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JUNE
1908



THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME THIRTY-ONE NUMBER TWO

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VOLUME XXXI.

No. 2

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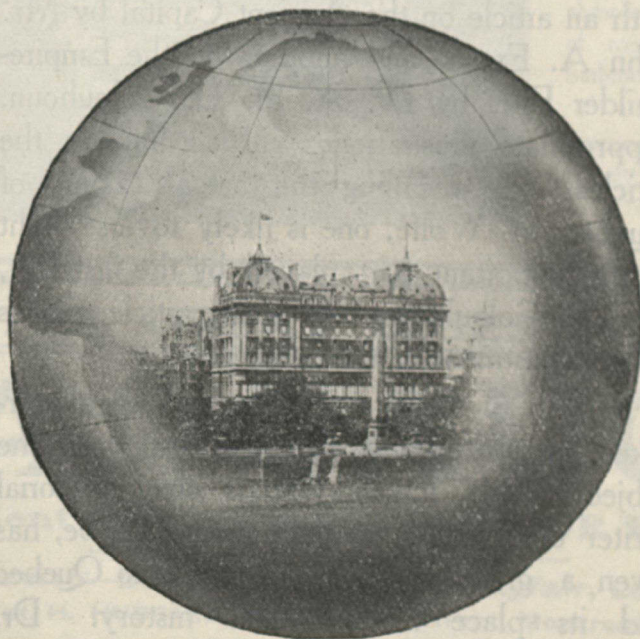
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Both of these articles have been undertaken by writers well fitted to deal with the subjects. Mr. Ewan, who is chief editorial writer on the staff of the *Toronto Globe*, has given a great deal of close study to Quebec and its place in Canadian history. Dr. Colquhoun, who is Deputy-Minister of Education for Ontario, is one of the best informed journalists in the Dominion.

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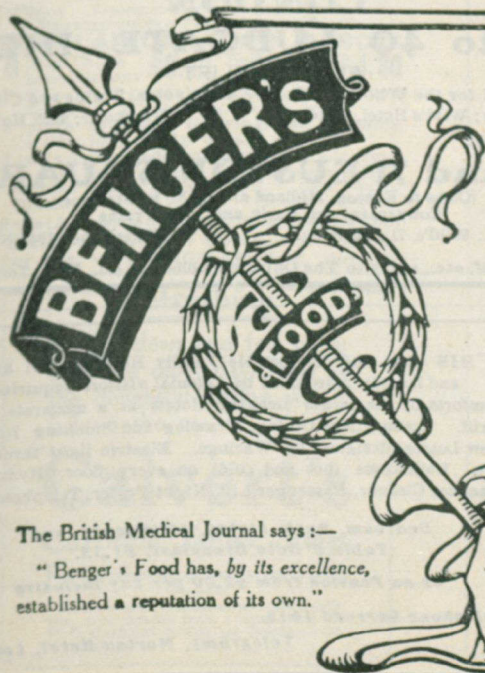
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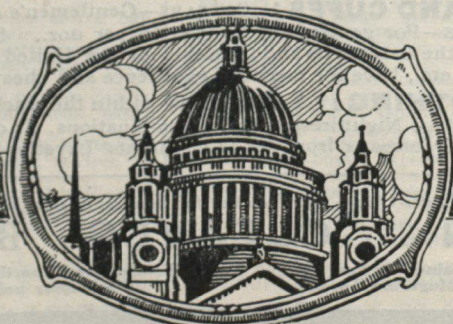
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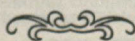
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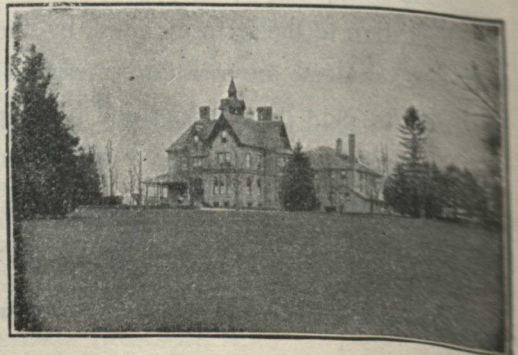
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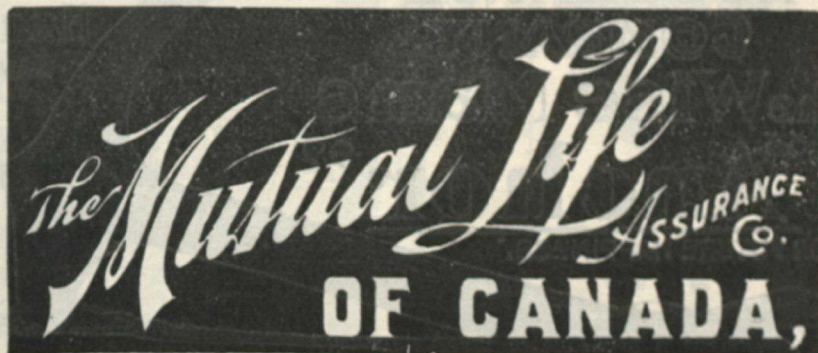
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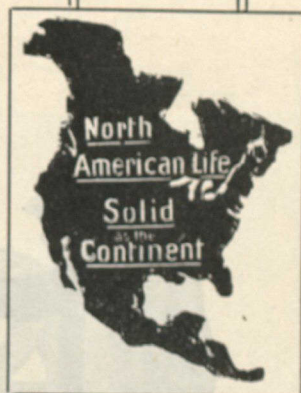
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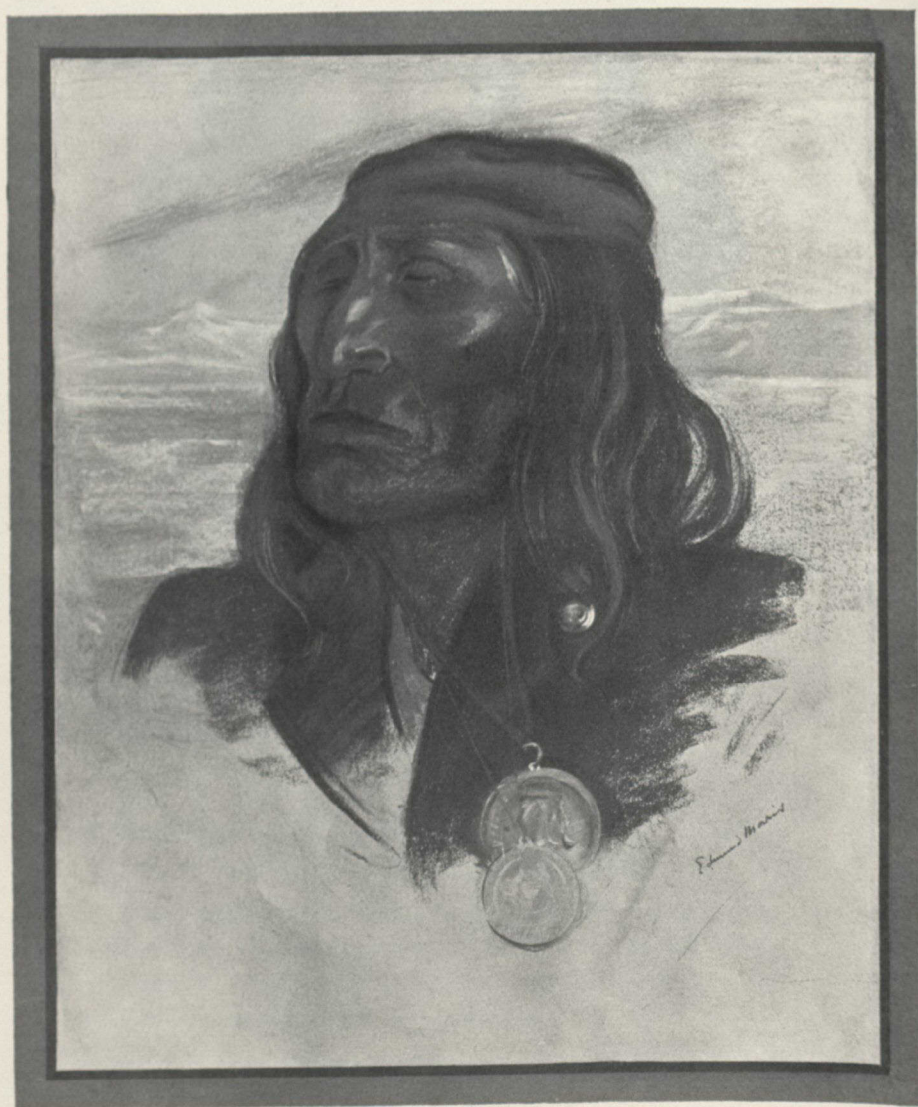
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXI

TORONTO, JUNE, 1908

No. 2

COBALT: A MISTAKEN IDOL

BY FREDERIC ROBSON

THREE years ago the clock that times the mining fevers for Canada struck twelve. People smiled, the same people who had lived through the days when Rossland and Klondyke were words on the popular tongue. They knew that the silver crazes were over in America, but they reckoned badly.

Up in Northern Ontario a geologist named Willet Miller happened along one day, and he picked up some pieces of glittering rock with blue streaks running through them. "We shall call this place after the blue," he said; "we shall call it Cobalt." That was very near the beginning of the Cobalt fever.

Cobalt, as the world has found it expedient to know, lies some three hundred miles north of Toronto. In its widest meaning the name stands for the entire district which embraces the township of Coleman and goes possibly further and takes in the whole silver bearing

area in Northern Ontario, south of Larder Lake.

When I was up in that district in summer time, the rush was at its height. Accommodation at the hotels and on the trains was sorely taxed and the seeker after metals received as gloomy a reception to the Cobalt field as the most pessimistic old prospector ever could draw in the forcible language of the mining camp. It



THE WATER CART, A FAMILIAR SIGHT IN COBALT



A STREET SCENE IN COBALT

was pouring rain when our train pulled into the Cobalt station. We tumbled out in the most disconsolate of spirits, and tramped through pools and garbage heaps to the hotel, where steaming edibles helped to smother the sensation caused at the first sight of a silver camp.

As a municipality, Cobalt is a failure. Some first settler, if anyone knows who he was, had the bad sense to erect his home on possibly the worst piece of ground that holds up a town any where in America. As it stands to-day, there are no real streets. Huge chunks of rock in the middle of the road play havoc with the horse and vehicle that attempt a passage over them. Garbage is thrown into the back yards; cows and pigs feed on the refuse lying along the main street. There is no local water to drink. Nearly every drop consumed is brought from Montreal and sold at fifty cents a gallon. Fuel sells at exorbitant prices. Rents even of shacks run from fifty dollars to sixty dollars a month. There is no drainage, few sidewalks, scarcely any fire protection of an adequate sort. On the other hand, Cobalt excels in many features where other mining camps have failed. Obedience to the law, however, is the rule

of the day. The history of Cobalt has been free from the serious turmoil or violence that is generally incident to mining camps. Taking into consideration the fact that thousands of men of varying temperaments from all parts of the earth have been gathered at the camp for the last three years and that confusion is always liable to arise out of the staking of claims, it is perhaps more than remarkable that serious friction has not occurred. There have sometimes been differences, but the arguments have always been settled in the courts of law.

Cobalt is a temperance town. Not a drop of liquor is dispensed legally from one year's end to the other. The results have been most fortunate for its well being and reputation. The only place where a strong drink can be secured by the miners is at Haileybury, four miles distant. Cobalt, nevertheless, boasts of a mayor and council, post-office, telegraphs, banks, excellent schools, churches, stores and a railway that connects twice a day with North Bay, from which all parts of the Dominion and the United States may be reached with speed and comfort. Yet when all the virtues and all the failings of the town of Cobalt are



SILVER STREET, COBALT

summed up, it remains that the only reason for its existence lies in the mines that dot the hills for miles around. Were they to run dry, the town would shrivel up and pass away in a twinkling.

It is the mines that have startled the world, that have surprised Wall street, that have by their freak yields made obsolete the works of science on silver ores. It is after all the mines that our money is in, and on whose bloated stock we have already planned to spend our days in philanthropic pursuits.

How Cobalt came to be found is due probably to three causes: the explorations of the Government geologists, the entrance of the Temiskaming and Northern Railway into the region, and the enterprise of wandering prospectors. It was in November, 1903, that the attention of Prof. Miller, the provincial geologist of Ontario, was called to the rumors of vast ore beds existing in Coleman township. In company with Prof. Parks, of the Dominion Government Survey, he undertook to prove the truth or falsehood of these stories, which on the surface were so alluring, and accordingly set out for this remote corner of New Ontario.

The reports made by these gentle-

men were remarkably accurate as has been subsequently proved. They stated that the surface of Coleman township was undulating, partly rocky, partly drift-covered, well wooded and interspersed with small lakes. Though making no precise statements regarding the presence of bodies of ore, they held that it was a matter of only a few years when every foot of the land would be prospected, with the probability of finding important deposits of ores anywhere among the rocks. It was not, however, until the preliminary work of building the Temiskaming and Northern Railway was in progress that any startling hint was given to the world of the immense bodies of silver ore which existed close to Cobalt Lake. For some months the railway construction men had been blasting their way through rocks which glistened with silver veins, yet they did not value the lumps for other purposes than most excellent railroad ballast. At one place on the road they cut through the end of a cliff from which hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of silver has since been taken. The blackened, heavy, rough fragments were cursed as intolerable barriers to a railway. Had you mentioned that the ballast for the track

was worth about five thousand dollars a ton, what a laugh there would have been! Meanwhile the construction task was rushed ahead, and millions went begging for an owner.

Two weeks later a couple of lumber contractors who had the job of laying the ties over a section of the T. and N. O. strolled into the woods near the end of Cobalt Lake, just to see what the place was like. They came out millionaires. On a little rise of ground toward which their footsteps took them a silver vein had indiscreetly poked its head above the surface of the ground. The spot was marked, and in a day or two, an application form to the Mining Registry Office had been despatched with the signatures of Messrs. McKinley and Daragh. Their property has netted them several fortunes, and it gives no sign of playing out.

A French-Canadian blacksmith was the next to make a discovery. He had signed with the railway contractors under the name of Larose. If you meet him to-day on the streets of some eastern city or lolling in the comforts of a Pullman car, he will tell you that one day four years ago he was busy at his forge, which had been

erected at the northern end of Cobalt Lake, when he spied a red fox in a nearby bush. It was a very impudent, curious sort of fox, and it jarred on his tired nerves. He resented being watched even by a fox, and so, picking up his hammer, he flung it with might and main at Reynard. The latter, it may be inferred, saw Mr. Larose's hostile demonstration, and when the hammer arrived, was some distance away, and proceeding on apparently urgent business. Now mark what followed: Had Larose thrown something worthless at that fox, he might never have been the discoverer of a great mine. But he threw a good hammer, and therefore felt called upon to go over to where it lay. He saw that the hammer had struck a rock and that the blow resulted in a bright metallic streak, which he at first attributed to be lead in the ore. But there were subsequent investigations, and samples of the ore sent to Toronto showed a very high grade of silver in paying quantities. Thus it came that the combination of a French-Canadian blacksmith, a hammer and a fox worked another discovery of surpassing importance.

Early in May, 1904, two locations



T. AND N. O. STATION AT COBALT, AND A VIEW OF THE TOWN

were made by Mr. W. G. Trethewey and from these the Trethewey and Coniagas Mining Companies have evolved. It is interesting to note that the name of the latter, a peculiar but distinctive one, is made up from the chemical symbols of cobalt, silver, nickel and arsenic—co-ni-ag-as. These properties, with the Nipissing mine, were the only ones to make shipments during 1904. As a matter of fact, steel rails were not laid as far as the mines until October, 1904, and the shipments began in November. Nevertheless in two months of that year, 158 tons of ore, containing 296,875 ounces of silver, worth \$111,887, were sold and shipped.

After that, discovery followed discovery in rapid succession, so that the production of the year 1905 amounted to 2,451,356 ounces from 2,144 tons of ore. The production for 1906 has been given as worth \$4,000,000 from 5,129 tons. For 1907 the worth of the ore up to the first of July equalled that of the whole of 1906. So that to the present, with development covering only two years, Cobalt silver has brought mine owners over ten millions in cold cash. That Cobalt will live for at least twenty years more with

the same evidences of vigor that it is showing at present, seems to be the opinion of mining engineers who are conversant with the region.

A word as to fake mines: When in Cobalt I found that the owners of genuine mines were the bitterest denouncers of the wild-cat propositions that have occasionally been sprung on an unsuspecting public. The public should not infer that because the reputable mining concerns have been counterfeited that there are no genuine properties in the district. There are nearly two score properties that are undoubtedly valuable, and there are perhaps two score more companies exploiting mines that to-day only give fair encouragement of becoming paying propositions which may turn out either way. Some thirty of the mines are shippers, and a few are sending out sufficient ore to pay handsome returns on the investment.

In addition to the known wealth of Cobalt there are believed to be even greater riches in the Larder lake and Montreal river districts. In fact, the mining history of Canada has only started, and what the result will be no man can determine. Certain it is that the Cobalt section has "made good,"



COBALT FIRE HALL ON COBALT LAKE. MINING BUILDINGS OPPOSITE



THE HOSPITAL, COBALT

and will add millions to the wealth of the world. What will be the good or bad fortune of the thousands of hardy prospectors scattered all over the more remote sections of New Ontario no one can tell.

At the present writing, the Cobalt "idea" is passing under a cloud. In spite of the visit of the American Mining Engineers Society to the field and their earnest commendation of the district as a whole, the public does not seem to have had any desire to follow with its money. No doubt the general state of the money market is partly accountable for this, but in the main it is due to the utter collapse of what was known a year ago as "The Cobalt Boom." Canadian and American towns and cities have contributed with lavish and foolish hands to the flotation of Cobalt properties, and it is among the Canadian people that the truest indications may be found as to the rock bottom estimate of Cobalt as it stands to-day.

The name of the place which was pronounced glibly by the bank clerk and even the well-to-do newsboys some few months ago, is now foreign to ninety-nine out of a hundred conversations. The ordinary man with a few hundred dollars, who ran pell-mell for "silver shares," a moment

ago as time is counted, shrugs his shoulders to-day and tells you in a whisper that he was "bitten." And there has undoubtedly been a great deal of soundness in the attitude of that man of the street.

The foolish scramble for an interest in this mysterious district was the opportunity for certain promoters, who saw the route the sheep preferred to take, and set their traps accordingly. Cobalt has had as many "wild-cats" exploited to the square acre as any mining district that has ever been

raised as an idol before the gaze of the public. Thousands of dollars have passed from the hands of the unwise to the coffers of smiling brokers whose only claim to either the title of broker or a knowledge of mining sprang up with the Cobalt fever. The number of those who have invested blindly, drawn by glittering advertisements, and who would now sell out at half the "ground floor price" which they paid for the stock is legion. The coterie of lucky ones who happened to have bought stock in mines that proved to be dividend payers are the needle in the mining speculator's haystack. This latter class, the fortunate few, has always been the bait used to draw others on, and so it has been mostly the case in the flotation of the Cobalt stocks. Brokers who have never been within twenty miles of their property and who very often know next to nothing about mining have adopted the scheme of issuing gorgeously colored literature descriptive of their holdings. If you called at their offices, you would see samples of ore containing gold, silver and copper strewn liberally about the desks, and the stock seller would carelessly chip you off a few leaves of the silver, and tell you that the company *expected* to be shipping that sort of stuff

from the mine in a few months. Many have fallen a prey to such reasoning and have drawn from the bank their last hundred, in the same spirit that a man would give the "bookie" his last dollar. Thousands of comparatively poor young men and their seniors, who had better have paid off the last note on the mortgage, came under the spell of the New Ontario mining fever. Since then, however, they have in truth seen the day of repentance.

To invest in a Cobalt mine that is

shipping ore and paying good dividends is a pretty fair investment, with certain risks attached, which are naturally incident to all undertakings with speculative features. But the putting of money into the *prospective* mine, whose only claim to the name of "mine" is the presence of some silver outcropping, is something that had better be left to those "on the spot," who have some knowledge of mining and who are acquainted with the men behind the proposition.

JUNE

By S. A. WHITE

Into this night there steals a serenade,
 Some wilding song or dryad's flute of gold,
 Some June-time love that in its grave is laid,
 But, formless, comes to thrill me as of old.

Within the coppice where the tender moon
 Makes silver pages of the birchen trees,
 Its score is writ in melodies that swoon,
 All incense-filled, upon the starlit breeze.

Love's own sweet way lies on the Upland Vales,
 The starry heights which men of earth call dream;
 As Argonauts upon night's purple trails
 Our hearts go out to test the treasured theme.

If Hope would smile when comes its parting hour,
 If Trust would tarry while it says good-bye,
 If Love held June-time like the frailest flow'r,
 There never need be any rue or sigh.

On Upland Vales the rose forever blows ;
 There June is endless, dreamy and divine ;
 There Faith's clear stream in even tenor flows,
 And all this joy is yours, love, yours and mine !

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GOSSIP

BY J. D. LOGAN, Ph.D.

ONE of the genuine pleasures of life is that of satisfying intellectual curiosity. This pleasure is peculiarly piquant when derived from tracing remote but essential connections between seemingly unlike natural or spiritual phenomena. Would not any layman be delighted to discover, for instance, that there is an essential identity between a cow and a whale? To the ordinary man of adequate education a cow is a hairy quadruped, a domesticated "animal," while a whale, in all likelihood, would be described as a "fish." If identity at all were to be admitted by the ordinary man, both the cow and the whale would be denoted as vertebrates, but the latter would be viewed as having all the semblances of a fish. Zoology, however, places both under the province of vertebrates and in the class mammals: both suckle their young; and for science this is their characteristic identity.

Just so in the spiritual realm: there is an essential identity between the gossip and the genius. To the ordinary man no two beings seem so far apart; for the one exhibits a low form of mentality and the other astonishes by the originality and creative powers of his mind. Psychology, however, observes that the contents of the consciousness of each are produced by neural processes which work in the same way, with the same spontaneity and tendency to reproduce every fragment of past experiences. For science the mind of the gossip has a charac-

teristic identity with the mind of the genius, because both think by "total recall."

Now, what seems so formidable under its title will easily turn out to be a popular study of the workings of the human mind. Primarily the study will satisfy intellectual curiosity. Incidentally it will enable us to understand the characters in some of our comic literature, and will humanize our judgments of a special class of our fellows. For the gossip habit may be idiotic, amiable or scandalous; but in all its forms the problem is the same: namely, to discover how certain minds from the thought of one thing pass to all sorts of remote connections, sane and silly, rational and grotesque, relevant and irrelevant, with other things. When we discover this — the cause of gossip — we shall learn a piquant fact about the human mind, and see that those of our fellows whom we designate as garrulous old women, or slaves of literal fact, and those whom we designate as scandal-mongers, are at fault in the mind, not in the heart, and that they are rather to be pitied than condemned, because their garrulity and scandalizing are the natural and inevitable outcome of peculiar brain processes.

Literature happens to contain many cases of the harmless or amiable gossip. The classic examples are the Nurse in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" (see Act 1, scene 3), Miss Bates in Jane Austen's "Emma," Mrs. Poyser in George Eliot's "Adam

Bede," and many minor characters in Dickens' novels. But I shall here use, for my case, one of the "speeches" of Mrs. Sampson from Fergus Hume's "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab." Hear how she runs on endlessly from the thought of one thing to the thought of another, recalling every item of her experience, relevant and irrelevant:

"Not having any cake, through not being forewarned as to the time of arrival — though it is not often I am taken by surprise—except as to headache, which, of course, is accidental to every person—I have not got anything but bread and butter, the baker and the grocer being all that could be desired, except in the way of worrying for their money, which they think that since I keep my bank in the house, like Alladin's Cave, as I have read about in the Arabian Nights, I myself having gained it as a prize in English in my early girlhood, being then considered a scholar and industrious——"

Mrs. Sampson is positively comic. What interests and entertains us, however, is not her garrulity as such; but the surprising workings of what we may call her mental switchboard; for the transitions and directions of her thought resemble nothing so much as they do a complicated system of mechanism controlled by a switchboard. As it were, her "train" of thought is shunted from one track to another, up-and-down, criss-cross, hither-thither—in all directions automatically. And the fun for the listener is in chasing after her train of thought, and in always being surprised by unexpected, remote and inconsequential transitions from one line of thought to another, from one topic to another.

Mrs. Sampson's type of mind is of the kind which we describe as "original." Yet, as we shall see, there is nothing more unoriginal than originality, because so-called original ideas simply well up from the depths of

consciousness in obedience to the workings of associated brain processes. And the essential difference between the gossip mind and the original mind is that the latter ignores all trivial, grotesque and irrelevant suggestions and conserves only those which bear strictly on the topic, end, or problem in review. The thoughts of the gossip have connection, but not coherence; the thoughts of the genius have connection, coherence and unity: but the *matter* of their thoughts, the contents of their minds, are in both supplied spontaneously by a peculiar congeries of associated brain processes. Let us consider the nature and workings of these processes as modern psychology explains them.

In the view of the older psychologists the baby, as it grows, gradually puts its universe together from bits of experience, as if the infant at first knew and identified this object, that object, and another, and then related them into the parts of the system of things we call the world. In the modern view the process of coming to know a world of related objects is rather one of analyzing a whole into recognizable parts. The baby's universe at first is, in William James' celebrated phrase, "one big blooming buzzing confusion"—not a more or less clearly perceived number of single, separate objects; and the baby's method of getting an ordered world, ordered perceptions and ideas of things, is by painfully taking the big blooming buzzing confusion of parents, nurse, fists, toes, milk bottle and what not to pieces, just as a boy takes a clock to pieces to see how it is made. The first process of the mind, then, in acquiring knowledge is called by modern psychologists "dissociation."

But the baby, as it grows, would not get very far on the road to knowledge if it only discriminated aspects or elements of the world it sees, hears, touches and tastes. It must learn to make all sorts of re-combinations of the discriminated elements; or, as a

matter of fact, it does this naturally, spontaneously. This process of reconstruction, of re-combination, is called by psychologists "association." But, as we shall see immediately, association is not, as with the older psychologists, strictly a mental process; it is now viewed as essentially a cerebral or mechanical process—an activity of the brain, not of the mind. And, before we proceed, let us remember that this cerebral process is also the elementary basis of memory and voluntary thinking.

We may see the nature and workings of association by reflecting on one or two familiar instances. Consider first the most familiar of all—recalling the name of a person. To-day you meet X on the street and he takes you by the hand, greeting you genially. You reply in the same cordial manner, but you cannot recall his name. You say good-bye, and immediately begin to go over in your mind all the possible places where you might have met X before, and all the persons with whom you might have met him. The name is just on the tip of your tongue; but no, it escapes you; at last you give the matter up and go on about your business. Three weeks later you are on the street again or at your desk, with your thoughts completely away from the problem of the name of X, when all of a sudden the name pops into your mind and escapes from your tongue, for no reason that you can discover.

Consider, again, an instance which is equally familiar, but which works out in another way. Your wife says to you: "John, I want you to buy a 49A spool of Clark's silk thread, salmon shade, which, please, bring with you when you come home at noon for luncheon. But you are so forgetful that I am going to tie a sample of the thread around the index finger of your hand; then you can't forget my commission." Your wife is a good psychologist. She understands that the thread on the finger will be seen

frequently, and the oftener it is seen the more frequently will you think of your commission, until it will be practically impossible for you to forget it; and sure enough you do bring home the required spool.

Now, this second instance of what is improperly called association of ideas explains the first instance. The problem is to understand how the *sight* of one object calls up the *memory* of another object. Modern psychology submits that there can be no solution of this problem if we view the mind as an entity in which we can "pigeon-hole" simple ideas, separate and unrelated, and pick them out of their resting places just when wanted: for there would thus be no explanation of the spontaneous and sudden appearance of an idea long after we had given up the search for it, as happened in the instance of the name to be recalled. But modern psychology does offer a sensible explanation. To-day this science is more or less psychological in method, and its fundamental formula is: "No psychosis without neurosis." That is to say, all our mental processes are conditioned or caused by brain processes.

Whereas, then, the older psychologists held that "ideas" are associated in the mind, modern psychologists submit that not ideas but "objects" are associated in experience; and that these objects leave in the brain substance or neural system relatively indelible impressions. Every object leaves its mark in the way of a "brain tract"; and so when two or more objects are associated thus, a network of brain tracts is formed. Consequently, when later on one of the past associated objects is again seen or heard, or experienced in any way, this repeated impression starts a movement along and through the associated brain tracts until, as in the case of a name of a person, when we are not thinking of the second or absent object at all, when in fact we have dismissed it from our thoughts alto-

gether, into our mind it saunters, impertinently, lackadaisically.

The truth of this doctrine is proved by the case of the wife's commission and the thread on the finger. For what was associated were brain impressions caused by the voice of the wife, and the unusual sight of the thread on the finger. The frequent sight of the thread kept the original brain tract open or active. The brain served as a switchboard and shunted the idea on one track over to and down another tract; and with the train of ideas thus constantly moving, it was impossible for the commission to be forgotten.

We may, then, put this down as a fundamental law of psychology: The materials of our thoughts, the contents of our minds, our memories of past experiences, and the order of our ideas, are the outcome of mechanical processes in the brain. That is to say, whatever we think of, no matter how remote in connection with present experiences, is conditioned and caused, not by pure mind, but by automatic variations in associated brain processes. This is called the law of "neural habit."

This law, however, only partially explains the comical absurdity of Mrs. Sampson's garrulity; it tells us only that her brain is responsible for the remarkable transitions of her thoughts, the originality of her ideas. It does not explain how Mrs. Sampson's type of mind differs from the ordinary mind. To the first law we must add another and somewhat subsidiary law, namely—Unless some outward impression, sound, sight, or sensation of touch, attract and divert the current of our ideas, or unless some of the brain processes are, through past experience, more intimately and habitually associated than others, the mind must recall and reproduce every fragment of experience, once a brain tract is set in motion by an impression or reflection. This is called the law of "total recall."

As it happens, however, most minds do not work according to the law of "total recall." For the reasons given—irrupting outward impressions or inward obstructing tendencies in the brain tracts—most of us are saved from the jungle of connections in our thoughts which characterize Mrs. Sampson's type of mind. Yet we may note the *tendency* present in our own minds by considering what actually goes on there when, for instance, we are writing an essay or making a speech. Is it not true that in these cases all sorts of absurd ideas, comic suggestions, grotesque images, utterly irrelevant and unworthy reflections enter our minds along with the sane, serious and relevant; but we make our essay or speech coherent and unified by rejecting the former and affirming and using only the latter. Yet whatever the *worth* of the contents of our minds in the time of composition and expression, the silly and the sane, the irrelevant and the relevant have precisely the *same genesis*—namely, the tendency of the mind to reproduce experience by total recall.

In the gossip and the genius this tendency is extreme. In the most of us it is the merest tendency; and behold, we have only prosaic minds! But if by grace of nature we are thus saved from being gossips, bores or scandal-mongers, at the same time we are prevented from belonging to that body of exceptional and eccentric persons we call geniuses. For what makes a genius is the tendency of his brain processes to take all sorts of eccentric directions and thus, like a divining-rod, discover in the depths of consciousness those remote but rational connections which astonish ordinary minds.

There are two other species of the gossip which we must consider briefly. A comical interest belongs to the harmless or amiable "clattering" of the kind of gossip mind represented by Mrs. Sampson, or Miss Bates in Jane Austen's "Emma," or the

Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet"; because the transitions of their thoughts are so ingenious and remote, the contrasts, consequently, so unexpected and absurd; and contrasts of this sort are the fundamental basis of comic perception. The other two species have no exemplars in literature; they are found solely in life. They are the bore and the scandal-monger.

The bore, that is, the slave of literal fact, who recounts every detail of his experience in the most dry and fanciless manner, could not be admitted into literature, simply because his utterly uninteresting talk would repel, and spoil the narrative. Usually these fanciless gossips are men who revere every fact equally. Of course they are harmless because they deal only in reminiscences of local and personal history. Their formula for an opening is—"I remember when I was—" Their stories and narratives are insufferably long-drawn-out, and are always without point. Here again total recall is at work. But there is a lack of piquancy in their gossip for two reasons: first, the poverty of their experience is so great that they have nothing but the narrowest and most unromantic facts of local or personal history to reproduce; and, secondly, their own interest in their experience is diffused equally over every part of it, and when reproduced, is done so without variety or contrast — it is nothing but a slow, deadly treadmill of flat reminiscences. And to write about them is as uninteresting and uninspiring as the treadmill of their own minds. Therefore let us turn to the third species of the gossip, which if he is a reprehensible member of society, he is at least interesting in his mental processes and in his familiar haunts and works. I mean the scandal-monger.

At the outstart we may lay it down as a principle that from the mental (or moral) point of view there is with the genuine scandal-monger no intention to do harm. For there are two

types of this class of human beings. There is the "simon-pure" gossip—the frequenter of Dorcas societies, sewing circles, thimble-teas, and country grocery stores. Then there is the really vicious scandal-monger, who on hearing a man defamed or scandalized runs to him with tales, considerably enlarged and colored, of what was said about him. This is the poison of the serpent; the intention is to sting, wound, poison and stir up hatred and strife.

But the genuine gossipier of scandal is one who essentially suffers from lack of variety and intensity of interests. Now, there is nothing so interesting as the life and sins of human creatures; and nothing else affords so piquant a topic of conversation as these, chiefly because a man's life and his sins, being really private concerns of an individual who would conceal their inner side, have the character of what is known as "news." But who is so important in his own eyes or in the eyes of others as a news-bearer? Really, then, the genuine scandal-monger means only to be a news-monger. For those who lack a broad variety and deep intensity of interests there is nothing else to talk about, save local social history and the lives and characters of their neighbors.

