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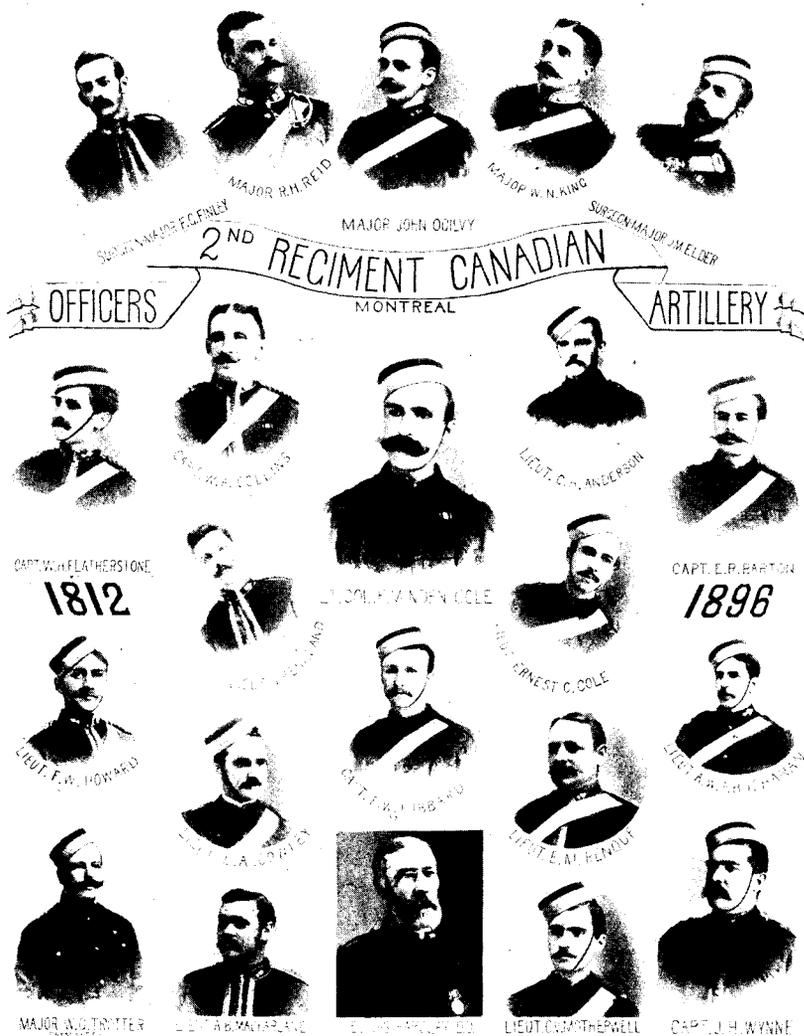
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FRONTISPIECE. MASSEY'S MAGAZINE, NOVEMBER, 1896.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

OFFICERS 2ND REGIMENT, CANADIAN ARTILLERY.

[Canadian Militia Series. See p. 329.]

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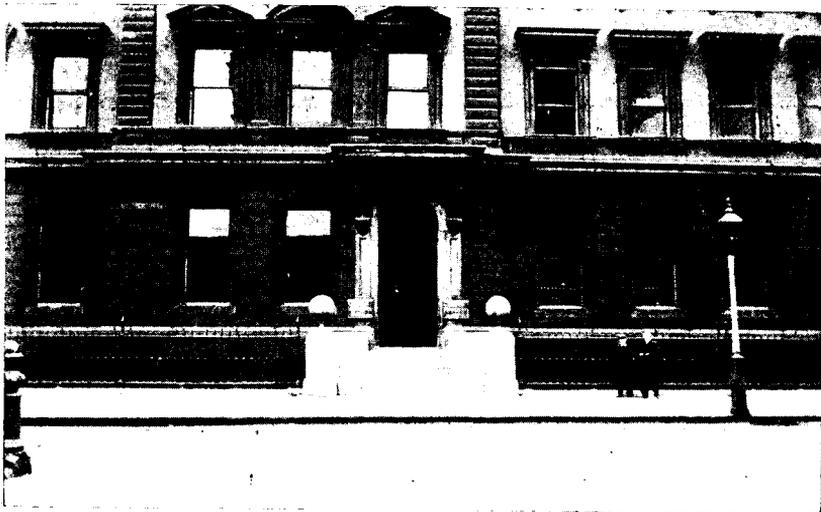
THE REPRESENTATION OF CANADA IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

BY JOSEPH G. COLMER, C.M.G.

Secretary, Canadian Government Office in London.

AS the Editor has asked for a short article on the representation of Canada in Great Britain, the subject is presumably one of some public interest. In 1868, after Confederation, a number of Government Emigration Agents were appointed and stationed in different centres in the United Kingdom, the Chief Agent (Mr. W. Dixon) residing in London. These agents were more or less independent of each other, and usually reported directly to the Department of Agriculture, to which they were attached. In 1874, however, on the decease of the

London Agent, it was decided to appoint an Agent-General for Canada. Mr. Edward Jenkins (at that time M. P. for Dundee) who acquired fame as the author of "Ginks' Baby," was selected for the position, and the other agencies were placed under his supervision. The promotion of emigration still continued to be the leading feature of the duties of the Canadian representative, the aid of the late Sir John Rose, who came to be regarded as a sort of confidential agent of the Dominion Government, being invoked in connection with any matters of special importance.



OFFICES OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR CANADA IN LONDON.



HIGH COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE—LIBRARY.

After two or three years, Mr. Jenkins resigned the post, and was ultimately succeeded by the Hon. William Annand, who had been a member of the Nova Scotia Government, and at the time was the Agent-General for that Province in London. This state of things continued until 1880, when the position of High Commissioner for Canada was created, and the Dominion became represented at the heart of the Empire in a manner worthy of its dignity and importance.

The Act relating to the High Commissioner is the 43 Vic., Cap. 11; and the following clause will serve to indicate the views held by the Government of the day regarding the appointment:

"The High Commissioner shall—

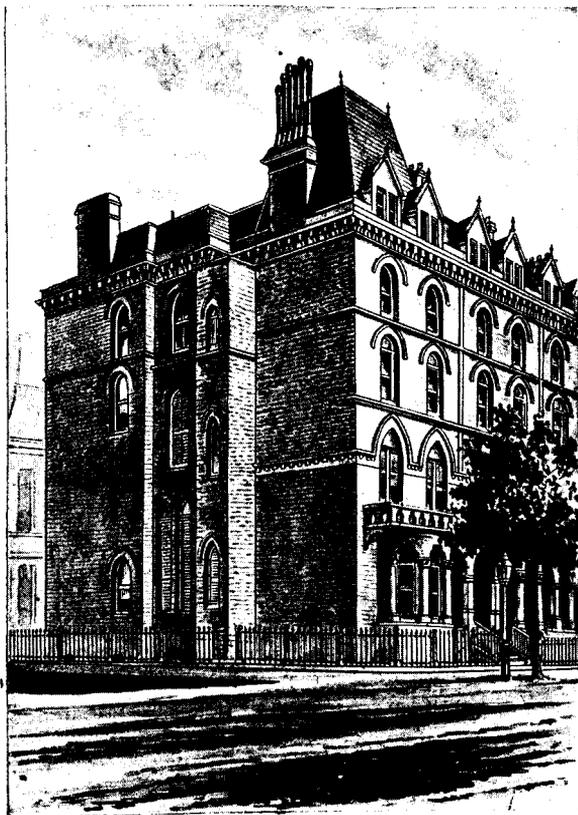
- (1) Act as representative and resident agent of Canada in the United Kingdom, and in that capacity execute such powers and perform such duties as are, from time to time, conferred upon and assigned to him by the Governor-in-Council;
- (2) Take the charge, supervision and control of the immigration offices and agencies in the United Kingdom, under the Minister of Agriculture;
- (3) Carry out such instructions as he, from time to time, receives from the Governor-in-Council respecting the commercial, financial and general interests of Canada in the United Kingdom, and elsewhere."

In the early days, the Canadian Emigration Agent occupied a building in King Street, Westminster, still known as "Canada Buildings." Afterwards the offices were removed to another "Canada Buildings," in Queen Victoria Street, not far from the Mansion House, and the Bank of England. In 1880, however, the High Commissioner took over and re-organized the staff of the Agent-General's Office, and arranged for its removal to more convenient premises in Victoria Street, Westminster, in close proximity to the offices of the other colonies, and not far from the Houses of Parliament and the Government offices. There they have since remained, although it has been found necessary to increase the accommodation from time to time. It cannot be said that the present offices are as convenient in their accommodation and arrangements as might be desired, but they were the best that could be obtained at the time, and probably are as good as anything that could now be secured, unless a building was specially erected for the purpose.

The late Hon. Sir Alexander Galt, G. C. M. G., had the distinction of being the first High Commissioner for Canada. On his resignation, in 1883, the Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., was appointed to

the position, and held it until April of the present year, with one or two intervals, during which, however, he remained Acting High Commissioner, without salary. The Hon. Sir Donald Smith, G. C. M. G., became High Commissioner on April 24th last. Until 1883 there was no official residence, but in that year the Government acquired a lease of a house at No. 97 Cromwell

was decided to retain were transferred to Westminster; but although the office was not an appanage of the Ministry of Agriculture, the staff continued to be paid out of the appropriation of that Department until the year 1888, when the office was made a separate department, to all intents and purposes, a separate annual appropriation thenceforward being voted by



DRAWN BY C. WILSON, AFTER PHOTO.

RESIDENCE OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER IN LONDON.

Road, South Kensington, and partly furnished it, although unquestionably not in the luxurious manner that is generally supposed. It is an unpretending though commodious building, near Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, and is within some twenty minutes' drive of the Canadian Government Offices. When Sir Alexander Galt organized the office, such of the staff of the Agent-General's Department as it

Parliament for salaries and contingencies. The officers and clerks employed, (Secretary, Assistant Secretary and Accountant, one first-class clerk, one second-class clerk, and two third-class clerks) were also brought under the supervision of the Civil Service Act and of the Civil Service Superannuation Act. It may be mentioned, however, that this arrangement only applied to the London Office. The Emigration

Agents continued to be attached to the Department of Agriculture, until the emigration work was transferred to the Department of the Interior in 1892, and the salaries and contingencies of these officers are still paid by the latter Department. The "permanent" Agents are stationed at Liverpool, Bristol and Glasgow. There are "special" or temporary agents at Birmingham, Dundee and Inverness. The former devote a great deal of attention to the promotion of trade, in addition to their work in regard to emigration. The offices are also the rendezvous of visiting Canadians in their particular localities; and the Agents are able to render services to Canadians who may be visiting the United Kingdom, either for business or for pleasure.

As already pointed out, the duties of the High Commissioner are generally defined by Act of Parliament. They are very comprehensive and include the supervision of the interests of Canada, in the United Kingdom, and incidentally, also, on the Continent. His first duty on arrival is to report himself to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, to whom he is accredited, and by whom he is subsequently presented to Her Majesty the Queen, as the representative of the Dominion of Canada. It seems to be popularly supposed that the High Commissioner is not very hard worked, but there is more fiction than truth about the supposition. He is not only the representative of Canada, and of the Canadian Government collectively, but acts as the commercial agent of the various Departments of which the Government is composed. He is the intermediary in connection with the many subjects that are continually under discussion between Her Majesty's Governments in Canada and in the United Kingdom. Not only are frequent interviews with the Secretary of State and the heads of other Departments of the Imperial Government necessary, but the correspondence with Downing Street and with Ottawa is voluminous and continuous. On several occasions he has negotiated both temporary and ordinary loans when they became necessary either to meet current

expenditure, or to replace borrowings that became due. The High Commissioner is the Trustee for the sinking fund of the various Guaranteed Loans. He arranges the preparation and forwarding of all coinage; and the deposits in London of the Insurance Companies doing business in Canada are placed in his name, and that of the Manager of the Bank of Montreal. In addition, the stores required by the Militia Department and the North-West Mounted Police from the War Office are arranged through the office. The same remark applies to the shipment of all rails that may be purchased, and to the purchase and shipment of supplies for other Departments; and the accounts for all these and other services have to be paid and statements and vouchers rendered to the Departments concerned. He frequently attends, as the Canadian representative, Congresses and Conferences, international and otherwise, both in England and on the Continent; and in connection with the negotiations with Spain, and the Treaty with France, relating to Canadian Trade, he was associated as a Joint Plenipotentiary with Her Majesty's Ambassadors at Paris and Madrid. There is no definitive treaty with Spain, but, through the exertions of the High Commissioner, Canada enjoys with the other Colonies, most-favored-nation treatment in the Spanish Peninsula and in the Colonies.

The High Commissioner supervises a large correspondence on general matters relating to the Dominion, and to its trade and commerce. The subjects referred to are infinite in variety, and require an encyclopædic knowledge of Canada to answer them. As already stated, the emigration agencies and their work, both in the United Kingdom and on the Continent, are under the supervision of the High Commissioner, and in the London office itself there is a considerable correspondence relating to emigration, the midland, eastern and southern parts of England being worked for such purposes from the Metropolis. A large number of letters are also annually received from all parts of Great Britain and from the Continent, as many persons seem to show a preference for

obtaining the information they require from the chief office.

The official correspondence with the Department of the Interior in regard to matters of policy is also of a voluminous nature. In an article of this sort, however, it is only possible to mention, in a general way, some of the matters to which the High Commissioner devotes personal attention, or which he supervises. Many others might be alluded to, but enough has perhaps been said to show that his days are not idle. Then there are the social duties which appertain to the office. The representative of Canada is invited officially to many functions, and at public dinners and at other gatherings he is frequently asked to make speeches. Several times in the course of every year he is asked to give lectures or addresses on Canada, and naturally every opportunity of the kind, for giving publicity to the country and its resources and capabilities, is gladly availed of.

One of the privileges the High Commissioner enjoys is that of meeting a good many Canadians who annually visit the United Kingdom and Europe. In that way he meets many friends, and makes many new acquaintances by means of letters of introduction, which are continually presented to him. At the same time, Canadians are able in the High Commissioner's office to see the leading newspapers of the Dominion, which are kept on file, to have their letters received and forwarded to them wherever they may be, and to have the privilege of using the excellent library of reference that is kept in the office, and which is also continually consulted by the Press and the legal and mercantile community. They also obtain, through the medium of the High Commissioner, permission to visit many of the sights of London, for which tickets are necessary, and in the case of those who go to the Continent, passports and other facilities are frequently placed at their disposal. The work of the office is fairly summarized each year in the three Annual Reports made by the High Commissioner to the Government. One deals with the general work of the Department; a second with the import trade of the

United Kingdom, so far as it concerns Canada, with suggestions relating to the existing trade and to its expansion; and a third about emigration; but as they are rarely referred to, either in Parliament, or in the Press, it is a fair assumption that they are not as widely read as, with all due deference, they might be, in view of the useful information they are believed to contain. It will be readily understood that a portion of the work is of a more or less confidential nature, which cannot be made public in its entirety. There can be no question, however, that the importance of the office grows year by year, and that the Department is becoming increasingly useful to the Dominion.

The High Commissioner is recognized as the *doyen* of the Colonial Representatives in the United Kingdom. He has frequent consultations with his colleagues on matters which affect the Colonies as a whole, and meetings in one or other of the Colonial Government Offices are of frequent occurrence. The seven provinces of Australasia are each represented by an Agent-General, and both the Cape and Natal have similar officials, so that what may be deemed the Colonial *Corps Diplomatique* is rather numerous. Probably, when Australasia is confederated, there will be a High Commissioner as in the case of Canada, and it is to be hoped that such an event is not very far off. In the future, South Africa will probably also have a High Commissioner. Be, however, this as it may, the representatives of the Colonies occupy a position in the United Kingdom which was never dreamt of twenty years ago. In any public assembly they receive a cordial welcome as representing the outlying parts of the Empire, and are always listened to with respect and attention whenever they are called upon to speak. If any form of closer connection between the Colonies and the Mother Country should come to pass, it will be owing in no slight degree to the preliminary work that has been done by the Colonial Representatives in London in general, and by successive High Commissioners of Canada in particular.

J. G. Colmer.



MR. HALL CAINE.

FROM HIS LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

*Junior Mr.,
Hall Caine*

A MASTER OF DRAMATIC FICTION.*

BY W. J. THOROLD.

IF there is any living novelist who deserves alike the admiration of the public and the praise of his fellows in the craft, that man is Hall Caine—and he receives it—from two continents. Born with a plentiful lack of advantageous circumstances—brought up amidst the hardships that make or mar—his only heritage, a big heart, a bright brain and an indomitable will—he has

strange fascination about the whole country of which the castle commands so fine a view. Before you, as you turn, spread two hundred and thirty square miles of delight that would kindle the fancy of the least imaginative—a very paradise. Why cannot we all live there the whole year round? During my brief stay, when I looked out of my window in the morning



PEEL CASTLE, ISLE OF MAN.

climbed, by reason of his masterful efforts, to one of the highest places in modern literature.

Greeba Castle, the home of the author but for whose books the Isle of Man would be a practically unheard of dot in the Irish Sea, is an ideal retreat for a man of letters. There is an atmosphere of romance about those old towers and a

the picture was so sunny and beautiful, and again at night the picture was so weird that I could scarcely resist the temptation to try my fountain pen at writing fiction. However, the thought of the genius who was sleeping in the next room, deterred me from such an undertaking. Another incident reinforced this. Owing to my own boots

* This paper is the first of a series upon the distinguished novelists of England, which will appear in this Magazine. Mr. Thorold, who has been traveling in Europe as our Special Correspondent, for some months past, visited the Isle of Man on purpose to interview Mr. Hall Caine for *MELSEY'S MAGAZINE*, and, through his courtesy, the illustrations accompanying the article were secured by Mr. Thorold for exclusive use in this publication. [EDITOR.]

getting very wet, in an adventure which is another story, his son kindly permitted me to step into Hall Caine's shoes—for a couple of hours. Needless to say, I was utterly unable to fill them. If any weary editor sees a remedy in these remarks for gently dampening the ardor of young aspirants, I may say that all rights are unreserved.

But Greeba Castle is suited for more than the production of fiction. It is favorable for the living of it. There is one of the most charming homes I have ever had the privilege of visiting, for I caught a glimpse of the happiness that many suppose is found only in the last chapters of novels. With such a wife as Mrs. Caine and two such children as Ralph and Derivent, it certainly looks as if this successful author were, in every way a human heart can desire, a favorite of fortune.

Though a keen observer and a profound philosopher of the problems of life, Hall Caine is in no sense a cynic, nor a man of the world. He is one of the most domestic of distinguished men. The chief trait of his character, like the leading quality of his literary style, is simplicity. He is dignified in bearing, perhaps because of his innate sense of responsibility to himself and the public. He writes nothing that he does not feel. "Everything that affects my readers," he said to me, in regard to his writings, "has first affected me." Like most Manxmen he is unsuspecting and courageous, as indeed are nearly all whose warm blood is mixed Celtic and Norse. True, he may be a trifle contradictory. Who is not? He adheres to certain good, old customs—which it would be better if more people adhered to—and is quite unconventional. His use of this latter right in a free country has led some to prefer a charge of affectation. Even the slightest acquaintance is sufficient to prove this a mistake. If there is one thing that Hall Caine is not, it is a *poseur*. He is always natural. What reasonable objection can there be to his wearing his thick ruddy beard and hair a trifle shorter or longer than the average man wears his? Hall Caine is not an average man. Surely any one has a right to dislike rings and other ornaments of

that kind on men, to hate tight clothes, to prefer his necktie loose and his collars large, to wear an easy hat—if he wishes to. It is not invariably a mark of affectation to be unlike the latest fashion plate. These outward things are mere accidents; they may mean much or nothing. The determining evidence is a man's mental attitude.

Manxman Caine, as he is frequently called, is a man of exceptionally liberal endowments and of the greatest artistic and intellectual attainments, yet he has not forgotten to keep those sweet qualities that belong peculiarly to simple and ingenuous natures. He is full of honesty and kindness of heart—and of something else that often exerts more power and magnetism than does even brilliance, sympathy. It is this, possibly above all else, that has endeared him to all who know him. The so-called landed gentry of the little insular kingdom endeavor to assume an air of indifference or superiority towards him. How funny! Walking with the novelist through his grounds one morning I happened to mention a conversation I had with some fishermen the previous night in a railway car coming up from Douglas, during which they told me of a recent occasion when they had been invited to Greeba Castle, and to their surprise, instead of the barn being decorated, as at some of the civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries' functions, for their entertainment, they moved in the drawing-room and all through the house.

"The expression of their enjoyment," I added, "was a pleasure to listen to."

"I am glad of that," answered our mutual host, "for it was a very happy time for me."

The people regard the greatest Manxman with the greatest respect. It would be difficult to discover the limit to their affection and admiration. They seem to think of his world as outside of their island, somewhere beyond the sea. Be this as it may, on the Isle of Man, Hall Caine is the Man of the Isle. Indeed, there is a widespread movement afoot among the fishermen and people of the soil, who feel that he is one of themselves, to ask the British Parliament to make the position dependent upon the



VIEW FROM PEEL CASTLE.

suffrages of the citizens—and then elect Hall Caine as Governor. Of course, the official classes on the Island poo-poo this proposition as absurd. But a poo-poo is often a prophecy. The only weighty argument advanced against this idea is, that, in England, men are trained for the civil service, spend years in preparation for such a trust—and that, therefore, no

Home Secretary could appoint a man of literature to the post. At present, dull, prosy, worthy, common-place men perform the duties of Governor. This is eminently proper. Under other circumstances Manx life would rise. Complications might then ensue. Accordingly, it is preferable that it should remain at its present rather low level. Nothing is



PHOTO BY T. KEIG,

PEEL CASTLE.

DOJGLAS.

so lamentable as a change for the better. Democracy is fundamental in the Isle of Man. The place was purchased by the English Crown from the Derby family about one hundred years ago. It is ruled by a Governor, appointed in London, in conjunction with its own Parliament, known as the House of Keys, and consisting of the usual two chambers. It has its own Bishop, makes its own laws, which are submitted to the Home Office for approval. There are two Deemsters—the name for a judge—who are also appointed by the Crown. Once a year the laws are promulgated on Tynwald Hill—the mound in "The Manxman"—in pursuance of an old custom. If anyone objects, he must object then. This makes the spirit of the people very democratic. In the social life of the local aristocracy there is a narrow conservatism, which prides itself on its exclusiveness. It has been possible, however, for a man to live there in every condition of life, beginning by spending his childhood in a thatched cottage.

Hall Caine's career, since he left school at the age of fifteen, as an architect—for which he possessed no special gifts—as a school teacher—a profession he abandoned for something offering more chances for a career—and as a journalist, is now too familiar for repetition.

In the drawing room of Greeba Castle one afternoon were Mrs. Caine, Creston Clarke, one of America's most gifted young actors and a nephew of Edwin Booth, Mrs. Clarke, Professor Hanby Hay of Philadelphia, John Wrangham, one of the leading journalists of the Island, the Special Correspondent of MASSEY'S MAGAZINE and several other ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Caine read, as only he knows how to read, his new play, in three acts, to be produced this autumn by E. S. Willard. The first and third acts are laid in England, the second is on the deck of a whaler somewhere in the North Seas. This drama is intensely human, not strongly, or rather noisily, dramatic, but full of sweetness and quiet power. It would be difficult to desire a play more touching and beautiful. Without a doubt it will be one of the coming season's most wonderful triumphs in dramatic art.

Afterwards I found myself alone with Mr. Caine in his study. One could scarcely help noticing his resemblance to Keats and Emile Zola, whose portrait was just above the cabinet that once belonged to Rosetti. The time seemed opportune for an interviewer to open interrogative fire upon a famous author.

"I have a sincere admiration for Canada," said he, in response to a question about his visit here. "It is a country of great possibilities—both commercial and literary; I should consider it a great honor to be a son of Canada."

"Do you feel satisfied with the results of your mission to the Dominion?"

