

# WALSH'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1895

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Own  
Praises  
Is Not The  
Present  
Intention.*

**R**EADERS of the MAGAZINE have spared us that need by rehearsing its good points to their neighbors who in turn have become readers. There have been those who said that the MAGAZINE is intended for a class of people who do not read Magazines. But the sales have answered that comment. One good old man, not too well favored with this world's goods said:—"I would not be without it, who would for a dollar a year?". A lady writes that she "did something very unusual, reading every line from first to last, and all with interest and pleasure."

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The November issue may now plead for itself.

The December issue will be a special Christmas edition. A number of valuable articles have already been arranged for, including further personal reminiscences of D'Arcy McGee, a sketch of Cardinal Parocchi, one of the foremost figures in Roman life, several original Christmas stories, and several other articles of varied interest. The number will be enlarged and will be amply illustrated by original designs.

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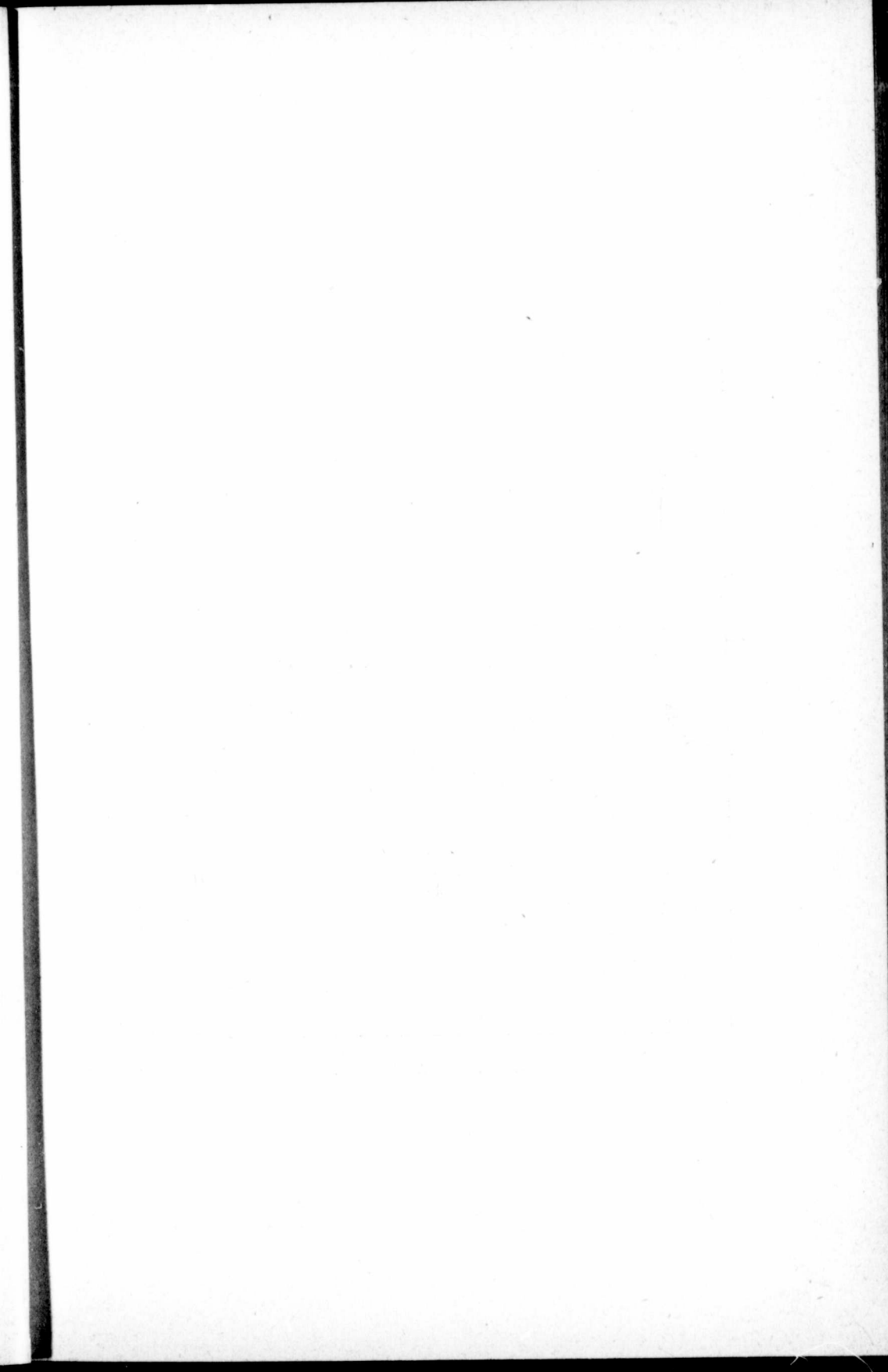
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MENTION WALSH'S MAGAZINE.





MR. FRANK A. ANGLIN.

# WALSH'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

No. 2.

## THE MANITOBA QUESTION.

PRINCIPAL GRANT'S LETTERS REVIEWED.

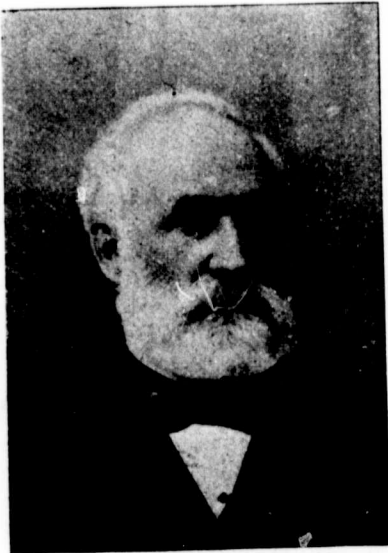
*By Frank A. Anglin.*

In his first letter written to The Globe upon The Manitoba School Question, Principal Grant says:—"It would be a great mistake to assume that there is any question more really vital to the unity of feeling, the harmony of races and to everything else that makes for the true prosperity of the Province." Of the Province this statement is true, equally true is it today of the entire Dominion. In the comparatively brief history of Confederated Canada, no question has yet arisen fraught with so much danger to the peace and harmony of our country, nor has any such opportunity heretofore been presented to Canadian public men of rendering to their fellow citizens a signal service of enduring value. To perpetuate, this problem must inevitably bring disaster;—to delay its solution unnecessarily is but to prolong a period of irritating uncertainty and grave peril—the veriest folly;—to solve it satisfactorily will ensure for the man who accomplishes the task the lasting gratitude of his countrymen and will justly entitle him to a place in the front rank of patriotic statesmen. To furnish information upon the facts involved in such a question—to freely and fairly discuss

it in all its bearings—must tend to bring about such a solution. Whatever we may think, therefore, of the conclusion reached by Principal Grant in his series of letters, Canadians are under an obligation to him for investigating the position of affairs in Manitoba,—and to The Globe for its enterprise in procuring such a valuable contribution to the discussion of the question. While the apparently,—nay the really fair and impartial statement of facts in the Principal's earlier letters tends to prepare his readers to accept as equally fair and reliable whatever conclusions he may finally reach, and though it may even be suspected that this very impartiality was designed to give weight to the ultimate conclusion, "that the present Parliament of Canada has not the moral right to intrude into the Provincial Domain," on the other hand this very conclusion enhances greatly in value the statement of facts from which it is sought to be deduced, when those very facts are used to establish that the minority are indubitably entitled to a restoration of their Separate Schools and that, if necessary as a last resort, this restoration of rights must be effected by Federal

interference, "Fas est et ab hoste doceri." As the Principal himself says: "They (his opinions) can be taken for what they are worth, but the facts which have been stated must stand, and every reader can draw his own conclusions from them."