This, however, explains only part of the matter. How shall we account for the peculiar working of the mental switchboard of the scandal-gossipier? The explanation is that, as we say, he likes to hear himself talk. Now, this is only another way of saying that the mind of the scandal-monger works by total recall. For we note that his talk passes from the pettiest detail to the most alarming moral recriminations. The subject of discourse—the victim—may be A, B, C or D, good, bad or indifferent characters; yet each is satisfactory as a theme for the scandalizer. But it all happens to be mere talk, mere reproduction of fragments of experience seen or heard; the incidents of a day's

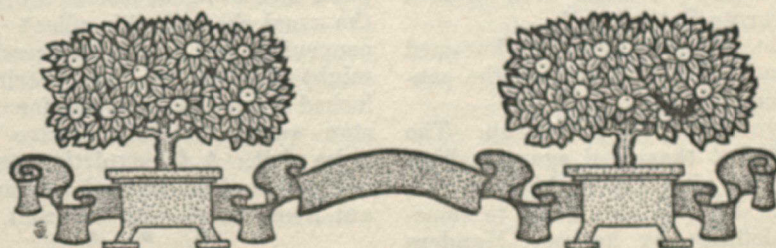
or a week's experience rush to the mind of the gossip and are uttered freely, pell-mell. For let the subject of discourse appear on the scene, and at once the attitude of the scandalizer changes from garrulous defamation to respect or kindness: and the talk is shifted to some other citizen, equally respectable, but out of hearing.

In short, the scandal-monger suffers from a poverty of experience, but being gifted with a mind conditioned by brain processes that work by total recall, his thoughts fly to the most piquant object of his experience, and because that object is absent and, therefore, does not obstruct his thoughts, his tongue wags on incessantly and remorselessly. And so his sin is chiefly a matter of peculiar brain organization, and secondarily the result of congregating with others who love to wallow in the mire of piquant and salacious "news."

In conclusion: What makes the gossip an interesting object of scientific explanation is not the fact that this species of human beings is a character in our comic literature or is an eccentric member of society; but the fact that the gossip is allied to the genius. The essential likeness be-

tween the two is the extraordinary power of each to make novel or original connections between ideas; but this power which seems so original is, after all, wholly unoriginal, since it depends on the automatic reproductions of remote fragments of experience by total recall. The essential difference between the two is the power of genius to distinguish between the worthy and unworthy, the relevant and irrelevant, in the stream of his ideas—the sagacity which enables him to discover in the jungle of connections amongst his thoughts and fancies the one which has remained hidden from other minds, to hold to this new idea, ignoring all others of its companions, and to bring it forth to the light of day. There is nothing in genius save an extraordinary power to think, to sustain thought; but behind this power are persistently active associated brain processes—incessantly "switching" ideas into consciousness.

So that we ordinary creatures are quite right when we describe those of our fellows who surpass us in originality, who approach the genius, as "brainy" men. Literally, genius is brains.



THE HALL-ELLIS PARTY

BY F. W. LEE

"IS your man at Lakeville ever troubled with sleeping sickness?" asked the Traffic Manager, jarring into Mr. Cowper's private office one Monday afternoon. His voice was affected either by unruly irritation or futile wrinklings of a fat cheek to shield a suffering eye from cigar smoke.

"Why,?" asked the General Passenger Agent.

And the other tossed him a telegram reading:

T. R. Drake,

Eastern & Western Ry., Montreal.

Not yet secured Hall-Ellis party. Understand no route decided upon.

RAYMOND B. POYNSTON.

"You wired direct?" queried Mr. Cowper, thrusting forth a cloven-footed hint. His sense of prerogative was disturbed.

"Yes, to-day. According to *The Globe*, the Inland scooped us."

"Newspaper reports are frequently unreliable," sagely commented Cowper. "Here's a letter that crossed two I wrote Saturday."

Drake blinked over it, hummed once and injected acid into the conversation.

"Poynston needs poking up. The idea of that theatrical agent making visit after visit for nothing — it's foolish. I'd pin him down to something definite, by heaven. Manders knows Hall-Ellis and spoke to me about this party; don't lose them."

Manders was a director. Now cognizant how the Traffic Manager received a line on the prospective

business, this being their first conference over the subject, Mr. Cowper consulted a calendar pad.

"They do not move for a month yet, and we'll do our very best."

"Results, not efforts, hatch dividends," answered the other, with hackneyed wisdom.

"Well, we can't expect to land everything."

The protest was received in portentous silence: failure dished up with excuses, no matter how reasonable, would be unwelcome. Drake at long range, judging from the letter and measuring by his own celerity in method, suspected slackness. Half way out the door, he observed:

"I am attending a freight meeting at Chicago this week and may go *via* Lakeville. Don't mention it, though."

The General Passenger Agent figured and wondered. Why did Drake, usually a very decent fellow, correspond with an agent instead of through the usual channel—his office? An inconvenient and unusual aggressiveness might explain the irregularity. It looked much like gunning, for Poynston would certainly receive a surprise visit. A fat expletive eased his feelings, and he tackled less unpleasant items on the day's docket.

* * *

Four months had elapsed since the E. & W. agency at Lakeville, an American city on the upper lakes, fell vacant, and the company needed a good man there. Poynston, the ex-

cursor clerk at headquarters, was called into Mr. Cowper's sanctum.

"How would you like to go to Lakeville?" asked that official.

"Very much, sir."

"Sleep over it to-night."

Not a word about consideration, the rock that frequently splits the barque of hope.

Next day's summons duly came, and telling him to be seated, Mr. Cowper sized up his clerk, noticed the head of abundant hair, smooth strong face and thickset form; also, that a cheap tailor had never cut his clothes. Appearance weighed heavily with an unthinking public (he even glanced at Poynton's finger nails), and, better still, this young man's abilities were rated first-class.

"I had overlooked you for Lakeville," said the chief. "What's your age?"

"Twenty-seven."

"Unmarried?"

"Yes, and without inclination."

"You are well educated?"

"I am not a B.A.," admitted Poynton, "but have gathered odds and ends of knowledge useful in railroad-ing."

"Precisely. Education, by the way, frequently tinges thought and also action unhealthily from certain business standpoints. Concentration of mind to a given subject is what we want, and the man who writes three e's in 'separate' may win out with the college graduate as a business getter, every time. He is unhampered by too many facts, and, single-minded, heads for his object with patient perseverance.

"Women, as office help, for example," wandering irrelevantly, it might seem, "also lack thoroughness. Don't fancy I am throwing hints, you know, I am airing my views."

"Hot shot just the same," thought Poynton; "he means, 'Business is business; shelve side issues.'"

There was one thing about it: Poynton loved his mother, but prac-

tically concurred in all said about the sex.

"Well, I'll look into this," concluded the G. P. A., and our friend was appointed at an increased salary. Armed with credentials, he reached Lakeville and commenced coining dollars for his company. "As you are aware," he informed Miggles, an old school friend, who discovered him and occasionally came to gossip, "every man has a hobby, and I hoped to turn this fact to advantage in securing interline traffic."

"On reaching here I interviewed all the transportation agents, and, where possible, ascertained their after-hour occupations. Tackling easy subjects first, I repeated my visits. Moore, of the Pacific Shore line, is a fraternal society man. A Mason, an Elk, an Oddfellow and a Forester myself, our relations grew rapidly. Olsen, South Shore line, is great on gasolene launches, owning three. Our talk is motor, strictly motor—here's a list of business he piloted my way. I bribed Colonel Winn, Western Steamship Company, an enthusiastic entomologist, with some fine specimens of the Hercules beetle. But that's enough."

"When do you find time to chase up learning?" grinned Miggles.

"Blowing the horn, eh?" Poynton flushed slightly, "well, you lead me on. Have a cigar. Fine weather this."

Miggles knew his friend plunged into athletics, also was a member of many literary and natural history circles, in fact, his brief "Mosquito Generation and Extermination" once read before a select coterie, provoked newspaper discussion.

"Ahem," with conciliating cough, "of course you have not had much chance yet to surpass your illustrious predecessor's record?"

Poynton read some statistics not unflattering to his efforts. Finally his listener remembered an engagement.

Then the stenographer, Miss Hilliard, brought her note book for dictation. She had been installed in Lakeville office some weeks prior to Poynton's arrival. His first experience with girl help, he actually blushed over initiatory letters, but the novelty soon wore away. Machine-like towards women, though exhaling none of the ordinary man's *brusquerie*, he showed her every courtesy. In return, her thorough attention to duty gratified him and left no loophole for criticism.

In momentary relaxation he discovered a mine of rich peach bloom in her rounded cheek, and that her hair, wavy and brown, strayed into a thousand bewildering coquettish curls. Staring as she bent above the notes, he lost thread of a sentence and stammered:

"But let me state *entre nous*—er—*nous*—er—."

"*Entre nous*," she encouraged in crisp accents.

"You know French?" His surprise was tempered with polite interest.

"Slightly."

She finished and arose. Papers rustling at his desk and the clicking of the machine in her corner droned through the busy moments.

"It is an ordinary accomplishment in Montreal," mused Poynton, but few girls in this Yankee city could put such a Parisian twist on two words."

He glanced at the nodding head. Thrice meeting his eye, she wondered if anything were wrong with her girdle or back hair. Reassured, her slim fingers tapped nervously faster on the keyboard.

Downtown that night a cab whirled by Poynton, barely allowing him time to escape disaster. He jerked up, startled at its feminine freight. The two women, enclosed in silken white and blue, were Miss Hilliard and another, twin-like in beauty. Their carriage blurred at the lighted entrance of the New Lyceum, where a

Symphony Concert progressed, and, alighting, the two fluffy forms disappeared within. Who was the other? The rich dress also generated speculation.

"Now Miss Hilliard," said he one bright Saturday, "here's this old snag."

Preparatory rustles ceased as he began:

G. W. Cowper, Esq.,

General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

As requested in yours July 14th, I attach statement giving particulars of Hall-Ellis party, members of which contemplate attendance at Boston Anti-Tuberculosis Convention, August 26-29, 1906.

There will be four hundred people, requiring twelve Pullmans and a diner, besides two baggage cars. Net revenue, about \$5,000.

As already advised, the president of Lakeville University, from his wealth and social connections, is self-appointed manager. Details of entertainment, etc., so encroached on his time that he turned over the travelling negotiations to an ex-theatrical advance agent, Carter, with full powers. I have done everything to clinch a contract with this man (we have had a dozen office interviews), but he is very elusive. Copies of correspondence attached will show I peg steadily at him.

Our strongest competitor, the Great Inland, offer him special inducements: they will run coaches of the Bijou type, which I think surpass our best in luxury of appointment. They throw in a day's stop-over at their new hotel in the Blue Mountains, and, strongest pull of all, Steele, their District Passenger Agent here, is a great friend of Carter's. Though most impartial in his talk with me, all these advantages count. I have puffed our attractions, but think Carter expects the Inland to do something for him personally.

Will keep you further advised.

"Carter, with his nickel-plated assurance, makes me sick," fretted Poynton, "he hasn't the slightest intention of giving us that party. Only for nagging from headquarters I would have thrown up the sponge long ago. Why then does he waste my time? I'm no fool."

The stenographer held her peace, also a theory. Her letters finished that morning, she lay a tiny gold watch on the desk; then rolled a sheet of paper in the typewriter for speed

practice. She smiled, thinking of Poynton's impatient words a few moments ago. Sentences, phrases, words, syllables, letters, punctuation, fused in level flowing clatter interrupted by "bing-bang," as the carriage shifted for another line. Her pastime was disturbed by a rush telegram, and grasping note book and pencil some of the sheets were misplaced.

Carter announced himself, his greedy eye taking in her shapely form. He smoked a cigar and talked shop. She placed a memorandum on Poynton's desk, while he stood at a cabinet, her sleeve brushing Carter's arm. The blue eyes were unseeing, though a shadowy smile at some prank of memory curved her lips. He looked, thinking an unmistakable significance underlay both actions, but they were simply coincident. Unobserved, he clutched a paper fallen from the folds of her dress, read it carelessly, seemed startled, grinned, hesitated, placed it in his pocket.

Leaving, he intercepted a look of preoccupation; her eyelids fluttered downwards, and his conceit soared.

"Hilliard," mused Poynton, "the name is familiar, yet she is as close as wax. I can't pick anything from her about home, with whom or how she lives, she purposely turns the conversation. I'll ask Miggles, who is positive he once saw her there, to make inquiries next time he is in Montreal. I don't want to seem too inquisitive, or I'd try the straight question."

He enclosed a few lines in an envelope, signed other mail and left for lunch, intending to drop in later, though the clerks usually observed Saturday half-holiday.

Rain drizzled soakingly when he returned. Miss Hilliard had forgotten her toy-like umbrella and a box of chocolates. He would use this excuse to call.

Number 333 Fourteenth Avenue was a handsome apartment house, huge,

brilliantly lighted. Poynton wondered if living there were high. He trod a richly decorated hallway, and, consulting the directory, ascended to the third floor. A pretty maid answered his summons. The Misses Hilliard were not in.

So the one in the carriage that night was a sister. He disappointedly departed, and when the stenographer negligently thanked him on Monday for his trouble grew wrathful. "It would seem she did not particularly care about his visit," he thought.

Poynton had troubles that morning. He learned Carter was slowly perfecting arrangements with the Inland, sourly digested two reminders from headquarters, and Saturday's paper announced the opposition capture of Hall-Ellis' crowd. But this must be taken with a grain of salt until he received positive assurance.

"Blue Monday," he muttered grimly, reading a peremptory wire from Traffic Manager Drake. He replied bluffly. Until actual defeat confronted him he would wear a brazen front.

Later he glanced at the carbon of his telegram disturbedly, and asked,

"Why does he butt in?" He whistled on the paper edge.

"I once trounced his nephew, who tried to boss our office. Wonder if the uncle ever knew?"

An inward breath hissed through his set teeth.

"Surely that's forgotten now. But it is odd Drake should be away when my appointment here was made, and wiring direct shows he has located me. Methinks he squints with sinister eye."

Carter entered. The *entente cordiale* simulated with difficulty for days past was nearly broken. Impatient words rashly trembled on Poynton's lips, but he controlled himself and, on a boy's call, answered the private 'phone.

The advance man leaned over the desk and coolly skimmed the top letter

of a file, a copy of that written G. P. A. Cowper on Saturday. He divined from its tone and Poynton's murderous glare that a storm was gathering and slipped out, saying he might return in ten minutes.

He appeared two mornings later, his card-house tottering. The Inland had refused his exorbitant demands, and he would now try the other fellow. Mr. Poynton was out; his return uncertain. The girl politely replied to his questions. Then she whisked across the room, paper in hand, to consult a book in the cabinet. He moved aside to permit this, saying with grotesque politeness:

"Anything to please beauty."

She stared. A pungent essence floated in the air; he had imbibed pretty strong stuff, and she comprehended, thinking in her perplexity:

"I wish somebody would come. I can't leave him with so many papers lying around."

The book should have been taken to her desk.

A highball before breakfast sent intermittent surges of cheerful heedlessness through his head. He gloated over her winsome profile, the soft white neck, the rising and falling bust. At last they were alone; for this he had angled for weeks, pretending business, skilfully holding Poynton at arm's length. He even had unsuccessfully shadowed her at closing hour, hoping for a chance encounter. His nerves twitched under her unconscious hypnotic suggestion.

In a moment of alcoholic aberration he encircled her trim waist, and his burning lips drank deep. A thunderbolt seemed to strike and hurl him back. Poynton, raging white and cursing, followed furiously. A third form loomed into view. Rosy as dawn the girl escaped by the side door into the ticket office, leaving them to fight it out.

"What's the matter," sharply demanded the newcomer.

"He insulted my stenographer," shouted Poynton.

"Have him arrested, said Drake—it was he—"don't brawl."

Poynton retreated, lowering his voice.

"I cannot do that; he is the Hall-Ellis representative."

"Thunder!" Drake instantly donned business spectacles and beamed conciliation.

"Gentlemen, I hope there is some mistake here."

"They can't jolly me," grunted Carter, now sober as a preacher; "I'll see them in Hades first."

"The error was on Mr. Carter's part," offered Poynton; he thought he was moving in his own select circle."

"Is that so?" sneered Carter. "What do you know about it?"

Poynton threatened him with a look, and the other considered his bearings. His action might mean police court, to say nothing of other results. Some excuse must be raked up. As he writhingly recalled her inexpressible disgust at his caress, it stung whip-like, and his infatuation churned to venomous hate. He passed an envelope to Drake, who read its enclosure and jerked both to Poynton.

Dear Mr. Carter:

Don't you think you should talk business? What's the use of wasting time any longer? I have waited for an understanding until I am tired of the whole thing. You're decidedly slow.

Yours sincerely,

ALICE HILLIARD.

"Something wrong here," concluded Poynton, "my thoughts have been plagiarized. The envelope is addressed by her, but so were others—on business. He is cleverly working it in as a defence."

The paper was stuffed into a pigeon hole.

"That's mine," snapped Carter.

"Pardon," replied Poynton; "on my office letter head, without my sig-

nature, its use is unauthorized. I'll keep it."

Drake swallowed a lump at the technicality, and inquired.

"What's your object?"

"I wish to show it to Miss Hilliard. I'll do so now if you wish."

"I have no time to bother with her," responded Drake for reasons of his own. Carter arose and slammed out. Then Poynton told his story.

"You did not actually see him kiss the girl?" inquired Drake with a grin. Poynton ground his teeth.

"His back was towards me, but—"

"Supposition on your part at the time?"

"There is no proof needed," with a wave of his hand, though none was offered; "it's too late now to postpone the scuffle. Where does the Eastern & Western Railway come in?"

He repeated the question. Poynton shifted uneasily.

"I suppose that detail did not quite strike you at first. It counts, just the same. You are our representative here; you have had a certain matter in hand for some time past, as I know. It was your business to control every circumstance bearing on this, even if your inclinations rebelled."

"What difference should it make to you if your stenographer carries on a dozen flirtations? Undoubtedly the girl is all right, but she deserves punishment for writing such a fool letter.

"Carter will break off diplomatic relations."

"Our prospects of getting the party were very slim," said Poynton.

"All the more reason for excessive caution. You appear to have handled the case rather poorly, and I can't wink at it even if I were inclined. Get in touch with Carter again, and fix things up; I won't ask questions. By the way, his action will give you a handle to work with. I'll drop in Thursday."

"Good morning," he concluded, not unkindly, and departed, Poynton's nonsensical conception of pre-

vious bias evaporating. The cool logic of his superior douched him. Decidedly, there was another way of viewing the occurrence, however disagreeable to him. And it was no light thing to have a good record of ten years' service go smash.

"Resignation or party," muttered he, pacing the floor. "No crawling will placate Carter, who'd turn the business another way if it cost his salary, and it is all very well for Drake to suggest a handle. Would he use it himself? I won't!"

Could he not approach Hall-Ellis through influential friends, of whom he had made many during his short residence in Lakeville, thus ignoring Carter? His pull must needs be a mighty one, for he felt sure the president would not care to interfere with the agent's plans. He took his hat, then said:

"What's come over me lately? To knock my prospects sky high from pure sentiment. This is the very thing Cowper once warned me against. Surely there was some other way of getting around this trouble than mine. Miss Hilliard?"

She was at his elbow, faintly red. From his tone, his pale face, she anticipated a calamity. He spread out the letter, and she read, breaking into a tremulous smile.

"I wrote it for practice one morning, in pure fun. Surely there is nothing wrong; I meant nothing."

"I knew you were putting the words into my mouth," said he; "but think of the ambiguity, and why sign your name? It explains Carter's action towards yourself. Of course, he must have found the letter lying around."

She crimsoned, indignant tears filling her eyes at his severity, which she honestly felt was merited.

"Never mind," said he soothingly, "but it brought me a peck of trouble."

He bit his tongue at the admission; then made things worse.

"After all, it's none of my business."

"Indeed!" quaveringly scornful.

He deserved a kick. Somehow he felt like catching her hand, like kissing its soft coolness. He craved for her sympathy. There was no telling where it might end, and he flung from the office.

She had gone to lunch when he returned, discouraged by fresh difficulties, and found two splotchy ink numbers on his blotter. He asked the outside ticket clerk if anyone had telephoned to him, and was succinctly advised:

"Miss Hilliard called her sister, same name anyhow, then some fellow with a double-barrelled handle; wanted to know when he'd be at home; then she telephoned the sister again."

Evidently a personal affair and not especially interesting to Poynton, except that he was slightly curious about the person with a hyphenized name.

The Hall-Ellis party travelled E. & W. His scholarly head seething over a pretty woman's smile and vaguely hoping for other sweets, the old president of the party briskly entered the office next day, departing in ten minutes, when necessary documents were signed. In amazement Poynton examined the contracts.

"I'll photograph that ink before it fades," said he, half dazed. "What's up?"

Carter, tersely uncommunicative, appeared, closed arrangements, and the deal passed into railroad history. The men were mutually suspicious, neither being a mind reader. But the swift termination of a month's suspense puzzled Poynton. Of course, there was a wheel within a wheel. He gave it up, and grasping Hall-Ellis' substantial cheque wired his success to headquarters.

Drake returned, neutrally inquisitive.

"We have them!" shouted the young man, then remembering dif-

ference in rank, wheeled forward a chair. Superfluous questions were neither asked or invited. Were it not for this little affair and a greatly improved understanding at dinner later, Raymond B. Poynton might not have received an important promotion six months later. By a fluke, he escaped what the world calls failure.

* * *

After slitting an envelope containing his stenographer's resignation, Poynton performed his duties mechanically. Pitying him one day, Eros flitted from his perch, pertly told him he was a hypocrite, planted more darts, and departed.

"It isn't salary," she declared, and her saucy nose tilted. "I'm going home."

"May I ask where?"

"It is sudden," she indirectly admitted. "You see, my sister is taking a final nursing course in Hopewell Hospital. Lakeville was so lonely she sent for me, we were always inseparable. We took a flat, but time dragged heavily with me: Mabel is on duty until five o'clock. I thought it would be a good idea to acquire real business experience, so applied for the position here."

He remembered the handsome apartment house.

"Now, Mabel finishes sooner than she expected. She is organizing the staff, and will open a woman's hospital at home."

An old admirer's troublesome ardor worried the pretty nurse. After a favor granted, he wished for something substantial, not putting it that way, of course. The two sisters had a real row, Alice's insistence having brought the unexpected, and the other's affections yet untouched, they cut it short by deciding to leave Lakeville.

Poynton's heart sank at her apparent lack of sympathy. She blushed under his regard, and feigned activity.

"Hello," greeted Miggles that af-

ternoon. "Oh, she's out. I met a young doctor who knows her well."

Poynston listened greedily.

"The father left them independent, but had practical ideas. He placed the two girls in a high-class convent, and in addition to frills insisted on a thorough commercial education. Stocks and bonds are often dissipated through mismanagement and necessitate a struggle for bread—or marriage."

Poynston's eye glinted negatively at the last word. The other ran on:

"They are very democratic. The nurse girl received a bequest from an old aunt, who stipulated part of it should be used in a beneficiary way. She has, consequently, schemes on the *tapis* that you don't hear of every day."

"She did not tell me she came from our old town," commented Poynston.

"Pride, dear boy. She thought her name might be mentioned if you ever met Montrealers, and perhaps wishes to keep the typewriter history dark; other women would probably cackle."

He shut an eye hard, and chortled.

"Are you—er—vitaly interested?"

Poynston choked off the leer.

Next day the door softly opened. Alice in stunning rig peeped in for a farewell visit. Poynston's back being turned, she would have liked to blindfold him.

"Ahem!"

He jumped up, coloring. She took a chair and listened to him.

"How shall I do without you?"

"You won't have any trouble filling my place."

"I don't altogether refer to the office."

"We never saw each other outside," she observed carelessly. It was no fault of his that this was so, but he passed to another subject.

"Let me spin a storiette, Miss Hilliard."

"Once there was a handsome nurse girl who successfully carried a col-

lege magnate through a long illness. He grew well, proposed marriage, of course, but was gently refused. Then, her sister, a friend of mine, I think, bent this circumstance to her own purpose, turned the old fellow's gratitude into channels of utility, and helped a struggling railroader gain his point. In other words, you two influenced Professor Hall-Ellis to send his famous party over our line."

Her eyes were popping.

"How did you find out all this?"

"Two red ink telephone numbers on my pad one day started a chain of conjecture, a friend supplied missing links and, piecing clues together yesterday, I brought mortification upon myself."

It was so. His plans, his strategy, his academic tricks of trade upon which he had once rather proudly descanted to Miggles were of bubble weight. His greatest *coup* must be credited to two girls. Of what good, after all, was his superior knowledge unpossessed by other brothers in the ranks. Strictly speaking, what better was he than the office plugger who only reads a newspaper on Sunday and never, never looks inside book covers?

Stay! Perhaps he was more fitted to measure the niceties of honor in some situations. But would not that be egotism?

"Why are you mortified?" she asked in surprise.

He paused before answering.

"Only a sister, or one nearer, should place me under such an obligation," said he, at last growing bold.

"You can't very well help it now," she replied dryly, hinting at the events of a late Saturday morning.

"We are even."

She arose. "I must go, our train leaves at 4.30."

Poynston's self-invited tone made her smile as he opened the door.

"I'm coming too."

She said good-bye to the staff, and he called a cab.

They whirled away in silence. Fin-

ally Poynton gathered nerve for the task ahead, but basely retreated when she glanced sidewise.

"Well," thought Alice, "it's only a ten-minute drive. "Does he want me to propose?"

Then she impulsively remarked:

"Perhaps we should have taken different cabs."

Poynton's heart beat loudly. The

hint was too graciously frank to be ignored and might perhaps cause eternal rupture. What a life comrade she would be! The space confining them shrank, her perfumed dress crushed against him, his head swam. The carriage shot into a subway. Thankful for the friendly gloom, he clasped her in his arms and, under a faint protest, stole his first kiss.

THE LAST LULLABY

By

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

The shepherd moon mothers her shining sheep,—
The little stars that cluster close and deep ;
And soon they sleep.

The flower's wings are folded to her breast :
She hears a whisper from the darkling west ;—
How pure her rest !

Dim droop the drowsing birds upon the trees ;
The boughs are still as they : no unquiet breeze
Troubles their ease.

The far and lonely waters feel the spell,
Whose monotonous sound slowly out, and tell
Their sway and swell.

All nature is asleep and dreaming dreams
Aglow with wonder that on waking seems
But broken gleams.

So let my spirit sleep the sleep of death :
Close, eyes ; be idle, hands ; and silent, breath !
Wait what It saith !

EDMUND MORRIS, PAINTER

BY W. M. BOULTBEE

THAT as a people (and it is important to recognize we are a people, not English, Scotch, Irish or American, but Canadian), we are inordinately sensitive and exaggeratedly proud, is a fact recognized or admitted by those versed in the history and development of Canadian ways of thinking. The result is that in discussing our land, our people or our institutions, exaggeration takes the place of fact, hope and prospect, the place of reality, and admonition or advice, the place that should be

taken by a cold analysis of conditions.

Yet lecturing and preaching are not desirable in conversation or discussion, and the writer would dissociate himself from these attitudes, admitting that he can do so, if at all, only as a matter of degree and not effectually.

One of the problems of a new people is the beginning of painting and of the many forms of the fine arts. The art of painting cannot be called into existence fully equip-



WOLFE'S COVE, QUEBEC
Owned by Mr. D. R. Wilkie



WINDY DAY, ISLE OF ORLEANS
Owned by Sir Wilfrid Laurier

ped and developed, but can only result as the expression of the needs of the community. Consider a people engrossed in material affairs, smugly satisfied with its present state, and, of its acceptability to the divine omniscience. Here, there can be no desire for improvement. The artist, if unfortunately he finds himself in such atmosphere, will either by reason of discouragement or the lack of that tangible appreciation necessary to existence, cease to practice his art altogether, or seek more congenial surroundings in older, more complex, and so far as art is concerned, more progressive communities, and thus the enlightenment of his art is lost to his country, the feelings of a generous culture stifled, and the progress of the community retrograded for a period of years.

Only in a measure does this picture apply to this community, but in some measure it does apply. We must be pardoned the faults of a new people, of as yet no great accumulations of wealth, necessarily engaged in vital and almost overwhelming problems of a material character. But we are at least suffering the consequences; many of those best qualified to light the flame or to hand it on to succeeding generations have left this country finally, discouraged and contemptuous. And we are blamable if we allow material pursuits to content us with the mediocre, becoming ungenerous in our understandings and restricted in our sympathies.

Mr. Edmund Morris (I had almost said a young man, but in reality now reaching his maturity) is one of those



COTÉ DE BEAUPRE
Owned by Mr. E. R. Wood

who has felt the fascination of this country, its vitality, the grimness of its large spaces, the mystery of its waterways and forests and who has deliberately, knowing the cost, determined to make his lifework in his own country. It is not claimed for Mr. Morris that he is the first or single in this devotion; probably the beginnings were made by the late Mr. Jacobi and the late Mr. Fowler.

Mr. Morris is a Canadian, a son of the late Lieutenant-Governor Morris of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, and he spent some of his earliest days in what was then Fort Garry. He first studied under Mr. William Cruickshank, R. C. A., of Toronto, in the latter's studio, and then in New York, in the Art League, under Mr. William Chase, Mr. Kenyon Cox, Mr. H. Siddons Mowbray

and Mr. George De Forest Brush. Later he spent some years in Paris under M. Jean Paul Laurens and M. Benjamin Constant at the Academie Julien, and at the Beaux Arts in the atelier of M. Gerome. The vacations were passed generally in Holland and Scotland. These influences have given a very composite character to Mr. Morris' work, but he has maintained throughout an individual outlook.

Upon his return from Holland in 1896 his pictures showed the inspiration received from his impressions there, just as later, in 1902, a visit to Scotland resulted in a series of landscapes full of the inspiration of visits to Edinburgh and Fifeshire. It is of course a personal question, but it has been felt by some, including the writer, that the work of this Scotch



Copyrighted by Edmund Morris

HEAD CHIEF IRON SHIELD
Pastel owned by the Ontario Government

period is the highest yet attained by the artist.

The last two summers have been spent by Mr. Morris under commission for the Ontario Government, to paint portraits of Canadian aborigines, and he has already visited the Ojibways of James Bay and some of the Northwest tribes. The result has been a series of pastels of great interest from the ethnological and historical side, showing as they do the inherent dignity of the Indian. The coloring, which at times suggests the decorations of Japan, is yet true to the native feeling. In the case of "The Mourner" (reproduced on the frontispiece of this number of *The Canadian Magazine*)

another note was touched, and the tragedy of Indian life is strongly suggested. These portraits of the Indian of the Northwest are not of the types now produced on the reserves, but are the last remaining of the natives who once hunted buffalo and went on the war-path, men now living in memories of the past only, to whom some recollections were brought back by the presence among them of Mr. Morris, the son of the man who had concluded many Indian treaties and who is still held in honor by the older Indians, his contemporaries, as a white man of unbroken faith.

The influence of French training on Mr. Morris from time to time is



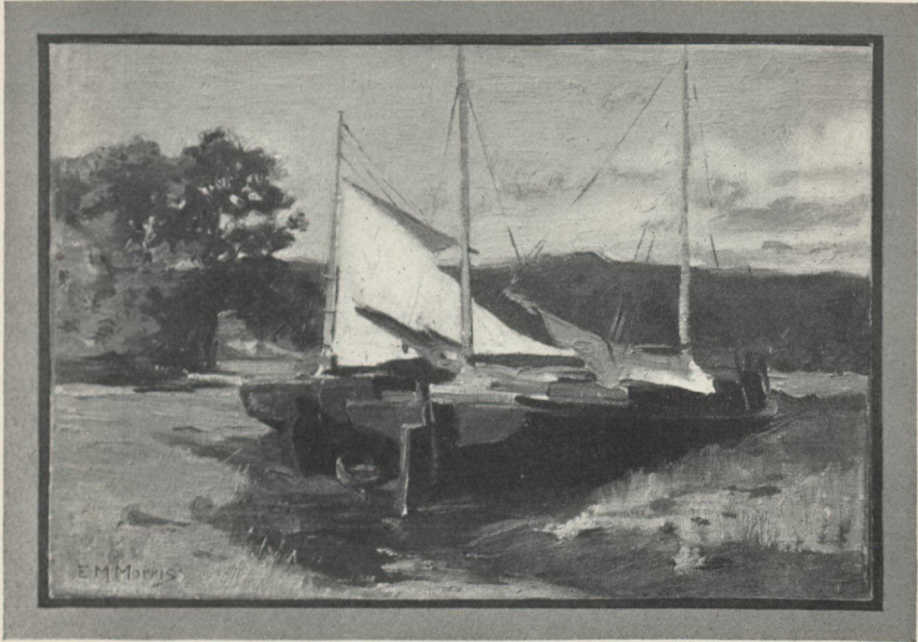
A BLOOD INDIAN
Pastel owned by the Ontario Government

Copyrighted by Edmund Morris

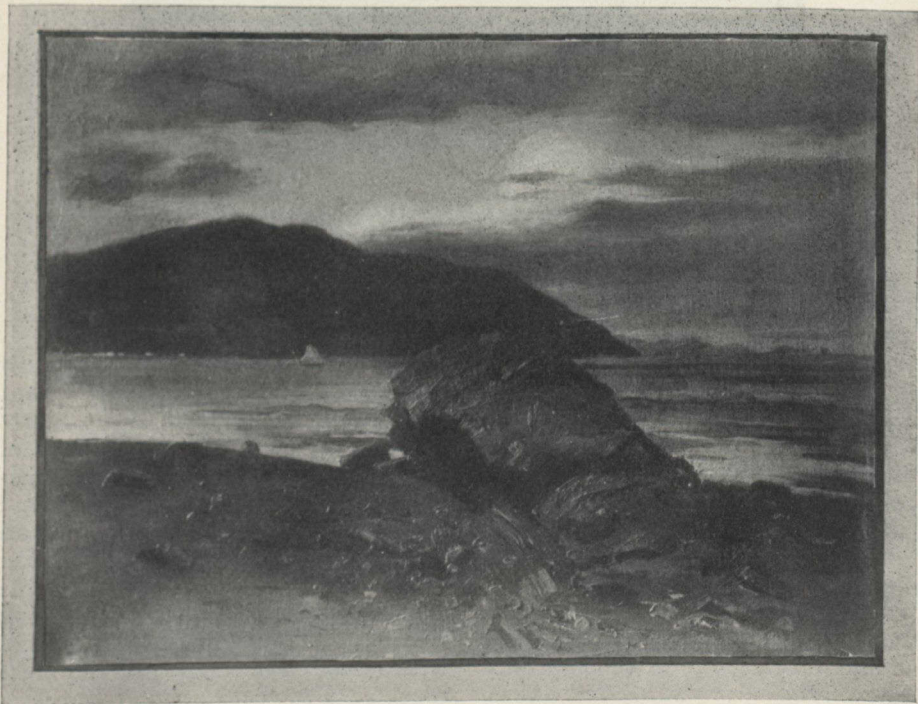
very apparent, in painting containing very little information, but painted in the broadest manner and full of the light caught in some passing phase of nature. The most notable probably is the picture "A Scotch Valley," owned by Mr. F. Nicholls, a masterpiece that must be seen to be appreciated, sombre in tone, with opal lights on the water of the stream, in the foreground, and above, the mist and change of the sky on a wet evening.