"Yes. The results are all I have a right to expect. The copyright question is not settled yet, but I feel happy to have contributed, in however small a measure, towards removing a cause of irritation between Canada and England."

"What is your opinion of our country as a field for the novel—for the laying of scenes and plots?"

"I think it would be a very romantic one. You have two nations, two religions, both powerful. These things might lead to very dramatic situations. In fact I have been thinking over a story to be laid in Canada and collected material during my visit. But I shall never feel justified in attempting to use it until I can do so with ease, to give a picture having fidelity, and so gain the respect of Canadians. I rejoice to see the brilliant success achieved by Gilbert Parker whose dramatic version of his own novel 'The Seats of the Mighty' is to be played this winter by Beerbohm Tree."

"Your recollections must be favorable."

"I remember Canada with tender feelings. Why should I not? I went there on a hostile errand, and was received as a friend. If I never go back, I shall always remember the friendships formed there."

"It is very good of you to regard us with such kindness."

"A man from Canada is always welcome at my home."

"Then," I ventured to suggest, in warning, "look out for a pilgrimage,"

upon which Mr. Caine said something very nice, but scarcely for publication.

"Your new story will be out soon, I believe?"

"I am working on it very hard."

"What is the theme?"

"The clash of passions in one human heart. The scenes are laid in London and the Isle of Man. I have just returned from the slums of the East End where I lived for several weeks for the

"I think they are peculiar to myself," was the novelist's answer.

"It is not easy to find pens or ink in Greeba Castle," I remarked, smiling.

"Because most of my writing is done with a stylographic pen"—drawing it out—"which I always carry in my pocket."

"And your desk?"

"Is my knee. I write in my head first, and afterwards, from memory,



MRS. HALL CAINE.

purpose of studying subterranean London."

"You generally go to the places you write about?"

"Always. I believe in absolute accuracy, both as to facts and atmosphere. That work is my pleasure. I live for literature, for my art—not society or its view of me."

"It would be interesting to know something of your methods of work."

scribble it down on any scrap of paper that happens to be near."

"How do you begin a novel, Mr. Caine?"

"First I get my central motive."

"Which you do easily."

"No. It usually takes me a very long time."

"But the incidents—"

"Oh, they come quickly!"

"Then?"

"I labor like mad in getting data. I visit the places to be described, read every book bearing on my subject."

"Your method is certainly elaborate."

"Yes—toilsome, but very delightful."

"You make copious notes?"

"They are innumerable. Then begins the agony."

"In what way?"

"Every day my novel preys upon my mind as if crying for completion. I awake at five in the morning, and lying in bed think out the chapter that is to be written that day, composing it word for word—a task of about two hours. From seven until eight I am busy with a mental revision of the chapter. Then I get up and write it down from memory as fast as my pen will travel. Then I breakfast, as we did this morning, at nine."

"The remainder of the forenoon?"

"Is usually spent lounging about in thought and reverie—all of my book. For, when I am working on a new tale, my mind is dead to other interests. Everything else must wait."

"After luncheon?"

"I walk or ride, still thinking all the time. In the evening I walk up and down in my room constructing my story. In those hours I am indeed happy."

"You write every day?"

"Oh, no! Sometimes I take a long rest."

"When writing, what do you average?"

"Rarely more than fifteen hundred words a day."

"I shall not inquire how many metaphors to the drop of ink, or how many erasures to the line, but should like to ask if you revise your manuscript very much?"

"Very little, for serial publication.

But I labor arduously over the proofs of the book, making radical changes, striking out, putting in, recasting."

"For instance?"

"When everybody was praising 'The Scapegoat,' and it had passed through four editions, I felt uneasy, spent eight weeks rewriting it, had the forms reset and the fifth edition was a new book. Again, take 'The Shadow of a Crime,' with which I began my career as a

writer of fiction. I went to the Isle of Wight to write that book and labored over it fearfully."

"And your 'Life of Coleridge'?"

"Oh! It's an exception."

"You produced your second novel, 'A Son of Hagar,' in the same year, did you not?"

"Yes. It, too, was the result of laborious composition, but its reception at the time was not very enthusiastic."

"Did you find this discouraging circumstance affect you seriously?"

"Did I? I ground my teeth, clenched my fist and said: 'I will write one more novel. Into it I will put the best that is in me. If the world still remains contemptuous, I will write no more!'"

"That one novel was—"

"A moment. Rosetti had advised me to do a Manx romance. I thought out a plot, came to the Isle of Man to write it—which I did in one of the lodging houses on the Esplanade at Douglas, in a fever of wounded pride. I worked like a galley-slave, poured all my memories into it. Meanwhile, I maintained my family by journalism, being connected with one of the best papers in London. In six months the book was finished. It was 'The Deemster.'"

"I remember its reception—wonderful!"

"Well, with that began for me something like distinction. The public hailed it. Henry Irving read it in America, saw material for a splendid play with himself as the Bishop, the part now played so admirably by Franklin McLeay. But Irving hesitated about cabling me. Meanwhile Wilson Barrett telegraphed from London in regard to its dramatization—and he produced it at the Princess's Theatre under the title of 'Ben-My-Chree.'"

"It was received?"

"With unbounded enthusiasm."

"And next day—"

"I was famous. Then I gave up journalism, and resolved to devote myself entirely to writing novels and plays."

"After that?"

"I went to Iceland, spent two months there for the purpose of studying certain scenes for 'The Bondman.' After its



PHOTO BY T. KEIG.

DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

DOUGLAS.

publication, I was commissioned by Henry Irving to write a play on Mahomet. I had three acts finished when the Mussulmen in London made such an outcry against the proposal involved that Mr. Irving decided that it would not be advisable to carry out the plan. This was a bitter disappointment to me."

"But you finished the drama?"

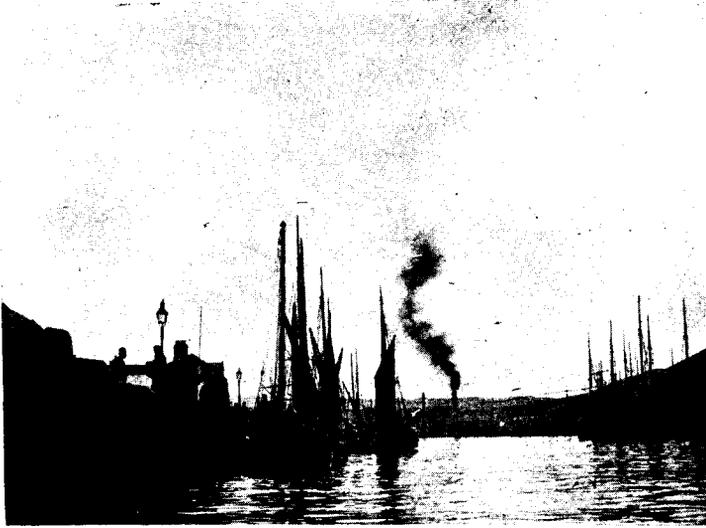
"Yes, and it was accepted for production in America by Willard. As yet, though, it has not been played. This disappointment took away all my heart for work for nearly a year."

"Was it afterwards that you wrote your 'Life of Christ'?"

"It was. I was impressed deeply by Renau's brilliant work, and considered that a life of Jesus might be written as



A MANX COTTAGE.



IN PEEL HARBOR.

vivid and dramatic from the standpoint of belief as from that of unbelief."

"I do not remember seeing yours, Mr. Caine."

"I was dissatisfied with my effort, and would not allow it to be published, though offered £3,000 for the manuscript. I shall rewrite it some day."

"You next wrote 'The Scapegoat,' did you not, after going to Morocco?"

"Yes. Then visited Russia, and started a novel to be called 'The Jew But I gave it up.'"

"Indeed!"

"Concluded I could not do it. Then I turned my Hebrew story into a Manx story—and 'The Jew' became 'The Manxman.'"

"Truly, the ways of novelists are past finding out."



PEEL CATHEDRAL.

"Except by an interviewer. My own dramatization of this tale, with 'Philip' as the star, was refused by Beerbohm Tree. Wilson Barrett, by arrangement with me, made his own version, with 'Pete' as the leading rôle, and played it to crowded houses everywhere, except in New York and Manchester. They did not seem to like it."

Few men have contributed to the domain of art so much as the distinguished player who has presented these splendid novels of Hall Caine, in dramatic form, to the publics of England and America. Wilson Barrett is undoubtedly one of the greatest geniuses on the stage to-day—uniting, as he does, in one man, the constructive talents of Victorien Sardou, the producing ability of Sir Henry Irving and the histrionic gifts of himself. In addition to 'Ben-My-Chree' and 'The Manxman,' witness his own dramas, 'The Sign of the Cross' and, this December, 'A Daughter of Babylon.'

"Do you think, Mr. Caine," I continued, "that you will ever tire of the novel as a vehicle?"

"I cannot say. But I have an ambition to become a dramatist. I am now carefully studying the technicalities of the stage."

"To what do you attribute your exceptional success as a writer of fiction?"

"To the fact that I have always been a great reader of the Bible. I love to study it. All my books are founded on

the sacred scriptures. 'The Deemster' is the story of the Prodigal Son."

"'The Bondman?'"

"Of Esau and Jacob, though, in my version, sympathy attaches to Esau."

"'The Scapegoat?'"

"Is the tale of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl."

"And 'The Manxman?'"

"The old human story of David and Uriah."

"Does your new romance also come out of the Bible?"

"Yes, it does—and from a strange portion of the book of books. It is entitled 'The Christian,' and deals with the Christian Social movement in the church in England, Canada, and the United States. I understand the movement in certain directions is very strong in the Dominion. In London, as you are aware, it has shown itself in the establishment of settlements in the East End, and at Oxford it has developed a monastic tendency in the Brotherhood of what is called The Cowley Fathers. This forms one side of the theme dealt with. The other side concerns the social life of London. The leaders of the Christian Social movement are much interested."

"I should imagine the subject would likely attract a good deal of attention."

"Possibly. When you read it—"

"As I shall do with the rest of the world immediately it appears."

"You will be startled."

W. J. Thorold.

THE LADY AND THE FLAGON.*

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

Author of "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA," "PIROSO," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE Duke of Belleville—which name, by-the-way, you must pronounce by no means according to its spelling, if you would be in the fashion; for as Belvoir is Beever, and Beauchamp is Beecham,

even so on polite lips Belleville is Bevvle—the Duke of Belleville shut the hall door behind him, and put his latch-key into the pocket of his trousers. It was but ten in the evening, yet the house was as still as though it had been two in the morning. All was dark, save for a dim jet of gas in the little sitting-

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room; the blinds were all down; from without, the villa seemed uninhabited, and the rare passer-by—for rare was he in the quiet lane adjoining but not facing Hampstead Heath—set it down as being to let. It was a whim of the Duke's to keep it empty; when the world bored him, he fled there for solitude; not even the presence of a servant was allowed, lest his meditations should be disturbed. It was long since he had come; but to-night weariness had afflicted him, and, by a sudden change of plan, he had made for his hiding-place in lieu of attending a public meeting, at which he had been advertised to take the chair. The desertion sat lightly on his conscience, and he heaved a sigh of relief as, having turned up the gas, he flung himself into an arm-chair and lit a cigar. The Duke of Belleville was thirty years of age; he was unmarried; he had held the title since he was fifteen; he seemed to himself rather old. He was at this moment yawning. Now, when a man yawns at ten o'clock in the evening, something is wrong with his digestion or his spirits. The Duke had a perfect digestion.

"I should define wealth," murmured the Duke, between his yawns, "as an unlimited command of the sources of *ennui*, rank as a satirical emphasising of human equality, culture as a curtailment of pleasure, knowledge as the death of interest." Yawning again, he rose, drew up the blind, and flung open the window. The summer night was fine and warm. Although there were a couple of dozen other houses scattered here and there about the lane, not a soul was to be seen. The Duke stood for a long while looking out. His cigar burnt low, and he flung it away. Presently he heard a church clock strike eleven. At the same moment he perceived a tall and burly figure approaching from the end of the lane. Its approach was slow and interrupted, for it paused at every house. A moment's further inspection revealed in it the policeman on his beat.

"He's trying the windows and doors," remarked the Duke to himself. Then his eye brightened. "There are possibilities in a door always," he murmured,

and his thoughts flew off to the great doors of history and fiction—the doors that were locked when by all laws human and divine they should have been open, and the even more interesting doors that proved to be open and yielded to pressure when any man would have staked his life on their being bolted, barred and impregnable. "A door has the interest of death," said he. "For how can you know what is on the other side till you have passed through it? Now suppose that fellow found a door open, and passed through it, and turning the rays of his lantern on the darkness within, saw revealed to him—Heavens!" cried the Duke, interrupting himself in great excitement, "is all this to be wasted on a policeman?" and, without a moment's hesitation, he leant out of the window and shouted: "Constable, constable!"—which is, as all the world knows, the politest mode of addressing a policeman.

The policeman, perceiving the Duke and the urgency of the Duke's summons, left his examination of the doors in the lane and ran hastily up to the window of the villa.

"Did you call, sir?" he asked.

"Don't you know me?" enquired the Duke, turning a little, so that the light in the room should fall on his features.

"I beg your Grace's pardon," cried the policeman. "Your Grace gave me a sovereign last Christmas. The Duke of Belleville, isn't it, your Grace?"

"You will know," said the Duke, patiently, "how to pronounce my name when I tell you that it rhymes with 'Devil.' Thus: 'Devvle, Bevvle.'"

"Yes, your Grace. You called me?"

"I did. Do you often find doors open when they ought to be shut?"

"Almost every night, your Grace."

"What do you do?"

"Knock, your Grace."

"Good heavens!" murmured the Duke, "how this man throws away his opportunities." Then he leant forward, and laying his hand on the policeman's shoulder, drew him nearer, and began to speak to him in a low tone.

"I couldn't, your Grace," urged the policeman. "If I was found out I should get the sack."



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIDGEN.

“VIOLENTLY TWISTED THE QUEEN BESS FLAGON OUT OF HER GRASP.”

"You should come to no harm by that."

"And if your Grace was found out—"

"You can leave that to me," interrupted the Duke.

Presently the policeman, acting on the Duke's invitation, climbed into the window of the villa, and the conversation was continued across the table. The Duke urged, produced money, gave his word to be responsible for the policeman's future; the policeman's resistance grew less strong.

"I am about your height and build," said the Duke. "It is but for a few hours, and you can spend them very comfortably in the kitchen. Before six o'clock I will be back."

"If the Inspector comes round, your Grace?"

"You must take a little risk for twenty pounds," the Duke reminded him.

The struggle could end but one way. A quarter of an hour later the policeman, attired in the Duke's overcoat, sat by the kitchen hearth, while the Duke, equipped in the policeman's garments, prepared to leave the house and take his place on the beat.

"I shall put out all lights and shut the door," said he. "The window in the kitchen looks out to the back, and you will not be seen. You will particularly oblige me by remaining here and taking no notice of anything that may occur till I return and call you."

"But, your Grace, if there's murder done—"

"We can hardly expect that," interrupted the Duke, a little wistfully. Yet although—remembering how the humdrum permeates life—he would not pitch his anticipations too high, the Duke started on the expedition with great zest and lively hopes. The position he had assumed, the mere office that he discharged vicariously, seemed to his fancy a conductor that must catch and absorb the lightning of adventurous incident. His big-buttoned coat, his helmet, the lantern he carried, his deftly-hidden truncheon, combined to make him the centre of anything that might move, and to involve him in coils of crime or romance. He refused to be disappointed although he tried a dozen doors and

found all securely fastened. For never till the last, till Fortune was desperate and escape a vanished dream, was wont to come that marvellous Door that gaped open-mouthed. Ah! The Duke started violently, the blood rushing to his face and his heart beating quick. Here, at the end of the lane, most remote from his own villa, at a small, two-storied house, bright with green paint and flowering creepers, here, in the most unlikely, most inevitable place, was the open door. Barred? It was not even shut, but hung loose, swaying gently to and fro, with a subdued bang at each encounter with the doorpost. Without a moment's hesitation the Duke pushed it open. He stood in a dark passage. He turned the glare of his bull's-eye on the gloom, which melted as the column of light pierced it, and he saw—

"There is nothing at all," said the Duke of Belleville, with a sigh.

Nor indeed was there, save an umbrella-rack, a hatstand, and an engraving of the Queen's Coronation—things which had no importance for the Duke.

"They are only what one might expect," said he.

Yet he persevered and began to mount the stairs with a silent, cautious tread. He had not felt it necessary to put on the policeman's boots, and his thin-soled, well-made boots neither creaked nor crunched as he climbed, resting one hand on the balustrade and holding his lantern in the other. Yet suddenly something touched his hand and a bell rang out, loud, clear and tinkling. A moment later came a scream; the Duke paused in some bewilderment. Then he mounted a few more steps till he was on the landing. A door to his right was cautiously opened; an old gentleman's head appeared.

"Thank heaven, it's the police!" cried the old gentleman. Then he pulled his head in and said: "Only the police, my dear." Then he put his head out again, and asked: "What in the world is the matter? I thought you were burglars when I heard the alarm."

"Your hall door was standing open," said the Duke, accusingly.

"Tut, tut, tut! How very careless of me, to be sure! And I thought I had

locked it! Actually open! Dear me! I'm much obliged to you."

A look of disappointment had by now spread over the Duke's face.

"Didn't you leave it open on purpose?" he asked. "Come now! You can trust me."

"On purpose? Do you take me for a fool?" cried the old gentleman.

"A man who leaves his door open on purpose may or may not be a fool," said the Duke. "But there is no doubt about a man who leaves it open without a purpose," and so saying, the Duke turned, walked downstairs, and, going out, slammed the door behind him. He was deeply disgusted.

When, however, he recovered a little from his chagrin he began to pace up and down the lane. It was now past midnight, and all was very quiet. The Duke began to fear that Fortune, never weary of tormenting him, meant to deny all its interest to his experiment. But suddenly, when he was almost exactly opposite his own house, he observed a young man standing in front of it. The stranger was tall and well made; he wore a black cloth Inverness, which, hanging open at the throat, showed a white tie and a snowy shirt front. The young man seemed to be gazing thoughtfully at the Duke's villa. The Duke walked quietly up to him, as though he meant to pass by. The young man, however, perceiving him, turned to him and said:

"It's very annoying, but I have lost my latch-key, and I don't know how to get into my house."

"Indeed, sir?" said the Duke, sympathetically. "Which is your house?"

"This," answered the young man, pointing to the Duke's villa.

The Duke could not entirely repress a slight movement of surprise and pleasure.

"This your house? Then you are—?" he began.

"Yes, the Duke of Belleville," interrupted the young man. "But there's nobody in the house. I'm not expected—"

"I suppose not," murmured the Duke.

"There are no servants, and I don't know how to get in. It's very awkward, because I'm expecting a—a friend to call."

"With my assistance," said the Duke, deferentially, "your Grace might effect an entry by the window."

"True!" cried the young man. "Bring your lantern and give me a light. Look here, I don't want this talked about."

"It is a matter quite between ourselves, your Grace," the Duke assured him, as he led the way to the window.

"By-the-bye, you might help me in another matter, if you like. I'll make it worth your while."

"I shall be very glad," said the Duke.

"Could you be spared from your beat for an hour?"

"It might be possible."

"Good! Come in with me, and we'll talk it over."

The Duke had by this time opened the window; he gave the young man a leg-up, and afterwards climbed in himself.

"Shut the window again," commanded the stranger. "Oh, and you might as well just close the shutter."

"Certainly, your Grace," said the Duke, and he did as he was bid.

The young man began to move round the room, examining the articles that furnished the side tables and decorated the walls. The Duke of Belleville had been, for a year or two, an eager collector of antique plate, and had acquired some fine specimens in both gold and silver. Some of these were now in the villa, and the young man scrutinized them with close attention.

"Dear me!" said he, in a vexed tone, as he returned to the hearth. "I thought the Queen Bess flagon was here. Surely I sent it here from Belleville Castle!"

The Duke smiled; the Queen Bess flagon had never been at Belleville Castle, and it was now in a small, locked cabinet which stood on the mantel-piece. He made no remark; a suspicion had begun to take shape in his mind concerning this strange visitor. Two thousand seven hundred and forty guineas was the price that he had paid for the Queen Bess flagon; all the other specimens in the little room, taken together, might be worth, perhaps, a quarter as much.

"Your Grace spoke of some other matter in which I might assist you?" he suggested, for the young man seemed to have fallen into a reverie.

"Why, yes. As I tell you, I expect a friend; and it looks very absurd to have no servant. You're sure to find a suit of dress clothes in my bedroom. Pray put them on, and represent my valet. You can resume your uniform afterwards."

The Duke bowed and left the room. The moment the door closed behind him he made the best of his way to the kitchen. A few words were enough to impart his suspicions to the policeman. A daring and ingenious scheme was evidently on foot, its object being the theft of the Queen Bess flagon. Even now, unless they acted quickly, the young man might lay hands on the cabinet in which the treasure lay, and be off with it. In a trice, the Duke had discarded the police uniform, its rightful owner had resumed it, and the Duke was again in the convenient black suit which befits any man, be he duke or valet. Then the kitchen window was cautiously opened, and the policeman crawled silently round to the front of the house: here he lay in waiting for a summons, or for the appearance of a visitor. The Duke returned immediately to the sitting-room.

On entering, he perceived the young man standing in front of the locked cabinet, and regarding it with a melancholy air. The Duke's appearance roused him, and he glanced with visible surprise at the distinguished and aristocratic figure which the supposed policeman presented. But he made no comment, and his first words were about the flagon.

"Now I come to remember," said he, "I put the Queen Bess flagon in this cabinet. It must be so, although, as I have left my key at my rooms in St. James' Street, I can't satisfy myself on the point."

The Duke, now perfectly convinced of the character of his visitor, waited only to see him lay his hands on the cabinet. Such an action would be the signal for his instant arrest. But before the young man had time either to speak again or to put out his hand towards the cabinet, there came the sound of wheels quickly approaching the villa. A moment later a neat brougham rolled up to the door. The young man darted to the window,

tore open the shutter, and looked out. The Duke, suspecting the arrival of confederates, turned towards the cabinet, and took his stand in front of it.

"Go and open the door," ordered the young man, turning round. "Don't keep the lady waiting outside at this time of night."

Curiosity conquered prudence; the Duke set more value on a night's amusement than on the Queen Bess flagon. He went obediently and opened the door of the villa. On the step stood a young and very handsome girl. Great agitation was evident in her manner.

"Is—is the Duke here?" she asked.

"Yes, Madame. If I lead you to the sitting-room, you will find him there," answered the Duke gravely; and with a bow he preceded her along the passage.

When they reached the room, the lady, passing by him, darted forward and flung herself affectionately into the young man's arms. He greeted her with equal warmth, while the Duke stood in the doorway, in some natural embarrassment.

"I escaped so successfully," cried the young lady. "My aunt went to bed at eleven; so did I. At twelve I got up and dressed. Not a soul heard me come downstairs, and the brougham was waiting at the door, just as you said."

"My darling!" murmured the young man, fondly. "Now, indeed, is our happiness certain. By to-morrow morning we shall be safe from all pursuit." Then he turned to the Duke. "I need not tell you," said he "that you must observe silence on this matter. Oblige me now by going to my room and packing a bag; you'll know what I shall want for two or three days; I can give you a quarter-of-an-hour."

The Duke stood in a momentary hesitation. He was bewildered at the sudden change in the position caused by the appearance of this girl. Was he assisting then, not at a refined and ingenious burglary, but at another kind of trick? The disguise assumed by the young man might have for its object the deception of a trustful girl, and not an abduction of the Queen Bess flagon.

"Well, why don't you obey?" asked the young man, sharply; and, stepping

up to the Duke, he thrust a ten-pound note into his hand, whispering: "Play your part and earn your money, you fool."