In the discussion which has taken place upon this question during the present year in pamphlets, magazines and newspapers much has been said, by those opposed to the restoration of



SIR MACKENZIE BOWELL.

Separate Schools in Manitoba, of the defective condition of the Catholic Schools under the old School law; and we have heard not a little of the supposed educational disadvantages which Catholic children are said to suffer by reason of defects assumed to be inseparable from Separate Schools. Much has been written about the desirability of all the youth of the country being educated in common public schools, because this, it is argued with marvellous wisdom, would tend to

form a homogeneous people; and the practical difficulties in the way of carrying out a system involving the maintenance of more than one school in the more sparsely settled districts of the Province have been dwelt upon as a ground for refusing to yield to the petitions of the minority. But to the really material questions:—"Have the Catholic minority in Manitoba a constitutional right to the restoration of Separate Schools?" and—"Granted this right and the constitutional obligation of upholding it, what are the proper—the most prudent—the most efficacious means of attaining this object?"—to these vital questions the opponents of restoration have devoted but little attention.

The old Catholic Schools were, they say, sadly deficient. Principal Grant declares that "under this system the schools were in my opinion as well taught and managed as was possible in the circumstances of a Province so sparsely settled and with the winters so severe that to this day in not a few sections the schools are closed from December to April." But were the former Catholic Schools utterly inefficient, and there is no doubt that in some rural districts they were poor,—that fact has no bearing upon the question of the right of the minority to the restoration of their schools.

If these defects existed the proper remedy to apply was reform—not abolition. As Principal Grant puts it "there is no need to burn a house down in order to taste crackling." If there were defects he says, "any Government proposing to remedy them would sooner or later have been sustained by the common sense of the people"—but, "the men responsible for the change did not attack the old system for faulty administration or poor results, but took the ground



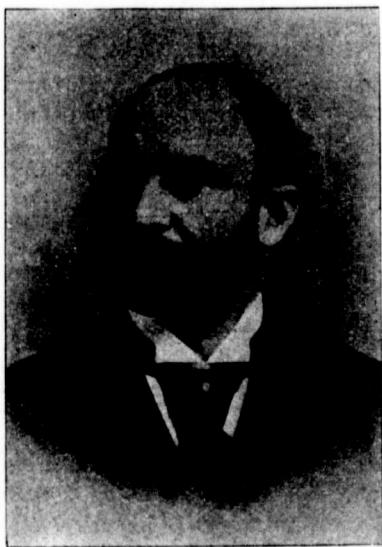
that it was wrong in principle and must be abolished root and branch." And again the Principal says in his third letter—"it is unnecessary to point out here those changes which would have secured this one great object of improving those schools which needed improvement. Very few were needed and had they been made all would have gone well. Parents whether Protestant or Roman Catholic desire to have their children well educated, and they would have sympathized with any statesman who aimed at the accomplishment of such an object." As to the assumption that there are educational defects inseparable from Separate Schools it need only be said that it is easy to so assert and it should be equally convincing and satisfactory to deny. The best answer, however, is to refer to the excellent standing of our own Separate Schools in Ontario.

The desirability of building up in Canada a homogeneous people need not be questioned, but that the enactment of such laws as the Manitoba School Act of 1890 is calculated to accomplish such a result is to say the least debatable. Let Principal Grant again answer upon this point. He says:—"Why should we continue to shut our eyes to the plainest facts of history, our own history included? Western Christianity has been and is divided into two great confessions, and they stand over against each other to this day. That is the outstanding fact of the last three centuries. Canadians tried hard to ignore it for many a long year prior to 1863. The alluring vision of a homogeneous and united people danced before their eyes, but they forgot that a people can be truly united only when great minorities do not feel themselves treated with injustice. Strong-willed statesmen like George

Brown, Alex. Mackenzie, Oliver Mowat, William McDougall and others dreamed of a system of Common Schools under which Protestant and Roman Catholic children should sit side by side on the same benches. They fought strenuously to realize their dream, but a long experience convinced them that it was the mere 'baseless fabric of a vision' which floated before their eyes, and that the path of wisdom would be to accommodate themselves to stubborn facts. The settlement of 1863 was the result of the spirit of compromise to which we owe Confederation. Wisdom seems to me to demand that we should stand on that instead of beginning again the task of Sisyphus. To some this may seem a confession of defeat or the counsel of despair. It is not. Only through a loyal recognition of facts will present harmony and ultimate unity be secured."

Speaking of the Winnipeg Schools where the Sisters of Jesus and Mary teach in a building near one Public School and the Christian Brothers near another,—dealing with a provision of the Law permitting children in the Public Schools whose parents so desire to retire during religious exercises, the Principal says:—"Is it not certain, that there would be controversy and a daily exodus from every room if there were only one school where there are now two? Is it not better then that there should be an agreement to differ between Roman Catholics and Protestants and that the common good work done by both should be recognized by the Government and by the rate-payers of Winnipeg who are so heavily taxed for their schools and whose desire is not for controversy but for the education of their children?" As to the practical difficulty arising from the sparsely settled condition of the

province its existence is not denied but it is not insuperable. It exists in some districts in Ontario, and has been overcome. It is a difficulty in working out a Separate School system and in no wise affects the right to Separate Schools or the obligation to uphold such right. But to all these supposed difficulties can it not with perfect truth be answered that they are beside the real question? If the Catholic minority in Manitoba have a constitutional right



JOSEPH MARTIN.

to the restoration of Separate Schools, it should assuredly be left in their hands to determine whether they desire to exercise and enjoy that right. They may be trusted not to press for a merely nominal right to the detriment of their own children and at the expense of their highest interests. As Principal Grant points out, the provision of the old law which prevented the assessment for Public School rates of a Roman Catholic who resided in a Protes-

tant section and used a Public School, there being no Separate School within reasonable distance, is by no means essential to a satisfactory Separate School system. Let a minority, be it Catholic or Protestant, so small that it cannot afford to support a school of its own, contribute to the maintenance of the school of the majority, and let such school be so conducted that all its supporters can without doing violence to conscience enjoy its benefits. For the schools in such districts, necessarily to be used by both Protestants and Catholics, provision could be made in the School Law sufficiently liberal and elastic to enable properly qualified teachers, under prudent and efficient inspection and with judiciously selected text books, to conduct these schools to the satisfaction of both Catholic and Protestant parents. Religious exercises in such schools would of course have to be confined to certain convenient hours of the day, as is the case in many convents, to which Principal Grant alludes, where Protestant pupils are received. Arrangements could be made for separate religious instruction for the children of the minority by a teacher of their own faith. But these are difficulties of detail which in no way affect the justice of the demands of the minority for the educational rights guaranteed them by the constitution, and the greatest difficulty, that arising from sparseness of population in certain districts, is not religious in character, but rather purely educational, i.e., the difficulty of supporting even one efficient school. This practical difficulty connected with education in Manitoba, Principal Grant considers "more pressing than the one which has been forced on the attention of Canada." Another kindred difficulty, that of

procuring good teachers and inspectors—"indispensable requisites to good schools," teachers who for the Metis and French Canadians should be skilled in French and English, the learned Principal regards as "Manitoba's real Crux" and he wisely urges the adoption of special means to overcome it. Do not these difficulties and the fact that the people to be taught had as yet, as Principal Grant puts it, "no great appreciation of the advantage of education," to a great extent account for any deficiencies in the schools in the rural districts of Manitoba under the old school law, and do they not suffice to show how unfair it is to charge such defects against the Separate School system itself?

