us, we again seek our carriages, and drive out into the brightly lighted streets, where noisy modern life hurries ceaselessly back and forth. Here again we see the grand figures of the Moorish men, draped in their beautiful *Haik* and splendid turbans, moving in the crowd with calm and stately step.

We draw a long breath, and it is all gone—to add one more dream to the dream life behind us—and once more we are haggling over our fares on the way back to the steamer.

Another day, during which the rugged shores and mountainous heights of Sardinia were passed, and then Capri and the bay of Naples, with Vesuvius rearing its treacherous summit above

clouds of mist, came in view. Hot sunshine glowed over the city and the curving shores of its exquisite bay, while purplemists veiled the distant Apennines — yet my first impression was one of disappointment. I had thought, and dreamed of Naples many a day and night. Could it be that imagination had outstripped the reality?

He that expecteth nothing shall not be disappointed.



AN ALGERIAN WOMAN OF LOWER CLASS.

(To be continued.)

## A PHANTOM OF THE BRAIN.

In the silent hours of slumber,  
Walk the dreams about my bed,  
Weaving fancies of the living  
With the memories of the dead.

Quickly, with the moments fleeting,  
Pleasures vanish one by one ;  
Deeper grows my desolation—  
Soon the setting of the sun.

From the bosom of deep waters,  
Touched with glories of the moon,  
Voices seem forever sighing,  
"Life itself will vanish soon."

Dimly dawn, beyond the shadows,  
Visions of a world to come—  
Love, enthroned on golden pinions,  
Crowning an Elysium.

In the unveiled perfect beauty  
Of great Nature's noblest mould,  
Youth and maiden—Love's creation—  
Dream the dreams the gods unfold.

Venus for Adonis weeping,  
Feels Love's pleasures and its pains,  
In exulting gifts of nature  
Coursing through her youthful veins.

Twining rose, or blending lily,  
Cupid's children round her play,  
Wreathed in garland groups of gladness,  
Whirling their sweet lives away.

To the rythmn of some movement,  
Not of earth—some magic strain—  
Surely these are souls immortal?  
Not the phantoms of the brain !

Thus I muse, and for an answer,  
Comes the weird and sad refrain,  
"Slowly, slowly, pleasures vanish  
Never to return again."

Then upon the angry billows,  
Lo ! a fragile bark appears

Riding in majestic silence :  
To my feet the helmsman steers.

Save the sadness of the ocean  
All is still, and cold, and dark,  
As upon an unknown voyage,  
I, in loneliness, embark.

Death's dark angel grimly smiling,  
Tells me of a wondrous shore :  
Doom, its radiant glories mingle,  
With the days that are no more.

Fast the scenes of earth are fading ;  
All my soul is sunk in fear ;  
Wild, fantastic shapes, and visions ;  
Gruesome figures hover near.

In my woe and desperation,  
Of the pilot I implore  
"Mystic being, in thy mercy,  
Whither drift we ? To what shore ?"

But no answer, only silence—  
Gathering strength to make reply :  
Then, a crashing peal of thunder  
Rends the purple vault on high.

Through the lurid lightning's pathway  
Brightly gleams the distant plain,  
Where in virgin charms reposing,  
Maidens chant the sad refrain.

"Slowly, slowly, pleasures vanish,  
Never to return again ;  
Slowly, slowly, life is ebbing,  
Mortal tears and hopes are vain."

Deeper grows my desolation ;  
Still I vow the shore to gain,  
But a shaft, from Jove descending,  
Cleaves my fragile bark in twain.

ARTHUR G. DOUGHTY.



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY—MAIN BUILDING.

## QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY AND ITS FOUNDERS.

BY J. JONES BELL, M.A.

NO incident is trivial that marks mental expansion. As psychologists study the growth and note every phase in the unfolding of the human mind from the first dawning of intelligence in the infant to the maturity of mental vigor in manhood, so may we study the higher life of a nation through the development of its educational institutions. Beginning with the day of early struggles, limited means and restricted resources, advancing to broader and better things, each step of the way, each milestone that marks the progress of a university is of deepest interest, not only to those who look to her as their *Alma Mater*, but to all who seek the highest development of national life.

The Scottish nation is proverbial for its love of education. Its parish schools and its universities are alike

characterized by efficiency and adaptation to national ideals, and its people are not slow to take advantage of the opportunities afforded for obtaining a thorough education. The Scotchman when he leaves his native land to seek his fortune elsewhere carries with him his love of learning. To this fact Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., owes its existence.

The U. E. Loyalists, many of them of Scottish descent, who had settled along the Upper St. Lawrence and the Bay of Quinte in the latter part of the last century, felt the want of something better than the ordinary public school, and as early as 1789 had memorialized Lord Dorchester, then Governor-General, for a seminary at Frontenac, now Kingston. Their request was granted, and provision made for its support. Its first princi-



pal was Dr. John Stewart, a Scottish clergyman, who had already made a name for himself in Pennsylvania. He was succeeded by Mr. John Strachan, who afterwards became famous for the part he took in connection with King's College, Toronto, as its first president, who established Trinity College, and as Bishop Strachan did important work for the Anglican church. This seminary, excellent as it was, only rendered keener the desire for a higher standard of education, and paved the way for the establishment of Queen's.

A steady stream of immigration had set in from England, Ireland and Scotland, and in the early years of the century the province of Upper Canada was being rapidly settled. The Scotch immigrants were principally Presbyterians, and the synod of the Church of Scotland found some difficulty in securing an adequate supply of ministers. The desirability of training men on the spot, instead of obtaining them from the mother country, was realized. In 1831 the establishment of a university was discussed, and, subsequently, Kingston was selected as the most suitable site.

Meanwhile the proposal for a provincial university at Toronto, under the name of King's College, was being considered. Had it been carried into effect within a reasonable time, and had the college been undenominational, it is doubtful whether Queen's would have been established. But the delay, and the determination of Dr. Strachan to make King's College a sectarian institution, led to decisive steps on the part of the Presbyterians.

In January, 1839, the synod, at a meeting held in Hamilton, resolved to delay no longer, and instructed a commission to proceed. The sum of \$120,000 was fixed as the minimum amount necessary to begin operations, and as assistance from the government seemed hopeless, an appeal was made to the Presbyterians of the two provinces, who then numbered about 100,000,

for this sum. The appeal stated that though the primary object was to secure a high standard of education for their own ministers, it was also the purpose of the promoters to provide facilities for literary and scientific training, open to all, without religious tests of any kind. A public meeting was held at Kingston, in December, 1839, at which decisive steps were taken and a subscription list opened. Rev. Dr. Machar was chairman and made a strong appeal on behalf of the proposed university. A prominent figure at the meeting was Mr. John A. Macdonald, a young lawyer of twenty-four, who was just entering upon his career, and who is now better known as the late Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald. Sir Oliver Mowat, the veteran premier of Ontario, was also present, and took an active interest in the proceedings. From that meeting Queen's University dates its birth.

An Act of Incorporation was secured from the Legislature, but it was disallowed, on technical grounds, by the Imperial authorities, and a Royal Charter substituted, bearing date October 16th, 1841. It granted Her Majesty's title to the new institution, instead of the University at Kingston, which was the name in the disallowed act. The charter declared that degrees were not to be conferred until there were four professors. Towards securing this charter Hon. Wm. Morris, of Perth, and Rev. Dr. Matheson, of Montreal, did much, and deserve to be recognized among the founders of Queen's. On the 7th of March, 1842, educational work was commenced, with two professors, eleven matriculated students and a few non-matriculants. If this beginning seems humble, it was no more so than that of the University of Glasgow, which commenced with four professors, or Marischal College, Aberdeen, which set out on its career with a principal and two professors, or the University of Cambridge, which had



REV. JOHN COOK, D.D., LL.D.  
Principal 1857-1859 and First Chancellor.

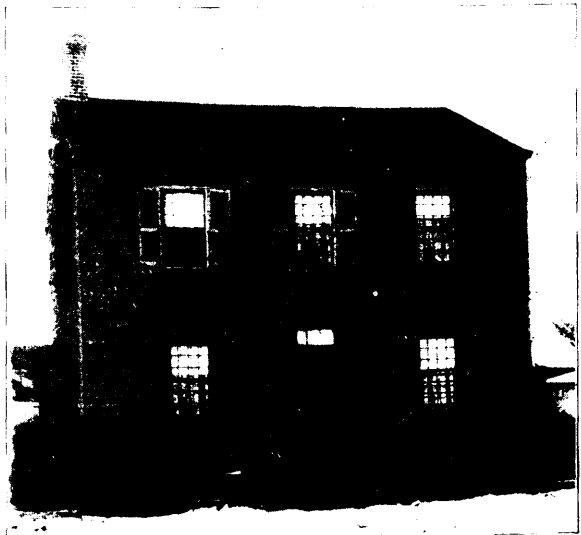
university powers. Queen's can, however, lay claim to have been the first university to open classes in what is now the Province of Ontario.

Dr. Patton, the Principal of Princeton, says that "a chronic condition of impecuniosity is a sure sign of a healthy college." Judged by this standard Queen's has always been a vigorous institution, for its operations have been continuously hampered for want of funds. It has had no McGill, or McDonald, or Munro, or McMaster, or Cornell, to contribute largely of their wealth for its support. Yet when occasion arose it has always found many who were willing to help it to the extent of their ability. To every appeal a generous response has been made by its friends.

For years the new college had a severe struggle for existence. The country was poor, and the number of students necessarily limited. The revenue was derived from interest on the small endowment fund subscribed at the outset, from class fees, and an annual grant of \$5,000 from the Legislature. It struggled along, doing good work, its graduates comparing favorably in the standing they took in the

for its initial staff an abbot and three monks, who met their classes in a barn. The founders of Queen's had faith, and showing their faith by their works had no reason to be ashamed of the result. The unpretentious wooden building in which the classes first assembled still stands on Colborne street in Kingston.

King's College had secured its charter in 1827, but its classes did not assemble till June, 1843. The Methodists had, in 1836, established at Colborne an institution under the name of The Upper Canada Academy, which was at a later period merged, under a provincial charter, into Victoria College, with



WHERE THE FIRST CLASSES WERE HELD.

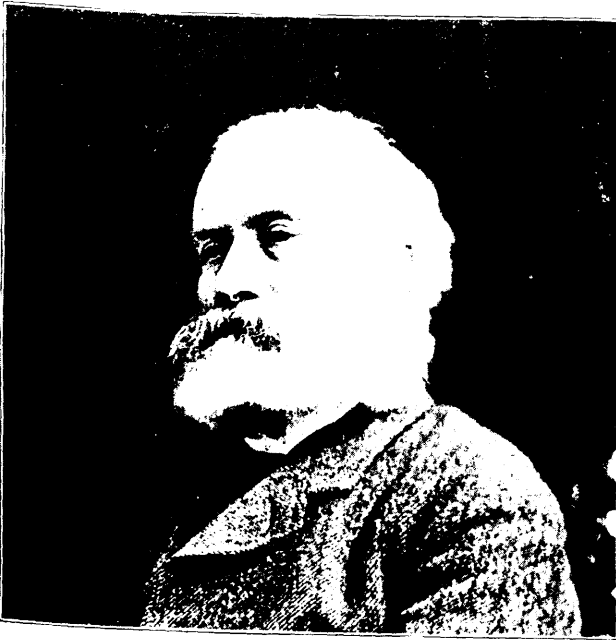
community with those of the more richly endowed institutions. The curriculum was not so varied as that of some of the larger universities, but the work undertaken was thoroughly done, and if the true function of a university be to afford mental training, that can be successfully accomplished where the subjects are comparatively few.

In 1869 a crisis arose. The government grant was suddenly withdrawn, and the failure of the Commercial Bank, in which Queen's was a large stockholder, immediately followed. It seemed as if there was no alternative but to close the college doors. An emergency meeting of the synod was called to consider the situation. It was decided to make an appeal to the public. In a short time a sum sufficient to yield a revenue equal to that which had been lost was subscribed, and the university was placed in a position to continue its work.

Soon after the foundation of Queen's the trustees had secured a handsome stone building on a commanding site overlooking Lake Ontario, erected for a private residence by the late Archdeacon Stuart. To this was added a building for the medical faculty. In 1878 the want of more accommodation was seriously felt, and a scheme was formulated by which the citizens of Kingston were asked to provide new buildings at a cost of \$50,000, and the friends of the university outside the city the sum of \$100,000 for the endowment of new chairs and further equipment. The amount was soon forthcoming. In 1879 the corner stones of a handsome building, on an addition to the campus purchased for the purpose, were laid by the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada, and in 1880 the new building was opened.

The year 1885 witnessed an important epoch in university history in Ontario. The University of Toronto was sadly in want of money, and its friends appealed to the Government

to come to its assistance. When their demand was being considered the benefactors of the other universities pointed out that having already given of their private means to the several institutions in which they were interested it would be unfair to compel them to contribute through the public funds to another university; that the friends of Toronto should be asked to subscribe as they had done; or, that any plan for government aid should be comprehensive enough to include all the universities. As private munificence for Toronto was doubtful, and it appeared unlikely the legislature would sanction a grant, a comprehensive scheme of university federation was formulated. It was proposed that the other universities should suspend their degree-granting powers for a term of years, that they should all remove to Toronto, that taking advantage of certain classes in Toronto University, which would be common to all, they should devote their entire attention to such subjects as they saw fit to make specialties, and accept a representation on the governing and examining boards, which should confer degrees upon the students of all. The friends of Queen's looked upon this scheme as meaning absorption, and thinking that the interests of higher education would be best conserved by having universities of varying types at different centres, declined to raise the quarter million of dollars which would have been necessary for removal. They readily gave, however, a quarter million to further equip Queen's. The amount was raised within a year, chiefly by small subscriptions. The last day of 1887 saw the full amount subscribed, and the movement having been made in the fiftieth year of the reign of Queen Victoria, and when the university named in her honor was about to celebrate its jubilee, the endowment was called the Jubilee Fund. The total endowment is only about half a million dollars. The annual revenue is



CHANCELLOR FLEMING, C.M.G.

proximity of the Provincial Penitentiary and Rockwood Asylum affording exceptional advantages for this branch of study. It was the first university in Ontario to recognize the principle of co-education, and from its halls went forth the first "sweet girl graduates." It was also one of the first to establish courses of extra mural and post-graduate study. The John Carruthers Science Hall, provided by the munificence of a late resident of Kingston,

less than \$40,000, but this small sum has been found sufficient, with careful and prudent management, to produce splendid results.

While money is necessary for carrying on the work of a university, men are of more importance. Queen's seems to possess the faculty of gathering around her men of the highest character, and to fill them with intense love for her and enthusiastic devotion to their work. To this her success is largely due.

As a result of the origin of Queen's, its theological faculty is Presbyterian, but the literary and scientific courses are undenominational. Its medical faculty has always stood high, the



PRINCIPAL GEORGE MUNRO GRANT, D.D., LL.D.

furnishes opportunity for a full course in practical science, and the School of Mines and the Mining Laboratory afford a training in a branch of study of great importance to the country, and which till recently could not be had within the province. Schools of Veterinary and Agriculture are also in close proximity to the university.

A feature of Queen's in which it differs from most other universities in this country, though like Edinburgh, after which it is modelled, is that it is self-governing. Its founders took the ground that it was wiser to entrust the management of its affairs to a few learned men than to give it to a large body, like a synod, which might not always exercise its powers judiciously. The result has justified their action. The entire management, including the appointment of professors, is vested in a board of trustees, who retire in rotation and who fill vacancies in their own ranks as they occur. The university council has a representation on the board. This council consists of the Chancellor, Trustees, Senate and thirty-three elective members chosen by the graduates. It has power to discuss all matters relating to the welfare of the university and to make representations of its views to the trustees or senate, its suggestions being almost invariably acted upon.

Queen's has been fortunate in her administrators. When provision was made by the Act of 1874 for a Chancellor, it was fitting that Rev. Dr. Cook, of Quebec, who was one of the founders and an ex-principal, should be elected to the position. No man stood higher in the esteem of the community than he. When he retired at the close of his three years term, Sandford Fleming, C. M. G., chief engineer of the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific Railways, and the inventor of the zone system of standard time and the twenty-four o'clock method of measuring it, was elected his successor. So well has he filled the

position that he is now serving his fifth term, and on the last two occasions his election was unanimous. To professional skill he adds literary ability of a high order, and his advice on matters pertaining to the welfare of the university is characterized by sound judgment and a keen insight into the requirements of such an institution. He has proved himself to be a wise councillor and an able administrator.

The first principal of Queen's was Rev. Thos. Liddell, D.D., of Lady Glenorchy's Church, Edinburgh, who was appointed in 1841. Having been released from his charge he came to Canada as soon as possible after the royal charter was granted, and commenced his work of instruction when the classes were first opened. In addition to being principal he was professor of a number of subjects. He did good work during his incumbency, which terminated with his resignation in 1846. He was succeeded by Rev. John Machar, D.D., minister of St. Andrew's church, Kingston, who in addition to the work of his charge performed the duties of principal from 1846 till 1852. Rev. John Cook, D.D., LL.D., minister of St. Andrews Church, Quebec, filled the principalship, temporarily, from 1857 till 1859. Two of the ablest men in Canada, and both active among the founders of the university, Dr. Machar and Dr. Cook did splendid work, but it was felt that the institution required someone at its head who could devote his whole time to its interests. Rev. Wm. Leitch, D.D., a Scotch clergyman, was offered the appointment, and entered upon his duties in 1859. He was a scholarly man, and, by voice and pen, left a lasting impress. His best known contribution to literature is a work entitled "God's Glory in the Heavens." Its purpose, as stated in the preface, was to meet the felt necessity of a better adjustment between the arguments of the theologian and the discoveries of the astronomer. During his adminis-

tration internal dissensions arose, which seriously affected the work of the university. He died in 1864.

After Dr. Leitch's death Rev. Wm. Snodgrass, D.D., minister of St. Paul's church, Montreal, was called to the principalship. He united fine scholarship with eminent business ability, and piloted the university through a trying period of its history. He was at its head when the crisis of 1869 came, and made a personal canvass to secure the endowment fund, a work entailing a vast expenditure of time and strength. It was owing to his exertions, and those of the late Professor Mackeras, that the sum which ensured the continuance of Queen's was raised. Professor Mackeras, a man universally beloved, at that time filled the chair of classics. Amidst general regret Dr. Snodgrass resigned in 1878, and returned to Scotland, where he was appointed minister of the parish of Canobie. His services to Queen's University during the thirteen years he was at its head will not soon be forgotten.

When Dr. Snodgrass resigned, Rev. George Munro Grant, M.A., minister of St. Matthew's church, Halifax, was asked by the trustees to take the principalship. The university was fortunate

in securing such a man, and the governing body would have had to search far and wide to find one better fitted for the post. A native of the County of Pictou, N. S., which has given many distinguished men to this country, he unites qualities seldom found in combination in the same



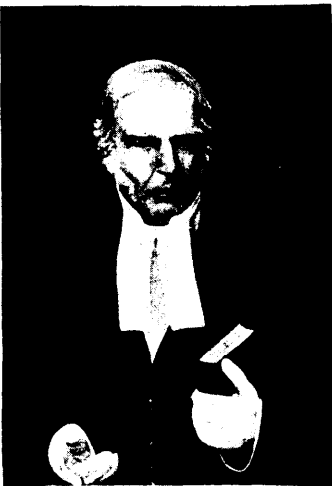
THE LATE DR. WILLIAMSON.

individual. He is a man of rare executive ability, a forcible writer, a speaker of great breadth of thought, and possessed of personal magnetism which attracts and holds around him a large circle of friends. Under his administration Queen's has gone for-



REV. WM. SNODGRASS, D.D.  
*Principal 1864-1877.*

ward by leaps and bounds, and to the enthusiasm he inspired is due the success of the movement of 1878, for the securing new buildings and equipment, and the Jubilee Fund. The latter was raised almost entirely by his exertions. He possesses a wonderful capacity for work, and being still in the prime of life, has yet, it is to be hoped, many years of usefulness before him.



REV. JOHN MACHAR, D.D.  
*Principal 1846-1852.*

In 1872, before coming to Queen's, Principal Grant crossed the continent in company with Mr. Sandford Fleming, on a tour of inspection over the projected line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. An account of the trip is given in "Ocean to Ocean," the literary work by which he is still best known. It is a book of wide grasp, and indicates keen powers of observation on the part of its author. His last published work, "The Religions of the World," which appeared in 1895, has already reached a circulation of 13,000.

In 1888, on the completion of the Jubilee Fund, Principal Grant's health



REV. W. LEITCH, D.D.  
*Principal 1859-1864.*

having become impaired by the anxiety and labor connected with that movement, he took a trip around the world, and visited South Africa, New Zealand and Australia, where he had opportunities of bringing Canada and its resources under the notice of our antipodean fellow colonists. He also visited China and Japan. Travelling with his eyes open he is always ready to give the result of his observations to others not so fortunate, which he does in a most interesting manner. He is a liberal contributor to the periodical literature of the day. But his heart is in Queen's, and to him is due the high position she holds to-day as

a centre of intellectual life and culture.

Any notice of Queen's University would be incomplete without a reference to Dr. Williamson, whose name has been identified with it as a professor throughout its whole history. When Principal Liddell returned to Scotland at the close of the first session, he was authorized to secure the services of a professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, and Dr. Williamson was his choice. From that time till his death, which occurred in 1895, he filled successively the chairs of physics, chemistry, mathematics and astronomy, and was for many years vice-principal. No student has ever taken the Arts course without coming under the influence of the kindly professor, who never seemed to grow old, and who remained true to Queen's, notwithstanding tempting offers to forsake her for wider

fields of influence. Never had a university a truer or more devoted friend. The founders of Queen's builded better than they knew. The sapling planted over half a century ago has grown to be a strong and flourishing tree. The two professors have become thirty, and the eleven students have increased to five hundred and fifty; to the original faculties of Arts and Theology have been added those of Medicine and Law, and recently Practical Science, with the celebrated mathematician, Professor Dupuis, as Dean. With commodious buildings, excellent library, museum, laboratories, and other equipment, an enthusiastic staff of instructors, and a body of graduates ardently attached to their *Alma Mater*, there is no reason to doubt that she will continue to be a growing centre of intellectual life, and to do a large share in the future educational work of the country.

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TO THE POET.

Not thou, O ! gentle voice of Posey ;  
 Canst always sway 'mong these material things.  
 The singer, warm with song, is sure it rings  
 In all the world's ear ; that they bow the knee  
 Before him, bringer of Truth's jubilee ;  
 But on the morrow, in the market place,  
 He has a vision of Truth's hopeless face ;  
 There rise no acclamations : " hear and see  
 " The herald, who leads in the golden time."  
 The poet is deposed ; trade dubbed sublime,  
 List ! thou who didst sit often at the gates,  
 Those tall, white gates, that ope into the void,—  
 Hast thou ne'er, in all the silence, seen the Fates,  
 And knowing Truth's eternal, been o'erjoyed !

JOHN STUART THOMSON.





SANGSTER, IN HIS OLD AGE.

## CHARLES SANGSTER, THE CANADIAN POET.

BY E. H. DEWART, D.D.

THE poets of a country rarely receive from the general public the recognition they deserve. A due appreciation of their rank, for the most part, comes late, and is confined to the few whom natural gifts and education have made susceptible to the influence of songs that "have power to quiet the restless pulse of care."

Too many fail to recognize the inspiring and refining power of poetry, and regard it as the idle dreamings of the imagination, when loosed from the control of the reason. And yet, it would be easy to show how in most countries the national poets have strengthened the ties of patriotic uni-

ty, and stirred the hearts of the people to deeds of manly daring. The poetry of a country indicates, with tolerable accuracy, its place in the scale of intellectual culture and refinement.

But the true poet does much more than rouse patriotic sentiment by martial strains.

"A Priest, by Heaven ordained,  
The Poet seer at Nature's altar stands  
To voice the reverent worship of his race ;  
To coin in human language golden thoughts  
Bodied in matter's hieroglyphic forms,  
And sing the joys and griefs, the hopes and  
fears,  
Which thousands dumbly feel but cannot  
speak."

Whatever good things may be deservedly said of the younger Canadian poets, the people should not forget the pioneer bards of a past generation, who gave poetic utterance to the sentiment of a loyal patriotism, and made many Canadian scenes forever sacred by embalming them in descriptive verse. In this class CHARLES SANGSTER occupies a prominent place, and deserves the grateful remembrance of his countrymen.

As long ago as 1864, the writer of this article wrote and published in his "Selections from Canadian Poets," the following estimate of Mr. Sangster's poetry:

"We are disposed to think that any just estimate of Mr. Sangster's poetry will assign him the first place among Canadian poets. Others may have written as well and as sweetly on some themes as he could have done; but no one has contributed so largely to enrich Canadian poetry. No one has attempted so much. No one has displayed equal freshness and variety of imagery in the treatment of national themes. Indeed, in the variety of subjects selected from the scenery, seasons and past history of this country, and in the success and originality with which he has treated them, he has no competitor whatever. His genius is more truly Canadian than that of any other poet of distinction in this Province. Mr. Sangster, while cherishing a loyal attachment to the mother-land, gives Canada the chief place in his heart. Her mighty lakes and rivers—her forests and hills—her history, religion, and laws—her homes and liberties—her brave sons and fair daughters—are all objects of his most ardent affection, graven alike upon the pages of his poetry and upon the tablets of his heart. The most prominent characteristics of his genius are, a wonderful fertility of thought, which enables him to pour forth images and forms of expression with lavish prodigality; an intense sympathy with nature in all her varied moods and

forms; and that peculiar freshness and originality of language that is the sure distinction of those to whom belong 'the vision and the faculty divine.' Occasionally, too, we catch glimpses of a philosophic spirit, capable of grappling with the deep problems of the world of mind."

"Since this was written, a new generation of Canadian poets has arisen to enrich our native literature. They have given us many poems, marked by subtle thinking and rare descriptive power. They reveal the culture of our times in the deep inwoven harmonies of their verse. Yet they do not render this estimate obsolete or untrue. In some important respects, Sangster is still the most representative of our Canadian bards. It is not merely that his themes are Canadian, he lived in an atmosphere of Canadian sentiment, and everything he wrote is permeated with the free spirit of the "grand old woods" and broad lakes of his country. Even the want of familiarity with the classical literature of the ancients, while it narrowed the range of his thoughts, and deprived him of important advantages, made him more intensely the poet of the land and times in which his lot was cast. For this reason, I am sorry that his countrymen do not know more about the man and the productions of his pen.

The unfavorable circumstances in which his literary work was done may well evoke sympathy and admiration. It is not too much to say that among the many poets of Britain and America, who had through life to battle against unpropitious fortune, poverty and cold neglect, there is scarcely one who had a rougher or steeper path to climb, or who faced unfriendly fate with a braver heart than Charles Sangster.

Mr Sangster was born at Kingston in 1822, and died at Ottawa in 1893. My personal acquaintance with him was very slight, but I had considerable correspondence with him on literary matters. In a letter written in 1864,

he gives the following facts respecting his early life :

"My father died at Penetanguishene in the service of the Navy Department, before I was two years of age. He had served a number of years in the navy as a joiner and ship-builder. He was the son of a U. E. Loyalist one Charles Sangster, a sergeant in 2nd Battalion, 60th Regiment, and was for some time in the 44th. He (my grandfather) served for a period of nearly 32 years, and was present under General Burgoyne through the American Revolution, where his Highland valor was no disgrace to his name, nor to the service to which he was attached.

"My grandfather Sangster was, I believe, from Leith, Scotland. My grandfather on my mother's side (Ross) was from Ross shire. He settled at Prince Edward Island, and I think it was in 1802-3 that my parents left there, proceeding upward to Canada. So I suppose the Scotch will, with some show of justice, lay claim to me ; although my grandmother on my father's side was Irish, and my grandmother on my mother's side was English almost for the Munros from which she sprang, could scarcely have been English. So you see I have the blood of the three kingdoms in me—the greater part being Scottish.

"My mother was left with a large family when my father died, I being the youngest. She was then at Kingston, where she resided ever since on the navy grounds, until last spring, when she went home. Having to work hard to maintain her family by the labor of her hands, it is not to be wondered at that I have not had the benefit of a classical education. But I remember having gone to several school-masters, who spoke most execrable English, and from whom I *didn't* learn to write my native tongue."

He was early forced to seek employment in order to contribute something towards the support of the family. In the ordnance department at Kingston he spent nearly ten years, where he said he did clerk's work on laborer's pay. Becoming thoroughly tired of this, he finally left in disgust, and spent several years in different newspaper offices in various capacities. There is no doubt this work was somewhat more congenial, and was a valuable training. Had not his poetic instinct been irrepressible, it must have been utterly crushed by the weary grinding toil of so many years ; but the spirit of poetry was a part of

his being. In the later years of his life, he was a clerk in the civil service department at Ottawa, a position which, while it kept him above actual want, was not adapted to develop a poet's gifts. The wonder is that he accomplished so much.