The Duke lingered no longer. Leaving the room he walked straight, rapidly, and with a firm tread upstairs. When he reached the top he paused to listen. All was still! Stay! A moment later he heard a slight noise—the noise of some metal instrument turning, proceeding from the room which he had just left. The Duke sat down in the landing and took off his boots. Then with silent feet he crept cautiously downstairs again. He paused to listen for an instant outside the sitting-room door. Voices were audible, but he could not hear the words. The occupants of the room were moving about. He heard a low amused laugh. Then he pursued his way to the hall door. He had not completely closed it after admitting the lady, and he now slipped out without a sound. The brougham stood in front of the door. The Duke dodged behind it, and the driver, who was leaning forward on his seat, did not see him. The next moment he was crouching down by the side of his friend, the policeman, waiting for the next development in the plot of this comedy, or crime, or whatever it might turn out to be. He put out his hand, and touched his ally. To his amusement, the man, sitting there on the ground, had fallen fast asleep.

"Another proof," mused the Duke, in whimsical despair, "that it is impossible to make any mode of life permanently interesting. How this fellow would despise the state of excitement which I, for the moment, am so fortunate as to enjoy! Well, I won't wake him unless need arises."

For some little while nothing happened. The policeman slept on, and the driver of the brougham seemed sunk in meditation, unless, indeed, he also were drowsy. The shutters of the sitting-room were again closely shut, and no sound came from behind them. The Duke crouched motionless, but keenly observant.

Then the hall door creaked. The

policeman snored quietly, but the Duke leant eagerly forward, and the driver of the brougham suddenly sat up quite straight and grasped his reins more firmly. The door was cautiously opened; the lady and the young man appeared on the threshold. The young man glanced up and down the lane; then he walked quickly towards the brougham, and opened the door. The lady followed him. As she went she passed within four or five feet of where the Duke lay hidden. And, as she went by, the Duke saw—what he half-expected, yet what he could but half-believe—the gleam of the gold of the Queen Bess flagon, which she held in her gloved hands.

As has been hinted, the Duke attached no superstitious value to this article. The mad fever of the collector had left him long ago; but amidst the death of other emotions and more recondite prejudices there survives in the heart of man the primitive dislike of being "done." It survived in the mind of the Duke of Belleville, and sprang to strong and sudden activity when he observed his Queen Bess flagon in the hand of the pretty, unknown lady.

With a sudden and vigorous spring he was upon her; with a roughness, which the Duke trusted that the occasion, to some extent, excused, he seized her arm with one hand, and with the other violently twisted the Queen Bess flagon out of her grasp. A loud cry rang from her lips. The driver threw down the reins and leapt from his seat. The young man turned with an oath and made for the Duke. The Duke of Belleville, ignoring the mere prejudice which forbids timely retreat, took to his heels, hugging the Queen Bess flagon to his breast, and heading, in his silk socks, as hard and as straight as he could for Hampstead Heath. After him, pell-mell, came the young man, the driver, and the lady, amazed, doubtless, at the turn of events, but resolved on the recapture of the flagon. And just as their figures vanished round the corner, the policeman rubbed his eyes and looked round, exclaiming: "What's the row?"

Anthony Hope.

WITH PARKMAN THROUGH CANADA.

BY PROF. WM. CLARK, D.C.L.

PART II.

THE JESUITS IN NORTH AMERICA.

AIMS OF CHAMPLAIN.

We have seen something of the pure and lofty designs of Champlain with respect to Canada. His aim was to create a new France on the Western Continent, to carry Christian civilization among the Indians, and to settle French colonists, who should form a centre and a focus for his work. To the difficulties created by his own countrymen we have already referred. They were not peculiar to Canada: they are known on every mission field. Among the barbarians the obstacles to the work were such as might have been expected. Of the Indians, and of the great missionaries who entered upon the arduous and seemingly hopeless work we have now to speak.

HURONS.

It was among the Hurons and the Algonquins that missionary work was first begun. The name of Huron is said to have been given to them by the French on account of their disordered hair (*hures*). They have now almost entirely passed away; but more than two centuries ago they were a numerous and powerful confederacy; occupying what is now the northern and eastern portions of Simcoe County, within the peninsula formed by the Nottawassaga and Matchedash Bays of Lake Huron, the River Severn, and Lake Simcoe. In the year 1639 the Jesuits ascertained that they had thirty-two villages and hamlets, with seven hundred dwellings, about four thousand families, and twelve thousand adult persons, or a total population of at least twenty thousand.

ALGONQUINS.

The Algonquins and Iroquois shared the vast tract from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, and from the Carolinas to Hudson's Bay. The Iroquois lay like an island in the midst of this great

district, the true Iroquois or five nations (Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, Senecas), extending through central New York, from the Hudson to the Genesee. Of the Algonquin populations the densest was in New England. There were Mohicans, Pequots, Narragansetts, Wampanoags, Massachusetts, Penacooks. Although they were thorns in the sides of the Puritans, they were favorable specimens of the Algonquin stock, belonging to the section which tilled the soil.

IROQUOIS.

The Iroquois were the most important of those peoples, and their institutions are not yet extinct. Originally they seem to have been one people, but partly through necessity arising from their mode of life, partly through dissensions, they separated into those five nations. They were divided into eight clans, differing in importance and influence—the most conspicuous having the right to give chiefs to the nation and to the league. The chief was almost invariably succeeded by a near relative, always through the female side, not necessarily the nearest, if he were unfit. A more distant relative was then chosen by a council of the clan. The number of chiefs varied in the different nations. The five nations had fifty in all, who met in council as equals, but a peculiar dignity attached to the Atotarho of the Onondagas.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

The Hurons and Iroquois were the greatest of the Indian peoples, and, if we may judge from their language, they may have had a common origin. But the Iroquois were the greater. "The Iroquois was the Indian of Indians. A thorough savage, yet a finished and developed savage, he is, perhaps, an example of the highest elevation which

man can reach without emerging from his primitive condition of hunter. . . Patient and politic as they were ferocious, they were not only conquerors of their own race, but the powerful allies and the dreaded foes of the French and English colonies. . . Their organization and their history evince their intrinsic superiority. In regard to manners and customs, the Hurons were more degraded than the Iroquois. They went almost naked in summer. Their marriages were often only temporary, and they were thoroughly unchaste. They were greedy and voracious. Their cannibalism, probably beginning in a religious rite, was practised for the relief of their hunger. The Iroquois, if less degraded than the Hurons, were yet a licentious people, and most cruel and treacherous. This and much more will be shown in the course of our story.

THE JESUITS.

The men who undertook the work of evangelizing these heathen tribes were the sons of Ignatius Loyola, the great founder of the mighty Society of Jesus. This man, brought to an end of his military career by a wound received at the siege of Pampeluna, consecrated his life to the advancement of the faith of the Roman Catholic Church. The monastic order which he founded was not for meditation but for work. His aim was "to organize and discipline a mighty host, controlled by one purpose and one mind, fired by a quenchless zeal or nerved by a fixed resolve, yet impelled, restrained, and directed by a single master hand." His work was to win back to the Church those who had been rent from it by the religious revolution of the sixteenth century, to train up the children of the Church, and to bring into the Christian community those who were lying in darkness and the shadow of death. The principles of the order are well known, and need not here be described or criticised. Some of their methods are not approved by members of their own Church. Those who would study them from an adverse point of view may do so in Pascal's Provincial Letters. On the other side may be read the treatise of Ravignan. But whatever we may say of their methods, it is impos-

sible to withhold admiration from their aims, their devotion, their labors, their absorption in their work, their sublime patience and readiness to suffer. All these features of character are abundantly illustrated in their mission work.

When Quebec was re-
PAUL LE JEUNE. stored to France, the

Jesuits were able to resume the work, which had been interrupted. The Superior of the residence at Quebec was Father Le Jeune, who had been a brother in the Convent at Dieppe. He took with him De Nouë and a lay brother named Gilbert. In the harbor of Tadoussac he encountered a number of Indians painted and decorated like maskers at a carnival. They were preparing to burn a number of Iroquois prisoners, whom Le Jeune vainly endeavored to save; and thus he got to know something of the people on whose behalf he had come to labor. They then settled in Quebec, in two hovels built by their predecessors on the St. Charles, which, under the English, had fallen almost into ruins. One of them was storehouse, stable, and bakery. The other was a structure of planks, plastered with mud, and thatched with long grass from the meadows. It consisted of one storey, a garret, and a cellar; and contained four principal rooms, being a refectory, kitchen, a lodging for workmen, and a chapel. The furniture of all was of the plainest.

JEAN DE BREBEUF.

Conspicuous among the six Jesuits gathered in this humble dwelling was a tall, strong man, with features apparently intended for those of a soldier, "but which the mental habits of years had stamped with the impress of the priesthood." This was Jean de Brébeuf, descendant of a noble family of Normandy, and one of the ablest and most devoted zealots whose names stand on the missionary rolls of his order. His companions were Masse, Daniel, Davost, De Nouë, and the Father Superior, Le Jeune. Some of these men had been tried before, some, as we shall ascertain, were to be more severely tried hereafter.

The first work among the
FIRST EFFORTS. Indian tribes had been done by the Récollets; but the Jesuits had supplanted them and

adopted their work. This had been interrupted by the descent of the English, or rather of the Huguenots fighting under English colors. But now Quebec was restored to the French and the Jesuit enterprise was resumed. Le Jeune's first missionary labors were far from promising. In order to learn Algonquin, he determined to visit the Indian encampments. For this purpose he proceeded to an encampment near Cape Diamond on the St. Lawrence. There were twenty Indians. Among his companions were an apostate Christian called Pierre, with his two brothers, one a hunter, the other a medicine man or sorcerer. This last was an endless source of trouble and disappointment. He persecuted Le Jeune in every possible manner, hindering him from intercourse with the Indians, and poisoning their minds against the Christian priest. It was a miserable existence. Living in a wretched hut, where he was frozen on one side and roasted on the other, he suffered yet more from the smoke and the sorcerer. Le Jeune was uncertain whether his pretensions were mere imposture, or whether he was in league with the devil. The latter theory was confirmed by veracious testimony. "A Frenchman worthy of credit," said Brébeuf, "told me that he had heard with his own ears the voice of the demon and the sound of the blows which he discharges upon these his miserable slaves; and in reference to this a very remarkable fact has been reported to me, namely, that, when a Catholic approaches, the devil takes flight and beats these wretches no longer, but that in presence of a Huguenot he does not stop beating them." This ought to be conclusive! The attempt of Le Jeune was almost an entire failure. At the beginning of April he returned to Quebec to the great joy of the Fathers.

It became apparent to Le Jeune that little was to be done at first with the wandering tribes like those Algonquins among whom he had made his first attempts. The Jesuits turned their eyes, therefore, towards a people already known to some of them, having stationary habitations, the Hurons living on the lake which bears their name. If these

NEW FIELDS.

were once won over, they might hope that the Faith would spread wider and wider, and embrace the kindred tribes, and, perhaps, in God's mercy, might extend even to the fierce and powerful Iroquois. Many obstacles were thrown in their way, but at last Brébeuf, with two other priests, Daniel and Davost, set forth. On account of the hostility of the Iroquois they had to journey by way of the Ottawa and Lake Nipissing; and the distance was reckoned at nine hundred miles. But this was the least of their troubles. They had miserable food, they had often to carry their canoes and to wade through the rushing streams, pushing their canoes or dragging them with ropes. They were separated on the journey, so that Daniel and Davost, who were ignorant of the language, were reduced to silence. At last Brébeuf reached what is now called Thunder Bay, and made his way to the new Huron town called Ithonatiria. The Hurons recognized him as having been there before, and gave him a hearty welcome. At last his associates joined him, Daniel weary and worn, Davost half dead with famine and fatigue, and their French attendants full of complaints of ill-usage. But at last they were reunited and the Huron mission began. This was in 1634.

THE HURON MISSION.

After some hesitation, Brébeuf fixed the centre of the mission at Ithonatiria, where he built a house after the Huron model. It was thirty-six feet long and about twenty wide, framed with strong sapling poles, with the ends bent into an arch for the roof, covered with sheets of bark. The building was divided into three apartments—the first serving as a front hall and a place of storage, the second for kitchen, workshop, dining room, sitting room, school-room, and bed-chamber. The third was the chapel. Numbers came to visit them and see the wonders of their abode, especially the clock which struck. The Fathers played some tricks akin to those of the medicine-men, with this clock and other things. Doubtless the temptation was great; but it may be questioned what was the ultimate result. They were challenged to cure sickness, as the medicine-men professed to do. Some-

times their prayers were answered, sometimes not. Many strange doings among the barbarians were witnessed by them. Among others the Feast of the Dead, a ceremony which helps to explain those great depositories of human bones found recently in the country of the Hurons. A more horrid rite was the torturing and burning of an Iroquois taken prisoner. It was a horrid sight; but the priests had induced him to be baptized, and thus consoled themselves that his soul was safe. In 1635 they were joined by two other members of the order, Pijart and Le Mercier, and in 1636 by three more, Jogues, Chatelain, and Garnier.

A terrible outbreak of the smallpox, added to another pestilence, tried the faith and devotion of the Fathers to the utmost (1636). It raged all the summer, and even winter did not stop its ravages. 'The Jesuits, singly or in pairs, journeyed in the depth of winter from village to village, ministering to the sick, and seeking to commend their religious teachings by their efforts to relieve bodily distress.' They took occasion to admonish their hearers of the shortness of life, of the blessedness of the faithful, of the misery of the lost. They were not very successful. Some of their hearers said they preferred to go where their ancestors had gone. A mother stated she preferred to go to hell if, as they said, her children were there. Once a whole assembly agreed to become Christians, but were won back by a noted sorcerer. Some of the devices of the Fathers were indefensible—such as baptizing children on the sly, while pretending to give them sugar. But at least we cannot help admiring their devotion and self-sacrifice. We cannot here give an account of the other missionaries, but we ought to mention the names of Charles Garnier, Joseph Marie Chaumonot, Noël Chabanel, Isaac Jogues, who are duly commemorated by Parkman.

A new mission was founded (May, 1637,) at the town of Ossossané or Rochelle by Father Pijart. There were about fifty dwellings in the town, each containing eight or ten families. At the further

end of the new mission house they made an altar. On the altar was a crucifix with vessels and ornaments of shining metal; while above were life size paintings of Christ and the blessed Virgin, and other pictures. Such splendor had never been seen among the Hurons. A great event had called forth all this preparation. Up to this time, baptisms of infants or adults at the point of death had taken place. But now a Huron, in full health and manhood, respected and influential in his tribe, had been won to the Faith, and was to be solemnly baptized in the chapel. The priests no longer in their daily garb of black, but clad in white, with the tinkling of the bell, the swinging of the censer, the Elevation of the Host (a mass followed the baptism), all combined to produce a deep and solemn impression on the savage beholders, and the happiest consequences were anticipated. But the Devil had taken alarm and put forth all his malice to undo the work of God. So, at least, the Fathers believed. For some time they had been regarded as magicians, and the changes of the weather, for good or evil, had been attributed to them. But now it began to be whispered that they had been the authors of the recent pestilence. An active agent in the promulgation of these rumors was one of the sorcerers. The Fathers stuck to their work undaunted. A great council was summoned and met (August, 1637). Brébeuf discoursed to them boldly and persuasively. But one of the chiefs charged them with being the cause of all their troubles. Brébeuf answered him conclusively. But the mischief broke out again. The Jesuits were insulted, their house was set on fire, and the prospect of their death seemed near. They took a bold step by giving one of those farewell feasts which were customary on the part of those about to die, whether in course of nature or by public execution. A large number assembled. Brébeuf discoursed on death and judgment and eternity. They understood that the missionaries were prepared to die. A reaction took place. The persecution went on for some years, one being threatened, another struck with a stone, but the calm courage and assurance of the Fathers paralysed the violence of the

enemy. "Truly," writes Le Mercier, "it is an unspeakable happiness for us, in the midst of this barbarism, to hear the roaring of the demons, and to see Earth and Hell raging against a handful of men who will not even defend themselves."

The work of the missionaries was not altogether in vain. At Ossossané, in 1638, they had in their pay twelve artisans and laborers, who built them, before the close of the year, a chapel of wood. And of converts, in this place, they now had as many as sixty. On Sunday morning they could have been seen coming to mass, some of them from a considerable distance, "as naked," says one, "as your hand, except a skin over their backs like a mantle." They knelt before the altar side by side with the French mechanics, a spectacle, says one of the missionaries, which repaid them a hundred times for all the labor of their conversion. The difficulties in their way did not arise from any want of intelligence among the Indians, who, in this respect, were quite equal to the French peasantry. The hindrances were very much what they are everywhere, pride, sloth, sensuality, and superstition. Many of them clung to the notion that baptism was a safeguard against disease and misfortune. In this respect they were only like some of the humble English people who thought confirmation a cure for rheumatism, and who came to be "bishops" in order to be delivered from that disease.

The town of Ihonatiria had been ruined by the pestilence, and the mission there, known by the name of St. Joseph, was removed to Teanaustayé, a large town at the foot of a range of hills near the southern borders of the Huron territory. The missionaries had intended to form centres of work in each of the principal Huron towns, but they found this impracticable. They resolved, therefore, to establish one central station which should be at once residence, fort, magazine, hospital, and convent. The site which they chose was about a mile from the mouth of the little river Wye, on the Matchedash Bay of Lake Huron, in the district of Muskoka. They called

the new establishment Sainte Marie. The other houses were abandoned, and all was concentrated at this spot. A new mission to the Tobacco Nation, allies of the Hurons, was undertaken by Garnier and Jogues. The people had been poisoned against them, and regarded them as malignant magicians. At one of their largest towns every door was closed against them; and when they departed, a band of young men followed them, hatchet in hand, to put them to death. Under cover of the darkness they escaped.

THE NEUTRAL NATION.

In November, 1640, a still more dangerous work was undertaken. Brébeuf and Chaumonot set out for the Neutral Nation, a people of the greatest ferocity and unusual superstitiousness, inhabiting the part of Canada which lies to the north of Lake Erie, and a part of western New York across from Niagara. The two priests were greeted everywhere with curses. The Hurons, fearing the French, had abstained from venting their ill-will upon the priests, and had stirred up the Neutral Nation against them. They were driven with railings from every door, struck and spit upon by men pretending to be maniacs, half-starved and half-frozen. It was at this time that Brébeuf saw in a vision a great cross, large enough for the crucifixion of both of them, moving on through the air. This, and other portents, seemed intended to prepare them for martyrdom. The Indians agreed that no one should give them shelter, but they slipped into a house through a half open door. They were threatened with death and told that they would be eaten. A warrior drew his bow and aimed the arrow at Chaumonot. The Jesuit looked at him fixedly, and commended himself in full confidence to St. Michael. He believed that the archangel saved his life, for the fury of the warrior was appeased. The Jesuits pursued their work with devotion and heroism, but no other fruits resulted from their mission.

WORK IN QUEBEC.

When Father Le Jeune came to Quebec (1632), Champlain was still Governor there; but he died on Christmas Day, 1635, and the anxiety of the Fathers

was great as to the character of his successor. They were relieved by the arrival of Montmagny, a Knight of Malta, and a devout son of the Church, who thoroughly entered into all the efforts for the conversion of the Indians, even becoming godfather to some of the new converts. In 1640, various new educational establishments were set up in Quebec: a college and a seminary for Huron children, an embryo Ursuline Convent, the beginning of a hospital, and an Algonquin mission at Sillery, four miles off. The Fur Company, known as the Hundred Associates, were bound by their charter to send to Canada 4,000 colonists before 1643. They had neither the power nor the will to do this. Some desired the building up of a Catholic colony; others thought only of commercial gain, and these had the practical management of their affairs. Hardly anything was done to develop the country or the colony. Apart from the fur trade of the Company, the whole life of the colony was in missions, convents, schools and hospitals. The Jesuits thought Quebec the happiest place in the world. The very amusements were acts of religion. The work of conversion was carried on here, as among the Hurons, chiefly by an appeal to men's fears. They must escape hell-fire. Yet the converts often apostatized. Some of them ran away; some robbed their clergy. Still they persevered. There was not sufficient provision made for the education of girls. This need was supplied by Madame de la Peltrie, and Marie de l' Incarnation, also a widow. The stories of their life are full of romance, but they cannot here be told. They founded an Ursuline Convent, which still exists and commemorates their virtues and saintliness.

At La Flèche, in Anjou,
 MONTREAL. lived one De la Dauversière, receiver of taxes.

One day, when at prayer, he heard an inward voice commanding him to found a new order of hospital nuns, and to establish in the island, named Montreal, in Canada, a hospital to be placed under these nuns. But Montreal was a wilderness, therefore a colony must first be formed. For this he had but slender

means. At Paris there was a young priest, Jean Jaques Olier, and to him there came a voice, bidding him go forth and be a light to the Gentiles. For this purpose he was required to form a society of priests and establish them on the island of Montreal. Dauversière meditated upon the revelation, and became more deeply convinced that it came from God. At Meudon he met Olier, hitherto unknown to him. But they received a common inspiration, and saluted each other as fellow-workers. When they parted, Olier gave Dauversière a hundred louis, saying: "This is to begin the work of God." It seemed an almost hopeless undertaking, but they found others to join them, until they swelled into a goodly company. A lady, Mdlle. Jeanne Mance, had a vision which determined her to give herself to the same work. On the 17th of May, 1642, they approached Montreal. The Governor, Montmagny, was with them, to deliver the island in behalf of the Company of the Hundred Associates. When they landed, an altar was set up and mass celebrated. At the end the priest told them: "You are but few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land." Towards evening they pitched their tents, lighted their fires, stationed their guards, and lay down to rest. Such was the birth-night of Montreal. We are in the land of romance and of miracle.

When Champlain united
 THE IROQUOIS. the Hurons and Algonquins against the Iroquois, he was initiating a policy which might have succeeded if it had been carefully and consistently carried out. As a matter of fact, it proved disastrous to his allies. The Iroquois cherished the memory of their losses for more than a generation. The Dutch traders had supplied them with arms. The Mohawks, the most easterly, and one of the fiercest of the Iroquois nations, had, among their seven or eight hundred warriors, three hundred armed with the arquebuse. They lay in ambush on the banks of the St. Lawrence and attacked passing boats or canoes. In 1642, a party of Hurons, with four Frenchmen, were on their way from Quebec to this mission. One of

them was the Jesuit Father Jogues, who had been a missionary to the Tobacco Nation. He was now thirty-five years of age, a scholar and a man of great refinement. He had with him two laymen, Goupil and Couture, attached to the service of the Jesuits. Both were men of education and devotion. They were attacked by a party of Iroquois. The Hurons showed the greatest cowardice, and Goupil, Couture and some Huron converts were taken. Jogues might have escaped, but he would not desert his friends. Couture, in confusion, shot one of his captors. The others fell upon him, stripped off his clothing, tore away his finger nails with their teeth, gnawed his fingers like dogs, and drove a sword through one of his hands, Jogues, who flew to the defence of his friend, was treated in the same manner. So was Goupil. They then took their way southwards with their prisoners, whom they subjected to the most frightful outrages. Jogues, although a man of no great physical strength, bore all with the tranquility of a martyr. When an ear of green corn was thrown to him for food, he discovered some rain-drops clinging to the husks, and with these baptized two of the Huron prisoners. Admiring the courage of Couture, they adopted him, and he afterwards returned to his own people. Goupil was cruelly murdered, and Jogues was often in jeopardy. Once they prepared to burn him. Once he attempted to escape. At last some Dutch traders paid a ransom for him, and he got back to France. A great calamity had befallen him. His hands had been so mutilated by the barbarous treatment of the savages that he might no longer celebrate mass; but the Pope, by a special dispensation, restored this privilege to him, and, in the spring of 1644, he returned to Canada.