Principal Grant thus vindicates the reputation of the Catholic priests; "Instead, then, of charging the Roman Catholic clergy with being indifferent to education, we should remember the difficulties which they have always had to encounter in the North-West. They were to a large extent the pioneers of religion, civilization and education in the country, and their people are not likely to forget it, nor to be ungrateful to them."

Another charge upon which the opponents of Separate Schools have laid much stress is the degree of attention devoted to religious instruction. Questions, which they assure us have been, of course, "selected at random" from the papers set for the examination of teachers for Catholic Schools under the old regime, are cited to convince readers, expected to swallow the dose without suspicion, that all other branches of education were neglected. Principal Grant thus disposes of this charge:—"Ridicule has been cast on the character of some of the questions on

which candidates for teachers' licenses were examined, but it is forgotten that those questions are picked out from the paper on religion, and that as the schools were, at that time, frankly denominational, the questions were necessarily such as Roman Catholic teachers might fairly be asked. Good work was done for generations in the parish schools of Scotland, but the teachers had to be Presbyterian and had to know the Shorter Catechism. I have no doubt that some of the questions put to them, or put to their pupils, when the Presbytery of the bounds examined the schools, would have sounded very ridiculous in Roman Catholic ears. We must agree 'to live and let live,' if a mixed community is to prosper."

Upon all these points the testimony of Principal Grant is of incalculable value. His position as an eminent divine in his own Church and his standing as Principal of Queen's University give weight to his opinion "that the Provincial Government of Manitoba in 1890, made a great mistake in summarily abolishing instead of reforming the old school system;" that it is "the Provincial Government's duty to make concessions to meet the views of reasonable members of the aggrieved section;" and "that Manitoba is morally bound to take action which shall meet the spirit of the second decision of the Privy Council." But his testimony as to facts, and his opinion just quoted are emphasized by his conclusion against Federal Interference, which must now be dealt with.

The Globe in summarizing the Principal's position says:—"It may be that he does not intend to declare against Federal Legislation absolutely and under all circumstances;" and again, "he does not regard the condition of affairs as afford-

## THE MANITOBA QUESTION.

ing a warrant for Federal Legislation. The jurisdiction of the Dominion Parliament is, he says anomalous, and if strained or used for petty grievances would be intolerable." It would thus appear that The Globe is somewhat uncertain whether Dr. Grant is opposed to Federal Interference in the Manitoba case, even as a last resort, which, unless it has been misunderstood, was the position of The Globe itself,—or whether he merely advocates the postponement.



HON. WILFRID LAURIER.

ment of Federal Legislation, upon the ground that all other means of obtaining redress have not yet been exhausted. The Globe, itself an out-and-out opponent of Federal Interference whatever Manitoba may do or may not do,—upon the specious but exploded pretext of upholding Provincial Rights, appears to fear that its learned Commissioner would still leave the door open for "coercion," as an ultimate means of settle-

ment. Now Principal Grant himself uses this language in expressing his views upon Federal Interference. "The present Parliament of Canada has not the moral right to intrude into the Provincial Domain".."Every one who has the slightest regard for conservative statesmanship, naturally shrinks from entering upon such a path, or would enter upon it only when it was believed that no other course could possibly be taken; while to those who see clearly that Provincial Rights are the keystone of a Federal constitution like ours, the proposal is one to be steadfastly resisted, except where it might be demanded by national existence. It seems to me that a calm review of the whole situation will suggest to a reasonable mind, that legislation ought not to be pressed in the present Parliament, and that, indeed, it would be unwarrantable to do so." And again, "the clause in the constitution which gives the right of appeal.....if strained or used for petty grievances would be intolerable. It should never be invoked until the questions of fact have been thoroughly investigated, and until it has been proved that substantial grievances exist, which can be redressed in no other way." Only one passage in this language—and it is the strongest used in the whole series of letters—points to an absolute refusal to approve of Federal Legislation in any event or at any time.

Other advocates of non-interference have found no difficulty in proclaiming that Federal legislation under any circumstances would be an invasion of the exclusive domain of the Provincial Legislature, and at the same time, advocating a Dominion Commission of Enquiry,—quite unconscionable apparently that the appointment of a Dominion Commission

involves Federal Intervention, and upon the assumption that the Provincial jurisdiction is exclusive, would be utterly indefensible. But this claim of exclusive Provincial jurisdiction in educational matters has been so thoroughly discredited that it is no longer invoked in serious argument, and has become a mere political shibboleth. The judgment of the Judicial Committee in the Brophy case contains this passage :

"It may be well to notice the argument urged by the Respondents, that the construction which their Lordships have put upon the second and third sub-sections of section twenty-two of the Manitoba Act, is inconsistent with the power conferred upon the Legislature of the Province to "exclusively make laws in relation to education." The argument is fallacious. The power conferred is not absolute, but limited. It is exercisable only "subject and according to the following provisions." The sub-sections which follow, therefore, whatever be their true construction, define the condition under which alone the Provincial Legislature may legislate in relation to education, and indicate the limitations imposed on, and the exceptions from, their power of exclusive legislation. Their right to legislate is not indeed, properly speaking, exclusive, for in the case specified in sub-section three the Parliament of Canada is authorized to legislate on the same subject. There is therefore no such inconsistency as was suggested."

It would be surprising to see a man of Principal Grant's ability carried away by the Provincial Rights Bugaboo, and it is to be noted that he can scarcely be charged with clearly expressing his acceptance of the view that regard for Provincial Rights, absolutely

prohibits Federal Interference. On the contrary the fair conclusion to be drawn from the Principal's language, though it must be confessed there is some ground for the apparent doubt of *The Globe*, is that he believes that Federal Interference, or rather Federal Legislation should only be resorted to in the direst need, and as a remedy in extremis. If this were all—if this conclusion had been stated without more, few reasonable, moderate men would be found to take exception to it,—though, perhaps it would have been more satisfactory if Dr. Grant had enlightened us by stating, at what stage of the case—after what lapse of time—and in face of what degree of persistency on the part of the Local Government in refusing to grant redress, Federal Interference, would in his opinion become justifiable—if not desirable. But Dr. Grant further qualifies his conclusion by postponing the period for interference, "until it has been proved that substantial grievances exist," meaning thereby, no doubt, grievances of such a character as to justify Federal Intervention, if not otherwise redressed. Here is "the real crux" of the whole question. Dr. Grant himself says in his last letter, "the power of Parliament no one doubts," and in his fifth letter, "the highest authority in the Empire says there is a grievance." But, that the grievance is substantial, justifying, as a last resort, Federal Intervention, Dr. Grant appears to think is yet to be ascertained by investigation, presumably by the Dominion Commission which he suggests in his third letter. It is to be supposed that Dr. Grant did not intend to put himself in conflict with "the highest authority in the Empire" or to dispute the finality of its determination. He must

therefore, have forgotten the judgment delivered by the Privy Council in January last, when he thought there was room for investigating the substantial character of the grievance of the minority, and its sufficiency as a justification of Federal Interference. That judgment contains these passages, incapable of any such construction:

“ Contrast the position of the Roman Catholics prior and subsequent to the Acts from which they appeal. Before these passed into law, there existed denominational schools of which the control and management were in the hands of Roman Catholics, who could select the books to be used and determine the character of the religious teachings. These schools received their proportionate share of the money contributed for school purposes out of the general taxation of the Province, and the money raised for these purposes by local assessment was, so far as it fell upon Catholics, applied only towards the support of Catholic Schools. What is the position of the Roman Catholic minority under the Act of 1890? Schools of their own denomination, conducted according to their views, will receive no aid from the State. They must depend entirely for their support upon the contributions of the Roman Catholic community, while the taxes out of which State aid is granted to the schools provided for by the statute, fall alike on Catholics and Protestants. Moreover, while the Catholic inhabitants remain liable to local assessment for school purposes, the proceeds of that assessment are no longer destined to any extent for the support of Catholic schools, but afford the means of maintaining schools which they regard as no more suitable for the education of

Catholic children than if they were distinctly Protestant in their character. In view of this comparison, it does not seem possible to say that the rights and privileges of the Roman Catholic minority, in relation to education, which existed prior to 1890, have not been affected.”

Their Lordships also stated :

“ As a matter of fact, the objection of Roman Catholics to schools, such as alone receive State aid under the Act of 1890, is conscientious and deeply rooted. If this had not been so, if there had been a system of public education acceptable to Catholics and Protestants alike, the elaborate enactments, which have been the subject of so much controversy and consideration would have been unnecessary. . . . Their Lordships have decided that the Governor-General-in-Council has jurisdiction, and that the appeal is well-founded, but the particular course to be pursued, must be determined by the authorities to whom it has been committed by the statute. It is not for this tribunal to intimate the precise steps to be taken. Their general character is sufficiently defined by the third sub-section of section twenty-two of ‘ The Manitoba Act.’ It is certainly not essential that the statutes repealed by the Act of 1890 should be re-enacted, or that the precise provisions of these statutes should again be made law. The system of education embodied in the Acts of 1890, no doubt, commends itself to, and adequately supplies, the wants of the great majority of the inhabitants of the Province. All legitimate ground of complaint would be removed, if that system were supplemented by provisions which would remove the grievance upon which the appeal is founded, and were

modified so far as might be necessary to give effect to these provisions."

The nature of the grievances was thus clearly before the Judicial Committee. If that tribunal had not been abundantly satisfied of their sufficiency to warrant Federal Intervention it is not conceivable that its judgment would have declared the appeal based upon them "well founded," and that the Court would have so clearly expressed its opinion of their nature and sufficiency, only refraining from specifically stating the precise steps to be taken to redress them. The answer to the first question submitted, determines the jurisdiction to hear the appeal:—the answer to the second question conclusively establishes the sufficiency of the grounds of appeal. To contend therefore that action should be deferred, "until it is clearly proven that substantial grievances exist," is to ignore one of the most important parts of the decision of the Judicial Committee. The Catholic minority, acquiescing in an investigation to determine whether their grievances are substantial in character, whether their nature and extent call imperatively for redress, if necessary by having recourse to the power, vested by the constitution in the Federal Parliament, would forego the position secured for them by the Judgment of the Privy Council, and would open again for contention and dispute, issues which they with justice claim are by that judgment finally concluded. And all for what purpose? That the majority may be convinced of the strength of the case for redress? If the solemn adjudication of Her Majesty's Privy Council does not carry conviction, is it reasonable to expect that the findings of a Dominion Commission would do so? No. That the

grievances are such as to call imperatively for redress, is as clearly established by the Privy Council as is their existence, and the jurisdiction of the Federal Parliament to redress them. To propose a Commission to investigate this question for the purpose of determining the right of the minority to redress, is an insult to the intelligence of the Canadian Electorate.

Principal Grant himself appreciated the practical and substantial nature of one of these grievances as exemplified in the Sisters' School at Winnipeg. He writes in his third letter:—"It must surely strike all fair-minded men that it is a practical grievance that the poor parents, whose children are taught by the Sisters, because of conscience, and because they believe that their characters are better formed under their care, should have to pay, not only for them, but for the education of the children of their neighbors, and that the very building in which the Sisters do their excellent work should be taxed to maintain the imposing edifice hard by. What makes this practical grievance more galling, is that the Sisters' school was—prior to 1890—a legalized public institution, and that its founder considered it to be under the shelter of the constitution; that it was regularly rented by the board, and its teachers paid; that it was inspected and always open to the public, with a book kept in which all complaints could be registered; that no complaints were ever made or fault found with it, and that the visitor of the school was and is Father Cherrier, a member of the Council of the University of Manitoba, the chairman of its Board of Studies, and a man honored throughout the city for his character, his scholarship and the zeal with which he has labored for the

educational elevation of the community."

Commenting upon Cardinal Vaughan's recent letter dealing with a somewhat similar though less oppressive grievance, at present prevailing in England, where denominational schools receive a pro rata share of the Government grant but no part of the rates and taxes levied for educational purposes, the London Times says:—

"It is fitting that Cardinal Vaughan should have led the way, for the case of the Roman Catholic schools is in some respects the strongest and most pressing of all. They are those of a Church constituting in many localities a small minority of the population, and often of the poorest class, yet unflinching in their determination to maintain day schools in which their children shall be taught their own faith by teachers who profess it, no matter at what pecuniary sacrifice or under what difficulties. We all know perfectly well that rather than abandon this position our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens would continue to pay in rates and taxes their full quota of the cost of elementary education for others, and yet also to provide, at their own expense, schools to which they could, with a clear conscience, send their children. No settlement can be either just or permanent which does not completely remedy this wrong."

But while the nature and extent of the grievances in Manitoba must not be made the subject of investigation, for the purpose of reopening the question of the right of the minority to redress, it has been suggested that there is room for enquiry, in order to determine the precise form which the Remedial Legislation should take so as to make

it most effective, and at the same time as little objectionable to the majority as possible. The minority in Manitoba and their friends, can have no desire to force the adoption of a line of action which would cause unnecessary friction. While determined to stand upon the rights guaranteed them by the constitution, and declared to be theirs by the Judicial Committee, they must recognize that the concluding words of the judgment of that tribunal are of equal force and effect with the other portions of the same judgment upon which they rely. Those words are:—

"It is certainly not essential that the statutes repealed by the Act of 1890 should be re-enacted, or that the precise provisions of these statutes should again be made law. The system of education embodied in the Acts of 1890, no doubt commends itself to, and adequately supplies, the wants of the great majority of the inhabitants of the Province. All legitimate ground of complaint would be removed if that system were supplemented by provisions which would remove the grievance upon which the appeal is founded, and were modified so far as might be necessary to give effect to these provisions."

Relying as they do upon their constitutional rights, as interpreted and declared by this judgment, the minority, while scouting the idea of any enquiry involving their right to redress, may quite consistently assent to an investigation to determine the measures best calculated to remove their grievances effectively, and at the same time to disturb the present Public School system as little as possible, and to avoid all unnecessary friction with the ideas and even the prejudices of the majority.

