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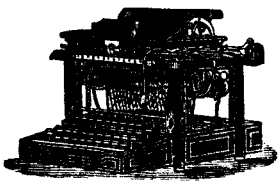
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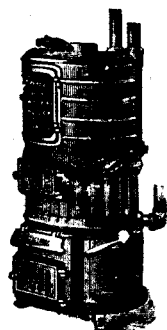
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To grunt and cough under a weary life, But that the task of choosing what to use— A task that until recently was hard, But now is rendered easy—puzzles the will. And makes us rather bear the ills we have, Than fly to syrups that we know not of? Thus waiting does make patients of us all; And thus the native hue of rosy cheek Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of ills, And constitutions of great might and power, With this disease, from health are turned awry And lose the good of life.



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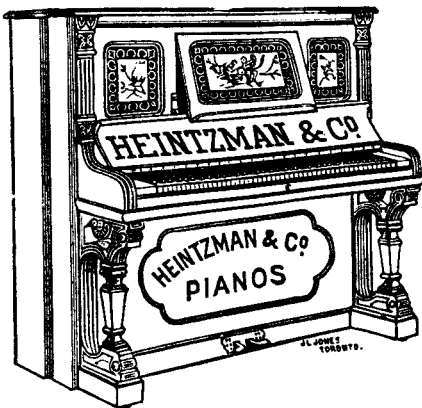
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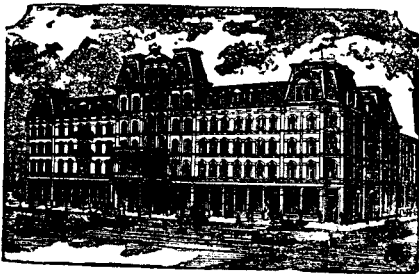
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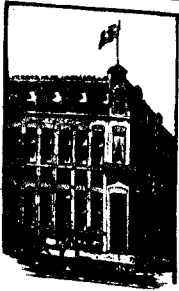
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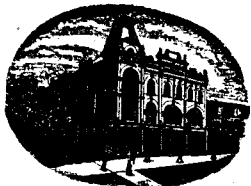
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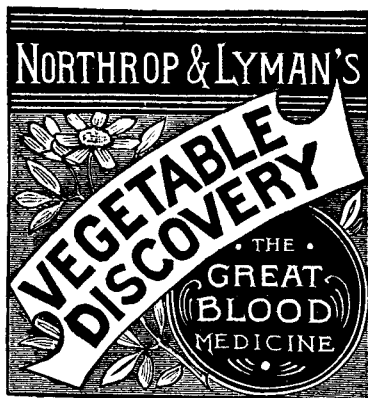
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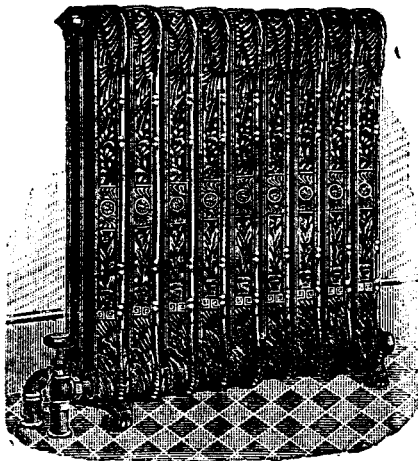
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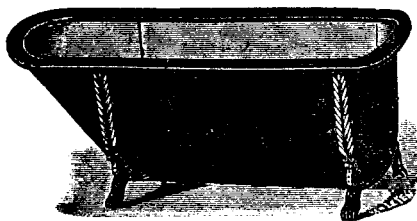
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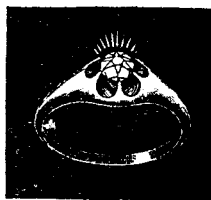
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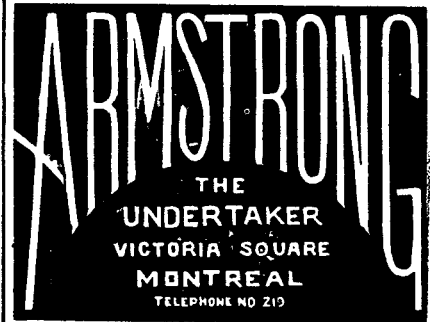
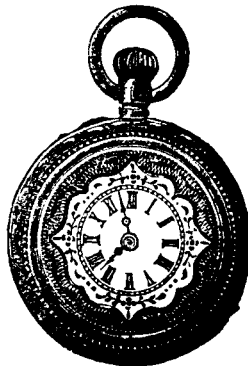
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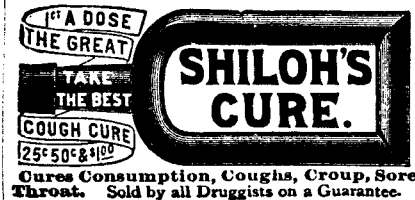
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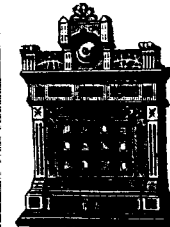


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LITERARY NOTES.

The February Popular Science
Monthly will contain an especially
readable article on GHOST WORSHIP
AND TREE WORSHIP, by GRANT
ALLAN, in which is shown the proba-
bility that the latter practice grew
out of the former. The number of
treemyths in classic literature gives
this subject a literary as well as a
scientific interest.

Never has there been a time when

religion was viewed so broadly as
to-day, and all persons who have the
courage to look theology squarely in
the face will find the February
ARENA indispensable. In it Kinza
Hirai, a profound scholar, who is
descended from the royal family of
Japan, and through whose personal
munificence a large academy for free
education has been opened in Japan,
discusses "Religious Thought in
Japan." This scholarly gentleman

has made a careful study of the reli-
gion of the East, and his contribu-
tion is noteworthy. In the same
magazine the eminent Unitarian
divine, Rev. John W. Chadwick,
discusses "The Old New Testa-
ment," and Rev. T. Ernest Allan
(Secretary of the American Psychical
Society) contributes a searching ar-
gument on "The Supremacy of
Reason in Religion."

The Dominion Illustrated Monthly.

FEBRUARY, 1893.

Volume II. No. 1

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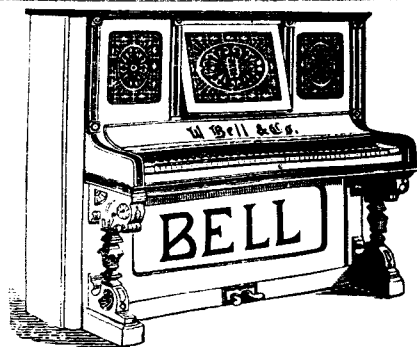
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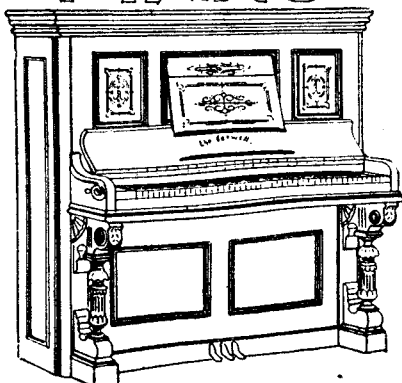
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VOL II.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1893.

No. 1.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE tidings that John Greenleaf Whittier had passed into—

“The great silence and the dark beyond,”

—to quote his latest poem,—fell mournfully on multitudes of hearts that loved and revered this “sweet singer of Israel.” The news seemed to bring a shadow over one of the fairest and brightest of September days. The day, indeed, was of a type closely associated with his

own descriptive muse; so often and so lovingly does he recur to the characteristic charms of our northern autumn, the yellowing fields, the ripening fruitage, the dropping nuts garnered by the busy squirrel, the golden-rod brightening the woodland ways, the soft “golden skied” days when Nature seems to wear her fairest face before the inevitable decay. It seemed a type of the ripe, sweet old age of one whose character, as well

as his verse, mellowed with advancing years, ;—whose muse, like Lord Tennyson's, was still so fresh at eighty-four, that, in his last fortnight, he could indite the touching birthday poem addressed to his old friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, from which we have quoted one striking line, and which many have read with a mournful interest in the *Atlantic Monthly*, almost simultaneously with the news that for him its pathetic prediction has already been fulfilled :—

“ The hour draws near, howe'er delayed and late
When at the eternal gate
We leave the words and works we call our own
And lift void hands alone
For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that gate no toll.
Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
And lives because He lives ! ”

Too soon must these prophetic words be true of the survivor of this venerable pair of friends—the gentle autocrat. And of how few writers can it be said that their “ words and works ” contain so little that at so solemn a moment needs to be regretted !

Of Whittier's rank as a poet we need say but little here. It is too well established to need any special recognition now ; and the number of his appreciative readers is ever growing larger. An eminently *spontaneous* singer, he might well also be called—in no disparaging sense—an *artless* one. His Quaker strain and education was too simple,—perhaps also the latter was too austere—to favour much artistic development. He sang with earnestness and sincerity, from the depths of his strong loving heart, and the reader who cares only for artistically moulded verse, for carefully rounded expression and finished metre, is too apt to look superciliously on Whittier's swiftly running verse, and to miss the noble soul of his somewhat untutored muse. For he had what is better than mere artistic skill,—the prophet's eagle vision—the poet's heritage as described by one of the most artistic of poets :—

“ Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love ;
He saw through life and death, through good and ill,
He saw through his own soul.
The marvel of the everlasting will,
An open scroll
Before him lay.”

Or, if he would have disclaimed this last—for no man more reverently trod the Holy of Holies, or confessed more frankly the awful mystery which ever limits

thought in the highest direction,---at least his mind and heart had grown so much into harmony with the everlasting will, that he could say with firm conviction in words that have often rung like music through many a perplexed soul :—

“ Yet 'mid the maddening maze of things,
And tossed with storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings
I know that God is good ! ”

If Whittier's verse is at times rugged in form and lacking in the melody of diction, it is at its best full of the highest music, and not a few of his lyrics, by virtue of *this* music, seem to sing themselves in our souls, as they sang themselves first in his own. Of such we would only name a few ; each of his readers has his or her favourites, and each can add his own,—but “ Mirian,” “ The Overheart,” “ The Cry of a Lost Soul,” “ The Red River Voyageur,” “ The Vision of Echard,” “ The Meeting,” “ Andrew Rykman's Prayer,” the lines in “ Memory of Joseph Sturge,” “ The Master,” and “ The Eternal Goodness,” will always rank with the best religious poetry in the English language. The two last, which clearly belong to each other, are gems of their kind,—to many hearts truly inspired psalms ; and he who can not feel them so, only proclaims his own insensibility to the highest office of the poetic muse.

On a lower level, Whittier is emphatically a poet of the people. His exquisite descriptions of his own New England scenery—of the rural life in which he was cradled—are full of the freshness of the fields, the fragrance of the pine-woods, the thousand homely charms of rural life. In this respect we may call him the Burns of New England, and his lovely pastoral poem,—“ Snow Bound,” may stand as a companion picture beside “ The Cotter's Saturday Night.” Growing from childhood to manhood in somewhat similar circumstances with the Ayrshire peasant, his verses have much of the same open-air breeziness and liting bird-like sweetness. One of his sweetest—which in its measure and familiar style recalls Wordsworth's “ Yarrow Unvisited ” — is his touching tribute to the genius of Burns, which proved the talisman to awaken his own. He had never read real poetry—save and except the poetry of the Bible—for in the Quaker home were few books and none “ of the imagination,” to use the old index phrase. When the young schoolmaster of “ Snow Bound ” first

read, at the family fireside, some of the poems of Burns, it was a revelation to the ardent boy, not yet understanding himself. He begged the book from the schoolmaster, and has told us in the charming poem on "Burns" of that never to be forgotten day in the "early harvest mowing," when the sun and clouds were at play, and the fragrant breezes blowing about them in his retreat:

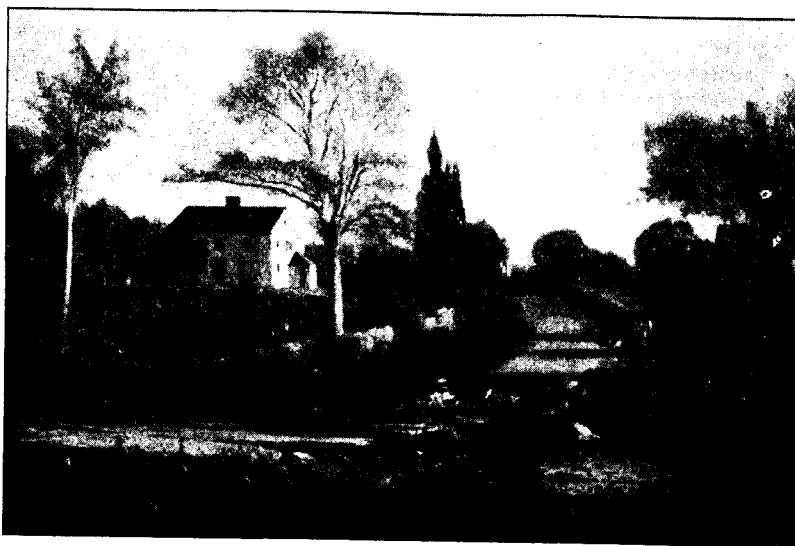
" Full oft that day, with fond delay
I sought the maple's shadow,
And sang, with Burns, the hours away.
Forgetful of the meadow.

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead
I heard the squirrel leaping,
The good dog listened, as I read,
And wagged his tail in keeping."

tional judgments, as well as to emphasize that thought of human brotherhood which our age so urgently needs to settle its most perplexing problems. And Whittier, though one of the purest of poets,— *sans reproche* as well as *sans peur*, felt so strongly his obligations to Burns in this and other respects that, unlike some who visit with disproportionate severity certain classes of sins, while condoning others at least as dangerous, he can "gently scan his brother man" and declare sincerely and fearlessly:

" Sweet soul of song, I own my debt,
Uncancelled by thy failings!"

To some we know this will seem flat heresy, but "*Non ragioniam di lor!*"



Whittier's birthplace, Haverhill, Mass.

Like Burns too, is Whittier's loving sympathy with the dumb creation, which indeed ought to be characteristic of every true poet and lover of nature; for are not our humble fellow creatures the most interesting portion of the multiform environment we call "Nature?" This was one of their points of union; and another, still stronger, was the inborn hatred of oppression, hypocrisy, and sham of all kinds which rings so clearly through the lyrics of both. Some of Whittier's political poems, such as, "The Poor Voter on Election Day," the "The Old South," are inspired by the same "hate of hate" and "scorn of scorn," which gave us "A Man's a Man for a' That," and others of Burns' finest verses. Both have helped to clear the world of shams and conven-

Whittier was far too much of a poet to be a dogmatist. As he said himself:—

" My human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds."

The straitness of the severe old New England theology repelled every instinct of his loving heart, and he aspired to be Christian in *essence* rather than "orthodox" in *form*. John Woolman was his own "embodiment of ideal Quakerism," as he expressed it to the writer to whom he gave his own edition of "John Woolman's Diary," with an introduction by himself, a volume which, in every line, might well put to shame a large proportion of the easy-going self-seeking "Christians" of our mammon-worshipping age. Its spirit may be divined from

its closing sentence, as true, to-day, as when John Woolman wrote it, generations ago, in the first dawn of the abolition sentiment:—" *To labour for a perfect redemption from the spirit of oppression is the main business of the whole family of Christ Jesus*"—a self-evident corollary from the New Testament description of the mission of the Great Deliverer, yet absolutely ignored by a large portion of the Church in all ages, and too much ignored still.

But the death of Whittier recalls the man of action as well as the poet, though this generation knows him mainly in the latter aspect. But, though Love, human and divine, was the chord which he never tired of striking, he was no soft-hearted dreamer, but could be fused to a white heat by love's shadow,—“the hate of hate.” Even in the last mellowed years, and under the gentle and genial courtesy of his demeanour and speech, an attentive observer could easily trace in the keen dark deep-set eye, the latent fire of honest pure-hearted indignation which nerved the ardent young abolitionist, with his chivalrous friends, Garrison and Phillips, to their hand to hand conflict with the deadly sin which so long overshadowed the fair fame and fair future of his country. To this struggle he devoted some of the best years of his life, and to this absorbing preoccupation is doubtless partly due his arrested artistic development. His flowing verse was one of his weapons used with good effect in the struggle with this modern dragon; and the fervid expression of the “thought that burned” was more urgent than the cultivation of literary art. Of this he became sensible, when maturity and leisure had arrived with their modifying influences; and in conversation with the writer he expressed his sincere regret that he had allowed his collection of poems to be too comprehensive, and had admitted many verses unsatisfactory to his more educated taste and higher literary standard. Yet the lovers of the Quaker poet—and they are many—would scarcely care to part with a single line which is part of the revelation of his personality.

In this age of travel, it seems somewhat singular that Mr. Whittier had never been abroad. This is to be accounted for, partly by the fact that, at the period of life when travel is most enjoyed, he had other and more serious work to do, and partly by the power of his imagination, which enabled him almost to *see* any place of

which he read a description. He had not only never visited Europe. He had, indeed never been even in Canada, although, at one time, in company with other young men, his father had determined to try his fortune in the Canadian wilderness, but was deterred by reports of the wild beasts and privations to be encountered there. It is interesting to think how the fulfilment of this intention would have altered the whole complexion of the poet's life, and also what a loss it would have been to the cause of abolition in America which would have been deprived of its Tyrtæus, as Whittier has been so aptly styled.

The home of his early boyhood at Haverhill was always dear to him. In his study at Amesbury hung an oil-painting of it—evidently done to order—representing the old homestead just as it is given in the accompanying illustration, which it gave him pleasure to point out to his visitors. This study was a plain, unpretending apartment, simply though comfortably furnished, with the portraits of Emerson and General Gordon on its walls, and, though exquisitely neat, devoid of any attempt at luxury,—Quaker-like in the quiet tones of its colouring as well as in its perfect neatness. His collection of books there was by no means large, though choice, but Oak Knoll, another residence of later years, contained another portion of his library. The Amesbury homestead had been his abode for many years, and was a plain New England village house, painted a light drab or cream-colour, with white “trimmings” and embowered in over-arching elms and maples, as seen in the illustration. It seems to have had a wing added, in which is his study, which in front opens by a glass door on the piazza, and behind looks out on an old-fashioned garden, shaded with pear and apple trees, and containing a vine-trellised arbour. The rest of the house, as was to be expected in the home of a bachelor, had a somewhat prim and unused aspect, everything being characterized by Quaker-like neatness and simplicity. On the walls of the various apartments hung pictures associated with his early life. In a corridor he pointed out a small oil-painting representing the family hearth, so tenderly portrayed in “Snow-bound,”—an old-fashioned fireplace, of generous dimensions, with a baking-oven built into the wall beside it. In the parlour were portraits of his mother, whose large dark eyes he seemed to have inherited, and of the beloved

youngest sister whose early death, referred to in "Snow-bound," inspired the sweetest lines in that charming pastoral,—a portrait representing a refined, thoughtful face, with regular and clear-cut features, which might have graced an English hall as fitly as a New England farmhouse. The aged poet naturally lived much among these early associations, and loved to talk of them to sympathetic friends.

His other residence at Oak Knoll, near Danvers, (Mass.), where he spent part of each year, is of an entirely different character, being surrounded by about twelve acres of picturesque woodland. A view of this house, also, is one of the illustrations. Here he kept a considerable number of his books and pictures—many of them gifts of friends. It was here that he spent the last months of home life, before going in July to sojourn at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire,—a place he had always loved, and in the vicinity of which he has laid the scene of several of his poems. It is to be hoped that these homes will be kept as far as possible as their kindly and gentle owner left them; for they will long be to many, in America, as interesting as the Farringford and Aldworth which the occupancy of Tennyson has endeared to the imagination of his myriad readers.

The scenery of his mountain poems,— "Among the Hills," &c., is situated in the Ossipee Range of the White Mountains of New Hampshire, little known to tourists, but containing many charming nooks amid its green or rocky summits; lovely lakelets, wooded glens and misty waterfalls. An interesting description of the range, with numerous illustrations, appeared in the *New England Magazine* for October. Here, at the feet of Ossipee and Chocorua, flow the Bearcamp and the "Melvin Water," so charmingly portrayed in his mountain ballads and lyrics. His sea poems draw their inspiration from the rock-bound coast of his native Massachusetts. Salisbury Beach, not far from Awesbury, was the scene of "The Tent on the Beach," commemorating a summer outing enjoyed in company with Bayard Taylor and J. T. Fields.

Of his beautiful and venerable old age, we need scarcely speak. It is like the loveliest and most touching chapter of the book just closed, and one does not care to mar its effect by many words.— "Being dead, he yet speaketh."

Though he had never married, he had

many close ties, both of kindred and friendship, and his last years were not lonely, but full of the quiet his Quaker nature loved. And whether at his long established abode at Amesbury, or at pretty, picturesque Oak Knoll, near Danvers—his other home,—everything about him seemed to breathe the peace and quietness of spirit that was so characteristic of him. Yet he still took a warm interest in passing events, and especially in the peculiar problems of this restless and ambitious age, in whose materialistic and pleasure-loving tendencies he feared great and insidious dangers. The hard selfishness of the rich—the token of moral poverty—was to him far more painful to witness than the material poverty of the very poor; and it was difficult for him to understand how men could so far forget the tie of human brotherhood—not to speak of the Christian rule—as to grind riches for themselves out of the sufferings and necessities of their poor brothers and sisters. That a purer spirit prevails among many, a leaven which will surely spread, is in no small degree traceable to the inspiration of such teaching as his:—

"Who holds his brother's welfare
As precious as his own,
Who loves forgives and pities,
He serveth Me alone!"

When will the Christian Church awake to this very practical standard of discipleship.

Though Mr. Whittier's feeling towards those who, in this questioning age have drifted into an honest scepticism, was one of tenderness and comprehending sympathy, he walked firmly, in simple faith, into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The "great secret" had haunted him as it does many, with wistful questionings. But he waited serenely "the shadow feared of man." To the writer he said, in speaking of the many "household voices gone" and broken ties of youth— "Though I love my friends who are left me, I do not forget those who are gone, and I am *waiting*;" In a letter of November, 1891, he says that he dreads the approach of winter, "But I rest content in order of Nature and Providence,

Treading a path I cannot see,—
That God is good—sufficeth me.

Feeling that the end is near,—I wait and trust."

From Hampton Falls he wrote, on the



Whittier's home at Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass.

last day of July,—“I am at this quiet place, to which I have come for *the rest which I so greatly needed.*” It was even so, but it was a rest which “*remaineth.*” The reports of his death say that his bed was surrounded by his nearest relatives. Readers of “Snow Bound” will remember one of its finest passages, in which he speaks of a lovely and beloved young sister, whose pictured face to the last was one of the adornments of his Amesbury home :—

“I cannot feel that thou art far,
For near at hand the angels are,
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star
The waving of thy beckoning hand.”

Was *she*, indeed—“perchance, perchance among the rest,” with other household faces and vanished smiles, lighting up the last hour when the light of earth was fading from his sight? We cannot tell—we can only surmise. But, if ever it was true of mortal man, it was true of John Greenleaf Whittier—that “*the pure in heart shall see God.*”

His countrymen may well mourn the

withdrawal of one of God's best gifts to a country, especially in its more plastic years. He has been a great purifying influence,—and not in his own country alone; for all such belong, not to any one land, but to *humanity*. This is doubly true of a grandly catholic spirit like his, which set at naught the petty dividing lines of race and creed. But though he has left many followers—many strong and noble souls animated by the same impulse, he has not left his like behind. His countrymen might well apply to himself, in the first days of mourning, the words he wrote of one far less distinguished :

“Oh, who thy mantle,—backward cast,
Is worthy now to wear?”