It must not be gathered that Mr.

Morris' work is all of the quiet order. His normal scheme of coloring is brilliant, and the subject of many is sunshine on water, hill-side and orchard. One small picture, exquisite in simplicity, true in tone and happy in theme, is the painting of an orchard in Quebec, the light coming through the twisted branches. The St. Lawrence and the surrounding country have furnished the artist with many subjects, one of the more recent, "Cap Tourmente," purchased this year by the Dominion Gov-



FRENCH-CANADIAN BATTEAUX. OWNED BY MR. W. D. MATTHEWS

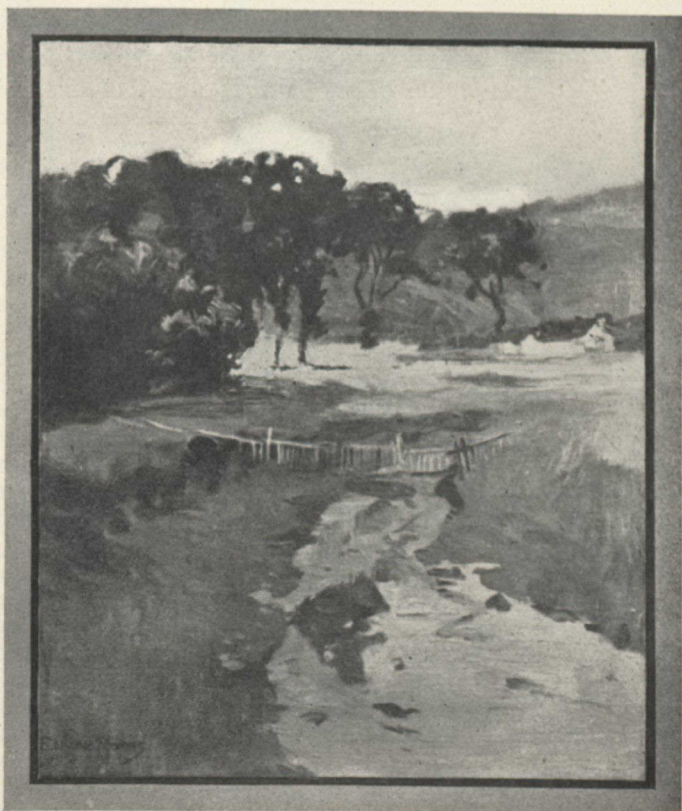


CAP TOURMENTE, QUEBEC. BOUGHT BY THE DOMINION GOVERNMENT

ernment, for the National Gallery at Ottawa, is luminous and broad in treatment.

Mr. Morris is an associate of the Royal Canadian Academy and is one of the founders of the New Canadian Art Club. Among the number who early appreciated Mr. Morris' work, Mr. Byron E. Walker and Mr. D. R. Wilkie should be specially mentioned as having been able to combine appreciation with practical support and encouragement.

It will be remarked, upon how many of the activities of a painter Mr. Morris has been engaged—landscape and portraiture particularly. That he is still striving, that his work will, no doubt, hereafter show many new phases, is only another way of saying that his work is not over, that with the development of this country and with the appreciation now coming to him and unquestionably his due, he will go far in handing on the best traditions of painting in Canada.



A QUEBEC LANDSCAPE
Owned by Mr. W. M. Boulton

MODERN EGYPT

A REVIEW



EARL CROMER

NEW books of a political nature have caused more widespread interest in recent years than "Modern Egypt," by Earl Cromer. As is well known, before writing his impressions and the great story that

was his to tell, he had had as representative of Great Britain in Egypt many years of experience and observation. He witnessed the correction of immemorial abuses in the Government of that ancient domain and the establishment of a *régime* that has at least revolutionized conditions and subdued the one-man power of the Pasha. In reading Lord Cromer's account, one is struck, not with any flights of imaginative rhetoric, but rather with the fact that the author kept always before him the facts as he knew them, and that he was trying to present them to the people without the taint of personal feelings, animosities or prejudices. "In my opinion," he writes, "the greater the difficulties the more does it behoove any one in a responsible position to maintain a clear judgment, and not be carried away by sentiment or rash advice."

In the first volume Lord Cromer deals with the events sequent on the collapse of Ismail Pasha's incredible financial system, carrying the record down to the expedition sent, too late, for Gordon's relief. Concluding this episode in the earlier pages of his second volume, he briefly describes

the reconquest of the Soudan, and then gives the rest of his space to a concise survey of Egypt and her people, an analysis of the administrative machinery, a summary of British policy, and an account of the reforms achieved. A few pages on the future of the country are also added. The report of things accomplished by the British in Egypt after the house of the Khedive had been put in order will be read with attention, but with much, if not all, that it contains the public is generally familiar. Lord Cromer is most interesting in his first volume, which vividly presents the heroic efforts made to supply the land with a stable government. How difficult the task has been may be judged from the author's reference to the state as it exists even now, evidently secure and prosperous. He says:

"In Europe, we know what a despotism means, and we know what constitutional government means. The words absolute monarchy, limited monarchy, republic, parliamentary government, federal council, and others of a like nature, when applied to the government of any country, will readily convey to an educated European a general idea of how the government of a particular country in question is conducted. But the political dictionary may be ransacked in vain for any terse description of the government of Egypt. In the first place that government is, in reality, not a government at all. Nubar Pasha frequently said: '*Ce n'est pas un gouvernement; c'est une administration*' (It is not a government; it is an administration). This is quite true. The Khedive is deprived by the Egyptian constitutional charter of all rights of external sovereignty, neither does he possess to the full those rights of internal sovereignty, which are inherent in the rulers of all independent and even of some semi-independent states."

It seems that the disruption and

overhauling of the central authority in Egypt was due to extravagance and financial mismanagement by the Pashas, and that finally the intervention of outside powers became necessary.

"The origin of the Egyptian Question," writes Lord Cromer, "in its present phase was financial." When the European powers undertook to unravel the tangle into which the Egyptian exchequer had been twisted, they found what looked like incurable defects in Oriental character and almost insurmountable barriers in the shape of long-standing abusive practices and corruption. Once when an officer was asked why he had lent to the Government certain trust moneys without receiving any security, he answered that as the Khedive had given an order nothing else was necessary.

The most interesting and at the same time the most delicate part of the whole work is that which deals with Gordon. Even though Lord Cromer has been unable to rise to the height of enthusiasm over the "Hero of Khartoum" to which the British people as a whole rose after the failure of the relief expedition, it must be granted that Lord Cromer was in a better position to appreciate the situation than was the average man walking along Fleet street or the Strand. He takes the stand that Gordon should not have been sent to Khartoum; that, having been sent, relief should have been despatched with more promptitude. He pays tribute to Gordon's qualities of nobility, and holds that the delay in sending the relief expedition "must forever stand as a blot on Mr. Gladstone's political escutcheon." At the same time, he makes a good deal out of Gordon's departure from the strict line of official conduct. He records that from the first he was opposed to Gordon's being sent to Khartoum, because he regarded him

as a man of erratic character, and he seems convinced that the end would have been different had Gordon only acted diplomatically instead of giving way to his own nature.

"On April 11, 1884," he writes, "he telegraphed to me: 'Having visited the schools, workshops, etc., it is deplorable to think of their destruction by a feeble lot of stinking Dervishes.' He wished, therefore, to 'smash up' the Mahdi, and perhaps it was natural that he should have done so. But in taking up this attitude, which necessarily involved armed British interference in the country, he departed from the spirit of his instructions. He was sent to evacuate the Soudan."

Gordon's death is described as follows:

"The end was very near. Early on the morning of January 26, by which time Sir Charles Wilson's steamers had reached the foot of the Sixth Cataract, the Dervishes made a general attack on the lines and met with but a feeble resistance from the half-starved and disheartened soldiers. Farag Pasha, the commandant, who was suspected of treachery, escaped to the Mahdist camp and met his death a short time afterwards at the hands of an Arab with whom he had a blood feud. The palace was soon reached. General Gordon stood in front of entrance to his office. He had on a white uniform. His sword was girt about him, but he did not draw it. He carried a revolver in his right hand, but he disdained to use it. The final scene in which the civilized Christian faced

barbarous and triumphant fanaticism is thus described by Bordeini Bey, and it would be difficult, whether in tales of fact or of fiction, to find a more pathetic or, it may be added, a more dramatic passage: "Taha Shahin was the first to encounter Gordon beside the door of the divan, apparently waiting for the Arabs and standing with a calm and dignified manner, his left hand resting on the hilt of his sword. Shahin, dashing forward with the curse, "Malaoun, el-yom yemak" (O cursed one, your time is come!) plunged his spear into his body.'

"Gordon, it is said, made a gesture of scorn with his right hand and turned his back, when he received another spear wound, which caused him to fall forward, and was most likely his mortal wound. The other three men closely following Shahin then rushed in, and, cutting at the prostrate body with their swords, must have killed him in a few seconds."

Having told his story, Lord Cromer advises no change in the present government of Egypt until the Egyptians have developed better leaders and generally a keener sense of what good government requires. "I can only state my deliberate opinion," he says, "formed after many years of Egyptian experience and in the face of a decided predisposition to favor the policy of evacuation, that at present, and for a long time to come, the results of executing such a policy would be disastrous." (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Two volumes, 8 vo., \$6 net.)



WHOM THE GODS LOVE

BY VIRNA SHEARD

MARY ELLEN was painting out in the sun with her model before her on what was supposedly the sidewalk of the street. The street was in the bottom of the cup of the city, and into it had sunk the dregs of the human brew.

It did not worry Mary Ellen that she was a dreg—not in the least. She painted in the sun, and when she painted it was with an intensity of concentration, a soul-warming delight, an indifference to discomfort and discouraging limitations as regarded the implements of her art, that might have put many a Royal Academician to the blush.

True, there were traces of recent tears upon her face—of a storm that was past—and at intervals a fluttering sigh would shake her frame. Yet she had apparently risen above her woes; for now she sat on the loose muddy boards, her back against the house and with what served her for a canvas propped up on her lap against the rigidity of two thin little knees, and the joy of her work cast other things into oblivion.

The kit was scattered around her for the sake of convenience, consisting of a scant half box of blacking, a mason's pencil, three sardine boxes holding different primary colors, three lumps of yellow chalk, a ball of blueing, and a brush that she had made laboriously and painfully—laboriously for her, because it had taken time, patience, and strategy to extract the proper hairs from Stubbs, the victimized dog; and painfully for Stubbs, as the hairs were of a deeply

rooted variety. If Mary Ellen had not felt that life without that brush was useless she probably would not have made it, for she was of a tender heart.

Her subject this morning being stationary and appealing, the moments flew. To be let alone, therefore, was all she asked—to be saved from her friends. She was of a mettle to deal with her enemies herself—but her friends! They were all the otherwise friendless things in the neighborhood,—the undergrown children, the battered dogs, the bony cats, the bow-legged babies, the old and forlorn, the unlovely and neglected. All these she usually welcomed with avidity; but when she was busy as at present they bothered, and tact failed in making them understand.

For once the street was almost empty. Mrs. Mulloy's smallest-sized child, Mary Ellen's ordinary burden, slept. No smudgy-faced toddler had so far discovered the bonanza of paint in the sardine boxes. No predatory boy bore down upon the yellow chalk.

Only Bruno Cariola, the organ-grinder who roomed across the way, took the trouble to notice what she was doing, and he came over and stood beside her quite a long time, a queer smile flashing over his old tanned face and a look of wonderment growing in his eyes.

A small care-burdened monkey, seemingly old enough to have been young in the days of the Pharaohs, sat upon the organ arrayed in a coat like to Joseph's, and the box of tunes

swung from the Italian's shoulder. Mary Ellen smiled up at Bruno Cariola, tossed the monkey a peanut that she extracted from an invisible pocket, and then paid no further attention to them.

She had used the mason's pencil to her satisfaction, and now was consumed with desire to put the right color in the right place; for, though she had not heard it stated, she knew, with Millais, that this and this only is painting.

Her eyes, wonderful things of gray that was green and green that was blue, black-fringed and luminous, grew dark as she wielded the absurd brush. Her red lips puckered themselves up, two pink spots grew on her face, her yellow-white little fingers quivered.

A man who was passing glanced at the group, went on, slowed up, came back and watched Mary Ellen too.

Neither she nor Cariola noticed him. The monkey jerked off its red-feathered hat as was its custom of salutation to the unfrayed residents of the upper town, and held out a shrivelled hand suggestively towards one it had reason to think would respond. Its appeal being unrecognized, it turned with world-weary air to other things.

The picture progressed. Presently the Italian broke into rapid speech and gesticulation. "You painta him well, Mariellen!" he said, making music of the commonplace little name. "O Carina mia! you painta him well! There is ze roll eye!—Yes!—ze stiff bended paw,—ze rough fur, where ze stick hit,—ze blood—! It maka me ill to look!—Soma day you paint ze Monk for me on ze organ—so?—Eh? You be great paint some-a-day, Mariellen. Good-a-bye, so a long!"

The child looked up, half hearing.

Yes, I'll paint the monkey some day, Bruno," she answered. "So long!"

The man from the upper town drew a little nearer.

"Won't you please let me see?" he asked. "I like pictures."

"Sure," answered Mary Ellen, putting her work down to dry and gathering the kit into an empty peach-basket.

A woman came to a near-by window, thrust her head out, and called in a high-pitched voice. She was a pretty, frowzle-headed woman, untidy to the verge of indecency.

She called again, angrily this time: "Mary Ellen, I want you to go to Gillen's."

Mary Ellen made no response, and the gentleman beside her raised his eyes questioningly.

"I fancy she means you," he remarked.

"Yes," said the child, stowing the sardine-box with the red paint beneath the blacking, "she means me."

"Mary Ellen! Mary Ellen!" came the voice. "Say, if you don't drop that an' come—"

"I ain't goin' to Gillen's again today," Mary Ellen answered, calmly.

"Oh, yes you are," called the woman, leaning farther out. "You'll come when I call you, an' get what I tell you, an' do it quick, or—"

Into the gray-green eyes looking up came a sudden fire, and the scarlet lips went straight.

The child pulled up her sleeves and uncovered some purplish marks that ran from elbow to shoulder in a zig-zag fashion. She glanced at them ruefully, meditatively; then replied, in a soft, disconcertingly decided little way:

"It don't matter about being hurt. That won't make me. I'll come in an' take the baby if he's awake. I won't go to Gillen's—not again today."

The man seemed distressed, yet lingered. The picture held him. His curiosity held him. The child interested him, and he had outlived so much curiosity and interest!

"Is it anything very dreadful she wants you to get?" he asked, gently.

"Wouldn't it be rather better to—"

Mary Ellen flashed a look at him as one fathoming the depths of his ignorance.

"It's beer," she answered, shortly.

"Oh!" he returned, feeling his inability to cope with the subject and searching his mind for the right thing to say.

Again the voice overhead came stridently:

"Just you wait, that's all. No, you needn't acome an' take the baby. Don't you lay a finger on him after you playin' round the street with dead cats! He can cry hisself hoarse for you first."

Mary Ellen looked up, a white scorn on her peaked face.

"I've been painting it," she said. "I haven't played with it. You don't play with what's dead. It's in the very spot where it laid down and kicked when Tom Griggs hit it. It's not dirty—not dirtier than anything else. It was washing its face with its little paw out here in the sun this morning and purring, all fluffed up and pretty—" The words ended uncertainly.

"Well, I won't bother with you no more," called the woman. "Bart Winne can take you back to sea when he comes or send you to a home. You ain't mine, an' I ain't goin' to bother with no such obstinate kid no longer." The window slammed.

Mary Ellen took the brush and touched lightly the yellow spots on the gray-striped body she had painted. She appeared to have dismissed any unpleasantness from her mind.

The man watched her still, and on his face was the same expression of wonderment that had been on Bruno Cariola's. He was a tall man, gray about the temples, and with the look of one who had looked far but failed to find what he wanted.

"Where did you learn?" he asked at last, pointing to the picture. "Who showed you how? Somebody must have, you know."

Mary Ellen gave a little laugh. It was the youngest thing about her.

"Nobody didn't, though," she said, sobering. "There wasn't anybody who could. Nobody showed me nothing; nobody gave me nothing but Bruno Cariola. He gave me the red and green paint. He got it for painting his organ, and he gave me the paper, too. It's the real drawing kind." Then she told the history of the brush, remarked on the usefulness of the yellow chalk, and explained the process by which she turned the blacking into gray.

The man listened well. "But," he began again, "how do you do it—really—Mary Ellen? That's your name, isn't it?"

He bent over the picture and glanced from it to the stiffening figure of the street kitten; for it had not quite reached its full growth. There was a baby look in the furry face with its wild, frightened eyes and half open pink mouth, a soft downiness in the gray fur, a glistening newness on the sharp teeth and claws.

Mary Ellen, he saw, had not missed any of the points. With few lines and little paint she had pictured a kitten just as dead as the real one. The curve of the body expressed the same agony; the eyes, the same fear.

He puzzled as to where she had learned to paint fur.

Suddenly the child held the picture out to him.

"Here," she cried, with quivering lips, "take it if you want it. I don't. Take it, or I'll tear it up. I don't want to see it or that poor little kitten again!"

Dropping to the sidewalk she put her head on her arms and gave herself up to an abandonment of woe such as the man had seldom seen. Holding the picture, he patted her on one shaking shoulder.

"Come! Come!" he said. "It's only a kitten, you know, and there must be lots of others. See now, tell me how you did it—got the effect—"

that fur now. You must have been taught somewhere. And then I would like to see your other pictures. You have made others, haven't you?"

She winked the tears away.

"You may see them," she said, catching her breath, "only they are jest rough like this one; not framed or pretty or anything. Nobody but old Bruno looks at them. I haven't any one but Dad, and he's most always on his ship—he's a sailor, you know, and she—"

"She?"

"Yes, Mrs. Mulloy. Dad leaves me with her. Well, she makes fun of them. Yes, she does—but," with a quick clenching of the color-besmeared fingers, "I'm goin' to paint! I'm goin' to!"

"Of course," the other returned, absently. "Why, of course, you are going to, Mary Ellen. I should say that was the original intention regarding you, you understand; or perhaps you don't, but it seems so to me. So you just see things and draw them, eh?"

The child shook her dark wavy hair back and looked up with a little puzzled frown.

"Oh, no!" she said. "No. I just see things an' feel them, an' then draw them."

"What sort of things usually, Mary Ellen?"

"I draw Mother Foily sometimes—just black and white, no colors. She lives over there; an' Jim Foily, that's all the son she's got. He tramps all summer, an' she nearly always thinks he won't come home any more, so when he does you ought to see her face. That's when I draw her. An' I draw Bruno Cariola when he smiles an' his teeth flash white in his brown face. Once he came in all soaking wet and cold, one winter day, an' he cried because he wanted to go back to Italy. Then I painted him that way."

"Oh!" said the man.

"Yes!" she answered. "An' you can see the pictures if you ever come

back, those very ones; but they ain't framed, remember. I hear the baby, so I'm goin' in, for she'll let me take him, though she said she wouldn't."

With nods and smiles they parted—the child with her battered peach-basket; the man with the strange picture, daubed at the edges, half soiled, made of unbelievably crude materials, but yet with the indelible finger-mark of genius upon it, the priceless, haunting thing that is the gift of the gods, and that they bestow as it pleases their fancy. Holding it, he swung along the streets. It was his own work, the work of the pigments and the brush.

Presently he turned in to his own studio and touched the button that switched on the lights.

Slowly he went from one easel to another, from one wall to the next. There was beauty of color, beauty of form, perfection of detail—and yet—and yet—

His eyes went back to the thing in his hand. Something was missing from all his painstaking work that he felt lived in the picture of Mary Ellen.

His work was as the opal without its heart of fire; his paintings, masses of dead color, beautiful failures, as little like the things they claimed to show forth as the wax figures in a museum are like the people they are modelled after.

The man sat down heavily and stared ahead. The easels and walls melted into many shades and tones, as a garden will when one turns back to look at it from the gate.

"What she sees — and feels," he said, half aloud. "And feels — and how she feels! What a woman she would make in ten years. She must be thirteen now. What a study! Her eyes are like the sea. She has that slenderness that turns to grace. Her skin will be creamy and her lips scarlet. That type develops those colors — besides, she will have the gift."

Suddenly a thought came to him,

and he started to his feet, pacing up and down, up and down, and talking as though to the picture-hung walls.

"Why not?" he exclaimed. "In Heaven's name, why not? Who wants her? A sailor who is always at sea, who leaves her to be neglected? That wretched shrew? I will take her from them if there's a way, and have her taught. What I have not done she shall do. I will bring her away from the squalor and reek, the horrors of sight and sound, the brutality. She shall wear purple and fine linen, little Mary Ellen." He smiled at the name, then walked the floor up and down again.

At noontide of the next morning he went up the street toward the house where Mary Ellen lived.

It swarmed with people to-day, he thought. They seemed excited, horribly noisy. The squalor on every hand was unbearable.

There was a knot of men and women around the door he sought. They, in contrast to the others on the street, were oppressively still. There was something about their faces that made his own go white.

He touched one of them, an old, bent woman, but his voice did not answer his bidding. Then he heard it as though from far off.

"What is wrong?" he said. "What has happened? These people, are they waiting for anything?"

"It's Mary Ellen," she returned, quaveringly, "little Mary Ellen, God rest her. She went a message for Mrs. Mulloy an' got struck by something

swift at the crossin'—one of them autos, belike, or mebbly 'twas only a bike. Sure, it's all one now. The child fell wid her head agin the curb."

Listening, the man loosened the tie at his throat. Then he pushed his way through the people and into the house.

An Italian, old and weather-beaten, and holding a small monkey on his shoulder, was standing beside a sofa. The woman with the frowzled hair stood beside him, her roughened prettiness blanched by fear. A baby played on the floor contentedly, and Mary Ellen lay on the sofa.

She, with the little dead kitten, would never know any more of the trouble of this tear-stained world.

The man who was a stranger stood looking down far longer than he knew, but neither the frowzled woman or Bruno Cariola appeared to notice.

The monkey chattered low in its wrinkled throat, monotonously, knowingly, as one who had seen many things.

The man raised one small hand gently from where it had slipped over the edge of the sofa. There were flecks of gray and yellow, he noticed, on one of the fingers. His lips moved, and he spoke as half to Mary Ellen, half to himself, though he may not have known he was speaking:

"And each," he said,
 "And each, in his separate star,
 Shall draw the thing as he sees it
 For the God of things as they are."



MODERNISM

BY REV. J. R. TEEFY, LL.D.

IN introducing our article we have not the least intention of being controversial in our treatment of the subject or in leading up to controversy as a term. Our purpose is to lay before the readers of *The Canadian Magazine* a brief explanation as to what Modernism is and why it was condemned by the Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church. If we are to judge by the amount and variety of the comment which the Encyclical has called forth there has been no lack of interest outside, as well as within, the Church; so that the subject may reasonably have some claim upon all intelligent and fair-minded thinkers. There is no doubt about the importance of the document. It was no ordinary Papal mandate. It was a call to attention. It roused the whole line, some of which had got out of order and had thrown confusion into questions which had long been thought settled. Revelation was subverted, the supernatural explained away, the divinity of Christ denied and doctrine distorted from the tradition both of time and authority. This is Modernism: a name which its advocates assumed to themselves. Nor was it taken without significance or purpose. Modernists abandoning the anchorage of the past sought for the origin and meaning of religious truths in the law of change which they thought they saw around them. All is changed, nothing fixed. Evolution is the reason of life. Social history, no less than physical conditions, pre-

sents the same panorama. "A point which yesterday was invisible is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-point to-morrow." What, therefore, in the face of these facts and of this law, should be the attitude of the Church? The answer of the Modernists is that as the civil world marches along the highway of change and progress, so also should the religious. It cannot stand still. Manners change with time. Neither philosophical ideas nor scientific postulates are what they were a thousand years ago. Thus did they propose it should be with the Church. No matter how exact and admirable may have been the expressions of faith and morals when originally formulated, they are unfitted for the exigencies of modern thought and language. They should be remodelled. It is not that the times are out of joint with the Church: it is rather that the Church is out of joint with the times. She should re-examine her treasures and deposit of truth; re-coin her gold, that it may be current; adjust it to the spirit of the age. A new plan must be devised, not perfect in itself, but tending to perfection; never absolutely final, but always prepared for that accretion which betokens the activity of life and the progress of civilization. The Church must live. And it is because Modernists propose to wrest her from danger of death that they call upon the magistracy of the Church to abandon the reactionary conservatism so contrary to the warnings of history, of experience

and of common sense. To maintain in modern society an organism which was constituted twenty centuries ago is an inexcusable anachronism, absurd in itself and injurious to the sacred cause it was intended to serve. From this it will be seen that evolution is the plan which the Modernists propose in religion; though they do not limit themselves to this materialistic patron of modern investigation.

Other philosophical theories, chiefly Kantian, were drafted into the service for the purpose of adapting Catholic doctrine to the sceptical and agnostic tendencies of the age. Two important and well-known distinctions made by the sage of Königsberg were employed with this aim in view. The first is that radical difference which Kant makes between the thing in itself and the thing as known to us; or, using technical terms, between the Noumena and the Phenomena. The Noumena, or things in themselves, Kantian philosophy declares to be unknown and unknowable. All our knowledge is restricted to Phenomena in the subjective sense. Each one of us is everlastingly imprisoned within the narrow confines of his own individual impressions. God Himself, the world, all objects, uncreated and created, are separated from our knowledge by an impassable gulf. Upon the principles of this philosophy Agnosticism denies to the human mind any knowledge whatever of God. He is essentially and forever the Absolute, the Infinite, the Incomprehensible. All questions concerning God, His attributes and perfections, His relations with His creatures, lie far beyond the scope of intellectual investigation which necessarily is within the confines of experience. Religion, therefore, is not an object of thought or human study. Theology, so far from having any prescriptive right as a branch of learning on account of its sublime subject matter, as well as its uninterrupted influence in the sciences and literature of

nations, must be relegated to the shrines of prayer and the houses of religious observance.

The second distinction to which allusion is made is that between theoretical and practical reason. By the former no reality can objectively be attained. It is the home of knowledge, but more inaccessible than the eagle's nest. There science dwells alone, unapproached and unapproachable. Not so with practical reason, which finds itself in a world of action, closely related with beings like itself, towards whom it has obligations. Their commands are hypothetical, for they themselves are conditional. Every line must have its terminal point; and so we come to an imperative which, depending upon no other than its Author's free sovereign will, is categorical and absolute. This Author is God, the supreme Legislator; so that by the practical reason we realize what we could never realize by the theoretical reason, viz., the existence of God. And as science corresponds to the theoretical reason, so the field of action and faith is limited to the practical reason. Faith and science are also dualistic—radically opposed to, and independent of, each other. They are supposed to run on parallel lines, though instead of never meeting, as it is the case in mathematics, they are frequently meeting. Science is judge and jury. No fact upon which the temple of faith may rest is allowed, unless it stand the storm of scientific analysis. Prophecies and miracles—all must be tried in this laboratory. If science cannot admit the fact then its value perishes, it crumbles to dust. History as forming human experience is a chapter of science. Historical facts, however hallowed they may be by antiquity and sentiment, must at all costs be discarded without fear or favor if they cannot receive the seal of science. Faith, not being scientific, transforms and deforms history. Thus the Christ of history is not the Christ

of Catholic faith. Faith may be a safe guide for conduct; but it is an ignorant and unsafe guide in matters of theory and truth. It is pragmatic. What men find admirable in the Catholic Church is the whole ethical system, not the dogmatic truths. Christianity is a source and rule of life, a discipline of moral and religious action. The Catholic is restricted, not by theories of ideas, but by rules of conduct. This is the pragmatic attitude of Modernism towards the world of thought and reality—its test and value of principles being utilitarian. Knowledge is subservient to action, dogma to moral. Modernism no more wishes to submit its practical reason or its conduct to authority than its faith to the magisterial decision of the Church. This is evident since the issuing of the Encyclical. As the subjective element is paramount in theory, and truth is relative, so is conduct to be judged by our apprehension of law. Reason is autonomous, so that laws are only to be imposed in proportion as they are acceptable. It is the contest between rationalism and supernatural authority. Free thought, the inheritance of the times, would be stripped of its value if superiors could check subjects without their consent. But in order to have freedom, dogma has to be attenuated or entirely suppressed. More solutions than one were offered — bending Church and faith to the exigency of the modern spirit. A dogma is partly speculative and partly practical. As speculative it enunciates an abstract idea; as practical it prescribes a line of conduct, a worshipful attitude. From the former side we have something philosophical, depending altogether upon our system of ideas, and to which no obligation of absolute adhesion can be required by the teaching power of the Church. From the latter or practical side there is imposed upon our actions as law and direction of life the absolute obligation of conduct. There is an ex-

ample in the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Eucharist. Towards the teaching or speculative idea the mind may be indifferent. In the operative requirements which Christ's Presence places upon the faithful there is the strict obligation as if He were really present. The magistracy of the Church imposes the line of conduct to be adopted. This set of duties we accept, not by reason of the authority which imposes them, but by reason of our faith.

We can now form a more or less definite idea of Modernism. Theoretically it is an accumulation of errors tending to extinguish Catholicism under the pretence of modernizing it. Practically, it is an attempt to leaven as far as possible the whole mass of the Catholic religion with the modern spirit. Evolution, excessive relativity of knowledge, and pragmatism are the philosophical methods pursued and the system adopted. It is principally Kantian, than whom none other could be better chosen to attract attention or to wound more deeply the supernatural and realistic character of Catholic doctrine. From Kant all modern philosophy dates, and in him it finds its principles of evolution, scepticism and rationalism. In fact, we may define Modernism as "the theoretical and practical subordination of Catholicism to the modern spirit of Kantian philosophy." Evolution attacks the stability of the dogmatic teaching of the Church, and posits as the stimulus of progress not the supernatural ideal calling from above, but the stimulus from below. Excessive relativity of knowledge gives rise to agnosticism, and denies the reality of truth upon which the Catholic Church has always insisted. It must not be supposed that all Modernists are equally bold in their attacks upon the Church. Some are not theologians at all. Carried away by the prospect of a Church scientifically reformed and adapted to the ideas and morals

of the age, they portray its beauty in romance and strive to bring about its realization by teaching their theories to the young and the unskilled.

It is not merely that their philosophy is leavened with principles impossible to be reconciled with Catholic truth, their religious explanations are also absolutely untenable by any member of the Church. We select only two which in common with others would sweep away the very foundations upon which revealed religion rests. "What think ye of Christ?" The Modernist in answer to this question commences by observing that history is science; and that if any statement has found its way into history which cannot be accounted for upon scientific grounds, such a statement must be regarded as unreliable, as legendary and not historical. It assumes *a priori* that the divine has never come down into human history—that the supernatural facts which are related in the Gospel, such as the Incarnation, the miracles, and especially the Resurrection—are not and could not be a matter of history at all. With a magisterial wave of the hand they sweep three-fifths of the Gospel facts out of existence. They insist that the Christ of scientific history is infinitely beneath the Christ of Catholic faith. He came into life and passed through it like other men—died a violent death, and was buried. That is all. His body crumbled in the grave, and His dust mingled with that of all others. Resurrection there was none, nor Ascension: these are the halo which faith has placed around the Founder of Christianity, not the realities of true history. Nor, according to Modernism, can omniscience be attributed to Christ. His knowledge was limited by the circumstances of time and all the other surroundings of a village lad and artisan's son. He had a strong religious sentiment, so that He stood far above the level of the average man, but He

was nothing more than a Galilean peasant. He was not Divine, nor was there in all history any intervention of the divine. The Divine Reality, as the Unconditioned and Absolute, cannot enter the sphere of human knowledge and activity which is limited to phenomena and which conditions everything upon which its activity is exerted. In the face of this abasement of Christ to the low plane of humanity the Catholic Church condemns those of her children who thus subvert Christianity. We do not see how the Supreme Head of the Church could act otherwise. The *raison d'être* of the Catholic Church is the entrance of the Divine into the world. The Church stands forever or falls to complete ruin on the truth or falsehood of the Incarnation—whose significance is that God was born into the world by the power and act of the Holy Ghost; that He taught as became the Divine with authority and the confirmation of miracles; that He laid down His life because He willed that His death might be our life, and that by His bruises we might be healed—and then that upon the third day He rose again. All this has been before the world for nineteen hundred years—and upon it the Church has ever had its seal fixed. To explain away the Incarnation, to eliminate the Divine and Supernatural from the Gospel, is to take a position contradicting all the liturgy, the decrees and the entire teaching of the Catholic Church.

The lowering of Christ to created level, so that He is held to be a mere man, involved another collision with the magistracy of the Church. Modernism framed an evolutionary concept of Christ—that He did not possess from the beginning the consciousness of His Sonship; He had no conception of His atonement or of His Church which was to be the work of His Disciples. He lived and died without any suspicion that He was the consubstantial Son of God or the

Redeemer of the world. Did He fall into all this treasure of glory and power by mere accident? Is it that an ignorant, blundering Christ went to death without a thought of the value of His Blood? This is not the Christ whom we have all been taught to love and worship. And if a mere handful of critics imbued with transcendental rationalism undertake to pawn this caricature upon believing souls it need astonish none that Pius the tenth has resented the insult offered to the Christ cherished and loved for twenty centuries. The condemnation launched against Modernism thus throws the shield of Catholic protection more closely around the supernatural, the traditional and the objective reality of religious truth and faith. No fair-minded man can blame the Church for recalling her own children, when caught by erroneous ideas they stray from the narrow

path of faith and duty. The Modern world is so accustomed to be unchecked in thought, so wont to regard principles of knowledge as mere matters of expediency, that any interference is felt to be arbitrary. When, therefore, the Supreme Pontiff condemned these teachers of evolution and agnosticism for their destructive criticism of revelation, he attracted the attention of the world and drew upon himself the disrespect of some whom his censure affected. He was clearly within his right. It was the fulfilment of the duty he has as Supreme Head of the Church of guarding and teaching all Catholic faith and truth. His action was no cowardice. It was the courageous vindication of the Bible and the Divinity of Christ — which will be more appreciated when feeling dies away and Kantian philosophy is estimated less highly than at present.