His first volume, "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, and other poems," was published in 1856. Though not of uniform merit throughout, and sometimes bearing marks of want of time for elaboration, such as is necessary to a polished style, it was full of the fire and glowing imagination of the true poet, accompanied by a wealth of description, and a copious supply of fresh and picturesque language. The chief poem portrays an imaginary voyage of the poet, and some fair but shadowy companion, down the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay. It consists mainly of descriptive references to places and scenes along the shores of these mighty rivers, and such poetic musings as these scenes, or the events of which they were the theatres, inspire. The Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, and the bold scenery of the lone Saguenay, stir the soul of the patriotic bard, and call forth appropriate reflections. At intervals there is a burst of lyric melody from the voyageur, as if the measured movement of the more stately metre was too prosaic to fitly express the joyous admiration that thrilled him. Some of these are among his best lyrics. This poem contains one hundred and ten Spenserian stanzas. He informed me, several years before his death, that he had carefully re-written "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay" for a new edition ; but it has never been published.

In 1860, he published "Hesperus, and other Poems," which showed a marked improvement in literary finish, and was very favorably noticed by English and United States journals, as well as by the Canadian press. There is no labored efforts nor strain-

ing after effect. His finest expressions are simple and spontaneous. So competent a critic as Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote: "His verse adds new interest to the woods and streams amidst which he sings, and embellishes the charms of the maidens he celebrates." Miss Ingelow wrote: "Mr. Sangster is a true poet, and his verses are all the more pleasant because he is never careless and never affected."

But, as in the case of nearly all poetic ventures in Canada, the popular demand for both volumes was discouragingly small; instead of being a source of profit, the proceeds of the sales did not pay the cost of publication. There must be a supply of "Hesperus" lying unsold somewhere, to this day. This comparative neglect greatly disheartened Mr. Sangster. He felt that he deserved a more appreciative recognition than he received; and, beyond all question, he was justified in cherishing this conviction. As showing how small tokens of favor were gratefully appreciated, I may mention that he once wrote, saying, "Mr. Chauveau," (Superintendent of Education in Quebec) "wrote me that there was too much love in both my volumes to use them for school purposes. Not so bad for a Frenchman—but I fear he was right. He said, however, if I got up a selection from both, he would buy from 50 to 100 copies every one or two years; and I thought this was a point gained, which might some day be put in practice."



SANGSTER, IN MIDDLE LIFE.

Mr. Sangster was a keen critic of poetry, though he received courteously, criticisms on his own work. A brother bard in his native city, must have been personally, as well poetically, disagreeable to him. He wrote, "Do you know anything of our Kingston Breakenridge, author of 'The Crusades and Other Poems?' Since dead—both man and book—but I send you one of his poems, with my opinion of the book. I wish you had his volume, because we might differ in regard to his merits. He was a lawyer. He hadn't the soul of a poet, and was forever carping at every one who dared to write poetry. He could even sneer at Leigh Hunt." He afterward sent me Breakenridge's volume

It was no small jealousy that prompted him to write in this severe strain; for he spoke in warmest terms of several other Canadian poets. Of another Kingston bard, he said, "You should know Evan McColl, and, if you ever make any stay in Kingston long enough, make his acquaintance by all means, and you will find him every inch a man."

As Sangster's volumes are in the hands of a very limited number of our people, I may be permitted to illustrate what I have said respecting the character of his genius, by a few brief citations from his poems. Occasionally there is an affluence of language, almost too splendid for the thought; but the expression of his thoughts is never tame or hackneyed. A striking poem in his first volume, entitled, "The Changes of a Night," opens with the imposing sentence,—

"Midnight had set her star-emblazoned seal  
Upon the slumbering world."

Then in a waking dream, memory portrays the beloved one of the vanished past. The old blissful hours are lived over again, surcharged with the old joy.

"I saw her glide mysteriously past,  
And felt the pressure of her heart-warmed  
hand ;  
The same rich music floated from her lips,  
As when in happier days she sang to me  
The tender ballads of a far-off land :  
Her very breath was song, her words were  
odes  
That set the pulses of the heart aglow  
With a divine exuberance of love,  
As pure as star-beams round the throne of  
night."

Here is a sonnet, entitled "Despondency"; though evidently the product of a morbid mental mood, it has a weird intensity of emotion in it, which makes it hard for one to read it without feeling something of the cowering dread it describes :

"There is a sadness o'er my spirit stealing,  
A flash of fire up-darting to my brain,  
Sowing the seeds—and still the seeds conceal—

That are to ripen into future pain.  
I feel the germ of madness in me spring-  
ing.  
Slowly, and certain, as the serpent's  
bound  
And my poor hopes, like dying tendrils  
clinging  
To the green oak, tend surely to the  
ground ;  
And Reason's grasp grows feebler day by  
day.  
As the slow poison up my nerves is creep-  
ing,  
Ever and anon through my crushed heart  
leaping.  
Like a swift panther darting on its prey ;  
And the bright taper Hope once fed with-  
in,  
Hath waned and perished in the rueful  
dia."

Mr. Sangster is at his best in his martial and patriotic pieces. His "Song for Canada," though perhaps too full of fight for members of peace societies, breathes simply the spirit of the man, when he sings in the first stanza,

"Sons of the race whose sires  
Aroused the martial flame,  
That filled with smiles  
The triune isles.  
Through all their heights of fame !  
With hearts as brave as theirs,  
With hopes as strong and high,  
We'll ne'er disgrace  
The honored race  
Whose deeds can never die.  
Let but the rash intruder dare  
To touch our darling strand,  
The martial fires  
That thried our sires  
Would flame throughout the land."

One of the most justly popular of our poet's pieces is "The Plains of Abraham," in which historic interest and the martial spirit are felicitously blended.

#### THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.

I stood upon the Plain,  
That had trembled when the slain  
Hurled their proud, defiant curses at the  
battle heated foe,  
When the steed dashed right and left,  
Through the bloody gaps he cleft,  
When the bridle rein was broken, and the  
rider was laid low.

What busy feet had trod  
Upon the very sod

Where I marshalled the battalions of my  
fancy to my aid !  
And I saw the combat dire,  
Heard the quick, incessant fire,  
And the cannons' echoes startling the rever-  
berating glade.

I heard the chorus dire,  
That jarred along the lyre  
On which the hymn of battle rung, like surg-  
ings of the wave,  
When the storm, at blackest night,  
Wakes the ocean in affright,  
As it shouts its mighty pibroch o'er some  
shipwrecked vessel's grave.

I saw the broad claymore  
Flash from its scabbard, o'er  
The ranks that quailed and shuddered at the  
close and fierce attack ;  
When Victory gave the word,  
Then Scotland drew the sword,  
And with arms that never faltered drove the  
brave defenders back.

I saw two great chiefs die,  
Their last breaths like the sigh  
Of the zephyr-sprite that wantons on the  
rosy lips of morn ;  
No envy-poisoned darts,  
No rancour, in their hearts,  
To unfit them for their triumph over death's  
impending scorn.

And as I thought and gazed,  
My soul, exultant, praised  
The Power to whom each mighty act and  
victory are due,  
For the saint-like Peace that smiled  
Like a heaven-gifted child,  
And for the air of quietude that steeped the  
distant view

Oh, rare, divinest life  
Of Peace, compared with Strife !  
Yours is the truest splendor, and the most  
enduring fame ;  
All the glory ever reaped  
Where the fiends of battle leaped,  
Is harsh discord to the music of your under-  
toe's acclaim.

Though he was not a religious poet  
in the sense of being a hymn writer,  
there is always present, even when  
not expressed in words, the lofty faith  
in God of a reverent worshipper in  
Nature's vast temple. This spirit is  
seen in his fine prelude to "Hesperus."

"The stars are heaven's ministers,  
Right royally they teach

God's glory and omnipotence  
In wondrous lowly speech.  
All eloquent with music, as  
The tremblings of a lyre,  
To him that hath an ear to hear  
They speak in words of fire.

"Not to learned sagas only  
Their whisperings come down ;  
The monarch is not glorified  
Because he wears a crown.  
The humblest soldier in the camp  
May win the smile of Mars,  
And 'tis the lowliest spirits hold  
Communion with the stars.

"Thoughts too refined for utterance,  
Ethereal as the air,  
Crowd through the brain's dim labyrinths  
And leave their impress there ;  
As far along the gleaming void  
Man's searching glances roll,  
Wonder usurps the throne of speech,  
But vivifies the soul.

"O heaven-cradled mysteries,  
What sacred paths ye've trod !  
Bright, jewelled scintillations  
From the chariot wheels of God,  
When in the Spirit He rode forth  
With vast creative aim,  
These were His footsteps left behind  
To magnify His name."

I cannot but think of Sangster's  
life as illustrating the spirit of John  
Milton, who in his days of darkness  
said :

"I argue not  
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot  
Of heart or hope ; but still bear up and steer  
Right onward."

In one letter to me, after referring  
tenderly to the death of his mother,  
he says, "There are gains for all our  
losses. And, while in this vein, I may  
say, referring to the closing paragraph  
of your letter, that, were it not for  
that 'other world,' 'the undiscovered  
country from whose bourn no travel-  
ler returns,' I should be the most mis-  
erable of mortals. Fame is dross to  
me. I write because I believe it to be  
a duty ; and, succeed or fail, what little  
light I have shall not be hidden under  
a bushel. I have but one hope—one  
great hope—and it is great. You  
know it."

I have a strong conviction that when

the history of Canadian poets and poetry comes to be written, Charles Sangster will be awarded a more appreciative recognition than he received from the people of his own generation.

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“SWEET ANNABEL.”

Sweet Annabel, Sweet Annabel,  
 What music in thy name !  
 Its very tone doth seem to own  
 A wealth of gentle fame.  
 It minds me of sweet summer time,  
 The woods, where violets dwell,  
 And birdling's song, that seemed to throng  
 With praise of Annabel.

Sweet Annabel, Sweet Annabel,  
 Thy soft melodious voice  
 Hath subtle power at darkest hour  
 To make my heart rejoice.  
 Thy smile, there's no resisting that  
 It holds in mystic spell  
 The aptless slave that dared to brave  
 The charms of Annabel.

Sweet Annabel, Sweet Annabel,  
 How pure thine azure eyes,  
 Which fondly grace thy sunlit face  
 With blue of cloudless skies ;  
 The wealth of gold that crowns thine head,  
 Would miser's love compel,  
 Then how much more must I adore  
 Thy tresses, Annabel ?

Sweet Annabel, Sweet Annabel,  
 My song shall ever be,—  
 A boundless theme, art thou, my Queen,  
 For muse or minstrelsy.  
 Ah ! when my pen shall pow'less rest,  
 Or tongue refuse to tell—  
 Then love will rise, thro' my poor eyes,  
 To thee, Sweet Annabel.

## KATE GARNEGIE.\*

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH" AND "IN THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A WOMAN OF THE NEW DISPENSATION.

CARMICHAEL'S aunt, who equipped his house, was determined on one point, and would not hear of a clerical housekeeper for her laddie. Margaret Meiklewham—a woman of severe countenance, and filled with the spirit of the Disruption—who had governed the minister of Pitscowrie till his decease, and had been the terror of callow young probationers, offered herself, and gave instances of her capability.

"Gin ye leave yir nephew in my hands, ye needna hae ony mair concern. A'll manage him fine, an' haud him on the richt road. Ye may lippen tae't, a' wesna five and thirty year wi' Master MacWheep for naethin'.

"He wes a wee fractious and self-willed at the off-go, an' wud be wantin' this an' that for his denner, but he sune learned tae tak' what was pit afore him; an' as for gaein' oot withoot tellin' me, he wud as sune hae thocht o' fleein'; when he cam' in he keepit naethin' back at his tea.

"Preachin' wes kittle wark in Pitscoorie, for the fouk were awfu' creetics, though they didna maybe think sae muckle o' themselves as Drumtochty. A' aye githered their judgment through the week, an' gin he had made a slip meddling wi' warks or sic-like in his sermon, it wes pit richt next Sabbath, and sovereignty whuppit in at the feenish.

"Ye ken the Auld Kirk hes tae be watchit like a cat wi' a moose, an' though a' say it as sudna, Maister

MacWheep wud hae made a pair job o' the business himsel'. The parish meenister wes terrible plausible, an' askit oor man tae denner afore he wes settled in his poopit, an' he wes that simple, he wud hae gaen," and Margaret indicated by an uplifting of her eyebrows the pitiable innocence of MacWheep.

"Ye guidit him, nae doot?" enquired Carmichael's aunt, with interest.

"'Maister MacWheep,' says I," and Miss Meiklewham's lips were very firm, "'a'll no deny that the Auld Kirk is Christian, an' a've never said that a Moderate cudna be savit, but the less trokin' (trafficking) ye hae wi' them the better. There's maybe naethin' wrang wi' a denner, but the next thing 'ill be an exchange o' poopits, an' the day ye dae that ye may close the Free Kirk.'

"And the weemin"—here the housekeeper paused as one still lost in amazement at the audacity with which they had waylaid the helpless MacWheep—"there wes ae madam in Muirtown that hed the face tae invite herself oot tae tea wi' three dochters, an' the way they wud flatter him on his sermons wes shamefu'.

"If they didna begin askin' him tae stay wi' them on Presbytery days, and Mrs. MacOmish hed the face tae peety him wi' naebody but a hoosekeeper. He lat oot that the potatoes were as hard as a stone at denner, an' that he hed juist ae blanket on his bed, which wesna great management for four weemen."

As Carmichael's aunt seemed to be more and more impressed, Margaret moistened her lips and rose higher.



"So the next time ma lady comes oot tae see the spring flowers," she said, "a' explained that the minister wes sae delicate that a' didna coont it richt for him tae change his bed, and a' thocht it wud be mair comfortable for him tae come hame on the Presbytery nichts, an' safer.

"What said she? No a word," and Miss Meiklewham recalled the ancient victory with relish. "She lookit at me, and a' lookit at her, an' naethin' passed; but that was the laist time a' saw her at the manse. A've hed experience, and a'm no feared tae tak' chairge o' yir nephew."



THE NEW HOUSEKEEPER.

Carmichael's aunt was very deferential, complimenting the eminent woman on her gifts and achievements, and indicating that it would be hard for a young Free Kirk minister to obtain a better guardian; but she had already made arrangements with a woman from the south, and could not change.

Drumtochty was amazed at her self-will, and declared by the mouth of Kirsty Stewart that Carmichael's

aunt had flown in the face of Providence. Below her gentle simplicity she was indeed a shrewd woman, and was quite determined that her nephew should not be handed over to the tender mercies of a clerical housekeeper, which are sure to be a heavier yoke than the Confession of Faith, for there be clever ways of escape from confessions, but none from Margaret Meiklewham; and while all the churches are busy every year in explaining that their Articles do not mean what they say, Miss Meiklewham had a snort beyond all she said, and that was not by any means restricted.

"John," said Carmichael's aunt one day after they had been buying carpets, "I've got a housekeeper for you that will keep you comfortable and can hold her tongue," but neither then nor afterward, neither to her nephew nor to Drumtochty, did Carmichael's aunt tell where she secured Sarah.

"That's my secret, John," she used to say, with much roguishness, "an' ye maun confess that there's ae thing ye dinna ken. Ye 'ill hae the best-kept manse in the Presbytery, an' ye 'ill hae nae concern, sae be content."

Which he was, and asked no questions, so that he knew no more of Sarah the day she left than the night she arrived; and now he sometimes speculates about her history, but he has no clue.

She was an event in the life of the parish, and there are those who speak of her unto this day with exasperation. The new housekeeper was a subject of legitimate, though ostentatiously veiled, curiosity, and it was expected that a full biography by Elspeth Macfayden would be at the disposal of the kirk-yaird, as well as the Free Kirk gate, within ten days of her arrival; it might even be on the following Sabbath, although it was felt that this was asking too much of Elspeth.

It was on the Friday evening Mrs. Macfayden called, with gifts of butter and cream for the minister, and was re-

ceived with grave, silent courtesy. While they played with the weather, the visitor made a swift examination, and she gave the results on Sabbath for what they were worth.

"A tall, black wumman, spare an' erect, no ill-faured nor ill-made; na, na, a'll alloo that; a trig, handy cummer, wi' an eye like a hawk an' a voice like pussy; nane o' yir gossipin' haverin', stravaigin' kind. He 'ill be clever 'at gets onything' out o' her, or maks much o' a bargain wi' her.

"Sall, she's a madam an' nae mistak. If that waefu', cunnin', tramping wratch Clockie didna come tae the door, where I was sittin', an' askit for the new minister. Ye ken he used tae come an' hear Maister Cunningham on the principles of the Disruption for an' oor, givin' oot that he was comin' roond tae the Free Kirk view; then he got his denner an' a suit o' claithes."

"A' mind o' Clockie gettin' five shillin's ae day," remarked Jamie Soutar, who was at the Free Kirk that morning; "he hed started Dr. Chalmers wi' the minister; Dr. Guthrie he coontit to be worth aboot half-a-croon; but he aince hed three shillin's oot o' the Cardross case. He wes graund on the doctrine o' speeritual independence, and terrible drouthy; but a'm interruptin' ye, Elspeth."

"The minister is at dinner," says she, 'an' can't be disturbed; he sees no one at the door.'

"It's reeligion a'm come aboot," says Clockie, stickin' in his foot tae keep the door open, 'an' a'll juist wait at the fire.'

"It's more likely to be whiskey from your breath, and you will find a public-house in the village; we give nothing to vagrants here." Then she closed the door on his foot, and the language he used in the yard wesna connectit wi' reeligion."

Drumtochty admitted that this showed a woman of vigor—although our conventions did not allow us to treat Clockie or any known wastrel so

masterfully—and there was an evident anxiety to hear more.

"Her dress was black an' fittit like a glove, an' wes set aff wi' a collar an' cuffs, an' a' saw she hadna come frae the country, so that wes ae thing settled; yon's either a toon dress, or maybe her ain makin' frae patterns.

"It micht be Edinburgh or Glesgie, but a' begin tae jalouse England aifter hearin' her hannel Clockie, sae a' watchit for a word tae try her tongue."

"Wurk is a gude handy test," suggested Jamie; "the English hae barely ae r, and the Scotch hae aboot sax in't."

"She wudna say't, Jamie, though a' gied her a chance, speakin' aboot ae wumman daein' a' thing in the manse, sae a' fell back on church, an' that brocht oot the truth. She didna say 'chich,' so she's no English born, and she didna say 'churrch,' so she's been oot o' Scotland. It wes half and between, and so a' said it wud be pleasant for her tae be in her ain country again, aifter livin in the sooth."

Her hearers indicated that Elspeth had not fallen beneath herself, and began to wonder how a London woman would fit into Drumtochty.

"What div ye think she said tae me?" Then Drumtochty understood that there had been an incident, and that Elspeth as a conversationalist, if not as a raconteur, and found her equal.

"You are very kind to think of my movements, but"—and here Mrs. Macfayden spoke very slowly—"I'm afraid they don't teach home geography at your school. Paisley is not out of Scotland."

"Ye've met yir match, Elspeth," said Jamie, with a hoarse chuckle, and the situation was apparent to all. It was evident that the new housekeeper was minded to hide her past, and the choice of her last residence was a stroke of diabolical genius. Paisley is an ancient town, inhabited by a virtuous and industrious people, who used to make shawls and now spin thread

and the atmosphere is so literary that it is believed every tenth man is a poet. Yet no one boasts of having been born there, and natives will pretend they came from Greenock. No one can mention Paisley without a smile, and yet no one can say what amused him. Certain names are the source of perennial laughter, in which their inhabitants join doubtfully, as persons not sure whether to be proud or angry. They generally end in an apology, while the public, grasping vaguely at the purpose of such a place, settle on it every good tale that is going about the world unprovided for and fatherless. So a name comes to be bathed in the ridiculous, and a mere reference to it passes for a stroke of supreme felicity.

"Paisley"—Jamie again tasted the idea—"she 'ill be an acquiesition tae the Glen."

It was Sarah's first stroke of character to arrive without notice—having utterly baffled Peter at the Junction—and to be in complete possession of the manse on the return of Carmichael and his aunt from pastoral visits.

"Sarah," cried the old lady in amazement, at the sight of the housekeeper in full uniform, calm and self-possessed, as one having been years in this place, "when did ye come?"

"Two hours ago, ma'am, and I think I understand the house. Shall I bring tea into the dining-room, or would you rather have it in the study?" But she did not once glance past his aunt to Carmichael, who was gazing in silence at this composed young woman in the doorway.

"This is Sarah, John, who has come to keep yir house," and his aunt stepped back. "Sarah, this is my dear laddie, the minister."

Perhaps because her eyes were of a flashing black, that pierced one like a steel blade, Sarah usually looked down in speaking to you, but now she gave Carmichael one swift, comprehensive look that judged him soul and body,

then her eyes fell, and her face, always too hard and keen, softened.

"I will try, sir, to make you comfortable, and you will tell me anything that is wrong."

"You took us by surprise, Sarah," and Carmichael, after his hearty fashion, seized his housekeeper's hand; "let me bid you welcome to the manse. I hope you will be happy here, and not feel lonely."

But the housekeeper only bowed, and turned to his aunt.

"Dinner at six? As you were not in, and it did not seem any use consulting the woman that was here, I am preparing for that hour."

"Well, you see, Sarah, we have just been taking tea, with something to it, but if —"

"Gentlemen prefer evening dinner, ma'am."

"Quite right, Sarah," burst in Carmichael in great glee; "tea-dinner is the most loathsome meal ever invented, and we 'ill never have it in the Free manse."

"That is an admirable woman, auntie," as Sarah disappeared, "with sound views on important subjects. I'll never ask again where she came from; she is her own testimonial."

"You maunna be extravagant, John; Sarah hes never seen a manse before, and I must tell her not to——"

"Ruin me, do you mean, by ten courses every evening, like the dinners West-end philanthropists used to give our men to show them how to behave at the table? We 'ill be very economical, only having meat twice a week—salt fish the other days—but it will always be dinner."

"What ails you at tea-dinner, John? It's very tasty and homely."

"It's wicked, auntie, and has done more injury to religion than drinking. No, I'm not joking—that is a childish habit—but giving utterance to profound truth, which ought to be proclaimed on the house-tops, or perhaps in the kitchens.

"Let me explain, and I'll make it as

plain as day—all heresy is just bad thinking, and that comes from bad health, and the foundation of health is food. A certain number of tea dinners would make a man into a Plymouth Brother. It's a mere question of time.

"You see if a man's digestion is good he takes a cheerful view of things; but if he is full of bile, then he is sure that everybody is going to be lost except himself and his little set, and that is heresy. Apologetics is just dietetics; now there's an epigram made for you on the spot, and you don't know what it means, so we 'll have a walk instead."

His aunt knew what was coming, but was too late to resist, so she was twice taken round the room for exercise, till she cried out for mercy, and was left to rest while Carmichael went out to get an appetite for that dinner.

Nothing was said during its progress, but when Sarah had finally departed after her first triumph, won under every adverse circumstance of strangeness and limited resources, Carmichael took his aunt's hand and kissed it.

"It is an illuminated address you deserve, auntie, for such a paragon; as it is, I shall be the benefactor of a Presbytery, asking the men up by turns on fast-days, and sending them home speechless with satisfaction."

"Sarah was always a clever woman; if she had only——" But Carmichael heard not, in his boyish excitement of householding.

"Clever is a cold word for such genius. Mark my words, there is not a manse in Perthshire that shall not sound with the praise of Sarah. I vow perpetual celibacy on the spot. No man would dream of marrying that had the privilege of such a housekeeper."

"Ye're a silly laddie, John; but some day a fair face will change a yir life, an' if she be a good wumman like your mother, I'll thank God."

"No woman can be compared with

her," and the minister sobered. "You and she have spoiled me for other women, and now you have placed me beyond temptation with such a cook."

So it came to pass that Carmichael, who knew nothing about fine cooking till Sarah formed his palate with her cunning sauces, and, after all, cared as little what he ate as any other healthy young man, boasted of his housekeeper continually by skilful allusions, till the honest wives of his fathers and brethren were outraged and grew feline, as any natural woman will if a servant is flung in her face in this aggravating fashion.

"I'm glad to hear you're so well pleased, Mr. Carmichael," Mrs. MacGuffie would say, who was full of advice, and fed visitors on the produce of her garden, "but no man knows comfort till he marries. It's a chop one day and a steak the next all the year round—nothing tasty or appetising; and as for his shirts, most bachelors have to sew on their own buttons. Ah, you all pretend to be comfortable, but I know better, for Mr. MacGuffie has often told me what he suffered."

Whereat Carmichael would rage furiously, and then, catching sight of MacGuffie, would bethink him of a Christian revenge. MacGuffie is invited up to a day of humiliation—Sarah receiving for once *carte blanche*—and after he has powerfully exhorted the people from the words, "I am become like a bottle in the smoke," he was conducted to the manse in an appropriately mournful condition, and set down at the table. He was inclined to dwell on the decadence of Disruption principles during soup, but as the dinner advanced grew wonderfully cheerful, and being installed in an arm-chair with a cup of decent coffee beside him, sighed peacefully and said, "Mr. Carmichael, you have much cause for thankfulness." Mr. MacGuffie had not come to the age of sixty, however, without learning something, and he only gave his curious spouse to understand that Carmichael had done



DRAWN BY F. C. GORDON.

"Mr. Carmichael, you have much cause for thankfulness,"

all in his power to make his guest comfortable, and was not responsible for his servant's defects.

Ladies coming with their husbands to visit the manse. conceived a prejudice against Sarah on the general ground of dislike to all housekeepers as a class of servants outside of any mistress's control, and therefore apt to give themselves airs, and especially because this one had a subtle suggestion of independent personality that

was all the more irritating because it could not be made plain to the dull male intelligence, which was sadly deceived.

"What a lucky man Carmichael is on his first venture!" Even Dr. Dowbiggin, of St. Columba's, Muirtown, grew enthusiastic to his wife in the privacy of their bed-chamber on a sacramental visit, and everyone knows that the Doctor was a responsible man, ministering to four Bailies and making "overtures" to the Assembly, beginning with "Whereas" and ending with "Venerable House." "I am extremely pleased to see . . . everything so nice."

"You mean, James, that you have had a good dinner, far too ambitious for a young minister's table. Did you ever see an entrée on a Disruption table or dessert with finger glasses? I call it sinful—for the minister of Drumtochty, at least; and I don't believe he was ever accustomed to such ways. If she attended to his clothes, it would set her better than cooking French dishes. Did you see the coat he was wear-

ing at the station?—just like a game-keeper. But it is easy for a woman to satisfy a man; give him something nice to eat, and he'll ask no more."

"So far as my recollections serves me, Maria"—the Doctor was ruffled, and fell into his public style—"I made no reference to food, cooked or uncooked, and perhaps I may be allowed to say that it is not a subject one thinks of . . . at such seasons. What gave me much satisfaction was to see

one of our manses so presentable; as regards the housekeeper, so far as I had an opportunity of observing, she seemed a very capable woman indeed," and the Doctor gave one of his coughs, which were found most conclusive in debate.

"It's easy to be a man's servant," retorted Mrs. Dowbiggin, removing a vase of flowers from the dressing-table with contempt, "for they never look below the surface. Did you notice her hands, as white and smooth as a lady's? You may be sure there's little scrubbing and brushing goes on in this manse."

"How do you know, Maria?"—the Doctor was weakening. "You have never been in the house before."

"We 'ill soon see that, James, though I daresay it would never occur to a man to do such a thing. Did you ever look below the bed?"

"Never," replied the Doctor, promptly, who was not constructed to stoop, "and I am not going to begin after that . . . ah . . . this evening, with work before me to-morrow. But I would be glad to see you."

"I have done so every night of my life for fear of robbers, and the dust I've seen in strange houses—it's there you can tell a good servant," and Mrs. Dowbiggin nodded with an air of great sagacity.

"Well," demanded the Doctor, anxiously watching the operation, "guilty or not guilty?"

"She knew what I would do. I hate those sharp women;" and then the Doctor grew so eloquent over uncharitable judgments and unreasonable prejudices that his wife denounced Sarah bitterly as a "cunning woman who got on the blind side of gentlemen."

Her popularity with Carmichael's friends was beyond question, for though she was a reserved woman, with no voluntary conversation, they all sent messages to her, enquired for her well-being at Fast-days, and brought her gifts of handkerchiefs, gloves, and such

like. When they met at Theologicals and Synods they used to talk of Sarah with unction—till married men were green with envy—being simple fellows and helpless in the hands of elderly females of the Meiklewham genus. For there are various arts by which a woman, in Sarah's place, wins a man's gratitude, and it may be admitted that one is skilful cooking. Sensible and book-reading men do not hunger for six courses, but they are critical about their toast and . . . nothing more, for that is the pulse. Then a man also hates to have any fixed hour for breakfast—never thinking of houses where they have prayers at 7.50 without a shudder—but a man hates to be kept waiting five minutes for dinner. If a woman will find his belongings, which he has scattered over three rooms and the hall, he invests her with many virtues, and if she packs his portmanteau, he will associate her with St. Theresa. But if his hostess be inclined to discuss problems with him, he will receive her name with marked coldness; and if she follow up this trail with evil food, he will conceive a rooted dislike for her, and will flee her house. So simple is a man.