Towards the close of 1640,
the Iroquois had begun to
turn their enmity more
particularly against the French. Mont-
magny took measures to fortify their
settlements, and, eleven days after the
capture of Jogues and his companions,
he landed where the town of Sorel now
stands, and found evidences of the
disaster. They had hardly completed

IROQUOIS
AND FRENCH.

their defences when a large body of Iroquois fell upon them, and, but for the courage of Du Rocher, a corporal, they would have carried all before them. The Indians were driven back, but the French had been in the greatest peril. It fared still worse with the Hurons and Algonquins. Everywhere they were set upon, butchered, tortured, burned. The process of extermination had begun in deadly earnest, and was to continue until these unhappy peoples were almost totally destroyed. The Iroquois were well named by one of the Fathers, "the scourge of this infant Church." An Italian Jesuit, Bressani, fell into their hands. He managed to write to the General of the order, apologizing for the badness of his work, as he had only one finger left on his right hand; his ink was gunpowder and water, and he could not prevent the blood from his wounds mingling with it; his table was the earth. They prepared to burn and eat him. He suffered untold cruelties and torments. "I would not have believed," he wrote, "that a man was so hard to kill." They spared him, however, and he, too, was befriended by the Dutch. The missionaries had dangers from the climate almost as great as from the savages. One of them, Father De Nouë, lost his way, and was found frozen to death.

MONTREAL AND
THE IROQUOIS.

The French colony, under Maisonneuve, at Montreal, were not at first discovered by the Iroquois, and they had time to fortify themselves. All was peace and harmony among the colonists, and they were all bent upon the mission work. The conduct of Maisonneuve was soldierly, courageous, heroic. His bravery in presence of the Iroquois gained him the confidence and reverence of his men. Both sides became, or seemed, eager for peace. The chief of the Iroquois, Kiotaton, a tall savage, came as ambassador to the French, and declared that they had only friendship for their neighbors. Councils were held, speeches were delivered, and peace was concluded (1645).

DEATH OF
JOGUES.

The Iroquois were probably sincere; but they represented only the Mohawks, and could not ensure the con-

currence of the other nations. An agent was sought who might live among them and keep them to their faith. Jogues was chosen, as knowing well the Mohawks and their language. He had been two years at Montreal, and he shrank, for a moment, from renewing the memories of the past. In was but a moment. He prepared for the journey and for death. For a time all was harmony; but he was warned that hostile elements were at work. Rumors were spread that sickness and other evils were attributable to the Frenchmen. He was seized by a band of warriors who threatened him with death after beating him with their fists and with sticks. He was invited to a feast. As he entered the lodge he was struck down and killed. "Thus died Isaac Jogues, one of the purest examples of Roman Catholic virtue which this western continent has seen."

A DOOMED
NATION.

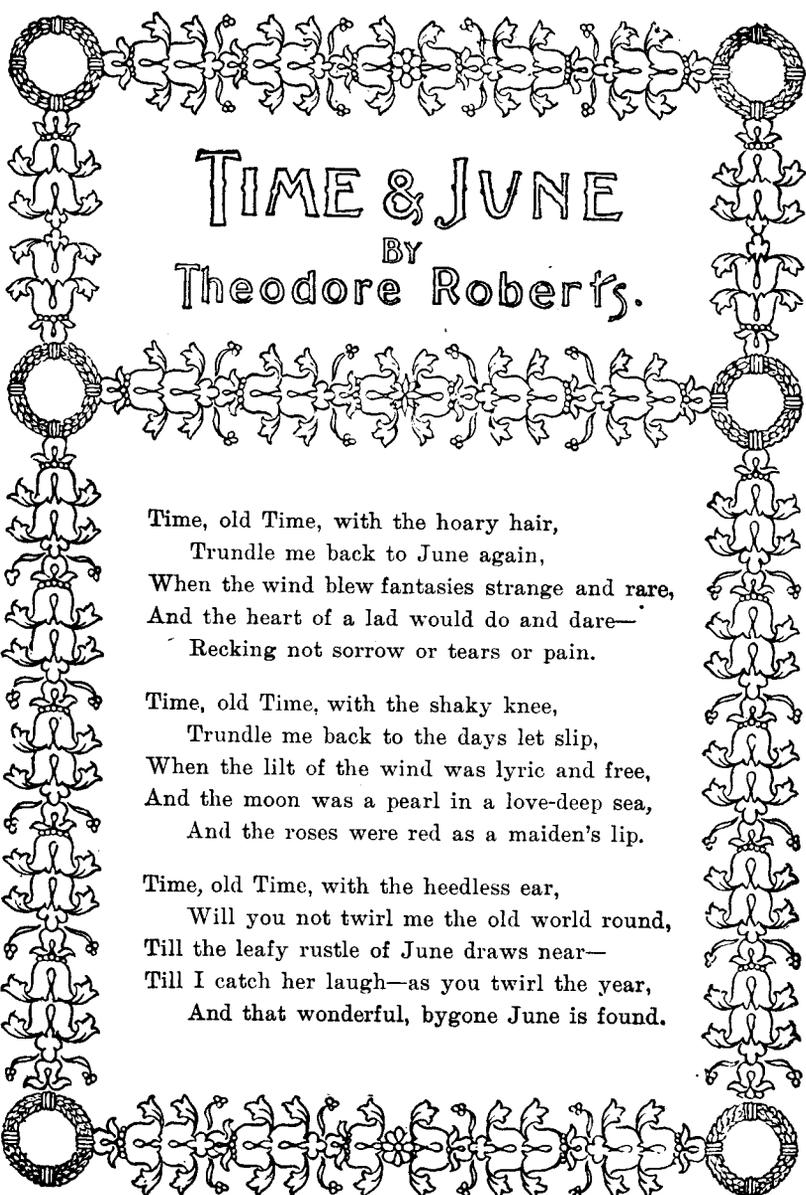
We cannot tell how the quarrel between the Iroquois and the Hurons, with their confederates the Algonquins, had begun. But it is clear that the Indians of the five nations had resolved on the destruction of the latter, although they were the more numerous. But the Iroquois were full of insolent confidence in themselves and contempt for their adversaries. When they could not win by force, they were successful by treachery. On one occasion, having the worst of the battle, they pretended to desire peace, and in the middle of the conference fell upon their dupes, killing and capturing a large number of them. The Huron mission had prospered, and the converts had abandoned many of their old evil ways. In March, 1649, there were in the Huron country and its neighborhood, eighteen Jesuit Priests, four lay brothers, twenty-three men serving without pay, seven hired men, four boys, and eight soldiers. All was method, discipline, and subordination. The power of the Gospel seemed to radiate from this centre all around. But the enemies of the Hurons were ever on the watch. On one occasion the Hurons won a victory over the Iroquois. But they became too confident,

and did not guard their settlements. The town of Teanaustayé having 400 families, lay unprotected. On July 4th, 1648, it was attacked by the Iroquois, while the inhabitants were at church. David, the priest, baptized many of them, urged them to flight, told them they would meet in heaven. He calmly met the savages who, for a moment, were daunted by the sight of the priest in his sacred vestments. It was but for a moment. A shower of arrows was discharged at him, and a gunshot pierced his heart. The town was reduced to ashes, and 700 prisoners were carried off. A neighboring fortified town shared the same fate. The Iroquois next attacked St. Louis. After a fierce battle they were victorious, and carried off Brébeuf and Lalemant among their prisoners. But the Hurons rallied and a terrible battle took place, ending in their being almost annihilated. Brébeuf and Lalemant were put to death with the most terrible tortures. Brébeuf's splendid courage and endurance were such that "his death was the astonishment of his murderers." Lalemant showed the martyr spirit in his death.

THE END.

The fate of the Hurons was sealed. Many of their towns were abandoned and burned. The scattered people sought refuge in other tribes. As a nation the Hurons ceased to exist. Sainte Marie had to be abandoned. The priests followed the scattered people and cheered them on in their endeavors to found new settlements. But again the enemy were in their track. They were scattered abroad, and what remained of them was absorbed by the neighboring tribes. With the fall of the Hurons fell the hopes of the Canadian mission. It is useless to speculate on the different destiny of Canada, if they had succeeded. But one memory remains of the work which, in one sense, was brought to nought. It was the means of developing the heroic and saintly virtues of the laborers in the mission field to the eternal honor of humanity and Christianity.

William Clark.



TIME & JUNE
BY
Theodore Roberts.

Time, old Time, with the hoary hair,
Trundle me back to June again,
When the wind blew fantasies strange and rare,
And the heart of a lad would do and dare—
Recking not sorrow or tears or pain.

Time, old Time, with the shaky knee,
Trundle me back to the days let slip,
When the lilt of the wind was lyric and free,
And the moon was a pearl in a love-deep sea,
And the roses were red as a maiden's lip.

Time, old Time, with the heedless ear,
Will you not twirl me the old world round,
Till the leafy rustle of June draws near—
Till I catch her laugh—as you twirl the year,
And that wonderful, bygone June is found.



DETACHMENTS AT R. M. L. DRILL.—RUNNING UP A "64-POUNDER."

2ND REGIMENT, CANADIAN ARTILLERY

BY ERNEST C. COLE.

THE 2nd Regiment, Canadian Artillery, better known under its old name of the Montreal Garrison Artillery, was organized in 1812, when the war broke out between Great Britain and the United States.

Although the Battery still retained its organization after peace was declared in 1814, no list of officers can be found previous to one published in the Militia list of 1830, which is as follows:

MAJOR.—Peter McGill, commission dated 24th August, 1829.

CAPTAIN.—John Boston, commission dated 2nd July, 1829.

LIEUTENANT.—John Try, commission dated 1st July, 1828.

LIEUTENANT.—W. Edmonstone, commission dated 2nd July, 1828.

LIEUTENANT.—A. Ross, commission dated 3rd July, 1828.

LIEUTENANT.—Hugh Taylor, commission dated, 4th July, 1828.

In 1845, the battery was reorganized, and the term "battalion" was first applied, the officers then being:

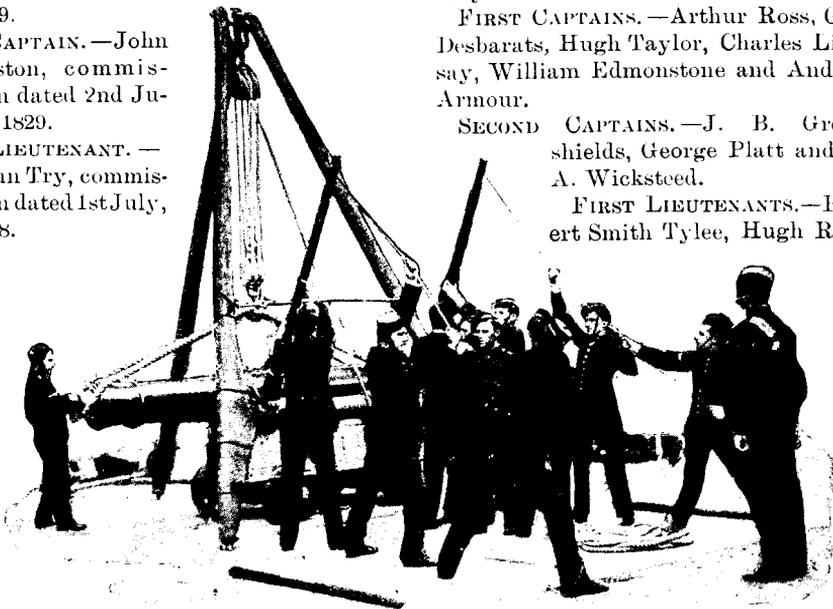
Lieutenant-Colonel Maitland, in command.

MAJORS.—John Boston, W. B. Lindsay.

FIRST CAPTAINS.—Arthur Ross, Geo. Desbarats, Hugh Taylor, Charles Lindsay, William Edmonstone and Andrew Armour.

SECOND CAPTAINS.—J. B. Green-shields, George Platt and H. A. Wicksteed.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.—Robert Smith Tylee, Hugh Ram-



DETACHMENT AT "GYN" DRILL.—RAISING A "64-POUNDER."

say, Henry Weston, W. B. Hartley, James Geddes and Thomas Ross.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.—Thomas White, Richard Morgan, S. Jones Lyman, J. S. Stayner, W. C. Evans, W. Kingston and George Frothingham.

ADJUTANT.—A. Samuels.

SURGEON.—W. Sutherland, M. D.

In March, 1847, Frederick Griffin was appointed Paymaster, and Thomas Evans, Quartermaster.

In 1856, when the Crimean War called forth the sympathies of the entire British community, no matter where they might be residing, the battalion was again reorganized, and by Militia General Order was formed into a brigade of six batteries. This organization remained until January 1894, when Major-General Herbert issued orders authorizing the new establishment. In 1874, the number of men was reduced from fifty to forty-two per battery.

In 1850, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales held a review on the *Champ de Mars*, Montreal, at which the Brigade was present, and H. R. H. was greatly impressed with their appearance, and highly complimented both officers and men.

We have an accurate list of the officers of the brigade in 1864:

Lieutenant-Colonel R. S. Tylee was in command.

MAJORS.—S. Jones Lyman, Henry McKay.

FIRST CAPTAINS.—William Drumm, James Ferrier, Jr., Gilbert Scott, William Hobbs, George Dowker, Frederick Cole.

SECOND CAPTAINS.—Gale W. Boston, J. A. Brown, A. C. Hooper, W. F. Kay, F. Kingston and G. S. Brush.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.—W. Phillips, Robert Whyte, James Savage, W. S. Walker and F. A. Crane.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.—E. Chaplin and R. Crane.

SURGEON.—W. Sutherland, M. D.

ASSISTANT SURGEON.—John Reddy, M. D.

PAYMASTER.—Captain Geo. Lulham.

Of these officers, S. Jones Lyman, James Ferrier and Henry McKay subsequently became commanders of the brigade.

Captain (afterwards Major) Drumm left Montreal to reside at St. John's, P. Q., where he commanded an independent battery of Garrison Artillery for a number of years.

In 1866, the first records of active service are entered for the Brigade. At that time a raid was made on the Eastern Townships' border by the Fenians and their sympathizers, and on the 10th of March, a battery of the Montreal Garrison Artillery, with one company of the 1st Prince of Wales' Rifles, the whole under the command of Captain Frederick Cole (father of the present commanding officer of the 2nd Regiment Canadian Artillery) was sent to Stanstead, to protect that district. Captain Cole was afterwards relieved by Captain Dowker, and on the 20th of the following month, the battery was ordered to return to Headquarters. At the same time, Lieutenant-Colonel Lyman issued a Brigade Order, thanking the battery for its good conduct, "there being not a single complaint from the officer commanding it."

The Fenians having again threatened an invasion, a detachment under command of Captains Hobbs and Brown, with four lieutenants, was sent on the 1st of June, 1866, to garrison Fort Lennox, and on the 3rd of the same month, all the corps in Montreal were ordered out for active service.

In March, 1867, Lieutenant-Colonel Ferrier assumed command of the brigade, and on his retirement in February, 1871, was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry McKay.

In 1870, the whole brigade was ordered out to Huntingdon, where they took part in the battle of Trout River against the Fenians. On this occasion, the conduct of all the volunteers was highly creditable, and for the coolness and discipline displayed while under fire, they were complimented by Major-General Lindsay, who commanded the militia at that time. During that Fenian Raid, a detachment of the brigade was quartered on Isle-aux-Noix under command of Captain (afterwards Major) Wickstead, late of the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

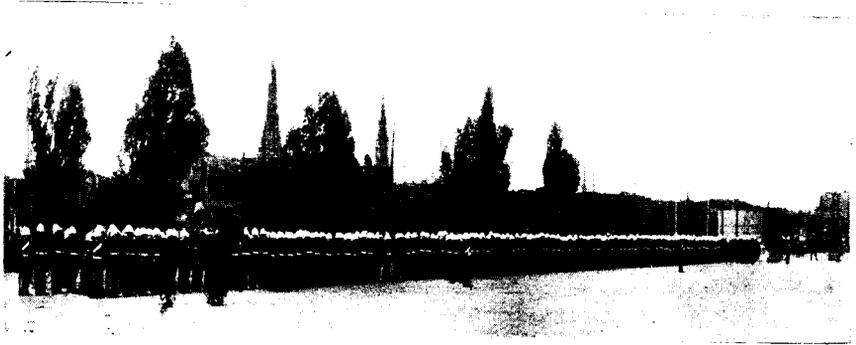
In November, 1875, the brigade was



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DRAWN BY A. H. HIDER.

FIELD-MANŒUVRES.



"IN LINE" AT INSPECTION. JUNE 27TH, 1896.

ordered out in aid of the civil power for the funeral of Joseph Guibord.

In July, 1877, and again on the 12th of July, 1878, the brigade was ordered out on account of the Orange Riots.

On June 18th, 1878, the brigade was ordered to furnish a guard to protect the Armory and stores on St. Helen's Island, as the authorities feared there would be trouble on account of the Orangemen signifying their intention to parade through the streets of Montreal.

Lieutenant-Colonel D. Torrance Fraser commanded the brigade from October, 1877, to the spring of 1881, when he was succeeded by Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Oswald.

In September, 1878, the brigade was

ordered out to guard the Hochelaga Railway depot and the North Shore Railway, then under construction, which had been taken possession of by the workmen of the contractor.

In 1881, the smooth-bore gun practice of the brigade was held at St. Helen's Island, but for the last time, as the range was found to be dangerous to shipping. I might here mention an incident which occurred about that time and caused the officials to change the place for shooting practice.

One morning while the ferry-boat, which plies between Montreal and Longueuil, was just about mid-river, and was directly in line with the target, a shell whistled past her, close to the smokestack. The same morning another



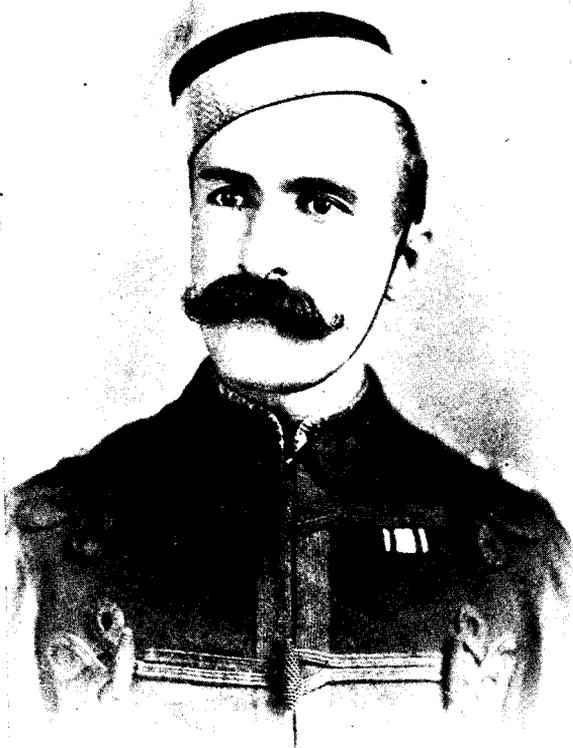
SHIFTING COMPETITION. —DETACHMENT SHIFTING A "64-POUNDER."

shell exploded close to the Longueuil wharf, a large piece landing a few feet from the captain of the ferry boat.

Sometimes the practice was carried on in winter on the ice, and on one occasion a farmer, who was crossing in his sleigh, got into the line of fire and had a narrow escape from being hit with a solid shot. Instead, however, of galloping away, he stopped to pick up the shot, which stuck

In 1881, Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Oswald assumed command of the brigade, and in that year was chosen as Commandant of the first Canadian team which entered the competitions at Shoeburyness, England, when they succeeded in defeating all the representative teams of Great Britain in shifting ordnance.

Lieutenant-Colonel Oswald was Captain commanding No. 1 Battery at Trout



LIEUT.-COL. F. MINDEN COLE.

in a snowbank near him, and carried it home as a souvenir.

Since that time the annual firing practice has been carried out with rifled guns (sixty-four and forty pounders) at the Island of Orleans, opposite Montmorency, with the exception of two years, 1891 and 1893, when it was carried out at Halifax, and the detachments drilled with the heavy guns in the forts under Royal Artillery instructors.

River in 1870, and was in command of the brigade when it was called out in May, 1885, for active service in the North-West, in consequence of the rebellion of the Halfbreeds and Indians under the leadership of Louis Riel. On the 11th of May, the brigade left Montreal for Winnipeg, with a total strength of 301 officers, non-commissioned officers and men.

The officers were:

Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Oswald, in command.

MAJORS.—E. A. Baynes and W. H. Laurie.

CAPTAINS.—F. M. Cole, W. C. Trotter, C. H. Levin, David Stevenson, F. S. Brush, and Campbell Lauc.

LIEUTENANTS.—J. K. Bruce, J. A. Finlayson, Thos. Chalmers, G. C. Patton, P. Roche and H. Billings.

ADJUTANT.—Major Thomas Atkinson.

PAYMASTER.—Captain Wm. Macrae.

QUARTERMASTER.—Captain George Forbes.

CHAPLAIN.—Rev. James Barclay.

SURGEON.—C. E. Cameron, M. D.

ASSIST. SURGEON.—J. M. Elder, M. D.

The senior Major, Thos. T. Turnbull, was absent in England when the brigade was ordered out, and his place was taken by Major Baynes, a retired officer, who had been Adjutant during the Fenian campaign of 1870.

The brigade proceeded by the then newly constructed Canadian Pacific Railway to Winnipeg and Regina, and had the honor of transport on the first through train of that great highway. The brigade was under canvas at Regina and at Long Lake in the Touchwood Hills, and after the capture of Riel, they were ordered home and finally dismissed from active service on the 25th of July. The Queen's medals were afterwards granted to the members of the brigade who were on active service in the North-West.

In September of that year (1885) the brigade was again called out in aid of the civil power in consequence of the Smallpox Riots in Montreal.

In May, 1888, Lieutenant-Colonel Turnbull took command.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. Minden Cole, the present commanding officer of the brigade, who succeeded Lieutenant-Colonel Turnbull in April, 1892, joined the Montreal Garrison Artillery in May, 1878, as Second Lieutenant. The same year he obtained his School of Gunnery certificate and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant. Previous to his joining the regiment, he had served as an officer in the Montreal High School Cadets. Later, he enlisted as a private in the 51st Hemmingford Rangers, and afterwards

served as a trooper in the Huntingdon Cavalry.

Lieutenant-Colonel Cole was first attached to No. 1 Battery, M. G. A., then to No. 5, and afterwards, during 1879 and 1880, was Adjutant of the brigade. In 1882, he was appointed Captain of No. 4 Battery, which rank he held until 1889. He became Major in July of that year and Lieutenant-Colonel, in April, 1892.

Lieutenant-Colonel Cole served with the regiment during the famous Orange Riots of 1878, the Railway Riots of 1879, and through the North-West Rebellion of 1885.

This present year he was chosen Commandant of the Canadian team which represented the Dominion Artillery Association at Shoeburyness, England, the team which has just brought such credit to Canada by bringing home the Queen's Prize—the banner prize of the competitions—and the Londonderry Cup.

In 1882, the brigade celebrated Her Majesty's birthday by taking part in a review at Kingston. In July, 1889, the brigade went to Brockville, Ont., and spent three days under canvas in that city, and last year (1895), on the evening after the annual inspection left for Toronto. Arriving at Toronto early the following morning (Sunday), the battalion (as it was then called) was marched into the Exhibition Grounds, where tents had been already pitched by a squad of the Queen's Own Rifles. Sunday and Monday (Dominion Day) were spent in that city, and the battalion left for home Monday evening, feeling that although they had enjoyed many pleasant trips, perhaps none had left such agreeable memories as that excursion and camp at the "Queen City."

The reorganization, which was completed in January, 1894, supersedes the old brigade of six batteries, by a battalion (now called regiment) of three companies, with a total establishment of all ranks of 329.

Since its first organization, the corps has never been so efficient as an artillery regiment as at the present time. In 1895, the regiment won the two prizes for general efficiency in the whole Dominion, No. 1 Company coming first, obtaining the Governor-General's Cup,

and No. 3 Company coming second, winning the Lansdowne Challenge Cup.

The results of this year's inspections have not yet been made known, but Lieutenant-Colonel Montizambert, the inspecting officer said: "During the seventeen years that I have been inspecting the artillery, I have never seen a better inspection."

The officers of the regiment are:

Lieutenant-Colonel F. Minden Cole, commanding.