Perhaps the best mode, (because the least open to objection,) of



making such enquiry, would be to arrange for a Conference between representatives of the Dominion and Provincial Governments. Such a Conference would not involve direct Federal Interference, as would the appointment of a Dominion Commission, and would seem to be more likely to result in a settlement by the action of the Provincial Authorities.

It was always a strong ground of objection to the famous Remedial Order, that it directed the restoration of Separate Schools on the precise lines of the legislation repealed in 1890, thereby going beyond the line of duty, laid down by the Judicial Committee. But it has been urged in answer, that the order was a mere preliminary to pave the way as provided by the constitution for subsequent legislation; that this was the extreme limit of the rights of the minority, and that legislation based upon the order need not go as far as the Order itself, but that the terms of the Order must necessarily be the extreme limit of the provisions of such legislation—and the explanation is plausible.

The fact remains however, that there is room for much careful consideration, as to the precise terms of Remedial Legislation, especially if there be anything in Mr. D'Alton McCarthy's contention, that legislation once enacted by the Dominion Parliament, "would be absolute and irrevocable so far as both Parliament and the Provincial Legislature are concerned," and presumably, therefore, not susceptible of amendment. There is room for enquiry and consideration upon these points. It will be fair and legitimate to investigate the working of the former Separate School System, with a view to ascertaining what defects there were in it which should be and can be

remedied in the new system. It will be advisable to frame careful and adequate provisions for the inspection of schools, the qualification of teachers and other similar matters. It is not unreasonable that the efficiency of schools sustained by public taxes, should be ensured by satisfactory public guarantees. The amendments necessary to provide for sparsely settled districts in which at most only one school can be maintained, require the most careful study. If in the investigation and discussion of these matters of detail (for such they are), a Commission of enquiry or a conference of Federal and Provincial representatives could suggest provisions substantially restoring the rights of the minority, and acceptable to the Provincial Government, thereby avoiding the necessity of Federal Legislation, all true Canadians would rejoice at such a result. But the existing grievances are substantial; substantial must be the redress. The rights taken from the minority were of vital importance; their restoration must be genuine and substantially complete. A compromise upon the lines of the present New Brunswick *modus vivendi* has been suggested. No such abandonment of principle could for a moment be tolerated. Principal Grant dealing with the position of School matters in the Maritime Provinces says: "There are no Separate Schools by statute; there are Separate Schools in fact, under arrangements which had to be agreed to after strenuous and unseemly fighting, arrangements which are continually threatened with disturbance, and which lead to so much wire-pulling, log-rolling and shutting of the eyes, that it is a grave question, whether a system of openly recognized Separate

Schools would not be a less evil, because more in accordance with fundamental morality."

While the minority will certainly insist upon the substantial redress of a substantial wrong, and while they cannot forget that nothing "could be more uncourteous and unjust" than the treatment they received in 1890, that nothing was then done by the Government "to avoid friction or disturbance in the schools," and that they were made the victims of what Principal Grant styles, "a wantonly exasperating provision," yet it will be found that if fairly approached and reasonably dealt with, this ill used minority will not hold out for the last iota of their rights, will not exact the whole pound of flesh, but on the contrary that they will so far as they can do so without sacrificing principle or rights essential to a Separate School system, meet the wishes and ideas of the Government, in the matters of detail above mentioned.

Such is the real position of the aggrieved minority, although Principal Grant, may have thought there was some ground for his complaint, that injudicious language has been from time to time used by their representatives. If the Principal wished to find fault with reported utterances of Archbishop Langevin, he certainly might have done so in a manner more dignified—less demagogic—and more in keeping with the tone of his letters. His attack upon the whole Catholic Hierarchy—"a sop to Cerberus," it has been suggested,—an explanation which the learned Principal would hardly accept) was gratuitous and wanton. Self-respect should have prevented the Principal of Queen's College, from thus pandering to prejudice and bigotry.

Whatever intemperate language

may have been used, the minority only seek the redress to which the constitution, as interpreted by "the highest authority in the Empire" entitles them; and it is encouraging to find Principal Grant saying:—"There is no need to go beyond that, for Canada will abide by the constitution according to the letter, and according to the spirit." It certainly does not weaken the case of the minority, that the very provision of the constitution upon which they base their claim for redress was, as Principal Grant says, "admittedly put in by Sir A. T. Galt in London in 1866, at the instance of the Protestant minority in Quebec, and in order to protect them in the enjoyment of privileges which were to be conferred by the Quebec Legislature after Confederation. It is thus due to the fears of the Protestants, who knew that the Public School system of Quebec was strictly denominational and in no sense public."

It is upon this constitutional provision that the rights, not alone of the Manitoba minority, but likewise those of the Protestant minority in Quebec and the Catholic minority in Ontario depend. If the flagrant injustice done to the minority in Manitoba is not redressed, what reliance can the same minority in Ontario place upon this constitutional provision supposed to guarantee and ensure their rights. It is upon the constitution that minorities must rely for protection. If that protection fails them, then indeed the best guarantee of the peace and harmony of the country has been lost. The alluring vision of homogeneity and unity will in truth prove a mere baseless fabric, because "a people can be truly united only when great minorities do not feel themselves treated with injustice."



# THE SPIRIT OF THE LONG BLACK HAND

BY

E. P. Stanton

Visionary as the following tradition may seem, it has nevertheless withstood the obliterating touch of time, and may still be heard at many a fireside in Connaught. Spirit and body, the earthly and the unearthly are so strangely blended in it that it bears internal evidence of belonging to the Titanic age, when the Pagan progenitors of the Irish race had their own mythology, and such heroes or demi-gods as Fergus, Ossian and Fionn. Tradition, however, would assign the exploit recorded in the legend to a date not more remote than that of the battle of Fontenoy.

In the southwestern part of the county of Galway, almost within sound of its beautiful bay, there may yet be seen one of those wild ecclesiastical ruins which pillage, rather than time, has laid low. These are the ruins of the old church of Kilvarra (Anglice, Church by the Sea). They are at present, and have been for time immemorial, used as the parochial burying ground. The enclosing fence, now a crumbling wall, and its dilapidated iron gate, requiring

the ungainly prop of some loose stones, offer but an indifferent barrier to the stray cows and vagrant donkeys that browse on the highway. There is in the place and about it a something which produces a sense of desolation and decay. It has little of that scenic loveliness for which the Emerald Isle is remarkable. The character of the surroundings is equally uninviting, except where relieved by the glimpse one may catch, through the intervening trees of the Burren hills, with their constantly varying tints, or of the blue waters of the bay, upon whose buoyant bosom flash to and fro the brown sails of the fishing-smacks of the coast. The ruins themselves occupy the only green spot about—a veritable oasis in a desert of poor pasture and stony fields, with here and there the blackened remains of some fallen roof-tree, stern reminder of hopeless struggle with the ungrateful soil, and of a landlordism conscious only of its privileges. And yet, cheerless as is the place, it has associations which when recalled transform and glorify the old walls. But of these, few now-a-days think, save the historical student or antiquarian. To the ordinary observer the remains tell no tale but of the crumbling effect of time.