When Sarah proposed to Carmichael that she would prepare breakfast when he rung for his hot water, and when he never caught a hint of reproach on her face though he sat up to three and came down at eleven, he was lifted, hardly believing that such humanity could be found among women, who always seemed to have a time table they were carrying out the livelong day.

"The millennium is near at hand," said MacQueen, when the morning arrangement of the Free Kirk manse of Drumtochty were made known to him—MacQueen, who used to arrive without so much as a nightshirt, having left a trail of luggage behind him at various junctions, and has written books so learned that no one dares to say that he has not read them. Then

he placed an ounce of shag handy, and Carmichael stoked the fire, and they sat down, with Beaton, who could refer to the Summa of St. Thomas Aquinas from beginning to end, and they discussed the Doctrine of Scripture in the Fathers, and the formation of the Canon, and the authorship of the Pentateuch till two, in the study. Afterwards they went to MacQueen's room to hear him on the Talmud, and next adjourned to Beaton's room, who offered a series of twelve preliminary observations on the Theology of Rupert of Deutz, whereupon his host promptly put out his candle, leaving that man of supernatural memory to go to bed in the dark; and as Carmichael pulled up the blind in his own room, the day was breaking and a blackbird had begun to sing. Next afternoon Beaton had resumed his observations on Rupert, but now they are lying among the heather on the side of Glen Urtach, and Carmichael was asleep, while MacQueen was thinking that they would have a good appetite for dinner that evening.

Sarah had only one fault to find with her master, and that was his Bohemian dress; but since it pleased him to go one button less through studied carelessness, she let him have his way; and as for everything else, she kept her word to his aunt, and saw that he wanted for nothing, serving him with perpetual thoughtfulness and swift capacity.

Little passed between them except a good-natured word or two from him and her courteous answer, but she could read him as a book, and when he came home *that* day from Muirtown she saw he was changed. He was slightly flushed, and he could not sit still, wandering in and out his study till dinner-time. He allowed the soup to cool, and when she came in with sweets he had barely touched his cutlet.

"It is the sauce you like, sir," with some reproach in her voice.

"So it is, Sarah—and first rate."

Then he added suddenly, "Can you put a button on this coat to-night, and give it a good brush?"

In the evening Sarah went down to post a letter, and heard the talk, how Miss Carnegie had come home with the General, and was worthy of her house: how the minister also had driven up with her from Muirtown; and on her return she did her best by the coat, handling it very kindly, and singing softly to herself "Robin Adair."

Next morning he came down in his blacks—the worst-made suit ever seen on a man, ordered to help a village tailor at his home—and announced his intention of starting after lunch for Sanderson's manse, beyond Tochtly woods, where he would stay all night.

"He will call on the way down, and, if he can, coming back," Sarah said to herself, as she watched him go, "but it's a pity he should go in such a coat; it might have been put together with a pitchfork. It only makes the difference greater, and 'tis wider than he knows already. And yet a woman can marry beneath her without loss; but for a man it is ruin."

She went up to his room and made it neat, which was ever in disorder on his leaving, and then she went to a western window and looked into the far distance.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A WOMAN OF THE FORMER DISPENSATION.

EVERY Sabbath at eleven o'clock, or as soon thereafter as the people were seated—consideration was always shown to distant figures coming down from the high glen—Carmichael held what might be called High Mass in the Free Kirk. Nothing was used in praise but the Psalms of David, with an occasional Paraphrase sanctioned by usage and sound teaching. The prayers were expected to be elaborate in expression and careful in statement

and it was then that they prayed for the Queen and Houses of Parliament. And the sermon was the event to which the efforts of the minister and the thoughts of the people had been moving for the whole week. No person was absent except through sore sickness or urgent farm duty: nor did rain or snow reduce the congregation by more than ten people, very old or very young. Carmichael is now minister of a West End kirk, and, it is freely rumoured in Drumtochty, has preached before Lords of Session; but he has never been more nervous than facing that handful of quiet, impenetrable, critical faces in his first kirk. When the service was over, the people broke into little bands that disappeared along the west road, and over the moor, and across the Tochty. Carmichael knew each one was reviewing his sermon head by head; and, pacing his garden, he remembered the missing points with dismay.

It was the custom of the Free Kirk minister to go far afield of a summer evening, and to hold informal services in distant parts of the parish. This was the joy of the day to him, who was really very young and hated all conventionalities even unto affectation. He was never weary of complaining that he had to wear a gown, which was continually falling back and being hitched over with impatient motions, and the bands, which he could never tie, and were, he explained to a horrified beadle in Muirtown, an invention of Satan to disturb the preacher's soul before his work. Once, indeed, he dared to appear without his trappings, on the plea of heat, but the visible dismay and sorrow of the people was so great—some failing to find the Psalm till the first verse had been sung—that he perspired freely and forgot the middle head of his discourse.

"It's a mercy," remarked Mrs. Macfadyen to Burnbrae afterwards, "that he didna play that trick when there was a bairn tae be baptized. It wudna hae been lightsome for its fouk; a'body

wants a properly ordained minister. Ye 'ill gie him a hint, Burnbrae, for he's young and fordersome (rash), but gude stuff for a' his pliskies (frolics)."

No one would have liked to see the sacred robes in the places of evening worship, and Carmichael threw all forms to the winds—only drawing the line, with great regret and some searchings of heart, at his tweed jacket. His address for these summer evening gatherings he studied as he went through the fragrant pine woods or over the moor by springy paths that twisted through the heather, or along near cuts that meant leaping little burns and climbing of dykes whose top stones were apt to follow your heels with embarrassing attachment. Here and there the Minister would stop as a trout leapt in a pool, or a flock of wild duck crossed the sky to Loch Sheuchie, or the cattle thrust inquisitive noses through some hedge, as a student snatches a mouthful from some book in passing. For these walks were his best study; when thinking of his people in their goodness and simplicity, and touched by nature at her gentlest, he was freed from many vain ideas of the schools and from artificial learning, and heard the Galileean speak as He used to do among the fields of corn. He came on people going in the same direction, but they only saluted, refraining even from the weather, since the minister's thoughts must not be disturbed, and they were amazed to notice that he stooped to pluck a violet in the wood. His host would come a little way to meet him and explain the arrangements that had been made for a kirk. Sometimes the meeting-place was the granary of the farm, with floor swept clean and the wooden shutters opened for light, where the minister preached against a mixed background of faners, corn measures, piles of sacks, and spare implements of the finer sort; and the congregation, who had come up a ladder cautiously like hens going to roost—being severally warned about



the second highest step—sat on bags stuffed with straw, boards resting on upturned pails, while a few older folk were accommodated with chairs, and some youngsters disdained not the floor. It was pleasanter in the barn, a cool, lofty, not unimpressive place of worship, with its mass of golden straw and its open door through which various kindly sounds of farm life came in and strange visitors entered. The colliers, most sociable of animals, would saunter in and make friendly advances to Carmichael reading a chapter; then, catching their master's eye and detecting no encouragement, would suddenly realize that they were at kirk, and compose themselves to sleep—"juist like ony Christian," as Hillocks once remarked with envy, his own plank allowing no liberties—and never taking any part except in a hymn like

"See the mighty host advancing,  
Satan leading on,"

which they regarded as recreation rather than worship.

It was also recalled for years that a pet lamb came into Donald Menzies' barn and wandered about for a while, and Carmichael told that pretty legend of St. Francis, how he saw a white lamb among the kids, and burst into tears at the sight, because it reminded him of Jesus among the sinners. Indeed, these services were very extemporaneous, with hymns instead of psalms, and sermons without divisions. Carmichael also allowed himself illustrations from the life around, and even an anecdote at a time, which was all the more keenly relished that it would have been considered a confession of weakness in a regular sermon. He has been heard to say that he came nearer the heart of things once or twice in the barns than he has ever done since, not even excepting that famous course of sermons every one talked about last year, "The Analysis of Doubt," which almost converted two professors to Christianity,

and were heard by the editor of the *Caledonian* in the disguise of a street preacher. It was also pleasantly remembered for long in the parish that Mr. Davidson appeared one evening in Donald Menzies' barn and joined affably in the "Sweet Bye and Bye." Afterward, being supplied with a large armchair, he heard the address with much attention—nodding approval four times, if not five—and pronouncing the benediction with such impressiveness that Donald felt some hesitation in threshing his last stack in the place next day. The Doctor followed up this visit with an exhortation from the pulpit on the following Sabbath, in which he carefully distinguished such services by an ordained minister, although held in a barn, from unlicensed Plymouthistic gatherings held in corn rooms—this at Milton's amateur efforts—and advised his people in each district to avail themselves of "my friend Mr. Carmichael's excellent ministrations," which Papal Bull, being distributed to the farthest corner of the parish before nightfall, greatly lifted the Free Kirk and sweetened the blood of the Glen for years.

It seemed to me, watching things in Drumtochty during those days with an impartial mind, that the Doctor, with his care for the poor, his sympathy for the oppressed, his interest in everything human, his shrewd practical wisdom, and his wide toleration, was the very ideal of the parish clergyman. He showed me much courtesy while I lived in the Cottage, although I did not belong to his communion, and as my imagination reconstructs the old parish of a winter night by the fire, I miss him as he used to be on the road, in the people's homes, in his pulpit, among his books, and ever an honourable and kind-hearted gentleman.

One evening a woman came into Donald Menzies' barn just before the hour of service, elderly, most careful in her widow's dress, somewhat austere

in expression, but very courteous in her manner. No one recognized her at the time, but she was suspected to be the forerunner of the Carnegie household, and Donald offered her a front seat. She thanked him for his good-will, but asked for a lower place, greatly delighting him by a reference to the parable wherein the Master rebuked the ambitious Pharisees who scrambled for chief seats. Their accent showed of what blood they both were, and

had never seen anything more unpromising than her pale set face.

It was evident that she was Free Kirk and of the Highland persuasion, which was once over-praised and then has been over-blamed, but is never understood by the Lowland mind; and as Carmichael found that she had come to live in the cottage at the entrance to the Lodge, he looked in on his way home. She was sitting at a table reading the Bible, and her face



DRAWN BY F. C. GORTON.

“Carmichael sang a solo.”

that their Gaelic had still been mercifully left them, but they did not use it because of their perfect breeding, which taught them not to speak a foreign tongue in this place. So the people saw Donald offer her a hymn-book and heard her reply:

“It iss not a book that I will be using, and it will be a peety to take it from other people:” nor would she stand at the singing, but sat very rigid and with closed lips. When Carmichael, who had a pleasant tenor voice and a good ear, sang a solo, then much tasted in such meetings, she arose and left the place, and the minister thought he

was more hostile than in the meeting; but she received him with much politeness, dusting a chair and praying him to be seated.

“You have just come to the district to reside. I think? I hope you will like our Glen.”

“It wass here that I lived long ago, but I hef been married and away with my mistress many years, and there are not many that will know me.”

“But you are not of Drumtochty blood?” enquired the minister.

“There iss not one drop of Sassenach blood in my veins”—this with a sudden flash. “I am a Macpherson, and

my husband wass a Macpherson ; but we hef served the house of Carnegie for three generations."

"You are a widow, I think, Mrs. Macpherson?" and Carmichael's voice took a tone of sympathy. "Have you any children?"

"My husband iss dead, and I had one son, and he iss dead also; that iss all, and I am alone;" but in her voice there was no weakening.

"Will you let me say how sorry I am?" pleaded Carmichael; "this is a great grief, but I hope you have consolations."

"Yes, I will be having many consolations; they both died like brave men with their face to the enemy. There were six that did not feel ferry well before Ian fell; he could do good work with the sword as well as the bayonet, and he wass not bad with the dirk at a time."

Neither this woman nor her house were like anything in Drumtochty, for in it there wass a buffet for dishes, and a carved chest and a large chair, all of old black oak: and above the mantelpiece two broadswords were crossed, with a circle of war medals beneath on a velvet ground, flanked by two old pistols.

"I suppose those arms have belonged to your people, Mrs. Macpherson; may I look at them?"

"They are not anything to be admiring, and it wass not manners that I should hef been boasting of my men. It iss a pleasant evening and good for walking."

"You were at the meeting, I think?" and Carmichael tried to get nearer this iron woman. "We were sorry you had to go out before the end. Did you not feel at home?"

"I will not be accustomed to the theatre, and I am not liking it instead of the church."

"But surely there wass nothing worse in my singing alone than praying alone?" and Carmichael began to argue like a Scotchman, who always fancies that people can be convinced

by logic, and forgets that many people, Celts in especial, are ruled by their heart and not by their head;" "do you see anything wrong in one praising God aloud in a hymn, as the Virgin Mary did?"

"It iss the Virgin Mary you will be coming to next, no doubt, and the Cross and the Mass, like the Catholics, although I am not saying anything against them, for my mother's cousins, four times removed were Catholics, and fery good people. But I am a Presbyterian, and do not want the Virgin Mary."

Carmichael learned at that moment what it wass to argue with a woman, and he wass to make more discoveries in that department before he came to terms with the sex, and would have left in despair had it not been for an inspiration of his good angel.

"Well, Mrs. Macpherson, I didn't come to argue about hymns, but to bid you welcome to the Glen and to ask for a glass of water, for preaching is thirsty work."

"It iss black shame I am crying on myself for sitting here and offering you neither meat nor drink," and she wass stung with regret in an instant. "It iss a little spirits you will be tasting, and this iss Talisker which I will be keeping for a friend, for whiskey iss not for women,"

She wass full of attention, but when Carmichael took milk instead of whiskey, her suspicions revived, and she eyed him again.

"You are not one of those new people I am hearing of in the Lowlands that are wiser than the fery Apostles?"

"What people?" and Carmichael trembled for his new position.

"'Total abstiners' they will call themselves," and the contempt in her accent wass wonderful.

"No, I am not," Carmichael hastened to reassure his hostess; "but there are worse people than abstiners in the world. I will stick to the milk, if you please."

"You will take what you please," and she was again mollified: "but the great ministers always had their tasting after preaching; and I hef heard one of them say that it wass a sin to despise the Lord's mercies. You will be taking another glass of milk and resting a little"

"This hospitality reminds me of my mother, Mrs. Macpherson." Carmichael was still inspired, and was, indeed, now in full sail. "She wass a Highland woman, and had the Gaelic. She sometimes called me Ian, instead of John."

"When you wass preaching about the shepherd finding the sheep, I wass wondering how you had the way to the heart, and I might have been thinking, oh yes, I might have known"—all the time Janet wass ever bringing something new out of the cupboard, though Carmichael only sipped the milk. "And what wass your mother's name?"

"Farquharson; her people came from Bræmar; but they are all dead now, and I am the last of the race."

"A good clan," cried Janet, in great spirits, "and a loyal; they were out with the Macphersons in the '45. Will you happen to know whether your ancestor suffered?"

"That he did, for he shot an English officer dead on his doorstep, and had to flee the country; it wass not a pretty deed."

"Had the officer broken bread with him?" enquired Janet, anxiously.

"No, he had come to quarter himself and his men on him, and said something rude about the Prince."

"Your ancestor gave him back his word like a gentleman; but he would maybe hef to stay away for a while. Wass he of the chief's blood?"

"Oh no, just a little laird, and he lost his bit of land, and we never saw the place again."

"He would be a Dunniewassal, and proud it iss I am to see you in my house; and the Gaelic, will you hef some words?"

"Just the sound of it, Mrs. Macpherson," and he repeated his three sentences, all that he had learned of his mother, who had become a Scotch-woman in her speech.

"Call me Janet, my dear: and it iss the good Gaelic your mother must have had, and it makes my heart glad to think my minister iss a Farquharson, by the mother's side."

"We sing nothing but Psalms at church, Mrs. . . . Janet, so you will be pleased, and we stand to pray and sit to sing."

"Tuts, tuts, I am not minding about a bit hymn at a time from a friend, but it iss those Lowlanders meddling with everything I do not like, and I am hoping to hear you sing again, for it wass a fery pretty tune;" and the smith, passing along the road when Carmichael left that evening, heard Janet call him "my dear," and invoke a thousand blessings on his head.

When he called again in the end of the week to cement the alliance and secure her presence on Sabbath, Janet wass polishing the swords, and wass willing enough to give their history.

"This wass my great-grandfather's, and these two nicks in the blade were made on the dragoons at Prestonpans; and this wass my husband's sword, for he wass sergeant-major before he died, a fery brave man, good at the fighting and the praying too."

"Maybe I am wrong, and I do not know what you may be thinking, but things come into my mind when I am reading the Bible, and I will be considering that it wass maybe not so good that the Apostles were fishing people."

"What ails you at fishermen, Janet?"

"Nothing at all but one thing; they are clever at their nets and at religion, but I am not hearing that they can play with the sword or the dirk."

"It wass fery good intention that Peter had that night, no doubt, and I



"Janet was polishing the swords."

will be liking him for it when he took his sword to the policeman, but it was a mighty poor blow. If Ian or his father had got as near as that, it would not have been an ear that would have been missing."

"Perhaps his head," suggested Carmichael.

"He would not have been putting his nose into honest people's business again, at any rate," and Janet nodded her head as one who could see a downright blow that left no regrets; "it hass always made me ashamed to read about that ear.

"It wass not possible, and it iss maybe no good speaking about it now"—Janet felt she had a minister now she could open her mind to—"but it would hef been better if our Lord could hef had twelve Macphersons for His Apostles."

"You mean they would have been more brave and faithful!"

"There wass a price of six thousand pounds, or it might be four, put on Cluny's head after Culloden, and the English soldiers were all put up and down the country, but I am not hearing that any clansman betrayed his chief.

"Thirty pieces of silver wass a fery small reward for such a dirty deed, and him one of the Chief's tail, too: it wass a mistake to be trusting to fisher folk instead of Glen's men.

"There iss something I hef wished," concluded Janet, who seemed to have given her mind to the whole incident, "that Peter or some other man had drawn his skean-dhu and slippit it quietly into Judas. We would hef been respecting him fery much to-day, and it would hef been a good lesson—oh yes, a fery good lesson to all traitors."

As they got more confidential, Janet began to speak of signs and dreams, and Carmichael asked her if she had the second sight.

"No; it iss not a lie I will be telling you, my dear, nor will I be boasting. I have not got it, nor had my mother, but she heard sounds, oh yes, and knew what wass coming to pass."

"'Janet,' she would say, 'I have heard the knock three times at the head of the bed; it will be your Uncle Alistair, and I must go to see him before he dies.'"

"And wass she ——"

"Oh yes, she wass in time, and he wass expecting her; and once she saw the shroud begin to rise on her sister, but no more: it never covered the face before her eyes; but the knock, oh yes, many times."

"Have you known any one that could tell what wass happening at a distance, and gave warning of danger?" for the latent Celt wass awakening in Carmichael, with his love of mystery and his sense of the unseen.

"Listen, my dear," Janet lowered her voice as one speaking of sacred

things—"and I will tell you of Ina Macpherson, who lived to a hundred and two, and had the vision clear and sure.

"In the great war with Russia I wass staying in the clachan of my people, and then seven lads of our blood were with the Black Watch, and every Sabbath the minister would pray for them and the rest of the lads from Badenoch that were away at the fighting.

"One day Ina came into my sister's house, and she said, 'It is danger that I am seeing,' and my heart stood still in my bosom for fear that it wass my own man Hamish.

"'No,' and she looked at me, 'not yet, and not to-day,' but more she would not say about him. 'Is it my son Ronald?' my sister cried, and Ina only looked before her. 'It's a sore travail, and round a few black tartans I see many men in grey, pressing them hard; ochone, ochone.'

"'It's time to pray,' I said, and there wass a man in the clachan that wass mighty in prayer, and we gathered into his kitchen, four and twenty women and four men, and every one had a kinsman in the field.

"It is this minute that I hear Dugald crying to the Almighty, 'Remem-

ber our lads, and be their help in the day of battle, and give them the necks of their enemies,' and he might be wrestling for half an hour, when Ina rose from her knees and said, 'The prayer is answered, for the tartans have the field, and I see blood on Ronald, but it is not his own.'

"And did you ever hear —"

"Wait, my dear, and I will tell you, for the letter came from my nephew, and this is what he wrote:

"'It wass three to one, and the gloom came on me, for I thought that I would never see Glenfeshie again, nor the water of the loch, nor the deer on the side of the hill. Then I wass suddenly strengthened with all might in the inner man, and it iss five Russians that I hef killed to my own hands.'

"And so it wass, and a letter came from his captain, who wass of Cluny's blood, and it will be read in church, and a fery proud woman wass my sister."

These were the stories that Janet told to her minister in the days before the Carnegies came home, as well as afterward, and so she prepared him to be an easier prey to a soldier's daughter.

(*To be continued.*)

## TWO QUATRAINS.

"WHICH IS INSCRUTABLE."

Fair promise of a fairer, lovelier flower,  
A tiny bud appeared,—a cherished form;  
It opened scarce, and in its opening hour  
Perished,—blest victim of life's earliest storm.

### MY BOOKS.

Among my dearest friends I count  
The books that, from my earliest age,  
Have fed my mind, and pampered it  
With many a luscious line and page.

ROBERT M. HARPER.

# THE SECRETARY OF THE DONGA-PA MISSION.

BY ESTHER TALBOT KINGSMILL.

“AND you were all I had in the world, little one?”

“Yes, mother.”

“Life was very sweet then, dear. It is all a strange dream to me now—and yet—it was not so very long ago.”

“Not very long ago, Mother dear, but we do not count time by minutes and hours—you and I—do we? It is only when our hearts throb together—the times that come so very seldom—that we really live. Is it not so, little mother?”

“Yes dear,—and then the days grew dark and the clouds were very heavy.”

“Poor little mother! It was all very hard.

“Sometimes I thought the sun would never shine again, child.”

“But it did, mother. Look! It is shining now far over the white fields, and one little ray is falling on my hair, and really it is quite warm. Stoop over and catch the golden light, dear. Your face is there in the shadow, and we seem to be in a separate world—when you and your little one are really together in the same world, and there is no sunshine in it for either of us.”

I was nestling at my mother's feet while she gently stroked my hair.

“The light is falling now as, God willing, it always shall, little one—and I shall sit here in the shadow through life, but my heart will be at peace when I see the light dancing on the face of my child. It is the purest happiness, little one—I live in the reflection from you, and when you are not near me, it is very dark.”

She leaned over and tenderly kissed my hair. When she looked up again, her eyes were filled with tears.

“And when God took him away from us, dear,” she went on dreamily,

“You were very young. Then Harriet came to live with us.”

“Yes, Harriet came,” I said slowly.

“Aunt Harriet, dear. Do not be disrespectful.”

“Well, Aunt Harriet, then, and would to heaven she were only Harriet Kirkpatrick to me and you, for then I might tear you away from her.”

While I was yet speaking, there was a heavy footstep in the hall. My mother pushed me away from her a moment before a strange looking woman entered the room. Then the sun passed under a cloud, and the rest of the day was dark.

\* \* \* \* \*

It strikes one as being very remarkable that the vast majority of people pass through life with closed eyes, out of sympathy with nature, man and God.

There is another grade of humanity; those who feed their souls with a strange religion which begins and ends with the Fatherhood of God. To them the brotherhood of man is a fable. It is their faith that he who would travel on the high road to ideal life must live unto himself as the oyster, for as surely as he thrusts open his shell to add sympathy to an impoverished world, so surely shall he be swallowed up in the sea of vice. This faith is kept within the believer as tacitly as the oyster clings to his shell: nevertheless, if you probe the covering, it is there.

Harriet Kirkpatrick belonged to this human oyster species. She possessed an almost impenetrable shell.

Upon a certain day, when under the spell of a wild dream, she crept from her shell for one short moment and

proclaimed to the world her peculiarly organized mental apparatus. Such an admission was a glorious victory. She proved herself to be, at least, no hypocrite.

But I, miserable wretch—who was I? A God forsaken sufferer who craved the pity of heaven inasmuch as I was compelled to share this woman's life. Her life—but, thank heaven, not her thoughts. With Epictetus, I cried: "I have been left the sun and moon—and thoughts." . . .

I have never had a passion for the soul that builds a barrier about itself. I am a universalist. The knowledge has suddenly occurred to me. The oyster species is most obnoxious to the true universalist, whether it be in concrete or abstract form, whether mentally or physically, figuratively or literally.

In their concrete form, uncooked, they invariably remind me of Harriet Kirkpatrick. On one occasion, when devouring a tender young creature, Harriet came before me so forcibly that I foresaw grave danger of my eventually becoming a confirmed human parasite; since then I have strenuously refused oyster in every physical disguise.

To live with Harriet Kirkpatrick meant the harboring of very wicked thoughts. It is not pleasant to feel that Satan is playing a successful innings within you. Such a knowledge tends to make one reckless. I became exceedingly reckless, and in my desperation sought what had been my father's library. There I carried on



"She leaned over and tenderly kissed my hair."

wild arguments with poor old philosophers, long since gone to a land where the dwellers therein have the comprehension of the very profoundest philosophy. Being mortal I fought with the shades of these men until I became weak.

The first battle was with Plato. I had practical experience on my side. He was simply a tiresome theorist whose dreams had been carried on through the glaring light of day.

I objected to his arguments that conscious beings have the power to break away from their environment and cast off the shackles of heredity. Had I not fought tenaciously with my environment—and here I remained exactly in the same spot year after year. Then, as to heredity, with Har-



riety Kirkpatrick's blood in my veins, was I not as unable to escape the fate at a certain age, of joining the human oyster species as I had been unable to escape the fate of going through life with her bottle green eyes?

It was all very exasperating—Plato was a writer of profound fairy tales.

Suddenly one evening I fell across that mysteriously beautiful theory of Inclusion. Here was reasonable and ordinary common sense. The thought moved me. It touched my sleeping soul. I began to feel gloriously wicked, and falling abjectly on my knees in the dim room, swore by yon silver moon to love all men, and at once enter the oyster species in my list of friends.

Although receiving a deep impression, my resolutions were like unto those that storm the youthful heart—made only to be broken. The glaring sun of day brought with it the old struggle.

The most unfortunate part of my life was that Harriet Kirkpatrick bore a relationship to me.

It was a trick of fate that I was not consulted as to whether I desired this relationship.

But although she was the eldest sister of my dead father, Thank Heaven there are even closer blood ties!

It is hard to believe that the same cradle rocked my sainted father and this icy woman. There must have been some unfortunate exchange of children in those old days.

Now there are many forms of hypocrisy. An abominable form is that which compels one to wear a mask of affection for the sake of the traditional connection between love and blood when the soul within is burning with mistrust and abhorrence.

This mask casts a shadow over all genuine, heart-felt affection. The connection between this woman and myself did not tend to make her any dearer to me than the very stones on

the high road. Nay, the stones had never pierced my young heart nor had they crushed the soul of my sensitive little mother.

Yes, there was a mother in those old days, although I was sometimes forced to forget the fact—a lonely widowed little creature, who took no place in the home. The life was crushed out of her sweet soul by a domineering dragon.

My mother was one of those weak women whose very helplessness commands love—whose very helplessness brings the cowardly nature of a human dragon to the surface. She was an easy victim for Miss Kirkpatrick.

As the days passed my heart cried out with mingled hatred and anguish.

In the evenings when the shadows began to gather, I crept back to my dream of Inclusion. By the aid of the mystic twilight, I succeeded in connecting the thought with Harriet Kirkpatrick. But when the stars began to steal out above the quiet world, my surroundings became material again, and I discovered that I had evolved nothing from the theory of universal love. So I passed my dream on to the land of sleeping philosophers; for the comprehension of those happy souls to whom all abstract thought is possible.

I was content to remain in the imperfect earthly stage of loving only the heart that leaned toward me; the eyes that looked into mine with tender, frightened love. There was but one soul in the wide world, one ray of sunshine to lead me through the mists of youth; the sunshine that crept out from the soul of a sensitive little mother.

Harriet Kirkpatrick was an educated woman; a profound scholar. Sometime in the early part of the century she had carried off high honors in a famous college. Her education was the process carried on by the Reformers who followed the Renaissance.

The woman was purely mechani-

cal. In the pouring in system of her education, the intellect developed while the emotions died. She was a clever machine, with a substantial stone heart.

Knowing her capabilities, my father had entrusted my education to her. He unconsciously laid out a cruel youth for me—cruel, and yet the dark spots in life are invariably the strengthening of the character foundation.

At times Aunt Harriet's face resembled a poorly executed painting of a plain-looking Madonna. Usually, however, her expression was cold, honest and hard. She was absolutely sincere, though abominably narrow.

The Madonna expression came always when she bent her thoughts over her work. She was the faithful and indefatigable Secretary for the Society for the Promulgation of the Gospel to the heathen in the Donga-Pa district of India.