MAJORS.—John Ogilvy, R. Hudson Reid and W. N. King.

CAPTAINS.—W. H. Featherstone, E. R. Barton and W. Andrews Collins.

LIEUTENANTS.—C. H. Anderson, Geo. P. England and Ernest C. Cole.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.—F. S. Howard, A. W. P. Buchanan, E. A. Cowley, E. M. Renouf, A. B. Macfarlane and G. V. Motherwell.

ADJUTANT.—Captain F. W. Hibbard.

PAYMASTER.—Major W. C. Trotter.

QUARTERMASTER.— Captain J. H. Wynne.

SURGEON-MAJORS.—F. G. Finley, M. D., and J. M. Elder, M. D.

CHAPLAIN.—Rev. Jas. Barelay, D. D.

On 26th of October, 1895, the regiment furnished the guard of honor at the unveiling of the monument erected to commemorate the victory won over the Americans in 1813.

The guns now used by the regiment are one sixty-four pounder muzzle-loading (converted) gun, one, forty pounder, breech-loading, Armstrong gun, and several old smooth-bores, on standing carriages.

It is hoped, now that the Government have provided the modern rifle for the infantry and new breech-loading field guns of the latest pattern for the field batteries, that they will complete their re-armament of the militia by providing the garrison artillery regiments, especially at unfortified points like Montreal, with guns of position, either forty pounders or howitzers such as have been issued within the last few years to British volunteer artillery. Our Canadian gunners have shown by the results of their work at Shoeburyness this year this year that they can intelligently handle these modern weapons.

Ernest C. Cole.



LATE AUTUMN.

HARK! winds are sighing o'er the moorland way,
And echoing in my heart their doleful strain,
While from the east hastes on the hurricane,
And skies above are dark and sombre gray.

I watch, thro' tears, the autumn leaves at play,
And hear a whisper in the beating rain
That speaks, like Memory, to the tired brain,
When comes the close of Life's last, little day.

Dead are Love's fires to-night, and toward the sea
Storm-voices call, and Hope flies forth to die
Like some lone bird nigh spent of fleeting breath,
Dead are heaven's calms, and God doth seem to be
Far from this desolation; thus I cry—
"To-night Life feels the very kiss of Death!"

Charles Hanson Towne.

WESTERN MINES AND MINERS.

BY B. R. ATKINS.

ALTHOUGH the miner is not a purely Western type, but common to all the world, and while his occupation is as old almost as the hills he drives into, and has been written of since the days of the book of Job; yet, nevertheless, the Western

Eastern Canada of coal and nickel; that of the West is mainly of the precious metals, which nowhere exist in seemingly greater quantities than in our own Province of British Columbia. In the first case, the matter mined usually occurs in stratified deposits or beds, but



VIEW SHOWING LEAD OR VEIN STRIPPED.

miner is as different from his fellow in the East or in Europe as, to use an old simile, chalk is from cheese. This difference is, of course, largely the result of the dissimilar environment.

While in Europe, the mining done is mostly of coal, iron and salt, and in

in the West, in veins or "lodes." The mining appliances of the older countries are of a most complete character, designed to raise, as speedily as possible, immense quantities of water and mineral, and to provide ventilation in deep subterranean workings. Such appliances



PACKING SUPPLIES TO THE CLAIM.

are almost entirely unknown in the West, except, indeed, in a few notable cases. The history of mining in Europe covers centuries; in Eastern Canada, generations; but in the West, decades, and not many even of those; so the difference best noted by describing the progress of a Western mine, is, shortly stated, that of the Old and the New.

The first step in the history of a

Western mine, or, as it is locally termed at this stage, a "claim," is, of course, its discovery, and is generally the result of a most laborious journey into a mineral "belt" by that pioneer of all new mineral countries, the "prospector" or searcher. This nomadic adventurer, having made a "find" and duly "staked" (measured) it off, hies him homeward, and records it according to law, then



LILY MAY MINE, WHERE GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED IN ROSSLAND, B.C.

the excitement of his calling gone, he sells the claim for a song, and the money is spent in a short shrift and a merry one. Many prospectors, however, are shrewd, persevering fellows, who hold on tenaciously to what they have found, and, as the laws allow the holding of several claims by one person, some other less promising one is sold to raise money to develop another claim that looks better. Or, perhaps, a small interest in the claim to be worked is sold, and a monied man is brought in to give the partnership *ton*, so that, very often indeed, the prospector is owner and miner all in one.

Everything being ready to develop a claim, the money received from the sale of the other one, or part interest therein, whichever it be, is carefully expended upon a season's supply of provisions, some tools such as: sledges, drills and picks, a pair of bellows and an anvil, and a little spare steel and powder. Three men are hired, often they are co-owners, who with the "boss" will be sufficient force for the first season's work. Should it be summer, all hands camp out under canvas, but if winter—and in a new and mountainous country it very often happens that the work is begun then, as it is easier during that season to ship ore—a twelve-by-fourteen log cabin is built, with an open fire place in one corner to bake and cook at. These log cabins are of a very simple architecture, and of puritanical plainness, yet much more comfortable than many more pretentious dwellings. They are framed of long, straight logs neatly joined at the corners, and rising one over the other to the height of the walls required. The spaces between the logs are filled with mud, and openings are cut for windows and doors. Cedar boards (shakes) split directly from the tree, form the roof, and rough but useful furniture and flooring.

The cabin built—it having been winter when the start was made—the four miners begin work directly upon the ore body, and sink or drift upon it wherever it leads. Should it "pinch out" (become exhausted) they sink a shaft about twenty-five feet, or so, where if not recovered they generally leave in

disgust. If, on the other hand, the ore remains with them, they follow it for about thirty feet perpendicularly or on an incline, and then "drift" along the vein to see how far the ore "chute" goes in each direction. Should the vein be too wide to disclose the "walls" by these workings, they "cross-cut" (explore laterally) to catch either or both, thus discovering the width of the veins and quality of ore that can be relied upon. This completes the first season's work, and as its result, assuming of course that the vein was "strong" and the ore rich, there is seen a tidy pile of sacks of ore under cover and well filled, weighing about thirty tons and worth, say, \$3,000. As spring with its attendant rains now sets in, water becomes plentiful in the workings, the claim closes down and the hands come to town to be paid off, by an advance obtained on the ore which they have just been mining. On the strength of this ore, indeed, the owner obtains everything in the nature of supplies for the coming season, as it is now certain that the claim is reliable, and will be a good security for future dealings.

By next July, everything is again in readiness for an early start, as much has to be accomplished before snow flies once more. About seven men are now hired, and a mule purchased. A contract is made with a local "raw-hider" to deliver both the ore on hand and the output of the coming winter, at a suitable point on the nearest main road; also, to bring in the necessary supplies to camp. A short description of "raw-hiding," as it is termed in the West, is perhaps necessary. A raw cow-hide is placed, hair down, on the snow (there is always snow at some mines but the plan explained is usually done in winter) and on this are placed, when the "trail" is new, say, three sacks of ore, or about 500 pounds. Later on, however, when the trail is well worn and like a well polished mirror, as many as fourteen sacks, (about a ton), are carried with ease. The sacks deposited, the hide is brought together from both sides and strongly laced, the pieces at the tail and head ends are brought up and firmly tied, overlapping all, and the bundle



CAMP BUILDINGS (SECOND YEAR.)

looks, when complete, like a huge cheroot with the pointed or smaller end foremost. Around the bundle is placed a heavy chain to act as a rough-lock or brake, which keeps it from going too

fast by dragging heavily in the snow. To the hide is attached a crossbar, to this is harnessed a mule, and away down the mountain trail goes the sure-footed animal with his loud-voiced and



A NEW MINING TOWN.—SANDON, B.C.

aggressive driver seated on the strange looking bundle. Accidents are frequently serious on the way down, as the mules occasionally fall off the trail into soft snow below, from which, with many execrations, they are with difficulty rescued and the ore recovered.

The fondness of these mule drivers for expletives, and their horrible proficiency in using them, is very noticeable. They plead in excuse that the mules won't work unless sworn at, and that whips, kicks and blows are not half so efficacious as a blood-curdling "cuss." If it is an odious practice, it is, at least, more merciful to the mules than the ill usage accorded wretched animals in some large cities.

Another awful and, on some trails, ever impending danger, is the snowslide, which often sweeps men, animals and ore, all out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. In February, 1895, a snowslide on the trail of one of the mines of Kootenay, carried away two men and eight horses, out of fifteen animals and four men.

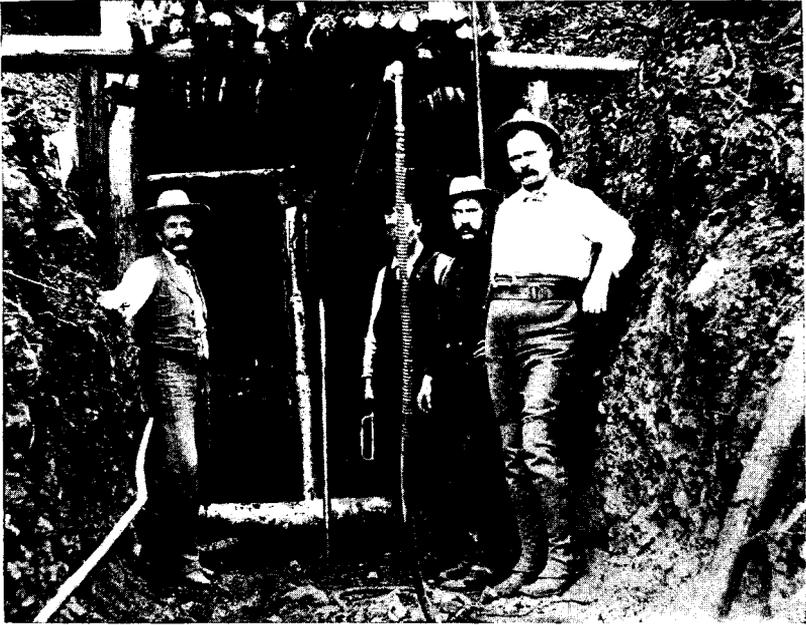
To return, however, to our mines. The contract closed, the raw-hider, or packer, as he is called in summer, loads his animals with the provisions and supplies, carrying them first up the wagon road, and then up the mountain trail, direct to the claim. The ore from last season is carried back to town. At first, all hands except, the cook, are engaged in felling and hauling logs for a new double-house, which has the kitchen on one side, and the "bunk" or sleeping-house upon the other, with a space between for wood and stores, and all under one long roof. The old cabin is turned into a blacksmith's shop, and a "lean-to," or shed, is erected over the mouth of the proposed tunnel. Next, the crew is put to work upon the old trail, grading and widening it so that it may be fit for raw-hiding when the snow arrives. Timbers for mining use are also cut now, and hauled to a handy spot near the shed. The force now consists of about fifteen men, and work commences upon a tunnel; a site, preferably on the vein, being chosen at a point below the previous workings. The chief consideration in choosing a tunnel

site is to secure the greatest possible depth with the least amount of labor, and if one on the vein is not obtainable, a spot from which the vein can be reached by cross-cutting. The tunnel, in size about four by six feet clear space, is driven into the rock about twenty or thirty feet before the snow comes, so that all is ready and comfortable for winter.

When the ore body is reached from the tunnel, "drifts" (level tunnels) are started as before in each direction, and a "raise" is made to the old workings for a sufficient air supply. From this time on, ore is taken out more economically as the removal of it from above commences. The ore is thrown down to the tunnel level—which may perhaps be supplied with a tram and car, but more likely with a barrow—and then carted out to the ore shed at the tunnel mouth, where it is sorted and sacked. The ore when it comes out is, in nearly all cases, mixed with solid chunks of quartz or other rock, which is termed "gangue" or waste; this is broken off, thrown aside, and the picked ore, in pieces about the size of hen eggs, sacked for sale.

Day after day, the same work of blasting, picking, and running out ore, dressing and sacking, goes on, until, as before, the season closes. But this time there are no sacks piled up for packing out, as the raw-hiders have been busy, and the ore has found a market almost as fast as it was mined. When the "mine"—for now it may appropriately be termed one—closes down there is no asking for advances from the banks, and no waiting by the men, but cheques are freely drawn and as promptly paid.

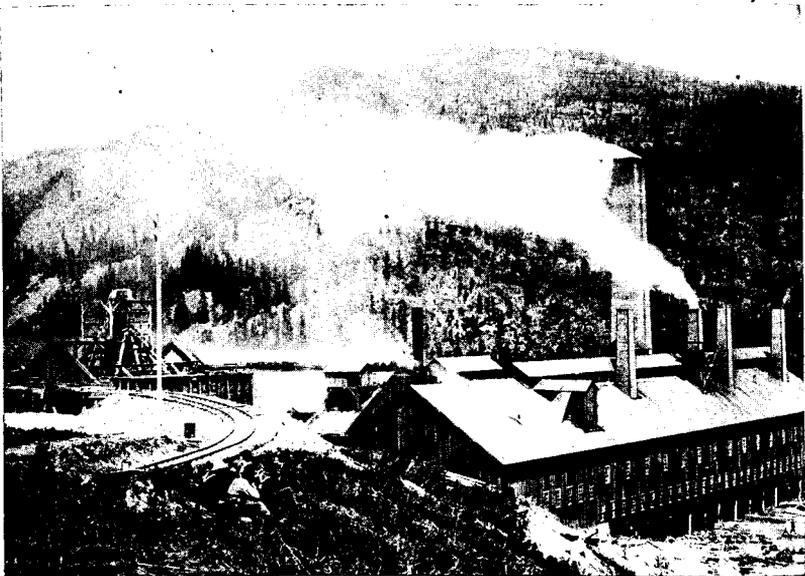
Up to this, the mine has been marketing only clean ore, which was of a very high grade; but the owner knows that, while he was getting out one ton of the clean ore, three of fair concentrating ore, could also be had. He, consequently, enters into negotiations with a concern engaged in the business of manufacturing mining machinery, with a view to equipping the property with a proper plant. While the matter is pending, a few more tunnels are driven to further test the quantity of ore, and the working of the mines, on a larger scale than ever,



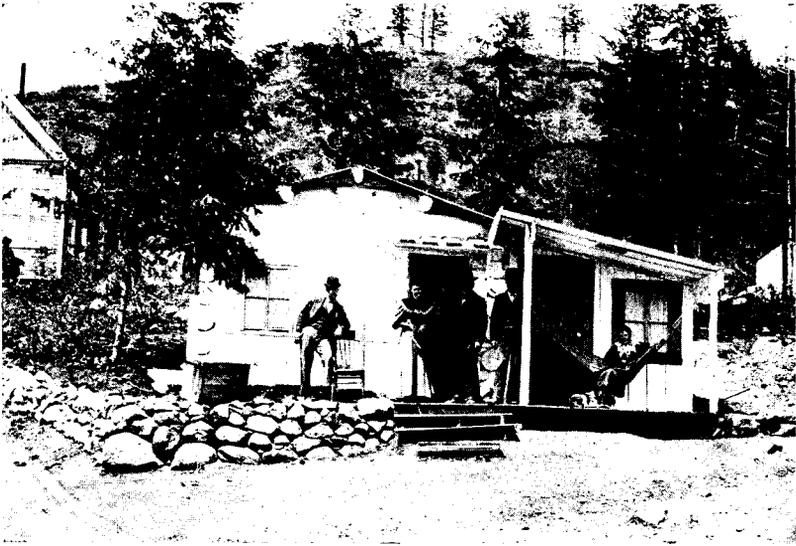
RED POINT DIAMOND DRILL AT WORK.

goes on. A "dump" for concentrating ore is made separate from the waste dump, and more hands are used for sorting and sacking. The concentrator is finally erected in the valley below the

mine, to ensure sufficient water supply and a tramway from it to the lower tunnel follows as a matter of course. Railways next seek the traffic of the mine, and the ore is shipped in car-load



SMELTER AT TRAIL, B.C.

GETTING ARISTOCRATIC.—A *LE ROI* CABIN, ROSSLAND, B.C.

lots, instead of sacks. Times have changed indeed, thinks the packer and raw-hider, as they slowly disappear to seek a newer field. About this time, also, or more likely before the building of the concentrator and tramway, speculators and capitalists, always eager for *bona fide* mining properties, approach the owner with a view to purchase. After a little fencing a bargain, is made, and the persevering, patient mine-owner retires into private life to enjoy the fruits of his energy.

A company now controls the mine, and all the dignity and red-tape of such concerns are soon apparent. As, however, corporations, generally, are soulless institutions and utterly devoid of sentiment, they may be dismissed with a word. Their influence must not be minimized though, for, if they sometimes combine to cut down wages and make the miner more a machine than a man, they bring much money to the country at large and permanently invest it there; besides, they afford work and wages to many who, but for them, would be without both. It may be interesting now, perhaps, to glance at the habits and character of the miner.

The Western miner works seven days a week, and usually two shifts of ten hours each, comprise the day's work.

On some properties, however, three shifts of eight hours each are in vogue, and still others employ four. One day a week, usually Sunday, an hour off is given for washing clothes, shaving and other matters of toilet. The work on shift is much the same as that of miners elsewhere, and needs little explanation. When the night shift are leaving, they fire their shots, which break up and remove large quantities of ore and gangue, thus providing work ready-made for the day shift, which comes on at 7 a. m., having first partaken of a hearty breakfast. The loose rock is picked down, and, with that on the ground already, is shovelled into the barrow or car and run out to the ore shed by the "mucker" or carman. Then drilling is begun, and each miner puts in three to six holes, according to the nature of the rock, and of one to three feet deep. These are charged with dynamite which is always, by-the-way, termed powder, and the fuse laid and fired just before noon-hour. Each miner counts his shots, and if all go off, the half shift is over. If any mis-fires occur, however, the miner has to go back and put in a new charge. Going back to a mis-fire is greatly disliked and naturally so, it being full of peril, as shots have been known to hang fire as long as twenty-



ROSSLAND, B.C., JULY 1st, 1896.

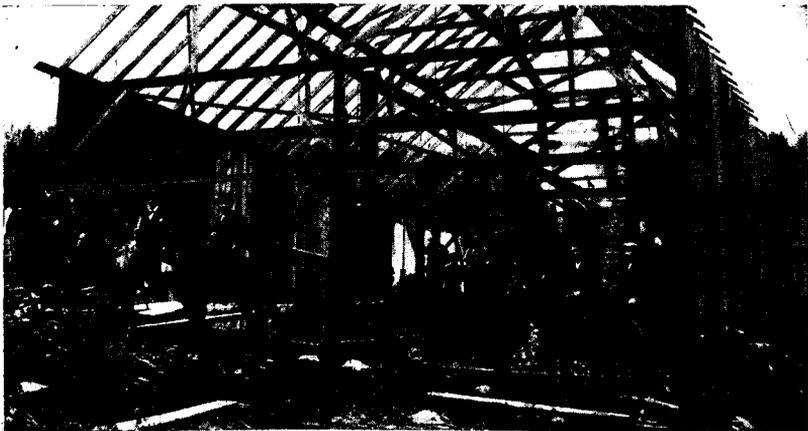
four hours. A story is told of a cowardly wretch, who, afraid to go back to a mis-fire, said his shot had gone off: and it wasn't until the other shift came on, that it did really explode, killing or wounding every one of them. A summary vengeance of an awful character, however, overtook him that night. Running from his enraged comrades, he was driven across a snowslide, which, breaking under his weight entombed him forever.

After dinner, work is resumed and is generally a repetition of that of the forenoon; indeed, every day's work underground is much alike, except, when a weak place in the rock is reached, in

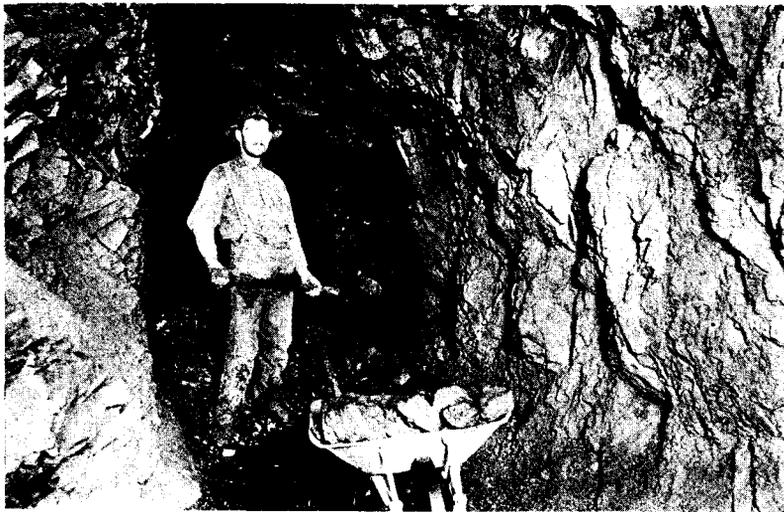
which event a day is taken to timbering and securing it.

As the miner's work is hard, he requires good quarters, food and pay, and in the West he enjoys all three. Of course, the food and quarters are plain enough, but in them he finds as much comfort as the nobleman does in his ancestral halls. In camp no distinction of person is made, and the whole crew, from the "captain" down to the "roust-about" (man of all work) and "nipper," (boy) sit down without formality at the same table, where ordinary tinware does duty for polished plate.

At night, or when off shift, the miner retires to the bunk house, a plain building



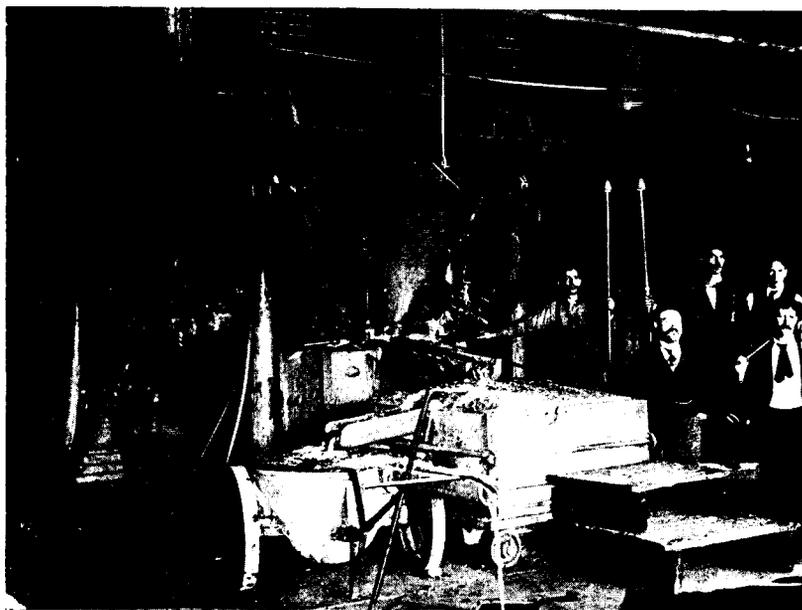
THE NEW PLANT OF THE COMMANDER MINE, ROSSLAND, B.C.



FLASH LIGHT VIEW; TUNNEL, CLIFF MINE, ROSSLAND, B.C.

with two rows of bunks on either side, each bunk accommodating two men. A large stove burns brightly in the centre, and heaps of clothing, socks, boots and shoes, disfigure everywhere the picturesque interior. The blankets on every bed belong to the occupants, and are of a most curious and complicated blending.

Some are gray, with yawning holes where the sleeper has let his pipe fall; more are of the rusty red, with huge patches of bright blue, sewn with half-inch stitches with some different colored thread. Others, still, it would be impossible to describe; they had a color once, but it has completely vanished



FURNACE-ROOM, SMELTER, NELSON, B.C.

long ago. The mattress on each bed is usually composed of cedar boards and green fir boughs, with their fresh forest fragrance, and together they furnish an efficient substitute for the best feather bed. On these, after a short game at cards, a few songs or stories—and such songs and stories they are—the tired miner sleeps the sweet sleep of honest labor.