Methinks the mound that marks thy bed,
Might bless our land and save,
As rose of old to life the dead,
Who touched the prophet's grave !”

If any human memory could help a nation of rapidly growing wealth to escape a rapidly growing corruption, it *should* be that of John Greenleaf Whittier.

FIDELIS.

Songs of the French Canadian Children



YOUNG Jean Baptiste is fortunate in his songs and nursery rhymes. Most of them came over from old France with his forefathers, who cherished these ballads as they loved their church and mother land. A musical and a light-hearted people the early settlers of Canada were, and their descendants to-day have lost none of the old characteristics of the race. Hard work and privation do not discourage them, and at the close of a trying day's toil, after the tea-things have been carefully laid away, and the head of the household has smoked his pipeful of home-grown tobacco, it is no uncommon custom for him to take down his violin, and play a programme of dances for the young people. Sometimes he takes a hand in the dance himself, doing his share with the nimblest of them. At ten, the impromptu ball comes to an end, and all retire from the merry scene, to seek repose against the next day's labor.

The ballads brought over the sea, by the soldiers, sailors and peasants, from Provence, Normandy, Brittany and other parts of France, have been well preserved all these years. Few of them had names, and fewer still had been printed, until Mr. Ernest Gagnon made his journey among the people, and took down the words and the tunes, which had been transmitted from one generation to another with little mutation. But, while in the parent land, many of these old songs have disappeared entirely, and are no longer known among the peasantry, it is curious to observe that they continue to exist in Canada, and are sung to the same ancient airs, in vogue three centuries ago. An occasional change in the words may be noted, and some Anglicisms have doubtless crept in, but, for the most part, the ballad is the same. A student of folklore, living in France, not long ago, collected, in Quebec province, several specimens, of which, for years, all trace had been lost in the country of their origin. M. Gagnon gives the history of many of these *Chansons Populaires du Canada*, in his entertaining volume of that name, together with the music and words of the more striking exemplars. To this work the reader is referred, should he desire to know more of this subject.

Young Jean Baptiste, born and bred in a musical home, however, humble in its surroundings, is not many weeks old before he finds his infant slumbers lulled by this touching distich, which is repeated over and over again, until the drooping eyelids close, and the last rock to the cradle is given by the friendly elder sister.

“Dors, Bébé, dors, fermez tes beaux yeux,
Dors, Bébé, dors, dormons tous les deux.”

Should he awake, his ears are greeted with the musical refrain:—

“Ma petite Jacqueline de se Marie
Jean,
Dors et mon fils fait dodo,
Derange donc point ta mère,
De la carrote au chou.
Dors, Dors, Dors, mon fils,
Fait dodo, dodiche, dodo.”

As age increases, and the cradle comes to be occupied by another, for French Canadian families run from ten to twenty-eight,—our baby, at eventide, is walked about the room, in the strong arms of the mater, who sings softly, in a low, crooning voice:—

“Papa est en haut, il nous fait des Sabots.
Mama est en bas nous tricote des p'tit bas.
Fait dodo la pinoche, pinoche, fait dodo, fait dodo, la pinoche.”

The most popular of the sleepy songs is the famous “*Poulette Grise*,” which is still sung in both Old and New France.

La Poulette Grise

C'est la poulette grise qui pond dans l'étable.
Elle va pondre un beau petit coq.
Pour un petit qui va faire de che, elle va pondre
un beau petit coq Pour un petit qui va faire de do.
Do de che do do.

There are several versions of the ditty, the best of which is, certainly, the following :—

C'est la poulette blanche
Qui pond dans les branches,
Ell' va pondre, etc.

C'est la poulette noire
Qui pond dans l'armoire,
Ell' va pondre, etc.

C'est la poulette verte
Qui pond dans les couvertes,
Ell' va pondre, etc.

C'est la poulette brune
Qui pond dans la lune,
Ell' va pondre, etc.

C'est la poulette jaune
Qui pond dans les aulnes,
Ell' va pondre un beau coco
Pour son p'tit qui va fair' dodiche,
Ell' va pondre un beau p'tit coco,
Pour son p'tit qui va faire dodo
Dodiche, Dodo.

Here is another cradle song, equally good in manner and in story, and exceedingly popular with Canadian nurses :—

Prinpanipolo.

sainte Mar-gue-ri-te, veil-les ma pe-
 ti-te en-dormez, m'a p'tite en-fant jusqu'à l'a-gé
 de quinze ans! Quand elle au-ra quinze ans j'au-ra-él
 Il faudra la ma-ri-er avec un p'tit bon-
 hom-me qui vien-dra de

Of course, the lusty young French Canadian has, like his English brother, a goodly share of nonsense verses. The English boy submits, with perhaps, a frown or two, to the indignity of the old familiar :—

“ Knock at the door,
Peek in,
Lift up the latch,
Walk in.”

Jean Baptiste listens with becoming gravity to “ ventre de son—estomac d'grue—falle de pigeon—menton fourchu—bec d'argent—nez cancan—joue bouillie—joue rôtie—p'tit œil—grot œil—soucillon—soucillotte—cogne, cogne, cogne la mailloche ! ”

And here is the French version of the button story :—“ Riche, pauvre, coquin, voleur, riche, pauvre, coquin, voleur, riche,” etc., until the last button on the coat is included in the count.

Songs there are for many round games, the most amusing being the one described by De Gaspé, in his excellent account of *Les Anciens Canadiens*. In the convent, as well as in some of the secular schools, this pastime is regularly played at recreation hour. The children take hold of hands in a circle, and while running round and round, repeat :—

“ Ramenez vos moutons, bergère,
Belle bergère, vos moutons.”

One breaks away from her companions on the left or right, opening the circle, and runs about, in and out, followed by her mates, who still keep hold of hands, in a string, until the chain is re-united.

Two versions, with the music of this pretty dance and game, are herewith given :—

C'est la plus belle de Cda ns.
 C'est la plus bel-le de ch-ans c'est la plus
 belle de ch-ans. C'est pas la main je vien la
 prendre, c'est pas la main je vien la prendre. Ell' ra-
 pas se-pen-dre-er-él, Ramenez vos moutons, ber-
 gère, Ramenez, Ramenez, belle, Ramenez
 vos moutons des champs.

The other version.

*C'est la plus belle de ci. amo' est la plus
belle de ci-ans, Par la main je vous la
prends, Par la main je vous la prends.
E'll' va pas ser par dex coen' se, No me nuy*

*vos mains des - gles, No me nuy, ra-meny ra-meny
belle, No me nuy vos mains des champs*

As soon as young Jean Baptiste has attained the dignity of pantaloons, he joins a snow-shoe club, and sings, thereafter, his own melodies, "En roulant ma boule," "A la claire fontaine," and "Brigadier," being the favorites in his somewhat extensive repertoire.

GEORGE STEWART.

INDIAN SUMMER IN THE GASPEREAUX.

Calm, like a trance, enwraps the sheltered vale
Save, whence the azure cradled clouds low lie,
Faint whispers reach me of a minstrelsy
Which 'ere November's advent choir'd the dale,
And far away, an even stroking flail
Breathes through the stillness, like the measured sigh
That heralds death. Athwart the woodlands high
Still faintly flames a gold and crimson trail.

No ripple stirs the river's brimming tide
Beneath whose burnished surface, broad, and blue,
The hills dip silently, and cloudlets hide
The treasure, pillaged from the sunset hue,
And tremulous as love, and chaste as snow,
One pallid star hangs o'er the after glow.

MINNIE J. WEATHERBE.



HON. J. ROYAL,
LIEUT.-GOVERNOR OF NORTH WEST TERRITORIES.

SOCIAL LIFE OUT WEST.



Mrs. J. Secord.

THE title of this prairie sketch will strike Eastern ears with doubtful visions of tomahawks, scalped wigs, and a wild swirl of ghost dancers gyrating to the sound of the tom-tom, while the savoury sniff of "dog-soup" will be wafted across the breezy downs. These things *we have*, but as the echo of a song that is sung, or the twilight dreams of a day forever fled.

Long ago, "in the early days," when everybody rubbed elbows, when no "imaginary line" separated Jack from his master in the small social world out west, we may have known more real happiness than has been ours since. Who doesn't remember the delight of finding—stuck in a crack of the door—an envelope (sometimes white, sometimes yellow), containing a "notice" that "a dance will be given in ——'s Hall to-night" to which you were—"respectfully invited" by "the committee;" and down in one corner—heavily underscored—the suggestive hint "*ladies free, gents one dollar?*" The scarcity of femininity enhancing its value to a "prize package" sort of arrangement, while the tax levied upon the more numerous "gents," was supposed to act as a check upon the superabundance of that article, thereby keeping matters terpsichorean *in equilibrio*. Who doesn't remember the de-

light of a hurried scramble between breakfast hour and tea-time, in the effort to "do up" a spot muslin? of the after enjoyment of being "escorted" across lots, wrapped up from the biting north wind in woolen shawls, of stamping ones' self out of wraps and over-alls, to be swept into twenty candle-power illumination where the "Circassian Circle" was being wrought out rhythmically, where you "traded" partners without the formality of an introduction! dancing with everybody: now *vis a vis* with the milkman who supplied the cream for the coffee (so industriously boiling over on a stove in one corner of the ball-room),



Mrs. Dewdney.



Madame Gagnon.

then swinging to opposite corners with the Mayor of the town, who, gorgeous in dress suit and white gloves, immediately resigns you to a strapping big fellow in moccasins, on whom you never before that moment laid eyes, but who confides without any hesitation, the fact that "he is a stranger 'bout here, an' jist stepped in t' see the fun!"

Then the wild delight of a genuine "Red River Jig," when the fiddle-bow was 'resined up,' and the crazy floor swam and shivered under the enthusiasm of twinkling feet, all tattooing merrily in four-four time as the gay dancers glided and twirled through a "ladies chain" involving a tremendous swirl of starched flounces most wonderful to behold.



Mrs. J. C. Pope.

All that has died out with the early days, died out—or moved further west.

To Battleford belongs the distinction of the first vice-regal court in the Territories where the Hon. David Laird with his amiable wife dispensed gracious hospitality.

Later, Regina became the seat of government and pleasant reminiscences have we of gay doings in somewhat cramped quarters of the tumble-down buildings, known now as "old Government House." There Mr. and Mrs. Dewdney gathered about them—there met and mingled in social greeting and song—many of the familiar faces now turned to other lands, or voices stilled forever in a long last sleep.

The new Government House owes nothing to external appearances, it puts on no airs whatever, and indulges in no



Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P.

vanity in design. Plain, solid, almost ngly, it stands in the centre of large grounds—as yet bare of foliage; hundreds of young trees have been set out,



Madame Royal.

and no doubt in time this barren bit of prairie will "blossom as the rose."

The green-houses, and gardens are in and out of season a mass of bloom; the furnishings and appointments of Government House are of the costliest and

daintiest sort; presided over by His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Madam Royal with exquisite grace and winning simplicity of manner they have won a popularity unknown before to this western vice-regal court.

The "At Homes" held at stated intervals are delightful crushes of humanity; everybody goes and everybody is made welcome; assisted by her daughter (Mrs. Capt. Gagnon a *petite* blonde,) Madame Royal diffuses hospitality most graciously, and has during her stay among us given to society that deft touch sacred to the daughters of France alone.

A military spice is added to social enjoyments through the influence of the little "square" known as the Barracks. The Barracks has its own little world of fashion; and shall I confess it? the very slightest (angelic of course) bit of rivalry exists between the "Town" and the "Barracks!" rivalry for precedence, or power of pleasing, which?

Commissioner Herchmer lives with his large family in a very handsome house, and Mrs. Herchmer—formerly Miss Sherwood of Ottawa—is distinctly the leader in this small military world.

The "Musical Rides," amateur theatricals, and drill, to view which the courtesy of invitations are always extended to the town, and the dress balls, really delightful affairs, where the gay uniform weaves bright bits of colour amid gay cobwebs spun by fashionable *artistes* in costumes from London, Paris, and our own nearer



A Bit of Prairie.

eastern cities, charm the eye. Where the supper—a marvel of skill—is planned, carried out, and served by perhaps the son of Lord B——, and the heir apparent to a baronetcy—known here only as Policemen X. !”

Among the familiar faces are missed those of Captain Deane and his stately English wife, and Miss Jukes (now Mrs. Saunders) while we meet yet Mrs. Moffat, Mrs. Allan, *Mesdames* Perry, Macdonell, Gagnon, Jukes and Starnes, whose equipages daily dash gaily up and down the “trails” of the low prairie.

How do we amuse ourselves?

Euchre parties, carpet dances, the tennis court, and croquet; riding parties in which a happy cavalcade of laughing youth sweeps across the flower-starred prairie, or, stoutly shod, “tramps” across country to “Bayswater” whose hospitable doors are ever open to visiting friends. The young ladies at “Bayswater” are experts with the rifle, swim like ducks, and bring from their native downs a freshness of healthy beauty most agreeable to see.

Then we have pic-nics, and summer camping out at Long Lake, a delightful stretch of water—which we reach in an hour’s ride by rail—where along the white sanded beach the children—those sweet “prairie flowers”—scamper in riotous delight along the bloom-decked prairie,



Hon. Edgar Dewdney.



Mrs. Tinning.

with bewildered *bonnes* in anxious pursuit. Others are listlessly lying and gazing at the feathery clouds above, while from the deck of a little steam yacht idly curvetting about on the cool water, a sudden tug at the line and a splash betrays a speckled beauty being drawn in, giving sudden interest to the lazy scene. Then back to town sun-bronzed and freckled, where in happy coteries flourish the high teas dubbed (by excluded mortals of masculinity) “tea fights” where jolly times are discussed, and plans laid for future occasions. But if kettledrums are beyond the ken of the lords of creation they have the Assiniboia Club, a fashionable resort where the select few gather. The Hon. Joseph Royal, Lieutenant-Governor, is the Hon. President, Mr. L. O. Bourget that well-known wit and carica-



A Bunch of Prairie Flowers.

turist is president. Among the members upon the veranda may be seen grouped our brilliant M. P., poet and author, Nicholas F. Davin, J. A. Paddon and Hy. Le Jenne, prominent bankers; D. L. Scott, Q. C., C. J. Secord, Q. C., W. Caley Hamilton, H. S. Cayley, Premier of the Executive, and our own popular Dixie Watson, Hayter Reed, Indian Commissioner, and A. E. Forget.

In musical circles Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Jowett are much sought after, as is Mr. Betourney—son of the late Mr. Justice Betourney of St. Boniface, Mr. Jas. Brown, and many others coming lately on the scene.

There are quiet dinners and impromptu evenings where you will meet handsome women exquisitely dressed. Mesdames Tinning, Paddon, Scott, Pope, Barker and



Madame Forget.



A. E. Forget.

Blair, Mrs. Forget and Secord, between whom the honours of the ball-room were so undecided for long years—the first named a brunette of vivacious manner, a great favourite; tho' of late years living somewhat secluded owing to her husband's uncertain health, but flitting about the grounds of her pretty tree-embowered cottage surrounded by pet deer, dogs, and horses may often be seen.

Then the rising generation of "buds from the rosebud garden of girls" whom it would be a pleasant task to speak of—girls that are "mother's help;" full of happy hearted gaiety, whom no "hereditary humbug" could spoil, and on whose shoulders will fall the weight and pleasures of the future social duties which they are gracefully capable of sustaining.

MARY MARKWELL.

ONLY.

Only a little bird,
In a cage of lath and wire,
Brought yesternight, with a hoarded mite
From the seamstress' pitiful hire.

Only a girl as pale
As the linen o'er which she bends ;
A poor mean room, and a deepening gloom
On a city that holds no friends.

A song the angels might hear,
From the bird in its cage on the wall,
And clasped hands raised, as tho' she praised
The God who loveth all.

Only a woman's tears,
From eyes unused to weep ;
A lark's sweet song, a cadence strong,
And a memory roused from sleep.

H. R. H.

A Red Girl's Reasoning



BE pretty good to her, Charlie, my boy, or she'll balk sure as shooting."—

That was what old Jimmy Robinson said to his brand new son-in-law, while they waited for the bride to reappear.

"Oh! you bet, there's no danger of much else. I'll be good to her, help me Heaven," replied Charlie McDonald, brightly.

"Yes, of course you will," answered the old man, "but don't you forget, there's a good big bit of her mother in her, and——" closing his left eye significantly, "you don't understand these Indians as I do."

"But I'm just as fond of them, Mr. Robinson," Charlie said assertively, "and I get on with them too, now don't I?"

"Yes, pretty well for a town boy, but when you have lived forty years among these people, as I have done; when you have had your wife as long as I have had mine—for there's no getting over it, Christine's disposition is as native as her mother's—every bit, and perhaps when you've owned for eighteen years a daughter as dutiful, as loving, as fearless, and alas! as obstinate as that little piece you are stealing away from me to-day—I tell you, youngster, you'll know more than you know now. It is kindness for kindness, bullet for bullet, blood for blood. Remember, what you are, she will be," and the old Hudson Bay trader scrutinized Charlie McDonald's face like a detective.

It was a happy, fair face, good to look at, with a certain ripple of dimples somewhere about the mouth, and eyes that laughed out the very sunniness of their owner's soul. There was not a severe, nor yet a weak line anywhere. He was a well-meaning young fellow, happily disposed, and a great favorite with the

tribe at Robinson's Post, whither he had gone in the service of the Department of Agriculture, to assist the local agent through the tedium of a long census taking.

As a boy he had had the Indian relic-hunting craze, as a youth he had studied Indian archæology and folk-lore, as a man he consummated his predilections for Indianology by loving, winning and marrying the quiet little daughter of the English trader, who himself had married a native woman twenty years ago. The country was all back-woods, and the Post miles and miles from even the semblance of civilization, and the lonely young Englishman's heart went out to the girl who, apart from speaking a very few words of English, was utterly uncivilized, and uncultured, but having withal that marvellously innate refinement so universally possessed by the higher tribes of North American Indians.

Like all her race, observant, intuitive, having a horror of ridicule, consequently quick at acquirement and teachable in mental and social habits, she had developed from absolute Pagan indifference into a sweet, elderly Christian woman, whose broken English, quiet manner, and still handsome copper-colored face, were the joy of old Robinson's declining years.

He had given their daughter Christine all the advantages of his own learning—which if truthfully told was not universal, but the girl had a fair, common education, and the native adaptability to progress.

She belonged to neither, and still to both types of the cultured Indian. The solemn, silent, almost heavy manner of the one so co-mingled with the gesticulating Frenchness and vivacity of the other, that one unfamiliar with native Canadian life would find it difficult to determine her nationality.

She looked very pretty to Charles McDonald's loving eyes, as she re-appeared in the doorway, holding her mother's hand and saying some happy words of farewell. Personally she looked much the same as her sisters, all Canada through, who are the offspring of red and white parentage, olive complexioned, grey eyed, black haired, with figure slight and delicate, and the wistful unfathomable expression in her whole face that turns one so heart-sick as they glance at the young Indians of to-day—it is the forerunner too frequently of "The White-man's disease" — consumption — but McDonald was pathetically in love, and thought her the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life.

There had not been much of a wedding ceremony. The priest had cantered through the service in Latin—pronounced the benediction in English, and congratulated the "happy couple" in Indian as a compliment to the assembled tribe in the little amateur structure that did service at the Post as a sanctuary.

But the knot was tied as firmly and indissolubly as if all Charlie McDonald's swell city friends had crushed themselves up against the chancel to congratulate him, and in his heart he was deeply thankful to escape the flower pelting, white gloves, rice-throwing, and ponderous stupidity of a breakfast, and indeed all the regulation gim-cracks of the usual marriage celebrations, and it was with a hand trembling with absolute happiness that he assisted his little Indian wife into the old muddy buck-board, that, hitched to an under-bred looking pony, was to convey them over the first stages of their journey. Then came more adieus, some hand-clasping, old Jimmy Robinson looking very serious just at the last, Mrs. Jimmy, stout, stolid, betraying nothing of visible emotion, and then the pony roughshod and shaggy trudged on, while mutual hand waves were kept up until the old Hudson Bay Post dropped out of sight, and the buck-board with its light-some load of hearts, deliriously happy, jogged on over the uneven trail.

She was "all the rage" that winter at the Provincial Capital. The men called her a "deuced fine little woman." The ladies said she was "just the sweetest wildflower——" Whereas she was really but an ordinary, pale dark girl who spoke

slowly and with a strong accent, who danced fairly well, sang acceptably, and never stirred outside the door without her husband.

Charlie was proud of her, he was proud that she had "taken" so well among his friends, proud that she bore herself so complacently in the drawing-rooms of the wives of pompous Government officials, but doubly proud of her almost abject devotion to him. If ever human being was worshipped that being was Charlie McDonald; it could scarcely have been otherwise, for the almost Godlike strength of his passion for that little wife of his would have mastered and melted a far more invincible citadel than an already affectionate woman's heart.

Favourites socially, McDonald and his wife went everywhere. In fashionable circles she was "new" a potent charm to acquire popularity, and the little velvet clad figure was always the centre of interest among all the women in the room. She always dressed in velvet. No woman in Canada, has she but the faintest dash of native blood in her veins, but loves velvets and silks. As beef to the Englishman, wine to the Frenchman, fads to the Yankee, so are velvet and silk to the Indian girl, be she wild as prairie grass, be she on the borders of civilization, or having stepped within its boundary, mounted the steps of culture even under its superficial heights.

"Such a 'dolling little appil' blossom," said the wife of a local M. P., who brushed up her etiquette and English once a year at Ottawa. "Does she always laugh so sweetly, and gobble you up with those great big grey eyes of hers, when you are together at home, Mr. McDonald? If so I should think youah pooh brothah would feel himself terribly de trop."

He laughed lightly—"yes, Mrs. Stuart, there are not two of Christie, she is the same at home and abroad, and as for Joe, he does'nt mind us a bit, he's no end fond of her."

"I'm very glad he is, I always fancied he did not careh for her, d'you know."

If ever a blunt woman existed it was Mrs. Stuart. She really meant nothing, but her remark bothered Charlie. He was fond of his brother, and jealous for Christie's popularity. So that night when he and Joe were having a pipe he said:

"I've never asked you yet what you thought of her, Joe." A brief pause, then

Joe spoke. "I'm glad she loves you."

"Why?"

"Because that girl has but two possibilities regarding humanity—love or hate."

"Humph!—Does she love or hate you?"

"Ask her."

"You talk bosh. If she hated you, you'd get out. If she loved you I'd *make* you get out."

Joe McDonald whistled a little, then laughed.

"Now that we are on the subject, I might as well ask—honestly old man, would'nt you and Christie prefer keeping house alone to having me always around?"

"Nonsense, sheer nonsense. Why, thunder man, Christie's no end fond of you, and as for me—you surely don't want assurances from me?"

"No, but I often think a young couple—"

"Young couple be blowed. After a while when they want you and your old surveying chains, and spindle-legged tripod telescope kick-shaws, further west, I venture to say the little woman will cry her eyes out—won't you Christie?" This last in a higher tone, as through clouds

of tobacco smoke he caught sight of his wife passing the door-way.

She entered. "Oh! no, I would not cry, I never do cry, but I would be heart-sore to lose you, Joe, and apart from that—a little wickedly—"you may come in handy for an exchange some day, as Charlie does always say when he hoards up duplicate relics."

"Are Charlie and I duplicates?"

"Well-l- not exactly"—her head a little to one side, and eyeing them both merrily, while she slipped softly on to the arm of her husband's chair, "but, in the event of Charlie's failing me"—every one laughed then. The "some day" that she spoke of was nearer than they thought. It came about in this wise.