VICTORY

By

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

On a battle field confined
By the four walls of a mind,
Two great spirits, stern and strong,
Battled fiercely,—Right and Wrong.

Sometimes Wrong, with sudden thrust,
Threw Right headlong in the dust;
Then would Right with might and main
Shake his foe and rise again.

Years and years the battle raged
And the man grew bent and aged;
Till at last, his time being o'er,
Death came knocking at the door.

“Let me in,” the angel said,
“God hath sent me, have no dread;
For the fight so well maintained
Endless rest on high hath gained.”

NEW WORDS WITH CROPS OF YELLOW WHEAT

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

WITH the one exception of Johannesburg, the city of Winnipeg last year had a greater diversity of languages spoken within her gates than any other city in the world. This is a startling statement, but the one who makes it is no less an authority than the Rev. W. E. Hassard, Field Secretary of the Upper Canada Bible Society, and he should know.

The depository of the Canadian Bible Society, in the city of Winnipeg, sells translations of the Bible printed in forty-three different languages: and before next year shall have run its course it will be possible to obtain in this "Buckle of the Wheat-Belt" copies of the scriptures in sixty distinct tongues.

Already, translations have been asked for and supplied over the counters of this unique city on the banks of the Assiniboine in these and half a hundred other languages:—Armenian, Arabic, Burmese, Bohemian, Cree, Esth, Korean, Lett, Micmac, Ojibway, Persian, Rouman, Romansch, Ruthen, Slovak, Sanscrit, Slavonik, Tinne, Urdu and Yiddish.

It will be readily seen that by direct word of mouth many of these strange new peoples can not be approached. Not the least of the hardships of the self-expatriated "come outer," who cuts old ties and comes to Canada to make among the yellow wheat a better home for his babies, is

just this lonely fact that there is no one to whom to talk of the old days in the old homeland tongue. But through the printed page he may be reached, and it is here that the gracious work of the Bible Society comes in. Even among families not avowedly Christian, the approaching form of the colporteur, backbent with a load of bibles, is a welcome figure. And the farther off the miner's camp or lone settler's shack, and the more recently arrived its inmate, the broader the smile as the new Canadian in the rough feasts his eye on the familiar characters in the free Bible.

So would Robinson Crusoe have glugged his sight with a copy of the London *Times*, could the goat have committed the anachronism of digging one out from among the flotsam in the kelp.

But sooner or later the new arrivals all get a working knowledge of English; the parents pick it up from the children who get all corners, linguistic and others, rubbed off in that equalizing mill, the little prairie schoolhouse.

And the new pioneers of the plains, the polyglot peoples on the edge of things, garnish the English of the *effete* East with verbal embellishment all their own. The Englishman fresh from the classic shades of Oxford and Cambridge, when let loose in the vastness of the all-out-door-ness of West-

ern Canada, has to find out for himself what a coulee is, and a canyon, a gulch and a corral.

The new arrival at first is not very sure of the subtle difference between a tepee and a lariat, while chaps, quirt and maverick are all an unknown tongue. Shanty he connects with the French-Canadian *chantier*, and so gets a glimpse of light.

He was weaned on "the three R's," but his early education among the hedge-rows and cricket-creases of old England failed to introduce him by either the culinary or etymological route to "the three B's," bacon, beans, and bannock.

Within the prairie homes of the cattle-man he will make the daily acquaintance of another three B's, the literary pabulum which throughout the length and breadth of the range takes the place of the *Illustrated London News*, the *Pall Mall*, and the *Pink 'Un*. On the "front room" table of every ranch-house are thumb-ed copies of the Bible, Burns, and the *Breeder's Gazette*.

When you ask Johnny Come-Lately (just arrived from Weston-Super-Mare with shiny leggins and Poole coat of faultless cut) if he wants dope on his hard-tack, he fails to recognize butter under that name. Equally alien is the sound of "tin-cow," which *might* be corned beef, but is condensed milk.

Exceedingly wide of application is that term dope. Contracted at first from the newsboys' "de ope," (the opium), it signified opium, chloral, cocaine, any pain-deadener. Now dope may be anything from grease on a lumberman's skid-road to butter or jelly or green-gage jam, from "gospel-dope," which the new "skypilot" hands out, to the printed dope in your weekly mail.

"Gospel-dope" has a variant in "soul-grub," and it is purveyed by a "gospel-shark," a "devil-dodger," or "fire-escape" who, if tall, figures as a "fathom of righteousness."

On the other side of the Rockies, in the mining camps, all men are divided into two great classes. Here you are either a chee-chaco or a sour-dough. "Chee-chaco" is pure Chinook for "newly-arrived," and carries with it all the slighting reference which attaches to the uninitiated. The "sour-dough" is the man who has "got next" to the conditions which obtain. In the early days of the Yukon every man was his own bread-maker and hard experience taught him to keep ever on hand a "chunk" of sour dough as "rising" for his next batch of life's staff. On stampeding to a new camp, when the rush was made stealthily between the dark and the daylight, that precious lump of dough, worth its weight in "dust," was the one household god which must *not* be left behind.

Above all else, if the new arrival in a cattle town values his peace of mind, he must avoid all reference to his former greatness. There must not be any "bloomin' post-mortems," no yearning backward glance toward that imperial palace whence he came. No questioning look must fall upon the bed of spruce boughs. The rude cow-puncher is so apt to say, "Get onto the Johnny who forgot to bring his goose-hair mattress with 'im from blarsted Piccadilly. 'Ow careless!" And it will be well for the traveller from over-seas to show early in the story his ability to pay cash in the wayside inn that he may patronize. Otherwise the "genial proprietor" (proprietors according to the Western press are all "genial") will take him hurriedly to the door of the bar-room and show him the bleached jaw-bone of an ox which, with its black-painted "NO," takes the place of "God Bless Our Home" in prairie hosteleries. This forceful drawing-room motto is the Western equivalent of "*Le Sieur Crédit est mort*," the delicate warning of the Burgundian inns of the Middle Ages.

The new Western verb active to

caché harks back to the old days of the fur-trader and *voyageur*. Now, anything put in a safe place is *cachéd*. Indians on the coast *caché* dog-salmon against the proverbial rainy day, and their fathers and grandfathers *cachéd* their dead and nearly dead in mortuary biscuit boxes high up on lone trees of Douglas pine in days of the long ago.

If a friend asks you to "dig up," his phrase has origin in the early gold camps, when the "dust" was buried for safe-keeping in the mud floor of

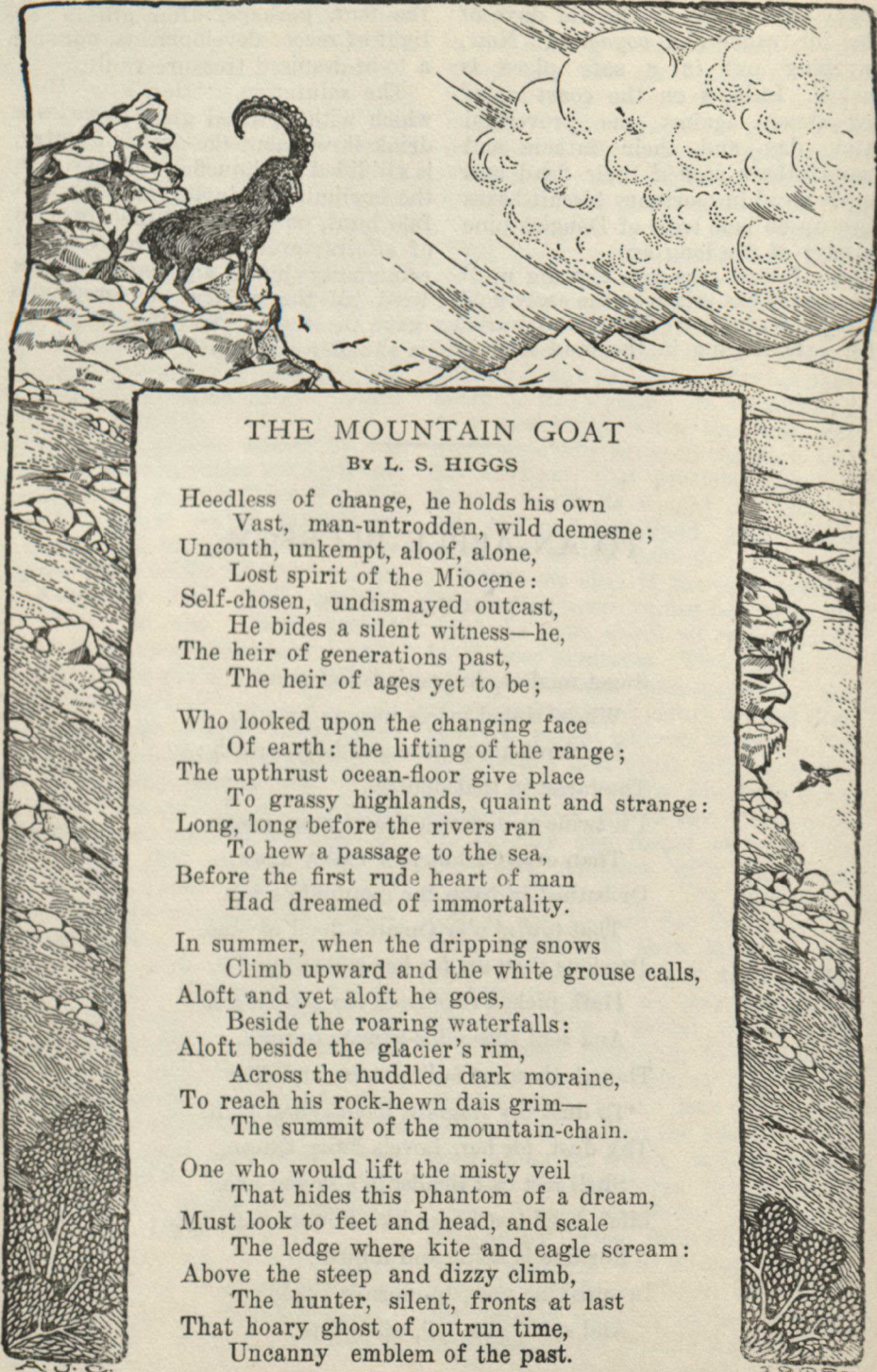
the tent, perhaps, after all, in the light of recent developments, not such a to-be-despised treasure vault.

The salutation, "Here's a Ho," which with uplifted glass precedes a drink throughout the prairie country, is solidified (or liquefied) history. "In the beginning," during any big buffalo hunt, one man had the direction of affairs; every buffalo hunt was a community hunt, and no shot was fired till the master of ceremonies gave the word. And that word was a thunderous "Ho!"

TO AN APPLE BLOSSOM

By PERCY A. GAHAN

Sweet modest, fragrant, faded gem,
 Whose tinted petals incense breathe,
 In friendship's pure and holy wreath;
 The rarest in that diadem,
 I'll twine thee now a flower more sweet
 Than ever Cashmere's Valley knew,
 Or bathed in balm the mountain's feet
 That tow'rs o'er Oman's flood of blue.
 Precious thou art for her whose hand
 Hath picked thee from thy parent tree
 And sent thee odor-winged to me.
 Though thou art fading now, and e'en
 To dust thy fragrant bloom shall turn,
 Thy dust, for her, Love's Fairy Queen,
 Shall rest in Friendship's sacred urn.
 Life's brightest hopes like flowers must fade;
 Fortune is fickle and unjust:
 In sunshine now, to-morrow shade;
 And soon, alas, all, all is dust.



THE MOUNTAIN GOAT

BY L. S. HIGGS

Heedless of change, he holds his own
Vast, man-untrudged, wild demesne;
Uncouth, unkempt, aloof, alone,
Lost spirit of the Miocene:
Self-chosen, undismayed outcast,
He bides a silent witness—he,
The heir of generations past,
The heir of ages yet to be;

Who looked upon the changing face
Of earth: the lifting of the range;
The upthrust ocean-floor give place
To grassy highlands, quaint and strange:
Long, long before the rivers ran
To hew a passage to the sea,
Before the first rude heart of man
Had dreamed of immortality.

In summer, when the dripping snows
Climb upward and the white grouse calls,
Aloft and yet aloft he goes,
Beside the roaring waterfalls:
Aloft beside the glacier's rim,
Across the huddled dark moraine,
To reach his rock-hewn dais grim—
The summit of the mountain-chain.

One who would lift the misty veil
That hides this phantom of a dream,
Must look to feet and head, and scale
The ledge where kite and eagle scream:
Above the steep and dizzy climb,
The hunter, silent, fronts at last
That hoary ghost of outrun time,
Uncanny emblem of the past.

ST. IVES: IMPRESSIONS

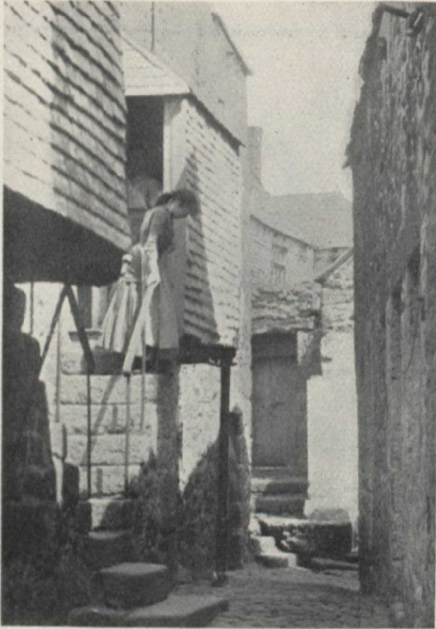
BY MARY KEEGAN



T. IVES, so widely known by its group of acknowledged painters, by their work which year after year hangs in the exhibits of

at least two continents, is not loitering at this moment, when all over the face of the globe the artist-painter is making preparation to "send in." St. Ives is immortal, with its tawny-canvassed mackerel boats snug in the mellow harbor; its circling gulls with their sharp cry, hither, thither, ever on the watch; St. Ives, aloof, remote, indifferent, letting the world go by. Beautiful, very beautiful, even on this grim day when a nor'-nor'-westerly gale is blowing the incoming tide back from the sand, is the irregular, quiet-toned pile of old houses that meets me as I look out across the harbor, backed by the cool green hill which is called the "Island," a favorite spot for spreading the brown fishing nets to dry. On its summit, against the sky, is what is left of the round ruin of the ancient chapel of St. Nicholas, where the brave St. Ia (Ives) was massacred in the fifth century, after bringing with her from Ireland the faith of St. Patrick. Two or three years ago the Admiralty ordered that the little ruin, a beacon to the seafarer all along the coast, should be pulled down. Operations were begun.

The people were in a frenzy. Petitions were sent up. After much of the tower had been demolished the Admiralty desisted, regretted, and gave permission for it to be rebuilt. This has not yet been done, and it is doubtful whether it ever will be. The loosened stones remain lying about the base of the ruin. It makes a good illustration of the temperament of the people: a *mélange* of Celt and Western Mediterranean, which even the influence of Wesley has not been able to practicalize. And Wesley is strongly felt about here—or perhaps it would be well to say commemorated—judging more especially by the number of chapels which blot the otherwise picturesque and "foreign" character of the place. But the wild nature of the surrounding moorland remains undisturbed, except, here and there, a rude and ruined mine-shaft half-way up a bouldered, gorse-clad tor, like a clenched hand with the forefinger pointing skyward. Lower down one is often struck by the naive incongruity of a flourishing cabbage-patch snugly tucked in between the hoary walls of some prehistoric stronghold. And the color of these moorlands! Gorse and heather and braken and ling, fighting to hold their own, soaring in a wilderness of tone upward across the sky, and downward, spreading out to the edge of the cliffs, showing purple and gold and russet and green against the limpid sapphire of the sea. It makes one shout—the bare thought of it!



A CORNER OF ST. IVES

Sound has its place in this medley of beauty. The wind wildly shrieking, sobbing, whispering, yelling, in and out through the giant, prehistoric stones, like the children of gods at play on the hill-tops; or purring in the gorse and braken on the hill-side; or like the souls of mad musicians forming a frenzied orchestra of strings in the blackthorn of the hedge-rows. This land of mysticism should create some new poet of sound and send us a master of mystical music inspired in our own land.

It was the color which first attracted men of the brush. Who the first was is not known. Whistler and Zorn, among others, have become associated with the early days of the artist here, and within the last twenty years painters of all nationalities, remote and famous, have found their way to St. Ives at one time or another. And coming once, they come again. There is an allurements about the very atmosphere, a never-ending changefulness, a passion of moods, stormy and tender, soft and lovable, cruel and wild,

that keep it wrapped in an everlasting charm. For some the open sea and the wide horizon, or the stretches of yellow sand and the wonderful tones of the incoming surf; for others the semi-circle of the harbor, flanked by its piers, and in between a forest of masts, surmounted by the watchful gull, against the background of soft-toned, rising houses, while stretched out before them are intimate and many-colored household garments flapping and buffeting the wind.

There is so much under all circumstances and of every character for all who can feel and see and use a brush or pen, that it is difficult enough to know where to begin, and impossible to know where to end. This *embarras de richesse* has been the cause of the conversion of every available loft for the housing of nets, and, indeed, even cellars for the curing of pilchards, into some sort of studio. These studios number sixty or eighty in all. There is an *entente cordiale* between the fishermen and the painters. Sometimes the painters go a-fishing and the fishermen a-posing.

Thanks to the Great Western Railway, St. Ives is beginning to be regarded as a "resort," and in summer—August particularly—the painter and the fisherman succumb to the "visitor." Then it is that the fisherman's wife earns her cottage rent for the year by letting lodgings, and the resident painter shuts up his house, or lets it furnished, and wanders into Picardy or the Barbizon country, or elsewhere. Then it is that the "visitor" comes like a horde, yet civilized enough to demoralize the fisher-folk with tips, and with *backshsheesh* make mendicants of the fisherman's children.

In the autumn the painter returns. Happily for him, the herring fleet begins operations then too. It has done much to lure him to St. Ives. It has the beauty of movement and change, of form and color, of grouping in

the most marvellous manner, of dozing, apparently, quiet and motionless, its "barked" sails throwing deep reflections on the still or undulating water. And its fishermen are not the least note in its beauty: picturesque in type, their weather-beaten sou'westers, barked canvas "jumpers," and tall rubber boots reaching to the thigh. Like all who deal with the sea, they are simple, civil and self-respecting. They have musical voices and a persuasive dialect. They are deeply religious and, for the most part, temperate. They know, too, all there is to know about their own profession, and have a word or two to say on simple ethics. One day I was deploring to my fisherman-landlord my lack of knowledge of the compass, the tides, the moon, in all of which he was vainly striving to educate me. At last he said: "You do belong to have a map on your study wall."

"Yes," said I, "I have: the map of mid-Europe."

"You do know all there is to know about it?" he asked.

"About the map—I know something, yes," I assented, dubiously.

"Well," he answered, "it be as big a riddle to me, that there map, as the sea do be to 'ee."

It was a tactful manner of restoring me to my sense of dignity.

"They artises," as the fisher-folk call the painters, form a very conservative group, particularly those who make St. Ives a hub of the universe. Many of them have built beautiful houses with large studios attached. And they are exclusive, even in these democratic days. Nevertheless, among them are men whose work is widely known, such as Ohlsson, Arnesby Brown, A.R.A., Fuller, Milner, Deacon, Bromley, Schofield, Dyer, Freyborg, Titeomb, Grier, Tom Robertson, J. A. Park, and other names known to more than one continent.

Soon after my arrival I went into the studio of the sculptor, Mrs. Bainsmith. On entering, my eye became



A PEEP AT THE FISHING BOATS, ST. IVES

riveted upon a statuette in bronze of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. Farther down the room was a life-size bust of Sir Charles Tupper. To meet without ceremony, and on the same occasion, two of Canada's greatest men — even in bronze — three hundred and some odd miles from London, on the one hand, and three thousand from their own country, on the other hand, in an art centre so far removed from politics, was a delightful surprise from which I have not yet recovered. Their company was good — albeit in *terre cuite*: the late Professor Newman, a brother to the Cardinal, and the late Canon Ainger, Master of the Temple, whose recent *Memoirs* have created so much interest. But an element less grave was growing rapidly in their midst, from a clod of clay into a living being, under the fingers of Mrs. Bainsmith: a portrait-bust of Fergus Hume, author of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*.

The Arts Club, a characteristic and convivial institution, was founded a good many years ago, in the studio



THE HARBOR, ST. IVES

of Mr. Louis Grier, which was for some time used as the club. Mr. Wylie Grier—then of St. Ives, now of Toronto—was one of the founders, together with Mr. Louis Grier, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Adrian Stokes, and Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb. The club has long since moved from its birthplace, and has converted a large packing loft into its present agreeable quarters. The growth of *feminisme* has permitted women to become members as well. And exponents of all the arts—as the name of the club signifies—are welcomed within the walls, with the exception of those of the noble art of acting. This surprising prejudice, however, does not prevent members from sometimes straying into the paths of the actor—in an amateur way—and recently a very laudable performance was given us: a one-act “tragedy,” by Bernard Shaw, entitled *Passion, Poison, and Petrefaction, or The Fatal Gazogene*. A clever poster relative to this was drawn by the marine painter, Mr. Edmund Fuller.

As in all places of the kind, there are the nomads, who appear and dis-

appear and reappear again and again. Alfred East, R.A., comes down from time to time, and many another painter of note, especially in the winter. Writers, as well: Morley Roberts, Lewis Hind, Charles Marriott, best known by his book, *The Column*, is a resident. Guy Thorne, author of *When It Was Dark*, wrote it and other books down here. *A Little Moorland Princess*, by Mr. F. Stokes, who is almost a resident, was written here. Mr. Elkington, author of *Adrift In New Zealand*, has come down to write another book. Havelock Ellis, the well-known scientist, finds inspiration on the moors; while Mrs. Ellis has written, among other things, two works of fiction on the Cornish people. J. J. Campbell, of “New Theology” fame, has become a familiar figure here of late.

In England St. Ives is unique. Show day, so near at hand, will bring many people interested in art on a tour of inspection round the studios, and a procession from early morning till late afternoon will climb rickety stairs to admire and criticize the works to be “sent in” to the Academy.

The beauty of old St. Ives cannot well be effaced, but now that the tin mines, neglected for many years, are beginning to be worked again, the beauty of the moorland will suffer in parts. The dull thud of the engine-

pump will discord with the mystical music of the place; but there are great tracts between filled with the honey-scent of the gorse flower, where one may be alone with nature, ravished by her sights and scents and sounds.



GRAY AND GREEN

A GLIMPSE OF LAKE ONTARIO FROM A BALCONY

BY AMY PARKINSON

Green in the middle distance, like
 A shining beryl floor;
 Gray where it met the gray-blue sky,
 Gray where it touched the shore.

Green and gray in the cool, soft tones
 Of a varying spring-time day,
 With now and again, where a sunbeam fell,
 A topaz glint on the gray.

Then a sudden change,—and white gleams,
 like pearls,
 All over the waters seen—
 As a swift-winged wind came rushing down
 And ruffled both gray and green.

THE STORY OF A LUTHERAN MADONNA

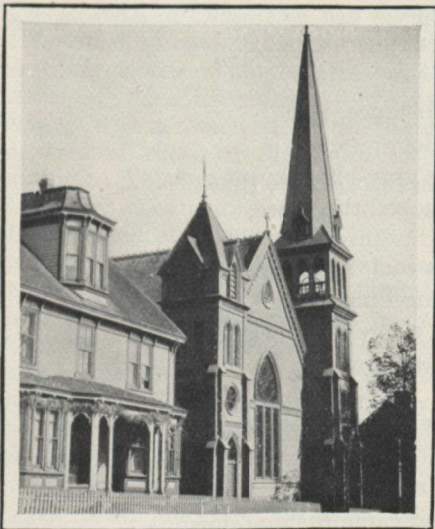
BY LUCY CREIGHTON

THROUGHOUT the course of human history, after any great conquests, when the victors divide the spoil, the most desirable of all the booty seem to be objects of religious veneration. One of the most valued of national possessions—the sacred Stone of Scone—was thus stolen away from Scotland by the victorious first Edward. And just as Belshazzar and his lords made merry drinking from the gold and silver vessels from the Temple at Jerusalem, these trophies have often been put to strange and alien uses. When different peoples in turn come by the right of might to be rulers of any country,

the altars and temples of the old religion are often made to serve for the new. For example, there is the mosque of St. Sophia in Constantinople; built by the Christian Emperor Justinian, who gathered the materials from the remains of nearly every temple of ancient paganism in his empire.

From Constantinople to Canada is a far cry, but in a little Nova Scotian town may be seen a somewhat similar meeting of an old faith with a new. Listen now to the story of a madonna made by Frenchmen, used in the Church of Rome, captured by British red-coats as a trophy of war, and set by German Lutherans in their church, there to gaze day by day with scorn and hatred at the figure of the insolent heretic Martin Luther.

At the close of the seventeenth century the leaders of the great game of nations in Europe were England and France. In that game the province which is now Nova Scotia was a helpless pawn, and in its moves the blood of the brave settlers was spilled like water. Having granted Acadie to England by the peace of Utrecht, upon the renewal of hostilities, France looked about her for a suitable situation for a sea-port stronghold. She selected the splendid harbor on the shore of the beautiful Isle Royale, and the result was the renowned fortress of Louisburg, the key to the St. Lawrence, the Dunkirk of America, a menace to the English colonies in Acadie



LUTHERAN CHURCH AT LUNENBURG, N.S.



HISTORIC BELL IN THE LUTHERAN CHURCH
AT LUNENBURG, N.S.



REVERSE SIDE OF BELL, SHOWING THE
OUTLINES OF THE MADONNA

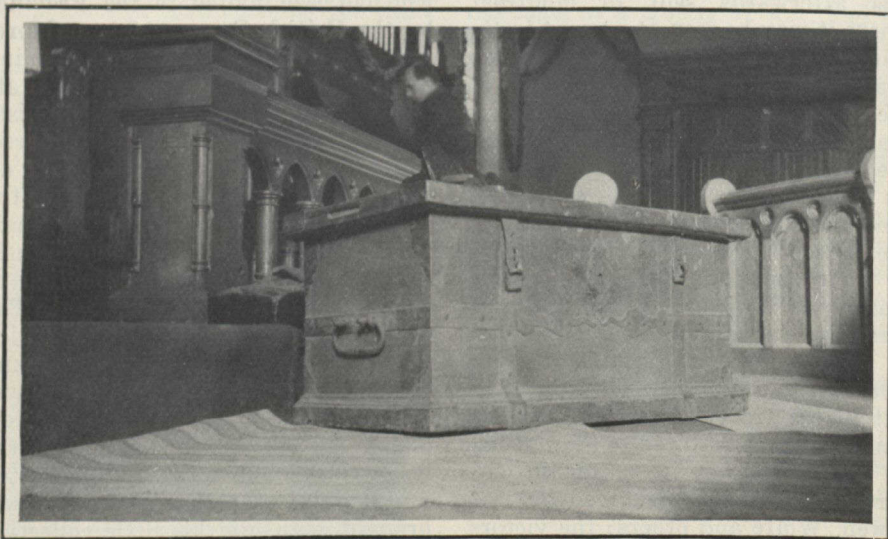
and New England and an outpost of defence for the French of Upper Canada. This place with its well-nigh impregnable defences, equipped with a garrison of several thousand men, became one of the proudest of French possessions, and there one day arrived from France the first church bells to be brought to Canada. The smaller was afterwards sent to Montreal, where it may be seen at present in the *Chateau de Ramezay*. But the other, bearing upon one side a cross and on the other *La Vierge et son Fils*, was placed in a chapel. And there while the Lilies of France floated over-head, its sweet tone called the soldiers of the garrison to pray for the spread of the true Church and the confusion of their enemies. But, alas for human pride! Twice the Lilies of France came ingloriously down and the Lion of England went triumphantly up. The first capture took place in 1745, but in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, Louisburg was restored to the French. In 1758, however, it was again captured by a fleet commanded by Boscawen, Wolfe and others; the victors, fearing to lose again the bone of con-

tention, destroyed it, and Louisburg became a heap of ruins. The bell with other spoils was taken to Halifax, where it lay hidden for nearly twenty years in a warehouse, from which obscurity it emerged, to be carried to Lunenburg.

Now Lunenburg was a town composed for the most part of Germans who had been invited to the Province by the British Government, and provided with grants of land, farming implements, the protection of the State and the ministrations of the Established Church, which were considered suitable for British subjects. But although these Germans in crossing the ocean to found new homes for their families had willingly changed their nationality, they had no intention of changing one iota of their creed. The district of Lunenburg from which they came and from which they named their town was one of the most strongly Protestant districts in Germany, and they belonged not to the lower classes but to the more educated middle classes. Nearly every man brought with him his little collection of devotional books, many of which

may still be seen. Sometimes they are reverently preserved by the present generation; sometimes they are found, worm-eaten and covered with dust, in a corner of some attic, bearing mute witness to the piety and staunch Protestantism of their owners. These were the sort of men to make honest and loyal citizens, but not the sort to meekly accept the services of the Church of England, especially when conducted in a language they could not understand. Accordingly, after the first few years they became dissatisfied with the Established Church. They clamored for their own *Kirche*, they demanded *ein Prediger*. Failing to obtain their petitions from a slow-moving government that could not understand their prejudice, they set about to supply them for themselves. They hewed timbers and built a church, exacting from each man his due share of labor or of expense; and while they built they sent letter after letter to Philadelphia, beseeching the Lutheran church in that city to send them a pastor. When at last the pastor came, the new church was dedicated as Zion's Church, and before long the zealous

congregation, to make it complete, sent to Halifax and bought the old bell that had come from Louisburg. Nothing daunted by the Cross and the Virgin, the good Lutherans hung it in the belfry, and there it must often have echoed to the strains of *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*—that bell which had last rung to summon armed men in that "mighty fortress" whose fame was so short-lived. It was paid for by contributions of some shillings each, the original list of which may be seen neatly written in a long calf-bound book at the Lutheran parsonage in Lunenburg at the present time. The whole price was £27 16s. 5d., and the number of contributors 115. There may also be seen in Lunenburg the money chest in which these contributions were probably placed for safe-keeping. This chest is of oak, black with age, inscribed with armorial bearings rudely burnt in poker-work, the pyrography of the seventeenth century, and strengthened with heavy iron bands and lock. It came from Germany with the settlers, and was used as a receptacle for the revenue of the



OLD OAK MONEY CHEST IN THE LUTHERAN CHURCH AT LUNENBURG, N.S.

church in the absence of banks, which at that time were not an ornament in every thriving hamlet.

It would seem that the madonna, although placed in such uncongenial surroundings, would be, as the property of a congregation of farmers and workmen, at least safe from the sound of war and strife, and would stand in no danger of being again carried away. But it was destined to play a part in still another siege. Having settled their religious disputes, the town of Lunenburg was confronted by a fear more alarming than the loss of cherished doctrines, the same fear which gripped all the settlements in our provinces — the Yankee privateers. The American Revolution had begun; England and the colonies were now at war, and a number of these privateers were coasting around our shores, with the object of plundering and spoiling the towns, which could only strengthen the defences, and watch and pray. The memory of those troublous times has come down the years, handed from father to son, and we in our present time of peace and security may often hear stories of those seven years, when the colonists lived in daily fear of at least the destruction of their homes so lately claimed from the wilderness. A written testimony to the state of affairs in Lunenburg is to be found in the records of the Anglican Church, where the baptism of a child is recorded in 1777, and below is jotted a note saying that the child was baptized without sponsors and in great haste, owing to the alarm of a privateer. At last, in July, 1782, the long-dreaded came, in the shape of three American vessels. The defenders were so taken by surprise that almost before they knew of their approach, the Americans, or "rebells," as they are called in an account written by a townsman of 1782, had overrun the place. They seized all the batteries and spiked

the guns, taking the defenders prisoners, and then, according to the old chronicle, "they fell a plundering the chief houses and the shops, which they cleared all." When things looked so hopeless, the townspeople, in despair, fled or hid themselves. The Lutherans were not behind the others in flight, but before they went, thinking the Yankees might want to add to their loot the bell which their countrymen had helped to capture, they took it out of the tower, carried it down a steep hill and sank it safe from sight in the waters of the Back Harbour. The *Prediger* of that year, who had just arrived from Germany, showed himself more valiant than his flock in resisting the enemy; not, however, with their own weapons, but with earnest expostulations delivered in German and broken English. His efforts were met with laughter and derision, and he himself was pinioned hand and foot and left lying in the church square. Having taken everything of value they could lay their hands on, destroyed much property and also, according to tradition, having extorted from the chief citizens a mortgage on the town for one thousand pounds, the invaders sailed away. Then when all fear of its capture was over, the burgers came forth from their hiding places and hoisted to its place again the bell which, according to the record, was so dearly bought. The record remains, but the men are gone. Many of the names are gone also, and the old church with them. But the bell survives, and any who will climb a long and dizzy flight of steps in the present Zion's Church will see one of the two oldest bells in Canada. On one side is the Cross and on the other the Virgin, looking ever scornfully downward at the painted window where stands Martin Luther, while below him are written the famous words by which he made his stand of heretical rebellion, *Hier stehe ich, ich kann nicht ander, Gott helfe mich!*

THE DOCTOR'S SWEETHEART

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

JUST because I am an old woman outwardly it doesn't follow that I am one inwardly. Hearts don't grow old—or shouldn't. Mine hasn't, I am thankful to say. It bounded like a girl's with delight when I saw Doctor John and Marcella Barry drive past this afternoon. If the doctor had been my own son I couldn't have felt more real pleasure in his happiness. I'm only an old lady who can do little but sit by her window and knit, but eyes were made for seeing, and I use mine for that purpose. When I see the good and beautiful things—and a body need never look for the other kind, you know — the things God planned from the beginning and brought about in spite of the counter plans and schemes of men, I feel such a deep joy that I'm glad, even at seventy-five, to be alive in a world where such things come to pass. And if ever God meant and made two people for each other, those people were Doctor John and Marcella Barry; and that is what I always tell folks who come here commenting on the difference in their ages. "Old enough to be her father," sniffed Mrs. Riddell to me the other day. I didn't say anything to Mrs. Riddell. I just looked at her. I presume my face expressed what I felt pretty clearly. How any woman can live for sixty years in the world, as Mrs. Riddell has, a wife and mother at that, and not get some realization of the beauty and general satisfactoriness of a real and abiding love, is

something I cannot understand and never shall be able to.