The Donga-Pa Secretary professed to have but one desire unfulfilled in life. She longed to be a missionary. This, however, was a cry; her desire could have been gratified at any moment. As a matter of fact, nothing could have induced her to stir from behind the comfortable four walls of her study.

Heaven also took pity on the unconverted so far away and prevented her from going. There must have been a pathway to heaven more easily discovered for them than that seen through the smoked glasses of a bigot. Under her care the heathen would have stumbled desperately, lost their way, and eventually slipped back into a more comprehensible state of ignorance.

I have occasionally pictured the course of events.

Again, if Harriet went to India, she would insist upon discussing impossible subjects with the heathen. They would resist this innovation; upon her persisting, they, being unfamiliar with smoked glasses and argumentative powers, would bring things

to a climax by handing her over to intimate friends in the most thickly populated jungle.

Heaven forgive me! In the face of this belief, I pined for her emigration to the land of the coral strand.

This life had an unwholesome effect upon me. I had never been a child. In the early years I was a bundle of crushed sensations. From this I passed into conscious womanhood with a wild, rebellious will. Psychologically speaking, my natural and consecutive stages of feeling, thought and will were forced in an opposite direction by my surroundings. It is remarkable that I ever reached the stage of possessing a reasonable mind. Possibly I never did. Even yet, occasionally, I lapse into looking-glass land, which to one of mature years is perhaps a mild form of insanity.

My life was one of complete isolation. We lived winter and summer in a rambling old house in the wilds of the North-West country. My father had bought the place in the old days to take refuge in from the cares of life. It was a summer home. On my father's death we moved to the place permanently. During my childhood the birds and flowers were my only friends and playmates. Had Rousseau lived he would have gloried in my perpetual life with nature. (He was another inventor of profound fairy tales)—so I grew with the birds and flowers.

I made solemn vows as I gazed into the eyes of the upturned yellow daisies. They smiled sweet assurance back into my young face. In the autumn I drooped with the flowers and sang a lonely requiem when the birds flew South. There was a good-bye kiss blown down the hill to the laughing river when the first snowflake fell, and then a pair of weary little feet turned homeward and a heart grew sad, while the child of nature longed for sleep.—It was a strange life.

When the winter evenings crept in, I knelt at my window and told my

secrets to the dancing stars, while the old moon sat in judgment and swore them to secrecy.

Our only relative in the outside world was a bachelor uncle in far-off Baltimore. Once in every two years he paid us a flying visit. His happy, round face was good to look upon, and his bright eyes made the only sunshine in my life. When he was with us, he spent his time sympathizing with my mother, quarrelling with Aunt Harriet, and amusing me.

The holiday previous to the present one had been spent in Europe, consequently it was four long years since we had seen him. His regular weekly letter was our only consolation.

I was now a young woman in long frocks, passing in solitude what is generally supposed to be the sweetest years of life. The future held nothing for me but continual intercourse with a cold woman who possessed unrealized missionary ambitions and a satanic temper, a life with a frightened little mother who was estranged from her own child.

It was on a wild morning in January that a light first broke through the mists surrounding my life. Towards noon, an Indian boy, who carried our mail from an adjoining village, appeared on the country road trudging along on his huge snow-shoes. Seeing me at the window, he broke into a run, waving a letter madly above his head. My heart jumped within me, for I knew the missive was from my uncle. When the lad approached, he tapped at the window. The snow was banked up too high to allow of the doors being opened.

My mother read her letter in silence, hid it away in her pocket, and then sat down to luncheon. There was a strange expression on her face which puzzled me. Could Uncle Maxwell be travelling north at this outrageous time of year? The nearest city was sixteen miles away from us. He occasionally transacted business there. While I yet mused, my mother spoke.

"Maxwell is coming on Thursday, if the roads are navigable. Mary must be told to air the spare room. I think it has a musty atmosphere of late, but fresh snow will soon purify it."

Harriet Kirkpatrick did not speak for a moment. Presently she helped herself to a second cup of tea, drank it in silence, and then drew off her blue spectacles.

"I think it is exceedingly strange," she began, "that Maxwell insists upon directing his letters to you, Esther. A sister usually takes first place. As for his coming to see us, I regard it as a great piece of folly and waste of time to come even sixteen miles with no object in view."

"No object? said my mother "Is there no object in his coming to see us, Harriet—and the child? It is a holiday for him. The change will do him good."

"Holiday—change — fiddlesticks!" interrupted Harriet. "A man of his years should long since have overcome the folly of holidaying. Why, woman, his life has been one long, worthless holiday. He talks of office work,—child's play, I say! His position as president of insurance concerns is ornamental nonsense. Such men are puppets. He is an idler. One has but to look at him to see it stamped on his face. He has become vulgarly, abnormally stout, and he requires a change! It is laughable." Then she raised her eyes heavenward and cried, loudly, "Heaven knows, and I know, that through life Maxwell has been sowing the wind. It is ordained that such an one shall reap the whirlwind."

"He is a dear old soul," I cried angrily. "Where would you be, where would all of us be but for him? I love him, for he is the soul of loyalty. As for his stoutness, fat people are always more good-natured and loveable—"

Nothing is more pitiable than a thin chilly-looking old person, unless it is when the person has a passion for blue spectacles.

I did not wait for an answer from

the Secretary of the Donga-Pa Mission. No doubt I was disrespectful. I rushed from the room.

Shortly afterwards my mother followed me to my bedroom. I knew there was something concealed in her letter, otherwise it would have become public property. As she entered my room she drew it from her pocket and slipping it into my hand said softly—"Read it dear. I am troubled to know what to do." I read:

DEAR ESTHER,—Like the bad nickle, I return again. I have business in your frigid city. Snowdrifts permitting, I shall be with you Thursday. And how is the little one—the full fledged young lady indeed! Have a frock ready for her on Thursday night. I hear that Nordica is to sing in the opera house in town. I shall send a sleigh for you. Prepare for a surprise. How is the Indian Missionary relative? Ha, ha.

As ever,  
MAXWELL.

"That letter is like his dear old self," I cried. "Have I anything fit to wear?"

"Hush child," cried my mother, looking timidly about. "We must forego any pleasure to prevent trouble. Your aunt does not approve of players and public singers."

"When did one offend her?" I asked wonderingly.

"She has never to my knowledge heard or seen one. She objects on general principles. Sometimes these people are not very God fearing, child—so I have heard. Your aunt is very much against them."

"She has never heard or seen one!" I cried, "O generous, charitable, christian Harriet! They have indeed a broad-minded judge in

her. Does she ever think people might object to *her*, on general principles? Mother I hate that woman. I cannot help it, and worse than all she is trying to poison your pure mind too."

My mother drew me to her and pressed her lips against my throbbing temples.

"Hush child," she said. "You are too hard, too young to judge. She is a good woman and fills her vocation in life well. How few of us do that. The Donga-Pa Mission would be nothing but for her. Be just, child. Narrowness is a misfortune, scarcely a fault. Harriet was born narrow-minded. Who can blame her? There are many like her in the world."

"The old subject," I said, wearily. "There is no use arguing. I can never forgive her for keeping my mother's soul apart from mine."

The tears began to gather in those sweet eyes but my mother did not



"When I turned my aunt was looking at me."

speak. Poor loyal little soul, bearing everyone's shortcomings, even those of the woman who was leading her away from her own child. Yes, for she was drifting down the narrow path of bigotry, directed by Harriet, drifting away from me and I could not follow. Heaven, it was hard!

I threw my arms impulsively around her neck and kissed her passionately, then I rushed out of the room.

I determined to seek Harriet and discuss the concert subject with her myself. I knew my mother wished me to go. It was simply fear—this eternal fear that held her back.

I stood at the door of Harriet Kirpatrick's study and gathered together all my courage. One thing I decided—I was not going to ask permission, but to impart information.

She was writing when I entered and for a few moments took no notice of me. I crossed the room to the window. Far over the white fields I could see a couple of tardy hunters plodding through the snow with an old Indian guide. They had been snowed in several miles north of us, and had been learning what life was in an Indian village.

When I turned, my aunt was looking at me. "Well?" she exclaimed, interrogatively, tapping the table with the end of her pencil. I did not speak, so she continued.

"Do not stand there like a nonentity. You have come for something, I presume. Make haste. Time is precious to me and should be to you. Idleness is your strong point. You come by it honestly."

"Indeed?" I said coldly. "I might come by other things much more disagreeable and also come by them honestly—considering other relatives." Her insinuation to my uncle and probably my mother too was plain. I could not let it pass.

"I shall submit to no impertinence," she cried. "Go on with your tale."

"My mother overlooked one part of her letter," I ventured

"Uncle Maxwell sends us an invitation to go and hear a great opera singer. I suppose you will not care to join us."

"Have you come here to insult me?" she cried, angrily, at the same time rising from her chair.

"Care to join you. What do you mean?" Explain yourself! Have you lost yourself so far that you would enter a temple of the devil, wretched child?"

She began pacing the floor. Her face grew first crimson, and then white. Her eyes flashed behind her smoked glasses.

"You come here to insult me," she went on. "Intolerable insolence! Are you aware that I regard all acting people as direct ambassadors from hell—corruptors of youth and age alike?"

"That is strong language to use in connection with people of whom you are in complete ignorance," I said quietly.

"In ignorance of!" she cried. "Their lives are open books for the world to read."

"But you are not in the world—nor am I."

She turned and glared at me for a second, and then pointed to the door. I did not go.

"Aunt Harriet," I said. "Why can't you argue reasonably?"

"You have set up an imaginary standard in your mind and measure everyone by that. Is it the Donga-Pa Missionary Standard? Now supposing there are even ten good worthy christians in the acting profession, how do you reconcile your much quoted scripture to your present thought? Our Master said that if there were ten worthy souls to be found, for their sakes would He save multitudes." She turned to me angrily.

"Do not blaspheme by connecting scripture with those wretched people. You have displeased me immeasurably. Go."

As I crossed the room, I stumbled

over some sheets of a half written article. Stooping, I picked them up and carried them to the desk. "What a peculiar idea," I said, glancing at the title page, "'The Brotherhood of All Men'—I should like to see what you have found to write about."

On Thursday afternoon, Uncle Maxwell arrived. When he entered the hall, he sent a ringing laugh through the house—a laugh which might have aroused the dead. After the laugh, he winked knowingly at me.

He was covered with snow and icicles, having plodded through the drifts from the main road. I brushed the snow from his great-coat, and we laughed over the days when I used to climb to his vest pockets. He measured me against the wall, and swore I had grown three inches since his last visit; then he rubbed his hands together and said that it was good for his old eyes to look upon my young face. I was very happy.

Once during the afternoon he whispered that he had a great surprise in store for us, but it must not come to light before the morning. Then he held his sides and laughed immoderately.

My mother and I went with Uncle Maxwell that night to hear the great singer. She was the first professional I had ever heard. I feel confident that the little diva never before sent such happiness into a human heart as came to mine that evening. She took



"He measured me against the wall."

me very close to heaven. Occasionally I looked about me at the calm placid faces of women who lived in the world and of the world. They looked pleased, but there was no light in their eyes. Their lips did not tremble. They seemed to find no difficulty in remaining in their seats, and preventing themselves from rushing madly to the stage, and falling face-downward before what to me was a human goddess. I was in a world—a heaven of my own, and their faces seemed to rest behind a strange mist. It was the mist that separates the common-place practical world from an idealistic heaven born in the

mind of an imaginative child of nature.

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The following morning Uncle Maxwell arrived at our country home with a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church in charge. This man had a good face and a pair of clear eyes that seemed to speak of a pure soul. But I was at a loss to understand for what reason he honored us with his presence.



THE MINISTER.

Maxwell Francis was a careless soul but he had not a character so wavering that it required a representative of the clergy to bear it up on holiday trips. It was puzzling.

After the visitors were ushered into the drawing-room, my uncle asked for his sister Harriet. She appeared presently, and beamed with smiles when she discovered a gentleman of the

cloth. After the formal introduction was over, my uncle at once opened fire.

"My dear Harriet," he began, "our esteemed friend here has very often heard of you in connection with your life-work. He and I formed a friendship on the ocean last year, which I trust may never be severed. Mr. Stuart was delighted to hear that I was related to the respected Secretary of the Donga-Pa Mission. And now, sister, comes the surprise. Mr. Stuart has been searching for the past year for a competent lady having no exceptionally strong family ties, who would fill the post of Home Secretary in India. I told him, Harriet, of your lifelong desire to enter a foreign field and his joy was not more than I know yours is to feel that the desire of your heart may be gratified."

The Donga-Pa Secretary rose to speak, no doubt to object. Her brother motioned her to a seat; he had not yet finished.

"Not yet, dear Harriet," he went on. "Do not thank me yet. I know all you would say, and I am indeed proud that I have been instrumental in giving you your heart's desire; but you must hear our plans, which I am sure will meet with your approbation.

"Mr Stuart and his wife leave for India next month. They have kindly offered to see that you reach your destination safely, and I assured them that, having no ties of any sort, you would be ready to join them."

The clergyman crossed the room and stood before my aunt.

"We shall welcome you in your new field, Miss Kirkpatrick, with warm hearts. Would that we had more such indefatigable workers."

It was all done so suddenly that I could scarcely realize what had passed. My mother seemed to be in a dream also. Something like tears were shining in her sweet eyes. The Secretary looked puzzled.

"Harriet," continued my uncle, in an unnaturally serious voice. "Is it

not true that even the most impossible dreams may be realized? You are indeed to be congratulated. The present arrangement will, I trust, suit everyone admirably. On your departure, I shall carry the little one and her mother home with me. They would simply vegetate here. The child has become a woman and must see something of life. I am lonely. The evening of a life is always liable

to be blue if one is alone. I am growing old; the sun is setting on my life, but there is no reason why the twilight should be gloomy. I can make it happy by watching the sun rise on the life of the child here."

I looked my gratitude at the kind benefactor of my life. He told me afterwards that my expression was a song without words.

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THE EUCHARIST OF EARTH.

Early morn, and all the forest  
Waking joyous from the night;  
Every flow'ret bathed in glory,  
Radiant in the crystal light.

Dewdrops glisten on the branches,  
Gem-like glow on every blade,  
While, like altar-lights, the sunbeams  
Gleam throughout the happy glade.

All the choristers of Spring-time,  
Warble notes of Easter praise,  
Whilst the brooklets all chant Gloria,  
Bubbling down their stony ways.

Breath of morn and scent of flowers,  
From each tiny censer swings,  
When the harebell through the stillness,  
Lowly bowed, the Sanctus rings.

Whilst the priests of earth, the lilies,  
Chasubled in samite white,  
Pearl-bedecked and gold-embroidered,  
Offer up the glorious rite.

All with awe before the Presence  
Round the altar lowly pray  
When Earth's Eucharist of gladness,  
God's pure lilies sweetly say.

Easter, 1896.

C. W. VERNON.



## AU SUGRERIE.\*

BY S. J. ROBERTSON.

LITTLE NARCISSE sat on the weighted end of the tall well sweep, crying as he watched the stone boat go up the lane drawn by the patient old ox. He heard the cheerful cries of his father urging on his slow beast and rude vehicle with its load of rough home-made tubs and pails and huge iron cooler. "Marche donc . . . Marche donc, au sucrerie," and the voice died away in the gully that separated the cultivated fields about the whitewashed log house from the rougher pasture land which lay between them and the bush. The sap was beginning to stir, and already a number of maples had been tapped and the sweetish, colorless juice was dropping from the cedar spiles into the troughs of hollowed bass wood which sat below each tree.

He was a quaint looking little fellow, Narcisse Leduc, with yellow curls, covered by a red woollen toque and a round chubby face that seemed made for smiling, but now was sadly smeared with tears. He had wanted so much to go to the sugar bush where the sweet was so plenty, and then *la tire* poured on the snow to cool, how delicious it was; and the little eyes overflowed once more at the thought.

His father had said he must not come, had gone away and left him. Perhaps his mother would take him. Yes, he would go to his mother. The little fellow went up the path between two rows of small white-washed boulders that, peeping up from the snow, outlined what would be the flower beds in summer; up the three wide steps, each a large flagstone, and into the low-ceiled kitchen.

"Carry you au sucrerie, mon enfant, mère de Dieu, you must be crazy, see

me bake, see me wash, get out of my way, go outside and play yourself! Go with your father." And she bundled the little man out on to the top step and closed the door.

Down the steps, out into the wide farm yard, past the barrel where Napoleon was dozing lazily, went the child. There was a sturdy look of independence in the tiny face, almost comical to see.

As he wriggled through the bars into the lane he settled his toque firmly on his curls and said "Au sucrerie, au sucrerie" to himself with a half laughing sob in his voice. Outside the little heart was not so stout, and looking back he called, "Come thou, Napoleon, come thou, au sucrerie," but Napoleon only shook himself and rattled his chain in answer.

Down into the gully where the snow was still deep, he followed the well marked path of the stone boat. As it led up the hill and over the pasture fields it followed the snake fence which struggled across to the woods. On the higher ground the angles of the fence were filled with prickly ash and sumach. The rocky bits were brown with tall weed stalks, brightened by the [red-gray canes of the berry bushes and the thorny brier rose; and where the fence wound into a hollow, the snow lay high against the blackened logs and the ivy trailed its brown creepers about the tangled alder boughs.

A fringe of young poplars grew close up like fence pickets. The path broke through them, climbed a little gravelly slope that lay bare of snow in the warm afternoon sun, where the tiny maple trees grew up out of the red sand, like coarse gray grass, and

\* To the Sugar Camp.

passed in among the full grown maples, that, towering up, held out their bare branches upon which the white flecked blue of the sky seemed to rest.

With a cry of delight Narcisse hurried to the nearest tree against whose bole sat a trough with the sap falling into it drop by drop.

He sipped up its contents greedily. There was little in it, as his father had emptied it only a short time before. He ran eagerly from tree to tree, here tasting the sweetish liquor, there only looking at it with a happy thought of *la tire* which would presently be made at the caboose.

But the caboose seemed hard to find. The tracks of the ox sledge were so many, and crossed each other so often that after following them for what seemed a very long time, he struck off through the forest to where he saw a gleam which must surely be the fire.

The great trees rose up for many feet branchless, with patches of dull green moss on their gray trunks. The spaces between stretched away in rapidly narrowing aisles, and where in the distance they crowded together and walled him in, a warm glow spread over the snow through the underbrush.

Narcisse trudged on towards the caboose as he thought, every now and then calling out to his father. But only the crunching of his boots in the

snow broke the silence as he struggled on listening sharply.

By and by he sank down tired out at the foot of a tree where the drift had formed a huge bowl with moss and leaves now at the bottom, walled about with snow and the tree rising out of the centre of it.

As the sun went down Narcisse thought the caboose fire blazed up hot and the trees between began a solemn dance as his mother had told him the Indians used to do.

Round and about they all went, and he closed his eyes; it made him dizzy to watch them. In spite of the great fire how cold, how very cold it was. When he opened his eyes again all the solemn trees stood still. The brightness was almost gone and in the aisles between the trees a mist seemed floating. He thought he was in the great parish church at the Christmas services. And now the organ played, and the children and young girls, how loud and shrill and sweet they sang. The candles upon the altar, too, shone and twinkled and all about were lights, And the brightness and glory before him, ah, yes, it was the smile of the Christ child as he looked down from the Holy Mother's arms in the great picture above the altar. . . . .

And in the visioned brightness, as the last spark of the sunset glow went out, the child passed behind the Painted Picture into the Sanctuary.

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### CHANGE.

Snow after flower and leaf ;  
 After the joy— the grief ;  
 After life death— and after sunshine gloom ;  
 Then— following winter's reign—  
 Summer will come again,  
 Bright, smiling, as if earth contained no tomb.

REGINALD GOURLAY.



THE HON. DAVID MILLS, LL.B., Q.C., M.P.

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# THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY HON. DAVID MILLS, LL.B., Q.C., M.P.

THE Government of England—if India is left out of view—has spent a much larger sum of money in establishing and protecting the Colonies of South Africa, than it has in any of the other Colonies of the Empire. At the present time, the Empire is threatened with war in consequence of difficulties which have arisen between one of the Dutch Free States, whose people were born subjects of Her Majesty, and British subjects who have settled within the precincts of that Republic. Germany is seeking to become, like England, a world Empire. She has taken possession of territories both upon the Western and Eastern coasts of Africa, in the immediate vicinity of English dominions, and she is shaping her colonial policy so as to ultimately bring the Transvaal Republic within her own Imperial limits. Were Germany master of the Transvaal, she would be able effectually to prevent the consolidation of the English dominions in Africa; in fact, she might menace their existence. And, expensive as the British possessions of South Africa have been to the United Kingdom, that expense would be enormously increased, if Germany were to obtain a substantial foothold in the Transvaal, or the Orange Free State. The German Government know right well that the Boer has a very great repugnance to England and Englishmen. He has been brought in contact with English rule and with the English people, and he has long acted upon the assumption that he is the superior of every other man, and ought to be, alone, entrusted with political authority, wherever he may be. He has a dislike to those whom he knows, which

he does not exhibit, and does not feel, towards those of whom he knows next to nothing; and sooner than to permit the government of the Republic to fall under English jurisdiction, he would, without hesitation, hand it over to Germany, although he would be reluctant to choose a master from any quarter. In order that my readers may understand the feelings and aspirations of the Boers of the Orange Free State and of the Transvaal, it is necessary to give a brief summary of the history of the Dutch settlements of South Africa.

The Dutch were not the first discoverers of that portion of the world. The honor belongs to the Portuguese, who were entitled to claim the southern portion of the continent by discovery. But when the Crown of Portugal was seized by the Spanish Sovereign, some of the Portuguese possessions and, among others, the southern portion of the continent of Africa, passed under the jurisdiction of the Dutch East India Company. This part of the African continent was visited by the Dutch as early as 1595. The Dutch East India Company was organized in 1602, and it took possession of the Cape, and erected there a fort for the protection of its interests, in 1619. The voyage from Holland to the East Indies at that period was a very long one, and the Cape became an important half-way house at which the Dutch sailors rested. Here they obtained fresh provisions and supplies, and here they recuperated their health. The East India Company, in 1651, formed at the Cape a regular colony. In 1635 Louis XIV., repealed the Edict of Nantes, and a large number of Huguenots, who could no longer

find protection under the Grand Monarque, emigrated thither, and formed an important section of the Colony at the Cape. They were forbidden to use the French language, and in the course of a few years, were absorbed into the Dutch population.

At the time of the French Revolution, when Holland was overrun by the French army under Pichegru, the Stadtholder took refuge in England, and he authorized the English Government to take possession of South Africa, in order to prevent its falling into the hands of the French. When the order of the Stadtholder was presented to the garrison, the Governor refused to surrender it to the English. The English, however, took it, and retained possession until the peace of Amiens when, in 1803, it was again placed under Dutch jurisdiction. The peace of Amiens was shortly after broken; war was renewed, and in 1806 the Cape was a second time taken by the English. By the Treaty of 1814, confirmed by that of Vienna the following year, the Colony at the Cape, along with Essiquibo and Berbice, was retained by the English. The English Government had, during the war, spent no less a sum than sixteen million pounds sterling, in their defence, and as England further assisted in paying the large expenditure incurred in the expulsion of the French from the Low Countries, and promoted the union of Flanders with Holland, she was held to have given ample compensation for the Dutch Colonies which she was authorized to retain. The truth is, that the wealth and resources of Holland had gradually declined for a long series of years previous to the French Revolution, and she was altogether unable to put forth those efforts which were necessary both for her own defence, and for the defence of her colonial possessions.

The Boers retained many of the characteristics of the people of the country from which they came. They

exhibited everywhere an impatience of authority, and a dislike of that legitimate control which is essential to the well-being of the state. Perhaps no better idea could be given of the peculiarities of the government they had at the Cape, and of the characteristics of the people, than that which is afforded by two or three extracts from their ancient law. It was expressly provided that every person, without exception, should stop his carriage and get out of it when he saw the Governor approaching, and he should likewise get out of the way so as to allow a convenient passage to any member of "the Court of Policy" whom he might meet. Every citizen who passed Government House was required to uncover his head, and one below a certain rank could, neither himself, nor could his wife or his daughters, venture to carry an umbrella. The umbrella was an indication that a person who was permitted to carry it, had a certain social rank, and it was not permitted to anyone, that he should venture to aspire in any but the well settled way, to a condition in life higher than that which was actually allotted to him by reason of his calling. After the English had come into permanent possession of the Colony, the Dutch inhabitants admitted that they had been greatly benefited by the removal of the incubus of the Dutch East India Company; they admitted that the Colony, under Dutch rule, had never approached the condition of prosperity which it had acquired after it became an English possession; yet, for years after the Cape had passed under English jurisdiction, the Dutch, although they were the subjugated party, were indeed but little disposed to permit the English settlers to have rights equal to those which they claimed for themselves, and they looked with a great deal of jealousy on every colony of Englishmen that arrived in the country.

The first real source of discontent

was shown by the Dutch colonists upon the border in 1813. The border districts were surveyed and a quit rent was charged under which occupants who had been before simply lessees were made permanent owners of the lands they occupied. But the Boers had no notion that their rights were derived from the law; they were greatly dissatisfied with the change, and, although it was unquestionably to their advantage, numbers of them took up arms to resist the authorities. Some too, were fined for outrages committed upon the Hottentots, whom, they thought, on account of their color, they were entitled to abuse with impunity. The result of this two-fold source of discontent, was, that three or four hundred farmers took up arms. They were defeated; six of them were tried for treason; the whole of the Dutch settlers of the surrounding country became interested in their fate and earnestly interceded with the authorities on their behalf; but as they had shown so turbulent a spirit, and had resisted the maintenance of the law by force of arms, five of them were hanged, and one, Kruger, was pardoned. Those who had participated in the insurrection harboured feelings of the deepest resentment towards the British Government for many years, and several families of them emigrated into the interior, to the north of the Orange River.

A second source of discontent arose from the enforcement, within the Colony, of the Act of Emancipation. Slavery was abolished there as well as elsewhere. At the time the Emancipation Act came into operation, there were about 30,000 Kaffirs, Bushmen and Hottentots, held by the Boers as slaves. Nearly two and a half millions of pounds sterling, were appropriated for the purpose of extinguishing the claims which the masters of those slaves might make in consequence of the Act of Emancipation. This sum the English Government reduced by nearly one-half, and they made no

provision for the payment of the Dutch Boers within the Colony. The claims which they had could only be made and met by the Bank of England. Parties at once constituted themselves agents to act on behalf of the distant colonists, intending to make as large a commission by their services as they could, and this led to a further reduction, by 20 per cent., on the sum which the Boer was entitled to receive. The result was, that many of the old slave holders at the Cape, received less than one half of the sum to which they were entitled. All were indignant, some refused to take payment altogether; they knew so little of ordinary financial business, that many of them who would have been willing to receive compensation were never paid. The discontent resulting from this want of foresight on the one side, and of business training on the other, led large numbers of them to quit their ancient homes in the vicinity of Cape Town, and to go beyond the Orange River, and the Drachenburg Mountains. More than a thousand waggons started for Natal. Every night as they camped, they sang the war songs of ancient Israel, and read the story of the Exodus from Egypt. They declared that they were marching out of Egypt and from under the authority of the oppressor, as Israel did in the days of old. One colony of the Boers settled between the Orange and Vaal Rivers; another north of the Vaal in the country now known as the Transvaal Republic, and a third made their way beyond the mountains to Natal.

The English traders were already in possession of Natal at the time the Dutch arrived and a few years later, in 1842, Natal was made an English Colony. The Dutch applied for assistance to the King of Holland, claiming that they had taken possession of the country in his name, and on his behalf, but in a despatch to the English Government in November, 1842, the King of Holland informed the British Foreign Secretary, that the

disloyal action of the emigrant farmers had been repelled with indignation, and that he had taken every possible step to mark his disapproval of the unjustifiable use of his name by the Boers of Natal. Some of the Boer emigrants, when they found themselves unable to escape from English sovereignty if they remained in Natal, returned into the Transvaal country. The Boers had thus two colonies outside of English jurisdiction,—that immediately north of the Orange River and, that lying still further northward beyond the Vaal.

The Orange Free State had been the country of the Bushmen. The Griquas came early into the district from the west. They were armed with guns, and were able to maintain their position against the Bushmen, who had been driven out of the central position of the country by the Matabeles in their march northward. The centre portion of what is now the Orange Free State was then occupied, and thither the Boers from the Cape first went in considerable numbers in 1828. They got immense areas for very small sums of money, or for a few pounds' worth of goods. They were followed later by a great emigration in 1835. The first of these emigrations consisted of about thirty families, who obtained possession of from six to twenty thousand acres each. Those who came later went, as I have mentioned, on to Delagoa Bay; but the climate there proving unhealthy, a large percentage of them died, the remainder, were butchered by the natives and their stock was driven away. The next band of emigrants were but little more successful, having lost upwards of six thousand head of cattle, and forty thousand sheep.