There was a dance at the Lieut.-Governor's, and the world and his wife were there. The nob's were in great feather that night, particularly the women, who flaunted about in new gowns and much splendour. Christie McDonald had a new gown also, but wore it with the utmost unconcern, and if she heard any of the flattering remarks made about her she at least appeared to disregard them.

"I never dreamed you could wear blue so splendidly" said Capt. Logan as they sat out a dance together.



"Don't shout so, Captain."—Page 22.

"Indeed, she can though," interposed Mrs. Stuart, halting in one of her gracious sweeps down the room with her husband's private secretary.

"Don't shout so, Captain, I can hear every sentence you utter—of course Mrs. McDonald can wear blue—she has a morning gown of cadet blue that she is a picture in."

"You are both very kind" said Christie—"I like blue, it is the color of all the Hudson Bay Posts, and the factor's residence is always decorated in blue."

"Is it really? how interesting—do tell us some more of your old home, Mrs. McDonald, you so seldom speak of your life at the Post, and we fellows so often wish to hear of it all," said Logan eagerly.

"Why do you not ask me of it then?"

"Well-er, I'm sure I don't know, I'm fully interested in the Ind—in your people—your mother's people I mean, but it always seems so personal I suppose; and-a-a—."

"Perhaps you are like all other white people, afraid to mention my nationality to me."

The Captain winced, and Mrs. Stuart laughed uneasily. Joe McDonald was not far off and he was listening, and chuckling, and saying to himself, "That's you, Christie, lay 'em out, it won't hurt 'em to know how they appear once in a while."

"Well, Captain Logan," she was saying, "What is it you would like to hear—of my people, or my parents, or myself?"

"All, all, my dear," cried Mrs. Stuart clamorously. "I'll speak for him—tell us of yourself and your mother—your father is delightful I am sure—but then he is only an ordinary Englishman, not half as interesting as a foreigner, or—or, perhaps, I should say a native."

Christie laughed. "Yes," she said, "my father often teases my mother now about how *very* native she was when he married her; then how could she have been otherwise, she did not know a word of English, and there was not another English speaking person besides my father and his two companions, within sixty miles."

"Two companions, eh? one a Catholic priest and the other a wine merchant I suppose, and with your father in the Hudson Bay, they were good representatives of the pioneers in the New World," remarked Logan waggishly.

"Oh! no, they were all Hudson Bay men. There were no rumsellers, and no missionaries in that part of the country then."

Mrs. Stuart looked puzzled, "*No missionaries*," she repeated with an odd intonation.

Christie's insight was quick. There was a peculiar expression of interrogations in the eyes of her listeners, and the girl's blood leapt angrily up into her temples as she said hurriedly "I know what you mean, I know what you are thinking, you are wondering how my parents were married—."

"Well-er, my dear, it seems peculiar—if there was no priest, and no magistrate, why—a—." Mrs. Stuart paused awkwardly. "The marriage was performed by Indian rites," said Christie.

"Oh, do tell me about it; is the ceremony very interesting, and quaint—are your chieftains anything like Buddhist priests?" It was Logan who spoke.

"Why, no," said the girl in amazement at that gentleman's ignorance. "There is no ceremony at all save a feast. The two people just agree to live only with, and for each other, and the man takes his wife to his home just as you do. There is no ritual to bind them, they need none, an Indian's word was his law in those days you know."

Mrs. Stuart stepped backwards. "Ah!" was all she said. Logan removed his eye-glass and stared blankly at Christie. "And did McDonald marry you in this singular fashion?" he questioned.

"Oh! no, we were married by Father O'Leary, why do you ask?"

"Because if he had, I'd have blown his brains out to-morrow."

Mrs. Stuart's partner, who had hitherto been silent, coughed, and began to twirl his cuff stud nervously, but nobody took any notice of him—Christie had risen, slowly, ominously—risen, with the dignity and pride of an empress.

"Captain Logan," she said, "What do you dare to say to me? what do you dare to mean? do you presume to think it would not have been lawful for Charlie to marry me according to my people's rites? do you for one instant dare to question that my parents were not as legally—."

"Don't, dear, don't," interrupted Mrs. Stuart hurriedly, "it is bad enough now, goodness knows—don't make—." Then she broke off blindly. Christie's eyes glared at the mumbling woman, at her uneasy partner, at the horrified Captain, then they rested on the McDonald brothers, who stood within earshot, Joe's face scarlet, her husband's white as ashes, with

something in his eyes she had never seen before. It was Joe who saved the situation, stepping quickly across towards his sister-in-law, he offered her his arm, saying, "The next dance is ours, I think, Christie."

Then Logan pulled himself together, and attempted to carry Mrs. Stuart off for the waltz, but for once in her life that lady had lost her head. "It is shocking!" she said, "outrageously shocking!—I wonder if they told Mr. McDonald before he married her!" Then looking hurriedly round, she too saw the young husband's face—and knew that they had not.

"Humph, deuced nice kettle of fish—and poor old Charlie has always thought so much of honorable birth."

Logan thought he spoke in an undertone, but "poor old Charlie" heard him. He followed his wife and brother across the room. "Joe," he said, "will you see that a trap is called?" Then to Christie, "Joe will see that you get home all right," he wheeled on his heel then and left the ball-room."

Joe *did* see.

He tucked a poor shivering, pallid little woman into a cab, and wound her bare throat up in the scarlet velvet cloak that was hanging uselessly over her arm. She crouched down beside him, saying: "I am so cold, Joe, I am so cold," but she did not seem to know enough to wrap herself up. Joe felt all through this long drive that nothing this side of Heaven would be so good as to die, and he was glad when the poor little voice at his elbow said: "What is he so angry at, Joe?"

"I don't know exactly, dear," he said gently, "but I think it was what you said about this Indian marriage."

"But why should I not have said it? is there anything wrong about it?" she asked pitifully.

"Nothing, that I can see—there was no other way—but Charlie is very angry, and you must be brave and forgiving with him, Christie, dear."

"But I did never see him like that before, did you?"

"Once."

"When?"

"Oh! at college, one day, a boy tore his prayer-book in half, and threw it into the grate, just to be mean, you know. Our mother had given it to him at his confirmation."

"And did he look so?"

"About, but it all blew over in a day

Charlie's tempers are short and brisk, just don't take any notice of him, run off to bed, and he'll have forgotten it by the morning."

They reached home at last, Christie said good night, quietly, going directly to her room. Joe went to his room also, filled a pipe and smoked for an hour. Across the passage he could hear her slipped feet pacing up and down, up and down the length of her apartment. There was something panther-like in those restless footfalls, a meaning velvety-ness that made him shiver, and again he wished he were dead—or elsewhere.

After a time the hall door opened, and someone came upstairs, along the passage, and to the little woman's room. As he entered, she turned and faced him—

"Christie," he said harshly, "do you know what you have done?"

"Yes,"—taking a step nearer him—her whole soul springing up into her eyes, "I have angered you, Charlie, and —"

"Angered me? You have disgraced me, and moreover you have disgraced yourself and both your parents."

"Disgraced?"

"Yes, *disgraced*, you have literally declared to the whole city that your father and mother were never married—and that you are the child of — what shall we call it—love? certainly not legality."

Across the hallway sat Joe McDonald—his blood freezing—but it leapt into every vein like fire, at the awful anguish in the little voice that cried simply,—"Oh! Charlie!"

"How could you do it, how could you do it Christie, without shame either for yourself or for me, let alone your parents."

The voice was like an angry demon's— not a trace was there in it of the yellow-haired, blue-eyed, laughing-lipped boy who had driven away so gaily to the dance five hours before.

"Shame? why should I be ashamed of the rites of my people any more than you should be ashamed of the customs of yours—of a marriage more sacred and holy than half of your white man's mockeries?"

It was the voice of another nature in the girl—the love and the pleading were dead in it—

"Do you mean to tell me, Charlie—you who have studied my race and their laws for years—do you mean to tell me that, because there was no priest and no magistrate, my mother was not married?"

Do you mean to say that all my forefathers, for hundreds of years back, have been illegally born? If so, you blacken my ancestry beyond — beyond — beyond all reason."

"No, Christie, I would not be so brutal as that, but your father and mother live in more civilized times. Father O'Leary has been at the Post for nearly twenty years, why was not your father straight enough to have the ceremony performed when he *did* get the chance?"

The girl turned upon him with the face of a fury. "Do you suppose," she almost hissed, "that my mother would be married according to your *white* rites after she had been five years a wife, and I had been born in the meantime? *No*, a thousand times, I say, *no*. When the priest came with his notions of Christianizing, and talked to them of re-marriage by the Church, my mother arose and said, "Never—never—I have never had but this one husband, he has had none but me for wife, and to have you remarry us would be to say as much to the whole world as that we had never been married before.*—You go away, I do not ask that *your* people be re-married, talk not so to me. I *am* married, and you or Church cannot do or undo it."

"Your father was a fool not to insist upon the law, and so was the priest."

"Law? *My* people have *no* priest, and my nation cringes not to law. Our priest is purity, and our law is honour."

"Priest? Was there a *priest* at the most holy marriage known to humanity? That stainless marriage whose offspring is the God you white men told my Pagan mother of?"

"Christie—you are *worse* than blasphemous, such a profane remark shows how little you understand the sanctity of the Christian faith——"

"I know what I *do* understand, it is that you are hating me because I told some of the beautiful customs of my people to Mrs. Stuart and those men."

"Pooh! who cares for them? It is not them, the trouble is they won't keep their mouths shut. Logan's a cad and will toss the whole tale about at the club before to-morrow night, and as for the Stuart woman, I'd like to know how I'm going to take you to Ottawa for presentation and the opening, while she is blabbing the whole miserable scandal in every drawing-room, and I'll be pointed out as a roman-

tic fool, and you—as worse; I *can't* understand why your father didn't tell me before we were married, I at least might have warned you to never mention it." Something of recklessness rang up through his voice, just as the panther-likeness crept up from her footsteps and couched herself in hers. She spoke in tones quiet, soft, deadly.

"Before we were married! Oh! Charlie, would it have—made—any—difference?"

"God knows" he said, throwing himself into a chair, his blonde hair ruffled and wet. It was the only boyish thing about him now.

She walked towards him, then halted in the centre of the room, "Charlie McDonald," she said, and it was as if a stone had spoken, "look up." He raised his head, startled by her tone. There was a threat in her eyes that had his rage been less courageous, his pride less bitterly wounded, would have cowed him.

"There was no such time as that before our marriage, for we *are not married now*. Stop," she said, outstretching her palms against him as he sprang to his feet, "I tell you we are not married. Why should I recognize the rites of your nation when you do not acknowledge the rites of mine? According to your own words my parents should have gone through your church ceremony as well as through an Indian contract, according to *my* words, *we* should go through an Indian contract as well as through a church marriage. If their union is illegal so is ours. If you think my father is living in dishonor with my mother, my people will think I am living in dishonor with you—how do I know when another nation will come and conquer you as you white men conquered us, and they will have another marriage rite to perform and they will tell us another truth, that you are not my husband, that you are but disgracing and dishonoring me—that you are keeping me here, not as your wife, but as your—your—*squaw*."

The terrible word had never passed her lips before, and the blood stained her face to her very temples; she snatched off her wedding ring and tossed it across the room, saying scornfully, "That thing is as empty to me as the Indian rites to you."

He caught her by the wrists, his small white teeth were locked tightly, his blue eyes blazed into hers.

"Christine, do you dare to doubt my

* Fact.

honor towards you? *you*, who I would have died for, do you *dare* to think I have kept you here, not as my wife, but——."



brown neck and arms, her eyes like flames of fire, her face like a piece of sculptured grey-stone.

Without a word he flung himself furiously from the room, and immediately afterwards they heard the heavy hall door bang behind him.

"Can I do anything for you, Chris-



"Charlie McDonald" she said "look up."—Page 24.

"Oh! God. You are hurting me, you are breaking my arm," she gasped.

The door was flung open, and Joe McDonald's sinewy hands clinched like vices on his brother's shoulders.

"Charlie, you're mad, mad as the devil, let go of her this minute."

The girl staggered backwards as the irony fingers loosed her wrists. "Oh! Joe," she cried,— "I am not his wife, and he says I am born—nameless."

"Here," said Joe, shoving his brother towards the door, "Go downstairs 'till you can collect your senses. If ever a being acted like an infernal fool, you're the man."

The young husband looked from one to the other, dazed by his wife's insult, abandoned to a fit of ridiculously childish temper; blind as he was with passion, he remembered long afterwards seeing them standing there, his brother's face darkened with a scowl of anger—his wife, clad in the mockery of her ball dress, her scarlet velvet cloak half covering her bare

tie?" asked her brother-in-law calmly.

"No, thank you—unless, I think I would like a drink of water please."

He brought her up a goblet filled with wine, her hand did not even tremble as she took it; as for Joe—a demon arose in his soul as he noticed she kept her wrists covered. "Do you think he will come back?" she said.

"Oh! yes, of course, he'll be all right in the morning, now go to bed like a good little girl and—and, I say, Christie, you can call me if you want anything, I'll be right here, you know."

"Thank you, Joe, you are kind—and good."

He returned then to his apartment, his pipe was out, but he picked up a newspaper instead, threw himself into an arm-chair, and in a half-hour was in the land of dreams.

When Charlie came home in the morning, after a six-mile walk into the country and back again, his foolish anger was dead and buried. Logan's "Poor old

Charlie" did not ring so distinctly in his ears. Mrs. Stuart's horrified expression had faded considerably from his recollection, he thought only of that surprisingly tall, dark girl, whose eyes looked like coals, whose voice pierced him like a flint-tipped arrow— Ah, well, they would never quarrel again like that, he told himself. She loved him so, and would forgive him after he had talked quietly to her, and told her what an ass he was. She was simple-minded and awfully ignorant to pitch those old Indian laws at him in her fury, but he could not blame her, oh! no, he could not for one moment blame her, he had been terribly severe, and unreasonable, and the horrid McDonald temper had got the better of him, and he loved her so. Oh! he loved her so, she would surely feel that, and forgive him and— He went straight to his wife's room. The blue velvet evening dress lay on the chair into which he had thrown himself when he doomed his life's happiness by those two words, "God knows." A bunch of dead daffodils, and her slippers were on the floor, everything—but Christie.

He went to his brother's bedroom door.

"Joe," he called, rapping nervously thereon—"Joe, wake up, where's Christie, d'you know?"

"Good Lord, no," gasped that youth springing out of his arm chair, and opening the door. As he did so, a note fell from off the handle. Charlie's face blanched to his very hair, while Joe read aloud, his voice weakening at every word:—

"DEAR OLD JOE.—I went into your room at daylight to get that picture of the Post on your bookshelves. I hope you do not mind, but I kissed your hair while you slept, it was so curly, and yellow, and soft, just like his. Good-bye, Joe.

CHRISTIE."

And when Joe looked into his brother's face and saw the anguish settle in those laughing blue eyes, the despair that drove the dimples away from that almost girlish mouth; when he realized that this boy was but four and twenty years old, and that all his future was perhaps darkened and shadowed for ever, a great, deep sorrow arose in his heart, and he forgot all things, all but the agony that rang up through the voice of the fair handsome lad, as he staggered forward crying, "Oh! Joe—what shall I do—what shall I do?"

It was months and months before he found her, but during all that time he had never known a hopeless moment; discouraged he often was, but despondent, never. The sunniness of his ever-boyish heart radiated with a warmth that would have flooded a much deeper gloom than that which settled within his eager young life. Suffer? ah! yes, he suffered, not with locked teeth and stony stoicism, not with the masterful self-command, the reserve, the conquered bitterness of the still-water sort of nature, that is supposed to run to such depths; he tried to be bright, and his sweet old boyish self. He would laugh sometimes in a pitiful, pathetic fashion, he took to petting dogs, looking into their large solemn eyes with his wistful, questioning blue ones, he would kiss them, as women sometimes do, and call them "dear old fellow," in tones that had tears, and once in the course of his travels, while at a little way-station, he discovered a huge St. Bernard imprisoned by some mischance in an empty freight-car; the animal was nearly dead from starvation, and it seemed to salve his own sick heart to rescue back the dog's life. Nobody claimed the big starving creature, the train hands knew nothing of its owner, and gladly handed it over to its deliverer. "Hudson" he called it, and afterwards when Joe McDonald would relate the story of his brother's life he invariably terminated it with, "And I really believe that big lumbering brute saved him." From what, he was never known to say.

But all things end, and he heard of her at last. She had never returned to the Post as he at first thought she would, but had gone to the little town of B—, in Ontario, where she was making her living at embroidery and plain sewing.

The September sun had set redly when at last he reached the outskirts of the town, opened up the wicket gate, and walked up the weedy unkept path leading to the cottage where she lodged.

Even through the twilight, he could see her there, leaning on the rail of the verandah—oddly enough she had about her shoulders the scarlet velvet cloak she wore when he had flung himself so madly from the room that night.

The moment the lad saw her his heart swelled with a sudden heat, burning moisture leapt into his eyes, and clogged his long boyish lashes. He bounded up the steps—"Christie," he said, and the word scorched his lips like audible flame

She turned to him, and for a second stood magnetized by his passionately wistful face; her peculiar greyish eyes seemed to drink the very life of his unquenchable love, though the tears that suddenly sprang into his seemed to absorb every pulse in his body through those hungry, pleading eyes of his that had, oh! so often been blinded by her kisses when once her whole world lay in their blue depths.

"You will come back to me, Christie, my wife? My wife, you will let me love you again?"

She gave a singular little gasp, and shook her head. "Don't, oh! don't," he cried piteously. "You will come to me dear? it is all such a bitter mistake—I did not understand. Oh! Christie, I did not understand, and you'll forgive me, and love me again, won't you—won't you?"

"No," said the girl with quick, indrawn breath.

He dashed the back of his hand across his wet eyelids, his lips were growing numb, and he bungled over the monosyllable "Why?"

"I do not like you," she answered quietly.

"God! Oh! God, what is there left?"

She did not appear to hear the heart break in his voice, she stood like one wrapped in sombre thought, no blaze, no tear, nothing in her eyes, no hardness, no tenderness about her mouth. The wind was blowing her cloak aside, and the only visible human life in her whole body was once when he spoke the muscles of her brown arm seemed to contract.

"But, darling, you are mine *mine*, we are husband and wife, oh Heaven, you *must* love me, you *must* come to me again."

"You cannot *make* me come," said the icy voice, "neither church, nor law, nor even"—and the voice softened, "nor even love can make a slave of a red girl."

"Heaven forbid it," he faltered. "No, Christie, I will never claim you without your love, what reunion would that be? But, but oh! Christie, you are lying to me, you are lying to yourself, you are lying to Heaven."

She did not move. If only he could touch her

he felt as sure of her yielding, as he felt sure there was a hereafter. The memory of times when he had but to lay his hand on her hair to call a most passionate response from her filled his heart with a torture that choked all words before they reached his lips; at the thought of those days he forgot she was unapproachable, forgot how forbidding were her eyes, how stoney her lips. Flinging himself forward, his knee on the chair at her side, his face pressed hardly in the folds of the cloak on her shoulder, he clasped his arms about her with a boyish petulance, saying "Christie, Christie, my little girl wife, I love you, I love you, and you are killing me."

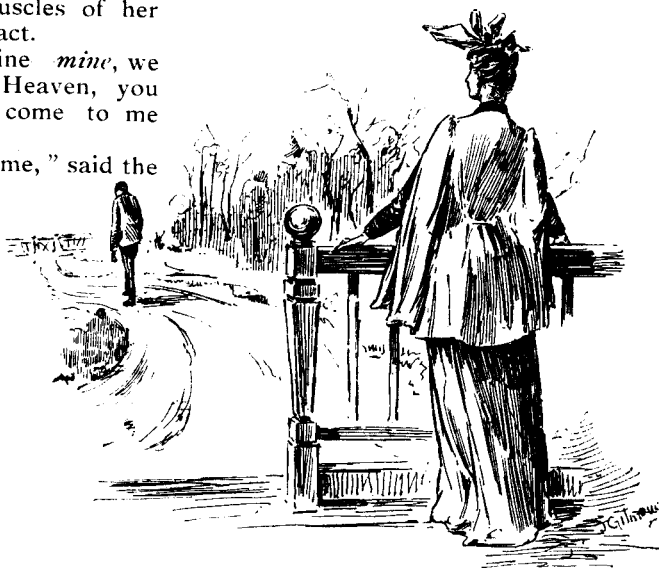
She quivered from head to foot as his fair, wavy hair brushed her neck, his despairing face sank lower until his cheek hot as fire, rested on the cool, olive flesh of her arm, a warm moisture oozed up through her skin, and as he felt its glow he looked up, her teeth white and cold were locked over her under lip, and her eyes were as grey stones.

Not murderers alone know the agony of a death sentence.

"Is it all useless? all useless, dear?" he said, with lips starving for hers.

"All useless," she repeated. "I have no love for you now, you forfeited me and my heart months ago, when you said *those two words*."

His arms fell away from her wearily, he arose mechanically, he placed his little grey checked cap on the back of his yellow curls, the old-time laughter was



"She watched him go down the long path."—Page 28.

dead in the blue eyes that now looked sacred and haunted, the boyishness and the dimples crept away for ever from the lips that quivered like a child's; he turned from her, but she had looked once into his face as the Law Giver must have looked at the Land of Canaan outspread at his feet. She watched him go down the long path and through the picket gate, she watched the big yellowish dog that had waited for him, lumber up on to its feet—stretch—then follow him. She was conscious of but two things, the vengeful lie in her soul, and a little space on her arm that his wet lashes had brushed.

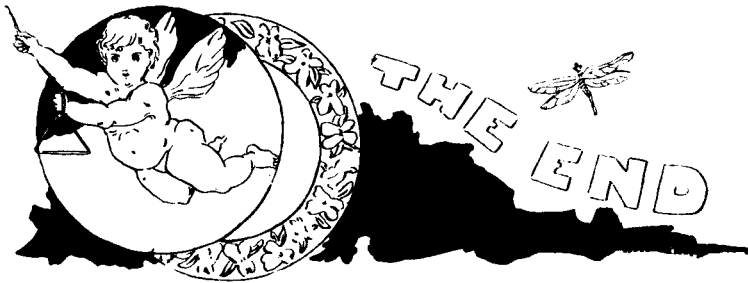
* * * hours afterwards * when * he reached his room. He had said nothing, done nothing—what use were words or

deeds? Old Jimmy Robinson was right, she had "balked" sure enough.

What a bare hotelish room it was! he tossed off his coat and sat for ten minutes looking blankly at the sputtering gas jet. Then his whole life, desolate as a desert, loomed up before him with appalling distinctness. Throwing himself on the floor beside his bed, with clasped hands and arms outstretched on the white counterpane, he sobbed. "Oh! God, dear God, I thought you loved me, I thought you'd let me have her again, but you must be tired of me, tired of loving me too; I've nothing left now, nothing, it doesn't seem that I even have you to-night."

He lifted his face then, for his dog, big and clumsy, and yellow, was licking at his sleeve.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.



CANADA IN ENGLISH VERSE.

FEW things interest us more than to learn what our friends really think of us; or at least, what they have said candidly, and without intending us to hear. This sort of knowledge is particularly welcome to young people and young nations, as both are anxious to stand well in the eyes of the world. We Canadians think so highly of our own land, that we would like everyone to see Canada through our eyes and echo our praises of her. This desire for an expression of outside opinion is, to a certain extent, a symptom of national self-distrust and self-depreciation, and, in so far, a sign of weakness. Our neighbours across the lines were once afflicted in the same way (it is peculiar to childhood), when they were younger. The disease will run its course, like other infantile maladies, and when we reach our full growth, leave us none the worse. In the meantime, its presence in the body politic is attended with inconveniences, which will vanish with a return to perfect health. Now as invalids are sometimes cured by humoring their whims, and always greatly benefited by encouraging words and cheerful gratulations, I have gathered from a few volumes of poetry, some verses which show what others think of us, what poets of the nation friendliest and most closely bound to us have said of Canada. My hope is that they may prove tonic and strengthening.