Nobody in Bridgeport believed that Marcella would ever come back, except Doctor John and me—not even her Aunt Sara. I've heard people laugh at me when I said I knew she would; but nobody minds being laughed at when she is sure of a thing, and I was as sure that Marcella Barry would come back as that the sun rose and set. I hadn't lived beside her for eight years to know so little about her as to doubt her. Neither had Doctor John.

Marcella was only eight years old when she came to live in Bridgeport. Her father, Chester Barry, had just died. Her mother, who was a sister of Miss Sara Bryant, my next door neighbor, had been dead for four years. Marcella's father left her to the guardianship of his brother, Richard Barry; but Miss Sara pleaded so hard to have the little girl that the Barrys consented to let Marcella live with her aunt until she was sixteen. Then, they said, she would have to go back to them, to be properly educated and take the place of her father's daughter in *his* world. For, of course, it is a fact that Miss Sara Bryant's world was and is a very different one from Chester Barry's world. As to which side the difference favors, that isn't for me to say. It all depends on your standard of what is really worth while, you know.

So Marcella came to live with us in Bridgeport. I say "us" advisedly.

She slept and ate in her aunt's house, but every house in the village was a home to her; for, with all our little disagreements and diverse opinions, we are really all one big family, and everybody feels an interest in and a good working affection for everybody else. Besides, Marcella was one of those children whom everybody loves at sight, and keeps on loving. One long, steady gaze from those big grayish-blue black-lashed eyes of hers went right into your heart and stayed there.

She was a pretty child and as good as she was pretty. It was the right sort of goodness, too, with just enough spice of original sin in it to keep it from spoiling by reason of over-sweetness. She was a frank, loyal, brave little thing, even at eight, and wouldn't have said or done a mean or false thing to save her life.

She and I were right good friends from the beginning. She loved me and she loved her Aunt Sara; but from the very first her best and deepest affection went out to Doctor John Haven, who lived in the big brick house on the other side of Miss Sara's.

Doctor John was a Bridgeport boy, and when he got through college he came right home and settled down here, with his widowed mother. The Bridgeport girls were fluttered, for eligible young men were scarce in our village; there was considerable setting of caps, I must say that, although I despise ill-natured gossip; but neither the caps nor the wearers thereof seemed to make any impression on Doctor John. Mrs. Riddell said that he was a born old bachelor; I suppose she based her opinion on the fact that Doctor John was always a quiet, bookish fellow, who didn't care a button for society, and had never been guilty of a flirtation in his life. I knew Doctor John's heart far better than Martha Riddell could know anybody's; and I knew there was nothing of the old bachelor in his nature. He just had to wait for the right

woman, that was all, not being able to content himself with less as some men can and do. If she never came Doctor John would never marry; but he wouldn't be an old bachelor for all that.

He was thirty when Marcella came to Bridgeport—a tall, broad-shouldered man with a mane of thick brown curls and level, dark hazel eyes. He walked with a little stoop, his hands clasped behind him; and he had the sweetest, deepest voice. Spoken music, if ever a voice was. He was kind and brave and gentle, but a little distant and reserved with most people. Everybody in Bridgeport liked him, but only a very few ever passed the inner gates of his confidence or were admitted to any share in his real life. I am proud to say I was one; I think it is something for an old woman to boast of.

Doctor John was always fond of children, and they of him. It was natural that he and little Marcella should take to each other. He had the most to do with bringing her up, for Miss Sara consulted him in everything. Marcella was not hard to manage for the most part; but she had a will of her own, and when she did set it up in opposition to the powers that were nobody but the doctor could influence her at all; she never resisted him or disobeyed his wishes.

Marcella was one of those girls who develop early. I suppose her constant association with us elderly folks had something to do with it, too. But, at fifteen, she was a woman, loving, beautiful, and spirited.

And Doctor John loved her—loved the woman, not the child. I knew it before he did—but not, as I think, before Marcella did, for those young, straight-gazing eyes of hers were wonderfully quick to read into other peoples' hearts. I watched them together and saw the love growing between them, like a strong, fair, perfect flower, whose fragrance was to endure for eternity. Miss Sara saw

it, too, and was half pleased and half worried; even Miss Sara thought the Doctor too old for Marcella; and besides, there were the Barrys to be reckoned with. Those Barrys were the nightmare dread of poor Miss Sara's life.

The time came when Doctor John's eyes were opened. He looked into his own heart and read there what life had written for him. As he told me long afterwards, it came to him with a shock that left him white-lipped. But he was a brave, sensible fellow and he looked the matter squarely in the face. First of all, he put away to one side all that the world might say; the thing concerned solely him and Marcella, and the world had nothing to do with it. That disposed of, he asked himself soberly if he had a right to try to win Marcella's love. He decided that he had not; it would be taking an unfair advantage of her youth and inexperience. He knew that she must soon go to her father's people—she must not go bound by any ties of his making. Doctor John, for Marcella's sake, gave the decision against his own heart.

So much did Doctor John tell me, his old friend and confidant. I said nothing and gave no advice, not having lived seventy-five years for nothing. I knew that Doctor John's decision was manly and right and fair; but I also knew it was all nullified by the fact that Marcella already loved him.

So much I knew; the rest I was left to suppose. The Doctor and Marcella told me much, but there were some things too sacred to be told, even to me. So that to this day I don't know how the doctor found out that Marcella loved him. All I know is that one day, just a month before her sixteenth birthday, the two came hand in hand to Miss Sara and me, as we sat on Miss Sara's veranda in the twilight, and told us simply that they had plighted their troth to each other.

I looked at them standing there

with that wonderful sunrise of life and love on their faces—the doctor, tall and serious, with a sprinkle of silver in his brown hair and the smile of a happy man on his lips—Marcella, such a slip of a girl, with her black hair in a long braid and her lovely face all dewed over with tears and sunned over with smiles—I, an old woman, looked at them and thanked the good God for them and their delight.

Miss Sara laughed and cried and kissed — and forboded what the Barrys would do. Her forebodings proved only too true. When the doctor wrote to Richard Barry, Marcella's guardian, asking his consent to their engagement, Richard Barry promptly made trouble — the very worst kind of trouble. He descended on Bridgeport and completely overwhelmed poor Miss Sara in his wrath. He laughed at the idea of countenancing an engagement between a child like Marcella and an obscure country doctor. And he carried Marcella off with him!

She had to go, of course. He was her legal guardian and he would listen to no pleadings. He didn't know anything about Marcella's character, and he thought that a new life out in the great world would soon blot out her fancy.

After the first outburst of tears and prayers Marcella took it very calmly, as far as outward eye could see. She was as cool and dignified and stately as a young queen. On the night before she went away she came over to say good-bye to me. She did not even shed any tears, but the look in her eyes told of bitter hurt. "It is good-bye for five years, Miss Tranquil," she said steadily. "When I am twenty-one I will come back. That is the only promise I can make. They will not let me write to John or Aunt Sara and I will do nothing underhanded. But I will not forget and I will come back."

Richard Barry would not even let

her see Doctor John alone again. She had to bid him good-bye beneath the cold, contemptuous eyes of the man of the world. So there was just a hand-clasp and one long deep look between them that was tenderer than any kiss and more eloquent than any words.

"I will come back when I am twenty-one," said Marcella. And I saw Richard Barry smile.

So Marcella went away and in all Bridgeport there were only two people who believed she would ever return. There is no keeping a secret in Bridgeport, and everybody knew all about the love affair between Marcella and the doctor and about the promise she had made. Everybody sympathized with the doctor because everybody believed he had lost his sweetheart.

"For of course she'll never come back," said Mrs. Riddell to me. "She's only a child and she'll soon forget him. She's to be sent to school and taken abroad and between times she'll live with the Richard Barrys; and they move, as everyone knows, in the very highest and gayest circles. I'm sorry for the doctor, though. A man of his age doesn't get over a thing like that in a hurry and he was perfectly silly over Marcella. But it really serves him right for falling in love with a child."

There are times when Martha Riddell gets on my nerves. She's a good-hearted woman, and she means well; but she rasps—rasps terribly.

Even Miss Sara exasperated me. But then she had her excuse. The child she loved as her own had been torn from her and it almost broke her heart. But even so, I thought she ought to have had a little more faith in Marcella.

"Oh, no, she'll never come back," sobbed Miss Sara. "Yes, I know she promised. But they'll wean her away from me. She'll have such a gay, splendid life she'll not want to come back. Five years is a lifetime at her

age. No, don't try to comfort me, Miss Tranquil, because I *won't* be comforted!"

When a person has made up her mind to be miserable you just have to *let* her be miserable.

I almost dreaded to see Doctor John for fear he would be in despair, too, without any confidence in Marcella. But when he came I saw I needn't have worried. The light had all gone out of his eyes, but there was a calm, steady patience in them.

"She will come back to me, Miss Tranquil," he said. "I know what people are saying, but that does not trouble me. They do not know Marcella as I do. She promised and she will keep her word—keep it joyously and gladly, too. If I did r^enow that I would not wish its fulfillment. When she is free she will turn her back on that brilliant world and all it offers her and come back to me. My part is to wait and believe."

So Doctor John waited and believed. After a little while the excitement died away and people forgot Marcella. We never heard from or about her, except a paragraph now and then in the society columns of the city paper the doctor took. We knew she was sent to school for three years; then the Barrys took her abroad. She was presented at court. When the doctor read this—he was with me at the time—he put his hand over his eyes and sat very silent for a long time. I wondered if at last some momentary doubt had crept into his mind—if he did not fear that Marcella must have forgotten him. The paper told of her triumph and her beauty and hinted at a titled match. Was it probable or even possible that she would be faithful to him after all this?

The doctor must have guessed my thoughts, for at last he looked up with a smile.

"She will come back," was all he said. But I saw that the doubt, if doubt it were, had gone. I watched

him as he went away, that tall, gentle, kindly-eyed man, and I prayed that his trust might not be misplaced; for if it should be it would break his heart.

Five years seems a long time in looking forward. But they pass quickly. One day I remembered that it was Marcella's twenty-first birthday. Only one other person thought of it. Even Miss Sara did not. Miss Sara remembered Marcella only as a child that had been loved and lost. Nobody else in Bridgeport thought about her at all. The doctor came in that evening. He had a rose in his buttonhole and he walked with a step as light as a boy's.

"She is free to-day," he said. "We shall have her again, Miss Tranquil."

"Do you think she will be the same?" I said.

I don't know what made me say it. I hate to be one of those people who throw cold water on other peoples' hopes. But it slipped out before I thought. I suppose the doubt had been vaguely troubling me always, under all my faith in Marcella, and now made itself felt in spite of me.

But the doctor only laughed.

"How could she be changed?" he said. "Some women might be—most women would be—but not Marcella. Dear Miss Tranquil, don't spoil your beautiful record of confidence by doubting her now. We shall have her again soon—how soon I don't know, for I don't even know where she is, whether in the old world or the new—but just as soon as she can come to us."

We said nothing more—neither of us. But every day the light in the doctor's eyes grew brighter and deeper and tenderer. He never spoke of Marcella, but I knew she was in his thoughts every moment. He was much calmer than I was. I trembled when the postman knocked, jumped when the gate latch clicked, and fairly had a cold chill if I saw a telegraph boy

running down the street.

One evening, a fortnight later, I went over to see Miss Sara. She was out somewhere, so I sat down in her little sitting room to wait for her. Presently the doctor came in and we sat in the soft twilight, talking a little now and then, but silent when we wanted to be, as becomes real friendship. It was such a beautiful evening. Outside in Miss Sara's garden the roses were white and red, and sweet with dew; the honeysuckle at the window sent in delicious breaths now and again; a few sleepily birds were twittering; between the trees the sky was all pink and silvery blue and there was an evening star over the elm in my front yard. We heard somebody come through the door and down the hall. I turned, expecting to see Miss Sara—and I saw Marcella! She was standing in the doorway, tall and beautiful, with a ray of sunset light falling athwart her black hair under her travelling hat. She was looking past me at Doctor John and in her splendid eyes was the look of the exile who had come home to her own.

"Marcella!" said the doctor.

I went out by the dining-room door and shut it behind me, leaving them alone together.

The wedding is to be next month. Miss Sara is beside herself with delight. The excitement has been really terrible, and the way people have talked and wondered and exclaimed has almost worn my patience clean out. I've snubbed more persons in the last ten days than I ever did in all my life before.

Nothing of this worries Doctor John or Marcella. They are too happy to care for gossip or outside curiosity. The Barrys are not coming to the wedding, I understand. They refuse to forgive Marcella or countenance her folly, as they call it, in any way. Folly! When I see those two together and realize what they mean to each other I have some humble, reverent idea of what true wisdom is.

A COMPARISON

BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE

THEY might have been ten years old.

The Toronto boy had been in High Park before, and was showing the new boy about. They had left nothing worth gathering on the patches where the wild strawberries make their annual effort at publicity. They had waded in the creek, and chased two squirrels. They had been all over Ellis' ravine and back again, and now something had given out, and they rested on the other side of a tree which had been previously chosen by a student to sit down under. The new boy was a very recent emigrant from that noble Province which has supplied Toronto with mayors for years past.

"Say," began the Canadian, "have you any muskitties in Ireland?"

"Mouse kitties? Any amount. Swarms of 'em."

There was evidently a misunderstanding.

"Well, I never heard that. What are they like?"

"What are yours like?"

"Oh, they bite you. I don't see any now, but they come at night and just eat you."

"Gee! They must be wild. Most of ours are tame, but we wudn't let them in the house at home. Made them stay in the stable."

"But didn't they come in at the windows?"

"Naw, but they used to get up on the roof, an' they wud howl like mad."

"Well, ours don't howl, but they hum before they light on you."

"Do they? We don't call it hummin', an' they do it on us after they light, like this—" and he illustrated with a purring sound. "Is it like that?"

"Something. And don't they bite you?"

"Naw—they make that noise when they are pleased."

"Then what are they pleased at?"

"A doan know. Mebbe because you don't hit them. We chase them sometimes, an' if you get them in a corner they'll spit at you."

"Spit at you? Gee-whizz!"

"Yes, spit at you, an' thy're worse when they've young ones."

"Do they have young ones? Ours lay eggs."

"Get out!"

"They do, but. And they breed in water."

"Ours wudn't go near water, an' they always come in out of the rain."

"Well, them's the funniest muskitties I ever heard of."

"Ours are funniest when they're young. After they open their eyes."

"I guess ours have their eyes open all the time. They can see in the dark, and they go for you in bed. You can hear the noise they make when they're coming, and they stop it when they settle."

"But why can't you keep them out?"

"They can get in anywhere. The screen doors don't seem to bother

them. Dad says they come down the chimney."

"A saw one that come down the chimney once. It was all over soot, an' it scooted for the door, an' my da said it was goin' mad, an' he shot it on the fly as it wos goin' in the byre. It squealed awful."

"They must be big ones if you can shoot them. We just squelch ours. I squelched one last night against the wall. But you couldn't squelch them on the fly. Dad says if you put petroleum oil on the water it will kill 'em so they can't breed."

"Billy Magee put petroleum oil on one's tail one day, an' put a match to it, an' it went up the road like a rocket. It didn't kill it though. But it had no tail after that, for Billy chopped it off with a hatchet, an' it only had a stump. It used to catch rabbits, an' it wud chase birds all over the moss."

"But they're not big enough to catch rabbits?"

"Aren't they, though. They can kill rats like a dowe, an' eat 'em all but the tails. They're puzzhun."

"And are they big enough for you to tell one from another?"

"Ay, sure. The one with the stumpy tail was orange an' black-spotted like a butterfly, an' they're all colors, brown, black, white, gray, an' spotty."

"Have they all tails?"

"Of course they do. When they're

pleased they stick 'em straight up an' rub theirselves again' you. But if you let 'em you'll get fleas on you."

"They haven't fleas on them, have they?"

"Haven't they, though, worse'n a beggar."

"What's that?"

"A man with a bag that wants something to eat."

"Oh, a tramp. But I don't b'lieve you have muskitties like that. Say, aren't you stuffin' me?"

"A'm tellin' you the deed's truth. Troth an' sowl. Sure you have plenty of 'em here, anyway. We're goin' to get one, because my ma says there's too many mice."

"But what's that got to do with muskitties?"

"Sure the kitties kill the mice."

"But I was talking about muskitties."

"An' so was I. Mouse kitties, didn't you say?"

"Oh, rats. I meant muskitties — skeeters. You're talking pussy cats, you duffer."

"Well, that's what you said."

"I didn't."

"You did."

"I didn't."

"Well, anyway, if a daddy-long-legs took to bitin' it wud just fair guzzle you. An' there's plenty of them in Antrim."

This concluded the misunderstanding.



PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

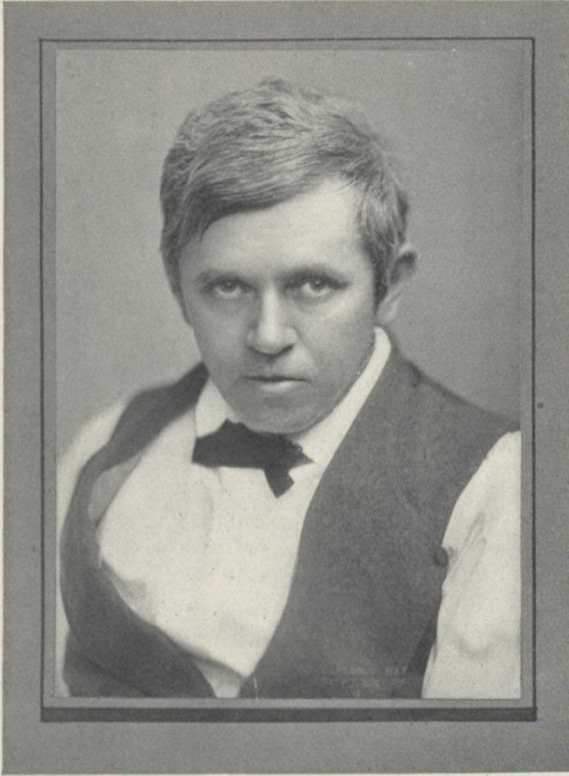
THE persistence of adversity has seldom been more bitterly exemplified than in the fortunes of this ill-fated dramatic season. Failure continued to dog the heels of theatrical effort to the end, and while some of it came as a just rebuke to unchastened mediocrity, other of it reflected quite as forcibly on the taste of the rejecting public. Fortunately, the sombreness of tone complained of in the early season was relieved by a number of bright comedy offerings such as "The Jesters," "The Honor of the Family," "Twenty Days in the Shade"—a typical modern farce—and a revival of an old stage favorite of former days, "Lord Dundreary," with E. H. Sothern, son of the famous original, in the title role. These two latter, seen happily in contrast, offer widely divergent forms of comedy entertainment, and the flight of time could hardly be better illustrated than in the ideas of humor which each represents.

"Twenty Days in the Shade,"—the "shade" by the way, being an agreeable vernacular for *pénitencier*—is the funniest happening since "Mr. Hopkinson." We name "Mr. Hopkinson" because the inspired genius of that performance, Mr. Dallas Welford, was the "genius" of the latter

offering, contributing to its mirth not only his own mirth-provoking presence but a fund of that droll, irresistible and diverting comedy of which he is a master. The gods were surely in a gay mood when they sent this little comedian, this very genius of the comic spirit, into our drab world. Mr. Welford is not starred in this piece as he was in "Hoppy," but his conquest is no less unmistakable and he carries away every scene



Mr. E. H. Sothern and Miss Gladys Hanson,
in "Lord Dundreary"



Mr. David Warfield, in "A Grand Army Man"

by the sheer supremacy of his genius. The piece itself is full of those complications that characterize French farce. An arrest under circumstances that will involve connubial happiness if discovered, the hiring of a substitute to serve the culprit's term, an acquaintance formed during the incarceration between the substitute and an old Cockney offender, "Shorty," who afterward visits his supposed pal, to the further and deeper embarrassment of the aristocratic household (not to mention the safety of its silver), suggest the kind of nonsense of which the fertile plot is woven. If ever a character stepped from the cell to the footlights, this "Shorty" impersonated by Mr. Welford does. Not the least detail of the drawing is lacking, not a gesture, expression or intonation miss-

ing to make the illusion perfect. It is low comedy, if you like, but low comedy touched and refined by the hand of an artist and never pushed beyond the limits of artistic expression.

The vacuous English lord has been "done" so often in one form or another since Tom Taylor's day, that a revival of "Lord Dunderreary," old-fashioned and out of date as it is in construction, seemed a more than questionable enterprise. However, one never knows, and it so happened that this old favorite of stage coach and crinoline days was received with every evidence of appreciation. And the son, moreover, seems to have made as complete a hit in the assinine role as did his father before him. Old playgoers found enjoyment in renewing an old acquaintance—making the inevitable comparisons—while the younger generation sampled with mingled feelings the brand

of their virtuous forefather's entertainment. It had the additional, although perhaps subsidiary, interest of discovering to us the original of many time-honored stage jokes. Mr. Sothern's characterization, which is said to have followed closely the elder Sothern's drawing, was delightfully droll and refined.

His "Don Quixote," in an imposing production of Paul Kester's dramatized version of the famous Cervantes novel, which followed, was a far deeper characterization, however, and artistically stands as one of the best pieces of work this excellent actor has done. The piece itself suffered from over-elaboration, perhaps, from sheer wealth of detail, and was too cumbered verbally and scenically for the average hurrying play-goer. The very richness of the

Cervantes treasure chest makes selection difficult, and this dramatist had not only drawn generously upon the contents, but sketched very minutely some of its florid carving. For the literary student, however, every moment of the entertainment (one can hardly call it a play) bubbled with pure joy. Mr. Sothern's portrait of the central character, in appearance a figure Velasquez might have drawn, touched real greatness. He lends to this prince of dreamers, the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, all the needed dignity, nobility and pathos, adding with finest discrimination, the right touch of the grotesque. One admired, laughed at and loved this Quixote, in turn, and the scene of his vanquishment, when he is carried off in the enchanted cage, touches one's heart peculiarly. The dog-like devotion and fidelity to his master, and the broad peasant humor of *Sancha Pancha*; the squire, were admirably portrayed by Mr. Buckstone.

Prior to this piece, and between the two comedy offerings, Mr. Sothern gave us a sterner but scarcely less convincing portrait in the *Rodion Raskolikoff* of Laurence Irving's "The Fool hath said there is no God," founded on Dostoieffski's "Crime and Punishment." The play presents a gloomily realistic but striking picture of the struggles of the Russian proletariat, in which *Rodion*, a student, comes to the rescue of a helpless girl by slaying the miserly, bestial landlord, who is trying to seduce her on a threat of being turned into the streets. *Rodion's* act strikes the girl with horror, however, instead of gladness, and in this response we have suggested the under-

lying futility of the struggle. Meanwhile suspicion of the murder, which has been clumsily contrived, falls on *Rodion*, who is examined and put through the customary mental torture by the police. He is saved at the psychological moment by the unexpected false confession of a workman, and plans to leave Russia at once, taking the girl and her little charges to a place of freedom. These plans are frustrated, however, by the girl's refusal to accept the proffered boon on such terms. Here the dramatist's courage fails him and the character of *Rodion*, built up at considerable pains, is belied by an unthinkable conversion as the result of a few Scripture texts which the girl reads to him. A good melodrama is thus inconsistently sacrificed to a commonplace preachment.



Mme. Komishaizhevsky, a famous Russian actress seen in New York this season

Of Mr. Sothern's personal success and the consistency of his characterization of the clumsy idealist, and the impressiveness of the entire performance, there can be no doubt. The production failed of public support, however, chiefly, no doubt, because of its gloominess, and Mr. Sothern had to fall back on the more successful "Lord Dundreary."

With this exception his entire New York season would seem to be a record of sacrifice to the finer things in dramatic entertainment. The little evidence of a public demand for this finer thing—for the fine thing in drama at all—or any intelligent appreciation of the glorious art of acting as an art, does not seem to discourage him. He is an artist with the faith and devotion of an artist, and it is just by such faith as his and the sacrifices he is prepared to make for that faith, that the American stage will eventually be saved.

"The Jesters," translated from the French of Miquel Zamacois by John Raphael, is one of those harmonious comminglings of the grotesque and the beautiful familiar to French poetic drama since Victor Hugo. Its story harks back to the days of make-believe, fairy princes, and the world's immortal childhood, that Barrie for one would try to recall. As the prince charming of this play,

Miss Adams has a role not unlike her famous "Peter Pan" in certain fairy-like qualities of romance and adventure. Altogether, the play is an agreeable blend of sentiment, humor and rollicking fun, light, airy and fantastic in form, and furnishing Miss Adams one of those nimble-

witted rôles in which she is ever charming and delightful. For the furtherance of his suit this young prince disguises himself as a jester and visits the castle of a young princess, where, ever ready with a jest or a song, not to say a sword for braggarts, he outbids the other jesters and wins the post of favorite. The fate of the two is, of course, never for a moment in doubt, even before the "hunch" and cloak are discarded and the treasure chest brought in. In Miss Adams' presentation the grotesque was more or less subordinated, no doubt, to the advantage of her own personal charms, but to the sacrifice somewhat of the spirit of the entertaining comedy itself.



Miss Maude Adams, in "The Jester"

"The Honor of the Family" brings Mr. Otis Skinner joyously on the scene in the rôle of the swash-buckling, braggart, bullying but good-natured hero, *Phillipe Bridan*, of Balzac's story "*Menage de Garçon*." The adaptation from the book is made by Emile Fabre, and Paul

Potter is the translator into English. The result is excellent theatrical entertainment in which the wit and resourcefulness of the braggart *Phillipe* are pitted against the designing young ward who, with her lover, are planning to rob *Phillipe's* old miserly uncle of his millions. It is in part the taming of the shrew over again, with *Phillipe* as *Petruchio* and *Flora* as *Katherine*. *Phillipe* has first to ingratiate himself with the uncle, convince him of the design of the ward in whose power he is, kill her unscrupulous lover, and then turn her out. He accomplishes all this with a good deal of incidental merriment, as may be imagined. Audacity and self-confidence, ease and authority are the qualities called for in the chief actor, and these Mr. Skinner portrays convincingly, and with the skill of the admirable artist he is.

"Father and the Boys," by George Ade, is humor of another stripe—a Broadway stripe, if that describes it—but thanks to that sterling eccentric comedy actor, Mr. W. H. Crane, the piece has been raised to a position of considerable importance in the theatrical offerings of the season. The chief character is an indulgent father, multi-millionaire and bit of home-spun, a sort of David Harum, who although refusing to be

drawn into the gay life of the city, himself, looks complacently on his sons' extravagant follies. The result, as the unfailing good friend points out, is that he is getting out of touch with his boys, while the boys, on the other hand, who are also his partners, are becoming anything

but amenable to business pursuits. He therefore resolves to change his methods and catch up with the procession, and in giving the "old boy" his fling, sets a pace that staggers the sons and gives them a genuine concern, not only for the paternal reputation, but for the business he is rapidly neglecting. The experiment, consequently, has the desired effect of bringing the boys to time, and incidentally satirizing the smart set they have been trying to emulate. Mr. Crane is admirably assisted by Miss Margaret Dale, who, in the character of a breezy, dashing Western girl, gayly involves herself in all these sportive expedients.

The poetically effusive "Rector's

Garden," by one Byron Ongley, with Dustin Farnum in the leading role, "The Easterner," by George Broadhurst, with Nat Goodwin in the stellar part, and "Bluffs," an out and out farce by Leo Ditrichstein, were further, but as it proved, unsuccessful efforts in the direction of com-



Mr. Otis Skinner,
in "The Honor of the Family"

edy. "Girls," on the other hand, a typical Clyde Fitch comedy—which description will perhaps suffice—was more successful.

"Under the Greenwood Tree," a dramatized account of the romance of Mary Hamilton, by H. V. Esmond, with its investiture of English forest, its hints of cool bathing pools and purring love streams fringed with blue bells and forget-me-nots, its green moss beds whereon a lovely woman might stretch her lovely limbs, sigh and drink deep draughts of life, offered a suggestive retreat from the dusty overcrowded thoroughfares of the city, with its harrowing social problems. *Mary Hamilton*, we are told, tired of the social whirl, bought a gypsy caravan and betook herself to the woods and the simple life. The woods happened to belong to the estate of an eligible country squire, who came to evict the intruder and, of course, stayed to woo. The romantic theme and sylvan setting, worthy each of a Maurice Hewlett, gave Miss Maxine Elliott excellent opportunities for the display of those rich abundant charms of person that are at once her glory and our dismay. The vein was comedy, and a good deal of merriment incidental to the simple life, as seen at a contrary angle, was provided. The acting was excellent, Mr. Eric Maturin and Miss Mary Jerrold, both of the English stage, especially distinguishing themselves.

"Myself—Bettina," a new play by Rachael Crothers, in which Miss Elliott appeared later, proved a better dramatic vehicle and furnishes this actress with one of the most interesting rôles in which we have seen her.

With an apparently unerring instinct for the public taste, fickle and varying as that taste has proved itself to be, Mr. Belasco has in "A Grand Army Man" and in "The Warrens of Virginia" provided two of the season's popular successes.

"A Grand Army Man" is a study in one of those endearing human characters with whose delineation we have come to identify Mr. David Warfield's art. No actor on the stage at this moment touches certain springs of human emotion more surely and delicately than does Mr. Warfield, and his portraits are always as near to life as Art can ever be to nature. His Army Veteran lacks the delicacy either of drawing or humor of his famous Music Master, but its fibre is tougher, with more variety in



Miss Vina Stowe,
in "Twenty Days in the Shade"

the characterization and more opportunity for serious dramatic expression. The play tells the story of the devotion of a doting parent for a child he has adopted. This child was a war baby, son of a dead comrade and former sweetheart. At the time of the play he has been innocently led into speculating with the Army Post funds, and the efforts of

the foster parent to save him from disgrace provide the drama. The skill of the most resourceful of stage managers is seen everywhere, and the cast is selected with minutest care. Mr. Reuben Fax, a Canadian actor, has a leading part and plays it admirably. He is always a thorough, convincing artist, and is adding to his artistic stature every season.

"The Warrens of Virginia" is a romance of the Civil War, in which patriotic duties are placed in direct conflict with the private loyalties of life. The battleground of both the war and the romance is an old Virginia homestead, and the principal combatants are the father, General Warren, his daughter, a famous beauty, of course, and a lieutenant in the Northern Army. Perhaps the real spiritual tragedy of war lies in this subordination of all our finer scruples to those grosser ethical standards which the temporary lapse into barbarism involves. Treachery, the betrayal of friend, love and kin, are all grimly exposed here against a background of trust and open-hearted chivalry. Mr. Frank Keenan is admirable as the chivalrous southern general, while Miss Charlotte Walker, always tender and charming, realizes the Virginia belle to our entire satisfaction.

In "The Worth of a Woman," Mr. David Graham Phillips' first adventure in drama, the tables are more or less successfully turned on some deep-rooted sex conventions. The heroine, a high-minded, out-of-door product of the West, not altogether convincingly drawn perhaps, has loved to the uttermost with



Mme. Bertha Kalich,
in "Martha of the Lowlands"

usual consequences. Unlike her sisters in literature and life, however, she refuses to see herself as a "victim" and resents as patronizing the plea of a weaker sex. She has drunk the cup of life gladly and willingly for its own sake, as a full partner, and claims equality in the act before God and man. She refuses on the same ground to marry the man who has deceived her on learning that he is actuated by a chivalrous impulse instead of love. Family pressure, including the plea of a tender old father she adores, time-honored precepts, the familiar bogey of duty, all are brought to bear on her stubborn soul, in vain. She is fighting for an

ethical truth, and fighting for it bravely and alone against the tremendous odds that family, love and duty can rally. Even little posterity has a brief filed in its behalf.

Thanks to the author, however, this girl wins out, wins her friends to her viewpoint, and wins the love of the lover who has come round to a realization of the worth of this woman. This outcome may not be altogether convincing, but Mr. Phillips has succeeded in providing a happy *dénouement* without too apparent a contradiction of his ethical basis. He has, moreover, projected a bold theory with considerable boldness, and had his dramaturgic skill been equal to his courage the result might have been startling. The novelist has not quite mastered his new medium, however, and makes the mistake of over-writing. The result is that his central idea works its way out only with considerable difficulty. Once the action is under

way, however, he develops his situation with commendable skill. Miss Katherine Grey, an intelligent and growing actress, played the leading part and did much to make certain scenes dramatically and emotionally effective. Whatever its faults, the play leads one to think, and that at least is something to be thankful for.

The most successful serious offerings of the mid-season were "Irene Wycherley," by Anthony P. Wharton, with Miss Viola Allen in the title rôle, and "Paid in Full," by Eugene Walter, a new and promising dramatist in the field.

"Irene Wycherley" was in some respects the best written and best acted play of the season. One great merit lay in the unique manner in which it projected the old story of the dissipated, worthless husband and the devoted, long-suffering wife, who, as the play opens, are living in separation, as a result of the husband's brutality. The wife is incidentally enjoying a purely platonic friendship with an agreeable third party. The medium for the development of this situation is a highly unsophisticated young woman, a suburban relative whose density to the significance of the facts furnishes some moments of highly diverting comedy. The entire first act is a



Miss Adeline Genée,
the famous London dancer

model of adroitness in handling both character and incident and making our understanding of the whole situation complete. A telegram to the effect that the husband has met with a serious accident, coming on the heels of an unplatonian demonstration on the part of the friend, starts the wife homeward. There, as soon

as the husband has sufficiently recovered, the bestial scenes from which she had fled are renewed. Cruel, stinging, filthy reproaches, followed by still more cruel amorous attentions, make up the unhappy domestic picture. The dutiful wife hangs on bravely, or weakly, according to your viewpoint, until a kind fate snaps the cruel bond forever. This *dénouement* would seem at first sight to avoid the main question, but on the other hand it may be merely the last touch of the cynic. For Mr. Wharton is clearly a cynical person who views life broadly and satirically. The incomprehensible martyrdom of the wife could never be seriously proffered by a modern writer as a view of human responsibility.