Ever since the day on which the church of Kilvarra had been demolished by a flying detachment of Cromwell's troopers, it was affirmed by the people of the neighborhood that an evil spirit in the shape of a woman, haunted its ruins, several of them having seen her—a weird, spectral figure—during the "uncanny hours" of night. Among the peasantry the apparition was known as *Sprid Lambh fadah dhuv*, (the Spirit of the Long Black Hand). The hapless wight who had seen it would tell with bated breath, how in one terrible glance he had caught sight of a dark mysterious figure, as it glided from the interior of the ruin, stood in the broad moonlight at the main entrance, and raised aloft a long black hand, as if in menace or malediction. To the beholder the apparition boded ill, for to him or his, memorable misfortune was said to come. Conjectures as to the origin of this ghostly visitation differed. It was variously regarded as an instrument to avenge some foul deed perpetrated within these walls; as the spectre of that faith and nationality whose light the stern Puritan had so ruthlessly striven to extinguish, and as the harbinger of the woes that followed in the wake of that trail of blood and fire which marked his campaign in Ireland. But of its disappearance, with the story of which we are now concerned, we are not left in doubt, if we accept the settled belief of the neighborhood as it is preserved to us in the legend of the Long Black Hand.

A mile or two from the ruins, there stood at the time of our narrative, one of those Anglo-Norman castles, which, ever since the days of Earl Strongbow had served as fortress as well as manor house for one or other of the warlike de

Burghs. Around and within its thick grey walls waged many a fight between defenders and besiegers. In later and less distinguished times it was noted for the profuseness of its hospitality and the social charm that succeeded the feudal extravagance of a ruder age.

In the dining-hall of the castle there had gathered, one tempestuous night in autumn a numerous and distinguished company. The list of ordinary guests had been enlarged by a party of English military officers, comrades in tent and field of the lord of the manor who had seen service in many a hard fought field, under the command of that great captain who had given to English military history its most heroic page. The halo of Marlborough's victories still lingered; and here in this quiet nook by the Atlantic, one of his bravest lieutenants was spending the close of a life brimful of stirring experiences. Maurice de Burgh had risen to high rank in the army, and could have obtained higher, but advancing years, and the ebb of military glory that succeeded the full tide of Blenheim brought with them the calm thought and philosophic reflection that come to all men when the hot blood no longer courses through the veins and enthusiasm fails to respond to the call of ambition. Yet there were times when the old fire blazed up, and never more brightly than when, as now he was surrounded by men who had shared his tent and with him the perils of the battle field. On the occasion in question, memory was busy. Reminiscence after reminiscence of the old soldiering days was related—incidents of splendid daring and heroic courage; chivalry had not yet passed away and its knights were not few. The well-known hospitalities of his

castle were dispensed by de Burgh with that lavish hand and unflinching grace which have ever distinguished men of his name. And the entertainment on the night of our story was, as the chronicle avers, on a semi-regal scale.

While within, good cheer, mirth, song and story kept the guests in happy mood, outside the storm held high and fierce revel, as it can along the western coast where the gale is straight from the sea. The trees bent to it until their boughs almost swept the ground, whilst now and then might be heard a sharp snap, followed by the crash of falling timber, telling only too plainly that another ash or beech had, for the last time, bowed its head to the storm. Above the noise, terrific claps of thunder, whose reverberations seemed fearfully prolonged, succeeded the forked flashes of lightning that rent the ominous clouds in the west. Even the gayest and most stout-hearted of the company were awed, whilst the more timid or superstitious fancied that, amid the strife of the storm, they could catch the mournful undertone of that weird lamentation, the wail of the Banshee, now lost in the roar of the gale, again dismally obtruding itself, and finally dying away in that heart-piercing cadence which fills the listener with a nameless dread. Something unusual was about to happen, thought all, for in the words of the Shennachus, "so wild a night was never seen before nor since."

"Like," it is said, "begets like." So it is not to be wondered at that element of the preternatural and terrible abroad should also have its effect within. Faces reflected their sombre surroundings: the spirit of enjoyment which in the earlier part of the night had reigned unchecked appeared to have forsaken the gathering. Here and

there, however, might be seen a guest who, like the host of the evening, was undisturbed. These were veterans of stern war. One of them, an English officer, chancing to hear some mention of the haunted ruins, asked for the story. De Burgh, to whom the request was made, complied. Some of those present claimed they had seen the Spirit of the Long Black Hand; others gave credence to the tale. A considerable remnant were inclined to doubt it, attributing the realistic particulars in which it abounded to the vivid imagination of the Celt. One of the sceptical portion of the audience, an officer from across the channel, not content with characterizing it as the offspring of a dense superstition, offered to wager that of his house tenantry or domestics, there would not be found one with sufficient pluck to go to the ruins, say that very night, and test for himself the accuracy of the story.

Now, although de Burgh, himself, placed no credit in what he had heard of the apparition, yet for one who felt the tribal tie that in those old days bound chief and vassals together like the bond of kindred, the reflection implied in the proffered wager had all the force of an insult. The gauntlet thus thrown down, must therefore be picked up. The blood of the de Burgh's was stirred. An acceptance of the challenge, for such it was, or a duel, was inevitable.

Maurice de Burgh, however, was not one of those who let impulse run away with judgment. In a situation calling for one or the other, he was equally master of himself. Remembering at a moment so crucial, that one of the most devoted followers, his foster brother besides, was a man of proved courage and ready resource, his choice fell, instinctively upon him as one whom the event would not

find wanting. This faithful retainer, whom for our present purpose we shall call Kelly, was summoned to his master's presence and the nature of the wager that had been laid was fully explained to him. The condition required that he should proceed forthwith to the haunted ruin, there call three times upon the alleged spirit, and as proof of the execution of his errand, produce on his return a spray of the ancient elder growing against the western gable of the old church.

True to his reputation Kelly expressed his willingness to undertake the task, merely stipulating that to accomplish it he be given the use of de Burgh's sword and favorite horse—a request which was cheerfully granted. The sword according to popular belief, had come down as a cherished heirloom from some Anglo-Norman ancestor in the dim past, and possessed in addition to its intrinsic qualities—said to be of the finest—a certain occult virtue. The horse, a magnificent specimen of the Irish thoroughbred hunter, was never known to quail before any obstacle at which it was faced, provided that its rider had won its confidence. Its owner's and Kelly's were the only hands that could be trusted to bring out what was best in the "garrawn bawn," the name by which de Burgh's equine favorite was known.

Having made the necessary preparations for his daring ride, Kelly was soon galloping through the Kilvarra demense on his way to the ruined church. The storm, which had raged for several hours was now at its highest. Its violence had blown down not a few trees, one or two having fallen sheer across the avenue. Indeed, rider and horse, as with slackened speed, they were picking away through these obstacles, narrowly

escaped being caught under the boughs of a tall larch, as yielding to a terrific gust direct from the sea, its roots gave way, and the tree fell with such force as to bring more than one of its weaker fellows with it. The noise sent clattering about Kelly's head, the storm-driven birds that had sought shelter in the grove. It was pitch dark, besides, except when the gloom was pierced by a flash of lightning. Had Kelly not been an expert horseman, and had he not known every inch of the way, feeling it now rather than seeing it, as he proceeded through the wreck and tangle of the fallen trees, he must inevitably have come to grief. His progress so far absorbed all his thought, demanding his unremitting attention. But once clear of the woods and out upon the open, and when the lights of the castle sank in the darkness behind him, he began to realize the dangerous errand upon which he had been sent. By no means free from the superstition of his class, and thrilled only too often by the ghost story told in the ancient tongue by the fireside of a winter's night—when the very atmosphere seemed charged with weird influences, and the Celt's capacity for realizing the unseen was unrestrained—Kelly needed all his native courage to summon from her uncanny haunt that sinister figure of whose dread power tale after tale, such as he had heard them from childhood, now recurred to his mind, filling it with strange visions. The high-road upon which he had just come was oppressively lonely. No house or familiar lights was in view. The hour, "the very witching time of night, when church yards yawn," added to the oddness of his errand, and presently, as a flash of lightning lit up for one trying instant the haunted ruin, scar-

cely a minute's ride before him, a chill as of the grave passed over him, and for a moment he lost self control. But only for a moment. For against the unmanly weakness the keen sense of honor and unswerving fidelity to duty that had characterized him, rose in protest. He shook off the fear that had been on the point of benumbing him. Resuming his firm seat in the saddle, and preparing himself for the worst, he approached his destination.