The first notion regarding our country, which finds anything like general expression in English literature is that somewhere in that *ultima Thule* stood a city-stronghold, named Quebec, before which a gallant general died in the hour of victory. We are inclined, now-a-days, in spite of Parkman, to look upon the fall of Quebec as an episode. To the English world of that day, it was the greatest event of a great war. We can hardly understand what the termination of the war meant to the mother country and the thirteen Colonies, and how the pathos of Wolfe's glorious fate touched the popular heart and stirred the popular imagination. Family tradition has preserved this scrap of broadside ballad.

"And poor prisoners we'll release."
And the last words General Wolfe said
Were: "Brave boys, I die in peace."

By the mere fact of introducing the capture of Quebec as an episode in his famous "Chronicle of the Drum," Thackeray bears witness that after almost a century, the tale has lost nothing of its tragic fascination. Pierre, the old French drummer, is fighting his battles o'er again in a Paris tavern.

"And now daddy cross'd the Atlantic
To drum for Montcalm and his men:
Morableau, but it makes a man frantic
To think we were beaten again!
My daddy he cross'd the wide ocean,
My mother brought me on her neck,
And we came in the year fifty-seven
To guard the good town of Quebec.

In the year fifty-nine came the Britons, —
Full well I remember the day, —
They knock'd at our gates for admittance,
Their vessels were moor'd in the bay.
Says our general, 'Drive me yon red-coats
Away to the sea, whence they come!'
So we march'd against Wolfe and his bull-
dogs,
We march'd at the sound of the drum."

It might interest the ingenious author of "Old Friends" to point out that among the red-coated bull-dogs of Wolfe, who followed the slowly retreating French regiments to gate St. Louis, was another drummer, the gallant old blackguard of "The Jolly Beggars." In the ditty which he roars up at Poosie Nancie's, he tells us, that this was his first campaign.

"My 'prenticeship I pass'd where my leader
breathed his last,
And the bloody die was cast on the plains of
Abram."

It is only a reminiscence, but it shows that in Burns' mind, Quebec stood for heroism and military glory. Goldsmith and Cowper have both verses on the subject, but they are not significant and may be passed over. It may seem strange to put Wordsworth next in evidence, as a poet of battle. We think of him oftenest as the stern old man, the untiring pedestrian of Cumbrian vales, a quaint and rather uncouth figure in London drawing-rooms. But there was another Wordsworth; Wordsworth the young collegian, who blossomed out as a dandy, who confessed to having been drunk *once*, who thought of entering the army, who visited Paris a month after the September massacres, and wanted to put himself at the

head of the leaderless Girondins. To the Wordsworth of this period, the name of Wolfe seems worthy of a place beside Bayard, and Sidney and Dundee, as of a gallant soldier, who

—————“ crowned
A happy life with a fair death and fell
In battle fighting—————”

The poet is in a boat on Lake Lucerne, before Tell's chapel. The boatman has ceased rowing to recount the legend of the Swiss liberator, and the young Englishman muses on the power of places, the scenes of noble deeds, to rouse heroic passion in those who visit them. He passes in review Bayard's last field, Sidney's bestowal of the water on the dying soldier, and Claverhouse struck down at the head of the victorious clansmen at Killiecrankie. Wolfe is one of this glorious company and comes first on the bead-roll of fame.

“ Say, who by thinking on Canadian hills
Or wild Aosta lulled by Alpine rills,
On Zutphen's plain ; or on that highland dell,
Through which rough Garry cleaves his way, can
tell
What high resolves exalt the tenderest thought
Of him whom passion rivets to the spot,
Where breathed the gale that caught Wolfe's happi-
est sigh
And the last sunbeam fell on Bayard's eye,
Where bleeding Sidney from the cup retired,
And glad Dundee in “ faint huzzas expired.”

The passage is in Wordsworth's earliest manner before he had freed himself from the trammels of the classical school ; nor is the thought superior to the manner. The contrast is laid between merely “ thinking on ” a famous place and the inspiration of the actual scene. The significant fact is that to the great English poet, our Canadian hills are among the sacred spots, the cathedrals of the earth, and worthy to be named with Marathon.

Scott apparently knows of only one place in Canada, the last of the great lakes. In his mind, the name is not connected with military glory : but with misfortune. The new land is only a land of exile and hardship for the *douce*, home-loving Scots settlers. So it was. We who have entered peacefully into their labours would do well to think sometimes of the men, who levelled the forests and planted the towns, of the women who made homes in the wilderness and bore as best they might, the loneliness of the scattered clearings. Scott's lines read as if inspired by the plaint of the “ Deserted

Village,” and they are introduced in a peculiar manner. They occur in *Marion*, canto three ; Fitz-Eustace sings at his lord's command and the tune is one the poet has often heard from the lips of Highland reapers in Lowland wheat-fields. The sweet melancholy of the Gaelic reaping song has been fixed in the words—

“ Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old unhappy far-off things,
And battles long ago.”

Scott himself has often heard it

∴ And thought how sad would be such sound
On Susquehannah's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumbered brake
And wild Ontario's boundless lake.”

The line was literally true, some eighty years ago. Now no mill-pond is tamer than “ wild ” Ontario ; and the population on its shores almost equals that of the Scotland from which the poor exiles were driven. Ontario deserves the epithet, “ wild ” only in the autumn gales ; but wild in Scott's sense of uncivilized is no longer.

Among English poets who have written of Canada, Moore enjoys the unique distinction of having actually been upon the ground, and it is therefore just, that his “ Boat Song ” should be retained in Canadian music-books. Nothing else that he penned in this country possesses anything like inspiration. His poetry was an easily flowing vein, and Mrs. Blank of Montreal and Deadman's Island are sufficient to set the little Irishman stringing rhymes that are long since forgotten. Nothing in the country pleased him like the leaving of it, as the verses testify which he penned here in Halifax on the very blue harbour I can see from the window where I write. The “ Lines to the Boston Frigate ” in which he took passage for England are a very genuine sigh of relief at the prospect of getting home again.

“ With triumph this morning, O Boston ! I hail
The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,
For they tell me I soon shall be wafted in thee
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
And that chill Nova Scotia's unpromising strand
Is the last I shall tread of American land——”

“ Chill Nova Scotia ” and “ unpromising.” Thank you for nothing Mr. Moore. The welcome Haligonians gave you deserved something better than this.

One English poet, the greatest living,* has understood the Canada of the present day, and has inwoven the name of our country with his noblest verse. It was reserved for the present Laureate to say of Canada what most Canadians would be proud to say themselves. Scattered up and down his poems are a few golden phrases that should be familiar household words in every Canadian home. The fact that has impressed Lord Tennyson's imagination, is not Canada the wilderness, nor Canada the scene of a hero's death, but Canada the home of loyalty, Canada an integral part of the Great Empire. In the dedication of his greatest work, "To the Queen," he calls Canada "that true North;" a graceful phrase, gracefully used by Lord Dufferin as a dedication in the Canadian edition of his witty "Letters From High Latitudes." Tennyson's dedication was written upon the occasion of the recovery of the Prince of Wales in 1870. After speaking of the loyalty of England to the person of the sovereign, as witnessed by the scenes in London on the Prince's first appearance in public after his illness, the poet speaks of the manifestation of feeling in other parts of the empire.

"— witness too, the silent cry,
The prayer of many a race and creed and clime
Thunderless lightnings striking under sea.
From sunset and sunrise of all thy realm;
And that true North, whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us "Keep you to yourselves:
So loyal is too costly! friends—your love
Is but a burden; loose the bond and go."
Is this the tone of empire? here the faith
That made us rulers? this indeed her voice
And meaning, whom the roar of Hougoumont
Left mightiest of all peoples under heaven?"

We are being told just now, chiefly by our American friends that English statesmen, when they think of Canada at all, regard her in the light of a nuisance. There is one Englishman, at least, who does not so regard her, whose sense of Canada's importance is so strong that he rebukes the English separatists, even at the risk of making a political digression in his poem. The Laureate does not consider Canada a burden or our loyalty too costly. It is a pleasure to find the

* This passage was written before the world lost him.

name of our country associated with some of the most eloquent verse this century has produced, and to think that the shy retiring poet has estimated aright Canadian character. If Macaulay's New Zealander reads Tennyson, he will discover that in the far off nineteenth century there was a Queen of England and a loyal Canada.

In one of his most stirring patriotic lyrics, "Hands All Round," the Laureate's expression of goodwill is even more unmistakable.

*"To Canada whom we love and prize
Whatever statesman hold the helm."*

And here, as in the epithalamium on the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Tennyson grasps the idea of Greater Britain, a world-Venice, and associates Canada with

*"———the strong
New England of the Southern Pole,"*

and the other great colonies. In the last mentioned poem, he has the line

*"The loyal pines of Canada murmur thee,
Marie-Alexandrovna."*

If the entire poem is not in his happiest vein, the phrase is satisfying and eloquently descriptive. "The loyal pines of Canada."

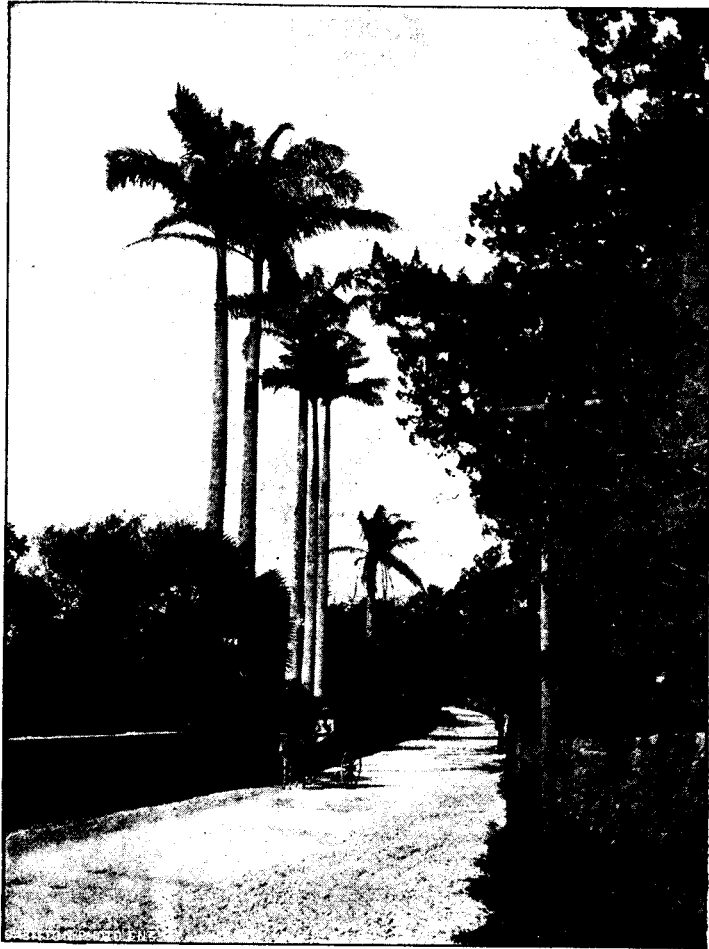
Thus, then have some poets thought of Canada; what should their words inspire in us? Certainly not that mean self-complacency so apt to spring in vulgar bosoms at recognition from social superiors, but a just and honourable pride. If the great men of the earth think thus of our country, we the sons of the soil will think of it not less, but more nobly. To Wordsworth, one Canadian battle-field is as a cathedral altar. There are a score almost as suggestive of lofty heroism. If Canada means this to one who never set foot on her soil, what should she be to the children whom she has nourished and brought up? To Tennyson, Canada means loyalty. Is this national good name worth having? worth strenuous effort to maintain? Shall we Canadians, on whom the making of Canada depends, forfeit by our inaction or cowardice, the splendour of such a reputation?

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.



IN BERMUDA.

A Black Beauty.



Royal Palms, Hamilton.

BERMUDA, THE LAND OF THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

“THE man who first steered a vessel into Bermuda harbour must have been a victim, ever after, to nervous prostration!”

We were standing on the deck of the S.S. “Trinidad” on the lookout for the first glimpse of Hamilton, when a tall and lanky American, whose face bore the ravages of sea-sickness, made this remark on the trials of navigation. As we slowly wound in and out among the numerous exquisite little islands which ornament the harbour and make it a terror to mariners, I could not help echoing Brother Jonathan’s sentiments, especially so when we passed through Timlin’s

Narrows. The ship seemed almost to touch land on both sides, and as we ploughed our way through, the water, of *lapis lazuli* hue, with a great foaming rush swirled back, reminding one of the biblical story of the passage of the Red Sea.

Words fail to describe the first impressions of Bermuda. It is so entrancing after a northern winter to come to a land where summer reigns supreme; the tropical foliage, huge palms and banana trees are a happy exchange for ice and snow, while the oleander hedges covered with pink and white blossoms scent the air with their rich fragrance; fields of

lilies, "myriads bloom together," rear their stately heads heavenward, and grand old Pride of India trees make it almost impossible to realize we are still in the stormy month of March, and give the islands the right to be called the Riviera of America.

During our first walk in Hamilton, the chief city, our curiosity was greatly roused on seeing some men at work building a house; they were cutting out—or rather sawing—a foundation, no pickaxe, crowbar, or hammer being used, and the only sound of working tools heard being the

cream colour, but afterwards, unless whitewashed, turns grey like granite. Each house is obliged by law to have a tank in the cellar, or just outside, so as to catch all the rain which is carried from the roof by pipes and sluices; as Bermuda has no other fresh water supply it is an absolute necessity to build these tanks and have the water carefully boiled and filtered.

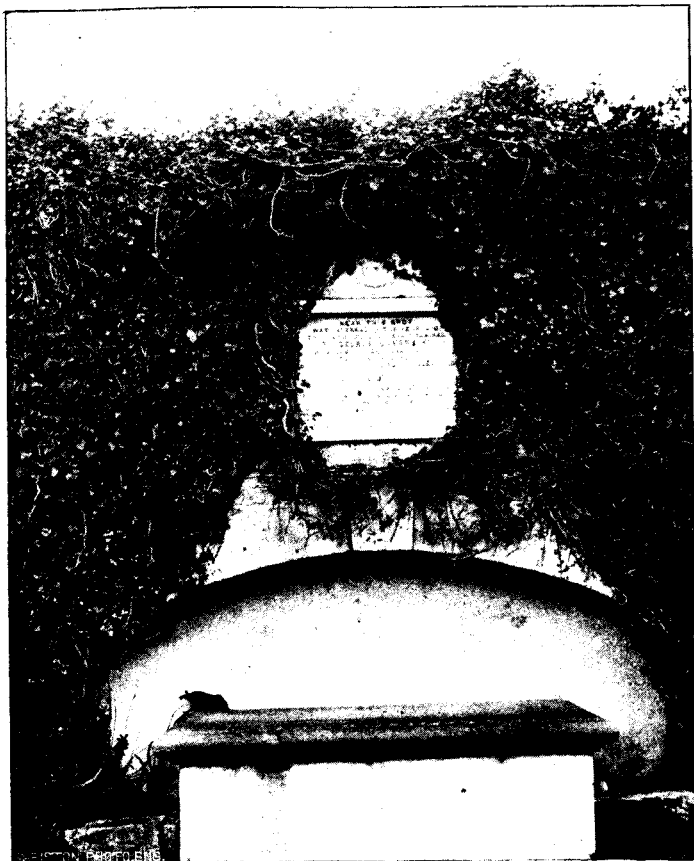
One afternoon we started for Warwick to see the rifle shooting. On our way we passed the Guards' former place of exile, but judging from all one hears, the desert



Natives.

gentle buzzing of the saw as two men drew it, with no apparent exertion, through the soft rock of coral formation. We stared and stared in wonder, but the more we stared the more the wonder grew, till at last an acquaintance stopped, amused at our open-mouthed astonishment, and explained that the whole of a house in Bermuda is built of the material taken from the excavation. The rock is first cut into large slabs for the outside, then into smaller blocks for the inner walls, and finally into thin pieces for tiling the roof. It hardens by coming in contact with the air, and is at first a

bloomed for them socially in a truly miraculous manner, and as far as rifle shooting goes, some of them were known to have gone in for it heavily, armed with bow and arrow, Cupid being the marksman. One hears *la belle Américaine* talking of "when the Guards were here last year" in the same tone as the Southerner talks of "before the war!"—and with just about the same amount of regret. We enjoyed the drive to Warwick immensely, and after watching the shooting of the sailors and soldiers for some time and drinking unlimited cups of tea, we turned our horses' heads homeward,



The Somers Memorial Tablet.
(See page 37.)

saying adieu to a very happy day.

Among the many buildings of note in Hamilton are the Governor's residence, Mount Langton, where the grounds are so tastefully laid out that they are a constant source of pleasure to the stranger, who always receives a most cordial welcome from that most courtly of soldiers, General Newdigate Newdegate; the Sessions House and the Public Buildings. The Hamilton and Princess Hotels are splendidly built, and in management rank with some of the best New York hotels. At the Hamilton every Tuesday evening, during the season, there is a dance given with music supplied by the band of the King's Own Liverpool Regiment, while once a fortnight the Princess favours its guests in the same terpsichorean manner.

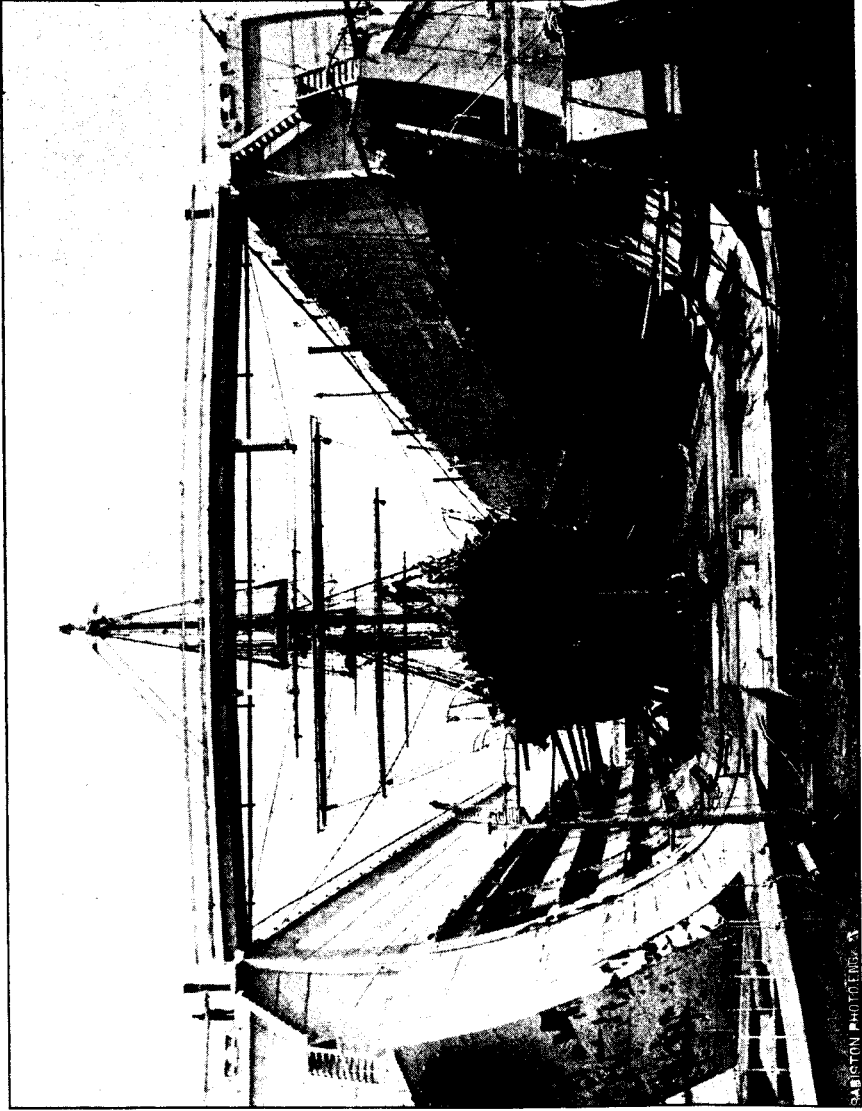
The Public Gardens are very prettily laid out and a mass of bloom. On Friday afternoon the band plays there and it is a pretty sight to see the little children, in groups, playing and dancing

to the music, while grown-up people and invalids forget their sorrows and aches in the soothing strains of instruments so soft and sweet one does not realize they are made of brass. To go after service, on Sunday, to Prospect is quite the thing, and the park in front of the Mess Room is surrounded with carriages while the former occupants stroll about, chatting with their friends or listening to the band. One of the favourite pieces has an echo, a small portion of the band being placed quite a distance away to repeat the last strains of the music; the effect is quite entrancing, the red coats of the soldiers brightening up the green of the trees and grass while the sun strikes on the instruments giving them a golden glow.

The officers' huts at Prospect are of quite historical value, having been brought out to Bermuda from the Crimea "when the war was o'er." In looking at them the light and shade of life is very apparent, now merriment reigning supreme, while then, many an owner of these huts lay bleeding and freezing in the trenches of Sebastopol or Balaclava. Time brings many changes.

St. George—the Military Island, twelve miles from Hamilton, was, until the close of the last century, the capital of Bermuda; but about that time the knowledge that Hamilton was easier of access and more central becoming apparent the Governor's residence and Parliament Buildings were removed, and St. George became more of a regimental town.

The drive from Hamilton is singularly beautiful and if taken in the evening when the moon sheds a soft primrose light over the surrounding country, an impression will be made on the mind of



H. M. S. "TOURMALINE" IN THE DRY DOCK.

BALISTON PHOTOGRAPHY

the tourist that no amount of sight-seeing in other lands will obliterate.

It was eight o'clock when we started on our long journey, and as we drove through a road, now carved through massive rock, now shaded by cedars or winding along the sea coast, we felt a glow of affection for these lovely islands, and "Home Sweet Home" was for the time forgotten. About half way to St. George our carriage was passed by some people driving a four-in-hand and when we came to the top of a steep hill we saw, far below, a lake reflecting in its crystal depths the palms, cedars and banana trees that clothed its borders; round the lake the road wound in serpentine curves and the lights from the four in hand drag cast their reflection on the water, dancing over it like huge will o' the wisps.

On the north side of St. George are four forts named respectively Fort Victoria, Fort Albert, Fort Catherine and Fort George, while the barracks for the line regiments are a short distance from the town. As soldiers are notably good hosts many a pleasant little dance is given here by the jovial sons of Mars.

Several very old tablets have been erected to the memory of some of the first settlers, in the parish church at St. George, while within a couple of minutes walk are the public gardens, where the heart of Sir George Somers, the pioneer Admiral of Bermuda is buried. An inscription, wreathed in ivy, reads as follows :

Near this spot
Was interred, in the Year 1610, the
Heart of the Heroic Admiral,
SIR GEORGE SOMERS, KT.,
Who nobly sacrificed his life
To carry succor
To the infant and suffering plantation
Now
The State of Virginia.
To preserve his name to Future Age,
Near the scene of his memorable
Shipwreck of
1609,
The Governor and Commander-in-
Chief of the Colony for the time
being, caused this
Tablet to be erected
1876.