To this dutiful, devoted, long-suffering wife, Miss Allen contributed of the abundance of her own womanly charm. In the lighter scenes she was not altogether happy, perhaps, but the deeper notes of her martyrdom, the commingling of pity and revulsion for the bestial husband were admirably suggested. Miss Nellie Thorne, a clever young English actress, played a dashing rôle with splendid color and buoyant charm, doing much to relieve the sombreness of the domestic picture. The cast was a quite notable one throughout.

"Paid in Full" is a play of serious contemporary interest—too contemporary, perhaps, for complete enjoyment, for only in perspective, in the charm of distance, can the actual rise above the commonplace. The quality of the piece, moreover, is not uniform, although one act is so entirely good that it goes far to redeem the faults of the others and make a play. The story tells of a steamship clerk, who, hitherto honest, has become "sore" over his non-advancement, and begins to steal from his employer, a hard old sea dog, and vessel-owner. From their modest Harlem flat in which we first

find them, the young clerk and his unsuspecting wife move into a semi-fashionable apartment hotel to enjoy for a brief span their first taste of gay life. Of course it doesn't last, the peculations are discovered and the young cad, blaming his plucky wife for his downfall, begs her to go to the old sea captain and barter for clemency. Fortunately, the captain has always admired the young wife, and that admiration he resolves to put to the test when she comes to his rooms to plead for the culprit. She stands the test so well that she returns to her husband with his pardon in writing and her own honor untouched. The husband's joy is soon followed by a jealous suspicion of the price she has paid, and in a scene of violent recrimination she quits him. It is the third act, the scene in the captain's room, that is so entirely good and makes the play the popular success that it is. Mr. Frank Sheridan as the bullying old captain is delightfully humorous and as refreshing as a sou'-wester. Miss Albertson plays the young wife sympathetically and in a key of commendable naturalness.

Mr. Walter's second venture, "The Wolf," although falling considerably short of the promise of his first, will have an interest for Canadians from the fact that its story purports to be drawn from the Hudson Bay country. The wolf in question is an American surveying engineer, and the victim, a pretty, flaxen-haired girl whom a kirk-ridden old father has condemned to these wilds—"lest the mither's curse be upon her." The mother, it appears—who was also flaxen-haired and a Swede—was "a wanton who lured men to destruction"; and for her unfaithfulness to him the father is visiting his wrath on the daughter, hating her with all the hatred of the pious devil-worshipping Calvinist that he is. Charity would even hint that she can be no kin of his. But

this is by the way. Besides this wolf, chance also sends to her desolate cabin the good *Jules Beaubien*, a young French-Canadian, who kills the prowler and carries the girl off to happiness and safety; to something better than the long winter nights and the cold grey eyes of the pitiless father, who can only curse her yellow hair and black heart.

The best drawn character is *Mac-Tavish*, the bigoted Scotch Presbyterian of the old school, whose type will still be recognized even in this year of grace. This part is enacted by Thomas Findlay. Miss Ida Conquest and William Courtenay are the other principal members of a quite competent cast.

Another play recently produced, "The Royal Mounted," by C. B. and W. C. de Mille, is drawn from Canadian frontier life, its incidents having to do with the work of the Northwest Mounted Police. A murder has been committed on one of the back trails, and *Lieutenant O'Byrne* of the Mounted is detailed to run it down. "There are four stages to a murder in the Northwest," we are told. "First there's the murder, then there's the Mounted, then there's a hanging, and then there's peace." The murderer happens to be the brother of the girl *O'Byrne* loves. It also develops that the murder was done to save her honor and, at the risk of court martial, the prisoner is allowed to escape. However, a loophole for *O'Byrne* is found later in the fact that the slain man was a notorious outlaw, on whose head the Government had fixed a price. Consequently the killing was not a crime, legally or morally.

The visit of Mme. Komisarzhewsky, the famous Russian actress, not only "varied the monotony of the commonplace," but proved one of the artistic events of the season, as unfortunately, also, one of the most disastrous. The favorite of St.

Petersburg and the Czar proved herself an actress of considerable breadth and a matured artist. Her acting methods are quiet and she reaches her emotional effects with apparent ease and reserve. In the passionate scene of "The Fires of St. John," for instance, usually played in wild crescendos, she allowed the scene to end in a hush of tense suppressed excitement. The effect was almost terrific. But it was in the difficult Tarantella scene of "The Doll's House," never before quite realized, even by Nazimova, that her skill was so unmistakably shown. In the dance her body remains almost rigid, but she dances as if on a volcano, her wild eyes and terror-stricken lips alone expressing the underlying tragedy of that moment.

Our last word is left for Mlle. Adeline Genee, the famous London dancer, who appeared in America, for the first time, this season. A ball of thistledown dancing in the wind, is the rapturous comment of the critics, but even this rapture does not do justice to the ethereal loveliness, the grace, or the fairy, feathery lightness of this great dancer's art. Poets have tried to put it into song and painters have tried to put on canvas the delicate sensuous loveliness of her ever-changing movements. But art like this cannot be interpreted in the terms of any other art. It eludes one like the shadow it is. As well try to capture the sunbeam that mocks you in the dew drop as the sunbeam that mocks you in this vibratile little figure, this ball of green and white sea foam, with its roguish face all dimples and smiles.

The season, now waning, has given us a few things that call for gratitude—"The Master Builder," "Rosmersholm" and Mr. Kennedy's great play, "The Servant in the House." But the happiest note of the season is Genee.

THE LITERATURE OF WAR

BY WILLIAM J. PITTS

A survey and appreciation of the eloquent chronicles of the struggles of the nations throughout the dead centuries

THE magnitude of this subject at first appalled us, and would have obliged us to leave it untouched, were it not for an acknowledged fascination of treating great things in a succinct and popular way.

Peace Conferences are apparently premature, the scriptural age of International Harmony has evidently not yet arrived, and be the game barbarous or mad, as Swift alleges, the world still delights to play it with unabated fierceness. Not only does the world delight to play it, but also to read about it, to feverishly peruse the newspaper account of some unimportant contemporary struggle, to fire the imagination and quicken the pulse by reviving the memories of old struggles carefully preserved between book covers.

The Literature of War is more ancient, though probably not as interesting as that of Love. For antiquity did not clearly recognize the value of the latter in literature, probably for the very reason that sanguinary violence was generally the end of Grecian or Roman love affairs. Homer's Iliad subordinates the romantic abduction of the beautiful Helen, to the tremendous struggle for martial supremacy before the gates of Troy. In the Old Testament, the Book of Joshua is an immortal record of the battles of the early Jews to the exclusion of almost everything else. As the world grew older, however, man

grew softer in disposition. The gentle influence of woman began to shine with a silver-like lustre through history. Heroines became as indispensable as heroes, and the world was the better for it. Literature had become more valuable by its elevation of the passion of love to a prominent place, but it had not become less interesting because the old fighting element still fiercely vibrated through it.

In fact there sprang into existence a special Literature of War as war. Not a mere chronicling of the petty jealousies and hates of individuals but a vast panorama of sieges, camps and rough-tilled battlefields. The art of the military historian became a dignified profession when Thucydides wrote of Leonidas and his Three Hundred. Nor is the military man in letters extinct to-day. Publishing houses in America and Europe still send forth to an eagerly-expectant public twelfth editions of graphic records of struggles that have taken place during the past half-century. The volumes that have been written on the American Civil War, alone, are apparently innumerable. But to return to the past.

Roman Literature is essentially a literature of war as Greece is one of philosophy. Livy, Tacitus and Caesar, how those ancients inspire the reader and uphold the dignity of history even in this twentieth century! Livy was the Macaulay of Ancient Rome. Like the author of the History

of England and Edinburgh Review Essays, he was not one of those "dispassionate" historians, so frequently and laudably quoted by university lecturers, but a most passionate chronicler of epochs and painter of state-makers. His work can indeed scarcely be called history at all, although it is certainly literature of a very high order. Tacitus could write more vigorously than Livy, though less eloquently, and was a historian as well as a *litterateur*. No other book can convey to the mind such a clear truthful picture of Germany, "the mother of nations," waking from the sleep of centuries and tossing back with barbarian strength her Latin invaders, than does the Germanias. Who reads Caesar nowadays? The high school pupil painfully stumbles through the Gallic war with a detestation for the task similar to that which Byron had for Horace. Yet Caesar's Commentaries were at one time one of the most valued books of many of Britain's most brilliant officers. Wellington poured over them by the flickering light of Spanish bivouacs, as also did Napier, himself probably the greatest historian of modern times, at least such is the opinion of many who have read the "Peninsular War."

Livy, Tacitus, Caesar! Three great names to speak about. All were Romans to the core, the latter the ancient rival to the military glory of Bonaparte; the only and greatest "war-correspondent" of antiquity.

It would be rash to state, however, that Rome in ancient times was exclusively the home of the military historian. The Jews have been a fighting race from the days of Abraham, and though much of their courage seems to have ebbed away before the domination of the Nazarene, they were nevertheless the most terrible opponents that encountered the Roman legions in the dark centuries just before the birth of the World's Redeemer. It is not necessary to read Josephus to learn this. The Hebrew scriptures

alone bear eloquent testimony of Israel's fighting strength:

"And the ambush arose quickly out of their place, and they ran as soon as he had stretched out his hand, and they entered into the city, and took it, and hastened and set the city on fire."

So speaks the Book of Joshua more succinctly than does the finest chapter of Caesar, more graphically than does the finest pages of Livy.

The Middle ages of our era produced a great crop of "chroniclers," who for the most part lacked the stately diction and comparative accuracy of the ancient historian and the rhetorical brilliancy coupled with a wonderful impartiality of the modern. Frossiart alone deserves a passing notice. This Anglicized Frenchman possessed not only a keen imagination but an inventive one, to which was added a passion for detail that is marvellous in a fourteenth century writer. His description of the fighting men of the day, their child-like differences which so oft begot brutal struggles, of the mace-to-lance *mêlées* of Northern chivalry, are not vivid but historically valuable, in spite of colorings introduced to please knightly patrons.

Why is it that these "chronicles" are so undisguisedly distorted, so frequently false to the time they treat? The reason is not far to seek. The ancient war historian was usually the commander of the forces he wrote about, or of such greatness in the government of the state, that he could recount even the most alarming facts with impunity. The condition has been much the same in modern times. The liberty of the press is inviolate, and the law of libel is more broadly interpreted each succeeding year. The war historian is so much more a journalist than a *litterateur* that this defence amply hedges him in on all sides. In the middle ages things were vastly different. At that period the status of the military chronicler was frequently better than that of the court jester. The single great excep-

tion is that of Philippe de Comines, a French nobleman and scholar, whose writings exhibit a calm impartiality and sound judgment which Caesar or Tacitus might have envied. The majority of the writers of the period, however, were serfs of blue-blooded patrons, whose punishment for "libel" was oftentimes the dungeon or gibbet. The revival of the Drama, during the Elizabethan age, opened a new avenue for the chronicler of sieges and forays. "Henry the Fifth" is Shakespeare's greatest war play, if not the greatest play of the kind produced in any age or language. In it the fighting spirit is almost Homeric. In one respect, indeed, it is a nobler work than either the Iliad or the Odessy. The figure of England's warrior king is far different from some of the Greek's diabolically brutal creations.

"O God of battles steal my soldier's hearts," prays Henry, showing the manly religiousness that underlay his martial character. Shakespeare, however, does not rest with the creating of the king. He brings in vividly the common soldier of the period, who while not fighting the foe is brawling with his comrades. Pistol is certainly not a very heroic figure, but a most natural one.

From the fifteenth century to the nineteenth is undoubtedly a long step, though a justifiable one. For in that long interval of time, it is questionable whether any real great work appeared that was either specifically military or poetically so, as in the case of "Henry the Fifth." The nineteenth century, however, was the Golden Age of the military historian, beginning with the greatest name of them all, William Patrick Napier. Indeed Napier's "Peninsular War" is in some respects the greatest work of its kind in existence. Like Caesar, Napier had the advantage of participating in the struggle he afterwards so eloquently described; but he possessed many advantages over the Ro-

man that makes the truly great contemporaries lack interest and vigor in comparison with the British officer's work. Caesar's work is evidently but a soldier's diary, although the best of its kind that the world possesses. Nor could he do justice to a struggle in which he, himself, was the principal. His modesty was sincere, but even had he been the most bombastic of commanders it is doubtful whether he possessed the rugged eloquence of the famous Irishman, who could intersperse between dry military details such brilliant passages as this:

"Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valor, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order, their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front, their measured tread shook the ground, their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation, their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crews, as slowly and with a horrid carnage it was pushed by the incessant vigor of the attack to the farthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves mix with the struggling multitude to sustain the fight; their efforts only increased the irremediable confusion, and the mighty mass breaking off like a loosened cliff went headlong down the steep; the rain flowed after in streams discolored with blood and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand British soldiers stood triumphant on that fatal hill!"

A funeral volley was never fired over the grave of a better officer or truer man than William Patrick Napier, brother of the conqueror of Scinde. A sturdy old Tory to the last, he lashed out at his opponents with the vehemence so characteristic of that English party. He was "always in hot water;" either championing the cause of his brother Charles or defending Marshal Soult hardly less vigorously from the onset of a great English newspaper. He wrote his great "History" at a moment which was from every standpoint the correct one. Himself an admirer of French valor as well as British determinedness and courage, he was aided

immeasurably by the lapse of time between the events which he narrated and the publication of his work. Nelson's adage "Hate a Frenchman as you would the devil!" had already lost the most of its force, and it was now not difficult to give the enemy justice in the public eye. "He was the peer of the great military historians of antiquity, Thucydides, Caesar etc.," declares the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. He may have been, and is according to many judgments unquestionably their superior.

The nineteenth century saw the birth and evolution of the war correspondent, the first and greatest of whom was probably William Howard Russell. It is doubtful whether the Charge of the Light Brigade is best remembered by Tennyson's spirited Ode or Russell's graphic prose picture. Russell, however, was but the pioneer of a famous army of battle-recorders whose names would fill pages. Amongst them may be mentioned Archibald Forbes, the hero of Plevna and Sedan; Stephen Crane, who wrote that remarkable book "The Red Badge of Courage"; Bennett Burleigh, and G. W. Stevens, the hero of Ladysmith. All that the war-correspondent contributes to literature is necessarily surcharged with realism. It is specifically military above even the war history or war novel. The great reading public, of course, would not tolerate anything else save an exact portrayal of the scene at the front for the explicit reason that they are also the great taxpaying public. Realism in war, however, is capable of being expressed with a vigorous eloquence. The late G. W. Stevens' description of the entry of the Rifles into Ladysmith may be taken as a powerful example, and it is doubtful whether such clear, incisive English was ever penned by a man before in like circumstances. Stevens himself was fighting a grim battle with the germs of enteric fever, even as he wrote his

famous account, and no many days elapsed before he lay a blanched corpse within that shell-swept town.

It is a generally accepted truth that the best word pictures of wars and fights have been given to us by eye-witnesses. But there are a few exceptions which instead of proving the rule seem to weaken its application. "The Red Badge of Courage" was written by a man who was born many years after the great American Civil War, but whom Providence had endowed with an imagination that is not often the gift of man. It is a remarkable book not only from a purely military standpoint but from the psychological point of view. Men had long written of the hero who charges sword in hand even to the cannon's mouth. Crane swerved boldly from this policy and painted with brilliant, though painful strokes the shrinking, conscience-stricken craven—, not at all a heroic figure, but certainly a more common one. You can almost hear the whirr and snap of the shrapnel, the mingled prayers and oaths of a frenzied firing line, as the maddened foe creeps nearer and nearer, the rasping click of their bayonets sounding a death-knell to the ears of the raw recruit. It is a powerful picture though a most inglorious one. Nothing is said of "Lieutenant Smith carrying the colors into the thick of the fight," or of "Captain Jones leading a forlorn hope against the battery." It is war in all its terrible realism, unrelieved by a touch of the picturesque heroism of the earlier chroniclers.

There are other books worthy of note. As we have stated, however, this is a large subject, one can but touch the fringe of it. Fortunate is the man who possesses the leisure to cross the border of war-novels and newspaper-reports and delve into the rich mine of history from Thucydides to Napier, treating of the game which the world is still mad enough to play.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



BEGA.

From the clouded belfry calling
Hear my soft ascending swells,
Hear my notes like swallows falling:
I am Bega, least of bells.
When great Turkeful rolls and rings
All the storm-touched turret swings,
Echoing battle, loud and long.
When great Tatwin wakening roars
To the far-off shining shores.
All the seamen know his song.
I am Bega, least of bells;
In my throat my message swells.
I with all the winds athrill
Murmuring softly, murmuring still,
"God around me, God above me,
God to guard me, God to love me."

I am Bega, least of bells;
Weaving wonder, wind-born spells.
High above the morning mist,
Wreathed in rose and amethyst,
Still the dreams of music float
Silver from my silver throat,
Whispering beauty, whispering
peace.

Wheat great Tatwin's golden voice
Bids the listening land rejoice,
When great Turkeful rings and rolls
Thunder down to trembling souls,
Then my notes like curlews flying
Sinking, falling, lifting, sighing,
Softly answer, softly cease.
I with all the airs at play,
Murmuring softly, murmuring say,
"God around me, God above me,
God to guard me, God to love me."

—By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall in
Youth's Companion.

AN IMPRESSIVE SCENE.

WE in the East are sometimes in-
different to the matter of flag
display in connection with our
schools. We have been inclined to
consider such unfurling rather crude
and unnecessary. Patriotism, we
were assured, is not a matter to be
talked about or exploited, but a
quality to be taken as a matter of
course. We are rather critical of
the United States' lavish display of
the Stars and Stripes and are even
foolish enough to allow the festive
Pittsburg citizen to fly the flag of his
noble Republic on Canadian lakes
and islands. But we have come to
a realization of the newness of our
country, of the necessity for impress-
ing on the immigrants coming into
the Dominion the nature of our laws
and civilization, and to the Daught-
ers of the Empire is due much of the
credit of our awakening. The flag is
merely a symbol, but, as long as we
require symbols in matters of reli-
gious belief, we surely may find them
of value in national feeling also.

In connection with the presenta-
tion of a Union Jack to the Alexan-
der Taylor School in Edmonton,
"Peggy," one of the ablest women
writers in the West, gives an ani-
mated description of the scene. "Be-
fore us (the presentation took place
without doors) marched three hun-
dred and fifty children, two by two,
in a long impressive file; hand clasp-
ed in hand, and garbed in such a

variety of outfits as might have been the product of every country under heaven. I saw a child in a black velvet gold-embroidered fez cap; I saw another in his father's old fedora; one little girl might have been dressed for the ballet and wore a brass chain belt. There was a stolid little German boy, and right behind him a lad of colour. I couldn't take my eyes off them. Before us marched Canada West, an Empire composed of many nations, who are destined to make this vast and practically untilled country a garden that would literally blossom like the rose."

The flag was presented by the Westwart Ho Chapter of Daughters of the Empire, and the speaker of the occasion was Colonel Belcher, whose address was given in the direct and hearty fashion of a military man. Mr. Taylor is a Westerner who has given much attention to the school system of Alberta, and the school is well-named in his honor. The description of the school building reads like a modern lecture hall and athletic club combined and shows that Edmonton will have none but the best. Next to the homes of the country, the schools are our most important institutions, and the West is showing the East how to equip and "flag" the buildings where Young Canada will obtain its early ideas of what citizenship means. The small Russians who come from provinces where government means nothing but tyranny are lucky children when they emigrate to find themselves within the walls of a Canadian school-house.

* * *

WHEN WOMAN IS SCOLDED.

THE grave and dignified *Atlantic Monthly* has lately published two heart-searching articles by Mrs. Anna Rogers, "Why American Marriages Fail" and "Why American Mothers Fail," which are more scathing in nature than any social criticisms on America published in

English journals. The journals and novels of the United States have for so many years been foolish and hysterical in their laudation of their womankind that a change of sentiment was inevitable. It was quite impossible for any woman to possess half the qualities which were attributed to the "American" heroine. Now a few writers on social topics are in danger of swinging to the other extreme and condemning the women of this continent for the faults of a noisy group who are more conspicuous than their home-keeping sisters. It is true that too many women are living in hotels and allowing their small children to devour devilled crabs and pink ice cream. It is also true that too many women have little regard for the sacredness of the marriage tie and rush to the divorce courts, in order that they may form another "alliance." But there are hundreds of thousands of noble wives and mothers on this North American Continent to whom home ties are sacred, and who are the greatest nation-builders in our civilization. American mothers have not failed, nor are they likely to fail. But the flattery of American women has been ultra-loud, and the adverse criticism, now that it has come, has the corresponding fault of over-emphasis. It is just as well for an occasional admonition to find its way into publications which are usually filled with lavish adulation.

* * *

A GREAT CONVENTION.

THE quinquennial of the International Council of Women is to be held at Toronto next year in the University buildings. This will probably be the greatest gathering of women ever assembled in a city which is noted for its conventions and, no doubt, the citizens will prove equal to the occasion in the matter of interest and hospitality. The Countess of Aberdeen, by her enthusiastic support of the movement, did a great

deal towards establishing the National Council of Women in Canada, and still takes a deep concern in its progress in this country. There will be intelligent and capable women from all quarters of the globe in Toronto next year, and Canadians will be benefited by coming into contact with feminine representatives of all countries and continents. But it is especially desirable that the women from Australia and New Zealand and other British colonies should be made welcome and encouraged to become acquainted with Canadian homes and conditions. We know too little about the British countries in the Pacific, and this convention will afford the best opportunity for becoming acquainted with those who are nearer to Canadians than either the delegates from the British Isles or those from the United States.

* * *

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

A CANADIAN woman who has been away for two years from her native land was recently expressing her pleasure at returning to "what's the best country — after all." The last qualifying phrase meant climate (such an April as we have had) and other things. The returned Daughter of the Dominion was led to speak of the interest taken by the women of many United States cities in such matters as street-cleaning and a decent milk supply.

"Really, I'm ashamed of our Canadian streets. Toronto is better than many cities in that respect, but it needs further improvement, while Montreal is a disgrace to any country calling itself civilized. American women wouldn't endure such a state of things for a month. In the spring season the streets of Montreal are about the worst on the continent, I should say. They don't seem to care what the place looks like. Then, look at Toronto's water-front. It is no wonder that the United States

visitor who came over in the interests of civic aesthetics was disgusted with the scene along the bay. What is the city thinking of to allow the harbor to be made so hideous? And why are the ruins of the fire of 1904 allowed to make Front street a scene of desolation?" Here I murmured something about the railways, but the returned patriot sniffed scornfully.

"Railways! I suppose they own Toronto City Council and the Government. And I'd like to know," she continued with increasing wrath, "what the Montreal aldermen do with the money for street-cleaning. But I suppose all these things are too mysterious and deep for any mere woman to know. We are always talking as if the cities of the States were cursed with graft, but I could show you some cities over there which would never dream of allowing the filth of Montreal and some quarters of other Canadian cities. I believe that most Canadian women are good housekeepers, but the men in the councils need a few lessons in keeping the cities and towns. So far, Canada has not developed proper civic pride."

"Edmonton, at any rate, is beginning right," I ventured to remark.

"It's a pity that the beauty idea did not occur to some of the Toronto city fathers about a hundred years ago. It is too late to widen Yonge street, but it is not too late to have more park territory."

It is all too true that we Canadian women have not taken enough interest in the beautifying of our towns and cities, but there is a whole century ahead in which we may reform.

* * *

IS CO-EDUCATION A FAILURE?

THE co-educational system has received a blow in the report of President Frederick W. Hamilton of Tuft's College, Boston. President Hamilton declares that the segrega-

tion of the men and women of the college is the only thing that can save the department of liberal arts, and he predicts that every institution in New England where the co-educational system is now to be found will eventually be devoted to girls alone. "The average young man," he asserts, "will not go to a co-educational institution. He is not comfortable with women in the class-room."

A United States editor of decidedly broad views is of the opinion that co-education has not done any of the things that were promised for it, while it has done a great many other things with which we would willingly dispense. Assuredly, during the last five years we have heard many such complaints from those who can speak with authority. University professors in Canada would rejoice if women were swept out of their classes tomorrow. There is much discussion of the matter, both public and private. But, as may have been said before, it becomes a question of dollars and cents. When we are rich enough to have a separate and well-equipped University, our girls will have the best opportunity for "higher education." Until then, those who desire to attend university classes must be content to go where they are emphatically not wanted.

* * *

THE WIZARDRY OF WORK.

IT was a wise man who made a remark to the effect that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains. When we are very young we talk enviously about the luck of some people, but as we grow older and begin to watch anxiously for hairs of a dull drab color, it comes to us that work has a great deal to do with achievement which is worth while. No one

denies that "time and chance happeneth to them all," but the joy of working is, after all, the most satisfactory delight known to humanity.

A famous singer, referring recently to the number of aspiring young artists who write to her for advice, said plaintively: "It is so hard to convince these girls who wish to go on the stage or become operatic stars that tremendous toil is the price to be paid for real advancement. They have the idea that there is some magic pull or twist which will bring them fame." The gift of song or color must be bestowed, and in spite of all talk of heredity and avatism no one can account for its coming. But cultivation must be added unto what Addison called "natural parts" or they do not come to the finest flowering. There has been some confusion of work with drudgery, from which it differs in spirit and intent. The drudge is dull and unintelligent; the workman puts his brains into his craft and does not spend his strength on what is unessential. Every labor-saving device has been followed by the cry that the new conditions will mean an increase in the army of the unemployed. But what have we seen? There may have been a short period of confusion, but there have ultimately arisen new demands which call for as many workmen as in the old laborious days. Properly-directed energy is a happiness to the exerciser.

Of the two extremes, those who have too much work and those who have not enough, perhaps the latter may deserve the larger share of pity. The man with the hoe is not a pleasant object for contemplation, but he is not so repulsive as the lazy and degenerate young millionaire, for whose idle hands Satan invariably finds mischief in overflowing quantity.

Jean Graham.



Current Events



By

F. A. ACLAND

THAT is a somewhat discomfoting doctrine which is enunciated by Mr. Kipling in the last of his "Letters to the Family"—that the only serious enemy to the Empire is democracy, since whether the Empire continues or not, it seems tolerably certain, at least, that democracy is here to stay, and the Empire and democracy must get along together, or—the Empire must pass away. The question is too wide and deep to be discussed here, but from the general tenor of Mr. Kipling's remarks it is clear that the particular phase of democracy that prompts his uncheerful conclusion is that which confronts him in England to-day. Mr. Kipling gives us a most doleful and depressing picture of present conditions in England, which he represents as reeking with socialism and all the evils; then urges that Canada, being "weak for want of men," should bleed her (England) into health and sanity, "by drawing upon her population." It is difficult, however, to see how this process is to produce a result that can be considered satisfactory by those who share Mr. Kipling's views. Canada does not want the emigrants who are "rotten with socialism," as Mr. Kipling put it in an earlier letter, and on the other hand, if we take the kind of folk that he tells us "still exist by the million in England," and of whom he says that "if these people could quietly be shown a quiet way out of it all, very many of them

would call in their savings (they are richer than they look) and slip quietly away," what is to become of England, thus further exhausted of its stock of virtue and given over to those evil elements that are wanted nowhere?

* * *

Let us hope, however, the situation is not quite so desperate as Mr. Kipling represents. It is very true that if the heart of the Empire be unsound, the Empire itself can not last, nor should we wish it to last, but the remedy would appear rather to lie in making the heart sound and healthy than in strengthening the extremities. But we know perfectly well that Mr. Kipling, who thus condemns and derides England to the world at large, does not really believe his country to be in as bad a state as his poetic but gloomy fancy paints her and would not allow a foreign pen to write such words unchallenged. Even his faith in democracy will doubtless return once there is a Conservative Government again in power at Westminster, for the fact can not be concealed that Mr. Kipling is a most intense partisan, and in his desire to cast opprobrium upon a government he dislikes has adopted the methods of less notable politicians and besmirched somewhat the fair fame of his country.

* * *

Mr. Kipling, like many more pronounced Imperialists, will no doubt



THE RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH,
THE NEW BRITISH PREMIER

consider the reconstructed British Government somewhat of an improvement in matters of Imperial policy on the Campbell-Bannerman Administration. Mr. Asquith, at least, was never known as a "Little Englander," as was his predecessor, but was rather an avowed upholder of the Rosebery or Liberal-Imperialist wing of Liberalism. Mr. Asquith remains probably true to his old convictions, and yet his promotion of Mr. Lloyd-George must have pleased and must have been intended to please the extreme section of the party. During the war in South Africa there was no member of the party who was more outspoken in his condemnation of what was known as Chamberlainism than the fiery Celt who has been made Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Lloyd-George's pluck has commanded the respect of all parties, however bitterly his views may have been opposed. As Mr. Asquith's lieutenant

he will have ample opportunity to display this quality. One sees frequently the suggestion that the appointment of Mr. Lloyd-George to the Exchequer gives him the succession to the Premiership. Apart, however, from the fact that Mr. Asquith is only fifty-six years of age, and that the succession under such circumstances is of little value, it does not follow that Mr. Lloyd-George's peculiar qualities would fit him in any way for leadership. Pluck and fighting ability are excellent in their way, but, unless allied to an immense personal ascendancy, as in the case of Palmerston or Gladstone, do not fit for command in a deliberative assembly. These were the qualities that made impossible as leaders of the House such brilliant men as Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir William Harcourt, and allowed the palm to pass to such comparatively second-rate men as Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. W. H. Smith and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman himself, whose methods were passive and easy-going rather than aggressive and strenuous.

* * *

It must be remembered, too, that Mr. Lloyd-George's appointment has yet to be justified by results. He will be heir to Mr. Asquith's promise of an old age pension and must find the funds to establish such a scheme; it is a task which may well wreck a career, and possibly a government, and if Mr. Lloyd-George emerges safe and sound from such an ordeal he will have proved himself a statesman and financier of a high order. Meantime, radical as Mr. Lloyd-George is, he has shown himself able to follow the advice of Mr. Chamberlain and "think Imperially"; at least there is every reason to believe that he has given his cordial support to the All Red Line project initiated by Sir Wilfrid Laurier; and with the hands that hold the purse strings upheld in favor of this genuinely Im-

perial project, there should be no longer a doubt of its success. It is rumored, too, that while at the Board of Trade Mr. Lloyd-George actually developed symptoms of Chamberlainism of a more decided type and is at least willing to regard free trade as we have come to regard it in this country, as a matter of expediency, and not a fundamental law of the universe. If there be truth in this rumor, we may see some queer changes yet in British political parties.

* * *

Mr. Winston Churchill is not given quite the prominence in the new Cabinet that had been expected, and this, combined with Mr. Asquith's marked abstention from assisting Mr. Churchill with the customary though somewhat perfunctory letter-from-the-chief during the latter's campaign in Manchester, was taken in some quarters to show that the new Premier did not look with too great favor on the clever and audacious, but uncertain representative of the House of Marlborough. Mr. Churchill's defeat was as sensational as had been his successes. It is not serious to him personally and was quickly remedied by the offer and acceptance of an overwhelmingly Liberal seat in Scotland; but it is a most unpleasant greeting to the new Government, and emphasizes in a marked manner the long line of recent Unionist victories and the reduction of Liberal majorities without exception in cases where the Liberals have held the seat. Old age pensions, license bill, free trade, education bill, singly or unitedly, not only do not hold the electors to the Government, but they appear to have brought the Administration to the brink of ruin.

* * *

A complication of the future will be that arising from Mr. Churchill's pledge of home rule for Ireland. It was more than had been given by



MR. LLOYD-GEORGE, THE NEW BRITISH
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

any member of the Campbell-Bannerman Administration and more than the new Premier had seen fit to give. Mr. Churchill may have become a convinced home ruler, but there is no doubt the declaration was made with a view to getting the Irish vote in the constituency. It would help many a politician of uncertain conviction if he were able to know precisely what was the effect on the voters of Mr. Churchill's declaration—how many English votes it alienated and how many Irish it attracted. The net result we know—the overwhelming defeat of the brilliant young Minister. What would the result have been had no declaration been made? That is the puzzle for the man who is a politician and nothing more in England to-day. The situation is not, however, encouraging for the home ruler. The question is not an issue for the present Parliament; the Unionists will carry the next election. That puts it aside for ten years, and in these rapid times

few care to provide for a longer period.

* * *

Perhaps the only genuine surprise of the reconstruction was the elevation of Mr. Morley to the Lords. There is something incongruous in the thought of a man who has always been accepted as a leader of democracy suddenly passing into the Peers' chamber just as if he had been a millionaire brewer or manufacturer who had bought his way into the ranks of hereditary titles. But Mr. Morley has a good deal of philosophy in his composition, and will be content to regard the House of Lords purely upon the utilitarian point of view in the present contingency and to look upon it as an expedient for enabling him to remain at the head of a great department of State without being at the same time subjected to the terrible strain of Parliamentary life. Mr. Morley is a man of seventy, and of fragile physique; and the more robust constitution of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a year or two his senior, quickly broke under the double strain. The incident serves to illustrate in a very striking manner one most effective use to which a second chamber may be put, whether we call it a Senate or a House of Lords, though it has, of course, no bearing on the question of the legislative powers that should be entrusted to such a body. Great Britain will not insist on an academic consistency on the part of a statesman whose services are all-important to the Empire. Particularly at the present moment, when unrest and agitation have produced a situation in India that may yet have the gravest results, is it desirable the head of the Indian Office should be able to give his undivided attention to a consideration of the tremendous problems to which the relations of India and England give rise.

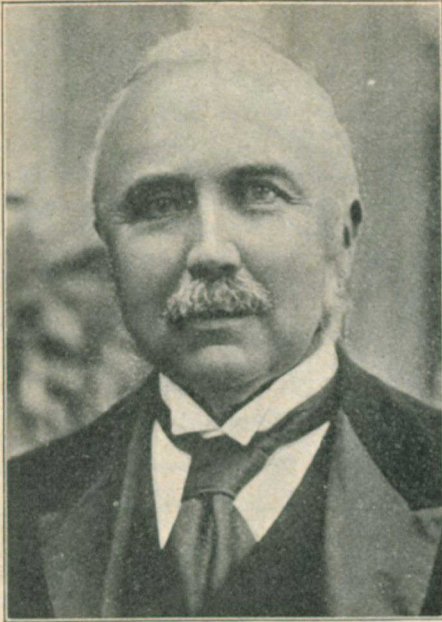
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The disappearance of Lord Elgin

from the Colonial Office may have been at the noble Earl's own request, or it may not have been; nobody appears to have been concerned in discovering the reason. His successor, the Earl of Crewe, is the son of a brilliant father, but has no great reputation himself for statesmanship. He is younger, however, and more adaptable than Lord Elgin proved himself to be, and may bring out of the Colonial Office a greater reputation than he takes in. It is probably as good an appointment as could have been made under the circumstances, for time has made sad havoc with the ranks of Liberal statesmen with ranks of wide renown, and it is a new generation of Liberal Ministers that comes to the front under the leadership of young men like Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill.