Perhaps no people in any new country ever experienced a more adventurous life, or encountered more dangers and hardships, than have the Boers of Southern Africa. No Colony held today by the United Kingdom has cost,

in men, so many lives, and in money so large a sum as British South Africa, and no other territory within the British Empire presents, within the same space of time, so many matters of historical interest, as do those possessions in South Africa.

The Boers have never hesitated to subject the natives to their jurisdiction, and to appropriate their lands, wherever their interests were served by doing so. The Boer has not been a desirable colonist. Wherever he has gone, his aim has been to acquire an immense private possession, where he can raise what little grain he may require by the labour of slaves, for his own use, and upon which he can maintain his flocks and herds. In the summer he remains upon the uplands, and in the winter he drives his cattle and flocks into the valleys, and resides with his family and his servants in his waggons during the continuance of that season. The immense area of which each family takes possession, is only diminished as an individual holding, if at all, by the natural increase of population, and this diminution is often avoided by many of the sons emigrating into new districts and making new appropriations.

When Sir Harry Smith first visited the Orange River he found the people divided in their allegiance; some favoured placing themselves under English protection and others were for maintaining their individual independence.

In February, 1848, a Proclamation was issued annexing the whole country between the Orange and Vaal Rivers to Her Majesty's possessions. A leading Boer, Andries Pretorius, resisted the English attempt to obtain possession of the country. He called on the farmers on both sides of the Vaal to join him. He formed an Emigrant Association, and he gave notice to all who did not join it, that they must retire from the country. A small garrison was left by Sir Harry Smith under Major Werden at Bloemfontein.

Major Werden was notified to quit the country, and having a wholly inadequate force under his command, he crossed the Orange River, where he remained until he was reinforced by 200 Griquas, and two companies of regulars, making in all a force of about 850 men. Pretorius with the emigrants was encamped at Bloomplaats, upwards of one thousand strong. They were all mounted on horses. They had guns superior to those in the possession of the English. They had chosen an advantageous position, where they were protected against the enemy's fire. After four hours fighting, the Boers were driven from their position, and broke and fled. Their wagons were loaded, all ready for departure, a few miles away. Thither they rode, and taking all their possessions, continued their march until they crossed beyond the Vaal. A garrison was left by the British at Bloomfontein.

On the 22nd March, 1852, Letters Patent were issued erecting the Orange Country into a separate Government. A large party in England, who were totally ignorant of the situation and of the facts, in the following year urged upon the British Government, the propriety of withdrawing altogether from the country. The English Government, being but imperfectly informed, adopted this view, and sent thither Sir George Clarke as a Special Commissioner with instructions to abandon the country. The colonists of the Orange River District, especially those who resided in the villages, and who were carrying on trading and industrial operations in the country, earnestly protested against this course. The natives were equally anxious for the continuance of British protection. They knew Boer rule by a long and disastrous experience. They knew how mercilessly the natives had been treated by the Boers when any difference arose between them, and they were specially interested in the continuance of British authority. The

remonstrance was in vain, and in February 1854, the British Commissioner, in a Convention negotiated at Bloomfontein, handed over the Orange Country to the Boers.

Between that period and 1868, many conflicts had arisen between the Boers and the native tribes and chiefs in Basutoland, which lies to the westward of the Orange Free State. These people were driven out of their country by the Boers, and expressed their anxiety to become British subjects, and to place themselves and their district under British protection. Their wishes were acceded to, and a Proclamation was issued, in which it was announced that Basutoland had become a British possession. The Orange Free State protested, maintaining that under the Convention of 1854 the English Government had promised not to interfere between them and the native population, and that the action of the British Government, in taking the Basutos under their protection, was a violation of the treaty. The English Government, however, maintained that the restriction referred to natives within the territory recognized as belonging to the Orange Free State, and not to the natives in the countries beyond. In 1869 the boundary between the Basuto country and the Orange Free State was settled by the treaty of Aliwal. The Republic was allowed to extend its frontier further westward than it had before held. The diamond fields in the vicinity of Kimberley were retained within British Territory, greatly against the will of the Boers.

The Boers of the South African Republic were involved in conflict with the Zulus and other tribes in their vicinity. They had exhausted their resources; the people refused longer to pay taxes to the Government; the Government had endeavoured to negotiate a loan for the construction of a railway; part of the stock had been subscribed and paid for, and the money so obtained had been used for



the purchase of material which was not utilized, and the Republic, involved in a formidable war, with an empty treasury, was on the verge of dissolution, when Sir Bartle Frere and Sir Theophilus Shepstone visited the country and with the ostensible sanction of its Government, took it over as a British possession. In fact, when the country was so brought within the Queen's Dominions, the Zulus under Cetawayo, and the Matabeles under Secocoeni, were making war upon the Boers, and they were upon the point of being overpowered.

The action of Sir Theophilus Shepstone left the Zulus in the position of being enemies to a people that had now become Her Majesty's subjects, and so the English, owning Natal, upon the east, and the Transvaal upon the west, were the only people against whom the hostility of the Zulus could be directed, and no sooner was the territory acquired than the British authorities found themselves involved in a war with the most powerful chief in South Africa, having under his command more than 40,000 men. When the Zulus were subjugated, and the Boers were relieved at the cost of the English treasury from all further danger, they at once claimed that they had never sanctioned placing their country under Her Majesty's sovereignty, and when the English troops were withdrawn from the neighborhood of the Transvaal, they were again in arms against English authority. In two preliminary engagements they had been successful, and when the Government of Mr. Gladstone found that the inhabitants were altogether opposed to English supremacy, he ordered the troops to desist from further conflict, and recognized the Transvaal as an independent state for all domestic purposes; except that, by an article in the second treaty made with these people it was expressly provided that all persons other than natives conforming themselves to the law of the South African

Republic, should have full liberty, with their families to enter, travel, or reside in any part of the Republic. They were to be entitled to hire or possess houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops and premises, in which they might carry on, by their agents or in person, commercial transactions, and they were not to be subject, either in person or in property, in respect to their commerce or industry, to any taxes, whether general or local, other than those which are imposed upon citizens of the Republic. We shall see hereafter how completely this stipulation of the second treaty between Great Britain and the Transvaal Republic has been disregarded by the latter.

A wide difference of opinion as to the wisdom of the course taken by Mr. Gladstone has prevailed among the population of the United Kingdom. Sir Bartle Frere, an Indian statesman of distinction, and unquestionably a man of far more than ordinary ability, favored the extension of British authority over the Boers of the Transvaal; and the friends of Sir Bartle Frere regarded the course of the British Government as a disastrous blunder, calculated to damage the interests of the Empire in that quarter of the world; while the friends of Mr. Gladstone maintained that his course was fully justified under the circumstances. Lord Randolph Churchill, who was opposed to the policy that Mr. Gladstone adopted at that time, says, after having visited the country personally:—

“The surrender of the Transvaal, and the peace concluded by Mr. Gladstone with the victors of Majuba Hill, were at the time, and still are, the object of sharp criticism and bitter denunciation from many politicians at home: ‘*quorum pars parvi fui.*’ Better and more precise information, combined with cool reflection, leads me to the conclusion that had the British Government of that day taken advantage of its strong military position and annihilated, as it could easily have done, the Boer forces, it would have regained the Transvaal, but it might have lost Cape Colony. The Dutch sentiment in the Colony has been so exasperated by what it considered to be the unjust,

faithless and arbitrary policy pursued towards the free Dutchmen of the Transvaal by Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, and Sir Owen Lanyon, that the final triumph of the British, mainly by brute force, would have permanently and hopelessly alienated it from Great Britain. Parliamentary government in a Colony where the Dutch controlled the Parliament would have become impossible, and without Parliamentary government Cape Colony would be ungovernable. The actual magnanimity of the peace that the Boers concluded with Mr. Gladstone's Ministry after two humiliating military reverses suffered by the armies under their control became apparent, and to the just and sensible minds of the Dutch Cape Colonists atoned for much of past grievance, and demonstrated the total absence in the English mind of any hostility or any unfriendliness to the Dutch race."

Whatever may be thought of the course taken at that time, the trend of events to-day is in the direction of English dominion. The discovery of the gold fields and the diamond fields of South Africa has given to the emigration into those regions an impetus that it had never received before, and there is a fair prospect, for the first time since South Africa became a part of the British Empire, of the English becoming the dominant white race in those regions. At the present time two-thirds of the inhabitants of Cape Colony are of Dutch descent and still speak the Dutch language. In the Colony of Natal there are about 30,000 white inhabitants, of whom two-fifths are Dutch. In the Orange Free State the majority are still Dutch, though if the inhabitants of the diamond fields of Kimberley are counted, the English form at least half the population. In the Transvaal, out of a white population of 160,000, 130,000 are English, and, with a fair government are likely to dominate at an early day, to a still greater extent. In fact, with railways constructed through South Africa, with the mining operations extended into the vast regions under the control of the South African Company, there is every prospect of the English speaking dominions in South Africa embracing a region nearly as large as the whole of the United States, and the English

language, English ideas, and English sympathies, are likely at an early day to acquire an ascendancy over that entire area. But before this desirable result is attained changes must occur in the Transvaal, and in the Orange Free State, little short of actual revolution.

There are many elements of strength in the character of the Boer, but he is a civilized man of a former period. All his conceptions are out of joint with the conditions of modern society, and while he affords excellent material for good citizenship, he will never be much better than he is, until some other race dominates in the country which he occupies. The Boer is a lover of freedom for himself, but not for anybody else. He wishes to keep an immense area of the world as a close preserve, and he is carrying on his agricultural operations in a way which requires a very much larger planet than the one upon which he finds himself, to afford room for even a very moderate population. He is ever endeavoring to escape from the restraints of law, and should the Vaal be dominated by an English-speaking population, large numbers of the Boers, no doubt, will leave the country, taking with them their families, their servants, their flocks, and their herds, to fight the natives in other portions of Africa, and to expel them from the countries which they occupy, in order that room may be made for themselves. The Boer has again and again, although he has bound himself by treaty not to do so, endeavored to cross the Limpopo River into Mashonaland. He has left the borders of his own territory, and he has gone to Gazaland, to M'Gamaland, to Zanzibar, to the possessions of Portugal which lie to the East of the Transvaal, in fact he is essentially a border man of a particular type, and where he can, he endeavors to escape from the bonds and restraints of modern civilization, to which he is a stranger, and from which he is ever a sojourner,

which he hates even more than he does the ways of the heathen in whose land he dwells, and which, with his rifle, he wins from him.

Since the treaties of 1881 and 1884, by which he has subordinated the foreign relations of his country to England, and by which he bound himself not to impose any tax upon aliens other than those which he himself was called upon to bear, he has paid not the slightest regard to these restraints. He has looked upon the Uitlander as a fair subject for plunder, and he has not only endeavored to make him bear nearly the whole costs of Government, but he has also taxed him in order to afford incomes to the few Boers and their Dutch associates to whom have been entrusted the business of Government. How far he has departed from the stipulation in respect to equal taxation, is shown by the figures given by Lord Randolph Churchill. If he has paid but little heed to the restraints upon his external relations, he has given even less attention to the restraints upon his power to deal unequally with the stranger and sojourner in his midst.

Lord Randolph Churchill says in his account of his journey through the Transvaal, that the city of Johannesburg, which, at the time he was there, contained upwards of 70,000 people, was without streets that were graded, paved, watered or lighted; that foot-pads could pursue their avocations with little trouble and little risk at night; that in the city there were but few police; that the evils to which Johannesburg was subject would be readily remedied if the people possessed a representative municipality; but that the selfish jealousy of the Boer Government obstinately refused any such concession. There is a Sanitary Board, whose regulations are completely neutralized by a law of the Republic, which provides that no one can be a member of the Board unless he speaks the Dutch, and the proceedings of the Board must be recorded in

that language. Johannesburg is an English-speaking town. Extremely few of the inhabitants can speak Dutch; those who do so are not found among the wealthy or the well-informed, so that its municipal government is in the hands of the most incompetent persons to be found among its people. Many of the inhabitants are well qualified to give the city an efficient municipal system, but they have no more voice in the affairs than a negro of South Carolina had in the municipal government of Charleston during the time when slavery was in force in that State. The Boer Government nominates the President of the Municipal Board, and he is not one of those who are elected. The schools which are allowed within the Republic are only those in which the Dutch language is taught, and out of the white population of 160,000, there are 130,000 who have neither rights nor liberties. The city of Pretoria, which is the capital of the Republic, and which contains about 12,000 inhabitants—about one-tenth of the population of Johannesburg—is practically supported by taxes levied from the latter place.

The astonishing thing is that the attention of the English Government was not called to the matter sooner, and that its interference was not demanded on the ground that the whole proceeding was in contravention of the compact. When President Kruger has been pressed to give greater security to life, and greater facility for commerce, his invariable answer has been that he has no money for the purpose. The roads, he declares, were good enough for their fathers, and they are good enough for the men of to-day. Lord Randolph Churchill points out that certain articles of trade, which are essential to carrying on mining operations, are under control of monopolies; that the Boer, for a consideration, is given, not infrequently, an exclusive right to deal in a particular article; that dynamite,

which is imported into the country, is under the control of one man, to whom, in addition to the actual price, a royalty of 12s. 6d. a ton must be paid. He points out that the natural resources of the country are such that had it been under English or American jurisdiction, it would, in all probability, have had within its limits some millions of European inhabitants. It would have had roads and bridges, railways and canals; that there is no place with greater natural resources in the world; but that it has been cursed by the jurisdiction of a few thousand Boers, who, as long as they can retain their supremacy, will prove an insuperable obstacle to the country's progress.

The Uitlanders own more than half the land and they own nine-tenths of the personal property in the Transvaal, and yet they are wholly without representation. Under the present constitution there is no control of any sort over public expenditure. The tax is mainly upon the necessaries of life. There has long been gross corruption in every branch of the public service. Education is practically denied to Uitlanders, for no instruction in any public school is given, as I have stated, except in the Dutch language, and enormous taxes are being imposed at the present time to build forts at Pretoria, and at Johannesburg, simply to overawe those who have been subjected to the grossest injustice and oppression.

The Uitlanders demand such a change in the constitution as will make the Government fairly representative of the whole people; they ask for a fair franchise law, and fair representation in the legislature; for responsibility in administration; for the removal of religious disabilities; for the independence of the judges; for education in English as well as in Dutch; and for Free trade in South African products. They also ask for a fair postal system, for an efficient telegraph system, and for municipal government.

Notwithstanding the sturdy character of the Boer, he has no scruples in his dealings with Uitlanders. He is said to be a man who loves independence, who is fond of indolence, who hates civilization, and who has no regard for the truth. One of the most interesting studies connected with the Government of the Transvaal is the progressive changes which have been made in the electoral franchise, in order to maintain the authority and jurisdiction of the minority, over the entire population. At first, after a residence of five years a man might become a citizen, and might acquire the ordinary rights of citizenship; but as the British population increased, the period of residence has been proportionately extended, and when an alien is now naturalized he finds that by his naturalization he has lost the rights of a subject of the country of his birth, but he has not acquired the ordinary rights of citizenship in the Transvaal. He may vote for a member of the second chamber which has but little power given to it, but the first chamber, the one that really controls and directs the affairs of the government, he has no voice in at all, as he is not permitted to vote for the election of its members. If, under the present constitution, every Uitlander was a citizen, the government would still be in the hands of the Dutch Afrianders. It is indeed a most extraordinary thing, that men of British and American birth, trained in the principles of self government and used to the exercise of popular authority, should, in a country where they have an overwhelming majority, submit to such tyranny and oppression as that which is practiced upon them by the Boers of the Transvaal Republic.

Once reform in the domestic constitution of that country is effected, the first substantial step will have been taken towards the federation of British South Africa. That country is one which admits, under existing cir-

cumstances, of very rapid growth both in population and in wealth. It is one where the English race may indefinitely extend its authority. If ever there was a continent where such a doctrine as the Monroe doctrine fittingly applied it is South Africa. It was indeed a mistake ever to permit Germany to acquire possession, either upon the eastern or upon the western coast. Upon both these coasts the English trade with the native population was far more extensive than that of Germany, at the time that Germany took formal possession. The English, so far, are the one race that go forth to occupy the country which they acquire, to invest their money in it, to cultivate and to subdue it. They have spent in South Africa, through the instrumentality of the government, fifty millions of pounds in subduing the country, in maintaining order, in opening it to trade and commerce. There have been spent in recent years, many millions of British capital by private enterprise, and the interests, both of the Government and of the people, are far too great to permit Germany or any other state to seriously endanger their possessions. German statesmen, no doubt, look forward to the possession of both the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. If Germany should acquire those countries, she would soon place within their limits a large German army; she would effectually cut off the British possessions in South Africa from those that are extending to the head waters of the Nile, and to the great lakes of the interior, and she could impose upon the British Empire an expenditure of money, in order that she might give security to her possessions, that would on the whole prove a greater burden than war itself. To the dangers of the situation, the promptness and the energy with which the British Government acted, show very clearly that British statesmen are fully alive. Had the gold fields of the Transvaal been discovered prior to the restoration of

Boer Independence, it is not at all probable that that independence would have been conceded. It is almost certain that all the dangers which Lord Randolph Churchill points out as likely to have arisen, if such a course had been persisted in, would have been risked.

This much is clear, that however necessary the concession of independence to the Transvaal may have been, to allay the rising hostility in the minds of the Dutch in Cape Colony, it has proved a source of not a little danger at the present time, and one, certainly of great detriment to the material progress of South Africa. The country is controlled by, and for the present the direction of its affairs is in the hands of men who have been the persistent foes of railway construction, and of all attempts at both material and intellectual progress.

Lord Randolph Churchill has drawn a very dark picture of the Boers, and as a dominant population, it is doubtful whether that picture is overdrawn. He says:—

“That the day of their authority in the Transvaal, as in every other part of South Africa, is numbered, and they will pass away unhonored and unlamented, and scarcely even remembered except by the native. They have had given to them great possessions and great opportunities. They will be for a time remembered on account of their cruelties towards and their tyranny over the native races, their fierce fanaticism, their ignorance, their selfishness will be handed down to posterity by tradition. They have had one of the finest countries in the world, and one of the greatest opportunities ever offered to a people, but they have failed to confer a single benefit upon a single human being, not even upon themselves, and upon the pages of African history they will leave a shadow, but only a shadow, of a dark reputation and an evil name.”

It is not probable that the Transvaal or the Orange Free State, or, for that matter, Cape Colony, would ever consent to be organized into a federation under British authority, where, even in theory, the Imperial Parliament would be permitted to question the exclusive jurisdiction of the local legislature over their own domestic concerns. The British Empire has,

for a long time, been in practice and by the conventions of the constitution, a federation, the local and domestic concerns of which have been in the exclusive possession of local and domestic governments; but the Imperial Parliament has never admitted that the local jurisdiction is exclusive. It maintains, in theory at the least, that it possesses a paramount jurisdiction which, when exercised, would supersede, even in local matters, local bodies. Now it is impossible to acquire even a superficial knowledge of the history of the government of South Africa, without seeing that the Imperial Government must consent to formally withdraw all pretension, legal as well as political, from over the purely domestic concerns of the local governments, once parliamentary powers are fully conceded. Indeed one of the difficulties which every Secretary of State for the Colonies has again and again experienced in dealing with South African problems, has been that the local authorities themselves have never been able there as we do here in Canada, to distinguish between

what is local and what, in its nature, is Imperial. Over the whole field of government Cape Colony has more than once claimed exclusive jurisdiction. It has never cheerfully admitted of any interference on the part of the Colonial Office, even where the burden and the responsibility have devolved upon the Imperial authorities, but in every part of the dominions of South Africa, though the days of Boer rule be numbered, yet the character which the Boer exhibits, his habits of mind, his religious faith, his self-reliance, his obstinacy, his selfishness and his courage will long remain an important element in South African character. These qualities are too strong and too deep not to create a distinctive type of men, and although the English population may there increase, and the Dutch be wholly absorbed, yet the Boer is destined to exercise an unimportant influence in the future, not on account of what he has done, but by reason of what he is upon the course of South African history for centuries to come.

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#### A SONG OF MAY

Gentle zephyrs, fragrance-laden,  
 In the yellow sunlight sigh;  
 Through the sweet May air rejoicing  
 Flies the lark so high.

In among the flowers the brooklet  
 Sparkles, as it laughing winds;  
 Butterflies away on the grasses  
 Which the edges bind.

Oh, how sweet indeed the pleasure  
 Idly in the grass to lie,  
 Gazing to th' celestial ether  
 As the hours slip by.

--From the *German of Reinick*,

EDMUND HARDY.

## THE VALUE OF ALL-BRITISH CABLES.

BY DANVERS OSBORN.

RECENT untoward events, with an almost universal display of hostile sentiment towards Great Britain, have clearly demonstrated the necessity for cementing and firmly uniting—with the least possible delay—those material ties which bind us to the remote portions of the Empire, enabling us to pursue and carry out the true imperial policy of “dangerous isolation,” glorious in itself, yet fraught with red ruin, should serious disaster overwhelm us, in any one quarter of our extensive possessions.

The question of an all-British cable across the Pacific Ocean, which, of late, has occupied no small amount of attention, is a scheme the imperial authorities and every person interested in the growth of the Empire cannot afford to set aside as undeserving of investigation.

From the start the idea has possessed undeniable credentials: prominent men, whose testimony is not to be minimized, and whose careers have added lustre to various administrations, both at home and abroad, have sacrificed valuable time and deserted the uttermost parts of the earth in order to discuss the preliminary details of an enterprise, which must eventually become a “fait accompli,” and prove of great commercial and strategic advantage to the future well-being of the Empire.

As a rival to more than one subsidized concern doing business with the East, the enterprise, staggering under a full measure of unstinted reproach dealt to it by jealous opponents, has survived all adverse pronouncements and found its way to the top of the list of those very necessary and immediate undertakings which the imperial government, sustained by its

colonies, very wisely decrees can no longer be relegated to the hidden recesses of a departmental bureau. Without wishing to detract from the usefulness and efficiency of existing corporations, it is, nevertheless, quite evident that the present system of cable communication with Australia—outside of normal happenings—does not recommend itself to public confidence in the event of foreign disturbances.

Interruptions threatening serious consequences menace the system at different points; overland wires across Egypt and spanning the broad expanses of continents are conspicuous weaknesses; so much so, that the recent expression from Lord Wolseley concerning any dependence upon the Indian and Australian cable system in times of imminent danger as “unwise and suicidal,” are words in due season painfully suggestive, yet appropriate. Our tenure in Egypt is a precarious one. A section of English politicians constantly clamor for evacuation and, in this particular, receive every encouragement from France, which all along has viewed our occupation with undisguised dislike.

Any serious attempt to dispossess us of our stewardship, would act as an incentive to the native population; the first stage of real opposition to our permanence would involve the destruction of the land lines—the only means of communication between the Mediterranean and Red Sea.

A contest for the rights of possession would suspend, indefinitely, telegraphic communication to the East *via* the Egyptian land lines—a repetition of the chaos and confusion succeeding the Alexandria outbreak of 1882—under such circumstances an

to guard against a recurrence of similar disabilities, an alternative route across the Pacific would prove of incalculable benefit, not being liable to sudden interruption at the hands of the Queen's enemies. State secrets of vital importance are far better off buried in the deep bosom of the ocean. A cable in submerged depths is a better surety for absolute security than the dull outline of telegraph wire and ceaseless array of stilts, which alternate across deserts inhabited by nomadic bands of Bedouins, philosophic enough to believe that another man's misfortune is Ishmael's best opportunity in matters of despoilment and subsequent assessment.

The cable system from England to Aden round the coast of Africa, does not insure immunity from interruption. It is essentially a *peace* cable, laid through shallow waters and fever-haunted districts. Add to these inconveniences the fact that the landings in several places are upon foreign soil, controlled either by France or Portugal, an altercation with either of these countries would seriously jeopardize the utility of the African route.

During a period of five years, thirty-eight breaks are recorded, seventeen on the east coast and twenty-one on the west coast, a region of baneful clime and cosmopolitan combination.

The number of idle days caused by the breaks was 648, of which period the West coast carried off the palm with a dispensation from service of 348 days, whilst the let-up on the East coast amounted to exactly ten calendar months. With these figures before us it is ridiculous to suppose that those who control this system still possess the effrontery to claim meritorious distinction as public carriers. On examination of the two routes it will be seen that neither of them can insure an independent line of communication to South Africa.

Route to Cape Town <i>via</i> West Coast of Africa.	Route to Cape Town <i>via</i> Egypt and Red Sea.
Porthcurnow (Cornwall.)	Porthcurnow (Cornwall)
1 Lisbon.... Foreign.	1 Lisbon.... Foreign.
2 Madeira..... "	2 Gibraltar... British.
3 St. Vincent. "	3 Malta..... "
4 Bathurst.. British.	4 Alexandria } All sta- Landlines to } tions
5 Sierra Leone. "	5 Suez..... } Foreign.
6 Accra..... "	6 Aden..... British.
7 Lagos..... "	7 Zanzibar.... "
8 New Calabar. "	8 Mozambique, Foreign
9 Bonny..... "	9 Delagoa Bay. "
10 Prince's Island, Foreign.	10 Durban..... British. Landline to Cape Town.
11 St. Thomas Island, Foreign	
12 St. Paul De Loando, Foreign.	
13 Benguela.. Foreign.	
14 Mossamedes, " Cape Town.	

The collapse of the above dual system during the exciting days of the Jamieson raid is an object-lesson not easily forgotten. At a critical moment the St. Thomé-Loanda cable on the West coast gave out, and the Lourenço Marques (Delagoa Bay)-Durban section of the East coast route was down also;—all cablegrams for South Africa had to pass through Portuguese territory and the Transvaal, thence inland to Natal and the Cape.

Concerning this suspension the London daily papers were—by way of small comfort—able to make the following announcement:

"The Eastern Telegraph Company notify that during the interruption in the cables which was advised yesterday, traffic to and from South Africa is passing *via* the land lines with but little delay."

In other words, as editorially commented on by the *Canadian Gazette* at the time:—"We were dependent upon the good graces of Portugal and President Kruger for every telegraphic message from England to our British colonies of Cape Colony and Natal; knowing from recent experience what ideas President Kruger and his fellow Boers have on the subject of the "supervision" of telegrams—what a



pleasing prospect for British Ministries and British traders to be at his mercy at such a time as this."

As a moral arising from the crisis, and doubtless with a view to calling attention to our telegraphic isolation, Sir George Baden Powell, in a letter to the *Times*, covers the entire field of the empire's shortcomings in the matter of independent cable communication.

He wrote as follows:—

"At the moment we were all of us painfully anxious for prompt and unadulterated telegraphic news from South Africa, from Venezuela, and from other places where there is trouble. Still greater would be our anxiety and our need in time of actual war. The public will do well to bear in mind the present condition of our telegraphic connections.

"In regard to South Africa, the Aden-Zanzibar cable happens to have broken at an inopportune moment; considerable delay occurs on the West coast route. But all these messages, as well as those to and from the Ashanti expedition, have to pass through foreign territory.

"Again, telegraphic connection with British Guiana, with all our West Indian possessions, with our fleet in the West Indies, is maintained by means of land lines across Cuba and across the United States—lines subject to the necessities of local combatants or others who might be hostile to us

"The remedy is simple—viz. : to hasten the inevitable completion of two projected all-British direct cables. It is an axiom of to-day that submarine cables, made and laid with all the latest appliances, are certain to pay for commercial purposes; for state and strategic purposes they are indispensable.

"It is, therefore, to be hoped that in these moments of stress the public will read the lesson aright, and see to it that the responsible authorities arrange to provide the two lines of cable communication which our empire may so urgently need in the future—viz. : the shorter line from Bermuda to Jamaica, and the longer line from Vancouver to Australia, with its continuation to Mauritius and South Africa.

"We shall thus obtain alternative and all-British means of communicating between all over-sea points of the empire, invaluable alike for the commerce and security of all its parts."

Further emphasis to the remarks of Sir George Baden-Powell point out the necessity of extending the Halifax-Bermuda cable to England. The possession of an Atlantic cable would forge the last link in the chain of the empire's strategic system. Working in connection with the C. P. R. trans-continental line it would furnish a direct

route to Australia, beneficial to the commercial world in times of peace, invaluable and well-nigh invulnerable when the drums begin to roll.

In the matter of a strategic cable system France has for some time been stealthily seeking to undermine British influence, she has already put down a cable 800 knots in length from Bundaberg, Queensland, to New Caledonia.

At that time, Mr. Audley Coote, M. L. C., representing the French Company which undertook the work, made the following significant remarks:—

"You may say that after I had laid the first section of the Pacific cable, I came to Europe for the purpose of arranging for the other sections to go on section by section."

"Those arrangements have been made, and the new cable is now an assured fact. It will be more of an international undertaking than any other cable that has been laid, because there will be not only the Australian governments interested in the matter, but England, Germany, America and France. The existing rates will of course, be lowered, probably to three shillings per word, the press being met on liberal terms, and each of the governments interested will be allowed to send their messages free in each year to the extent of their guarantee of interest."