In the year 1609 when Bermuda was known to mariners as the Isle of Devils, a ship called the "Sea Adventure," having on board Sir Thomas Gates, the newly appointed Governor of Virginia, and Sir George Somers, Admiral of the Seas, sprung a leak and only that land was sighted must surely have foundered ! When a boat was manned, the crew

numbering one hundred and fifty souls was safely landed and afterwards the ship's provisions and stores. Here the castaways lived for some time, finding food in the shape of wild hogs, birds and abundance of fish, but Sir Thomas Gates, becoming impatient to get to Jamestown, ordered a pinnace to be built and on its completion started with his colonists and Sir George Somers for Virginia, where they arrived, after many vicissitudes, on the 23rd of May, ten months after their shipwreck.

The newcomers, despondent at the barren appearance of their new home contrasted with the plenty of Bermuda, prevailed on Sir George to return with them to their El Dorado and on the 19th of June he started on a hazardous and weary journey only to arrive at the islands, worn out with fatigue and old age, ready to sink into the arms of Death stretched out to take him in their grim embrace ; his followers embalmed the body and, after burying the heart at St. George, set sail with it for England, where they told their story to Captain Mathew Somers, Sir George's nephew, who interested King James I. so much in favour of Bermuda that he sanctioned a company being formed for the colonization of Somers Islands, as they were for a short time called ;—from that time Governors have been sent out from England for a term of six years and, as in the case of the present Governor, sometimes taking the dual position of General Commanding the Forces.

At the time of the war of 1812 Bermuda shared with Halifax the honour of being the headquarters for the British troops and ships sent out by the Mother Country to protect her colonies. Among the regiments were 1800 Royal Marines, part of the 102nd Regt., under Colonel Napier, and two companies of Royal Canadian Rangers; these were all commanded by Sir Sydney Beckwith, who started on the 30th May, 1813, for Virginia, where they landed on June 22nd at Pigs Point, but when storming Craney Island they received such a severe repulse from the enemy that they were obliged to retire under heavy fire and with a large loss of life.

On the 25th of June they again attacked the American fortified camp at Hampton with more success but afterwards returned to Bermuda to wait for more men from England. A short time before this expedition the President and Commander-in-



Onion Pickers.

Chief, William Smith, issued a proclamation forbidding the exportation of goods from the Island, which reads as follows :

BERMUDA *alias* }
SOMERS' ISLANDS. }

By His Honor William Smith, President and Commander-in-Chief in and over these Islands.

A PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, in consequence of the present state of affairs between the United States of America and Great Britain, it is deemed indispensably necessary to prohibit the exportation of the present stock of provisions from these Islands, I do, therefore, by and with the advice and consent of His Majesty's Counsel publish this my Proclamation, strictly prohibiting the exportation of any sort or kind of said provisions from these Islands from and after the date hereof, such only excepted as may be necessary for the crews of vessels bound to sea, and for the better encouragement of the importation of provisions, I do hereby publish and declare, by and with the advice and consent aforesaid, that the importers of provisions from and after the date hereof, shall be permitted to export such provisions as they shall not be able to find a market for in these Islands, within seven days after their arrival here, and I do hereby charge and command the Officers of His Majesty's Customs for these Islands and all others whom it doth, shall or may concern, to pay due obedience to this my Proclamation and to govern themselves accordingly.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal, this 15th day of July, one thousand eight hundred and twelve, and the fifty-second year of His Majesty's reign.

WILLM. SMITH,

President and Commander-in-Chief.

By His Honor's Command,

ROBERT KENNEDY.

God Save the King.

On January 7th, 1814, a frigate called the *Statira* left England for Bermuda, having on board her the Right Hon. Sir E. Pakenham, K.B., brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington and formerly his Adjutant-General; Major-General Gibbs, 52nd Regiment; Colonel Sloven, Adjutant-General; Col. Bell, Quarter-Master-General; Major Moodie; Dr. Robb, Inspector-General of Hospitals; Colonel Bradford, Military Secretary; — Hunter, Paymaster-General; Col. Dickson, to command R. A.; Lieut.-General Bourgoyne, to command Engineers' Department; Charles Soare, Purveyor General; 28th Regiment and the 2nd battalion 92nd Regiment under Major Donald M'Donald.

General Pakenham and Major-General Gibbs both perished on Dec. 20th, while storming the first redoubt at New Orleans, and the soldiers and officers, during that campaign, suffered excruciatingly from the cold after the great heat at Bermuda; many of the men had their feet so badly frozen that they were obliged to have them amputated.

Shortly after the *Statira* set sail another frigate was prepared for sea having on board of her a detachment of Royal Scots from the dépôt under Capt. Logan, part of the 94th under Capt. Kingdom, and the 85th Regiment

Still later the 93rd Regiment, 14th Light Dragoons, the 4th Regiment, the 7th, the 21st Foot, the 40th, 43rd, 44th and 95th Regiments, besides batteries of Artillery and Engineers were despatched, so that in a short while Bermuda was packed to its fullest extent with the new arrivals, and riding at anchor in the harbour were some of His Majesty's finest ships of war, as many as 109 being on the North American Station from the time of the declaration of war in 1812 till the cessation of hostilities.

Among the ships were the *San Domingo*, containing 74 guns, and commanded by Admiral Sir J. B. Warren and Capt. Thomson, acting as commander-in-chief. *Marlborough*, 74 guns, commanded by Rear-Admiral Cockburn, Captain Ross.

Poitiers,	74 guns,	Sir J. P. Beresford.
Ramilies,	74 "	Sir T. M. Hardy.
Dragon,	74 "	Capt. Collyer.
Victorious,	74 "	Talbot.
Acasta,	38 "	Kerr.
Junon,	38 "	Sanders.
Shannon,	38 "	Broke.
Spartan,	38 "	Brenton.
Statira,	38 "	Stackpoole.
Tenedos,	38 "	Parker.
Nymphe,	38 "	Epworth.
Belvidera,	36 "	Byron.
Maidstone,	36 "	Burdett.
Æolus,	32 "	St. J. Townsend.
Cleopatra,	32 "	Pechell.
Minerva,	32 "	Hawkins.
Narcissus,	32 "	Lumley.
Laurestinus,	24 "	Graham.
Tartarus,	20 "	Pasco.
Fawn,	20 "	Fellowes.
Atalante,	18 "	Hickey.
Childers,	18 "	Bedford.
Colibre,	18 "	Pechell.
Curlew,	18 "	Head.
Dotterel,	18 "	Daniel.
Dauntless,	18 "	Barber.
Fantome,	18 "	Laurence.
Goree,	18 "	Byng.
Indian,	18 "	Jane.
Martin,	18 "	Senhouse.
Morgiana,	18 "	Scott.
Rattler,	18 "	Gordon.
Recruit,	18 "	Evans.
Sophie,	18 "	Lockyer.
Sylph,	18 "	Douglas.

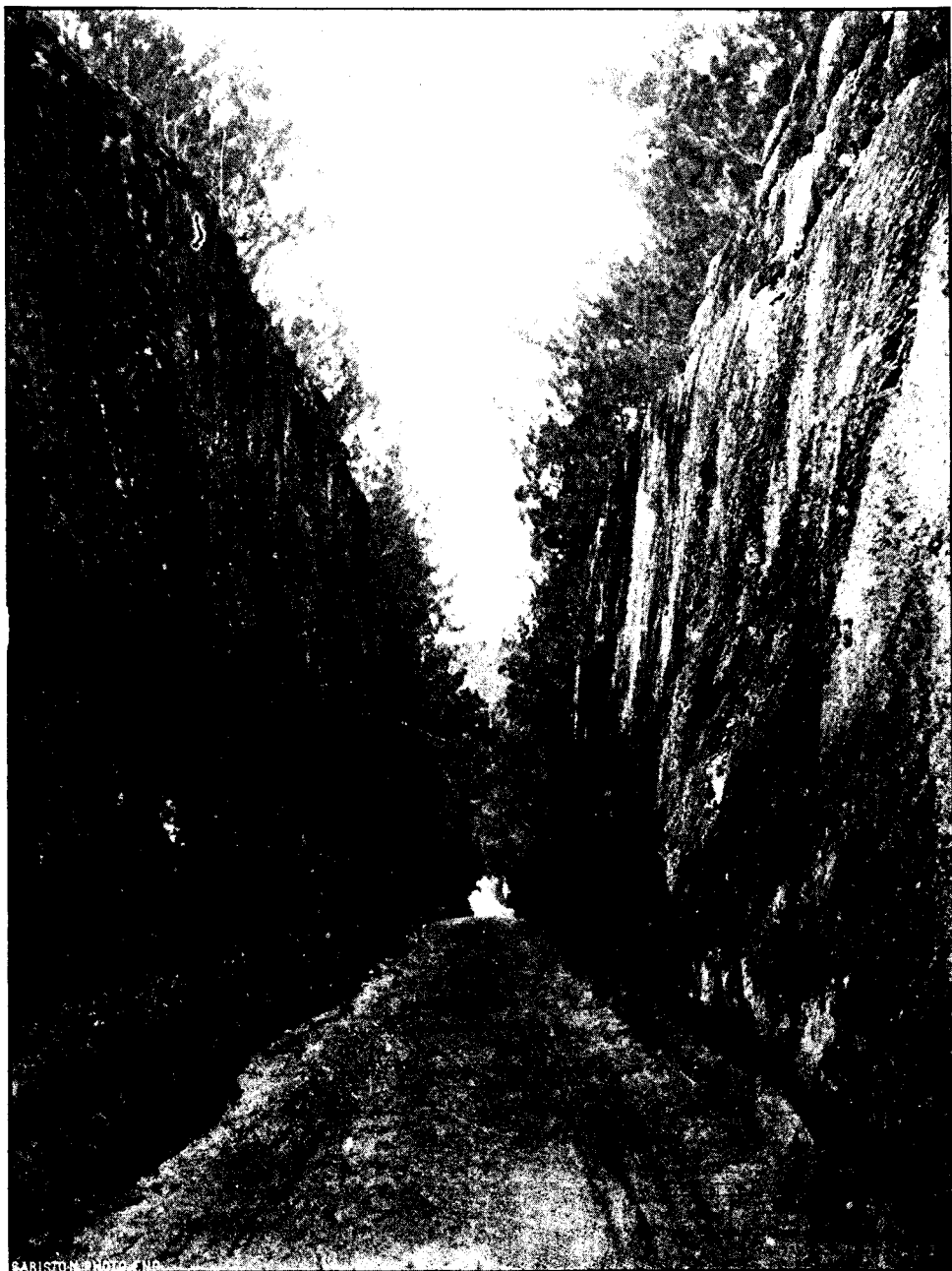
About this time the largest single-decked ship owned by the English was the *Egyptienne*, 1,434 tons, mounting 28 twenty-four pound guns on the main-deck; the largest frigate, the *Endymion*, 1,277 tons, mounting 26 twenty-four

pound guns on the main-deck, the chief battery; the American navy was, naturally, much smaller, but to make up for it they had larger sized ships, a few being able to carry twenty-four pounders on the main deck also. Later on, when a number of British ships were seized by the enemy, the following vessels took their place:

Diadem,	64 guns,	Capt. Handket.
Dromide,	50 "	" Fabian.
Romulus,	36 "	" Knight.
Success,	32 "	" Barclay.
Foy,	32 "	" Paterson.
Nemesis,	28 "	" Maude.
Mariner,	a rocket ship,	14 guns, Capt. Huffel.

What a contrast these old battle ships offer to the navy of to-day! A few weeks ago we were out yachting in Grassy Bay and had our attention drawn to the old two-decker *Irresistable*, lying in dock at Ireland Island. Shortly after we saw, far away, the form of a huge man of war looming out of the mist of the horizon and as we sailed out to meet her, recognized the long expected *Blake*, twin-screw cruiser and flagship for the North American squadron. She is a magnificent specimen of present naval architecture, has a tonnage of 9,000 and engines of 20,000 horse-power; ten 6-inch five ton guns bristle from her steel sides, while over her magazine, engines, etc., is a steel protective deck six inches thick; her ward room and gun room are fitted out with the most modern ideas of luxury and the Admiral's cabin is as dainty as a lady's boudoir. As she steamed near the old flagship *Bellerophon* the band commenced to play "Slap bang, here we are again!" and received for answer the curt enquiry from the *Bellerophon* band "Where have you been a' the day." Then "Cheer, boys cheer! No more of idle sorrow!" came gaily floating on the breeze as the *Blake* cast her anchor into the haven of harbor, after a stormy passage across the wide waters that separate us from the Mother Country.

The *Tartar*, sister ship to the ill-fated *Serpent*, that went down off the coast of Spain about eighteen months ago, is another specimen of the new style of architecture which strikes a person ignorant of the art of war as cumbersome, the decks being so crowded. The *Magicienne* is still another, while the *Narcissus* is daily expected from England to complete the number of the squadron.



A road cut out of the rock

But the time has at last arrived for us to say farewell to our summer islands and as the good ship *Trinidad* steams out of Grassy Bay and the land fades slowly from our sight we stretch out our arms with longing toward this exquisite El Dorado and murmur before taking refuge in our cabins

"Isle of beauty fare thee well."

advising all those in search of health and happiness to try a winter trip to this land of flowers, the Riviera of America.

SARA ELEANOR NICHOLSON.

IN A SCOTTISH MANSE.

“ I HAD the good fortune,” says Mr. Stead, in the December *Review of Reviews*, “ to be born in the household of a Nonconformist minister in a Tyneside village, whose stipend at my birth was £80 per annum.” The writer counts it no small honour and privilege to have spent her childhood in a Scottish Manse, where for many years the stipend was no greater. And she counts it a special happiness that that manse was situated where nature’s majesty and beauty witnessed for nature’s God.

Looking back on moors and streams, and forward to the ocean, stands the little grey town of Thurso. Hills on right and left semicircle its beautiful bay. The waves break high on its shore even in the heart of the summer, for they come with unbroken force from the dark, stormy, mysterious north. The sun sets beyond Holborn Head on the west in a blaze of glory that neither the canvas of Italian painters nor the skies whence came their inspiration ever excelled. And there are the Orcades in the distance, often lost in the mists, but fair enough in the purple twilight of a summer evening to be the Islands of the Blessed.

Near the west end of the little town, and so near the sea that the great storm-tides threw their foam into its garden, there stood, thirty years ago, a very humble little Church and Manse. Of those who lived in the one and worshipped in the other, at that time, one small individual, at least, used to wish them more beautiful; and to lie in the long grass and to transform their barn order of architecture into Gothic and their glaring white into ivy mantled grey; and used to let her mind wander from the minister’s sermons, when she had secured a portion sufficient to make a decent showing at the evening “ exercises,” to plan long-drawn aisles and painted windows. The buildings, which stood at right angles to each other—the Church facing on a street almost entirely occupied by cottages of the poorer class, and the Manse standing alone on a little road that led to the sea—were, indeed, hideously ugly. In the immense thickness of their walls there must have been stone enough and to spare; but this

after the fashion of the farm-houses of the district, was sedulously concealed under plaster and gravel and whitewash. A new wing, running down towards the sea, having been fortunately spared the unseemly embellishment, slightly redeemed the Manse both in form and coloring.

The interior of the church was as ugly as the exterior. The main passage ran the wrong way. The gallery was supported by short, stout, green pillars. Two square windows on either side of the pulpit admitted light sufficient to prevent napping even in the farthest corners. The pulpit, with its huge sounding-board, rose like a clumsy light-house tower from the middle of one side of the passage. Around it, but much lower, was a shorter tower for the precentor. And around the latter was the railed enclosure sacred to the elders. On the other side of the passage, the “ table-seats”—two rows of benches with a table between them, intended for Communion occasions—ran the length of the church.

You will easily gather that such a church and manse did not belong to the Establishment. They had, in truth, been built by Original Seceders, and when the minister and the greater portion of his congregation—acting with the majority of their denomination—joined the Free Church, they still continued to worship in the old place. Not, however, without a bitter struggle with the minority. I have often heard it told in the Manse, how the latter, not content with going to law on the subject, bewailed in their prayers the continued occupation of the church by their opponents as the profanation of the temple, and likened the first Sacramental occasion after the union to Belshazzar’s impious feast. They pointed the finger of scorn, too, at the “ sinfu’ lugshery” that began to show itself in the bare meeting-house.

From time immemorial, the “ minister’s seat”—meaning the pew occupied by his wife and family—had rejoiced in a good foot of elevation above all the other pews and in a hanging of dingy green. After the union, however, an aristocratic druggist, the great man of the congregation, had his pew elevated and hung in red. An ambitious merchant imitated the

druggist; and the joiner, after finishing their pews, began on his own—thereby laying himself open to the accusation of “cabbage” from the scurrilous. Finally, a big-headed dwarf, gardener-in-chief of the town, had his pew in a remote corner of the gallery raised and hung; and there he sat in his glory—his head, the only part of him visible, showing like a huge gargoyle against the fiery background. The congregation had been awed by the druggist, had laughed at the merchant, and had been outraged by the joiner; but about the dwarf every one felt there was nothing to be said. Only after that no more pews were hung.

The congregation was mainly of the humbler class. Nevertheless, in the minister’s pew you might often see Lady Camilla—the daughter of an English Earl and the wife of Sir George Sinclair of Ulbster, the feudal lord of Thurso and the largest landowner in the country.

When Lady Camilla intended to honour our pew, notice was always sent beforehand; and then two of the boys, to make room for her, occupied seats with the ambitious merchant. Lady Camilla was tall and stately; clothed, as the children of the Manse imagined an Earl’s daughter should be, in rich silks and velvets—with an abundance of rich plumes to match. The little girls were in love with her name, which they decided to assist in perpetuating when they had little girls of their own; not to lose time in honoring it, they conferred it, title and all, upon an old grey hen—an entirely innocent piece of disrespect, which so scandalized the Minister, however, that we had Lady Camilla for dinner on the very first Sunday after he became acquainted with it. “I’m thinkin’ her leddyship’s gey tough,” said Jean, the old servant, as she brought in the victim. “Whom do you mean?” asked the Minister, sternly. “This ane, sir,” said Jean, coolly, “I wadna like tae try my teeth on the ither.” Her ladyship *was* tough; so tough that the severing of the wish-bone—or, as we called it, the marriage bone—became a veritable “tug-o-war.”

The wife of another landed proprietor sat in the gallery on the minister’s left, in full view of the Manse pew, which was below, on the Minister’s extreme right. She was a very beautiful woman, and in some respects more interesting to us than even Lady Camilla; for some one had told us—under the strictest promises of secrecy, of course—that there was madness

in her family, that some day she herself would go mad, and that mad people were invariably smothered between feather beds. “O, the pity of it!” was our thought as we sat and gazed at her. In front of her sat a grim but excellent pair, the daughters of our Minister’s predecessor, reduced for many a year to keeping a little shop wherein, as the sign proclaimed, were sold, “Tea, Snuff and Tobacco;” also a great many things of which the sign said nothing. “Leezbeth,” the elder, weaker, and more amiable of the pair, was stone deaf; “Barb’ry” was in full possession and in constant use of all her faculties. Every Sunday, before service, the latter dropped into the Manse with a tiny package of “pan-drops” for the minister. Occasionally she gave one or two of the sweets to such children as appeared to deserve them, but always in a half-hearted way as though squandering on unworthy objects what had been intended for their betters. The manse baby, for the time being was, however, always a favourite with her. It was she who discovered his or her first tooth, thereby, according to local custom, becoming bound to present a new frock to the infant—a gift which the minister permitted only with the express stipulation that its material should be print. Sunday-sickness—not an uncommon disease in Scotland in those days—was in her eyes the unpardonable sin. Woe to the child who instead of being clothed in gala attire and waiting with Bible in hand, lay on the sofa or sat crouching by the fire. “H’m!” grunted Barbara, as her lynx-eye fell on the offender, “It’ll be a sair stomach the day; it was a sair heid last time.” The soft impeachment having been owned, “Sair stomach, indeed!” commented Miss Barbara, “Ye mean Sunday stomach. Ye’ll get nae sweeties the day, my man!”

“Leezbeth’s” weakness was not for the youngest, but the eldest born; and dearly did the latter pay for her admiration. Coming up the High street, on a certain occasion, in the company of two fashionable young ladies from “the south”—himself arrayed in his Edinburgh-made clothes and glorying in his university honours—A. heard his name screamed out in such shrill piercing tones that everybody was stopping to find out what was the matter. There stood deaf “Leezbeth” in her shop door—one hand shading her eyes, the other holding her cap back and her ear forward, all ready for

conversation. "Oh!" said A., not displeased at her homage, "it's an old parishioner of papa's who is absurdly fond of me. Let us cross over and speak to her, I am sure she will amuse you." And so she did! Without waiting for them to cross, she lifted up her voice and cried, "I'm sayin', laddie, I'm sayin', *whaur got ye thae fine breeks?*"

Incredible as it seemed, these plain-featured, plain spoken old women had had a fair young mother, with aspirations after fashion. What sort of life she had led with her stern spouse, scarce any among the generation that saw her daughters old could remember, for she had died still fair and young. Only one story of the old Minister's way of dealing with her was incorporated with the chronicles of Thurso. Having coveted one of the immense Leghorn bonnets—of the style popularly known as kiss-me-if-you-can—fashionable in her day, she had sold a chest-of-drawers to obtain one. The following Sunday, she donned it with mingled delight and terror, and tremblingly took her husband's arm to walk to church. The good man, however, seemed entirely absorbed in his sermon, and never vouchsafed her a glance. But on rising in his pulpit, instead of the usual formula, "Let us begin the public worship of God," he said, pointing to the delinquent, "Freens, look at my wife wi' the kist-o'-drawers on her heid!" I never heard what the young wife died of, but I think it must have been of this fearful judgment. Long after she had crumbled into dust, the kiss-me-if-you-can bonnet lingered in the manse attic, and, notwithstanding its tragic history, was a salient feature of our rainy-day masquerades.

In front of the minister, in the next pew to that of Leezbeth and Barb'ry, sat a fairer and a gentler pair. Miss Margaret and Miss Helen were the good fairies of the manse. They were the daughters of one of the ruling elders—a tall old gentleman, with beautiful white hair, and, as many a culprit brought before the session could testify, a heart that leaned to mercy's side; and they lived with him in a quaint old house, almost as near the sea as the manse was, but in the very oldest part of the town—a district mostly occupied by seafaring people and therefore known as the Fisher-Biggins. About the house was a high-walled garden, wherein grew choicer flowers than ours could boast; and the loveliest of these in delicate little vases were always to be found

in the manse parlour and study. So entirely were our extra pleasures connected with these sisters, that we prized the upper corner of the pew mainly because we had a glimpse from it of Miss Margaret's rather stately presence or Miss Helen's delicate bloom. When the gentle and beloved mistress of the Manse died, the younger of these true friends of hers became her successor and was the minister's faithful wife for many years.

The table-seats were occupied mainly by the country people—old men in ancient coats with several capes, sometimes topped off with a many-coloured worsted night-cap, and old women in hooded cloaks and white mitches. We knew every one of them, from old Donald, the shepherd of Holborn Head, to Kirsty Polson, who was such a miracle of dirtiness, that only the minister's express command could induce us to eat the potatoes presented by her, though they were even finer than our own and had been washed and cooked by Jean. You will see that from the dwarf in the far corner of the gallery to Kirsty in the table-seats, we had a good many objects of interest to gaze upon and to think about, when our eyes and minds happened to rove from the minister.

And, sooth to say, they did often rove. It was the custom of the day to—

"reason high
Of Providence, fore-knowledge, will and fate—
Fixed fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute";

and indignant would have been the old bodies in the table-seats, had our Minister failed to come up to the mark. He had, moreover, from time to time, to bring forward all the arguments that had ever been heard of against, first, Calvinism in general, and, second, his own special variety of Calvinism, and set them up like nine-pins, for the express purpose of being bowled over. To Justification, Adoption, and Sanctification we took rather kindly; but between us and Effectual Calling there was a decided coolness—the result of certain "palmies" sure to fall to the lot of one or other of us whenever the portion of catechism containing that worthy figured in the evening exercises.