Such is the daily routine of the miner's life for over six months in the year, and it is generally unbroken by any unusual incident, unless, perhaps, a bear or cariboo may, out of curiosity or mistake, pay the camp a visit. Other visitors do not trouble themselves much to visit the mine, which is usually some eight thousand feet above sea-level, requiring a breathless climb to reach. From this, it will be understood that the miner does not often visit neighboring towns, and it is not until the mine "closes down" that he visits the cities (they are all cities in the West) again, where he proceeds at once to sacrifice his wages in having a "good time."

As a rule, the Eastern miner is the son of a man who followed the same calling before him. He is, usually, a man of steady and domestic habits, with a large family and an aptitude for gardening. He lives in a small home of his own, and around

him are a hundred fellow-workmen similarly situated. He is generally of temperate habits, and, in his dissipations and irregularities, never excessive, except when "on strike," for which he has a weakness. He keeps Sunday religiously, and builds himself up for the next week's labor.

The Western miner, is of a different stamp. He is a wild, jovial fellow, recklessly improvident, yet honest and generous to a fault. He is fashioned in a freedom-loving home, and represents perfectly, the unceremonious, easy and genial character of Western life. He respects religious rites and customs, but is hardly ever found in church. He has a general fund of knowledge, considerably above the average of other working classes, and is a great reader of light literature. The spirit of unionism is strong within him, and a distressed brother miner need never appeal to his charity in vain.

While not as nomadic as the "prospector," yet is he a restless, roving fellow, and seldom remains in the same district for any length of time. He has not, generally, a regular home of his own, seldom marries, and when not in camp, boards at the best hotels. He is a bird of passage, careless of opinions, independent and volatile, spending his money on whatever takes his fancy.

B. R. Atkins.

"DEAR HOPE IS DEAD."

DEAR Hope is dead; and nevermore my sight
 In this grey town her tender face shall meet
 Wherein she dwelt with me when life was sweet;
 And from these walls that held her presence bright,
 The glory that they wore hath taken flight;
 And nevermore shall pass her shining feet
 Across the shadows of this dreary street,
 That once her presence made a path of light;
 But when the sunset floods the western skies,
 Toward which it leads, I dream she hath but fled
 And sits supreme in some still land afar
 Where I shall meet again her radiant eyes;
 That my lost Hope, who seemeth to be dead,
 Abides for me in some immortal star.

—*Gertrude Bartlett.*

[*Begun in October Number.*]

A WILD ORCHID.

BY HÉLENE E. F. POTTS.

CHAPTER IV.

ROMANTIC FANCIES.

"HULLLO! D'ye know what?" called out Mrs. Brastt to her next door neighbor, a tall muscular Muskrat woman.

"Naw;" answered a languid voice, for the heat was intense.

"Minty iz jest come from the Dorf, and they say Jake Teeks iz bin took."

"Fer land's sake!" said the neighbor addressed, with increased animation, at the same time coming forward from the doorway.

The important news was passed on down the row, and various were the exclamations and comments, and Minty Brastt had to tell, over and over again, exactly how she heard and when—all in *patois*.

Old, bleak-faced Cynthia Natt poked her head out of an upstairs window.

"What's up?" she asked.

"Jake Teeks iz bin took."

"—!" (Every Muskrat oath cannot be set down with impunity.) "What'll Jinn say?"

Presently some one said in a hushed voice: "Here she iz," and Jinny appeared, hot and red from her exertions on the river, carrying her two pails and her paddles.

A silence fell on the group, but, as Jinny looked inquiringly at the excited faces, Cynthia Natt said as gently as her voice, roughened by long whiskey potatoes, would permit:

"Jake iz been took, Jinny."

Jinny paled somewhere under the tan, and trembled slightly, then turned without a word and went on her way to her home where she and her mother lived alone. Their house was the last of the row, and somewhat apart from the rest, at a short distance down on the marsh. It was, perhaps, the poorest house in the

settlement, faced the marsh and river, and had two windows and a red door. It was the only house in the settlement with a red door.

"Maw!" said Jinny to her mother when she got inside; "Maw, Jake iz bin took."

"*Mon Dieu!*" said Mrs. Dinch, clasping both hands over the region of her heart and flushing painfully.

Mrs. Dinch was subject to unnecessary palpitations and heart-flutterings, likely to prove fatal at any moment. Not another word did Jinny say, but, just as dark fell, she seemed to have taken a resolution.

"Maw, I'm goin' down the river."

"Te-night?" said the mother, flushing again.

"Yep," answered the girl, and the next instant she had seized the paddles and was off, all in a fluster.

Her mother looked out after her. She didn't pretend to understand this girl of hers, with her sudden moods, wilful ways and short words. Then she glanced up at the heavens, and saw that black clouds were beginning to gather, while the intense, subtle heat and stillness foretold a storm.

"It'll thunder and light'n," she said, and turned inside. She was troubled to think of Jinny on the river, but remonstrance would have been useless when Jinny had that look on her face.

Jinny was bound for the whiskey-still, to find out what was to be found out.

Before she got to the second bend in the river the thunder was rolling heavily, and jagged lightning was cleaving the heavens from right to left with magnificent display; but no rain fell as yet. A heavy wind was fighting up from the east in gusts, and sending the little canoe westward down the river at great speed.

If her mind had not been harassed, Jinny would have revelled in this storm,

for no strength of nature ever appalled her. Only the power of man could frighten her, and that but slightly.

Suddenly, in a flash of lightning, she saw the still, all illuminated, and beings moving about—or thought she did. She paused a moment, then ran her canoe into the reeds to keep it steady.

"Hold!" said a voice, and a hand was placed on the gunwale of the canoe.

Jinny was on the point of screaming, but she didn't, being a Muskrat.

"You're a perfect God-send," said the voice again, and, without more ado, a tall man flapped himself from a row-boat into the canoe.

"Have you got another paddle? I can't see here in the dark. Oh, yes, here it is," and, with a few strong strokes, he pushed the frail craft out again into mid-stream, and the next instant Jinny felt herself being swept down the river at a tremendous speed, resultant of the combined force of the wind and the man's strong arm.

A numbness crept about the girl's heart, and surprise and fear kept her silent. Thought seemed suspended. A cry rose to her lips, but died away without a sound. The next flash showed him kneeling in the canoeist's position with his back to her, bending his whole strength to the propelling of the canoe. One might say from his attitude that he was flying from justice. Suddenly there crossed Jinny's mind the words of Mother Charpunkey—"A stranger comin'" and "soon." If this were he? She grew gradually calmer in this thought, and waited with some degree of speculation what the stranger's next move would be.

When they were within about one-half mile from the mouth of the river, the man suddenly turned the canoe again into the reeds, but on the opposite side of the river from the still; and then, forcing it through, at length touched the marsh-ground. He sprung out immediately and hauled the canoe a little further up amidst the grass. He seemed superlatively strong, though his frame was slight. He spoke now for the first time. His utterance was low, with a pleading, one might say pathetic, note in it, and he spoke altogether in short, broken sentences, like one wrung with emotion.

"Were you afraid? I didn't mean to frighten you. Those were the government row-boats. They mistook me for a smuggler. They bound me down in that boat and went away, I don't know where. The wind blew the boat out from the shore into the reeds. I worked the thongs loose. I saw you in a flash of lightning. You know the rest."

Jinny was no longer alarmed, but she found no word to say in reply. Everything was so wonderful. The fortune, the reported capture of Jake, the beauty and fearfulness of the night, this stranger with his sweet tones—a new era was beginning for her. All must be true that she had ever heard of the miraculous interposition of the unknown powers in behalf of hapless maids with love-lorn hearts.

The sad voice interrupted her ruminations.

"Don't you know some place where I can go? I have no place to go."

Then Jinny spoke with vehemence and resolution.

"Yes; you kin come to our house. Me and me mother's. But it's up the river quite a bit."

"Very good, my fine girl. I can't see you, but I know you are beautiful. We had better walk. We couldn't paddle against that wind. It's going to rain torrents in a moment. Can you help to carry the canoe?"

"Yes," answered Jinny, her heart palpitating strangely at the man's compliment and address. It never occurred to her how it was that the man knew about the boats being government boats, or what he was doing on the river. Had his coming not been foretold? And Mother Charpunkey was rarely wrong in her predictions. It was nothing out of the ordinary; Fate had so arranged it.

The man lifted the canoe easily, and placed one end on her shoulder and the other on his own, and, in this fashion, they tramped along, making what headway they best could through the heavy grass, which was becoming heavier every moment with the rain that now came, as the man said it would, literally "in torrents."

It was breaking day when they reached

the queer little house with thered door, completely exhausted with fatigue.

The stranger stayed for two weeks, to Jake's anger and dismay.

Jake had not been arrested, as was reported. But he had had a narrow escape, and was thoroughly frightened. He determined to have nothing more to do with "swamp-juice" for the rest of his natural existence, which was not, perhaps, so magnificently praiseworthy in him, considering that the still was destroyed and the temptation removed. He spent his leisure in watching Jinny and the stranger, and when he saw them constantly together, gathering wild-flowers or paddling on the river or taking walks abroad, such a rage of jealousy filled his heart as only a Muskrat is capable of.

The stranger paid handsomely for the privilege of being allowed to stay, and he made himself as much at home, and ate and drank their rude fare with as much ease, as if he were veritably one of them. The daylight showed him to be a personable man—and young. His face was thin and pale, and his intense black hair enhanced its pallor. His eyes were habitually calm and sleepy-looking. Once only Jinny got a look that startled her.

It was the third day after his arrival; a beautiful June day, when all the earth was gold and glad. Jinny had been gathering orchids for O'Donnahue, according to promise, and the stranger was dilating on their beauty, as everyone does who sees them for the first time.

His tones were strangely entrancing, and, as ever, his sentences were short.

"These are beautiful," he said, catching up a handful. "They are worth money; they would bring gold, much gold, if sold in the proper place. Botanists would be glad to get them; lovers of flowers would be glad to get them; everybody would be glad to get them." He spoke mournfully, and as if talking to himself, the while his slim, white hands played with the stalks and touched the flowers lightly. His hands reminded one of lace ruffles and a velvet doublet, they were so dainty and ladylike.

"What shall I call you, sir?" broke in Jinny, interrupting this somewhat

sentimental rhapsody, in her brusque fashion.

"Call me?" inquired the man. "My fine girl, you may call me anything you will."

"Then I shall call you 'John,'" retorted Jinny, quickly, still full of Mother Charpunkey's description. The man raised his eyelids quickly, involuntarily, and the sudden light striking on the dark pupils contracted them with an inhuman, feline rapidity which gave Jinny a most uncomfortable feeling. It was only for one short minute, but the look left its impression, for Jinny, thinking of it much, later on, said, practically:

"Just like my cat's!"

But this did not detract anything from the stranger's charm for the girl. He was all that he had been predicted to be, and more; and by the end of the two weeks she would have willingly been his slave.

But one fine morning she and her mother arose to find the door unlatched and the stranger departed, without word or sign, if we except a ten dollar bill in a conspicuous place on their one table.

What were Jinny's thoughts? It would be difficult to say, for who can divine the thoughts of a Muskrat? Certainly if her mind was in a turmoil, her actions were no indication of it, for that day and the succeeding ones she took her paddle and fishing tackle and spent her time on the river away from home.

Upon her return from one of these expeditions one evening with a string of fish, Jake met her and said

"Yer man iz gone."

Jinny made no reply.

"I say yer man iz gone."

"Well?" retorted the girl, turning on him fiercely.

"Will ye marry me next month?" said Jake, quite humbly.

"No! and don't ye ever ask me no more."

"Iz the man comin' back?"

"None of yer business" answered Jinny, rudely, and nothing more would she say then or at any other time, and Jake was obliged to leave her alone and drown his passion and jealousy, with the best grace he could, in liquid consolations of whiskey-and-water.

CHAPTER V.

A DOSE OF PLAIN LIFE.

The seasons came and went. It was another year, and February.

Suddenly the Dorf was electrified with the news that the great Benthorn Hotel was sold. It was the most important building in the Dorf: an immense, wandering place, filled with long halls and shadows, and occupying, in space, nearly a block. As a hotel venture it had proved unsuccessful, and had been put up for sale some time since.

The purchaser was an Englishman, who bought the hotel through a firm of solicitors. It was a speculation, and he intended making a summer hotel of it, some people said.

"Any man who thinks he can make a summer hotel pay in the Dorf is crazy," other people said.

But their talk was soon put an end to, for six weeks later the building was burned to the ground—heavy insurance; cause of fire unknown.

It was a memorable night to many people. A heavy storm was raging—a storm of wind and snow, which carried the flames so far that for hours it seemed as if the very Dorf was like to be swept off the face of the earth. That same night Mrs. Dinch was awakened by a sharp rap on the door. She shook Jinny.

"Some one is gettin' in at the 'ouse," she whispered, her treacherous heart beating fast and hard.

"Who's there?" called out Jinny, vigorously.

"It is I. It is John. Do not be afraid, my fine girl. My train is snow-bound. I have walked miles through the storm. I came to you."

The stranger! Could Jinny ever mistake those mournful tones, that straggling speech?

She was dressed and opened the door in a few moments. Right in the girl's eyes as she opened the door was that formidable red glare.

"*Mon Dieu!* The Dorf's on fire!" and she called the news upstairs to her mother.

The stranger spoke again.

"Yes. I saw it burning. I walked up the track, I had the light in my

eyes. It is a glorious sight. But the night is bad. It is turning to rain. It will soon go out."

He referred to the fire, of course. His rambling speech often left his meaning obscure. He entered the house and continued speaking:

"I am hungry; I am tired. I want food; I want sleep."

"All right," said Jinny, briskly. "Ye can sleep there where ye slept last summer," pointing to a bed in the corner. "And here are some cold potatoes and bread. Y'll I make ye some tea?"

"No, my fine girl; no. Don't stay up on my account."

"But I think I'll go over t' the Dorf," said Jinny, in a half-questioning way.

"It were better not. The night is fierce; the storm is great. You are safer at home."

This settled the matter. This man's mildest word was law to the girl.

Once again, as in the summer, the man seemed loath to depart. He stayed on and on, day after day, with no mention of change. Mrs. Dinch was not well pleased with her guest. She had never taken to him, but he paid well, and she and Jinny were very poor.

As for Jinny, she was in a transport of joy. She looked forward confidently now to the fulfilment of the rest of the "fortune." The stranger's return had but one evident meaning for her, and her mind ran forward rapidly to the future. She saw herself in imagination married to this delightful being, and going off with him gloriously, to the envy of all the other Muskrats. She forgot Jake entirely.

Meanwhile in the Dorf insurance inspectors and detectives were making serious investigation and ransacking every hole and corner of the place to find, if possible, some clue to the origin of the fire.

On the tenth day after the fire, one of them walking up the main street, in civilian's clothes, looking exactly like any other man in the world, had a small piece of folded paper thrust into his hand. This is what was on it, in crude writing:

"Muskrat. Red Door."

This meant nothing whatever to the

man; but everything that comes secretly to a detective's hook is fish.

Five days later the Dorf got another electric shock. A man—John Jordan Castelmair, by name—had been arrested in the Muskrat settlement, charged with arson first, later with forgery. He had been located at Mrs. Dinch's, who lived in the farthest house west—a house with a red door. Said Mrs. Dinch had died of the shock and heart failure—several pistol shots being fired; but no blood spilt. The detectives had received their information through one Jake Teeks—a jealous lover.

The man was arrested as he was sitting playing cards with Mrs. Dinch's daughter. He was a notorious gambler and rascal, and was supposed to have owned an illicit whiskey-still. Moreover, he was wanted in several places for various crimes. He would now wallow in gaol until his trial came off in the spring.

This was, in substance, the circumstance.

The Dorf got drunk over the affair. It always did. All it ever wanted was an excuse. It is one of those villages that stands about on convenient corners wait-

ing for some one to treat, with its eye on the saloon door. God help the luckless wight who thinks he can slip in and have a hot whiskey all by himself. The crew is after him before he has closed the bar-door. They slap him fraternally on the back and say, jovially: "How are you? Glad to see you! Fine day!" and by the time he gets out his whiskey-sling is burning the bottom out of his stomach, and he vows to himself that he never will again—never.

Upon this occasion everybody treated to such an extent that the Dorf narrowly escaped *delirium tremens*.

And, in the confusion, no one noticed that Jake and Jinny quietly got married and went further up the country to live—both being subdued and humbled by recent trying events.

It would be presumption to say that they are anything but happy. Sorrow and joy roll lightly off the Muskrat. He lives altogether in the present, untroubled by any reminiscences of pleasures or pains in the past, or by any deplorable uncertainties with regard to the future, either here or hereafter.

"There may be heaven, there must be hell; Meantime this is our earth here—well!"

Hélène E. F. Potts.



ONE NIGHT.

BY WYNDOM BROWNE.

THERE'S a chill in the atmosphere that tells of December; the north wind is bitter and keen as some old misanthropist with a grudge against humanity, and seems to laugh and hug himself as he charges down the city streets. This is a busy hour, and many people are abroad, and the north wind is among them. My lady shivers in her sealskin; the well-to-do citizen growls and drags his collar up over his ears, and claps his hands together for warmth,

A poorly-clad woman threads her way along the crowded thoroughfare. When she passes into the broad glare of light that streams from shop windows, falling aslant the night and banding the darkness with silver, her face shows of that blue pallor peculiar to semi-starvation and long days of labor in a confined atmosphere. But even starvation has not robbed her face of its pure outlines, or taken from her the grace of ineffable refinement. She glances wistfully at the cars as they speed by her. "Five

cents! the price of a loaf of bread, or an orange for Baby Bird; no, it will never do to ride," she tells herself. Still the cars pass, another and another, and leave her far behind. How slow she is to-night! She bends a little forward and walks more swiftly, until the shops and the lights vanish, and long rows of shabbily-respectable houses stretch out before her on either hand, lodging-houses most of them; it would be a difficult matter for the uninitiated to distinguish one from another. The street doors, by their uniform blankness, seem to express a deep-seated determination to give to the public no hint of the life that is lived behind them. The woman enters one of the houses, and is soon bending with tender anxiety over a little figure lying on a bed in one of the upper rooms. Every thread of the golden hair that strews the pillow is dear to her; the eyes beneath those heavily-fringed lids are twin stars of faith and hope sent to guide her.

A woman who has been sitting near the bed gets up and moves towards the door. She is a German, and not emotional, yet something like pity struggles with the guttural tones of her voice as she whispers:

"The child did not wake while you were out. Did they let you have the china to paint, ma'am?"

"Yes; and I am grateful to you for staying with Baby Bird. After such a nice sleep she will be better."

"Gott in Hemmel!" muttered the German, as she closes the door after her; "how blind she is."

The room is small and bare, with the shadow of poverty upon it. But now there is falling a mightier shadow, before which all others pale and are forgotten—the shadow of death!

The woman moves about softly, removing her wraps, and placing the parcels she has been carrying on the table. Noiseless as are her movements, they disturb the child, who tosses and moans. The woman hastens to soothe it with little, unintelligible cooings and caressings. The heavy eyes open and gaze at her vacantly for a moment, then the fevered lips part in a faint, painful smile, and the blue eyes mirror back the

unutterable love that shines in the brown ones above them.

"You are a perfect mine of strength and happiness to me, Babie Birdie, and you must get well soon, for there is such a big world all around us, and just you and I in it, my darling."

"An' papa," says the child, with a sudden flash of interest that struggles with the drowsiness that overpowers her.

The woman's face loses its look of pathetic tenderness as she gently brushes back the clustering curls from the child's forehead, disclosing an ugly scar across the temple, and the lines about her mouth grow hard and rigid: "Just you and I, baby mine," she answers.

"An' papa, too," persists the child, becoming flushed and excited; "say 'an' papa, too.'"

"And papa, too," repeats the woman, mechanically.

The child lapses into unconsciousness, and the woman sits gazing at the ugly, throbbing scar, that shows red and angry upon its pallid forehead. Clinging to one of the little hands, she presses it to her brow, as if there were magic in the touch to drive from her brain the bitter, angry thoughts that riot there.

When the doctor, pointing to the scar, had said: "How did that happen?" "Through a fall," she had answered, looking at him with horrified, hunted eyes. He looked at her sharply, then muttered, as he bent over the child: "Plainly the work of that drunken husband of her's—the brute!"

Through all the long nights that followed of alternate delirium and stupor for the little sufferer, the wind that dwelt in the crannies had caught up those words and muttered and whispered, "Al the work of that drunken husband of her's—all—all!"

The gas lamp on the street corner throws the shadow of the tree outside the window on the wall. In the summer there were leaves on the tree, whose shadows fluttered softly to and fro upon the wall, and the Baby Bird had said that they were fairies, and yet again that they were the wings of the angels who had come to watch over them while they slept. To-night they are but the

grim, hard shadows of the naked branches, that toss and contort like souls in torment, who vainly lift appealing hands to heaven.

The woman, watching them, shrinks and shivers, and crouches close beside the bed, praying passionately, incoherently: "Father of Mercy, do not take my darling from me!" So the hours pass. By the pale, grey light of early morning the steady ebb of the tide of life in the childish form is perceptible.

The watcher marks the purple shadows that deepen around the eyes and mouth; every breath that comes in moaning gasps from the child's lips is like the stab of a knife to her. She has not thought that death could take her baby from her. But now, what is this maddening weight on her brain, this deadening fear at her

heart, as she lays prone on the floor and beats her hands upon it in a dumb paroxysm of grief? The victory of Death is not over the freed spirit, but over the mourner.

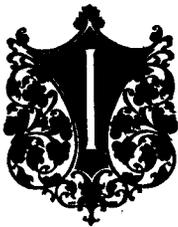
There is a great hush in the room, while the woman strains the still, little form to her breast. She has caught the last look from the glazing eyes, the last sigh, the parting breath. Were there tears in the eyes of the waiting angels as they bore away that small spirit? Did they pause for a moment in their passage through the gates of the Eternal City, and in the eyes of the child, looking back to earth, was there mirrored, for that moment, the wordless agony in the eyes of the woman who stood like a graven image of despair? Who knows?

Wyndom Browne.



THE RETURN.

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.



T was an evening in January. It had been thawing all day, but after sundown the wind had changed, and was bringing a storm-cloud over Viger heavy with snow. The first flakes, as large and as light as moths, were fluttering into the village. It grew colder and colder. The weather-wise thrust their heads into their toques and glanced at the few stars and at the impenetrable blackness in the north-east and whistled between their teeth, for they knew the signs meant mischief. In Madame Desrocher's cottage the doors were shut, and a fire roared in the great double stove. Therese was gathering up the tea things, for that meal was just over. She was singing carelessly, dropping her song,

and humming it over, and taking it up full-throated.

"Souvenirs du jeune age
Sont graves dans mon cœur,
Et je pense au village,
Pour rever le bonheur."

Her mother sat knitting in her chair before the fire. She heaved a deep sigh.

"*Mon Dieu*, Mamma, what is the matter? You sigh as if you had the sins of the whole parish on your shoulders."

"Well, my dear, you are like a bird, always on the wing and always ready for a song. But you are young, and we old people have our troubles."

I know, thought Therese, you are thinking of Pierre. "Well, Mamma," she said, "I would not be downhearted; we have plenty of things to make us cheerful, and why not think of them?"

"Yes, so we have; but I would remember this year for ever if it would

only bring my poor Pierre back again."

"There, I knew it was Pierre you were thinking of; but do you think he will ever come back, Mamma? Think how long it is since he went away."

"Yes, it is a long time; but then it seems like a day to me; and sometimes I think he must come back."

"I wonder what he would be like if he did come home. He was always wild, that Pierre."

"Yes, but not bad-hearted; there was nothing bad-hearted about Pierre."

"Mamma, Mamma, I have heard you tell the truth about him when you have been angry with his goings-on."

Madame Desrocher looked up incredulously from her knitting and shook her head. Therese commenced her singing again; she did not notice when her mother rose and went up-stairs, and she sang on, thinking of Pierre, how rough he used to be, and how he would never stay at home, but loved to wander about and sleep out in the fields, like an animal. By-and-bye she took her dishes and went out into the kitchen. The storm was rising, and every now and then an eddy of wind around the house corner would shriek and whistle off into the silence. From the street came the sound of sleigh bells and the shouts of the drivers. There was the soft, long sound of the fire in the room.