"I am on my way now to Australia, and the English public will hear from the Colonial governments very shortly after my return; but there is very little doubt that the various sections will be laid in the specified time, and that the whole thing will be in working order in a couple of years. We have yet to make nearly 17,000 miles of cable."

Since the date of the auspicious occasion which put the convicts of New Caledonia in closer touch with former associations the Colonial governments *have* been heard from, with a unanimous verdict for an all-British cable, and no other.

With remarkable persistency however the French Government has pursued its avowed policy of completing a system of cables, in the West Indies and Pacific, and makes no secret in declaring that any line of communication *other* than British will serve.

Apropos of Mr. Coote and his intentions to lay an all-French cable across the Pacific, some of the remarks made by Sir Henry Wrixon represent-

ing the government of Victoria at the Ottawa Conference of 1894, are well worth quoting. Sir Henry said:—

“ If there is anything of importance to England in making a second cable communication, in case of war, then undoubtedly, there is a very great argument in support of the cable.

“ When we look at the enormous sums expended by the mother country for defence, when we are told that there are some £18,000,000 or £20,000,000 to be expended in strengthening the navy, this cable costing some couple of millions, flashing the intelligence or instructions through might mean the safety of the colonies and the empire. If there is any truth in that view, it is a vital question for the whole Empire. But there is another view to which I think I ought to direct the attention of the conference, and, as to which we, in Australia, feel very strongly. If the matter is now rejected, if England throws the thing over, if England will not assist in the laying of this cable, there is very little doubt but that France will lay it. If it is not done by us, and by the Imperial Government, the whole thing will go into the hands of France, which would be a very serious question for us. There is already the cable from Australia to New Caledonia.”

Referring to Sir Henry's remarks concerning the sums expended in strengthening the navy, the cost of an all British cable across the Pacific is a mere bagatelle compared with the money spent, and sometimes sunk by our modern leviathans:

Two years ago, writing on this subject to the *Halifax Herald*, I concluded my article with the following remarks:—

“ The Imperial government awake to the defective condition of the navy appropriate large sums to maintain it in a state of efficiency. The sum needed to defray the cost of construction of a Pacific cable is a fraction in comparison with the expense incurred in order to fully man and equip four first-class ironclads of modern type.

An ocean cable once laid is unlikely to incur heavy extra expenses or to be abandoned. The expenditure of enormous sums, such as were expended in repairing the warships *Sultan*, *Warspite* and *Howe* need no calculation; extra burdens to taxpayers, owing to total losses, exemplified in the sinking of *H. M. S. Serpent* and the more recent disaster of the *Victoria*, is a considerable item not to be included. Moreover, in subsidizing the Pacific project, the Imperial government is helping to open a shop with every probability of its becoming a paying concern from the start. The enterprise would not only pay its own way as a public carrier, but would proclaim the healthfulness of its existence by extinguishing all outstanding pecuniary obligations within a limited period.

The time is far spent, June is at hand; it is the duty of the Imperial government to shake off apathy and declare its intentions—it is to be hoped subventions. The patient and long-suffering colonies will speedily fall into line with the mother country.”

Sir Henry Wrixon further went on to say:—

“ If this conference, and if the Imperial Government say: ‘ We cannot trouble about it; do as you like; we wash our hands of it,’ and if that gets abroad, I believe there are plenty of persons, interested in a commercial point of view, who will take up the cable, under the auspices of the French Government, and carry it through. We have had an experience of that already, with regard to the cable from Australia to New Caledonia. There are plenty of business men, I will not call them commission agents, but gentlemen who partly occupy that position, who would make something handsome out of such a contract. If it were announced that this conference will do nothing, and that England will not touch it, these gentlemen have a very good opportunity to go to France and say, ‘ will you now complete what you have commenced? You will have it under your control, it will be a French line, be laid by French ships, and be under French management.’ ”

The foregoing sentiments, given expression by the representative of a colony whose loyalty to the empire has manifested itself on more than one critical occasion, cannot be impeached as idle testimony. Sir Henry Wrixon, as the mouthpiece for the Government of Victoria, not only voiced the feeling of his own Province, but spoke also for myriads of English citizens apportioned to reside outside of the Mother Country, yet, every bit as jealous of any interference by a foreign power with affairs affecting the future destinies of the fair isle dominating over all our interests.

England cannot any longer afford to turn a deaf ear to the urgent needs of the case. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the coming London Conference will result in satisfying the pressing wants of all the colonies, more especially those places which are threatened with alien control—an undesirable substitute for British management.

Merchants accustomed to transact daily business with Melbourne and Victoria, are well aware that the existing

corporation, controlling the situation without rivals, possesses three weak points in its system, viz., the overland line across Egypt, the land line connection between Bombay and Madras and the trunk lines in Australia.

Sufficient reference has previously been made to the defects of the Egyptian telegraph system: the Bombay-Madras connection, owing to our undisputed possession, is not so liable to molestation outside of the temporary delays due to the elements. In event, however, of native disturbances in India assuming the serious proportions of the mutiny of 1857, the immunity of the telegraph wires from prolonged interruption is extremely doubtful: the complete severance of the Indian trunk line would cut off all communication east of Bombay.

Coming down to Australia, we find that the cables out of Sumatra divide in their landings, two going to Port Darwin, whilst the other is joined to the continent at Roebuck Bay on the north-west coast.

The trunk lines connecting these points with South and Western Australia are more or less subject to delay, as a list of recent interruptions shows: 1894, December 18.—Both routes interrupted for eighteen hours.

1895, January 18-25.—Both routes interrupted.

1895, July 29.—Port Darwin route interrupted.

1895, September.—Fault still exists in Western Australian line between Bremer and Esperance Bay; all business much delayed.

1895, November 12.—Western Australian route interrupted between Israelite Bay and Esperance Bay.

1895, November 23.—Western Australian route interrupted to the westward of Israelite Bay.

1896, January 14.—Port Darwin route interrupted for some hours.

1896, January 18-19.—Port Darwin route interrupted.

1896, January 22.—Port Darwin route interrupted.

1896, February 18-27.—Western Australian route interrupted towards Roebuck Bay and towards Adelaide.

The last notice of interruption cuts off Perth entirely from outside communication by telegraph.

It will easily be seen that the trunk lines of Australia are not reliable means of connection; moreover it is claimed that the above list is incomplete and does not furnish all information owing to the fact that the South and West Australian authorities do not advise the Berne officials by telegraph of the interruptions which occur on the Australian lines.

Telegraph affairs in the western hemisphere, so far as imperial interests are concerned, are no better off. The ordinary channel of telegraphic communication with the West Indies is by American land lines to Key West. In case of interruptions beyond Key West, an alternative route, at prohibitive rates, is available *via* the Gulf of Mexico, West Coast of Central America and Isthmus of Panama, where connection is once more made with the West India and Panama Telegraph Company. In event of storms affecting the American land lines, the cables belonging to these two routes cannot be reached; under such circumstances, the only available route left open to the customer in London wishing to send a telegram to Jamaica, is *via* the Eastern, Brazilian Submarine and Western Brazilian Telegraph Companies, by land line across South America, thence by the cables of the West Coast Company to Lima, Peru.

At this point the message is handed over to the Central and South American Telegraph Company—the competitor of the Eastern system to points in South America; this company transmits it to Panama, where it is handed to the Panama Railroad Company for transmission to Colon, performing the last stage of its long journey over the cables of the West India and Panama Telegraph Company. This circuitous route certainly possesses all the re-

markable qualities of the chameleon in its ever-changing process.

Of the seven companies handling the message, four work the siphon recorder instrument, two companies flash it by mirror, two different Morse codes—American and Continental—are employed to aid in the transmission; a constant metamorphosis, calling into service, ears, eyes and hands—if any of the mirror readers employ writers, the mouth also chants a part.

The heterogeneous and unreliable conditions besetting our cable communication with the West Indies must be improved.

Our misunderstanding with the Washington authorities over the Schomburghk line, should startle us into a recognition of our own impotence in the matter of secure connection.

Handicapped by decided disadvantages, the awful reality of war with the United States means that Halifax and Bermuda—should occasion demand it—would be unable to communicate with the North Atlantic squadron—"Peccavi"—to what purpose? Important orders withheld from the fleet at such a moment, might teach us the lesson which bitter experience often has in store for the unprepared. Little time therefore should be lost in extending the Bermuda-Halifax cable to Jamaica and other islands.

When storm clouds lower, we have hitherto been accustomed to repose all confidence in our navy; it is no figure of speech to declare that up-to-date methods require a cable to fire a cannon, the Admiralty is of the same mind and proposes to construct special 20-knot cruisers fitted with cable laying apparatus to accompany each squadron, so that the commanders can communicate with the mainland should circumstances require it—evidence of the fact, that a perfect system of cables is an important factor to be reckoned with in modern naval warfare.

Sir William Cusack-Smith, Bart., in his naval essay entitled "Our Warships," says in his concluding remarks:—"Naval strength is the result of a combination of many elements and sources of power, having each its special function and sphere of work and operation, but all uniting for the common end: and no one element can claim pre-eminence."

These brief remarks speak volumes, and although—in further quotation—no one element can claim pre-eminence, the lack of an auxiliary or want of proper concentration at a decisive moment, are discrepancies that ought to lie outside of all calculation. Attention to minute detail often puts a finishing touch to handiwork, rendering it perfection—by no means does this imply that perfection itself is a little thing. Should the coming London conference decide to supply all the desired needs of a strategic cable system throughout the Empire, Canada would occupy no unimportant position in the allotments assigned to her.

Centrally situated, our Dominion would be in direct touch with the Empire's capital, the West Indies and the continent of Australia, maintaining an independent connection across her own territory by Government land lines.

Prominent men of Canada have long labored to bring about these necessary developments.

Mr. Sandford Fleming, whose name is so well known in connection with every improvement requiring intelligent application, has fathered the idea of an all-British cable since its inception; he has furnished statistics and journeyed throughout the length and breadth of the empire, in order to convince various administrations of the soundness and practicability of the scheme. Amongst those of his skilful pleadings on the subject, the addresses to the Melbourne and London Chambers of Commerce, and his eloquent address before the Ottawa Conference in 1894, are memorable deliveries that

effectually dispose of all adverse comments detrimental to the scheme.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., have both given the Pacific cable project their cordial support.

The Government presided over by the late Sir John Thompson, decided, in 1893, to send a delegate to Australia, with a view to promote an extension of trade between that country and Canada, also to confer with the Australian Government on the subject of a Pacific cable. This mission was entrusted to the then Minister of Trade and Commerce, Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, and resulted in awakening a fresh interest in a scheme tending to draw the two colonies closer together.

Mr. Bowell, as President of the Colonial Conference, held at Ottawa in 1894, gave fresh proof of his interest in all things pertaining to the welfare and development of the Empire.

The proposed direct means of communication with Australia, *via* Canada, furnished opportunity to all opposed to the scheme to give expression to their views. Shortly before the Ottawa Conference inaugurated its session, Sir John Pender, Chairman of the Eastern Telegraph Company addressed a letter to the *Times*, correcting several statements made by the Canadian High Commissioner, in an address before the Royal Colonial Institute.

A newspaper controversy ensued, between the High Commissioner and Sir John Pender, resulting in the wholesale discomfiture of the element opposed to the scheme.

To complete the list of illustrious Canadians interested in the laying of an all-British Pacific cable, it may interest a great many to know, that the last public utterances of the late Sir John Thompson, delivered by him before the members of the Imperial Institute, the night preceding his untimely decease—referred to the Pacific cable project. A reproduction of

those words is not amiss. Sir John Thompson said :—

“ One of the great objects of the Conference, apart from the question of trade and trade arrangements was to avail ourselves of the opportunities presented by rapid communication, and to lessen the distance and time separating us from each other. Already, as you know, tenders have been called for by the Canadian government for laying the Pacific cable, and it is a gratifying fact that these tenders place the cost of the work within a million dollars less than the estimate previously formed. We can judge by the fact of the possibilities of good results attending the conference. The carrying out of the undertaking must in great part depend upon the action of her majesty's government, as the project is too great for any one colony to materially aid it. But, when I mention the fact that Canada stands ready to support it by a liberal subsidy, and that, I believe the Australian colonies stand in the same position, and seeing, also, that the cost has already been lessened by a million dollars, you will realize how completely within our grasp that undertaking is at the present time.”

Canada may well feel proud of her sons.

Further need of assurance is unnecessary to substantiate the declaration, that in the matter of strategic cable enterprise—as well as in all things redounding to the prestige of the empire—Canadians, past and present, have contributed in no small way towards the glorious ends in store for a loyal people. Destined to become a great nation, this fair Dominion is furnishing material for history to relate; bright pages recording the heroism and self-sacrifice of our ancestors, will be illuminated by the nobler works of peace, inaugurated in this present year of grace within measurable termination of the memorable Victorian age.

Proud possessors of the “ *Civis Romanus sum* ” of other days, let us see to it in all things affecting the interests of the sovereign country proud to call us her children, that we prove worthy of our inheritance. The stern path of duty made easy by the untarnished memory of past performances, determining all our ways, will entitle us to a like adjudgment from future generations.

## GLYDON EPHSCOT'S BRIDE.

BY A. MAUDE JOLLEY.

SHE stands at the window, a dark shadow against the dying day, her fingers idly tapping the sill while her eyes rove over the fair expanse of water where not the faintest ripple disturbs the calm bosom of the great lake, blushing rosy red at old Sol's departing kiss.

"What a beautiful sunset," murmurs the girl, dreamily.

The old fisherman shakes his head, "It'll be a bad night for sailors; there's rough weather in that sky." Even as he speaks a mighty gust of wind strikes the house. Fishing-tackle and frying-pans clatter to the floor; the door flies shut with a bang.

"Shut the window, lass," shouts the man.

The water, which a second before had lain so placidly smiling in the sunlight, is broken up. Great waves rush angrily against the beach, then drawing back as if to gather new strength sweep fiercely over the sands. The huge waves wash over the pier and dash against the lighthouse, sending the white spray high in the air. Dark ugly-looking clouds scud rapidly across the sky, and one could almost fancy the bloodred sun gives a hiss as it sinks into the frothing sea. One of the winds so common to the coast had sprung upon them.

"I think I'd better go and see that the *Pretty Marie* is fastened all right. It'll be a hard night for the boats in the slips," murmurs the old sailor, pulling his cap down about his ears; and opening the door a gust of wind almost takes him off his feet. But a man used to the quarter deck of an ocean vessel is not easily daunted, and the square, sturdy figure sturdily faces the breeze

The girl still stands at the window.

She does not heed the storm, does not even hear her father's parting words; her mind has gone back to a year ago to-day—a fair smiling day, when strong firm hands had held hers, while a pair of coral eyes had looked into hers and a musical voice had whispered:—

"I'll be back a year from to-day, Irene, to claim my bride."

Then he had gone away and she had never heard from him again. As the year had passed they had told her he was false; but her faith had never wavered, and to-day, as she stands there, something tells her he is coming to her.

The wind steadily increases; night falls black and terrible. Irene and her father sit alone. The girl's face is white and wears a listening, expectant look. Suddenly the door is thrown open, a strong voice shouts above the breeze:—"There's a ship going to pieces out on the reef. She is drifting in. We are going to try and save some lives." Before he has finished speaking, the old sailor has caught up his cap and joined them.

Neither of them notice Irene snatch down a shawl and follow.

The heavy clouds have parted, and let the full moon through bright and clear. Out at sea, not more than a hundred yards from the shore, the black hull of a ship rocks on its side. The life-boat, manned by strong, brave men, is going to the rescue. They are almost within reach when the doomed vessel gives a lurch. There is a sound of parting timbers, the hull slowly falls apart and sinks. As she goes down a figure springs from the deck into the foaming waters.

So centred is all the interest in the boat, that none notice the form of a

young girl kneeling on the beach with clasped hands, her great eyes fixed on the wreck.

When the life-boat returns it is only heavier by one, and that one lies stiff and cold in the bottom of the boat. Very tenderly they lift the poor, bruised form, very tenderly they bear it to the nearest house—the old sailor's—and gently lay it on the bed. Then they start back, for, cold and dead, there lies before them Glydon Ephscot—Irene's lover.

The girl enters, pale but calm.

"Where have you laid him?" she asks.

They feel intuitively that she knows, and reverently draw aside. She goes to him without surprise or change on her face, and kneeling beside the bed, lays her cold lips to his.

"I knew you would come," she whispers. Her head drops forward on his breast—she has fainted, they say.

"Irene," says a kind, motherly woman, "look up," but the girl never moves. The woman raises the bowed head. The spirit has fled. A happy, peaceful smile is on her face. Glydon Ephscot has claimed his bride.

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### RONDEAU.

"THE SPRING IS HERE."

The Spring is here, a-down doth flow  
 In muddy streams the once white snow  
 Down to the river yet unbound,  
 Yet with the Ice-king's sceptre crowned  
 Now soon to find its overthrow.

By many sounds kind Spring we know ;  
 See the loud cawing, lonely crow,  
 The gopher chirping on his mound.  
 The Spring is here.

See high the geese in serried row  
 Greeting stern Winter's overthrow,  
 (For Arctic regions northward bound)  
 Glad heralds, for their cry (honk) doth sound  
 "The Spring is here!"

Brandon, Man.

H. T. M.

## NONDESCRIPT.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON, (MADGE MERTON).

NATURE and humanity are launching out into new clothes. Nature is prodigal in the quality and quantity of her vernal attire, and we love her for it. Man and his better half, we call extravagant.

There is a new zest to life in these days of sunshine and resin-loaded air—zest which the house keeper puts to practical advantage, but which we idle sun-loving vagrants use up in being happy.

A day or two of sunshine brings us Hepaticas and Spring Beauty, and early Violets, a little later will come the Bell Wort's, the dog-tooth Violets and the Trilliums, the death flower of the early settlers, but the prized treasure, nevertheless, of every wood-lover from babyhood up.

There are slender catkins on the willows, and on the white and yellow birches, and the cherry birch is covered with its thicker grayish ones. There is birdsong in the air and arching blue skies where lowering clouds have hung so long.

And out into the streets and lanes, out upon the doorsteps and piazzas come the white-faced "Shut-in's"—those upon whom sickness and deformity have laid heavy hands. They creep out to bask in the sunshine; to catch a glint of gladness from gladder lives; to listen to the rolling of the great world's wheels; to forget themselves. Old age, too, totters into the springtime, but it is not this spring, the aged see. The other days come back.

There is an awful truth in the fact that a good many people are going to make themselves so busy inside their houses, that they will miss half the delights of the spring-time. It is a

mistake—it is almost a sin, to be so busy that the loveliest season of the year, with all its witchery of promise, comes and goes without our living it. And the children—poor little city children, with their hearts starved for a sight of the green things that grow so plenteously in the woods, they babble of flowers, and spend their love on makeshift ones, for the mothers are too busy to take them far away from the noise and dust into the sunshine and shade of the woods and the hill-sides.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, cry the over-worked women, breaking their backs over dusty carpets, and scolding their broods with all the breath the carpet-dust leaves them.

Unclean houses make unclean minds, but houses filled with unnecessary trappings bring a curse with them. We were not created to live out our days on the dark side of stone walls. We bleach and wither and die there. It is hard enough for the adults, but it seems the very God in Heaven must pity the children who live in narrow streets, or those richer ones taught to play in the shade, lest the stray sunshine might tan their faces.

To be born in the country—to have lived and grown up among the fields and flowers and the birds, to have smelled the hay in the mow, and the yellow grain in the granary—that is life for young things. Nothing could buy the memories of those days from the country bred, who, grown older now, live in cities against the will of their better selves, and hunger in the deepest part of their hearts for the old-time freedom of those other days.

The heritage of the little ones of life is a something which the world often



sees dimly. But it acts upon the principle and calls itself generous. The insane, the simple, the crippled, the suffering are provided for by those whose heads are clear, whose wits work well, whose limbs are straight and strong. They do not say the eaters of the world must all work. It is impossible, and, even in their enforced idleness, the weak ones have the right to their share of the world's progress made by their forbears.

It is the legacy. The whole world bequeathed to the whole world a richer earth than was found. Those who cannot take their share and improve it, have yet a claim to the interest. It is not charity to protect and care for the incapable, it is only justice.

Success is the key note of most lives, and there are many who die discouraged because they have not reached the mark they set themselves. It often happens that the most brilliant careers are not the most successful. We can all call to mind unhonored heroes, unsung martyrs, unstoried successes, among the humble dead in many a country churchyard.

In a quiet part of Canada there lived a man, whose simple, honest life is an inspiration to more than one today. His name meant honesty in the back townships. He was gentle of tongue, firm as the boulders of his own fields in his ideas of right and wrong, ready to help a neighbor, easy to his debtors, calculating in purchase, as much to protect the dealer as himself, living a God-fearing life, loving nature, the friend of the birds in his trees and the dogs on his door-step, aspiring to nothing here—confident of a hereafter.

The recollection of his unswerving honesty, his simple-hearted reverence for the good, was a clear well of inspiration for those who were fortunate enough to have lived beside him. He was not a success as the world goes. He won from the bare earth only his livelihood, and that of his children, but in the pure, rightful meaning of

the word success, he was more. He was a benefactor, and a benefactor of dignity, for an absolute goodness dignifies any position.

Bobby McCrae was the eldest of five children. His mother was a work-worn woman, with a Scotch burr on her tongue, and a world of sadness in her blue eyes. It was misery she was married to when her hand was put in John McCrae's, and they were pronounced man and wife. John was the ne'er-do-weel of his family in old Scotland, and he told lies to Jeannie to bring her out to America to marry him. He wrote he had a tidy home, and the trusting sweetheart came. For three or four years they worked well together and then, with hard work and caring for babies, the disappointed wife grew lean, hard-featured and sharp-tongued. Then John took to drink. His wages went in carousals, and the poor wife took in washing and went out to scrub or clean. From his boyhood Bobby saw trouble and want, and he was a little old man at ten, possessed of the knowledge of divers ways to keep warm with too little clothing, and sundry shifts to stave off the pangs of hunger. They lived in the town of St. John, a cluster of houses which had grown around a couple of mills, and was surrounded by splendid farms owned by thrifty people.

There were plenty in the village who would have helped them, who would have been horrified to learn that the McCrae's were starving; but Jeannie was proud.

She never let herself betray her distress, and the children were taught to keep their hunger and cold to themselves.

One winter night John McCrae was carried home on a shutter—dead. He had tried to cross the high railway bridge below the town. An express was coming. In his drunken frenzy he began to run, missed his footing, and fell into the bed of the shallow

stream below. Jeannie had no tears to weep. She had wept them all in the ten long years. John was buried at the town's expense, and the children's awe of the funeral soon wore off. They played at the door when the men were coming home from work. When their father lived, they ran in then, to be out of his way.

"Ye're the man of the family now, Bobby," the old man next door said, the day of the funeral. He had not meant very much by it. He felt sorry, and wanted to say something. So he put ten cents in the boy's hand, and the words came easily to his lips. The ten cents went to Bobby's mother, but the words sunk down into Bobby's heart, and he felt himself growing to be a big man.

"Do ye think I'd git stiddy work in a farm, mither?" It was the day after the funeral, and Bobby was turning the wringer as he spoke, for washing must go from the house on time, even if trouble had come in. It was Bobby's work to turn the wringer for his mother. Sometimes he did it half-grudgingly, for he was only ten, and understood the pleasure of snow-balling, marbles, tops, kites, and stray kittens with any boy in the streets. To-night he wore a very business-like air, and his little face was perplexed.

"I'm 'fraid they'd think ye too small, Bobby," his mother answered, wearily. Her enthusiasm had oozed out of her eyes long ago.

Bobby said no more. He intended to see about it, and prudently refrained from discussing the subject further, lest he should be forbidden to try.

The next day he trudged out through the snow into the country, and after three fruitless interviews with astonished farmers, reached the brick house where Stephen Hager lived.

"Stephen, ye're wanted," called his wife from the shed door.

"Who wants me?" he asked, emerging from the ice-house and brushing the sawdust off his sleeves as he spoke,

for he thought it might be the Minister, his city cousin, or the tax-collector at the very least.

"It's that red-headed Bobby McCrae, he must see ye whether or no."

"Do ye want a boy to work?" Bobby blurted out, with no ceremony. He had not intended to begin quite there, but the difficulty of the position wrung the truth from him. The quickly uttered words surprised him, quite as much as they did Stephen Hager.

The good-natured farmer laughed, and Bobby grew very red, stood first on one foot and then on the other, and cracked all his knuckle-joints in turn.

"What do ye think of him as a farm hand, Alice?" and the man's brown eyes twinkled humorously again. But the wife's face was sad. Her eyes were bidding for the boy. "He'd be quite a help," she said, "an' company, too, when ye're away, Stephen."

Her little boy had died when he was six. It was fifteen years ago, but little boys are always little boys to their mothers.

Bobby's eyes blessed her, and he began eagerly: "I kin turn the wringer an' peel the taties, an' pick chickens an' clean knives, an' rub the sad-irons with salt an'—"

"Ye're pretty small, ain't ye?" Stephen asked.

"I'd be bigger ef I was fed up," was the pathetic reply, and Bobby thrust his chest out and tossed up his chin to add to his inches. Stephen thought for a moment, and then he began: "See here, youngster, if ye're a good boy and git up early mornin's, ye kin git all yer chores done 'fore school time. Then ye trot off to school. After ye git home, do up yer night chores an' help the missus all ye kin, and then study yer lessons. How's that?"

"An' me stay here all the time?" Bobby queried, his eyes dancing.

"Imph-m ef ye behave."

"When 'll I come?"

"To-morrow."

"Good-bye," Bobby shouted from

the door-sill. I'll go and tell me mither."

He was half down the lane when Stephen called to him: "How came ye to try me first?" he shouted.

"Didn't," screamed Bobby, "went to all the others on the way—none of 'em wanted me."

"Plucky youngster," muttered Stephen, and the ice-blocks seemed lighter to lift when he went back to his work.

"I've got a place mither," Bobby cried, bursting into the room where Jeannie was ironing.

When he had told his story, she drew him to her. "Me poor little lad, me poor little lad," she crooned.

"I thought ye'd be glad, mither."

"It isn't that; it's losing ye, Bobby."

"Alec 'ill turn the wringer," the boy suggested, and Jeannie smiled at the thoughtfulness of him.

Stephen Hager's heart was tender towards the core, and Bobby installed himself in the best part of it.

The years went by, and while still faithful to his farm duties Bobby held a certificate which allowed him to instruct the boys and girls of school section number five. Three years later he took a course at a business college in the city, forty miles away, and then was installed as book-keeper in a big firm, and his salary was boasted of by his country friends.

Then his romance came. His sweetheart's name was Alice, too, and the Alice out on the farm and the Alice in the city heard much, one of the other, and neither could quite understand why Bobby was so fond of the other.

Bobby had a bank-book in those days, and denied himself a good many pleasures for the little home that was to come out of that bank-book some day.

One autumn holiday he visited St. John. There were gloomy faces at the farm. Stephen was in trouble, but Bobby could not learn the cause. Alice told him. It was a mortgage. Things had been going behind for two or three years. The cattle didn't sell, the apples were scaly, the cheese-factory had shut down and there had to be a thousand dollars raised.

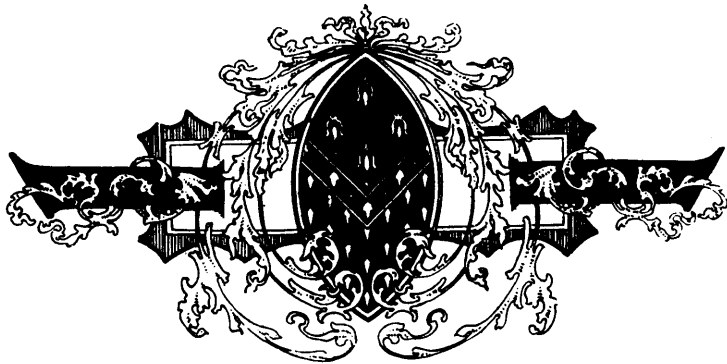
"You'll let me do it, won't you?" Bobby asked, and Alice had only wept her thanks.

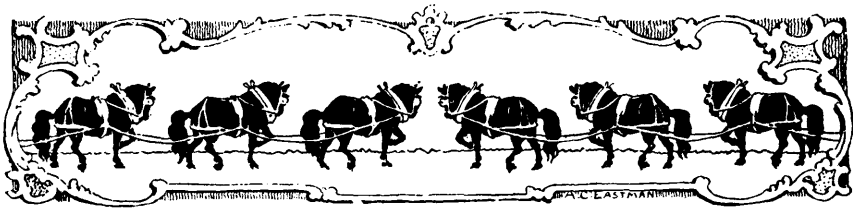
But Stephen shook his head.

"No boy, I can't take yer money. I ain't sure o' givin' it back. I'm old now an' nothing seems to pay."

Then Bobby told him a story of a poor lad who was fed and clothed for eight years by a good man, and Stephen yielded.