But in our Minister's sermons, even Effectual Calling had an eloquent exposition and a picturesque setting; and when he preached from the poetical books or the Gospels, he could hold even youthful ears and hearts enchained. I remember,

to-day, a course of sermons on the Prophecies of Isaiah, in which the very tones of his voice, as they changed from joy to sorrow, and from pleading to denunciation, so affected my mind that it vibrated from light to shade and from shade to light, as a field of grain before the breeze. It was the same when he read, though he used no arts rhetorical. "Listen, O isles, unto me!" there were the isles asleep on a summer sea. "Come down, and sit in the dust, O virgin daughter of Babylon!" alas, for the captive princess! "Woe to the land!" the voice rang out, and the dark eyes flashed, and the poor old souls in the table-seats gave a sigh or a groan. "Come, let us return unto the Lord, for He will have mercy upon us,"—the tender look, the pleading tones won, where threats had failed; and the heart that had hardened itself against Sinai melted at Calvary. "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee!" The world was transfigured before us: the mist rose from the sea; the bloom of heather empurpled the moors.

The metrical version of the Psalms, now so largely neglected even in Scotland, was used exclusively by us; even the beautiful paraphrases, though considered less objectionable than "human hymns," were shunned as having a "human element." To my thinking, this old version was the most picturesque feature of Presbyterianism. There is, indeed, nothing picturesque, nothing poetical—nay, there is a very "human element"—about some of its rhythm and rhyme, as, for instance:—

"A man was famous, and was held
In es-ti-ma-ti-on
According as he lifted up
His axe thick trees upon";

but in many of the psalms the beauty and sublimity of the original are nobly rendered; and, in those days, their association with the "persecuted remnant," who had sung them in the glens and on the hill-sides, "in dens and caves of the earth," made sacred even their most halting lines. The same association hallowed also the tunes to which they were sung—DUNDEE'S wild-warbling measures, "plaintive MARTYRS," "noble ELGIN," and many others; hallowed also the unheard-of time and the unwritten accidentals which had in the course of years become a part of them. Everything was sung in common time, so far as it could be said

to have time at all; and each note was lingered upon long enough to let everybody introduce his or her own favourite little quavers between them.

Once upon a time, a singing-master came to Thurso, and in the other Free Church had a class in psalmody. One of the results was that in our Church, BALERMA began to be sung as it is written; and another was, that the first time it was so sung, some of the old bodies in mutches and night-caps set up their backs, metaphorically, and to mark their indignation marched out of the church. To this heroic measure they had also recourse whenever, by chance, a psalm was sung without being "lined." Our precentor read well, and, probably, would have sung well, had he only dared; but the precentor of the other Free Church—a red-faced man in a wig that did its best *not* to imitate nature—gave a fearful bellow on the first word of each line and a minor wail on the others. The singing must have been a trial to Lady Camilla. Whenever anything puzzled her, she had a habit of puffing out her cheeks and blowing out her breath; and she did this constantly while we sang; she also beat time with her finger on the book-board in a vain attempt to improve matters.

Sir George was the son and successor of the celebrated Sir John Sinclair of Ulster. Sir John's sons and daughters were all so tall that the pavement in front of his Edinburgh house was jocularly called the Giants' causeway. Miss Catherine Sinclair, the distinguished authoress, was one of the "giants," and our minister is mentioned in one of her books as having an excellent method of stopping talebearing. If A called with a complaint or a bit of scandal touching B, the minister listened patiently till he had finished, and then demanded, "Will you repeat this in B's presence?" In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred A declined this ordeal. "Then never let it pass your lips again!" was the stern admonition.

With his congregation and with his children there was but one rule: perfect obedience or punishment. For the congregation there was Church Discipline; for us there was the tawse, which had a place of honour in the dining-room. In both cases forgiveness would be given—and given in such a winning way that neither old nor young could cherish a grudge—but never till the full penalty had been exacted. The hardest penalty of all

was that administered for a break-down in the weekly portion of catechism; for, the fatal miss having been made, we had to live through the rest of the evening, go to bed, and rise next day, in the awful consciousness of our doom. The Sabbath was not allowed to be broken for the sake of our peace of mind. The whippins due on that day, like the dishes used on that day, were got out of the way on Monday morning. Sometimes we had even to go to school unwhipt; and any sudden visitation of illness only prolonged the agony, and increased it to the extent of a rhubarb powder or a dose of Gregory.

But, then, the Minister was as clear in making his laws understood as severe in punishing breaches of them; and if you only obeyed him, he was the most delightful of men, and his best manners were for his own fireside. If he had cares—and he must have had many—we never heard of them; nor did he ever allow himself a comfort which every one of us could not share. The shabby clothes and rusty stock worn in the house detracted nothing from his dignity; the jet black suit and snowy necktie scarcely enhanced it. There is no royal road to learning, we are told; there would be, nevertheless, a comparatively easy way, were every teacher like our Minister. There were rare walks with him by the sea in the summer evenings, or out on the moors to the honeysuckle-covered cottage of some humble parishioner, and talks with him by the fire on winter nights, when we drank in knowledge as insensibly as we drank in light and air.

With the parish schoolmaster the boys might have had an easy time of it, only that the Minister, like Sir Hugh Evans, was given to “ask us some questions in our accidence,” and to follow further Sir Hugh’s rule in case of not being answered satisfactorily. The girls fared not so happily. Thurso boasted a Ladies’ Establishment; and the principal of it was such an ingenious inventor and practiser of every form of cruelty and tyranny, that the feather-bed process already referred to might in all righteousness have been applied to her. She was a tall woman of imposing presence, flounced and furbelowed, her hair parted in masculine fashion and arranged in bows on either side of her face; a head-dress surmounted the bows, and occasionally a long fur boa wrapped head and neck promiscuously. Once upon a time, a new and lisping pupil who had never before seen a boa was greatly taken

with that worn by Miss P., and not knowing the dangerous nature of the latter, walked up to her fearlessly, inquiring “Oh, pleath tell me whath that! Ith it made of a cowth tail? It would take two cowth tailth to make thuth a big one.” The boa was known as the storm-signal—its owner’s attire being indicative not of the weather it had pleased heaven to send, but of that which it was her intention to create.

Under the baneful influence of this person, talent was literally nipped in the bud and—sadder by far—the timid were terrified into untruthfulness. I remember one attempt at deceit which had a ludicrous incident connected with it. Among our little friends was a small prim child from the country, bearing the small prim name of Ann Smith. When Ann went home to spend Sunday, she did not return on the Monday till too late for several of her classes; and this suggested to her the following plan: On one of the Fridays when she had not been sent for, she secreted herself in her room, and by the connivance of a servant remained there till late on the forenoon of Monday. She then appeared in the school-room, bearing to the governess complimentary messages from mamma and a large rosy apple from her small self. No one had the slightest suspicion of her perfidy; but the servant, becoming alarmed, “peached,” and Ann was shut up in a music-room to wait till Miss P. had time to attend to her. “What tempted you, Ann Smith,” cried Miss P., “what tempted you to such a deed?” It was a question purely rhetorical, to which its propounder no more expected an answer than if she had asked, “Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook?” But Ann, hoping to curry favour, had her answer ready. “*The Devil, ma’am*,” she said promptly, wringing her hands. This artful dodge, far from propitiating the avenger, seemed to madden her. With a cry of rage she pounced upon her victim and bore her off to what was known as the Chamber of Horrors. And the screams that issued thence in the course of a few moments were not in the Devil’s voice but Ann Smith’s.

Jean, the old servant, was a privileged character. She ruled every one in the house except the minister and even to him she had been known to “speak back.” At family worship she pitched her voice an octave higher than the others and “skirled” with might and main. At an early period of their acquaintance, the

Minister, scandalised at this performance, had called Jean into the study to remonstrate with her. "Jean," he said, "I cannot say I like your singing." "Dae ye no, sir?" replied Jean, coolly. "Weel, we're baith as the Lord made us; I hae a teenor skirl, and ye hae a bass grumph."

Jean's hens were her special pride. Like those known in story, they laid every day, "no exceptin' even the blessed Sawbath." Unfortunately, they had the failing of their kind—they would scratch; and the minister having regard to his vegetables, decided finally that the hens must go. "Maun they gang if they behave theirsels?" asked Jean. "No," said the Minister. Jean captured the hens, tore up an old garment, sewed shoes upon the creatures' feet, and then liberating them exclaimed triumphantly, "Scratch noo, if ye can!" They did not scratch, but they began to die. Then Jean raised such a hue and cry about the Minister having never a fresh egg "tae his breakfast" that a part of the glebe which had been rented to a neighbour for his cow was made over to her for her hens.

Jean's assistant on washing-days and other extra occasions was a moon-faced woman of cow-like placidity—a "muckle sumph," in Jean's vernacular. Total abstinence was neither the fashion nor the habit then, and regularly at a certain hour on Monday forenoon, a small glass of whiskey was given to these ancient hand-maidens. I used to think it one of the privileges of vacation that I could look in at the window and see the ceremonial attending its disposal. Having set the whiskey on a small table, with some oatcake, Jean assumed the same look of consequence worn when she argued with the Minister.

"Come, Dawvit!" she said.

Davidina drew near—her face rounder and more innocent of expression than ever.

"Tak yer gless!" said Jean. Davidina obeyed.

Jean tasted, and bore the ordeal heroically. Davidina tasted, screwed up her face, set down the glass, and shuddered as if in strong convulsions.

"Tak it up, Dawvit!" adjured Jean. The same performance was gone through again and again; only the convulsions grew stronger, and Jean's adjurations more severe: "Hoot toot, wuman, tak it up!" "For shame, Dawvit! "Fie for shame!" What struck me as oddest was

that Davidina with all her acting uttered never a sound. The whiskey being finally disposed of, she wiped her face with her apron, and calmly returned to her tub.

There must have been more than the average number of fools and mad people in that town. There was a tall old woman in cloak and mutch, who had become insane through fright—a man having jumped out upon her from some ruined building as she was going home from prayer-meeting one night. This poor woman had gleams of reason, and, like Charles Lamb's sister, knew when her dark hour was approaching. On such occasions she came to see the Minister (the juveniles dispersing to hide themselves as she approached) and get a word of comfort. She used to pat him affectionately on the shoulder as they parted, and her last words always were:

"I'm poor and needy, yet the Lord
Of me a care doth take."

And then she hurried off, and we saw her no more till that dark hour was over, and another at hand.

There was Babbie Oman, whom we often found walking out of town in a cloak and plumed bonnet such as may be seen in the fashion-books of the year 1800. She carried invariably a parasol and a muff, and used them both regardless of the seasons. There was George Corbett, an evil-looking fellow before whom women and girls fled. There was "Will-gowk,"—more knave than gowk; and there was his sister, Daft Annie or "Anag," a kind-hearted and picturesque looking fool. It made a delightful variety for us when, once a year or so, Babbie Oman walked into Church in the middle of the sermon, and with tossing head and mincing gait gained the passage in front of the pulpit and there performed curtseys that would have graced the Queen's drawing-room.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper—or, as it is simply called in Scotland, "The Sacrament," was celebrated with us only twice a year. Occasionally an assisting clergyman brought his boys with him, and then at the children's table we had a lively time. I remember the mingled admiration and horror—the last eventually predominating—with which we listened to Tom M——, who came with his father from "the South." When in all innocence we requested him to ask a blessing on the porridge and milk, he turned up the whites of his eyes and gave utter-

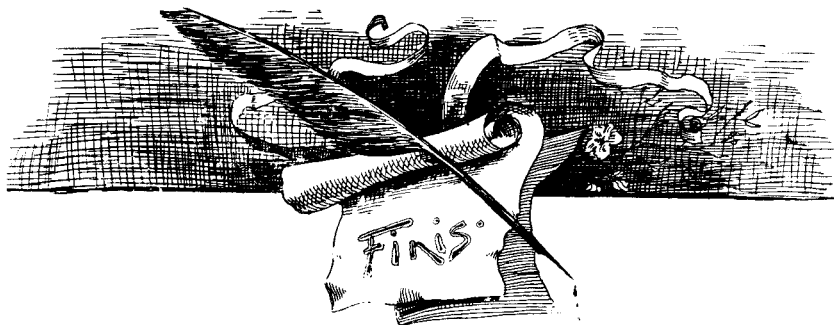
ance to a profane burlesque. He did not swear *in propria persona*, but in telling a funny story he quoted "a sweer," and I am sure we all expected him to be struck dead and ourselves with him. It was the story (which, later, appeared in the entertaining pages of the Dean of Edinburgh) of a certain Marquis of Lothian and a Countess who was his guest—the Marquis being fiery-tempered and the Countess stone deaf. Tom played the noble host inimitably, beginning with stately grace, and going on, *crescendo e accelerando*. "Madam, may I have the honour and happiness of helping your ladyship to some fish?" "Madam, have I your ladyship's permission to send you some fish?" "Is your ladyship inclined to take fish?" "Madam, do ye choice fish?" "D— ye! fish?" When the "sweer" came out, we were perfectly aghast, and Jean—who was helping us to porridge and whom Tom had been addressing as the Countess—grew pale as death. As soon as she had recovered sufficiently, she rushed in search of the minister.. "Eh,

sir," she cried, "if ye dinna want us a' burnt up wi' fire and brimstane, come ben!"

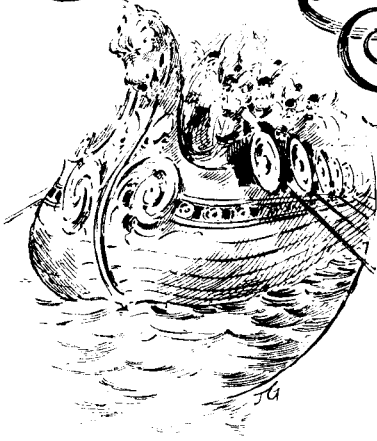
* * * *

All this—*heu fugaces*—is long ago. When I was in Thurso, a few years ago, I found a flag-stone walk high on the beach (I suppose they call it a *boulevard*), and it seemed to be no longer the thing to walk on the sands, to wander into the caves, to climb the blue-bell covered braes. What cared I for that? I gathered shells; I went down on my knees and made a sand house on my hand; I looked up "Samson's Ribs" and the "Mermaid's Well;" I walked out after the waves, and then raced back before them; I would even—but that I saw a little crowd gathering on the *boulevard*, and feared to be tried for lunacy—have built a stone castle, and, taking my station on it, let the incoming tide surround it, as we used to do in the enchanted evenings of long ago.

A. M. MACLEOD.



The Viking Hilderbert



From far off Norroway he came—
The sturdy Viking Hilderbert,
Himself in burnished armor girt—
His Galley's prow like flame.

Above the billows' foam he rode,
As born to rule the raging wave;
He stood among his warriors brave—
They hailed him as a god.

Full oft the stormy winds had striven
In vain to stay his reckless path ;
Full oft the billows, in their wrath,
Had dashed their spray to Heaven.

But wind nor wave his passage stayed,
Nor portent dread—nor priestly ban ;
“ I care not, I, for God or man ! ”
Grim Hilderbert had said.

A hundred times across the main
His high-beaked galley proudly bore
The blood-bought spoil, and still the shore
Received his fiery train.

Defiant still the deck he trod ;
His foes, awe-struck, before him flee
Dread scourge alike of land and sea,
Who feared nor man nor God.

How oft did bloody conquest wait
Upon his arms, let Britain tell,
As on her fertile fields he fell,
As pitiless as Fate.



He stood
among his
warriors brave,
They hailed
him as a
god.

J. Gilmour

With clinging babe upon her breast,
 Each mother's cheek with terror pales
 At sight of those accursed sails
 Above the billows' crest.

He left his record on her soil
 In blood-stains red, and welling tears—
 Exulted in her abject fears,
 And decked him with her spoil.

And once again his prow doth turn
 To seek the too familiar strand;
 And once again o'er all the land
 The blazing beacons burn.

In vain, alas!—in vain the strife
 A peaceful people, hopeless, wage:
 Nor tender youth, nor hoary age
 Begrudge the precious life.

Inland those headlong forces sweep,
 Like swollen river, burst its banks;
 Till, sullen, halt those warlike ranks
 Before an ancient keep.

The massive walls, and frowning tower
 That proudly rears its head on high,
 Seem still—though time-worn—to defy
 And scorn the foeman's power.

Yet, from the staff no banner waves;
 No warders tread the crumbling walls;
 No clang of warlike weapon falls—
 A silence, as of graves!

An awe rests on those reckless bands;
 Hushed is the piercing battle-cry;
 The murd'rous weapons idly lie
 Within their gory hands.

The stillness that succeeds the storm
 Upon the baffled victor waits;
 When—gleaming through the [cleaving
 gates—
 Is seen a radiant form.

A virgin, pure as lily-flower,
 With changeful cheek and locks of gold,
 And downcast eyes, which seem to hold
 The mist that bodes the shower.

From portals dark, which shadows shroud,
 Arrayed in raiment snowy white,
 She broke upon the Viking's sight,
 Like moonlight through a cloud.



Each mother's
 cheek with terror pales.
 At sight of those
 accursed sails.

Before the chief, on bended knee,
 Her father's sword she proudly threw,
 And from her heaving bosom drew
 The pond'rous castle key.

A sire—a brother—vassals true,
 All nobly fall'n in her defence,
 She pleads, in helpless innocence,
 For life and honor due.

Like war-horse checked, the warrior stood ;
 The battle frenzy left his eye ;
 His stout heart beat uneasily ;
 He saw, beyond the flood,

His sea-girt home in Norroway
 The fair-haired child that watched for him ;
 His visage changed—his sight grew dim—
 He turned his head away.

With hands begrimed with blood and dirt,
 He stroked the damsel's glossy braids—
 "We war with *men*, and not with *maids!*"
 Quoth gruff old Hilderbert.

"No need to stir the lonely nest,
 Where nought but fledglings now abide.
 There's spoil enough ! The land is wide !"
 Onward his warriors pressed.

And so, the angry tide was turned :
 But only turned—on young and old
 Fell ruin dire, save in the hold
 The victor proudly spurned.

And execrations fierce and deep
 Were heaped upon the Viking's head
 For wasted lands and true blood sæd ;
 But in that ancient keep.

One pure young heart would plead for him,
 And, in the fairer after years,
 Would tell her children, 'mid her tears,
 Of Hilderbert, the grim.

* * * *

Stout Hilderbert sails forth no more
 Across the main from his rude halls ;
 His helm and pike rust on the walls—
 His bark rots by the shore.



But on the castled steep there stands
 A beautiful, but lonely form ;
 No shoutings greet her 'bove the storm
 From home-returning bands.

She sees no more the watch-fire blaze
 To guide her sire's spoil-laden fleet ;
 Nor sits, all trembling, at his feet
 While minstrels sing his praise,

And feelings strange, she fain would hide,
 Her gentle spirit deeply stir,
 That he should be so mild to her —
 A scourge to all beside.

* * * *

The iron age hath passed away
 Before the later age of gold ;
 And rugged Thane and Viking bold
 Alike have seen their day.

Of ev'ry other honor reft,
 The coming ages yet shall trace
 The impress on our mingled race
 Their ruder spirit left.

We note the Briton's sturdy will,
 His courage high, and honest faith ;
 The Viking's daring scorn of death—
 The Norman's grace and skill.

'Twas Britain gave the metal true
 The Norseman served but to anneal ;
 The Norman changed it into steel,
 And gave it temper, too.

And still, in characters of gold,
 Be wrought upon our trusty blades—
 "We war with *men*, and not with *maids*,"
 As quoth the Viking bold.

HENRY FAULKNER DARNELL.



The Unpardonable Sin of Mr. Baggs.



RAGGS and Baggs were fellow curates at Congleton. Raggs was very little and Baggs was very big. Raggs was hard and muscular, and Baggs was soft and flabby. Raggs was single; Baggs had taken unto himself a wife. Raggs was full of mischief; Baggs was simple-minded, and fell a ready victim to practical jokes. Raggs and Baggs had been friends at college, and now they had settled down to work together under the vicar of Congleton. They loved each other dearly. Raggs loved Baggs because he was soft and languid, and Baggs loved Raggs because he was hard and sprightly. Baggs never seemed to learn by experience how to take Raggs' statements and witticisms, and Raggs was always on the lookout for some new snare in which to entrap his friend. It was in this way that the sad circumstance occurred which overthrew Baggs' influence for good at Tilkey End.

Tilkey End was that part of the town of Congleton which was specially entrusted to the watchful care of Mr. Raggs. Here he used to visit and teach and rebuke and exhort, and very much good he did too, but that did not stop his sense of humour and his love of mischief, as of course it should not. Now among Raggs' sheep at Tilkey End were the Tinleys, old Tinley and Mrs. Tinley and Mrs. Tinley's bad leg. Old Tinley was a short man, very grumpy and husky, and with large, frog-like, protruding eyes. He was affected with a peculiar kind of falling sickness, which prevented him remaining in a perpendicular position for many moments at a time. He generally sat on the door-step, but would come in when the curate called, and make a series of rapid tacks for a large chair opposite, which a padded cushion of the same material as Mr. Tinley's shirt proclaimed to be the special and peculiar throne of that gentleman. He would come in, and instead of going in the direction of his seat, would half run, half fall obliquely towards an old chest of drawers, which he would just reach in time to save himself from a tumble. After steadying himself for a

moment, and giving a deep grunt, he would then make a tack for the head of his wife's bed, on the other side of the room, and having "made" it in a similar manner, he would then steer off to his chair. When he had backed into that comfortable harbour he would sit there for the rest of the interview. Mrs. Tinley was a gaunt, prim-looking woman of a strongly puritan type. She was, of course, always in bed, on account of her leg, but her linen was scrupulously white, and her cap was adorned with the broadest and stiffest of frills. Before she had got her leg Mrs. Tinley had been "no great shakes" at religion, at least so the neighbours next door said; and hints were dropped that in the thoughtlessness of youth, the good lady had been a bit of a scandal to the true-hearted chapel-goers. But all such frivolities had been put away by the coming of the leg. The leg was really the most important member of the household. It was not a third leg, nor a crooked leg, nor a wooden leg, but purely and simply what Mr. Tinley called a "*bud* leg."

Now fair reader don't let your compassions rise. There is no occasion for it. Mrs. Tinley's leg was her salvation. It stopped her frivolities, whatever they may have been, it brought her into the notice of the parish, it was a fruitful source of revenue, and as it grew more remarkable for its badness, it became a source of pride, directly to the owner of the leg, and indirectly to the owner of the owner of the leg. There are compensations in life for all its ills, and compensations vary. Mrs. Tinley rejoiced over her diseased member, in the thought that she was a case. When a celebrated surgeon from London had come in one day to have a look at it, she displayed it with much satisfaction; but when he proposed amputation as a speedy means of getting rid of it, she almost fainted with horror.

"No, no, good sir." She knew on which side her bread was buttered; so she held on to her leg and her leg held on to her. But the visit of the surgeon was a triumph in itself. For several days afterwards Mrs. Tinley held a reception of her women friends, which Mr. T. attended as

an *ex-officio* member, and expatiated on all that the doctor had said, and dwelt upon his horror and surprise.

"'E said, 'e'd never see sech a leg, 'e did, and 'e wor a great doctor too. You should have seen the look in 'is eyes when I shawed 'im the hankle," and the monster pride welled up in Mrs. Tinley's heart quite deadening all sense of pain or inconvenience, as she recounted the doctor's exclamation to her wondering and envious female neighbours. Yes, I do not believe that blue blood in a family has ever been the source of so much secret pride as was that bad leg to the Tinleys.