Proceeding first to the elder tree growing against the church gable, he plucked a spray which he carefully placed in the breast pocket of his jerkin, not, however, without an instinctive awe as he thought of the desecration involved in the act. He heard the ivy flap against the old wall and then saw it rise as gust after gust struck its fastenings. He glanced through the dilapidated windows at the interior, where everything lay in impenetrable darkness, and now felt that the decisive moment had come. With a clear and unflinching voice he called upon the ghostly tenant of the ruins; *Sprid Lambh Fadah Dhuv, wilthu ashti?* ("Spirit of the Long Black Hand, are you within.") Twice was the question put but no answer came back. For the third time, the words rang out, clear as the note of challenge from a trumpet, above the noise of the storm. Then from a distant recess from within the walls, in a voice that might well shake the stoutest heart, "I am; and worse for you the hour."

Horse as well as rider quivered at the tone in which the words were uttered. But there was no time to analyze emotions.

Kelly turned his horse's head homeward and was over the enclosing church wall at a bound. In his capacity of huntsman dur-

ing those irregular intervals which the age had allowed to peace, he had frequently led the ancestors of that combination of daring riders afterwards known to fame as the "Galway Blazers," and as such "had taken the brush" at the close of many a hard chase. But never, as he confessed to his hearers, when he came to speak of the midnight ride as a reminiscence, had he been borne at such headlong speed in the saddle as now. A terror that seemed human had seized his horse, spur or whip it needed not—every nerve and muscle were strained in its mad rush for home. Yet not too fast for the cause. For Kelly felt that instead of being the hunter, he was now the hunted—a fated Reynard being run to earth. He had reached the border of the castle wood before he could safely look back at his pursuer. The sight that in that hasty glance presented itself was such as to test the bravest. Following him, and almost within a bound of the saddle was a dark spectral figure in the shape of a woman with long dishevelled hair against which the wind and rain were beating. The face from which the hair was thus swept back, revealed a ferocity and rage fiendish in their intensity, whilst a long black hand was outstretched as if to strangle both rider and horse in one fell clutch.

The instinct of self-preservation came to Kelly's aid at this critical pass. Gathering all his strength for one supreme effort, he drew the prized de Burgh sword as the spectral hand grasped the horse's mane, and struck the blow. An unearthly shriek, rising wild and loud, like that of a baffled demon, the rebound of his noble horse when the unnatural burden was flung off, the appalling sight of a black hand severed at the wrist dangling from the mane,

told the intrepid rider that the magic blade had done its work. The Spirit of the Long Black Hand was vanquished.

The horse, true as the steel, never stopped in its flight. On the contrary, its speed seemed only to

feat he had performed, or overcome by the succeeding reaction, lost consciousness just as the welcome lights from the castle flashed upon him out of the darkness. He thought the whole thing a ghastly dream, when, some minutes later,



GATHERING ALL HIS STRENGTH HE STRUCK THE BLOW.

increase at the contact with the severed hand, which yet clung, a foul black thing, to the flowing mane.

After he had struck the fateful blow, Kelly, either dazed at the

he saw about him in the great dining hall a group of anxious faces as they bent in alarm and sympathy over him, watching the progress of the efforts made to restore him. His eyes closed again



as if to shut out some dreadful vision, but only for a moment. Rising to his feet and producing the spray of elder that he had plucked at the church gable, he told them as coherently as he could of the way in which he had executed his task. They might, he concluded, find additional evidence of the truth of his statement on the mane of the horse that had so splendidly served him in the greatest crisis of his life. Curiosity rather than doubt prompted them to make the examination suggested.

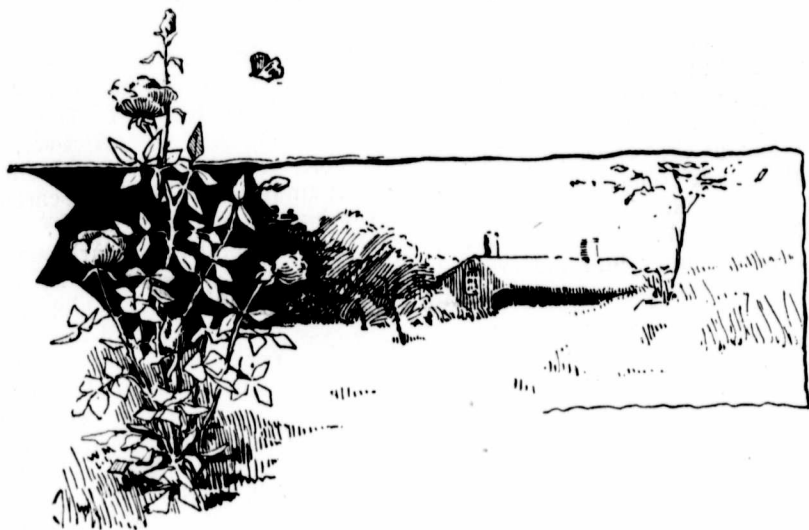
Going out to the courtyard, the guests saw three or four men intently looking at some object on the ground. Drawing nearer they beheld in the light of a lantern held by one of the men a spectacle which only too clearly corroborated what Kelly had told them. On the main drive of the courtyard, de Burgh's favorite horse was lying dead, a black streak, as of slime, staining the white mane where the spectral hand had grasped it. The lord of the manor had won his wager, but had lost the pride of the hunting field, the noble "garrawn bawn."

When the storm had abated, and

dawn permitted an investigation of the scene of the combat, a few of the more sceptical of the castle guests set out to discover, if possible, some trace of Kelly's fallen antagonist. But after a careful examination of the locality, the only mark found was a dark streak on the surface of a pool by the roadside, similar to that which they had seen on the mane of the dead horse. Yet for the people of the neighborhood ever afterwards, the most convincing proof of Kelly's daring deed was the disappearance of the dread spirit of the ruins. Since that memorable night, as the chronicle solemnly avers, she has never been seen.

As for her brave vanquisher, his fame to this day survives. His unique achievement; the tradition of loyalty to duty he strengthened; his vindication of the national character when he thought it assailed, won for him a distinction that still lingers in the land. To a comparatively recent date, at all events, an heir of his, direct or collateral, occupied the same fee simple holding presented by de Burgh to his devoted foster brother as a tribute to courage and fidelity.





## IN PURGATION.

*By Frank Waters.*

I had a vision of the holy ones  
Who are not throughly crystal to the beam  
Of Godhead in the Three Celestial Suns—  
Whether in sleep or waking, show of dream,  
Or bodiment of fact, which doth not seem,  
But is itself to fullness, matters naught;  
For truth is still an entity supreme.  
Whether it take an outward garb of thought,  
Or stand in Edenwise as first the Master wrought.