* * *

One of the first occasions, by the way, of the appearance in public in his new capacity of the present Colonial Office was of peculiar interest to Canada, Lord Crewe having on May 15 taken a prominent part in the meeting held at the Mansion House at London to promote the object of the Quebec Battlefields Association. Canadians in England and British statesmen who have had intimate association with Canada, or who are especially concerned in projects making for Imperial sympathy and unity, have taken up the subject in the most cordial manner. The five former Governor-Generals of Canada still living in Great Britain, namely, the Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and the Earls of Derby, Aberdeen and Minto, have issued an invitation to the people of Great Britain to participate in the celebration of the tercentenary of the foundation of Quebec, and have made the definite suggestion that England's participation should take the shape of a gift to Canada as a national memorial to Wolfe and



SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN,
LATE PREMIER OF GREAT BRITAIN



THE EARL OF CREWE, THE NEW SECRETARY
OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES

Montcalm, "the two heroes of the two races which make up the Canadian people," and it is urged that "such a gift might appropriately be handed by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the Governor-General of Canada on behalf of Great Britain on the occasion of his visit to Quebec to open the park in July next."

* * *

The appointment of an experienced Canadian journalist in the person of Mr. William Mackenzie to the new position of Secretary of Imperial and Foreign Correspondence is at once a tribute to the press and an illustration of the manner in which Canada is continually putting forth new limbs, as it were, as the need for them develops, and is accustoming herself to the process of gradual transformation into a power within a power which has been

working somewhat rapidly of late. The Colonial Conference, the French treaty, the mission to Japan, the negotiations with the United States, the whole question of Oriental immigration, to take some of the more notable and recent illustrations only of the growing diversity and importance of what may be called the diplomatic work of Canada are fresh in the public mind. One may well believe that there are countless matters of a kindred nature of which the public never hears.

As a journalist of great experience and skill, Mr. Mackenzie may be relied upon to bring to his work the industry and versatility characteristic of his calling and to justify the Premier's judgment in his choice of an officer equipped for the position. Few persons entering the civil service have had so thorough a training as he has had.



The WAY of LETTERS

*at How long it 'stays! How big he is! Why! and
his blue eyes widened with startled surprise "he's almost
a man." The tint of the thick bloom deepened in her
cheek - she glanced down at her feet made as if to
spring down to the ground then pulled herself up
back up. The fever had struck - "Pshaw I don't care
he's just a boy, anyway I'm not going to mind
Barney Boyle." Or - choose.*

Charles W. Gordon

Part of a page of the original draught of "The Doctor," by Ralph Connor, with the autograph of the author, Rev. Dr. Charles W. Gordon, of Winnipeg

THE fascination that the crooked by-paths of life has for some persons is feelingly set forth by Mr. Arthur Stringer in his latest volume, "The Under Groove." The book consists of a series of short stories told in the first person by a clever crook named Gahan. Each story is distinct in itself, but there is a familiar ring to all alike, and some of the characters appear more than once. As entertainers, thrilling, blood-curdling, hair-raising entertainers, they meet the demand on every page, and they are full of intense, dramatic action. The reader scarcely waits to question probabilities or what in less skilful hands might be regarded as absurdities, but presses on, absorbed by the intricacies of plot and counter-plot, a part of the literary craft in which Mr. Stringer is particularly adept. Melodramatic to a

high degree, the stories are told in restrained and mostly dignified diction. They all deal with life in the "under grooves" of New York, and the possibilities of wire-tapping are again cleverly utilized. The first story, "The Adventure of the Third Arm," is perhaps the most interesting in this series, because it deals with the problem of dual personality, a problem that has held the attention of psychologists with increasing interest. The pictures that Mr. Stringer draws of New York and of how it impresses the crook, for instance, are picturesquely graphic. Here is one: "So I began to get homesick and peevish for New York. I wanted to sniff the familiar old ferry smell, to hear the rush and gutter of water in the narrowing slips where the piling yields and shudders against the bumping paddle-

boxes, to catch the metallic and familiar tink-a-link of pawl-and-ratchets as the landing-floats lower to crowded deck-ships. I ached for a sight of that old crust-thrower of a town, where its sky-scraper teeth bit up into morning smoke, and it seemed to whisper, with one eye winked, 'Feed me, or I'll feed on you!' I wanted to see it laugh and shake behind its sly old rags. I wanted to hear its eternal whine for more gold, its growls and oaths against the arm of the law. I wanted to get a sniff of the Rialto dust again, of the crowds by day and the lamps by night, of the bustle and stir of Broadway, with its crazy and solemn and tangled and happy-go-lucky bubbling of life. My ears seemed to ache for its street-sounds, its roar of wheels, its clatter of hoofs, its clangour and pulse of bells, its whine of engines, its drone of power, its show of wealth, its rumble and roar of hunger." (New York: The McClure Company. Cloth, \$1.50.)

* * *

BLISS CARMAN: ESSAYIST.

It is difficult to associate Bliss Carman the poet, author of "The Pipes of Pan," "The Kinship of Nature," etc., with Bliss Carman, author of "The Making of Personality," which is a treatise on physical culture, character culture and decorum. And yet the association must be made, for "The Making of Personality" is Mr. Carman's latest venture in book form. The volume is composed of a series of essays on topics such as the following: "The Power of Poise," "Personal Vibrancy," "The Value of Impulse," "The Guidance of Rea-



A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF MR. ARTHUR STRINGER,
AUTHOR OF "THE UNDER GROOVE"

son," "The Use of Out-of-door," "Rhythms of Grace," "The Dominion of Joy," "Modern Heroism," "The Music of Life," "The Art of Walking," "The Might of Manners." The author's conclusions and observations are of more than ordinary interest, and it should be understood that the tone and treatment of the subject is much loftier than that of the commonplace book on physical culture. Mr. Carman takes the stand that culture of the body is of as much importance in the making of personality as culture of the mind. That is to say, that a clean, well-groomed, well-developed, well-trained, properly nourished and well-controlled body adds force and interest to personality. There is a good deal

of truth in that, although many persons would not agree that culture of the body is, apart from bodily considerations, as important as culture of the mind. But the author goes further than that when he says: "In personal culture, that great task which confronts us all, and to which many of us apply ourselves with so much impetuous fervor and persistence, there is one supreme truth to be constantly remembered, the three-fold nature of personality, and consequently its threefold perfectability in the different but inseparable realms of spirit, mind and body." Then he goes on to say that art conscientiously applied might have a bad effect on personality, for instance, that no actor could conscientiously act the rôle of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde without incurring grave responsibilities to himself, and that the rôle of Rosalind, on the other hand, acts as an irresistible nervous tonic. That theory is quite at variance with a common conception of art. Many persons believe that the best actors do not "live the part," and it is said of Edwin Forrest that on one occasion, when almost every woman in the theatre was openly weeping at the pathos of the scene, he whispered to one of the characters in the play: "Get me an umbrella, I'll be drowned." Still, it is in the discussion of points like the foregoing that Mr. Carman's book is interesting. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, \$1.50.)

* * *

THE COLOR LINE IN FICTION.

In spite of crudities of style and extravagance of plot, Robert Lee Durham's "The Call of the South" is a story of unusual interest. Its underlying force and tragedy can be appreciated by few Canadian readers—unless they have lived in the Southern States and have felt the sentiment of that region regarding the Black Peril. Most Canadians have little imagination regarding this

problem, and accept implicitly such statements as Northern newspapers see fit to make. This novel by Robert Lee Durham sets forth dramatically and pitilessly just what social equality between the Anglo-Saxon and the negro would mean and the conclusion is appalling. The story concerns itself with a period beyond the present, 191—, and is chiefly concerned with the marriage between the daughter of a United States President and a man with negro blood in his veins. The speech of Senator Rutledge, as given in Chapter XVII., is a complete expression of Southern opinion on the social side of the race question. Canadians who are given to sentimentalize on a subject of which they are profoundly ignorant might be instructed, if not entertained, by this remarkable and painful story. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, \$1.50.)

* * *

AN ADMIRABLE VALET.

Somehow a person experiences a sense of ingratitude before reaching the concluding chapter of Ronald Legge's recent novel, "The Admirable Davis." The reason of this may not be overly obvious, because the story is one of adventure; because in it there figures an English major of more than ordinary resourcefulness; there is a lovable young woman; there are the usual and unusual obstacles to their marriage, which are eventually removed. The narrative is founded on a desire on the part of the English Government to secretly get a treaty signed by the Sultan of what is called Torto Island, to the effect that England may have the right to use that place as a coaling station. Some of the struggles undergone by those who guard the treaty are worth following, if the reader is concerned about the interests at stake. A time arrives when it is thought advisable to trust a valet with the secret which appertains to the treaty. He finally be-

comes instrumental in carrying the scheme to a successful issue, and due to his efforts the book is indebted for its title. (Toronto: Cassell & Company, Limited. Cloth, \$1.50.)

* * *

SONGS OF THE STREET.

The Hunter-Rose Company announce for June a volume of verse by Mr. James P. Haverson, under the title "Sour Sonnets of a Sore-head and Other Songs of the Street." Simultaneously with the Canadian edition, the book will be published in the United States by H. M. Caldwell & Company, Boston. Mr. Haverson's verse is already known to those who read *The Canadian Magazine*, for during the last two years he has been a frequent contributor to its pages. The style of the verse that will appear in the book is different from what has appeared in the magazine, and it will show that this clever young writer has a keen appreciation of the philosophy and humor that abounds in the common walks of mankind. Mr. Fergus Kyle, who is illustrating the book, is one of the most promising of the younger Canadian artists. He displays much individuality. Both he and Mr. Haverson are engaged in journalistic work in Toronto, the former as staff artist for *Saturday Night*, and the latter on the writing staff of *The World*.

* * *

NOTES.

—Mr. W. H. P. Jarvis is the author of a very readable and interesting little book entitled "Trails and Tales in Cobalt." The volume is really made up of a number of short stories or accounts of actual incidents, but there is a connecting chain that runs through them all, making them sufficiently homogeneous to be run in chapters instead of under individual captions. At times the description of camp life and color are very graphic, and there is enough

imagination to raise the book above a mere record of fact and experience. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

—"The Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada" (University of Toronto Studies), edited by Prof. George M. Wrong and Mr. H. H. Langton, provides in a compact and comprehensive way for an intelligent appreciation of what has been published of historical interest in Canada during a given twelve-month. The volume covering 1907, has appeared, and it is as usual of great value. (Toronto: Morang & Company.)

—All who contemplate "doing" England with a motor car or bicycle should read Thomas D. Murphy's recent book entitled "British Highways from a Motor Car." It is not a volume dealing with the cities only, but it rather gives special attention to country roads, villages, towns, historic spots and solitary ruins. There are sixteen full-page illustrations in colors and thirty-two in duogravure, together with route maps and an exhaustive index. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, \$3.)

—"The Law of the Federal and State Constitutions of the United States" is the title of a monumental work by F. G. Stimson, author of "Labor in its Relation to Law," "Handbook to the Labor Laws of the United States," and "Law Glossary." The volume includes an historical study of the principles of the constitutions, a chronological table of English social legislation, and a comparative digest of the constitutions of the forty-six States. What has been sought is to give the history, origin, and present tendency of American constitutions, and for this purpose the bulk of the work is made up of a comparative presentation of the forty-six State constitutions annotated with the corresponding provisions of the Federal constitution. (Boston: The Boston Book Company. Cloth, \$3.50 net.)



LIKE many others, we had often heard of the man who swaggers about in leather chaps, steel spur and wide sombrero, with lasso in hand and pistols at belt—the Northwest-rancher or cow-boy. But we had never heard of the less picturesque and less warlike brother, the rancher who withdraws to the awful solitudes of the Saskatchewan hills and bears himself in a manner as different from the stage cow-boy as braggadocio is different from modesty. Before the tide of immigration flowed in towards the Dirt Hills the rancher ranged his herds unmolested all the way from Calgary to Willow Bunch. But the coming of the settler has meant division and occupation of the land, and gradually the rancher has been forced back into the Hills, where he now pursues his solitary way, a lamentably unromantic figure as seen in real life—stripped of the halo with which imaginative persons have surrounded his calling. In the earlier days, when the great monotonous stretches were free to all who might come, the ranch was the headquarters of a merry band of roysterers; but now the steam plow and the disc harrow are changing the face of the land, reducing with stupendous strides the pasturage that once looked so wide and inexhaustible, and commanding the rancher to disperse from his fellows, to go up from the plains into the hills, and to take with

him his packs and his herds and a warning that neither he nor his shall trespass upon growing or ripening grain.

There is in this transformation the characteristics of a great drama, a drama that assumes in some of its aspects an expression of tragic significance. The simon pure rancher, the man of cattle and of grass, hates the puny settler, the petty farmer, as he gauges him, with a hatred that is modified only by pity and contempt. Rather than permit the dispersion and usurpation to drive him into what he regards as the shamefully prosaic requirements of ordinary husbandry, he retreats into the hills and establishes himself as best he may in that somewhat inhospitable environment. And what are his conditions? In some instances he has a companion rancher; in many instances he has none. Solitude is in large measure his portion. Apart from his own herds, the timid antelope, the slinking badger, the barking coyote and the prairie dog comprise his neighborhood, a neighborhood that is at best inhospitable and exclusive. Transient guests come in the shape of wild ducks, wild geese and swan, and to them credit should be given for much interest and some divertisement. Rarely does the rancher seek solace in the companionship of books, nor is his time given much to household decoration. Nevertheless he has regard for clean-

liness, and on Sunday he respects both God and man by resting and changing his clothes. In these respects he differs in a marked degree from the ordinary recluse or hermit. His daily routine is broken in the autumn, when, with horses and wagon, he goes out upon the flats and becomes one of a gang of threshers. His contempt for the farm is on these occasions modified by the promise of ready cash for what otherwise would be latent energy.

It was during threshing time that we went back into the Hills to shoot. After the sporting season opens, the ducks gradually take refuge in the ponds and small lakes in the Hills, and there they can be found by the thousand. To go hunting in the hills of Southern Saskatchewan is not as yet a fashionable sport, and therefore no accommodation is available except what may be found at an occasional ranch or prepared in advance. It was to be a novel experience, to shoot ducks in that great wilderness, but more novel still was to be a visit to a genuine Western ranch. But we had not seen many ranches or inspected many corrals before the scales dropped completely from our eyes and we beheld something that in reality was the very antithesis of what our conception had been of this phase of the "wild and woolly West." We entered the Hills by the old Wood Mountain Trail, but soon turned from that course and headed towards a ranch where, so we had been told, there was a chance of getting some wild geese, a swan or two, maybe a coyote, and, if luck favored us, an antelope. A prairie fire had recently crossed over from Montana, leaving the face of the Hills black as coal, but relieved by splotches of dead yellow, where the grass stood damp in the sloughs, and by white-lined stones that lay out like well-bleached bones. Our only guide was the marks of a horse's hoofs, which were easily

traced over the burnt grass. Apparently some one had ridden in before us, for the horse's hoofs pointed ahead. So we followed on and on for hours, skirting here a slough and there a small lake, and sometimes halting to take a rifle-shot at a venturesome coyote or badger. We concluded that the fire had driven some of the wild animals, particularly antelopes, because they do not burrow, before it, and we therefore expected to find game that had sought refuge on some of the ranches, where the fire had been checked by long lines of ploughed guards. Strange to say, the charred remains of the fire assisted in the hunt, because the animals moving about were almost a full contrast from the black face of the land. Ordinarily a coyote or badger is in color, at some distance, not unlike the color of prairie grass, and for that reason it is difficult for an untrained eye to detect one, unless it be moving. But on this occasion the exposure of the animals, as they observed only ordinary wariness, was at times ludicrous. Badgers lay flat at the entrance to their burrows, imagining that the usual surroundings were protecting them from observation. Prairie dogs acted in the same fool-hardy manner, and coyotes, which are usually extremely cautious, would boldly skirt the side of a nearby hill, apparently taking no precaution except not to expose themselves against the sky-line. As a matter of fact, these animals presented a most excellent target, their light gray bodies showing up well in contrast from the burnt blackness of the hills.

The monotonous aspect of the Dirt Hills is beyond conjecture. We could look for miles on all hands and see nothing but the undulating blackness of the blackened earth. The succession of hills reminded us of a man's struggles towards the height of his ambition: we topped one hill, only to be confronted with a valley

and another hill beyond. And so it was ever as we went: the expectation of having at last reached the final slope. But where was the ranch? Night was coming, and the continuous vision of white stones against the black background began to play upon the senses, until it seemed as if these hitherto inert forms were actually moving, making short, quick runs like surprised badgers. But it was merely a caprice of fancy. We knew that. Still, the eye is a convincing member, and it was hard, as the gloom of evening increased, to believe that the stones we were not looking intently at were not moving—not all of them, but just enough to keep the head twisting from side to side in momentary conviction of having located a sly badger or an impudent gopher. Most times, however, they proved to be nothing but white, skull-like stones. But surely that one did move several feet! Then, as the gloom of evening deepened so that it was difficult to see the hoof marks we had been following, the stones began to assume the shape and semblance of skulls. What a gruesome, horrible flight of fancy! And yet, there they were. The place looked like an old neglected battlefield, and no surprise need have been felt if the spirits of a horde of dusky warriors had arisen from the black earth, swinging their tomahawks in welcome of the night.

But where was the ranch?

The hills began to melt one into another; the valleys and the sloughs became less distinct in outline; the whole scene grew vague and mysterious. There was nothing to serve as a landmark—no tree, no shrub, no peculiar pond or slough, no odd or unusual formation, nothing by which the way could be marked or an indication given of human habitation. Helpless, we stopped and gazed about. The sharp bark and long-drawn howl of a coyote fell upon our ears; the honk, honk of wild geese

came from a small lake that looked in the distance like a thin streak of silver; the whirr and flap of ducks' wings stirred the air overhead, while the quack, quack of an energetic drake mustering his flock came as a reassuring sound to us who were the only things in discord with that imposing phase of nature.

We had become resigned to the situation, and were about to prepare for the night, when we caught sight of a light glimmering faintly in the distance. To get to the light we had to almost feel the way over the uncertain ground. Small lakes had to be rounded, sloughs avoided and hills surmounted. Meanwhile the light served as a beacon, and towards it we pressed with thankful hearts. Although we seemed to come closer to it, we never seemed able to reach it or really locate it, and finally we began to fear some will-o'-the-wisp was luring us into mischief. At last it disappeared altogether, and presently the horses' ears pricked up and were rewarded with a faint whinny that seemed to come from everywhere and yet from nowhere. We pressed forward towards the spot where we thought we had last seen the light, and suddenly to our great amazement, we came upon a shack, a human habitation. Advancing somewhat timidly towards the door, we expected at every step to be accosted and asked for an explanation. But the place was as silent as a grave, so we approached the door and rapped. There was no response. We waited a minute, and then rapped again. Still there was no response. Gaining courage, and yet fearing the embarrassment of an unceremonious entrance, we raised the latch and walked within.

The first thing to do was to strike a match, and yet we wondered what had become of the beacon that had guided us thither. The match revealed a lantern standing on the table, and, having lighted it, we

gazed upon the one-room interior of a rancher's shack in the Dirt Hills. A stove stood at one end, and a pine-board bed at the other end. By the window there was a table, and in one corner a trunk. Provisions in the form of flour, sugar, molasses, and various canned goods were ranged on a shelf, together with dishes and cooking utensils. On the walls hung a pair of chaps, a trap, a shot-gun, a lariat, a saddle and a pair of spurs.

There seems to be an unwritten law among ranchers that no man shall be refused hospitality or the use of whatever a ranch may afford, even in the absence of the owner, and so we had no scruples about stabling our horses, feeding them, getting supper for ourselves, and occupying the rancher's bed. But the sight of the white, skull-like stones, the dismal howl of the coyote, and, above all else, the appearance and disappearance of the light, had quite unnerved us. The wind had risen, moaning and souging around the shack, causing a creepy, uncanny sensation. The whole place was so dreadfully apart from the common walks of man that it seemed as if no one but the devil himself could at that hour appear to molest us. The condition of the room looked as if it had been unoccupied for days, but there had been the lantern, with the glass still warm. Neither of us admitted any apprehension, but as we blew out the lantern before turning into bed, we looked out of the window and door and observed that the place would make a safe retreat for robbers. We could see the tops of the hills on all sides, and therefore knew that the shack stood in a cuplike hollow. While we could not see the face of the hills, we could discern the skyline, and as we gazed, in a measure fascinated by the imposing sombreness of the scene, we saw a human form silhouetted for a second against the dark gray of the sky. The form was bent close to the ground — almost

creeping—as if to avoid detection, and it was moving rapidly at a right angle from us. Soon it disappeared, leaving us on the alert and not a little perplexed. To go out and shout was the first impulse, but being unused to the etiquette of the Hills, we decided to play a waiting game. Instinctively we felt that whatever the circumstances might be, we were being watched and perhaps surrounded. The loneliness of the place was conducive to real terror, and gradually the feeling came over us that the shack was being stealthily approached from behind. We had drawn back from the window, and had seen that our guns were loaded. By this time the wind had gone down; and the silence was therefore intense. Presently we thought we could just barely hear a slow movement in the grass. The window was open, so there was but little doubt that we heard it. Then the silence was markedly broken by a sharp click. We then knew that the hammer of a rifle had been cocked, and we waited, breathless, for the next move. The door was slightly open, and through the small open space we saw a man, on hands and knees, come cautiously around a corner of the shack. The man in ordinary circumstances would have been immediately accosted, but there was actual fascination in his posture and in the probability of his design. So the oncoming was awaited with intense interest and some concern. The form came creeping up, hugging the side of the shack, and the dull cast of the sky shone more dully still on the bright steel of the rifle barrel. Just when it looked as if a climax had been reached, the man stood up and quickly pulled the door shut. A clicking sound told that the padlock which had hung on the outside staple was now doing service.

Surely this was not the hospitality of the Hills, for obviously a barrier had been raised against freedom of

escape. The window was still open, but it was not large enough for a man's body to pass through. In any case, to attempt to pass out through it then would not have been a wise undertaking. Retreating footsteps were heard, but soon they came back again. Then there was a rap on the door.

"Is Bob Johnson there?" was asked in a somewhat penitent tone. (Bob Johnson was a notorious horse thief.)

"No."

"Or Garner How?" (Garner How was the boldest steer-chaser in the Hills.)

"No."

"By the look of your horses and outfit, I thought not. Then who are you?"

"We're friends of Bill Jones."

"Then you're welcome."

By this time the padlock had been opened and the lantern relighted.

The rancher had seen us coming when we were still miles away, and, thinking we were horse thieves who

had taken it for granted that he was away with the threshers, had set the lantern in the window to scare us off. But, seeing that we meant to come on, he had blown out the light and retired to a safe distance.

Ranchers who play a lone hand, such as our friend of this incident, are by habit sober and uncommunicative, and their appreciation of human companionship is often shown in long spells of silence. And in this instance, after courtesies had been exchanged and explanations given, our host tilted a canned corn box back against the wall and permitted us to talk on without scarcely an interruption. At length the lapses in conversation permitted us to hear again the weird night howl of some wandering coyote, the less mournful quack, quack from a disturbed flock on the nearby pond, and the faint, distant honk of a gander in flight. We seemed then to be strangely close to nature, but still not quite so close as the man who gladly stretched his long limbs on the floor, giving up his bed to us.

The Editor



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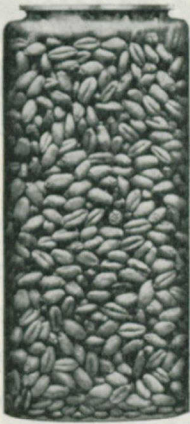
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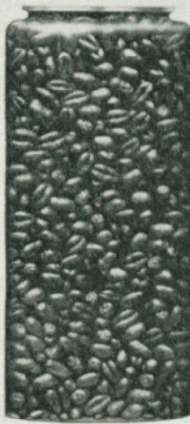
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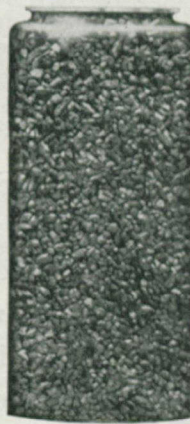
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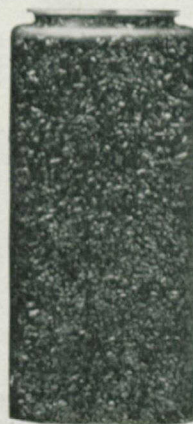
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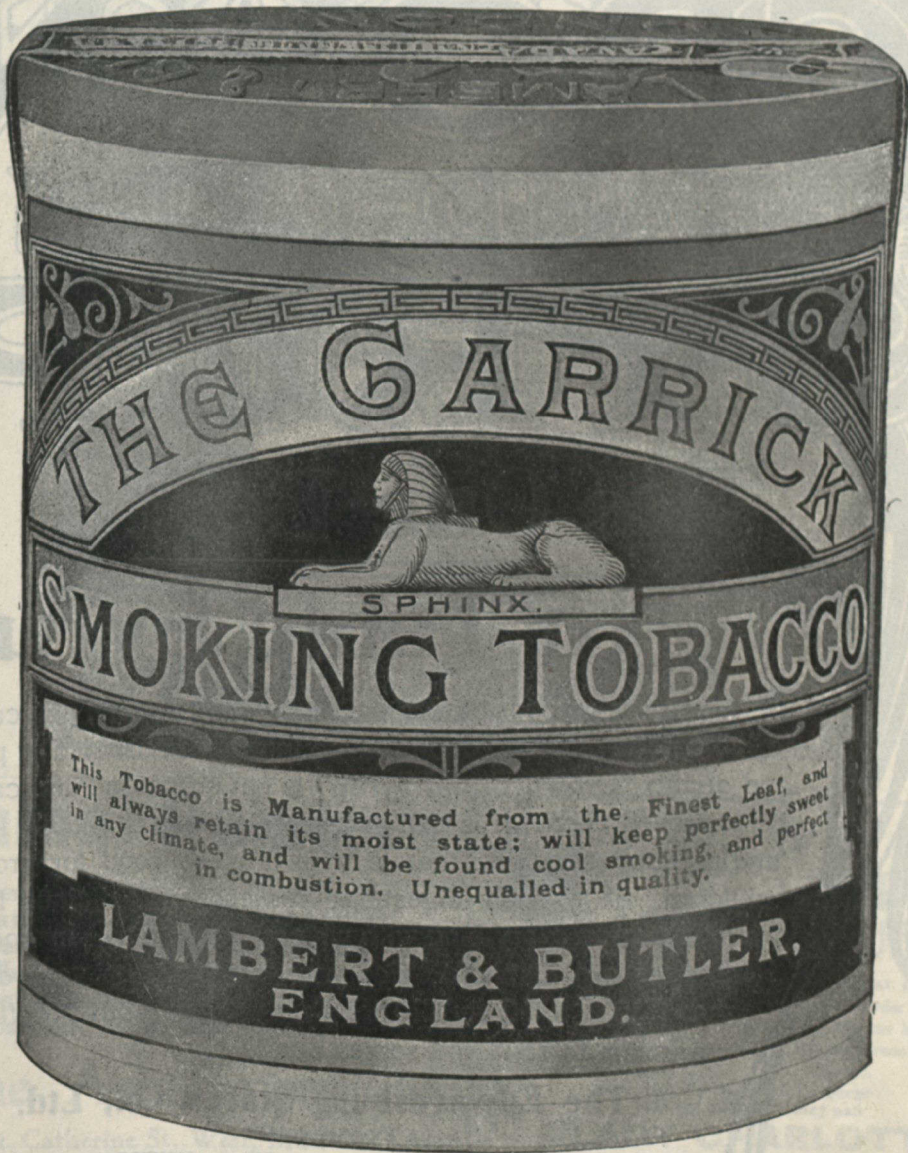
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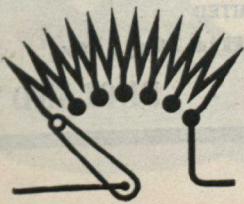
357 St. Catherine St. West, MONTREAL



IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,
But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they sell

"LADY CHARLOTTE"



ELECTRICITY

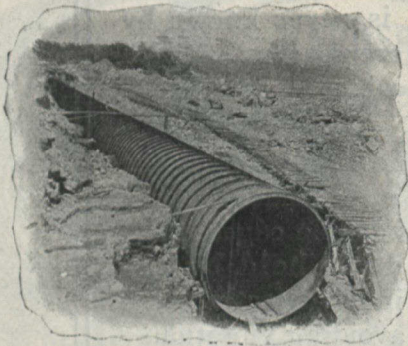
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Because, no matter how good mill, methods and miller may be, high grade flour cannot be made from low grade wheat. In the making of "Five Roses" Flour we use only the highest grade Manitoba hard wheat, selected by our own expert grain buyers with the utmost care. The quality of the wheat we buy, combined with the modern methods in use in our mills, makes "Five Roses" the leading brand and guarantees users the best bread and pastry that can be made. Buy "Five Roses" and you buy the highest grade flour made from the highest grade wheat in the world. Ask your grocer for a bag today.

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They are made :---

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ABSOLUTELY PURE.

From choice, sound, fruit grown on his own farms.

With pure cane Sugar.

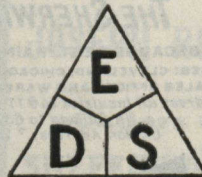
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Price \$10.50



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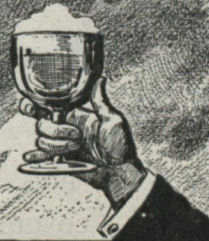
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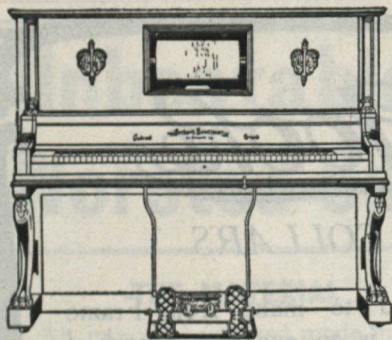
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GANONG BROS., LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

Singer Talks

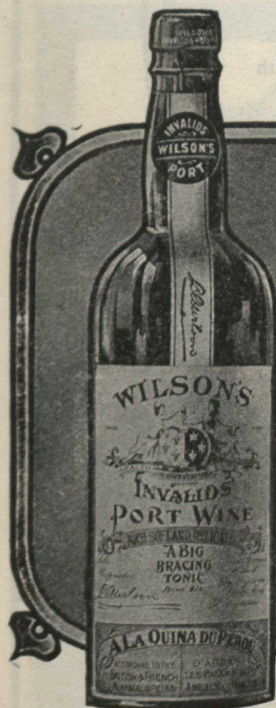
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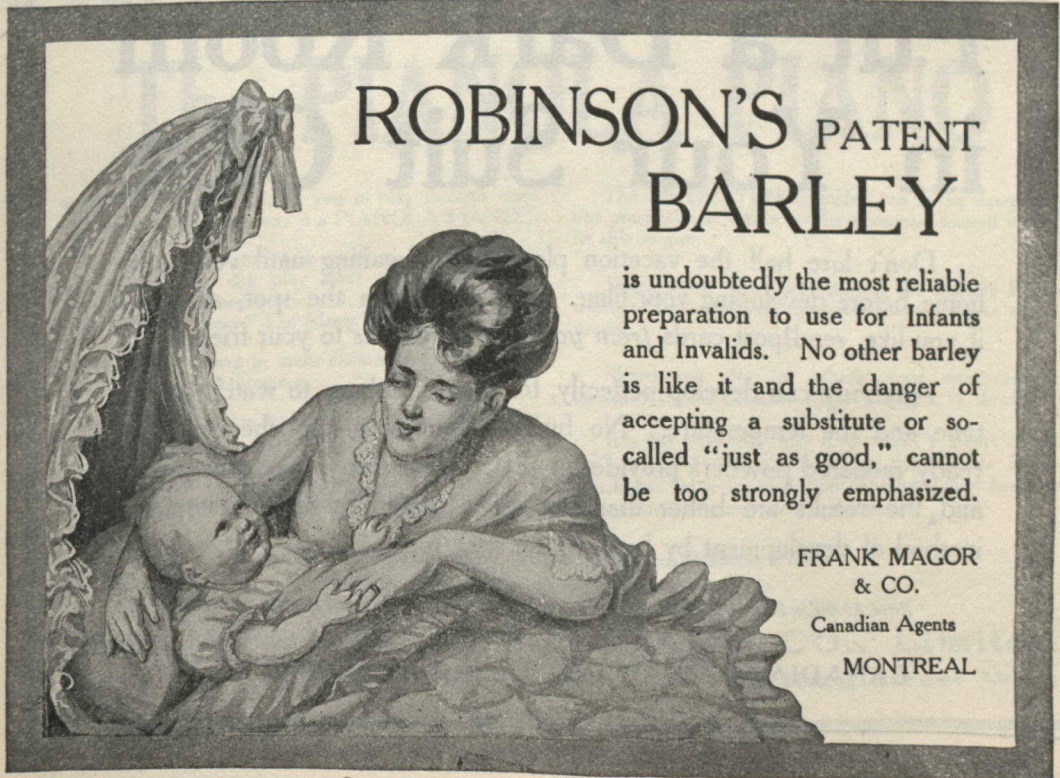
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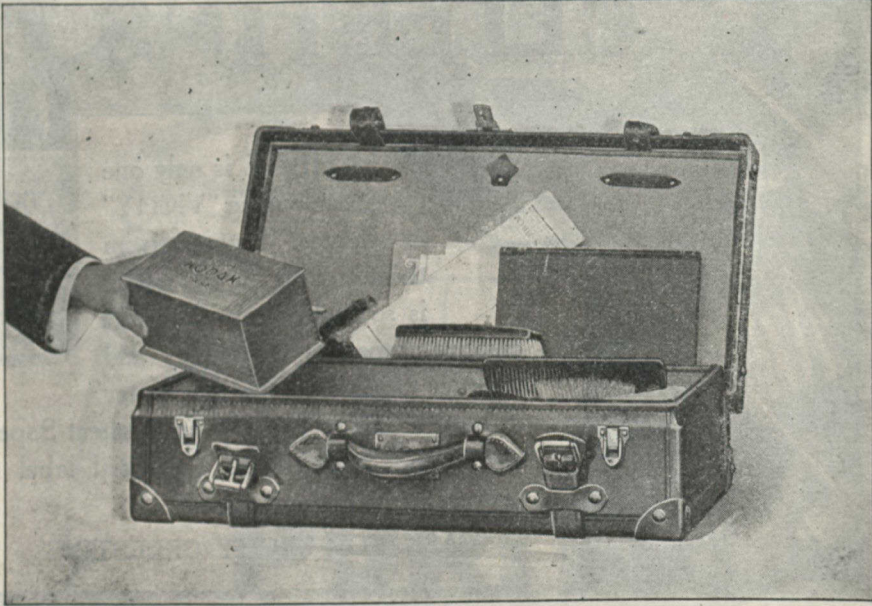


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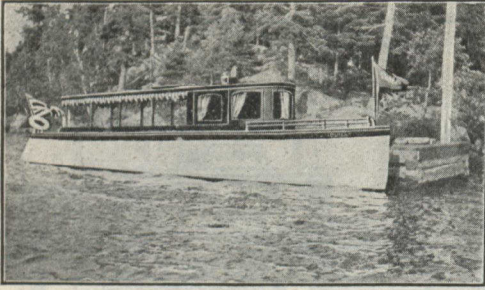
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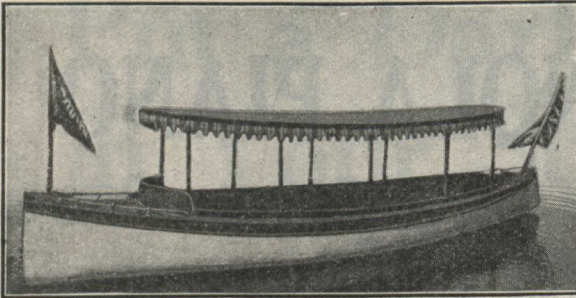
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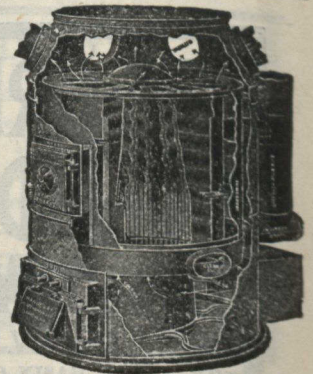
Truly yours,

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The Kelsey Warm Air Generator is for homes, churches and schools, solves all heating problems. Our Kelsey Booklet sent free for the asking.