Every time Raggs called the story of the London surgeon was rehearsed by the wife, amid gruff interruptions from her husband, who being rather deaf had the happy faculty of repeating energetically the very statements his wife had just concluded. Raggs was always sympathetic, nodding first at one and then at the other as the story proceeded.

"'E said, e'd never seed sech a leg," Mrs. Tinley would say in a high triumphant key. "Indeed, really," Raggs would respond.

"'E said, e'd never seed such a leg," old Tinley would growl from the other side of the room.

"Really, indeed," Raggs would say for the sake of variety.

Raggs was really kind to the old couple, and saw that the ancient maiden, Mary Anne, who "*did*" for Mrs. Tinley every morning, received a suitable stipend. But Raggs was a man of the world and knew human nature, and so had a feeling of inner thankfulness that the Tinley's were enabled to take what would have been a really heavy affliction to many people in the way they did. But Raggs never quite satisfied the Tinleys as a visitor, inasmuch as they could not *show* him the leg. They were dying to do it, but Mrs. Tinley's sense of propriety forbade it.

"If you was a married gen'l'man, sir," Mrs. Tinley would say at the end of each interview, "I would shaw you my leg."

Raggs always protested that, though deeply disappointed at not being allowed a closer inspection of the hidden source of family pride, his imagination was sufficiently powerful to enable him to form a pretty accurate notion of the badness of the leg.

One day, as Raggs was making his fortnightly visit, a brilliant idea occurred to him. He was not married, but Baggs was. He said to himself "Baggs shall

see the leg. He hates horrible sights, he almost fainted when he was vaccinated. He shall behold Mrs. Tinley's limb. The sight of the 'hankle' will do him good. He ought to get accustomed to such spectacles. It will be good for his nerves."

So when at the end of the interview, the usual regret was expressed on the part of the Tinleys, at their inability to gratify Mr. Raggs' laudable spirit of research, on account of his bachelor condition, that wicked young gentleman hinted at the fact that the other curate was married, and being a worthy man, one who could be trusted at all times and under all circumstances to say inwardly "Retro me Sathanas," he would send him round to see the leg. He was sure that Mr. Baggs would be much moved by the proposed exposure of the limb.

The Tinleys fairly jumped at the idea. A new person to surprise and horrify was a godsend; so it was proposed that Mr. Baggs should be sent round on the following day.

The preparations for his reception were begun in the early morning, for Mary Anne was bidden to leave off some of the usual bandages and to leave the others loose. When the maiden expostulated at Mrs. Tinley's indiscretion it was mysteriously revealed to her that "'tother curate was comin' to see the leg."

Poor Baggs, quite unconscious of plot and preparations, appeared on the scene rather late in the afternoon, and found the entrance to the Tinley mansion blocked up as usual by the body of old Tinley in a sitting posture on the steps.

"How d'ye do, sir," the latter responded in a husky voice to the curate's salutation. "Be's you 'tother un?"

"I am," said Mr. Baggs.

"You's be bigger than t'other un," remarked the old man with a curious mixing of personalities.

"And you's married, sir?"

"I am," said Mr. Baggs, quite taken aback by the evidences of precaution in his interrogator's manner.

Mr. Tinley having been satisfied by the curate's answers prepared to rise.

"So you've come to see the leg, have yer?"

That had not been the intention of Mr. Baggs for the simple reason that he did not know there was any leg to see. Raggs had simply asked him to call and see the old couple for him, he had made no mention of the leg.

"Well, I've come to see you and your wife," he said in a mystified way.

"Humph, then come in."

The old man led the way into the mansion and made his way by the usual tacks to his old arm-chair. Mr. Baggs went up and shook Mrs. Tinley's hand while that good dame surveyed him rather severely from under her frills.

"So you 've come to see my leg, sir," she said as soon as she was seated.

"Good gracious," said Baggs to himself, "what's the matter with her leg? I hope it's not diseased, for I can't stand nasty sights." But Baggs had a kind, soft flabby heart. He would not have hurt the feelings of a fly. He saw now that he was expected to be *anxious* to see the leg, and so not knowing exactly what he was letting himself in for, he said with an effort, "Well—, ah, if you have no objection—, but it really doesn't matter. I would n't disturb you for anything."

"No apologies, sir, 'tother un said 'e was sure you'd loike to see it."

"I wonder if Raggs is at the bottom of this," thought Baggs.

He grew suspicious.

"Oh, I'm not *very* anxious, no really, not at all anxious. Yes, really,—I'd rather not."

The faces of the old couple fell, the hopes of the day were dashed to the ground. Baggs saw the look of disappointment, and relented.

"Of course, if it wouldn't hurt you," he said, with an inward act of resignation, "I shouldn't mind just having a little look. Just a short peep, you know."

"Humph," said old Tinley aloud, "it wont 'urt we."

"Oh dear no, sir," squealed Mrs. Tinley, "it wont 'urt me. I ha' shawed it to mony before you. A doctor fro' Lunnon said 'e never seed such a leg." "A doctor fro' Lunnon said e'd never seed such a leg," re-echoed Tinley, rising and making a bee line for the head of his wife's bed, which he just reached in time to prevent his falling, not on the ground but into the arms of Mr. Baggs, who being unused to the old man's method of locomotion had jumped up in a hurry to prevent his tumbling.

"It *will* surprise yer, sir," growled the little frog-faced man from behind his wife's pillows.

Poor Baggs was in despair. He groaned inwardly, but he hadn't courage enough now to beat a retreat.

"Get the leg ready, old man," screamed the wife.

Each one had a part to play in the exhibition.

"I'm a wonderful poor thing, sir," said Mrs. Tinley simpering, "but I likes to be seen to. It do me good, it do. And maybe yer likes yer sel, sir, to investigate the curosities of the Almighty, sir, and all his wonderful works. For natur is natur, sir," she added to the bewildered curate, half with the air of a philosopher, and half with the air of a woman of the world who knew a thing or two.

Poor Baggs didn't know what to do. He was sure that he would faint, for as Mr. Tinley proceeded with the process of unveiling, the old man went into such a graphic description of the appearance of the limb, that I could not even attempt to repeat it here.

The curate, who sat as far away from the bed as he could, felt that the dreaded moment was coming nearer. Wouldn't he pay Raggs off for this though, if it was he who had got him into this pickle. What a fool he was to have allowed the old people to go on. It was so idiotically weak of him; but then he always was weak. The invariable refuge of weak natures is deception. Poor Baggs in despair turned to deception for an escape. "Yes" he thought, "I'll pretend to look but I won't open my eyes. They'll never notice it, and I never need be asked to look again." The idea was fascinating in the extreme. His heart leaped with the joy of deliverance, and the self congratulations of a clever fellow.

The old man seemed to take an endless time to prepare the specimen. He puffed and growled and grunted and staggered about the foot of the bed. At last a longer grunt than usual attested that the leg was now on view.

Mr. Tinley moved slightly to one side, and the great fat Baggs putting his hand to his eyes as if to screen them from the sunlight, went and looked over the old man's shoulder at the limb, keeping his eyes tight shut as he did so.

"O horrible, horrible," said the curate starting back, "I wouldn't look again for a thousand pounds."

Old Tinley simply slid on to the floor, and stared up into the face of the horrified curate, who had backed out of seeing distance as he spoke. Bewilderment was written on every line of Mrs. Tinley's face under her starched cap. Baggs saw that he had made a blunder. What had he

done? He waited for the horrible disclosure ; it came at last.

"Law, Sir, what's the matter with yer eyes," said Mr. Tinley. "That thar leg's the good un. I niver shows folks the bad un till I lets 'em see what it used to be loike."

Mrs. Tinley's eyes were glowing with the fires of reproach.

Mr. Baggs stood there confused and abashed. He was so completely unstrung by this time that he could not possibly have invited a second display, and further deception was out of the question.

The severity of Mrs. Tinley's voice stung him to the quick. "Kiver up my shins again, old man, there aint no use in showin' them to the loikes of 'im."

With a miserable attempt at an apology, Baggs bid farewell to the old couple and beat a hasty and ignominious

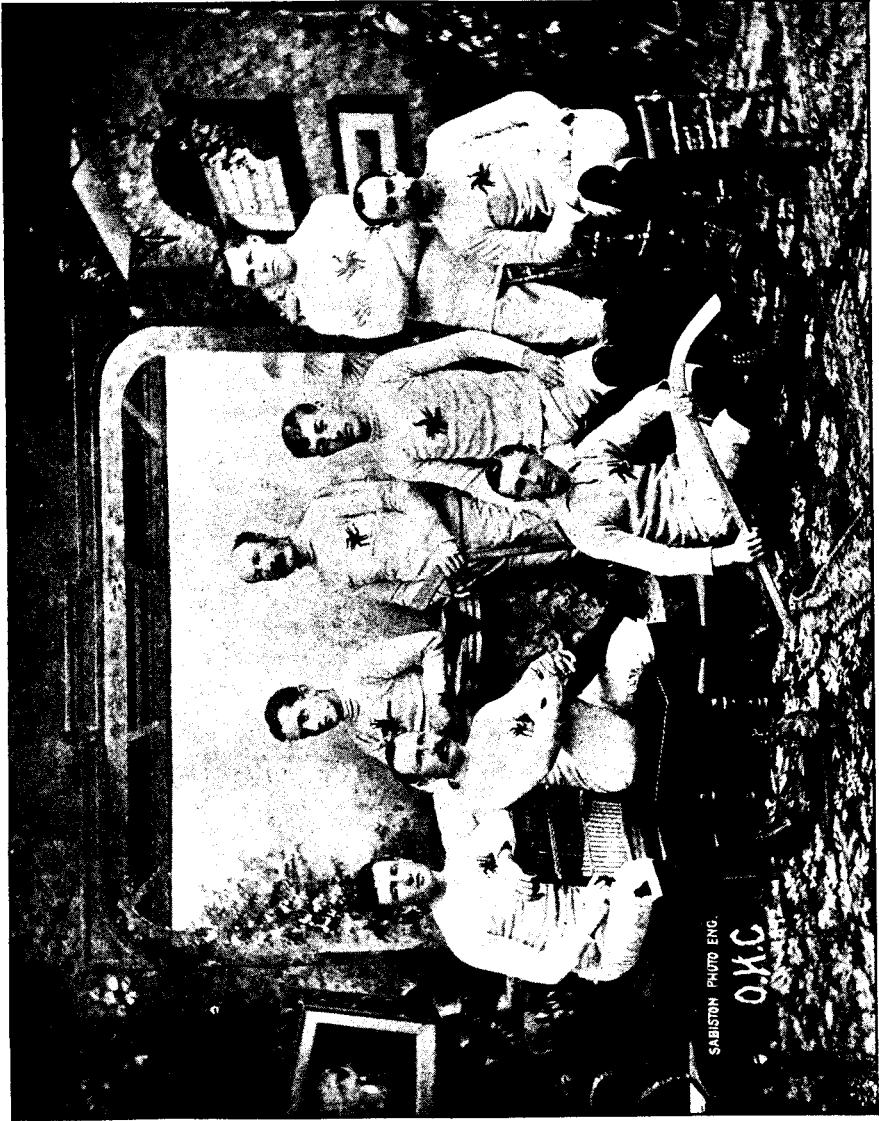
retreat, and if ever Raggs came near having his head punched in public it was that night when he met Baggs in the school room after the parish tea.

But poor Baggs' influence for good at Tilkey End was destroyed, for when the neighbours clustered round Mrs. Tinley on the following day to hear what "t'other curate" thought of her leg, the good lady pursed up her lips in pious disdain, and drawing her little grey shawl round her shoulders said with puritanical precision, "Doant ye talk of 'ee, 'ees a proud perverse man, 'ee scorneth the lot of the poor, and like the deaf adder 'ee shutteth his eyes and will not look upon un's complaints."

To which statement old Tinley gave the approval of the chair by grunting out "Amen, so be it."

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.





OTTAWA HOCKEY CLUB 1892.
(Photo. supplied by Mr. Pittaway.)

HOCKEY IN EASTERN CANADA.



THE prominence given to rules and regulations in Athletic Games is one of the most marked characteristics of the last decade.

Scarcely ten years ago there were few games with a fixed code of rules, or played in the same way by clubs in different parts of the country. Inter-collegiate or club contests between different cities were rare and the interest in amateur sports was to those taking part, and their immediate friends who were, perhaps, much more interested in the players than in the game played.

All is now changed. Learned com-

its wonderfully rapid progress in favor both with player and spectator.

In Canada two causes have especially helped to insure its permanence and popularity.

The season of play extends over about four months, and the covered skating rinks, found in every city and town throughout the Dominion, render play possible in all kinds of weather, so that the hockey-player has no longer to hang up his skates and put away his stick after a deep fall of snow.

The rinks have done much to encourage the attendance of the spectator. From the vantage ground of the platform or



Starting a game.

mittees, composed of delegates from distant cities, have "sat upon" rules and constitutions and by-laws and amendments and foot-notes, till now, every game worthy of the name, has its code with definition of terms and its memoranda.

Match games are under the strict legal supervision of the referee, who, in his domain, is as absolute as the Czar of all the Russias; against his edict of banishment to the Siberian solitude of the dressing room the unfortunate sinner has no appeal.

There is no game that has shewn this development of law and order more clearly than Hockey; the result appearing in

gallery he can, in comparative comfort, watch every move in the game, without having, as of old, to encourage the circulation in his extremities by a frantic war dance to the accompaniment of the vigorous arm movement technically known as the "milkman's slap."

The introduction of electric lighting made rink play possible at night and all the great matches now take place in the evening.

All these advantages combine to lift hockey above all others in Canada as the National Winter Game.

Hockey, as at present played, has been evolved from an old Scottish game,

"Shinty." It was first played in Canada at Montreal, by a club of McGill College students, one of whose number had played it in Glasgow. It was then played in an open air rink on the St. Lawrence, but for some years little progress was made.

The Winter Carnivals at Montreal, beginning in 1884, gave the game its first great impetus, it gained rapidly in popular estimation, and, to the visitors who thronged the city, the hockey matches in the Victoria Rink were soon among the chief attractions. Its many good features attracted favorable attention and clubs were soon formed in most of the larger cities and towns. There are now strong clubs in Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Sherbrooke, Ottawa and Quebec and in many others, the last two mentioned having very strong teams. In Montreal there are five first-class clubs, besides numerous junior teams to serve as feeders for the seniors.

The object in the game is to drive the puck, a cylinder of vulcanized rubber, an inch thick and three inches in diameter, between two goal posts, each four feet high, placed six feet apart, by means of a club or stick which must not exceed three inches at its widest part. The puck was so shaped to prevent the constant

raising that was so easy when a ball was used, but even with the present shape it is readily lifted by a peculiar stroke and injuries from the sharp edge of the flying puck are not unknown.

The number of members composing a team, at first fifteen, was reduced to eleven and finally to seven to suit the size of the skating rinks in which the matches are usually played.

In every team each man has his definite place and work. Between the goal posts stands the goal-keeper to prevent the puck from passing between them from the front. He has the privilege, not allowed the other players on the team, of stopping the puck with any part of his person, but in so doing he must not sit, kneel or lie upon the ice, nor may he hold or throw the puck. In a close game he is kept continually busy and must be constantly on the alert. It requires a man of unusual quickness of eye and hand to properly fill this position.

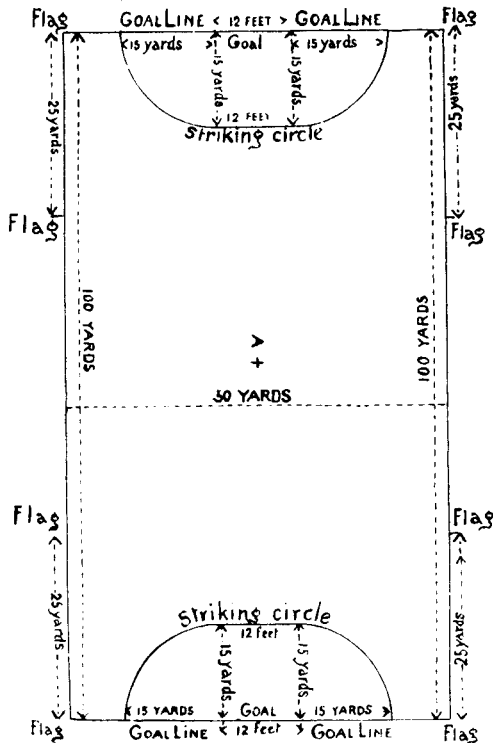
Next comes the last defence man at "point," with more freedom of movement. He usually follows the puck behind goals after a wide shot and occasionally has a chance to make a run, but, as a rule, he gives that office to a "forward" while he guards his goal.

"Coverpoint" plays just behind the forwards and should be a strong, fast skater and cool, determined player. He has the best position from which to captain the team.

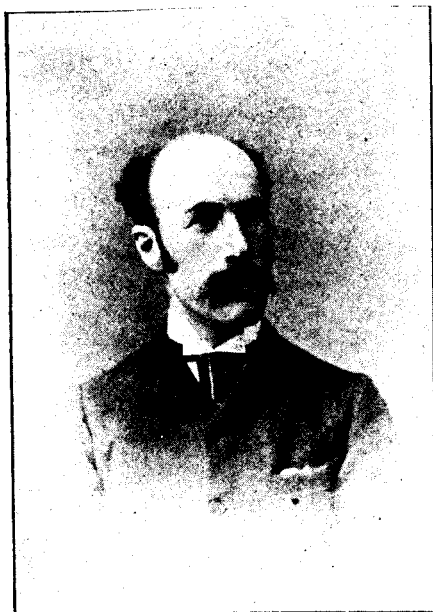
The four "forwards," who do most of the attacking, or "home" work, are chosen from quick, powerful skaters who can check 'fast and hard.'

They should be heavy men although weight is not such an advantage in Hockey as in Football. Forwards who play well together do a great deal of passing from one to another. An opponent is sometimes eluded by making the puck strike the wooden curbing at the side of the rink, picking it up as it rebounds. A game is usually scored by a quick pass before the final shot.

The officials agreed upon by the opposing captains are:—Two umpires; one behind each goal, to decide whether or no a game has been fairly scored; and a referee who keeps time, settles finally all disputes and stops play when necessary by his shrill pocket whistle. This when blown to announce "game" or "time's up" appears to let loose pandemonium, electrifying as by magic the panting victors, who a moment before perhaps.



Plan of field of play.



F. M. S. Jenkins, Ottawa H. C.
President Canadian Hockey Association

were winded, dejected and "tuckered out."

The referee decides, in cases of accident, the fitness of an injured man to continue play; if unfit, a spare man fills the gap. Except where there is a bona fide change of residence, a player must finish the season in a single club of a series.

The time allowed for a match is set down as one hour in two halves with a ten minute interval. A match is won by the side scoring the greater number of goals. In case of a tie at the end of the hour, the play is continued till one side scores.

A game is started by facing the puck, technically a *bully*, at the centre of the rink, a player from each side puts his stick beside the puck which thus lies between them lying on its flat surface. At the word "play" from the referee the sticks are raised, hit on the ice simultaneously, then clapped together above the puck. This manoeuvre having been repeated three times they scramble for it, the successful player passes back, and the game is started.

When the puck is driven off the ice it is out of play, and play is resumed by "a bully" five yards directly out from the point on side or end where the rubber crossed the boundary; play is resumed in this way after a foul also.

A player is "off side" when he is

nearer his opponent's goal than the one on his own side who has the puck, and must not hit it till after it has been touched by an opponent.

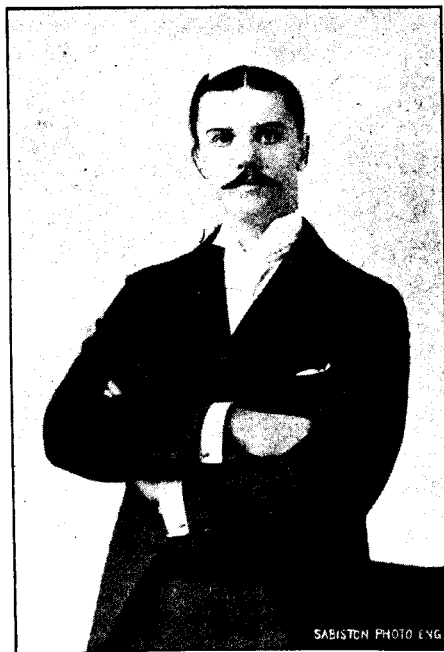
This rule is taken from Rugby football and is an improvement in a fast game like Hockey. For rough play a man is warned, and if he persists is ruled off for the rest of the match.

In spite of the "off side rule" the game is very fast and interesting throughout, while some of the rallies in front of the goals, with their hair breadth escapes, rouse the wildest enthusiasm. "Why don't they all knock it the one way," a young lady remarked after a shot had been cleverly stopped. "That's why they can't get it through," she added in triumph.

Hockey in England is a field game and differs from Association Football only in the fact that it is played with a small ball and stick with a crook at the end instead of with a large ball and the feet.

The field is a parallelogram one hundred yards by fifty broad. The goal posts are twelve feet apart. The object is, of course, to drive a cricket ball, painted white, through the opponents' goal.

The play is as yet largely experimental, because its popularity is of comparatively



John C. Crathern, Victoria H. C.
1st Vice-President C. H. A.

recent growth, its very existence being largely due to the betting and professional element that has crept into Association football and is driving the gentleman amateur out of it.

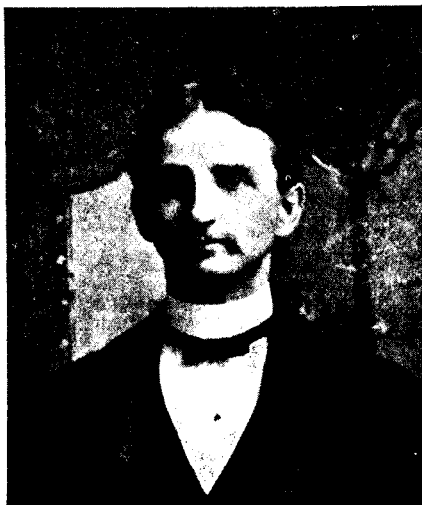
A Hockey Association guards its progress and to this fact is largely due its increasing popularity. The "striking circle" from within which a ball must be struck to score a goal, is a semi-circle drawn fifteen yards in front and to each side of the goal. This peculiar and distinguishing feature was introduced by the Association. Without it there would be in the game little skill and less science. The "bully," by which the game is started, resembles a "mild sort of war dance" between two forwards.

The positions are five forwards, three half backs, two backs and a goal keeper. The forwards advance in line and outwit their opponents rather by skill in passing the ball than by strength of individual play. In "dribbling" the ball is coaxed along, not struck. The halves are employed as support and feed the ball to the forwards. These important members of their side stop the ball with stick, hands or feet, but if they do more than merely stop it, a free hit is awarded their opponents. A knowledge of fencing is often of use to the half back, who may by a sharp cut frequently disarm an opponent.

The backs check assaults on their own lines and should be good stoppers and able to "drive" the ball to the other end of the field. An expert driver has sent the ball one hundred and fifty yards.



Arch. Laurie, Quebec H. C.
2nd Vice-President C. H. A.



J. A. Findley, M. A. A. H. C.
Secretary-Treasurer.

The goal keeper must stop the ball in any and every way possible.

When the ball is "lobbed" in front of the goal it is raised by a "poke," but no part of the stick must be lifted above the shoulder. Thin guards and gloves are used and cricket boots without nails. The stick, unlike that used in Canada, is bent nearly at right angles, but varies in size and curve with the position of the player, the one recommended having a cane handle and weighing, in all, from twenty-two to twenty-five ounces.