When Bobby's bank book was next made up the balance was three or four dollars.





## CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### TWENTY-FIVE CENT MAGAZINES.

**D**URING the past two years, the most remarkable feature of the magazine world has been the advent of the ten-cent magazine. As it loomed larger and larger in the sky of publicity, it was expected that the brilliancy of the high-priced magazines would be dimmed or they would vanish. On the contrary, they have gained in strength, and continued prosperity in ensuring their continued existence, and their final pre eminence.

Many persons, anxious for the welfare of this magazine, have been enquiring about the prospect of a reduction in price. To these fast friends we desire to say that the publishers of the *CANADIAN MAGAZINE* have no intention of reducing its price. This periodical commences, with this issue, its seventh volume, and the edition this month is exactly *twice the size* of the edition in May, 1895. The sales through the newsdealers have increased over *two hundred per cent.*, while the number of yearly subscribers is greater by thirty-three and a third per cent. than it was a year ago.

Instead of reducing the price of the magazine, the management decided upon a series of improvements which would increase the value of each issue. The external appearance of the magazine has been improved, while the illustrations have been increased in number and in art value. The brushes and pens of the best native artists have been liberally employed. No expense has been spared to secure the best contributions available. Contemporaries were astonished when it was announced that the *CANADIAN MAGAZINE* had been so audacious as to purchase the exclusive

right to publish serially Ian Maclaren's new story, "Kate Carnegie." The price paid was probably the largest ever given for a story by any Canadian publication.

Moreover the general articles have been from Canada's most notable pens. Among the contributors to the volume just completed were: Goldwin Smith, Sir Charles Tupper, Sr., Hon. W. Proudfoot, Hon. J. W. Longley, J. M. LeMoine, Col. Howard Vincent, J. G. Bourinot, Chas. G. D. Roberts, Hon. David Mills, J. Macdonald Oxley, Senator Power, Principal Grant, William Wilfred Campbell, Charles Gordon Rogers, Ella S. Atkinson, (Madge Merton); Jean Blewett, Katharine Blake Watkins, (Kit); and J. Castell Hopkins. These numbers of the Magazine have been exceedingly valuable, as well as interesting. The press of Canada, of the United States and of England, have been loud in their praises of the excellence which has been attained.

By a continuation of their policy, the publishers hope to keep *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* the leading literary publication in this country,—a worthy vehicle for the transmission and dissemination of the best work of Canadian authors.

### BRITAIN'S FOOD SUPPLY.

In the March *National Review*, W. E. Bear discusses "Britain's Food Supply in case of War." He states that the average annual supply of wheat, including flour, is, as follows:

	QUARTERS.
Home Production.....	6,263,000
Imports.....	22,827,276

Total.... 29,090,276

The principal sources of the imports, are thus stated :

	Quarters.
United States .....	11,616,879
Russia .....	3,877,600
Argentina .....	2,529,185
India .....	1,582,630
Canada .....	1,109,000
Australasia .....	774,170
Chili .....	418,713
Austria-Hungary .....	380,000
Roumania and Turkey ...	308,227
Other Countries .....	230,872

Total . . . . . 22,827,276

Just here there is a lesson for Canada and that is, that Canada is doing a very small share, comparatively speaking, in the supplying of Great Britain with its chief food product. The United States sells ten times as much wheat and flour to Great Britain as we do. This is not as it should be. Canada has studied too little the exploiting of the British wheat market. By encouraging shipping and arranging for low freight rates from the Northwest, Canada would be stimulating an industry for which she is pre-eminently suited. But this is an aside.

The article states that many people fear that a combination of the great powers, which included Russia and the United States, could starve Great Britain into submission in six months. Several plans have been submitted to remove this danger. One is, that the British Government build granaries, and store in them 25,000,000 quarters of wheat, which, after the first year would be sold off gradually, while fresh wheat to replace it was being as gradually brought in. Mr. Bear does not like this plan, and estimates that it would cost about £8,000,000 per annum for brokerage, storage, interest, shrinkage, etc., and thinks that this sum would be spent to better advantage upon the navy. He thinks such a plan would tend to a Government monopoly and a glutted market

But he recognizes the danger that wheat might, in case of a large war, rise to ruinous prices. In certain years, between 1800 and 1813, £5 to £6 a quarter was the prevailing price, and in 1855, the average price was 74s. 8d., or about \$2.27 per bushel. Still he thinks this danger

would be much lessened by a strong navy, and closes by saying "if we are to spend several millions per annum to secure ourselves from shortness of food in time of war, we shall do better by devoting the money to the progressive strengthening of our navy than by frittering it away in years of peace in maintaining a reserve stock of one class of food only, to the ruin of our private foreign wheat trade, and the annihilation of wheat-growing in this country."

#### THE POET CAMPBELL.

Charles Gordon Rogers has an excellent estimate of the poet, William Wilfred Campbell, in *Our Monthly* (published by the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company, Toronto), for May. It is a most correct estimate of Campbell's work, though perhaps giving too much praise and too little criticism. It is shown that the poet has founded much of his work "on the principles of naturalness, of faithfulness to that which is true and beautiful and above all of humanity." "He has an intense love for nature, not alone in her pastoral aspects of verdant and maturer loveliness, but also in the gloomy and rugged phases." "He has created nature-poetry that is intrinsically and integrally of this country." Mr. Rogers also points out the highly imaginative power of Campbell's tragedies which are his later works.

Canada may expect much of this poet in the years that are to come, if he be spared to her. He has crossed but half the span of life and, as his sympathies and his ideas of life broaden, we may expect work which, like his most popular poem, "The Mother," will stir and intensify the finer feeling of the nation.

#### PAUL KRUGER.

A most thorough and instructive character sketch of Paul Kruger (Oom Paul), President of the South African Republic, appeared in the March *Review of Reviews* (English edition). He was born in Cape Colony in 1825, and is thus an Uitlander by birth. When he was ten years old, his parents emigrated to the unknown land of the Voortrekkers—the country they wrested from the Zulus. He was

a warrior in active service at fourteen, and grew up to manhood with the gun in his hand, always ready to use it on lions, Zulus and British. In 1877, he became an official in his country, just then annexed to the British crown, and soon after became a leader in the great revolt. Now he is President of the New Republic, with a salary of £8,000 a year and coffee money.

He is a man of few books and no newspapers. The Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and a history of the Revolt of the Netherlands, exhaust his library. To him novels are an abomination, and theatres sinful. He smokes much, and if not carefully provided with a cuspidore, expectorates freely in all directions, utterly regardless of his visitors' tastes or trousers. He can be extremely gracious and courteous if he wishes, and is possessed of rare tact. He has been, and is yet, successful as a statesman, soldier and farmer.

"As a speaker, the President is not an orator, but he speaks powerfully, and some of his illustrations are capital. Who can ever forget his apt comparison of the Uitlander conspiracy to a tortoise, which if you wish to kill, you must wait until it has put its head quite out from under its shell—a maxim which he put into practice only too thoroughly. But his speeches abound in some homely and simple metaphors. One hand, he told Mr. Garrett, must wash the other. It is well to be off with the old love before you are on with the new, is one of his favorite sayings. Of the Swaziland Convention he said, 'It stinks badly, but is not all rotten!'

"Like all peasants, he talks in metaphor and in proverb. He compared the Uitlanders who demanded the franchise, to a man who said to the driver of a wagon: 'Give us the whip and the reins; our stock, our property, our interests, our homes, are also in this cart.' But he replied: 'Yes, that is all very fine. I admit your belonging are also in the cart. But where are you going to drive me to? And how do I know that you don't pur- pose upsetting me?'

Such is the leader of a close national corporation, every member of which hates, most vigorously, everything which bears the name of "British."

## ELECTING A PRESIDENT.

At the present time, each one of the United States is holding two conventions — one Republican and one Democratic — for the election of delegates to the two great National Conventions which will decide on two opposing candidates for the Presidency. Thus the President of the Great Republic is elected in party conventions and not directly by the people. The great body of electors have really a choice of but two men, the one nominated by the Republican National Convention and the one nominated by the Democratic National Convention.

But even this limited choice is greater than that which the framers of the constitution intended to vest in the people. These departed and lamented statesmen decided that the president should be the best citizen in the country. To choose him there was to be an Electoral College composed of representatives from each state. These men, meeting in solemn conclave, were to choose the greatest man in the country to preside over its destinies.

But the party schemers of the United States are not content to choose the man who in mental and social ability towers head and shoulders above his countrymen. The President must have been all his lifetime a party man, faithful in all things and scrupulous in none. He must be acceptable to "the machine" in a majority of the states. He must be backed up by friends who are willing to spend millions of dollars in securing the election in the state conventions of delegates who will support him in the National Convention of his party.

Above all, he must be a hedger. The United States is a large country, and the man who would be popular in all sections must have opinions which will fit any climate, any soil, any social conditions and any national policy. Take for example, the money views of Col. McKinley, who with Speaker Reed, is likely to be one of the strongest candidates in the coming Republican National Convention. It is not known whether he is in favor of free silver coinage or the maintenance of gold as the single and only monetary standard. Hence in States where there are no silver mines, his friends claim he is for "sound money," while in the silver

States he is said to be in favor of the free coinage of the grey metal.

A President elected under such circumstances and by such means may be a thorough statesman, but is more likely to be a scheming politician. He is almost certain to be connected with some clique or combine whose objects and aims are to so influence legislation, that they—and not the nation—will be most benefited. He must be an able man, but the chances are that his ability will be used for his party's benefit not the nation's when the interests of these two bodies happen to be divergent.

#### PRESENT ENGLISH SOCIALISM.

In the April *Forum*, William Morris has an excellent short article on "The Present Outlook of Socialism in England." He points out that that doctrine of *laissez faire*, accepted in the early part of the century as irrevocable, "has been blown to the winds more in practice even than in theory and collective action is admitted everywhere to be the machinery through which we must of necessity strive to make the best of our surroundings." Politics is now the gathering of opinion of the working classes so as to let the governing or possessing classes find out what steps may be necessary to be taken to make the only useful class of the community temporarily contented. In Literature the Romantic School has obtained the ascendancy, and in Art, free scope is given to genius. Buildings are now made both beautiful and useful. Judging by this change, public opinion points towards a new society founded on equality of condition and the association of equals—the principles of the working classes generally. Thus producers are exercising much greater power now than in the early part of the century. The possessing classes have practically admitted the necessity of a "living wage" for the workingmen—for all workingmen. All progress is along the lines of greater power for the wage-earner.

Growing more enthusiastic, Mr. Morris says: "There is no progress possible to European civilization save in the direction of socialism;" and predicts the formation of a socialist party in England which "will get to its goal at last and *Socialism* will melt into *Society*."

#### A TREACHEROUS ELECTORATE.

On June 23rd, the great body of Canadian voters will go up to the polls to vote, to exercise one of the most sacred offices ever given to man. Yet despite the fact that to vote without first having fully and judicially considered the relative merits of each party would be a crime against the state, it is safe to state that not one half of those who mark ballots on that day will have considered both sides of public questions. The Conservatives will vote blindly in favor of Conservatives, and the Liberals will unthinkingly cast their votes for Liberal candidates. A judge who would condemn all accused persons brought before him would be at once removed from the bench; a judge who allowed all such persons to go free, would be loudly condemned; and yet over fifty per cent. of Canadian voters will perform just such unreasonable and inequitable action on the 23rd day of June. Such is party rule.

There is another class of voters which may also be severely criticized. It consists of the men who, though their names are on the voters' lists, will refuse to go to the poll to make the cross which will assist the one party or the other. If voting is a sacred duty, then it is as criminal to refrain from doing it as to do it blindly and without consideration. That a man does not approve of either party is no excuse for his refusing to vote for one or the other. Let him choose the one that comes nearest his ideal, attempt to guide it in the way which seems to him to be best and vote for it despite the discord between the real and the ideal.

Then there is the class of men—no one will call them voters, for all voters are not men—who vote in a certain way for pecuniary profit, immediate or remote. Our election laws for the prevention of bribery are very strict, yet hundreds of dollars will be spent in every riding in Canada to assist in the degradation of its citizens and incidentally to secure votes. The great railways will use their means of transportation in peculiar ways and employers of labor will see that their workmen have thorough ideas as to which party these said employers prefer. Bribery will be rampant in a hundred conceivable forms.

Less than six months ago, I stood beneath the roof of Canada's greatest legislative hall and heard a leading party organizer remark that no man with any regard for his soul or with any sense of honor would remain on the inside of present Canadian party politics; that both the electors and the elected were stinking in their rottenness. One is led to wonder if these are some of the grand and glorious benefits of government of the people, by the people and for the people.

It is to be hoped that the better class of citizens will not allow a treacherous electorate and unscrupulous politicians to prevent a proper expression of true public opinion at the approaching quinquennial general election.

THE ARCHIVES OF CANADA.

J. M. Lemoine, president of the Royal Society of Canada for 1894-95, has just issued his presidential address, entitled, "The Archives of Canada," in neat

pamphlet form. He says, "If family papers are cherished, claim respect in the home circle as memoirs of an unforgotten past, how much more ought to be prized, carefully garnered and preserved, the records of a whole people, that is, its public archives." Mr. Lemoine then goes on to outline the work that has been done in recent years towards collecting and preserving the various historical documents which throw light upon the story of the achievements of the various races and men who have aided in the upbuilding of this fair Dominion. He reviews the most important discoveries that have been made in recent years, and one cannot fail to be struck with the excellent results which have been accomplished. Future historians of Canada will find much to their hands that past writers and searchers knew not of and missed much. It is to be hoped that those who have the work in hand will be encouraged to continue their self-imposed but noble task.

A HOME THRUST.



MARIA.—John, I think you're bellicose.

JOHN.—Well, that's better than being—adipose.



## BOOKS AND AUHORS

"A Lover in Homespun, and Other Stories," of which an advance review appears elsewhere in this issue, will be published simultaneously in Toronto by William Briggs, and in Philadelphia by Henry Altemus.

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Among the forthcoming books announced by William Briggs, are "Making Fate," by Mrs. G. R. Alden ("Pansy"), "Memoires of Margaret Grainger, Schoolmistress," by Mrs. Burnett-Smith (Annie S. Swan), and "A Knight of the Nets," by Amelia E. Barr.

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F. Tennyson Neely, New York, has published some very nice books. Some two or three of his recent publications are, however, likely to deceive the public unless they are careful. "The Spider of Truxillo," by Richard Henry Savage, is simply "The Passing Show," republished under a new title; "The Captain's Romance," by Opie Read, is a new title for a collection of short stories by that western writer which have long been familiar to the public, under the title of "Miss Madam." "The Love Affairs of a Worldly Man," by Maibelle Justice, is brought out in a cheaper edition, with a new cover. All these books have paper covers, and are intended for that class of people who read to kill time, to have their fancy stimulated, or to be amused—not for those who desire to be entertained and instructed at the same time.

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Another piece of fiction of the same character is "A Hidden Chain," by Dora Russell, published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago. It is a common-place book, yet an exciting romance.

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Hawley Smart's "Breezie Langton," and other stories, are pretty well known in this country, although I doubt if he comes in the list of "favorites." A new volume of his, entitled "A Member of Tattersall's," is to hand.\* It contains

three fairly-good tales, of which the first, a story of the turf, gives the title to the book. Mr. Smart's tales are brightly told and full of action. These stories have, however, one fault at least. There is a lack of dramatic fire and energy in certain scenes upon which the importance of the stories turn. In other words, there is not sufficient variety in the author's mild recitals.

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A. Conan Doyle's bright tale of adventure, "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," which has been running in *The Strand*, has been published in Longman's Colonial Library.\* I had read some of these exploits in the magazine, but I re-read them with pleasure—deep, genuine pleasure. They are tales of the adventures of a soldier who served through all Napoleon's wars, a man who had been with that little autocrat and the Grand Army in Berlin, Naples, Vienna, Madrid, Lisbon, Moscow—had stabled his horse in them all. He rose from Lieutenant to Chief of Brigade, to be a trusted assistant in some of Napoleon's most important intrigues, and bore the reputation of being the best swordsman in six brigades. He could also make love with a ferocious impetuosity, with that sublime confidence and cool nerve which made him a crack swordsman and a noted General. And his military exploits, as told by himself in a most charmingly interesting and daringly egotistical manner, are decidedly exhilarating. For those were stirring times, and a man's physical and mental qualities were tested to the utmost—whereas in these deadly, dull, modern days only the mental count; those were days when men were fully developed animals, with a resource and a dash which marked their superiority; and yet, notwithstanding the assertion of the mighty Burke, the age of chivalry had not passed, for domestic and courtly qualities still reigned in storm-tossed Europe.

This novel, like a great deal of the lit-

\*Bell's Indian and Colonial Library; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

\* Toronto, The Bain Book and Stationery Co., paper, 75 cents.

erature of 1895, is distinctly Napoleonic, and as such should sell well in 1896. The illustrations are numerous and well executed.

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Another volume in the same library\* is entitled "The Story of Ulla," and is by Edwin Lester Arnold. It is a collection of short stories, but most of them bright and witty. The first one, which gives the title to the volume, reminded me very much of "Phra, the Phœnician," which is a favorite book of mine. Ulla was a Viking, a Norwegian, who fell in love with an English maiden, lost her, spent long years in search for her, found her, lost her. It is plaintive, but quaint—the quaintness of life among the Norsemen when the centuries of the Christian era were young.

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The recent death of a well-known reformer has opened the way for a biography entitled "Life and writings of Amelia Bloomer," with portrait, by D. C. Bloomer.† The volume contains a full account of her life, which is told mainly in her own words. Copious extracts from her writings are given, showing how the pioneer in woman's enfranchisement sought to effect her purpose by advocating woman suffrage, woman's right to an enlarged sphere of employment, and consequently to wear a dress that would give her greater freedom of movement. Mrs. Bloomer's strenuous endeavors in advancing the cause of temperance, and in securing better educational advantages for girls, as well as her efforts in behalf of the reforms above noted, were inspired, as her biographer clearly shows, by the belief that woman is created man's intellectual, moral and spiritual equal.

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The idea of having a volume compiled in order to give a permanency to the history of a "High School" is one which recently took possession of the friends of the Iroquois (Ont.) institution of learning of that grade. Their volume is entitled "Semi-Centennial of Iroquois High School," and was written by Adam Harkness.‡ The illustrations are numerous

and well-executed, while the book contains much local history that will be intensely valuable in the days to come. Perhaps the best known graduate of this school is Mr. A. C. Casselman, drawing-master of the Normal and Model Schools, Toronto, and author of the Ontario High School Drawing Books, and of a series of writing books teaching the vertical system.

\*\*

The most complete biography that I have lately seen is one of a United States citizen, a Southerner, who was Minister of the Interior in Mr. Cleveland's first administration, and later was a member of the Supreme Bench. His name was Lucius Q. C. Lamar, and his biographer is Edward Mayes, ex-Chancellor of the University of Mississippi.\* The essence of the work is an account of the reconciliation between the North and the South after the Civil War, culminating in the restoration of the South to her proper place and influence. The struggle over slavery extension, the secession and civil war, the reconstruction of the Southern States, the renaissance of the Democratic party, the reconciliation of the alienated sections are treated in such a manner as to present in clear and authentic fashion the development and phases of Southern sentiment. The book should be instructive and interesting to every Canadian who is watching the progress of our sister nation to the south.

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Some excellent books have recently been issued in Macmillan's Colonial Library.†

"The Trumpet Major" by Thomas Hardy is a tale of the time when there were two arch-enemies of mankind—Satan as usual, and Buonaparte who had sprung up and eclipsed his elder rival altogether, the time when the English soldiers gathered on the Southern shores of John Bull's little island and watched for the boats that were to bear across the channel, the Grand Army.

"Life's Handicap," by Rudyard Kipling is a volume of tales, mostly from India—that country where, the author says, the

\* Longman's Colonial Library; Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co.

† Arena Pub. Co., Copley Square, Boston; cloth, \$1.25 paper, 50 cts.

‡ Toronto, William Briggs; cloth, illustrated, 161 pages.

\* Price \$5; illustrated, 820pp. royal octavo. Orders should be addressed to Edward Mayes, Jackson, Mississippi.

† Toronto, The Copp, Clark Co., cloth or paper.

native and Englishman stare at each other hopelessly across great gulfs of miscomprehension when they endeavor to understand each other's thoughts and feelings. Some of these stories are old, some are new, and all are worth reading.

"Old Goriot (*Le Pere Goriot*)" by H. de Balzac is translated for English readers. George Saintsbury has an introduction to it in which he remarks upon the similarity between Goriot and *Lear*, and compares the treatment of Balzac and Shakespeare. From this work one gets a good idea of the peculiar characteristics of Balzac's writings, with glimpses of the artificial character of Balzac's world. The book first appeared in 1835.

"A Ringley Lass" is the title of a volume by Mary Beaumont. It contains five stories of an indifferent character.

"A Modern Man" is an every-day novel, with English characters and English scenes, and is by Ella Macmahon, author of "A New Note."

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The most polite man I ever met was one whose home was a cottage, whose occupation was of the "daily" kind and whose income was less than \$1,000 a year. But he was sincerity, dignity and culture personified. True politeness is seldom found among those of the highest social class.

Perhaps it was an experience and a thought similar to these which led that beautiful woman, Julia Ward Howe, to prepare and deliver a lecture entitled, "Is Polite Society Polite?" She answered the question in her own way, and a helpful way it was. Now that her writings have been published,\* her opinions may be read and studied. She states that sincerity is the best foundation on which to build the structure of a polite life for the affectation of deference does not impose upon people of mature experience. Flattery is an offence and is usually used with sinister purpose. But while she condemns the flatterer, she also hates the detractor, the one who delights to criticize those who are not present. "Those unfortunate men and women who delight in talk of this sort always appear to me degraded by it. No matter how clever they may be,

I avoid their society, which has in it a moral malaria most unwholesome in character."

Speaking of the effect of superior positions on people she says: "For one unspoiled world-favorite, I can show you twenty men and women who, at the first lift of fortune, forsake their old friends, neglect their near relations, and utterly ignore their poor ones." Those who have the luck to rise should never ignore their past for the world cannot be fooled. "It is clever and cunning enough to find out your secret, and when it has done so, it will expose you pitilessly." Polite society encourages these evils by its exclusions, its refusal to recognize those who are in a lower scale. "Those who are not yet recognized are always crowding in. Those first in occupation are endeavoring to crowd these out. But neither of these is polite."

But I may not quote further from this beautiful essay and must leave it to be looked up by the reader who is sufficiently interested to secure the book for himself. The other essays in this handsomely printed volume are *Paris, Greece Revisited, The Salon in America, Aristophanes, The Halfness of Nature and Dante and Beatrice.*

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We hear of thoroughbred horses, but who ever heard of a thoroughbred man? If it is proper and profitable to keep the breed of horses and other domesticated animals free from all impurities and blemishes, why should not the human animal be strengthened by similar attention and treatment? Why should the human race contain a large percentage of imbeciles, low-grades and monstrosities? Why should there not be a science of human stirpiculture? It would not be necessary to kill off all the weak members of society, but they should be prevented from creating their kind. If I have smallpox, the State isolates me to prevent my injuring my fellow-man. But if I have a mental weakness, a decrepit physical system or a vicious mind, I am allowed to create my image anew, to send on the blemish to the next generation. As says the author of "Ye Thoroughbred;"\* "Nor can the day be far distant when

\* *Is Polite Society Polite? and other Essays* by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe: Boston and New York, Lawson Wolfe & Co., 202pp., price \$1.50.

\* *Ye Thoroughbred*, by Novus Homo; the Health Culture Co., No. 30 East 14th St., New York.

healthy, wholesome, well-regulated, progressive and really beneficent human society will longer tolerate the known multitudinous procreation of radically diseased, imbecile, or other naturally worthless and injurious low-grade human animals of any class or kind. *Salus populi suprema est lex!*"

The book quoted contains three written articles, Parts: I. Man as an animal; II. Man as a magnetic battery and an Electro-Telegraphic Machine; III. Man Americanized. It is worth reading.

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"Is there any common ground on which science and religion meet? There is. They meet in modern Spiritualism." These are the opening words of the fifth chapter of a little book entitled "Beyond," by Henry Seward Hubbard\* It is to be regretted that the author has so constructed his book that one must read up to the fifth chapter before finding the first new idea or learning what the author is writing about. Verboseness kills many a piece of literary work which contains worthy ideas. In this book there is plenty of space between ideas. On page 57 the author makes his second statement, viz.: "It is asserted by those who claim to know, of whom the author is one, that an inhabitable domain is in immediate touch with the earth, although not discoverable by any of the scientific instruments of investigation, such as the telescope, etc." Following this is a pretence of proving its existence, and the book closes with a description of this imaginary world.

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A writer in a recent issue of *The Writer*, says: "The story which appeals to the people, that great body of individuals who constitute the people when it comes to buying books or supporting the Government, is the breezy, lively story of adventure; fiction which deals with real people, that is, people such as we find every day in real life, and deals with them not realistically, but in a healthy way; and good, clean, romantic romances. These things are what the public likes. The people may be persuaded into buying other things because they are of the

modern school, but they do not demand them.

An excellent example of "the breezy, lively story of adventure," is Captain Charles King's latest novel,\* "Trumpeter Fred." It is a most interesting tale of a young trumpeter who was accused of stealing from a comrade, and of deserting his troop while it was upon an Indian campaign in the western United States. His mysterious disappearance troubled the minds of his friends and nearly killed his father, the brave and experienced sergeant.

The book is of small, neat size, handsomely bound and neatly illustrated. It is a pleasure to handle such dainty products of the printer's art.

\*\*

In a most thorough and laudatory review of S. R. Crockett's new book, "Cleg Kelly," the *Review of Reviews*, says: "In these latter days three Scotch worthies have risen in the land. Stalwart men they are and humorous withal, typical Scotchmen who have spread the name and the fame of the men and women of North Britain through the whole English-speaking world. Mr. J. M. Barrie was the first, Mr. S. R. Crockett second, and the Rev. John Watson, otherwise Ian Maclaren, the third. All three had as discoverer and personal conductor Dr. Robertson Nicol, of the *British Weekly*, whose capacity for discerning merit in his brother Scot is as remarkable as his capacity for misunderstanding brother journalists who have not had the good fortune to be born north of the Tweed.

"Scotland has long enjoyed a pre-eminence in the domain of romance altogether out of proportion to the number of her children. Sir Walter Scott gave her a position which she has never entirely lost. But the glamour of Scott had somewhat faded, and comparatively few Scotch novels were in demand at the circulating library, when Mr. Barrie arose and inaugurated what some would-be humorists of the Scotch call "the literature of the kail yard," and fancy themselves monstrously for that very portentous specimen of an English joke. Mr. Barrie was followed in quick succession by Mr.

\* "Beyond," by H. S. Hubbard. Beacon Library Series; paper, 25 cents. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

\* Trumpeter Fred. A Story of the Plains, by Captain Charles King, U.S.A. New York, F. Tennyson Neely; Toronto, The Toronto News Co.

Crockett and Mr. Watson, and the three together have succeeded in re-establishing the Scotch story in its present pre-eminence position.

"Of these three worthies, Mr. Crockett is, in many respects, the most interesting, as he is certainly the most voluminous. Mr. Barrie is devoted to Thrums; nothing can wean Ian Maclaren from Drumtochy, but although Mr. Crockett is not without his local attachment to Galloway and the west of Scotland, he roves further afield, and bids fair before he has done to have laid all Scotland under contribution."

The Methodist Book and Publishing House, report a most gratifying Canadian demand for this really important piece of fiction.

\*\*

A correspondent of *The Christian Guardian*, writing of Dr. Withrow's "Barbara Heck," says: "I hope this book will have a circulation in Canada of at least fifty thousand. Whatever fosters a patriotism that links us still closer to the British throne, and develops a legitimate love of Canadian nationality, is a most desirable thing just now. This book is eminently fitted to do both."

\*\*

"A great compliment was paid to Canadian literature by Madam Sara Bernhardt," says the Hamilton (Ont.) *Spectator*, "when she gave an order to Louis Frechette for a drama to be produced in Paris. Bernhardt is the greatest living tragedienne, and the foremost dramatists of France have been glad to pay her tribute with the products of their genius. Mr. Frechette has been crowned by the French Academy; but this order from the divine Sara is a more substantial acknowledgement of his merits than the gift of a laurel crown."

\*\*

"Dickensian" is the name of an illustrated catalogue of works by and literature relating to Charles Dickens, in the library of E. S. Williamson, 118 Spencer Avenue, Toronto.

\*\*

Chas. F. St. Laurent, Montreal, has written and published a pamphlet entitled "Germanization and Americanization Compared." He endeavors by references

to history to prove that the destiny of religion among French Canadians is in the hands of the episcopate. The refrain is, "Give us priests of our nationality (French); give us schools where our children will learn the language of our mothers; do not deprive us of our ancestral inheritance, and we will live and die practical Catholics."