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Ⓐ No matter what disease you suffer from, so long as no vital organ is irreparably injured you can be cured.

Oxydonor will create in your system a strong affinity for Oxygen in the air. This additional Oxygen, instilled into skin, membranes and every tissue, will revitalize your body and give it the power to overcome all forms of disease.

You apply Oxydonor at home while you sleep. No loss of time from work or business.

Oxydonor is safe, easily applied, and never loses its force. Mrs. Gilliam, 481 John St. North, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "My son was troubled with that disagreeable disease, Catarrh, and having tried everything we could think of or hear about without any benefit, we tried Oxydonor just out of curiosity. To our great delight it proved a cure. I feel I cannot speak too highly of its value for Catarrh."

If you are suffering write to-day for full information about Oxydonor and its remarkable cures. Address

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ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF In the heart of the City
500 Rooms **300 Bath Rooms**
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Gentlemen's Cafe, Ladies' Restaurant and Moorish Rooms Popular Prices
Plenty of life—but home-like
Single Room and Suites with and without Bath
\$1.00 per Day and up
Send for Booklet **ROBERT P. MURPHY**

Meet me at the College Inn, under The Albany, New York's Leading Rathskeller, a place to eat, drink and be merry **Music**

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OAKVILLE, ONTARIO

This Sanitarium, established some sixteen years ago for the treatment of Alcoholic and Drug Diseases, has had a very successful career, and is now the acknowledged leading institution of its kind in Canada.

The spacious grounds are delightfully situated on Lake Ontario, and the patients freely avail themselves of the facilities for Lawn Tennis, Bowling, Boating, Bathing.

FOR TERMS, ETC., ADDRESS THE MANAGER

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM, Limited, OAKVILLE

Time Works Wonders

Comparatively few people comprehend the great change that is taking place in Canada in the development and use of telephones.

Farmers and small villages have come to realize that the telephone is a necessity, an economy and a great convenience.

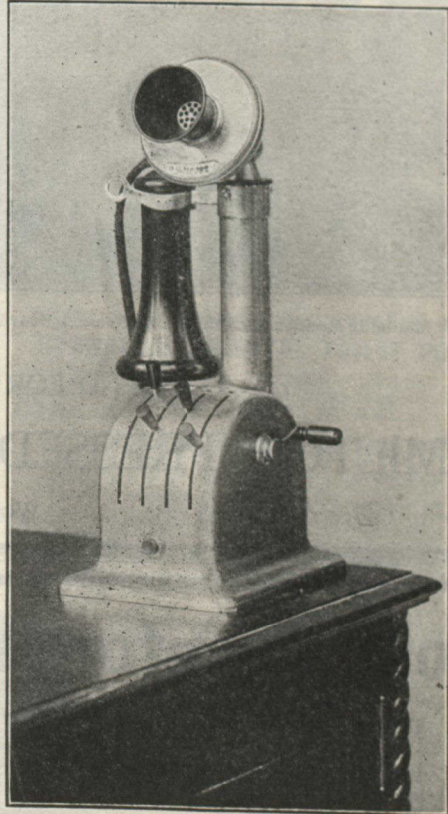
The Telephone is an Educator

It aids and cheapens communication and communication is the first essential of civilization.

Canada and Canadians in general have come to realize that rural communities are entitled to as good telephone service as Canadian cities have formerly enjoyed.

Canadian cities are now coming to realize that they are entitled to an improved telephone service. Why should people continue for a generation to use out-of-date telephones and pay for out-of-date telephone service?

See page 59, Advertising Department, May Number of Canadian Magazine. **The world moves, why be annoyed longer by the "Listening board"?**



Canadian Independent Telephone Co.

LIMITED

26 Duncan Street

TORONTO, ONTARIO



Brick Mantel in Residence of Mr. W. M. Romans, Bear River, N.S.

UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS

Are Sure Signs of well Pleased Customers.

Bear River, N.S., March 30, '08.
Messrs. Milton Pressed Brick Co., Ltd.
Milton, Ont.

Dear Sirs,

I am mailing you, under separate cover, a photo of the "Buff Brick Mantel" I purchased from you through Messrs. Clark Bros. last summer.

As to appearance, I think the photo speaks for itself.

Should either the picture or my name be of any value to you in your advertising you are at liberty to use both, should you think fit.

Wishing you every success, I am, Dear Sirs,

Yours very truly,

W. M. Romans.

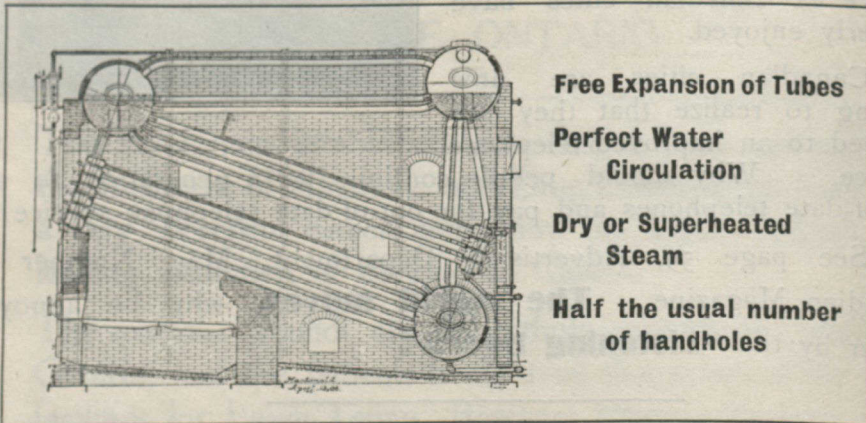
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MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO., Limited

Toronto Office : 75 Yonge St.

Works and Head Office : MILTON, ONTARIO

Robb-Mumford Water Tube Boiler



Free Expansion of Tubes


Perfect Water Circulation

Dry or Superheated Steam

Half the usual number of handholes

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District Offices : } Traders Bank Building, Toronto, William McKay, Manager
Bell Telephone Building, Montreal, Watson Jack, Manager
Union Bank Building, Winnipeg, J. F. Porter, Manager



A Smith Premier Typewriter Every Three Minutes!

An actual output of a complete machine every three minutes of every working day is required to meet the present demand for the

Smith Premier Typewriter

a demand that has leaped from a local to a national one and from a national to a world-wide one in seventeen years. There is a story of typewriting achievement back of this. Let us send it to you in booklet form.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
Syracuse, N. Y. Branches Everywhere

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM**
or Magical Beautifier

Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin No other cosmetic will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient) — "As you ladies will use them,

I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

COURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

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Removes superfluous Hair

Price \$1.00 by Mail

FRD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., New York City



Underwood

The Underwood Condensed Billing Typewriter describes itself in its title. An invoice (and as many carbon records as may be required), as well as the salesbook entry, are made at the one writing.

The salesbook entries are made on a long sheet, and are condensed, eliminating all waste space. Both sides of the sheet are utilized; disintegration columns may be added to the right of the total-column upon the sales sheet, in which sales can be classified according to departments or ledgers.

We have an interesting catalogue which illustrates and fully explains this, and the other special Underwood bookkeeping typewriters. It is worth the trouble of asking for it.

United Typewriter Company, Limited

7-9 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO

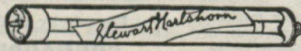
AND IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES



PAGE WHITE FENCES
 Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches.
 Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white.
 Tougher and stronger wire than goes into any other fence.
 Get 1908 prices and illustrated booklet.

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED
 Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada.
 WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN WINNIPEG 220

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS



Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label
Wood Rollers Get "Improved," no tacks required **Tin Rollers**



**The full value of what
 you pay for is in
 Baby's Own Soap
 itself.**

The box and wrapper are purposely made as cheaply as possible.

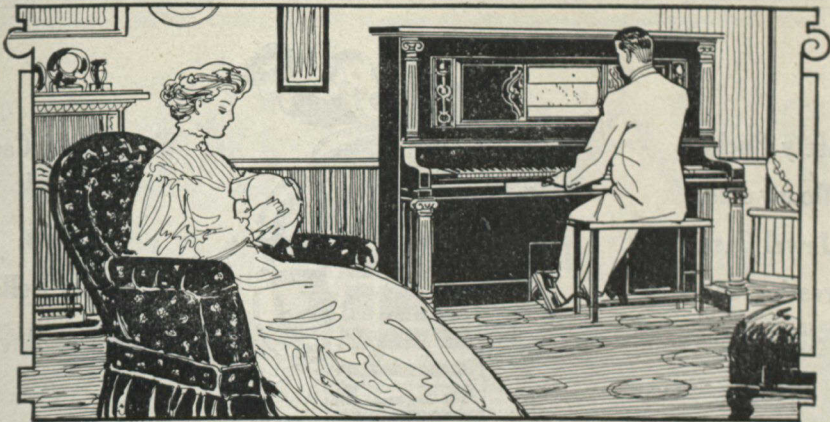
This enables us to use absolutely the highest quality materials and pure flower perfumes (from Grasse, France) and yet sell "Baby's Own" at a popular price.

In "Baby's Own" you get a soap that can not be excelled—no matter what price you pay. Refuse substitutes, because "Baby's Own" is best for baby and best for you.

ALBERT SOAPS, LTD., MFRS., MONTREAL

Try
 "Albert Talc"
 Violet Scented
 and Antiseptic.

LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR



The Gourlay-Angelus Piano

Makes a Musician of its Possessor

The possession of a Gourlay-Angelus Piano brings to the person who does not play a piano in the ordinary way, the ability to play any music—the **best of music**—whenever desired.

The exclusive patented expression devices of the Gourlay-Angelus further enable anyone to play with a degree of artistic feeling and freedom from mechanical effect, only otherwise obtainable by hand-playing after years of patient study.

If you become the possessor of a Gourlay-Angelus, you will find your desire for music stimulated and your musical know'edge increased. Then, and only then, will you realise what a splendid possession such a piano really is. For all the music of the ages is at command, and the **Melodent** and **Phrasing Lever** of the **Gourlay-Angelus** give you the very soul of the music. These patented inventions are not procurable in any other Canadian piano.

If you have listened to other player pianos that are mechanical, come and hear how artistic and human is the playing of the Gourlay-Angelus.

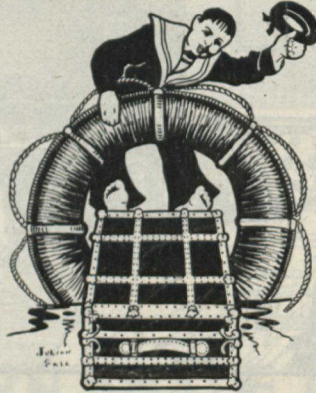
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GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

188 Yonge St., Toronto

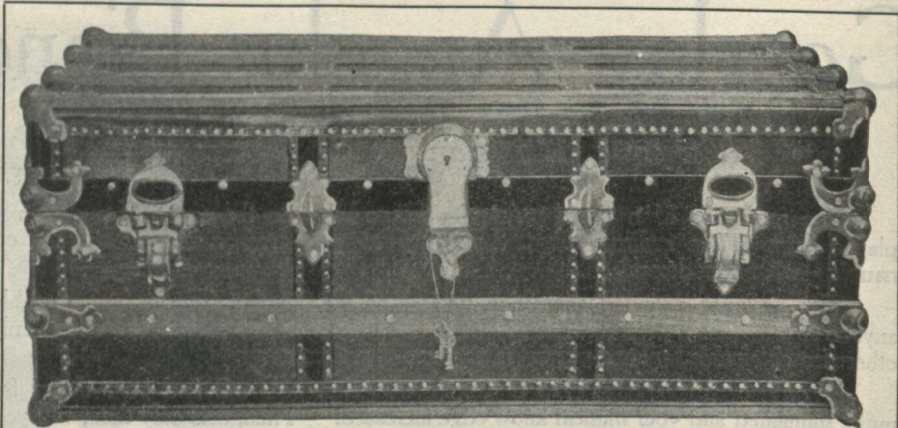
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**GRAND
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SYSTEM**

The LAKE OF BAYS

KNOWN AS THE

"KILLARNEY of AMERICA"

OVER 1000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL
 PURE AND EXHILARATING ATMOSPHERE
 MAGNIFICENT SCENERY and LOVELY WATER TRIPS
 AN IDEAL TERRITORY for CAMPERs and CANOEISTS
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 GOOD HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS AT REASONABLE RATES.

Write for handsome booklet which tells you all about it. Sent free on application to J. D. McDonald, Union Station, Toronto, or to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

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ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

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Rooms in Saloon are reserved on payment of \$25 each berth.

Second Saloon on payment of \$10.00.

Accommodation for June and July sailings should be secured at once, also west bound for sailings during August and September. ¶ The Edinburgh Exhibition is attracting a large number of tourists from Canada and the United States, and our improved service to Glasgow offers splendid facilities at very reasonable rates.

For illustrated descriptive circular, plans, rates, etc.,

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THE ALLAN LINE,
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H. & A. ALLAN,
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In Quebec and the Maritime Provinces

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GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, MONCTON, N. B.

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is the month for the first trips to the holiday summer resorts of the Muskokas, the Laurentians from Montreal, Lake St. John, the Ocean Shore of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton Island, the Superior Divide and the Real North-West.

☐ Along each of the Six Railways of the Canadian Northern System there are almost unlimited opportunities for the manufacturer and business man, as well as for the summerer and holiday-maker.

☐ Write for Booklets describing the Best Country in Six Provinces, served by the Railways of the Canadian Northern System, to the Information Bureau, Head Office, Canadian Northern Railway System, Toronto.

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THIS renowned hunting and fishing territory takes on increased popularity yearly. Dates for hunting and fishing may be applied for at any time. Increased accommodation will be provided for sportsmen by 1st September, 1908, in the great Caribou Barrens. For information of any kind re sport

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The Hon. Minister of Lands and Forests
QUEBEC, P.Q., CANADA

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company



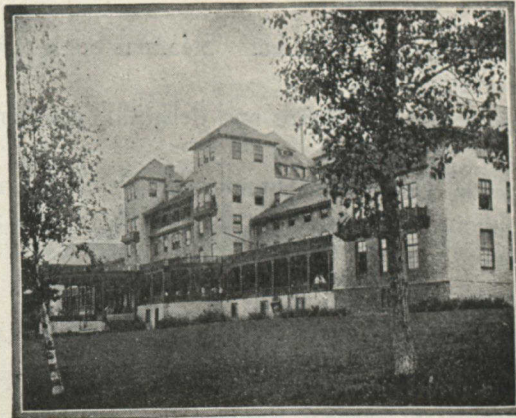
"NIAGARA TO THE SEA"
REMEMBER
QUEBEC is celebrating its
TER-CENTENARY this summer
FOR PARTICULARS WRITE
THOMAS HENRY TRAFFIC MGR.
MONTREAL, CAN.

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Charmingly Situated Summer Hotels on the Picturesque Lower St. Lawrence

**Manoir
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Murray Bay
P. Q.



**The
Tadouzac**

Tadouzac
P. Q.

These high class Summer Hotels are replete with all modern improvements, and the Climate and Scenery at these points are unequalled on the continent

For further particulars, and copy of "Where the Sea Breezes Mingle with the Pine" apply to

THOMAS HENRY

Traffic Manager, Montreal

Best Fishing Canoeing Camping



in Ontario found along the Toronto-Sudbury branch of the C.P.R., which will be opened June 15 with a

FAST PASSENGER SERVICE TO

Muskoka Lakes

Parry Sound

Georgian Bay

Point au Baril, Byng Inlet, etc.

French River

Most attractive route to Muskoka. Steamers connect with trains at Bala for all resorts on the Lakes.

New direct line to 30,000 Islands and delightful summering places of Georgian Bay.

No finer country in Ontario for summer camps, fishing, and a healthy all-outdoor vacation, than around the French River. All new country, remember, reached now for the first time by rail.

Note: Line will be opened June 15

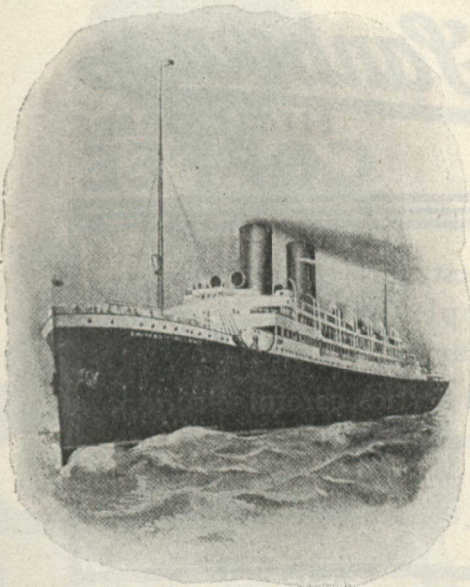
DAY AND NIGHT TRAINS. FINEST EQUIPMENT.
LOW SUMMER RATES IN EFFECT.

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(Via Halifax in Winter)

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The S.S. "CANADA" holds the record of having made the fastest passage between Liverpool and Canada. The S.S. "CANADA" and S.S. "DOMINION" have very fine accommodation for all classes of passengers. Passenger accommodation is situated amidships, electric light and spacious decks.

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To Liverpool, - \$42.50

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AND UPWARDS, ACCORDING TO STEAMER AND BERTH

These Steamers carry only one class of cabin passengers, namely, Second Cabin, to whom will be given the accommodation situated in the best part of the vessel. This accommodation includes Promenade Decks, Smoke Rooms, Ladies' Rooms, etc., all amidships, and meets the requirements of that section of the travelling public who, while wanting the best the steamer affords, do not care to pay the higher rates demanded for such in the ships having two classes of cabins.

For all information as to rates of passage and sailings, apply to local agents or to

H. G. THORLEY,

41 King St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

THE DOMINION LINE,

17 St. Sacrament St., MONTREAL, QUE.

Chase & Sanborn's

HIGH GRADE COFFEE



The best part of breakfast, to most people, is their cup of Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

Perfect berries, careful selection, expert blending, insure the rich color and delightful flavor of this best coffee.

94



UPTON'S

Pure Orange Marmalade





pleases the most particular people.

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YOUR GROCER WILL SUPPLY IT

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"It's Pure That's Sure"



COWAN'S



Such dainty and delicate
Confections are

COWAN'S

Milk Chocolate,
Croquettes, Wafers,
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.
Chocolate Cream Bars

REV. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE 75

THE SECRET
OF THE
ENDURING SUCCESS OF

**MURRAY &
LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER**

IS EXPLAINED IN THIS SCRAP
FROM THE LETTER
OF A LADY.

*---it has a quality all its
own, readily recognized,
but which baffles descrip-
tion as it appears to baffle
your countless imitators.
I find it in no other
perfume.---*

THE SWEETEST AND MOST
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WEDDING GIFTS

Exclusive
Designs
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WILLIAM JUNOR

88 WEST KING STREET, TORONTO

For
every meal
—every day

Windsor

Table
Salt

is needed.

line—pure—full—
savoured.

172

TEABERRY

FOR THE TEETH

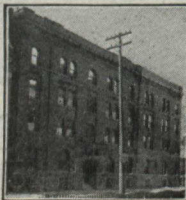
This standard Canadian Dentifrice has given unvarying satisfaction for years as a cleansing and antiseptic agent in the care of the teeth. Possessing the delicate aroma of the Teaberry leaf, it leaves the mouth refreshed and thoroughly sweetened after use; after a short time—with its aid—the gums become hard, well colored and healthy, and the teeth glistening and white to the gums. It is especially recommended for children's use—Harmless and efficient.

At all druggists, 25c.

GOLD-DREDGING IN ALASKA 10,000 acres tested gold-bearing gravel. Richest placers known. Stock 20 cents. Par \$1.00. Installments. Should pay \$10 for every dollar invested. Illustrated prospectus FREE. Yukon Basin Gold Dredging Co., Dept. 49, Kansas City, Mo.

The ILLINOIS TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES

Founded in 1880. Connected with Cook County and Chicago Lying-in Hospital. Offers to young women a three years' course of unexcelled, practical and theoretical training in Cook County Hospital, of 1,300 beds, including large children's and contagious departments. Special obstetrics in Lying-in Hospital. Private duty in private institutions. Practical course in Dietetics. Physical Culture and Massage. Monthly payment to nurses during entire course. Salaries paid to graduate nurses. Six scholarships. Commodious Nurses' Home. Address



Nurses' Home

Miss Helen S. Hay, Supt.,
308 Honore St., Chicago.



Mothers

This will interest you

You know the trouble you have with the old style of Infant's Bands. Look at our *Infants' M Bands* illustrated and you will be convinced that these are the only satisfactory bands on the market. These bands are knitted. The narrow tapes running over the shoulder are sewed on, the wide woven tab to which the diaper is pinned is attached to these tapes front and back. *Knitted tabs stretch and tear*, these tapes and tabs will not, they hold the diaper in place and carry the weight to where it belongs, to the shoulder. These bands are made in fine cotton, fine wool and silk and wool.

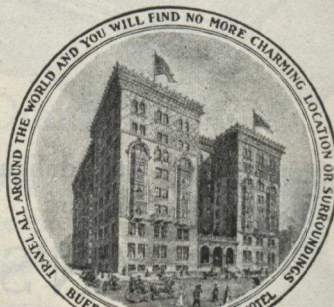
Price 25c. and 50c.

At all first-class dry-goods stores

Manufactured only by
The
C. TURNBULL CO.
Limited
GALT - CANADA

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IN
BUFFALO



MODERN. HIGHEST GRADE. FIREPROOF
UNEXCELLED SERVICE THROUGHOUT

OUR OWN RAPID ELECTRIC CARRIAGES
EXCLUSIVELY FOR PATRONS every few minutes
from Hotel through Business District and to all Depots
for principal trains.

EUROPEAN PLAN
\$1.50 per day and up

EXCELLENT GOLFING NEAR BY.

GEORGE DUCHSCHERER, Prop.

"Fashion-Craft"

Perfect style, the ambition of every cultured business man, is found at its best in "Fashion-Craft" Clothes. They speak for themselves by their individuality and luxuriousness.

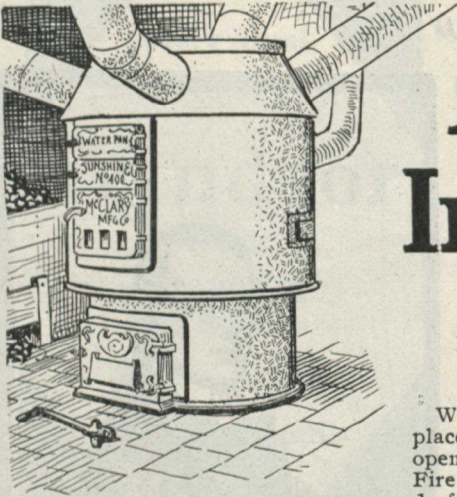
\$25.00

**Business Suits
a Specialty**

Shops all over Canada



A Story In Chapters



I.
Furnace properly and carefully installed.

II.

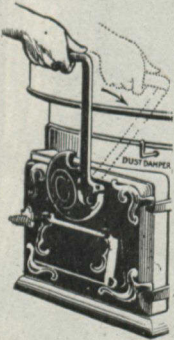
With great ease water is placed in water-pan, drafts opened and coal fire started. Fire soon burns up brightly, drafts are closed and check-

draft opened. Immediately heat-power begins to penetrate dome and radiator surrounding dome. The incoming cold air immediately receives the energy of this heat-power, and by natural law ascends up the hot-air pipes, thence to rooms. No gas escapes into cellar or rooms because there is an automatic gas damper providing for its escape up the chimney.



III.

In the morning a gentle rocking of the lever removes all ashes from grates. No dust in operator's face, for he first opened damper into dust-pipe leading from ash-pit, then direct draft at smoke-pipe entrance, and all dust passed up dust-pipe to dome, then out chimney.



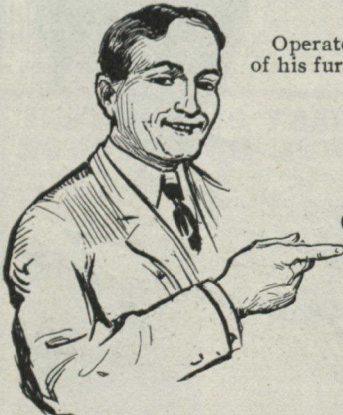
IV.

No need to shovel any ashes away. All nicely settled in ash pan ready to be quickly and easily removed from pit. On coming upstairs operator finds that he requires no whisking off, and his wife don't scold him for "making everything white."



V.

Operator is delighted. When asked the name of his furnace, he proudly said, _____



Sunshine

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McCLARY'S

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B. Hamilton, Calgary



Royal
Household
Flour



MAKES
DELICIOUS
CAKES
PASTRY
ROLLS
BUNS
AND
BREAD

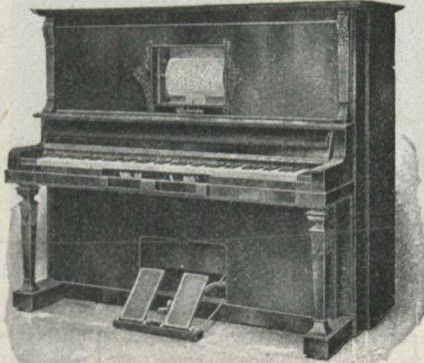
THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, CANADA.

ART DEPT., CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

The Autonola

PLAYERPIANO

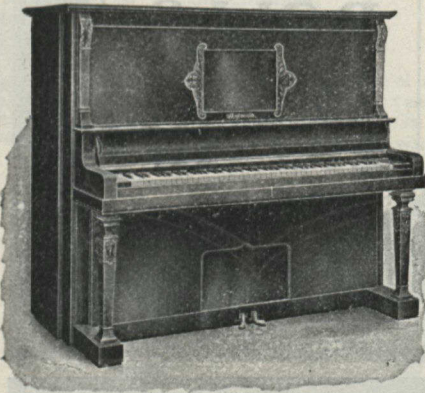
can be successfully played by anyone without any musical knowledge, and any musical composition can be rendered on it in a most artistic way.



(Ready for use with Music Roll)

SIMPLICITY AND DURABILITY

characterize the Autonola in its every part. The player mechanism is the latest and best, while the piano itself is the well known **BELL**.



(The Autonola—closed—is a handsome Piano and may be played by hand in the usual way)

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET C

The Bell Piano

AND ORGAN COMPANY, LIMITED

GUELPH, ONTARIO

TORONTO, OTTAWA and LONDON, ENGLAND

Club Cocktails



A Bottled Delight

A correctly proportioned cocktail is a drink as rare as it is delightful. **CLUB COCKTAILS** are perfect cocktails—an expert blend of fine old liquors, measured to exact proportion. No chance-mixed cocktail ever made can duplicate their even, exquisite flavor.

7 kinds. At all good dealers. Manhattan (whiskey base) and Martini (gin base) are universal favorites.

G. F. Heublein & Bro.

HARTFORD

NEW YORK

LONDON



“Byrrh”

The Pleasant Tasting Tonic Wine.

“Byrrh” is different from all other tonic wines. It is not only extremely pleasant to the palate, but its tonic qualities, being derived from natural restoratives, have a permanent building-

up effect on all run-down conditions of health.

“Byrrh” aids digestion, improves the appetite, and gives vigor and tone to the whole system.

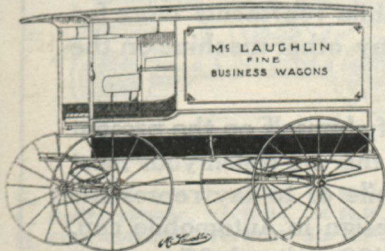
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Send this advertisement and 10 cents to pay postal charges, etc., and we will send you a large free sample of this famous tonic wine.

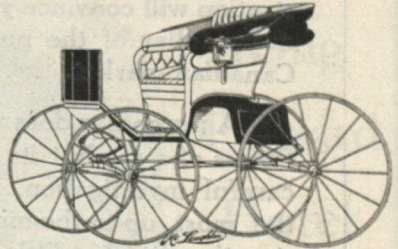
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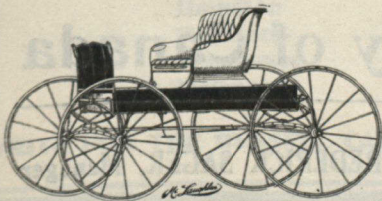


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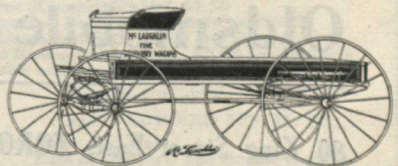


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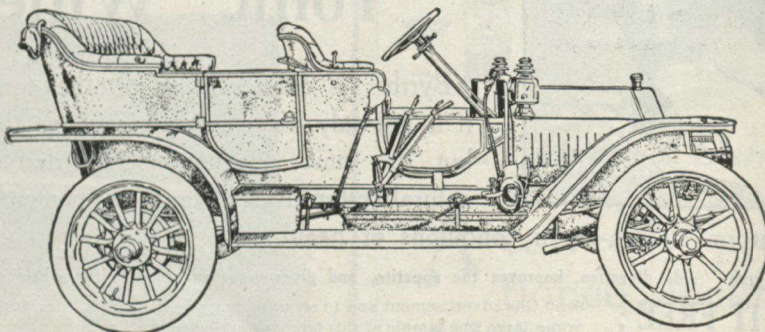
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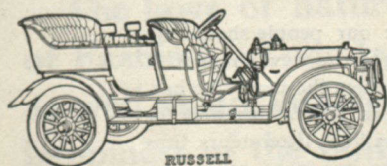
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There are three reasons why Canadians should give a magazine like the *CANADIAN* their support. In the first place it will afford them entertainment. This is the selfish way of looking at the question, but it, likely, is always the first ground of appeal. People who wish to buy a magazine simply that they may be entertained for a few hours can find lots of entertainment in the pages of the *Canadian*. There is probably not one reader in the country who does not read many foreign magazines that are decidedly less interesting, not to say less valuable.

The second reason why we think our people should do this is a patriotic one. It encourages the development of Canadian literature. The more patronage the magazine has, the better it will be able to pay our own litterateurs well for their work, and the more encouraged will our litterateurs thus be to turn out good work. Anyone who has good sense can see the value of a national literature, so we do not feel called upon to defend that part of the proposition. The making of a country and the making of its literature go hand in hand. A good magazine plays a distinct part in the making of literature. Patronage plays one of the most important parts in the making of a magazine. We think that when the publishers are working hard, not only to make a success of their magazine, but to develop Canadian literature, they deserve well of Canadians.

Our third reason is likewise a patriotic one. If the *Canadian Magazine* can do a great service towards Canadian literature, it can and DOES give a great contribution towards Canada's development. It discusses Canadian problems, appeals to Canadian interests, digs deep into Canadian history and Canadian lore, publishes stories whose scenes and plots are laid in Canada. Those who read the magazine must be more fully imbued with the Canadian spirit, and we need more of that spirit for the development of our country.

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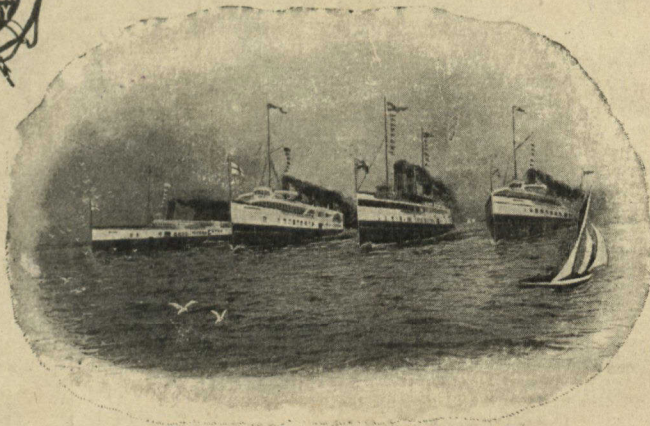
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