As body checking is strictly forbidden a light man has more chance than in football, where weight, especially if combined with brutality, is the terror of the light dribbler. A man to be a success must have a "cricketer's eye, a footballer's legs and pluck, a fencer's wrist and forearm, with a special faculty for the game itself, and of using the head, hands and feet in combination."

The game is seen at its best in the match between Middlesex and Surrey, the counties containing the strongest clubs.

In the Eastern States the nearest approach to hockey is ice polo, which, because of the shortness and uncertainty of the season, has never taken the place it otherwise would. It is dear to the heart of the small boy who plays it in season and out on the frozen pond or in the streets of the crowded city. Last season some of the athletic clubs of Boston and New York played a series of matches.

They have no "offside" rule so that the ball made of a core of soft yarn covered by rubber, may be passed forward. The stick is curved to a right angle and nowhere exceeds one inch in thickness.

rule permits very fast play while the shape of the stick and the ball make the raising of the latter a feature of the game.

The honors of last season's play here cer-



G. A. Carpenter, Shamrock H. C.



A. J. Ritchie, Crystal H. C.



A. Z. Palmer, Ottawa Rebel H. C.



J. S. Costigan, McGill H. C.

COUNCIL OF THE CANADIAN HOCKEY ASSOCIATION.

Sometimes a player shortens his handle by a foot and attaches it like a policeman's baton to his wrist by a strap.

The number of players on a side is limited and the absence of the "offside"

certainly belong to the magnificent team captained by Russell representing the Ottawa A. A. C. And although the championship under the challenge system, which has this year been changed to the "series,"

belongs to Montreal, still Ottawa's record speaks for itself.*

The Montreal team won the title by a narrow majority after a hard, close match on soft ice.

Quebec was represented by a strong team while Kingston and Toronto had strong teams, among which was that of the Osgoode Hall men, whose athletic prowess has been so well shewn on the football fields of '91 and '92.

The interest in last year's games was so great that if its present popularity can be taken as an indication of the future, the outlook for Hockey is indeed promising. The play in some of last winter's matches was far beyond that of former years, both in individual and combination work. At all the championship games the rink was jammed by enthusiastic crowds and even on the streets the ubiquitous small boys had their Saturday matches in which every player of both sides bore on his young shoulders the entire management of all discussions with the unfortunate referee. Even that official, important as he felt himself, could not rule off the semi-occasional policeman who swooped down upon them like a hawk upon a poultry yard.

The formation of the Canadian Hockey Union in 1886, and the establishment of a Canadian Championship have done much to bring the game up to its present standard. The season officially lasts from the first of January till the eighth of

March. Any tendency toward professionalism is anticipated and referred to with no uncertain sound in Article VI.†

It has always been the endeavour to preserve the game for gentlemen and to prevent all foul and unmanly methods. See article XIII.‡

In lighter vein are the burlesque games played in the Victoria Rink, Montreal, by *Skeletons versus Sawed-offs*, or *Buffers versus Duffers*, or *Ethiopians versus Fatherlands*. In these games the referee has a hard lot to deal with, for should he attempt to expostulate in any of the many mock "scraps" that form an important feature in burlesque he is promptly "put to sleep" by the united efforts of both combatants.

For a football man, hockey affords a splendid training with the additional advantage of the back and leg work obtained from the skating. It supplies necessary exercise to many whom only the excitement of a competitive game will entice to take it.

Although only fourteen play in a match, an unlimited number of players can take part in those practice games which are the main factors in building up a strong and active man whether he play in a champion team or not. A man need not be an expert to be benefitted by any sport. As a rule the man, who, even if he does not specially excel, sticks to it the longest and most regularly, derives most lasting good.

* Following is the superb championship record of the Ottawas for last season:—

Date.	Against.	Goals Won.	Lost.
Jan. 8,	M. A. A. A.	4	3
Jan. 15,	Shamrocks.	8	3
Jan. 21,	M. A. A. A.	10	2
Jan. 28,	Quebec.	4	3
Feb. 11,	M. A. A. A.	3	1
Feb. 18,	Quebec.	2	0
Feb. 19,	Queen's, Kingston.	5	0
Feb. 29,	Rebels, Ottawa.	7	2
Mar. 2,	Osgoode Hall.	10	4
Mar. 7,	M. A. A. A.	0	1

Matches won, 9; lost, 1. Goals won, 53; lost, 19.

† ARTICLE VI.

Sec. 1. Clubs in this Association must be composed exclusively of Amateurs.

Sec. 2. An amateur is any person who has not (since June 4th, 1880) competed in any open competition, or for a stake, public or admission money or entrance fee, or competed with or against professionals for a prize; who has never at any period of his life taught, or assisted in the pursuit of any athletic exercise or sport as a means of livelihood; whose membership of any Hockey Club was not brought about or does not continue because of mutual agreement or understanding whereby his becoming

or continuing a member of such Hockey Club would be of any pecuniary benefit to him, either directly or indirectly; who has never, either directly or indirectly received any payment in lieu of loss of time while playing as a member of any Hockey Club of any money consideration whatever for any services rendered as a player, except his actual travelling and hotel expenses.

Sec. 3. Any Club convicted of having in its membership professionals of any kind, shall forfeit its membership in this Association.

Sec. 4. No Club shall be admitted to membership in this Association unless it adopts in its constitution the words or sentiments contained in this Article.

‡ ARTICLE XIII.

No Club which shall admit, or retain a person, a member thereof, who has been censured or punished by this Association for foul play, or other reprehensible conduct, or who shall henceforth be convicted under the laws of the country of a criminal charge, shall be entitled to continue a member of this Association, or be admitted to membership thereof, and no new Club shall be admitted a member therein which has among its members anyone who has been convicted of such action. No Club in this Association shall play a match with any such Club, under penalty of forfeiture of membership of such Association.



MONTREAL AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION HOCKEY TEAM 1892.



A Desperate Struggle.—Skeletons vs. Sawed-offs.

Let us briefly recapitulate some of the many good points that recommend this best Canadian winter game.

Men of thirty and even over can take part.

The outfit is cheap, especially to a skater; for to play hockey well, one must be a good skater and in good practice.

The well-covered, well-lighted rinks now render the players independent of weather or daylight.

They can thus suit their own convenience as to time, so the evergreen objection of the busy man, "no time," is in a measure overcome.

The whole tone and surroundings of the game are healthy and good. It teaches the player to keep his wits about him, to think quickly, and to act as quickly as he thinks.

It would be difficult to find a better exercise for developing the legs, back and loins, and a man must have acquired

sound wind to be able to stand an hour of it.

Its whole tendency is to encourage and develop in boys that love of fair play and manly sport so characteristic of the British gentleman.

With so many advantages, both intrinsic and extrinsic, one of the most potent influences in building up a race of men, hardy and self-reliant, will, throughout the future, be by Canada's national winter game.

R. TAIT MCKENZIE.

In the article on "Choirs and Choir-singing in Toronto," which appeared in the January number of this magazine, a portrait of Mr. F. Warrington was reproduced, under which was erroneously printed the name of Mr. F. Torrington. We much regret this error, and take the first opportunity of publicly correcting it.

Card Parties!



If your dealer does not keep these Congress Carton Cards, or will not get them for you, they will be sent to your address, expressage paid, on receipt of

Three Dollars
and Fifty Cents
(\$3.50)

by

ELEGANT PLAYING CARDS ARE NOW PUT UP BY THE UNITED STATES PRINTING COMPANY EXPRESSLY FOR CARD PARTIES IN PRIVATE HOUSES. SIX PACKS OF THEIR CONGRESS BRAND, REGULAR SIZE, WITH GOLD BACKS AND GOLD EDGES ARE SOLD IN CARTONS FOR \$3.50.

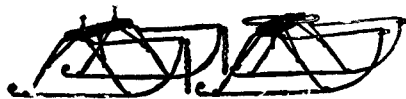
* * * *

NO cards like these were ever made before. They are as good and beautiful as they are new. The artistic designs are printed in either Green, Copper, Violet, Aluminum or Gold Bronze, on backgrounds either Red, Blue, Orange, Maroon, Green or white.

THE SABISTON LITHO. & PUB. CO.,  MONTREAL,

AGENTS RUSSELL & MORGAN FACTORIES, - CINCINNATI, O.

**ARMSTRONG'S
TEMPERED STEEL BOB SLEIGHS.**



No. 1 with 1 1/4 inch runners, capacity 1200 lbs. No. 2 with 1 1/2 inch runners, capacity 2000 lbs. Send for circular giving particulars of wearing capacity, lightness of draft, etc., of tempered steel (used in these sleighs) compared with raw steel.

Prices right.

J. B. ARMSTRONG MFG. CO., LTD.,
Guelph, Ontario.

LANDON'S
Dry Plate and Bromide Paper Works
—AND—
PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES.

FOR PROFESSIONALS AND AMATEURS,
658 CRAIG STREET,

Is prepared to fill orders for all kinds of
Photographic Goods.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Amateur
Photographic Apparatus, before placing your
order.

E. C. LANDON,
658 Craig St., - - Montreal.
ALL THE LATEST GOODS IN THE MARKET.

MOTHERS !

ASK FOR AND SEE THAT YOU GET

Dawson's Chocolate Creams,

THE GREAT WORM REMEDY.

25c PER BOX AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Being in the form of a Chocolate Cream, Children never refuse them. If your druggist does not keep them send for them to

WALLACE DAWSON, Montreal.

Mail and Telephone Orders promptly attended to.

Do You Read Novels ?

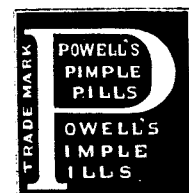
THE IVORY GATE 50c.
WALTER BESANT.

A FAMILY LIKENESS 50c.
B. M. CROKER.

BLOOD ROYAL 50c.
GRANT ALLEN.

For sale by all Booksellers or mailed
postpaid on receipt of price, by

THE NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.,
TORONTO.



**CURES PIMPLES
BOILS,
ULCERS,
ECZEMA, BARBERS'
ITCH, STYS ON THE
EYES, RINGWORMS,
SHINGLES, SCROFU-
LA, ERYSIPELAS, and
ALL SKIN DISEASES
ARISING FROM IM-
PURITIES OF THE
BLOOD.**

**VERY SMALL
AND EASY TO TAKE.** Sent on receipt of price, pre-
PRICE 25 CTS. paid, by **HATTIE & MYLIUS,**
HALIFAX, N. S.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE
GUELPH, Ontario.

1. The demand for our graduates is greater now than at any former time, because the quality of our work is more widely known
2. In view of the superior educational advantages afforded our rates of tuition are the most favorable offered by any self-supporting Canadian institution the truth of which statement may be verified by careful comparison.
3. The tuition given in our Modern Language Department is alone worth the entire cost of tuition in all the subjects taught.
4. The development of sterling character is the foundation principle in our system of training; hence the confidence with which our graduates are everywhere received.
5. The self-supporting school is the only educational institution that is founded on a basis of absolute justice. Standing on this basis, and on the genuine merit of its work, the "Guelph Business College" respectfully solicits public patronage.
6. The Annual Circular, giving full information, and illustrated with beautiful specimens of our own pen-drawing, will be sent free to any address, on application to

M. MacCORMICK,
Principal.



"CES AUTRES."

(Heard at Church-Parade.)

Captain Bergamot: "Are any of your brothers in the service, Miss de Bullion?"
Miss de Bullion: "Yes; one in the Guards, and—a—" (with disgust) "the rest in the common army, you know."—Punch.

All illnesses for which Cod Liver Oil is prescribed are cured by

**FUCOGLYCINE
GRESSY.**

The only remedy of its kind containing all the principles of Cod
Liver Oil and having an agreeable flavor.

Adopted by the United Medical Profession. Awarded Various Medals.

Dose: { For CHILDREN:—One teaspoonful night and morning.
 { For ADULTS:—One tablespoonful night and morning.

Samples sent Free to Doctors on application.

Gout, Stone, Gravel, Rheumatism,

CAN ONLY BE CURED BY THE USE OF

**Ch. Leperdriel's Effervescing
Salts of Lithia.**

C. ALFRED CHOUILLOU, Sole agent for Canada, 12 St. JOHN ST.,
MONTREAL.



The Finest
in the Land.

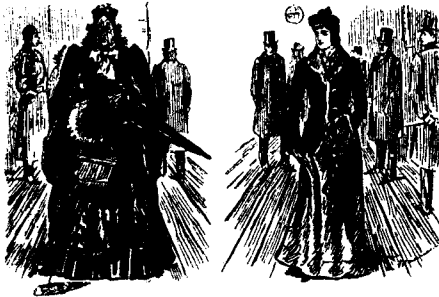
The **G. B. CHOCOLATES** are most delicious chocolates, with soft, creamy centres and an outer coating of the finest blended chocolate.

That G.B. mark is stamped on each chocolate.

GANONG BROS., Ltd.,

Sold by all the best confectioners from Halifax to Vancouver.

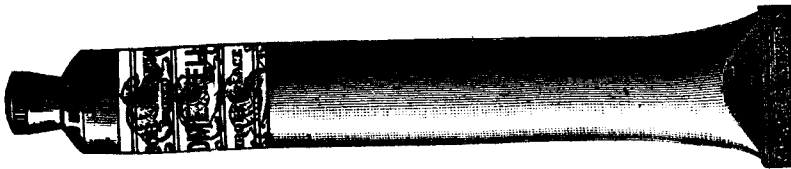
St. Stephen, N.B.



The party who never says "THANK YOU!" | The party who always says "THANK YOU!"

When you open the door, shut the window, or give up your seat for her.—Punch.

ARTISTS



MANY pictures are daily ruined by cheap colors. Consider how long a good tube of oil color, or pan of water color will last; and see what folly it is to buy those cheap German and American colors. If you want your picture to be a success, lasting and permanent, use only the celebrated

WINSOR & NEWTON COLORS,
MANUFACTURING ARTISTS COLORMEN TO

Her Majesty the Queen and Royal Family.

Ask your dealer for these colors. If he cannot supply them send direct to us.

NO RISK IN USING THESE COLORS.

A. RAMSAY & SON, - - Montreal,

Wholesale Agents for Canada,
And Manufacturers of LEADS, COLORS, VARNISHES, &c., &c.

CANADA Life Assurance Company.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

Head Office, HAMILTON, Ont.

CAPITAL AND FUNDS

Over \$13,000,000

Annual Income over \$2,250,000.

A. G. RAMSAY, President.

Secretary,
R. HILLS.

Superintendent,
W. T. RAMSAY.

DUEBER-HAMPDEN WATCH



We do not advertise that our Watches are other than just what they are, for this reason, people believe in us and deal with us. The Newspapers all endorse our advertisements and that we deal fairly and squarely by everybody, through them we offer this the **GREATEST WATCH BARGAIN EVER OFFERED.** This is the John C. Dueber's **BEST 14 KARAT Filled Hunting Case** warranted to wear 20 years. Dueber's own guarantee with each case. We fit in this Case the celebrated "DUEBER-HAMPDEN" Nickel Full Jeweled movement, stem winding, adjusted. Warranted an accurate time-keeper for TEN YEARS.

OUR OFFER

We will send this watch to ANY PERSON (no money in advance) by express, C.O.D. SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION. We will send instructions to the Express Agent to allow you to examine and CARRY THE WATCH 3 DAYS before paying for it, then if perfectly satisfactory pay the Agent \$22.00 and the watch is yours; otherwise let him return it at OUR EXPENSE. Open Face \$20.00. Address

FRANK S. TAGGART & CO.
88 KING ST. WEST, - - TORONTO, CANADA

The Allison Advertising Co.

OF CANADA (Ltd.)

ROBERT MACKAY, PRESIDENT.
JOHN MAGOR VICE-PRESIDENT.
DAVID ROBERTSON TREASURER.
JOHN B. CLARKSON, SECRETARY.

CAPITAL STOCK,
\$100,000.

C. G. CLOUSTON, DIRECTOR
WM. CLARKE, "
W. J. DAWSEY, "
HECTOR PREVOST, "

WE illustrate this week a STATION INDICATOR for railway cars, which is a great improvement on the prevailing system of having the names of the stations announced by the brakeman. This verbal system is unsatisfactory in many ways, and various forms of mechanical indicators have been designed; some worked simultaneously throughout the train and others worked automatically from the track.

The Allison Company has perfected a device which is very simple in construction, and is operated by the brakeman of the train, who pushes a lever, whereupon a gong is sounded, and a plate is exposed to view bearing the name of the approaching station. It consists of a frame of neatly ornamented wood, placed in prominent position at each end of the car, containing a number of thin iron plates, painted with the names of the stations in characters legible in any part of the car. The backs of these plates are utilized for advertising purposes, and as a medium of advertising is excelled by none.

This indicator has been adopted by the Grand Trunk Railway for their entire system and in conformity with the terms of the contract we have the sole right to advertise in their passenger cars.



The first instalment has been completed and is a marked success, and now the Allison Company respectfully solicit the patronage of the public. As a medium of advertising one can readily understand how much superior it is to any other, when it is remembered that no advertisement except those contained in the "Indicator" is allowed to appear in any of the Grand Trunk cars; that as the advertisement on view in the "Indicator" appears directly under the plate showing the name of the station being approached, every passenger in the car can not fail to observe it; that the Grand Trunk passes through all the principal cities and towns in Canada; these and many other circumstances combine to make The Allison Railway Station Indicator the best advertising medium recommended to the public.

PATENTED NOVEMBER 21ST, 1890.

Upon application we should be glad to quote prices on any number of plates. Address,

The Allison Advertising Co. of Canada [Ltd.]

MONTREAL, CANADA.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Company,

16 and 18 DeBRESOLES STREET, MONTREAL.

Head Office and Factories:

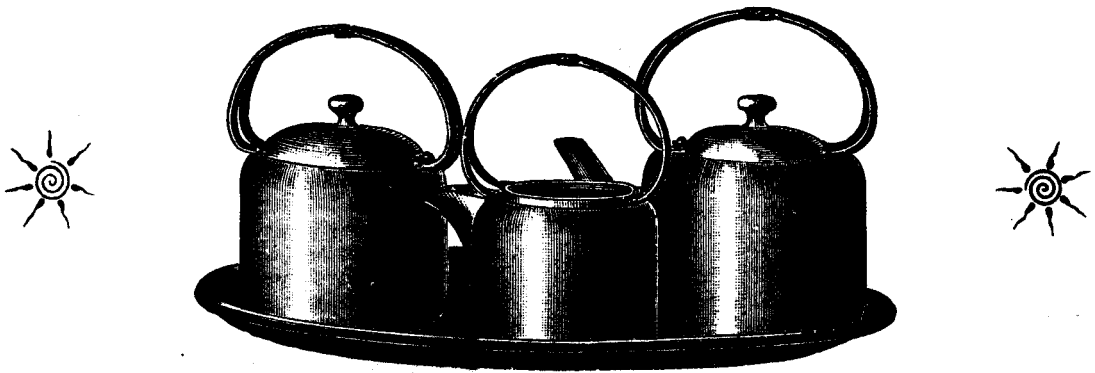
WALLINGFORD, CONNECTICUT.

BRANCHES:

NEW YORK CITY, 36 East 14th Street,

CHICAGO, ILL., 137 and 139 State Street,

PHILADELPHIA, 504 Commerce Street.



SOLE MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS OF THE

"CELEBRATED"

WM. ROGERS Knives, Forks, Spoons, &c.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Finest Quality



Silver-plated Ware

—CONSISTING OF—

Tea Sets, Waiters, Cruets, Pickle Casters, Butter Dishes
Wine Stands, Epergnes, Fruit Stands, &c., &c.

THE TRADE ONLY SOLICITED.

16 and 18 DeBresoles Street, Montreal.

A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager for Canada.

CHOCOLAT MENIER

For Samples, sent free, write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLOU, Agent, Montreal.

IF YOU WANT A PIANO OR AN ORGAN

You will save money by examining my stock before purchasing elsewhere; and I believe I can show you the largest assortment of fine instruments in Canada.

— IN STOCK NOW: —

New 7 1-3 Octave Upright Pianos,
From \$175

New 5 Octave Organs, fine case, with mirror,
From \$50.

Fancy Grand and Upright Pianos, in rare woods,
Up to \$1,200.

Church Organs, (4 styles),
From \$450 to \$1,500.

Second-hand Pianos,
From \$50.

EASY TERMS. LOWEST PRICES.
PIANOS EXCHANGED.

If you cannot come personally, please write for illustrated catalogue.

J. E. N. PRATTE
1676
NOTRE DAME MONTREAL

HAZLETON, FISCHER, DOMINION, BERLIN, REIMERS Pianos and Church Eolian Dominion and Berlin Organs.

The Best Investment,

And where to get it.

From the published statements of various Building and Loan Associations, we note that they estimate stock to mature in from seven-and-a-half to ten years, and that a monthly payment of from \$6.00 to \$10.00 for that period will produce \$1,000,

Provided the owner of the shares both lives and pays.

THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE will guarantee to a man aged 30 for a premium of \$8.00 per month, an endowment policy of \$1,000, which will mature in ten years, with profits estimated to amount to one-fifth of its face value, and should the death of the investor occur before maturity, the policy will mature at once for its full face value of \$1,000.

Manufacturers Life Insurance Coy.
YONGE ST., COR. COLBORNE,
TORONTO.

Italian House.

V. SARNO.

Direct Importer of all European First Class Goods.

FINE JEWELLERY AND PRECIOUS STONES.

SILVER NOVELTIES AND ENGLISH ELECTRO PLATE.

MAJOLICA AND TERRACOTTA JARDINIERS AND CHARACTER FIGURES FOR PARLOR ORNAMENTS.

WATCHES AND FRENCH CLOCKS.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

WATCH REPAIRING DONE IN THE BEST MANNER ON THE PREMISES.

2334 St Catherine St. West.

SHEET STEEL BRICK
ABSOLUTELY FIRE PROOF
METALLIC ROOFING CO
CATALOGUE FREE MFRS TORONTO

LeMesurier's Darjeeling Teas,

Direct from the Himalayas.

At 45c, 65c and 80c Per lb.

Large reduction on 5 lbs. or over. Delivered at Montreal rates to any place in Quebec or Ontario.

INDIAN TEA DEPOT,
114 MANSFIELD ST., MONTREAL.

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE
THE 1896-7 THE BAY

CASTOR-FLUID

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family, 25c per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,

122 St. Lawrence Main Street.

◁ FEBRUARY 14TH. ▷

ST. VALENTINE DAY.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS.



A CHANGE of fashion in engagement rings is slowly, but surely taking place.

The Beautiful Solitaire so long in favour, and to which many will still cling, is giving way to the more elaborate cluster shape.

We have a beautiful selection, our own designs, at prices from \$30 to \$300.

We make a specialty of filling orders from a distance. Write us, giving an idea of the article wanted and limit in price and we will send a choice, giving you the benefit, in its selection of our trained taste.

Goods sent on approbation to responsible parties.

HENRY BIRKS & CO..

235 & 237 St. James Street, - - - MONTREAL.

WE MAKE CRAYON PORTRAITS. WE WANT ACTIVE AND RESPONSIBLE AGENTS IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY. Address,

PHOENIX PORTRAIT CO.,
Toronto, Ont

PORTRAITS

ENLARGED AND CAREFULLY FINISHED FROM OLD PICTURES, TINTYPES, ETC.

The Best Possible Results Guaranteed.

WM. NOTMAN & SON,
17 Bleury Street.

COVERNTON'S NIPPLE OIL, will be found superior to all other preparations for cracked or sore nipples. To Harden the Nipples commence using three months before confinement.— Price, 25 cts. Should your Druggist not keep it send 31 cents in stamps to

C. J. COVERNTON & CO.
Druggists, Montreal.

FOR YOUR BAKING USE ONLY

COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER.

AN A. I. ARTICLE.

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