\*\*

A paper edition of "Old Man Savarin" will shortly be placed on the market by the publisher, William Briggs.

\*\*

A text-book on "School Management" by John Millar, B.A., Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, is announced for issue in May, by William Briggs.

\*\*

Rev. John McDougall, whose "Forest, Lake and Prairie," is one of the best books that a Canadian boy can pick up, is in the city arranging with William Briggs for the issue of a second volume, covering a subsequent period in his eventful life in the far Northwest. The author promises that in every respect this will be a better book than the first. If it is we envy the boys the pleasure—that only boys can fully enjoy—of reading it.

\*\*

In November, 1893, Allan Eric published in the CANADIAN MAGAZINE an article on "Banana Cultivation in Jamaica." This writer's observations in that island have now been published \* under the title of "Buckra Land, or Two Weeks in Jamaica." It is well printed and fully illustrated. Every one of the hundred pages is full of interesting facts about the climate, the people and the products of this portion of Her Majesty's dominions. The author is a member of the Institute of Jamaica, and his observations and facts may be relied upon as being thoroughly accurate. Moreover, these are presented in a form which makes them interesting reading.

\*\*

I have been favored with advance sheets of Clifford Smith's forthcoming book of short stories, and fearlessly say that the public will find them a treat. Mr. Smith is a Montreal journalist who has found

\* C. W. Willis, 14 Bosworth St., Boston. Price, \$1.00.

work in literature, a labor of love. His writings exhibit a critical and descriptive ability, possessed by very few of the many Canadians who favor the public with their productions. Moreover, he excels in accurate delineations of the characters he creates or describes, and in the polished finish which is necessary to make a story a work of art.

"A long-to-be-remembered Dinner," is a bright tale of how a Christmas dinner was cooked on board a snow-bound train, when its occupants were unable to reach any village, and thus have the services of an experienced cook. The fireman, Ovide Tetrault, volunteered to cook.

"Monsieurs, I'm know how for mak de rost turkey, and rost turkey, she's gooder dan de fry turkey, and I'm know, too, how for mak—how for mak—" He rubbed his pointed little chin vigorously to jog his laggard memory, and then continued triumphantly, "Ah, oui! ah, oui! how for mak what de English call de Creesmis plum-puddin', and if you lak I will do de cookin' for you."

If the turkey was a failure, and the plum pudding, which was taken out of the tea-kettle in sections, was a bright yellow because it contained a teacup full of baking powder, there was fun—fun not to be soon forgotten.

In the delineation of French Canadian character, Mr. Smith is a splendid success, as is seen in this story and also in some others, notably "A Lover in Homespun" and "The Faith that Moves Mountains." The dialect is most accurate and never exaggerated, while the emotions and habits of this picturesque people are thoroughly understood and admirably pictured.

Canadian life of nearly every kind is

set forth in the various stories and is seen to be not without its strong points of which an artist may lay hold and describe for the instruction and the pleasure of those who love this land and of those who desire to know what manner of nation we are. The book will be a most valuable addition to our rapidly growing native literature. William Briggs is the publisher.

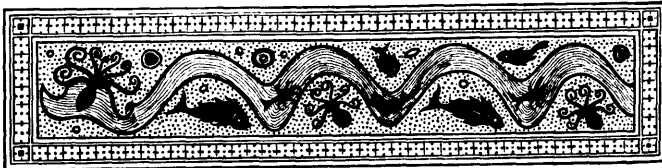
\*\*

The following quotation from a circular explains the character of Miss Kingsley's new book,\* "Stephen":

The story of Stephen is the story of a life "hid with Christ in God"; the story of weak mortality glorified and made all-powerful by strong, unquestioning, pure and child-like faith. It is also a story of humanity, in that it deals with life as life has always been.

Religious tales are too frequently dull and uninteresting. "Stephen" is a story full of the passion and fire of life—the life that beats in strong, tumultuous surges about our feet to-day. From the first chapter—when the reader is introduced to the two Egyptian children, Seth and Anat, "nestling like a pair of swallows in the corner of a rock-hewn tomb"—till the end, which finds them, after varying fortunes, safe and happy in the house of their fathers, there is a continuous and unabated interest. Interwoven, like a thread of gold, is the history of the first gathering of the bereft disciples in Jerusalem, pathetic in the utter fearlessness and joy of their new faith.

\* *Stephen; A Soldier of the Cross.* By Florence M. Kingsley, author of "Titus; A Comrade of the Cross." Toronto, William Briggs. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents.



# JUNE FORECAST

## **JOE. T. CLARK.**

*A most timely article on the proper sphere and tone of newspapers, by "Mack," (Joe. T. Clark) of the Toronto "Saturday Night," will be one of the leading features of the June number. "Mack" is acknowledged to be a most clever writer and a man with high ideals for his profession. He has been studying on this subject for some time and will have something to say that will be worth reading.*

## **J. M. McEVOY, B.A., LL.B.**

*A subject at present attracting much attention in Canada, is the proper sphere of the County Councils and the best plan for increasing their usefulness and decreasing their expense. Mr. McEvoy, author of "The Ontario Township," a well-known book, will contribute an article on County Councils to the June number. It will be a most suggestive article and will incidentally criticize the new Ontario Act on this subject.*

## **KATE WESTLAKE YEIGH.**

*Where Jacques Cartier was born, when he died and where he was buried, are matters about which there is much mystery and uncertainty. Kate Westlake Yeigh will contribute an article on "Hunting for Jacques Cartier," which is written in a semi-humorous strain that is very pleasing.*

## **VALANCE BERRYMAN.**

*A very bright love story under the heading "A Kitchen Affair," will be one of the lighter articles. In fact there will be several short stories in this number, and still more fiction in the July number. A bright story by Wyndom Browne will appear soon.*

## **IAN MACLAREN**

*Will continue his story "Kate Carnegie." This piece of work is growing more interesting with each instalment.*

## **CONSTANCE RUDYERD BOULTON**

*Will continue the account of her bicycle trip through Europe. In this letter she will describe her adventures and impressions in Genoa and neighboring parts of Italy.*

## **USUAL FEATURES.**

*Besides what is stated above, there will be the usual complement of current topics, book reviews, drawings, etc. The CANADIAN MAGAZINE is having a wonderful success just now, and each issue will be kept up to the high standard which has been evidenced in previous numbers.*

**THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE,**  
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from Webb's are made for people who want  
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lighted Canadian brides and have been the  
chief ornament at fashionable weddings.  
They are made in all the modern styles  
and shapes, and are unequalled for fine  
quality and artistic decoration.

We ship them by express to all parts of  
the Dominion—safe arrival guaranteed.  
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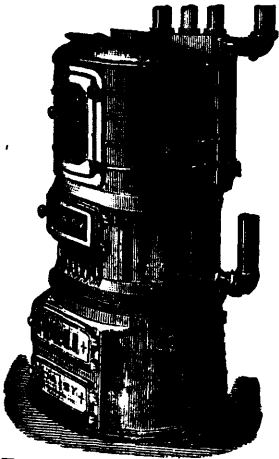
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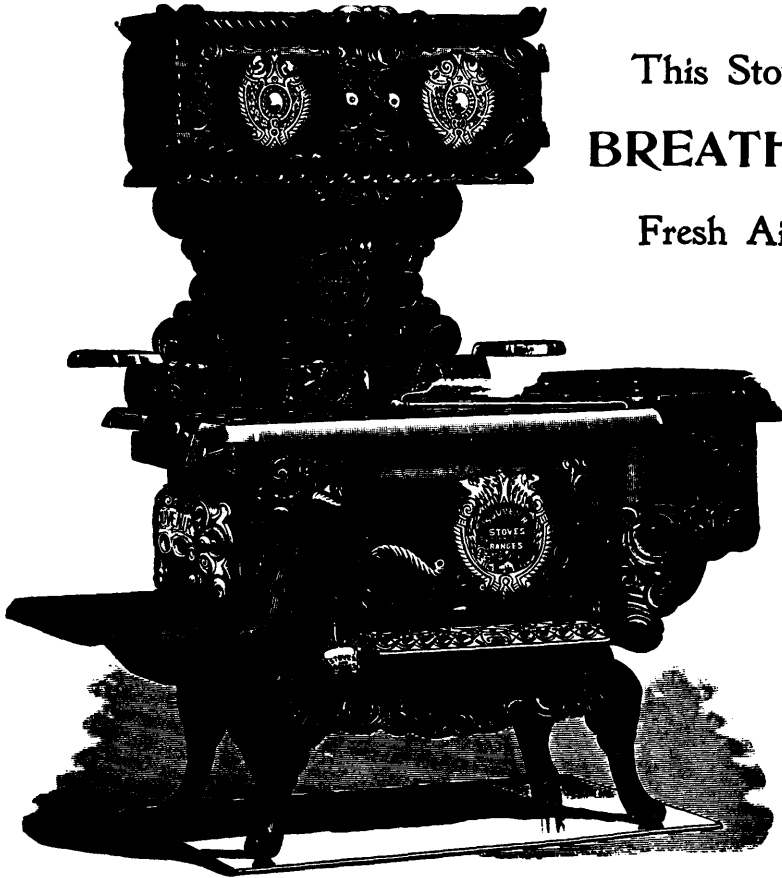
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**BREATHES**  
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The **MOST MODERN** and **COMPLETE COOKING RANGE** made. Thousands have been sold during the past three years, and give perfect satisfaction. **NOTE** what **MISS SURRIDGE**, Principal of the Toronto School of Cookery, says of the "Souvenir":—

GENTLEMEN,—

TORONTO, Monday, April 2nd, 1894.

I have much pleasure in saying that the **Souvenir Range** you put in at Hamilton for the use of the Cooking Class recently held there gave me **every satisfaction**. It is certainly the **very best** stove I have ever used, being **cleanly, reliable** and **most economical**, consuming an **astonishing small quantity of fuel**. I have the honor to remain,

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) FLORENCE SURRIDGE.

The "Souvenir" Range will do more and better cooking and baking than any other range made, and is without an equal in appearance, durability and convenience. Sold by Leading Stove Dealers throughout the Dominion and in Toronto.

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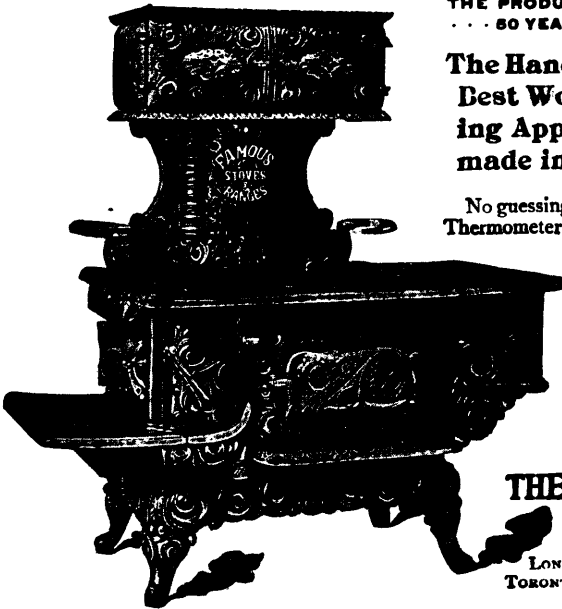
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**The Handsomest and  
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 Thermometer in door shows it  
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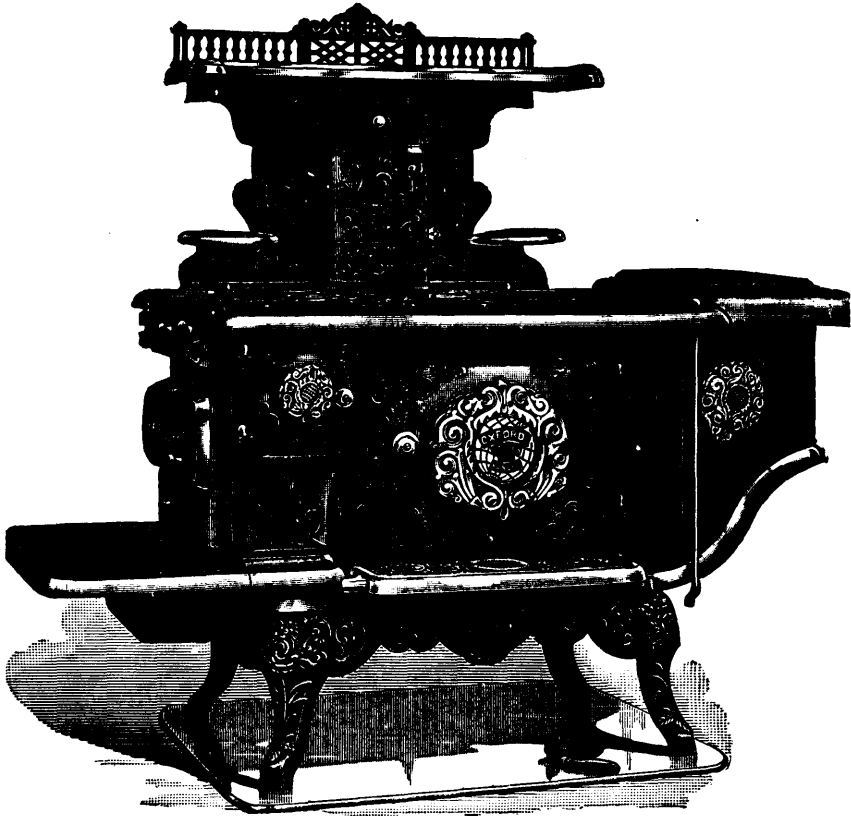
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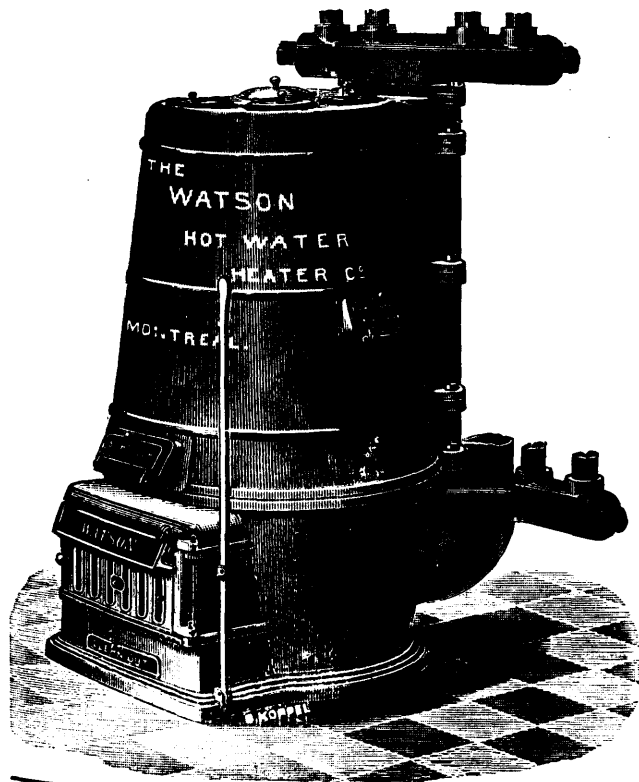


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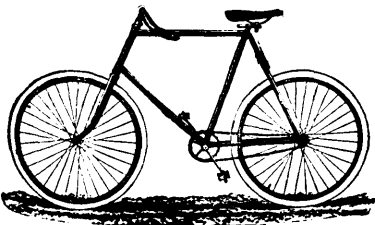
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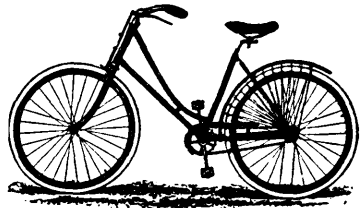
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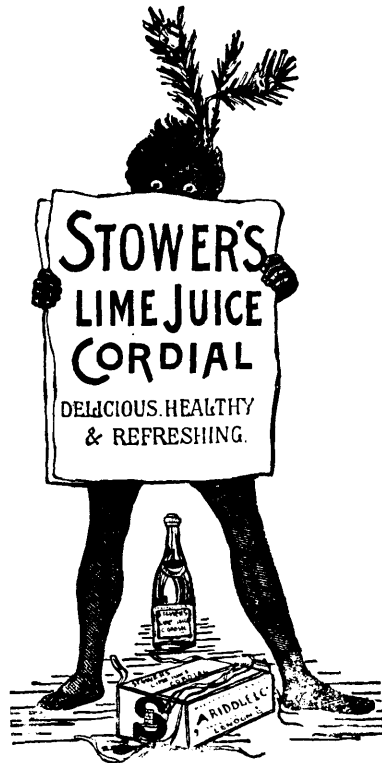
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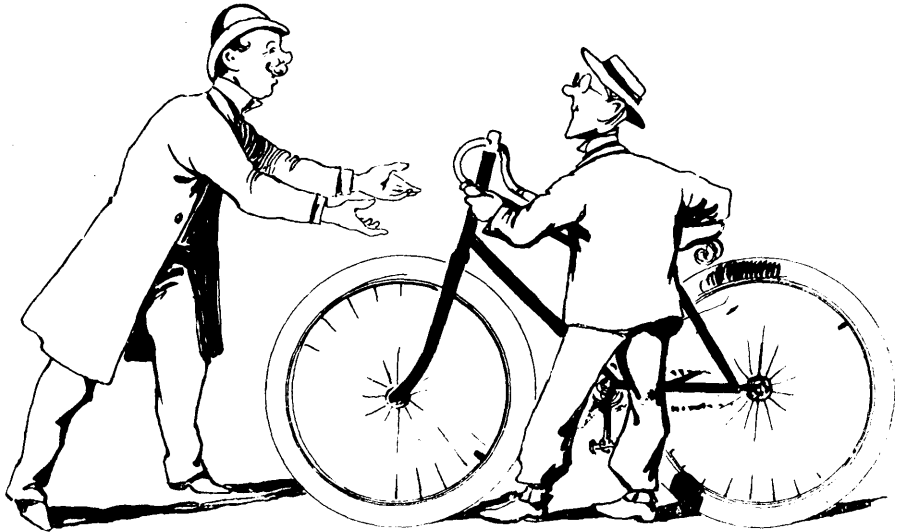


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IT LEAVES THE MOUTH IN A  
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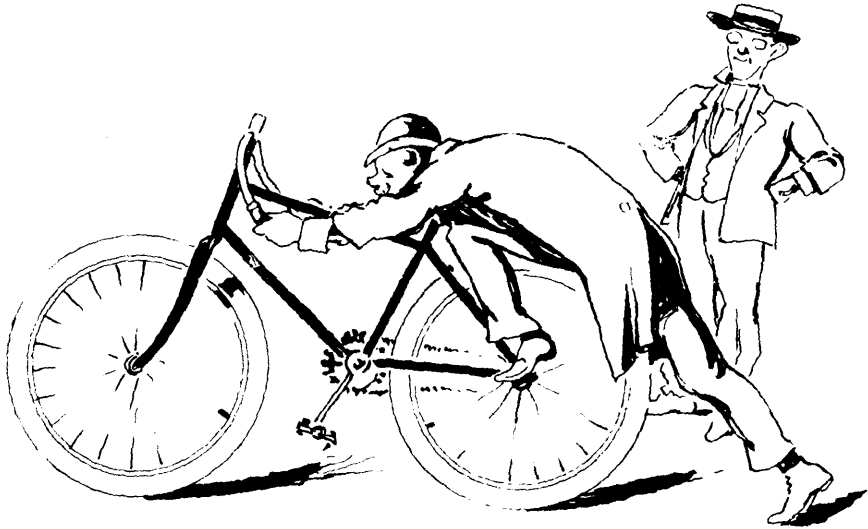


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**Economical** Three teaspoons full will make a good cup of Tea for Six People.

This can be secured only from a tea that is all pure and fresh.

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is one-third stronger than China or Japan Tea. It is packed in lead packets and all the strength and aroma are retained. In bulk tea much of the finer flavor is lost through evaporation. Brew according to direction on the wrapper.

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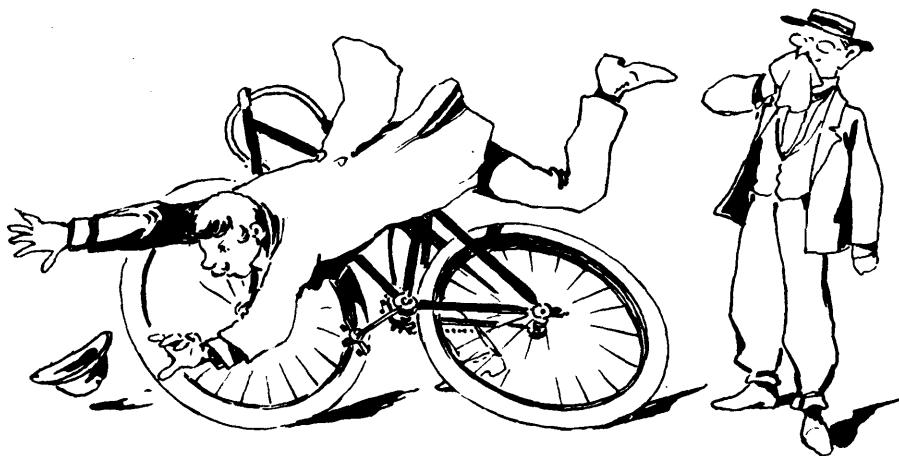
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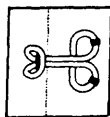
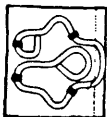


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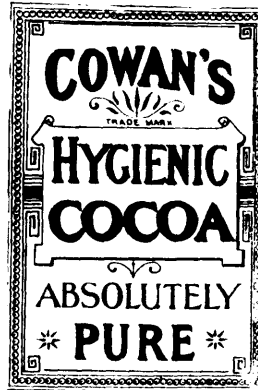
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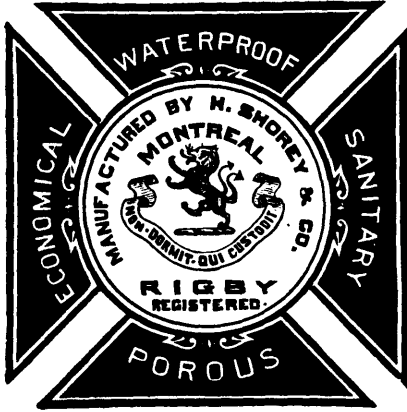
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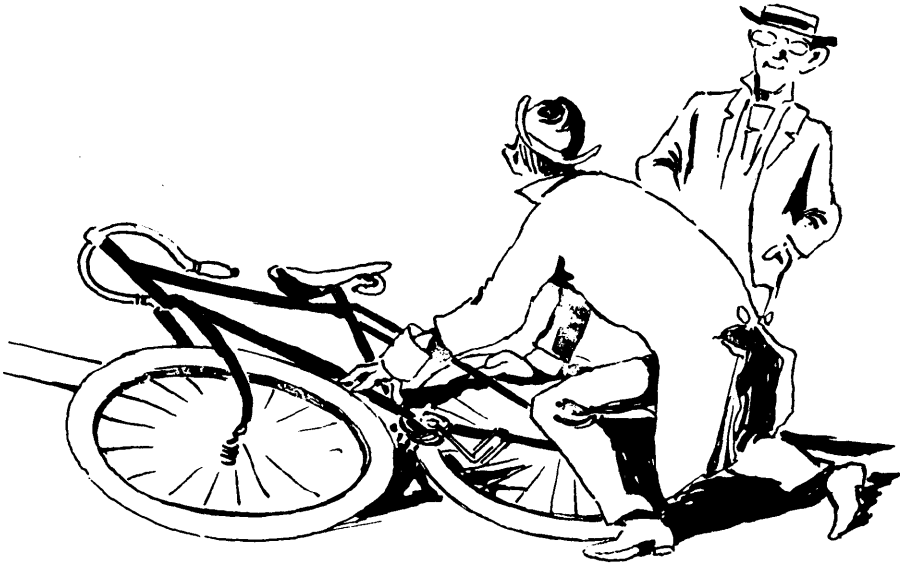
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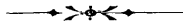
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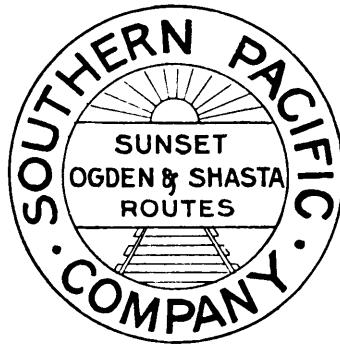
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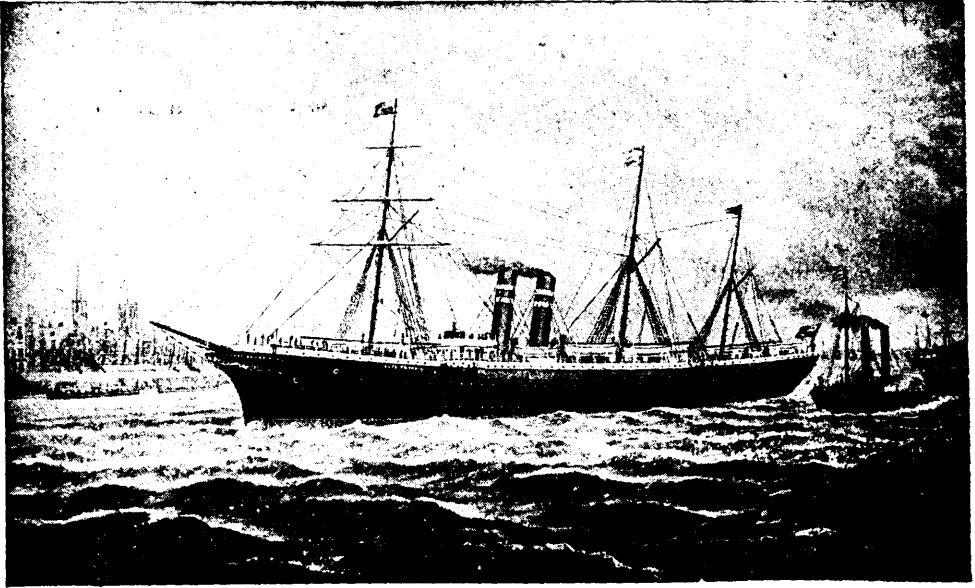
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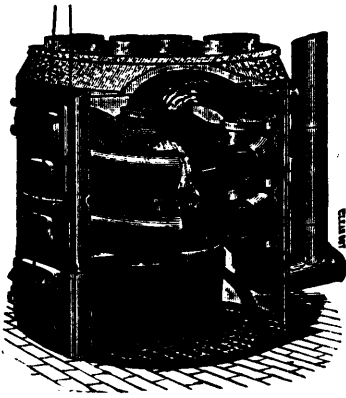
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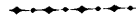
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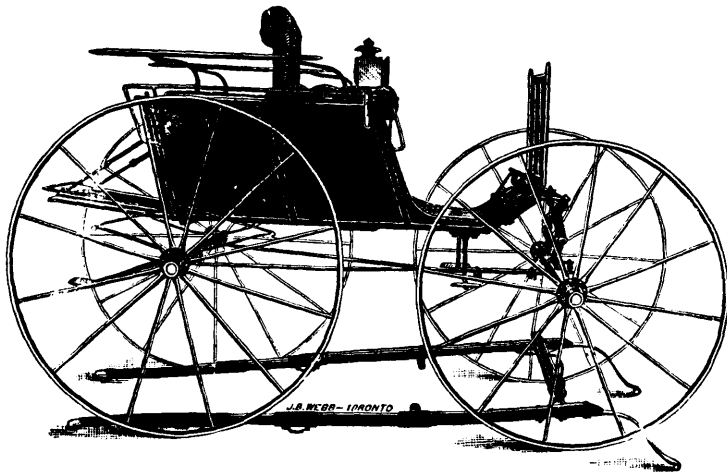
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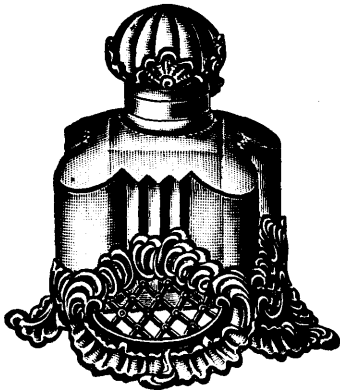
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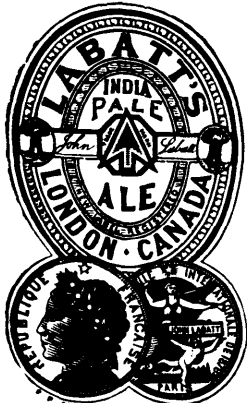
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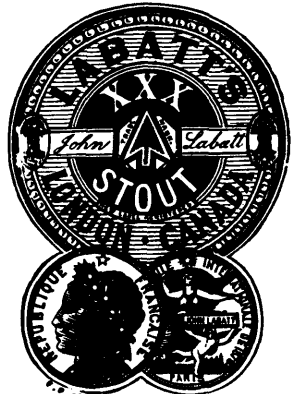


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