Suddenly the street door opened and a man entered. He wore an old blue toque without a tassel, a rough overcoat bulging about him and drawn together by a leather strap, and light trousers torn about the ankles. His feet were covered—but not protected—by a pair of broken boots. Over his shoulder he carried a bundle wrapped in a piece of jute. He had not endeavored to announce his arrival, and when he found the room empty he went over to the fire with the instinct to warm himself, for he was cold, bitterly cold. He threw his pack on a wooden settle near the stove, and put one of his feet on the fire-pan. His face, which was covered with an unkempt beard, was rather attractive, but he had a look of deep cunning in his eyes, and the marks of fatigue and dissipation were deeply trenched upon his cheek. He stood there warming himself

and glancing rapidly about the room, with an eye that lost no detail of the arrangement.

He found it little changed, but it awoke only a feeling of bitterness for the comfort of it, when he was so cold. He had not returned with any love for his old home, but had drifted there as a ship might put out of the storm into the haven where she was built, without purpose, except for safety and temporary shelter. He was evidently careless whether he was discovered or not, but as the moments passed the desire to see what he could find became too strong to be resisted, and he moved over to a large dresser which occupied one corner of the room. Above it hung several colored pictures of saints; there was St. Christopher with his great staff, and St. John Baptist; there was the divine Christ Himself with His heart upon His breast. On the shelf of the dresser were some trinkets, amongst them a little shrine in brass of the good Ste. Anne, and a leaden image of St. Anthony of Padua. It had belonged to him. How well he remembered it, and the day he bought it at St. Anne de Beauprè. It had not changed in an atom. There he stood, the good saint, his mild face beaming on the child which rested upon the open book in his hand.

He had just opened one of the drawers, and his roving eye had caught sight of some notes and silver in one corner, when he saw a small photograph which he had not before observed. As he picked it up he recognized the face of his old sweetheart; he muttered her name. With this portrait in his hand he remembered some things he had forgotten so long ago that the memory of them surprised him. He forgot that he was cold and hungry, that he had a moment before made up his mind to rob, that he might be discovered.

Suddenly he heard a voice singing in another room. He stopped to listen, and lost his chance to take the money and escape. He had barely time to put down the picture and return to the stove when Therese entered. She half screamed when she saw this burly figure, standing with impudent assurance, in the middle of the room,

"You needn't be frightened, Mademoiselle," he said, with a cunning smile.

"I am not frightened. I am never frightened of tramps," answered Therese.

"How do you know I am a tramp?"

"Well, anyone could tell that. What do you want?"

"I want to warm myself, I'm cold."

"Are you hungry?"

"Well, maybe I am."

"Sit down, and I'll get you something to eat - not there!"—as the man attempted to take her mother's rocking chair,— "here," placing another chair for him.

While she was gone the man unloosened his belt, and his old coat fell apart. He had that feeling which so often comes to men of his class, who have known better days, when they come into contact with the kitchens of civilization, a feeling mingled of envy, hatred, disgust, and a sort of amusement, as if the occurrence were the passage of comedy in the play. His face wore a dogged expression and he sat there waiting, as he had often waited before. She does not recognize me, he thought, but what do I care? I'll get warm, have a bite, and be off again.

In a moment Therese returned with a bowl of milk and half a loaf of bread. The man took the bowl on his knees and slowly broke the bread into the milk; then he pressed it down and tasted it. Therese leaned against the table and watched him. Well, well, she thought, I wonder if Pierre is like that. He had taken a mouthful, when he turned around and said quietly, "This is good, Mademoiselle, it's a year since I've had any bread and milk, but my mother used to give me nutmeg in mine." There was something in the tone of his voice as well as the words he had spoken which suddenly linked him with the human race. A moment before Therese had thought of him as a tramp; after she had fed him, he would go and she would sweep over his tracks, scour the chair he had sat upon, and let in the burly January wind to swallow the very air he had breathed. His words gave her mind a sudden shock. She had a vision of the hearth at which this being could have sat, and of the mother who could have studied his palate. The remark had the accent of a request, and she brought the nutmeg and

grater. It crossed her mind,—how strange! Mamma has often said that Pierre used to like nutmeg in his bread and milk. She stood and grated the nutmeg into the bowl. The man stirred and tasted until his palate was satisfied. "There," he said.

Just at that moment Madame Desrocher came downstairs. She had the group straight before her. The man glanced up at her. "Therese!" she cried. "It's only a hungry tramp, Mamma," said Therese. "A tramp, Therese, it's—yes—Therese—it's Pierre—Pierre—Pierre." She threw herself down beside him with a mighty cry. "It's you, isn't it Pierre?"

"There, Mother, there! You've made me spill the milk on my trousers—they're the best ones I've got," he said, growling it out with a grim smile. He held the bowl high in both hands.

"Do you hear, Therese, he called me 'Mother,'" cried Madame Desrocher, wildly.

"I didn't know you, Pierre," said Therese, "I thought you were a tramp."

"Well, I am a tramp."

"No, no, Pierre," cried Madame Desrocher, "but how wet you are! Your feet are wet, wet. Take off your boots."

"No, I'm all right. I must be off in a minute." He tried to resume his spoon, but his mother took the bowl away from him.

"Off!" she said, with a terrified accent. "Where?"

"Why, anywhere, I'm not particular."

"Pierre, you musn't go away any more—never again."

"I mustn't, eh!" he said, roughly.

"No, no, I can't let you. You don't know how long we've waited for you."

"I guess it's too late, I'm too hard a ticket. You would not want me around here."

"Wait, Pierre, wait until I get you some warm clothes, and then you'll have something better than bread and milk to eat," said Madame Desrocher, eagerly, running up stairs.

"What made you stay away so long, Pierre?" asked Therese.

"I don't know, I couldn't help it. I'm not like other people, I have to be on the move."

"But you must get tired."

"Well, yes; but that's not so bad as being in one place. I'd rather be tired, dead tired, than to always be like a tree, in one place. Besides no one wants me here; everyone was down on me, it was always 'that rascal Pierre,' if anything went wrong."

He began to enjoy talking and the rare delight of complaining to the well-fed of his kind.

"I've tried that 'being good.' I stayed in a refuge once for two months, but no man could stand that. Everything was tied down, and I got sick of it. An old mate of mine said there was something in our heels that kept us on the move; it may sleep for a while but when it's awake you've got to go."

He was beginning to feel thoroughly warmed by the fire, and he stretched himself comfortably. "Well," he said, "you people have a good time," then he mused awhile.

"You might have it too, Pierre, if you liked," ventured Therese.

"How?" he asked.

"Well, you could find plenty to do if you stayed at home!"

"To do!" he cried fiercely, "I don't want anything to do. I hate work. Besides there's no use in working. That's true what that man told me in Chicago. There's no use in working, the men at the top get everything, and we at the bottom get nothing, and so long as you people keep on working, things will be the same."

He was so vehement that poor Therese was frightened into silence. But, after this explosion, Pierre began to think that perhaps he might stay; the warmth and light were having an effect upon him, and he felt rested. Madame Desrocher was not long gone and she coaxed Pierre to go upstairs and put on some clean clothes. The moment he was gone, she commenced to bustle about and get something for him to eat.

"We must keep him," she said to Therese, excitedly. "We must be good to him and he will stay at home."

"He seems very rough, Mamma," said Therese.

"Yes, but wait till you see him in those clothes; and he has been a long time from home. Poor Pierre!"

When Pierre came down stairs he looked a different man, and he felt the change himself. His manner seemed less rough. He was clothed in a suit of grey homespun that fitted him loosely. On his feet he wore a pair of shoepacks.

"Those are warm socks," he said, with a grin, "and a good pair of shoepacks."

"Why, Pierre! you look like a prince."

"Did a prince ever wear shoepacks, Mamma?" said Therese, gaily. Her mother did not answer her; she spoke to Pierre:

"See, Pierre, come and have some supper."

He sat down at the table, and, as he ate, he began to ask questions about his brothers and sisters and his old friends. When he had finished, he pulled out his pipe and commenced to cut his tobacco. From his movements, his mother knew that there was something on his mind, but she was afraid to ask him any questions, lest she might break the charm which was gradually bringing him nearer to a resolve to remain at home. There was a shamefast expression on his face, as, with a great show of cleaning and arranging his pipe, he asked if Olivine Charbonneau was still in Viger.

"Yes," said Madame Desrocher, "she is still at home, and what a good girl she is."

Pierre sat and smoked contemplatively; for years he had not had such thoughts as were now passing through his mind. He thought of his old sweetheart, and the promise she had made to always be true, and now he heard his mother telling him that she was a good girl and had waited for him. He was gradually losing sight of his old life, forgetting it; he seemed to be in some pleasant dream. He rose, and went over to the stove. Sitting on the chair, facing its back, with his arms leaning on it, he gazed at the hole in the damper about which the fire played and purred.

Madame Desrocher motioned to Therese to go and bring Olivine, and Pierre heard the storm leap in at the door as she went out. If I could see Olivine, he thought, well! but it is too late now. That sound of the storm charging the house jarred his dream. He thought swiftly. Yes, he could stay. He would marry Olivine

and settle down. But then the storm would shoulder against the door, and he could hear the chink of the snow as it sprang from the edge of the drift upon the window. Something seemed to be calling him; tapping the pane to attract his attention. His mother watched him, wondering.

Therese and Olivine came in so quietly that Pierre never made a move, and Therese motioned Olivine to put her hands over his eyes. It was the old, childish play, and with it the years rolled away like mist from the pleasant vale of youth.

"Guess," said Olivine, faintly. Pierre caught her wrists and took her hands away from his eyes. They stood up face to face. Olivine shrank away. Pierre saw that she was afraid of him.

"You needn't be frightened of me," he said.

"Oh, Pierre! you're so different, I didn't think you would be so different."

"Well, there's no use crying," he said, with a roughish tenderness. "I'm a hard lot; I'm nothing but a tramp in clean clothes."

"But you're going to settle down now, Pierre?" asked his mother, "You know every ship has its harbor."

The words somehow attracted him—"every ship has its harbor," kept running in his head.

"Well, well!" he said, "we'll see. I've led a hard life, but—"

He hardly heard the storm now, only the long breath of the fire and the voices around him. He went over to the table, and put his head on his arms. He was tired and sleepy; he remembered he must have walked twenty miles that day in the wet road. He heard the women's voices far away; he thought his mother said, "Every ship has its harbor," and the words soothed him again. Yes, he thought, I'll stay at home now, and I'll marry Olivine; he dozed off. A pleasant picture filled his mind. He remembered a rich farmer who used to drive to mass with his wife, his stout carriage drawn by two fat horses, his many children wedged about him. Yes, he would stay at home and become rich also, and drive to mass, and everyone would take off his hat to him. Once the storm dis-

turbed him; he heard it calling and striking the pane, but he heard the words again—"every ship has its harbor"—and they knew by his breathing that he was fast asleep.

"There, do you hear that?" said Madame Desrocher, under her breath. "He's tired, tired; he used to breathe like that when he was a little, little boy."

The girls sat close together and whispered. Olivine glanced every now and then at Pierre's head lying upon his arm. He was breathing loudly and irregularly: Suddenly a panting sound came with his breath. Madame Desrocher was getting uneasy.

"Hush," she said; "it was like me to let him fall asleep where there is a draught from the door."

She took off the shawl she was wearing, went softly to Pierre and put it over his shoulders. She stepped back, but she had disturbed him. From the midst of some horrid dream he rose up with a snarl like a wild beast, clutching the table, glaring down at the floor, and uttering a villainous oath. Madame Desrocher cowered away from him, and the girls ran to her side and held her hands. Pierre did not see them for an instant, and when he glanced at the women timorously crowded together, he sank into his chair and muttered: "I didn't know where I was . . . I thought . . ." then he slouched his head down on the table and pretended to sleep. He heard his mother say: "What was it, Therese, what did I do?" She was still trembling. "There, Mother, Pierre was dreaming, he did not know where he was." The girls were frightened and they coaxed Madame Desrocher to go with them into the other room.

Pierre, with his head on the table, simulating sleep, had had a moment to reflect. That oath he had uttered when he was disturbed in his slumbers had thrown him back into his old self, and, as he twitched the shawl off his shoulders and rose to his feet, his face was altered with passion. The effect of the warmth and his physical comfort had vanished. His one idea was to get away. He rose noiselessly. His movements were quick and decided. His thoughts were out on the road. His demon was again

mounted and only the world's end was his desire. He threw on his old overcoat and strapped it in, drew his toque over his ears, threw his pack upon his shoulder. Then he remembered the money in the dresser. Two steps brought him before the drawer. He opened it: he hesitated. But it was only while the eyelid moves. The next moment he was out in the storm; it was mounting about him wildly, and he plunged into it, and onward to where the little lights of the village showed the great gulf of the night, his hand deep down in his pocket, clutching the small, leaden image of St. Anthony of Padua.

When Therese and Olivine succeeded in quieting Madame Desrocher the former returned to the room. Pierre was gone. Before she could think what to do, her mother, followed by Olivine, came in.

"Pierre!" cried Madame Desrocher, "Pierre! Where is he, Olivine? Pierre!" she cried, going to the foot of the stairway. There was no answer.

"Mamma," said Therese, "don't be

frightened, Pierre has only gone to the village to look up some of his old companions. See he has left his boots and his mittens, and he will be back again." She pointed to the wet boots and mittens, steaming underneath the stove.

"Yes, do you think so?" answered the old woman, ready to believe anything, so that it assured her that Pierre would come back. She sank into her chair and took her knitting from Therese.

"Yes, yes, to be sure," she said simply, gazing at the wet things. "He has left his boots, he will surely come back."

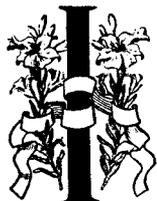
The explanation satisfied her and she went on with her knitting. Outside the snow rose above the house in an impenetrable mass, hissing, seething, blown every way with a sound of shrieking in the blackness above. Madame Desrocher knitted and rocked. She thought, Yes, my poor Pierre, he will come back; he will come back again. There was a sound of bells struggling with the storm. She raised her head and listened. Then she smiled and went on with her knitting.

Duncan Campbell Scott.



A MISLAID REPUTATION.

BY S. J. ROBERTSON.



I HAVE written quite a number of things, short stories, sketches, jokes, even a few of these in verse. Some of them have been accepted, but many have failed to remain with the editors to whom they were sent, and still continue to voyage on that unhappy sea from which so many fair argosies return undamaged save for the loss of the "stamp enclosed."

When I succeeded, it was generally with an article of which my own opinion was not very high and with editors about

whom the general public has somewhat the same idea. My name is not seen in the contents sheets of the great magazines, though to have it there has been the ambition of my life.

I have heard that the one way to become a successful writer is to keep on writing, never to acknowledge defeat, that in order to get into literature it is necessary to break in. Well, I have been in once. I broke in, and next time I shall be careful to enter at the gate.

Some six or seven months ago I was reading my paper in the office one morning, when I noticed a paragraph about the illness of Simpkins, the celebrated

realist. He had been ordered complete rest and was to leave at once for the far East. He would spend six months travelling in Thibet, and would, if possible, live for a time in the monasteries with the Llamas. I was wondering what manner of clay idols would be constructed from the sweepings of these monasteries and whether the American public would bow down and worship them as heretofore when the sweepings have been American, or at the worst European, and always from middle-class houses of the most undoubted propriety, when I was interrupted by the office boy's placing the mail from the second delivery on my table.

This is always the post of the day for me when any of my literary doves are away from the ark, for by it those sent out towards New York return.

As often happened before, I received a neat packet from which I tore the wrapper slowly. There was still a chance of its being accepted; it might have been returned for revision. Editors do not always accept articles as they receive them, even from the most successful men. But this hope vanished, as a neat printed slip dropped out, upon which the editor regretted, etc.

If half those printed editorial regrets had even a shadow of reality, I think the sorrow of an editor's life would break the hearts of its beholders. It has been represented to me that the editor does truthfully regret that he has read another worthless manuscript, but this is not a view that readily commends itself to contributors. It is easier to believe the editorial "we" to be a corporation, and so issue its printed slips, lying in soulless security.

This refusal was a blow, for "Fallen Leaves" had been the child of hope and toil, and had been expected to make its way in the world.

I have got beyond the suspicious stage in which a man believes firmly that his rejected manuscripts have not been read and so resorts to various tricks, such as arranging the pages in an improper order, gumming some of them together, putting locks of hair between them, and so on, in order to see if they have been carefully perused. As I said, I am beyond

that stage, and as I had no souvenirs to search for I did not force myself to go through the sheets again, looking my dead hopes in the face, but spent some quarter of an hour very unpleasantly in staring at the outside page. There it was, unsullied in its typewritten neatness as when Miss Taylor handed it to me for examination two months ago. At the centre of the page, but not too near the top, a large Roman figure I. stood boldly out below capitals spelled "Fallen Leaves"; and in the right hand corner, but not too near the edge, stood the mottoes under which all combatants enter the fields of literature, whether doughty knight or untried squire, "Kindly return to Simeon Jay, care Finch & Jay, Barristers. Stamps enclosed."

What joy it had been in writing it, when after long reflection some happy phrase seemed to catch fire from my idea and glow with the very life of the thought. There was a lot of feeling in it, too, my own feeling, and it was bitter to find that my heart's blood was too common for some rich publisher to traffic in.

I snapped the bell sharply twice for the typewriter who attends to my work. When she came in I handed her the manuscript.

"You may send this to the next publisher on your list, the Messrs. Scribblers, is it not, Miss Taylor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, and be careful to pare the edges. It will freshen it up, I notice you have left ample margins for the purpose."

I returned to my paper, and with a sort of fascination to the paragraph about Simpkins. He at least would never be refused. Three weeks later, the eventful second delivery brought me an envelope bearing upon one corner the firm name and style, "Scribbler's Sons, Publishers, New York." I looked it over carefully and felt it with my finger and thumb. No, it certainly was not a cheque, there was too much of it. Most likely, I thought, it would turn out to be one of those dreadful declined-with-thanks' slips and with it a sheet of directions as to the enclosing of stamps and an intimation that the editors would not hold themselves responsible for any manuscript unaccompanied by the same.

But I had enclosed stamps. Miss Taylor always did so in posting my manuscripts. Or it might be a polite note from the editor, declining my work which should have arrived by the same post but had been delayed in the mails. I knew that after your writing rose to a certain point of excellence, or if you were introduced by a well-known friend your dismissal would come from a higher source than at first and would take the form of "The editor, per"; the lower grades of readers only dealing out the printed matter.

Well, I thought at last, I might as well know my fate, and so took up a letter-knife and opened the envelope.

Could, I believe my eyes? It was an autograph note, not even a typewritten one, from the editor of *Scribbler's Monthly* requesting my acceptance of the enclosed cheque for one hundred dollars for my story "Fallen Leaves." They were glad to say it was just in time for their November issue, which they intended as usual to make a distinctively Thanksgiving number.

A tingling sensation shot through me, my very finger tips prickled sharply as my heart stopped beating and then stumbled heavily on at much more than its usual pace. I brushed back the hair which seemed to sting my forehead wherever it touched me and walked quickly up and down the little room a number of times, stopping by the desk at each turn to read over the signature—not on the cheque, but on the note which was of infinitely greater value than one hundred dollars. "Just in time for the November issue." "Just in time," I kept repeating. The words went like wine to my brain.

I dashed downstairs and naturally taking my most accustomed route hurried along to York street nodding in a cheerful, half-unseeing way at the friends I met or passed with their brief bags swinging in their hands as they rushed up to the Hall or back to their offices. After tramping out to Rosedale and spending an hour or two lying among the June grass and daisies with only the distant sound of playing children to disturb my dreams I felt calm enough to go back to the office.

I told some of my more intimate friends of my success, and they, of course, told others. A manuscript I sent in to the *Monday Morning Star* was accepted, not the first by any means, but it was prefaced by a reference to me as the rising writer of short stories and mentioned that I was the author of the Thanksgiving story in the forthcoming November number of *Scribbler's Monthly*.

Congratulations poured upon me and when I went to Muskoka for six weeks at midsummer, it is only fair to say I felt myself not unknown.

What struck me as most dreamlike about my position was the naturalness of it all. The old days of constant failure seemed so remote now as to be part of the life story of one of my own characters. I accepted myself as unquestioningly as one does the little green girl with blue hair, pink eyes and affectionate smile who sometimes makes one's sleep so unquiet after a too liberal supper.

I wrote almost nothing during the summer, merely jotted down the outline of a story or sketched in a scene that happened to strike me, for use in the winter's work which I planned. I felt more confidence in my work and when an idea suggested itself to me I noted it down at once instead of letting it turn itself over and ripen in my brain as I used to do.

Formerly, I thought over my stories too much before beginning to write them out. They became dear children of my fancy for whom the plain robes of common speech were too coarse. I revolted at seeing the thoughts that passed so fairy-like before my vision as I sat over the fire of an evening, spread out on paper like leaves in an herbarium with all the life and color gone out of them. By the middle of September I was back in town doing my share of the office work and managing to get in a good deal of time over my desk in the evenings and early mornings. The thought of some one who had taken a kindly interest in my work and had sung my favorite songs on moonlight nights on the lakes had a good deal to do with the ardor with which I worked.

The poor man who lives on hope and is constantly watching for the appearance of an article which has been accepted "cheque on publication" knows the full bitterness of repeated disappointment.

But there is always a to-morrow, next week or next month to look for, even though the children cry for hunger; and always the money may come before their tears are dry.

You may think there is small trial to the patience of a man who was in no great need of the money and had already received payment for his article when he waits six months to see it appear in a famous magazine, though he knows the appearance of his name on its contents sheet makes him the subject of interest and perhaps of approving interest to the English-speaking race.

But the time seemed endless to me. Autumn dragged itself out interminably and the football games that used to bridge the week from Saturday to Saturday seemed separated by an abyss into which the days fell unfillingly.

I had told my stationer to send in half-a-dozen copies of November *Scrib-ler's* as soon as it came, and one morning in October the office boy handed me a bundle which I at once guessed contained the looked-for publication.

To say that my fingers trembled as I undid the package and took out a copy is only to tell the truth. I read the contents over slowly, each name with new delight. All were well known names except my own.

I read and re-read the title "Fallen Leaves"—Simeon Jay. As I sat staring at the page a whimsical remembrance came over me of the unhappy minutes I had spent staring at the outside of this same tale when it had been ignominiously returned by Messrs. Carper only seven months ago. Could it be no longer than seven months that I had been the recipient of printed refusals?

I turned to my story, gazed fondly at the fanciful heading of the page where the title stood proudly up as I had so often dreamed I saw it in idle reveries.

I spelled, out letter by letter, my own name and all, then straightened myself up and looked at the first line.

I threw down the copy, snatched up another, opened it, read the title again, it was all right, just as I had written it. "Fallen Leaves"—Simeon Jay, but not a line, a word, a syllable had I ever seen before.

The story was not my story.

The white page swam before me, then seemed to flutter away to an infinite distance and shine down a long tunnel of thick darkness, mockingly, while little flashes of color played round my face as I looked through at it. The sounds of the street died out, and the voice of a client talking to my partner on the other side of the glass partition became a humming that struck me as comically, like the buzzing of the blue-bottle flies against the white-washed windows of the country church I attended as a boy.

A reel dashing along under my window brought me to my feet, I pulled open the window and looked out at a crowd that was gathering on the other side of the street a block away. Some one had been run over. As I leaned out to get a better view the sharp air swept the cobwebs from my brain and I began to think again. Of course, it was all over and I was nobody once more. I had had my little strut and I must now leave the stage. It must be faced. I said there had been a girl in Muskoka, did I not? Well there she was hurrying along in the sunshine on the other side of the street, and the little parcel in her hand was a copy of November *Scrib-ler's*. I knew it just as well as if I walked beside her and carried it for her, as I had done many a day when I met her down town on an afternoon's shopping and walked along King Street with her from one shop door to another. No—there must be some mistake. My manuscript might be published under some other man's name; and I began to look hurriedly through the whole number. It was a mistake. It certainly must be a mistake. I could never face such a situation: the ridicule of it would kill me, and the little woman carrying the parcel, what would she say?

The next three weeks were a hideous nightmare. If, for ten minutes together,

the actual circumstances of misery were forgotten, the hopeless pain of it, which made the sight of a human face hateful, never left me for a moment.

My most intimate friends were told that there was a mistake, that the story was not mine; but they laughed instead of believing me. "Sorry you published it under your own name, are you, now that the critics are after you?" was the nearest approach to sympathy I received. I was not the only one unhappy over that tale. One critic wanted to know if it was not bad enough to have Simpkins write infinite nothings about nobodies and palm them off as literature, without allowing his apprentices to pose as master workmen at the same wearisome trade. Another averred that I out-Simpkinsed Simpkins himself. Any criticism is better than being received in cold silence, I have been told; but I do not know that I believe it.

I made an effort to untangle the mystery in which I was involved, and wrote, guardedly, to the editor, saying that I found my story did not appear in the November number, as I had sent in the manuscript, and asking for an explanation.

The correspondence will, however, explain itself.

"New York, Oct. 28th, 189-.

The Editor of Scribbler's Monthly, to Simeon Jay, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your favor of the 20th inst., which complains of inaccuracy in our publication of your story, we have to say that, after most carefully comparing the printed sheets and the manuscript, we have been unable to detect any variation between them.

Very truly yours,

THE EDITOR OF SCRIBBLER'S MONTHLY.

Two weeks later I received the following:

New York, Nov. 15th, 189-.

From the Editor of Carper's Magazine, to Simeon Jay, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—We return you by this post your sketch, "Fallen Leaves," which has been detained by us through a most extraordinary mistake. Our attention was first called to the matter by a cable from Mr. Simpkins, who is now in Cairo, in which he demands an explanation from us of the fact that a story which he had sold to us had

appeared under your name in *Scribbler's Monthly* for November. On looking through our accepted manuscripts, we discovered that we had, on the same day, received two manuscripts bearing the same title, and, as the only difference in the manuscripts by which they could be distinguished was upon the first pages, when our readers had accidentally transposed them, they returned you the first page of your own article and the succeeding pages of Mr. Simpkins'. While we feel it is due to you to express the greatest regret at the misadventure, we cannot but say we think that not the least extraordinary feature of the affair is that you should have allowed it to go as far as it has.

Very truly yours,

THE EDITOR OF CARPER'S MAGAZINE.

New York, Nov. 21st, 189-.

The Editor of Scribbler's Monthly, to Simeon Jay, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—We have been some time in securing a satisfactory answer to your letter of inquiry *re* "Fallen Leaves," of which we acknowledged the receipt on the 25th ult. We did not altogether understand your letter at first, nor do we yet comprehend why you found it necessary to ask us any question on the subject whatever. The Messrs. Carper assure us that the manuscript which we purchased from you was one that they had thought in their own possession, and for which they had sent Mr. Simpkins, the real author, their cheque. It would appear, however, that they had in their possession a valueless manuscript of yours, for which they had given you, in mistake, Mr. Simpkins' story, which happened to bear the same title. As the loss of Mr. Simpkins' manuscript is, in a measure, due to the carelessness of the Messrs. Carper's readers, they do not ask us to pay them the full value of the article, but the amount we paid to you for it. Will you kindly let us have that amount (only one hundred dollars) at your earliest convenience.

Very truly yours,

THE EDITOR OF SCRIBBLER'S MONTHLY.

After reading the last of these heartless letters, which came this morning, I sat wondering what I should do, how I could stay to face the exposure—for I could not leave town with an empty pocket, and my little surplus would all go to pay for the reputation I had enjoyed, for, of course, I would pay the Carper's the full value of Simpkins' story.

Finch came in just then with his hands full of papers, and laid them down on my desk. "We have a lot of cases in the

Division Court, Jay, to-day, some of them out of the common run. Perhaps you will have time to see that the juniors do not bungle them."

So I gathered up the papers, stuffed them into my bag, and dashed off to the court-room to begin my existence as a man without a reputation.

S. J. Robertson.

THE LITERARY KINGDOM.

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

A GIRL we know is having the one great joy of her life, from an intellectual standpoint. She is reading, for the first time, the immortal works of the late Alexandre Dumas *père*. The consequence is that she is transported to France, has forgotten entirely about every-day people and only wakens up to the life around her when young Norman McAllister paddles over from Stoney Brae; then she tries to think that she is Louise de la Valliere and he is Louis the Fourteenth. Certainly, *Le Grande Monarque* was never shyer than is young McAllister, and, after all, is there much difference between a king and a settler's son when it comes to the question of first love?

Speaking of old books reminds us that there are few new ones worth anything. Why don't the people who write books remember their readers? Why don't they realize that the novels that have lived have been so-called romantic books? Who will care for problem novels twenty years from now? The romantic stories, probable or not, take one out of one's self, make people human and keep alive the natural feelings while sympathy, hate and love are played upon like the strings of a harp. Why does not somebody write something where forty pages are not given over to what the heroine thought of the hero's appreciation of music, five when she found that it did not agree with hers, and five more at their last meeting wherein we are gently told how he held his hat, how she looked out from under hers, and how, bidding each other farewell, they walk off or out into the un-

known world? By the time we have reached this point they have become so detestable that we hope they stumble and break their necks, so that a sequel is impossible. Positively, for real romance, one has to return to the "Arabian Nights," and for absolute truth to "Robinson Crusoe." Far back in memory is stored a picture of three small children, gazing with delight at the representation of a defiant young man standing before his father, said father being the typical British householder, with mutton-chop whiskers, and underneath the drawing is this inscription:

"Robinson Crusoe wants to roam,
'My son,' says his father, 'stay at home.'"

This gives the rhythm of the entire story as told in a poem, and which we regard as the finest that was ever written. The youngest child in the group had an expressed liking for Mr. Crusoe and a very different feeling for Adam and Eve, whom, in her heart of hearts, she considered what her mammy called "pore white trash."

Even the stories written nowadays for children are not interesting. Any child knows that the reason the good little boy did not take the cake was because he was afraid of a thrashing and not because he differentiated between right and wrong, or looked into the future and prognosticated pains and paregoric. Vices and virtues of the old type are more attractive because they are the same to-day, and if our romances for young and old are to prove interesting they need to have that touch that makes the whole world kin,

MANY people suppose that a novelist's system of work is quick and perceptive: no method of slow, laborious reasoning is required; all comes like a lightning flash to the end of the pen. The testimony of William Black, the English writer of Scotch stories, puts a different complexion on the matter. "I am building up a book months before I write the first chapter," he says; "before I can put pen to paper I have to realize all the chief incidents and characters. I have to live with my characters, so to speak; otherwise I am afraid they would never appear living people to my readers. This is my work during the summer, which is devoted to an exploration of different localities in the Highlands. Now and again I have had to read a great deal preparatory to writing. Before beginning "Sunrise," for instance, I went through the history of secret societies in Europe. The only time that I am really free from the burden of the novel that is to be is when I am grouse-shooting or salmon-fishing. At other times I am haunted by the characters and the scenes in which they take part, so that for the sake of his peace of mind my method is not to be recommended to any young novelist. When I come to the writing, I have to immure myself in perfect quietude; my study is at the top of the house, and on the two or three days a week that I am writing, Mrs. Black guards me from interruption."

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BUT even Mrs. Black could not control ulterior forces. During their residence in London they once found themselves next door to a family whose nursery on the top floor was filled with a number of thoroughly vitalized children. In the early morning hours, just when Mr. Black was in condition for his best work, sounds began to issue from beyond his study wall. The day's hostilities usually opened with a pillow fight, to quell which called forth the best energies of the eldest sister whose commands rang out in sharp *staccato* above the clamor of charging infantry. As the morning toilet progressed, the air resounded with shrill protests against the order of the bath, and promptly responsive slaps upon exposed surfaces. The call to

daily devotions was always issued in the same formula: "There, now, you're dressed, you nasty little things! now, kneel down and say your horrid little prayers." A momentary lull was followed by the vociferated chorus: "We've said our prayers! we've said our prayers!" and a wild stampede to breakfast in lower regions, which might have been very much farther down if the exasperated novelist had controlled the department of transportation and foreign travel. After a few heroic attempts at becoming accustomed to this daily riot next door, Mr. Black abandoned himself to complete mental rest, devoted some days to house-hunting, and succeeded in finding a more habitable locality.

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THE Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor of London, have photographed the famous Fagin's Kitchen, described by Dicken's in "Oliver Twist," prior to pulling down the old building known by the somewhat pompous name of "Viaduct Chambers." The spot does not seem to have been altered since the days of the Artful Dodger. The building, now a registered lodging-house, from the outside has that respectable, poverty-stricken look so common in more neglected corners of London. Fagin's Kitchen, however, does not belie the description given in "Oliver Twist." It is indescribably sordid and dirty, lighted only by a grating, and certainly unfit, from a modern point of view for human habitation.

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SOME time ago a young English girl, in quest of a copy of "Jonathan and His Continent," asked an old German bibliophile if he had in stock, "Max O'Rell in the United States." "Ach, Mees," expostulated the irate fossil, "Marcus Aurelius was *nevaire* in the United States." As a last touch to the tableau, we will state that not so very long ago we asked in a Yonge Street store for "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," in paper cover. The young person behind the counter gazed at us in blank astonishment, and, with no attempt at repressing an indulgent smile, sweetly suggested that we "must certainly want something by Max O'Rell."

AND now Mrs. Porkopolis has lost caste. While sipping ambrosia at a recent symposium held in Villa Nuova she was detected in scanning a copy of Mrs. Browning's poems, carefully re-

adjusting her *pince-nez*, taking a closer look at a page and exclaiming; "The Dead *Pan!* Well, of all things to want to write about!"

CURRENT COMMENT.

EDITORIAL.

ENGLAND AND
ARMENIA.

It is interesting the number of letters which the newspapers contain at the present moment with reference to the Armenian Question.

One cannot pick up a daily journal without encountering a score of panaceas for dealing with this much vexed subject, while the religious journals and the weeklies containing religious departments have been harping upon it incessantly for the past year.

There has been such a surfeit of matter upon this depressing, if important, subject submitted to editors lately that a revulsion of feeling against the whole question is beginning to invade the editorial sanctum, and it would not be surprising were a universal edict posted up tabooing all contributions relating to the subject and providing for their expeditious return. Of course we should be sorry to see such a decree passed entailing, as it would, the sacrifice of many meritorious papers contributed by those qualified to discuss the subject, but at the same time there would be a certain grim satisfaction in being able to decline without perusing them the numerous school-boy poems and essays on this question that have lately made the life of an editor well-nigh unbearable. It is rather significant that most of the poorer contributions and the ones showing the greatest crudity have been those advocating a single-handed interference by England on behalf of persecuted Armenia.

In view of the numerous contributions submitted relative to the question it is to be presumed that much interest is still attached to it by the reading public, and it may prove instructive, therefore, to

consider the most recent utterances upon the subject by one of England's greatest authorities on all foreign questions. In his speech before the Scottish Liberal Association in Edinburgh shortly after his retirement from the leadership of the Liberal party, Lord Roseberry intimated that he was at one with Lord Salisbury on the Armenian Question, and declared that it would be the height of madness on the part of England to attempt an interference without the concurrence of the other European powers. Such an isolated course, his lordship declared, would certainly mean a European war. Relating to this latter point his lordship said:—

"You know what a European war means. It means the massacre, the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of people; it means the ruin and the devastation of the regions that it invests; it means danger to many countries, and perhaps worse to this country—almost our national existence. It means that on the hypothesis that our fleet should be engaged largely in the extreme east of Europe, our coasts, our liberties, our properties would be largely exposed to attack at home, and in all probability the war would be preceded by the extermination of these very Armenian populations on whose behalf you proposed to engage in it. I say I can conceive nothing more futile, more disastrous, more dangerous than such a policy as this; and it is against this that I raise my earnest protest."

After alluding to the vast interests which England at present controls, he declared:

"That any British Minister who engages in a European war except under pressure of the direct necessity, except under interests directly and distinctly British is a criminal to his country and to his position."

Lord Roseberry further pointed out that the vast efforts towards colonial expansion which England has made during the past twenty years make it absolutely necessary that she should remain at peace with the rest of the world. He said :

"In twelve years you have added to the Empire, whether in the shape of actual annexation, or of dominion, or what is called a sphere of influence, 2,600,000 square miles of territory. . . . While the area of the United Kingdom—England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, the Channel Islands, and so forth—has 120,000 square miles, therefore to the 120,000 square miles of the United Kingdom, which is a part of your Empire, you have added during the past twelve years twenty-two areas as large as that United Kingdom itself. I say this, that that marks out for many years a policy from which you cannot depart if you would. You may be compelled to draw the sword—I hope you may not be—but the foreign policy of Great Britain until its territory is consolidated, filled up, settled, civilized, must inevitably be a policy of peace. You may fairly ask me, having discussed all those other remedies with disapprobation, to what do you look yourself for dealing with this question? No gentleman has a right in the medical profession to condemn the pills of his opponents without offering some medicaments of his own. My view—I am afraid it is not a very fresh one, but it is equally certain it is the only sound one—my only panacea for dealing with the Eastern question is the concerted action of the powers."

There can be no doubt about the question that the unparalleled success of Great Britain as a colonizing power has long ago excited the intensest envy of the nations of Europe and this feeling of jealousy has been increased to an intolerable degree by the large extent of territory that has recently been added to the Empire; so that to-day the Great Powers are lying in wait, as it were, ready to fly at England's throat at a moment's notice and upon the slightest provocation. Just how isolated Great Britain stands among the European nations has been clearly demonstrated in the early part of the present year. It would seem therefore that in the interests of humanity and peace the proper course for England to pursue on the Armenian Question is a policy of non-interference without the concurrence of the other European powers—the policy which she is at present pursuing and the same policy which

has been found fault with to such an extent by so many, doubtlessly well meaning, but ill informed people of late.

We suppose there is hardly an editor in the land that has not been flooded with innumerable school-girl poems, railing at England for neglecting to plunge herself into difficulties for the sake of Armenia. If the muses of Parnassus were able to render any material assistance to the Armenians the numerous occasions on which their aid has been invoked would surely have moved them before this—the quality of the verse alone would have long ago ensured this. Those complaining of the present action, or inaction if they prefer it, of Great Britain should post themselves upon all the facts of the situation before attempting to express their views in print. In spite of what has been said of a derogatory nature we cannot help thinking that the policy of Lord Salisbury, respecting England's position in regard to the Armenian Question, is the only one that could be pursued, consistent with the aims of peace and European tranquility.

THE sudden death of the
DEATH OF MR. artist-novelist, George Du
DU MAURIER, removes one of the
brightest minds from the realm of arts and letters. The late Mr. Du Maurier was known to the general public chiefly through his novel "Trilby," which proved such a dazzling success, but the many readers of *Punch* and *Harper's Magazine*, to which publications he was a regular contributor for years before "Trilby" made its appearance, had made an affectionate acquaintance with his work as an illustrator long before he took to literature.

As an illustrator Mr. Du Maurier's success was complete from the outset; but his artistic career was destined to be eclipsed altogether by his literary achievements. It is true, "Peter Ibbetson" met with but half-hearted praise when it first appeared, but with the advent of "Trilby" the success of the former was assured. His new story, "The Martian," now running through *Harper's Magazine*, promises also to be successful, but there is the

same abnormal amount of French in the story which Mr. Du Maurier was so fond of putting into his books, and which, considering that the latter are supposed to be English works, is a trifle overdone. Mr. Du Maurier's illustrations, though lacking in technique—a branch in which, by the way, most English illustrators fall behind those of the United States—were always forcible and striking, and each picture told a story in itself. It will be many a day before his place in art and literature is filled.

It will be our pleasure next month to lay before our readers an interesting interview with the famous artist-novelist, since deceased, obtained exclusively for this magazine in August last.

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**EMIGRATION
PROSPECTS.**

THE high prices paid this year in the North-West for wheat will have a good effect in promoting emigration. While wheat sold in Minneapolis by the car-load for 71 cents per bushel, which would net the farmer about 60 cents, as high as \$1.01 per bushel in bags was paid in Manitoba for No. 1 hard, which was about fifty per cent. higher than the price quoted on the Liverpool markets.

It seems to us the one thing that Canada needs more than anything else is an aggressive emigration policy. There are acres upon acres of the best farming land in the world to be had for the asking in the Canadian North-West, and if European emigrants were but posted as to advantages which this country possesses for the raising of cereals, there is no doubt that a large proportion of those who, at present, are going to other parts of the world, would turn their faces to Canada. The greatest drawback with which this country has had to contend all along, has been its small population in ratio to the wide extent of territory which it covers. The Government which succeeds in filling up the North-West will be doing the greatest good for Canada possible. This country needs more farmers; there has been altogether too much flocking to the cities of late. There is more money to be made in wheat raising in the North-West than in any other single line of business that we know of. If our own people in

Canada have not the sense to see this, it is time an alien population were imported to take advantage of the opportunity. There need be no fear of over-production, for the whole wheat yield of Canada is but trifling after all when compared with that of Russia, or India, or the United States, and the most active emigration measures and the greatest influx of settlers possible cannot effect any material change in this regard for many years to come. The filling up of the North-West with a progressive agricultural population, would be one of the greatest boons this country could enjoy.

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**THE KIDNAPPED
CHINAMAN.**

It would appear from the recent English despatches that the Chinese Embassy in London has been getting into hot water with the English authorities.

It seems that a Chinese doctor, named Sun-Yat-Sen, who was implicated in a conspiracy in Canton, organized to overthrow the Manchu dynasty, but who escaped to London, has been recently kidnapped and held in confinement by the authorities of the Chinese Legation, pending an opportunity to safely smuggle him on board a vessel bound for the Celestial capital, where the public executioner has been waiting for some time to decapitate him.

The news of this breach of the law respecting the privileges of a British citizen was very promptly resented by friends of the prisoner, who interviewed the Foreign Office, with the result that Scotland Yard detectives were notified to surround the Legation in order to prevent the removal of the prisoner.

At first the Chinese officials denied that the doctor was in detention at the Legation, but the proof to the contrary in the possession of the friends of the prisoner was so complete that they were forced to admit it.

Lord Salisbury, on learning of the case, immediately wrote to the Chinese Envoy a strong letter, pointing out that the methods employed in the arrest of their prisoner (who was kidnapped on the public highway) were distinctly illegal, and drawing attention to the fact that the right of friendly asylum, to which England is committed by every tradition

and belief, had been violated. In view of this, Sun-Yat-Sen's release was requested, and the demand was finally complied with.

The English press is very indignant

over what is conceived to be the attempt to do away with a British resident by a foreign power in the heart of the capital of England.

BOOK NOTICES.

Effie Hetherington. By Robt. Buchanan.
Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto:
Wm. Tyrrell Co.

The design upon the cover of this book is uniquely indicative of its contents. The binding is in myrtle linen, and sprays of purple heather wreath about the coils of a glittering serpent and span the name of "Effie Hetherington." One need not glance within to divine a promise of great beauty strangely intermingling with depths of hatefulness and guile. The heroine is a blue-eyed wanton of a sufficiently frequent type and without one redeeming trait of character. That her name is allowed upon the title-page is, we think, a mistake on the part of the author. The book would be more acceptable if known by the name of its one attractive personage, Richard Douglas, of unfortunate heredity and strong passions, who wrests victory from defeat, and to whom a noble life becomes possible even through his unrequited love for an utterly worthless woman. The story is of commanding interest and weirdly pathetic with the heart-cries and mysteries of the life depicted in border ballads. In bringing his tensely dramatic conceptions into strong relief, the author fulfils the expectations of those who know his earlier work.

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The Wood of the Brambles. By Frank Mathew. London: John Lane.
Chicago: Way & Williams.

If this contemporaneous record of the Wexford Rising is to be regarded from an appreciative point of view the reader will remember to exercise the courtesy extended to a picture which is hung in the best light. Looked at from one angle "The Wood of the Brambles" is a blur

of complicated methods utterly void of plot, with confusion worse confounded in each succeeding chapter. But for one's own enjoyment it will be well to cultivate a receptive and intelligent sympathy for the disconnected but truly delightful character sketches found at intervals as the general riot grows, and for the aromatic absurdities and unobtrusive beauties which grace almost every page. In laying the book down we cannot define just the power which held us to the last sentence, but we know we would be sorry, indeed, to have missed the acquaintance of that comical despot, Sir Tim Desmond, with his terrific brogue and his fixed conviction that he could not rid himself of the English accent acquired during a week's stay in London. And we most truly commiserate the poet-philosopher, Theophilus Considine, whose surroundings were so incongruous that when he said: "The fairies are festooning the shadows with the perishing wealth of the threaded gold of laburnum," his neighbors wondered what on earth he could mean.

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Summer In Arcady: A Tale of Nature.
By James Lane Allen. New York:
Macmillan & Co.

This story first appeared under the title of "Butterflies." The present edition is enriched by a preface which is a remarkable piece of work and a distinct contribution to contemporary literature. In this plea for the defence Mr. Allen tells us that his story is designed as a protest against the black, chaotic books of the present day and the exposures of the eternally hidden which these books have made. To this end he has taken two robust young people in the sunlit splendor of the early summer

of life, dowered them with dangerous hereditary tendencies, surrounded them with tempting environment and from a situation which he thinks as perilous as can be found in "the downward moving fiction of manifold disorder," has wrested a moral victory.

"Summer in Arcady" has no trace of morbid repulsiveness, but the explanatory preface is not amiss. While the book may be of no benefit to some people, to others it will prove a mighty influence for good. Mr. Allen's work has always been distinguished for a certain delicate strength and forceful ease. In rare and exquisite coloring and delineation this miniature romance has few rivals in recent fiction.

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We understand that the Century Company are about to publish, in book form, Prof. W. H. Sloane's "Life of Napoleon," which has been running through their magazine for some time. It is intended to illustrate the work with numerous reproductions in color of the noted drawings by Myrbach that have appeared in black-and-white in the magazine, which, together with the numerous other illustrations and maps that have appeared from month to month will embellish a work which will be without doubt the most pretentious and elaborate history of the life of "the little corporal" that has ever been published in America.

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Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Illustrated by Charles S. Reinhart. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The heroine of this stimulating story is welcomed as a peculiarly wholesome and altogether justifiable phase of the new woman. She not only possesses all the virtues of a magnificently constructed

man, but is further dowered with little extras in the way of tendernesses and refinements which we instinctively associate with the eternal feminine. This splendid creation of Mr. Smith's facile pen is the widow of one Thomas Grogan, stevedore and contractor, who was disabled in the performance of duty, and, finally, succumbed to injuries thus received. Ever since he had been hurt his brave wife personally conducted his work, signed his name to all documents, filled his contracts and ably accomplished the arduous task of supporting a dependent family. The story opens when Tom Grogan, as she is known in business and to all immediate associates, has been a widow seven years. We find her in the midst of successful business management, but greatly harassed by enemies who imagine themselves the victims of her success. Just how she triumphs over difficulties and maintains the fine integrity of her life, we leave for the discovery of those whose good fortune will allow them an early perusal of this uniquely interesting narrative.

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THE second edition of Clifford Smith's clever book of short stories, entitled, *A Lover in Homespun* (William Briggs, Toronto) will be ready shortly.

The work of this Canadian is finding much favor in the United States as well as in Canada, the American publications containing frequent contributions from his pen.

In the volume entitled, "A Lover in Homespun," Mr. Smith has compiled the best of his stories from the numerous publications to which he has contributed of late, and the collection makes most interesting reading. The success which the book has had may be estimated from the fact that the first edition, which was five months ago, is out of print.