Methought the air with voices of the dead—  
As mortal language names them—quickened through;  
And, where I looked, behold! unfolding spread  
A flowering beauty, wonderful to view,  
In many petalled glory, where the dew  
Of God's great love did drench, a fiery rain,  
Each living petal with a flame that grew  
In purging agony through every vein  
Of holiness not free, as yet, from earthly stain.

For every leaf, a separate saint of God,  
Bore beauteous features of the lost and loved  
Whose mortal seed beneath the churchyard sod  
Men sow for resurrection, while, unmoved  
By any time or distance, stands reprov'd  
The spirit in its olden habitude,  
(But with a wider vision); since, ungrooved  
In years or space, the soul in self-wrought mood  
Hath dwelling evermore, fulfilled to ill or good.

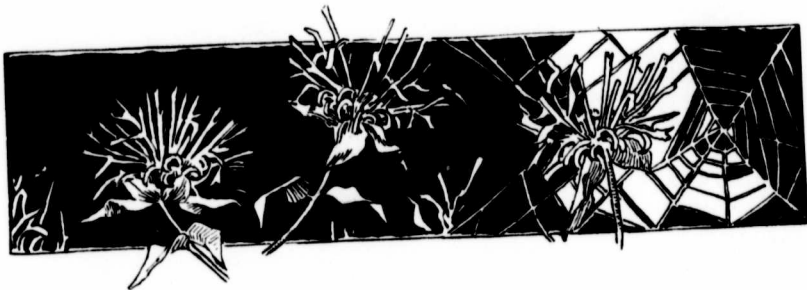


And, all, they cried unto me—" Brother, see—  
 Thou, still a dweller in the land of shows,  
 Whose eyes the Holy's finger, Poesy,  
 Hath touched with tip of Vision—these our woes,  
 Surpassing mortal language. In the glows  
 Of burning loves that drench us with a flame  
 Of passion grown to agony which flows  
 From sense of an unfitness, steep the frame  
 Of earthly words, that these may quicken with the same.

For lo! we cleave no longer to the earth,  
 But, planted in the kingdom of the Lord,  
 We stand with heaven around us. And the mirth  
 And love thereof, in every thrilling chord,  
 Rend us to heart, because, in sense abhorred,  
 We make unwilling discord thereunto :  
 With music of the utterance of the Word  
 We are not all-attuned its octaves through ;  
 The wherefore, Love's full touch a terror doth unmew.

Lo! here the ripened Eden, and, therein,  
 The flowers God's saints and angels. Canst thou deem  
 The horror of a soul that feeleth Sin  
 When God alights upon it in His beam  
 Of noonday glory, filling it a-teen  
 With terror of uncleanness touching Him,  
 The Holy and the Stainless? Try to dream  
 What thou shouldst feel, if set, with eyes undim,  
 Loathily smirched upon, among the seraphim.

Think what it is to stand consumed with shame  
 In holy Eden, all uncloth'd upon ;  
 With blemished beauty open to the blame  
 Of thine own thought. Though every looker-on  
 Seeth God's love thy vesture, thou dost con  
 A loathing in their glances, setting there  
 Thy horror of thyself, and drooping wan  
 And naked, in thy thought, beneath an air  
 Wherein the breath of Love blisters thy spirit bare.



Conceive a bridegroom wooing, and a bride  
 Heart-hungered for the bliss of his embrace,  
 But grown aware, on sudden, how, inside  
 Her wedding-raiment, lurketh a disgrace  
 Of spotting leprosy. O God! her face  
 The whence pollution, oozing, issues through,  
 He kisseth, her beloved! O, for place  
 To hide the horror of her shame from view!  
 O, terror of the heart his heart is throbbing to!

Behold, the prayers of mortals unto us  
 Are unguents that may cleanse us of our stain,  
 Or dews to wash us thoroughly. Amorous  
 Of swift purgation, that the kiss of pain  
 May grow the kiss of peace, shall we in vain  
 Call to our careless brethren of the earth,  
 For that which doth not stint them of a gain?  
 We, who have shared their sorrow and their mirth,  
 And housed with them, erewhile, in dwellings of the earth.

Are olden days forgotten—all their cheer,  
 And all their sorrow-sharing? Are the dead  
 Less quick than we, the living? Did the bier  
 So take us wholly from you? Nay, we tread  
 The olden places! Nay, our hands are spread  
 For clasping and for aiding, as of yore!  
 By bed, and board, and hearth, our prayers are said  
 For you, the loved who pray for us no more.  
 Sweet brethren, lo! we starve while ye have ample store!

# SHAKESPEARE'S CATHARINE OF ARRAGON.

*By Thomas Swift.*

To come now to Henry VIII., the only play of Shakespeare that is connected with the Reformation. It can be stated with fair certainty that this play was written about 1612-1613, ten years after the death of Elizabeth; and, so far as is known, was first published in the famous First Folio in 1623, seven years after the author's demise.

It is a difficult drama to deal with from any standpoint, as only certain portions can be ascribed to Shakespeare; other parts of it being from the pen of the dramatists Fletcher and Ben Jonson, cotemporaries of Shakespeare.

The work, as ascribed to the different authors, on the best authority, is as follows:—

TO SHAKESPEARE.—Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.  
Act II. Scenes 3 and 4.  
Act III. Scene 2 (in part).  
Act V. Scene 1.

TO BEN JONSON.—Eighteen lines in Scene 4, Act V. beginning "Nor shall this peace sleep with her," down to "Shall see this and bless her."

TO FLETCHER.—The remaining portions of the play.

The second scene in Act IV., which deals with Catharine's death, was conceived by Shakespeare and carried out in the spirit of his design by Fletcher. This play was probably the last dramatic effort of Shakespeare, and in time and historical matter the nearest to his own day. Indeed, in his life in London, he must have met and conversed with people of high educational and social status, who were youths at the time of the fate-

ful event set forth in the play, and men during the later years of Henry VIII.'s reign.

During these years down to the end of the Tudor period, men were more engaged in making than in writing history. Poetry and fancy ruled the literature of the day; so much so, that it was the fashion to record even the events of history in the pleasing forms of poems and dramas. On this account, therefore, the historical plays of Shakespeare have a two-fold value. They are gems of literature, as well as fairly truthful expositions of historical events. Few men, who are familiar with his English historical plays, realize how much of their own historical lore they have obtained from them. When Pitt, the Elder, was asked where he had read his English history, he answered, "In the plays of Shakespeare."

By reason of his extensive and acute knowledge of history and his close adherence to historical outlines Shakespeare must be regarded as a very eminent authority, and particularly so in reference to the course of events during the reign of Henry VIII.

The central point of the play of Henry VIII., is the divorce of Catharine of Arragon, which Shakespeare, along with all unbiased historians, makes out to be the moving cause of the Reformation in England. On it everything turned as on a pivot. It was a most delicate and touchy point to be handled during the reign of Eliz-

abeth ; and Shakespeare, probably, knowing this, did not care to commit to paper what might give offence at court. On the other hand, it has been maintained, though not successfully, that the play was written in the last year of Elizabeth's reign, and that the author did his best to soften the character of the brutal and inhuman royal monster into a semblance of humanity, out of respect for his aged sovereign. It is hardly creditable, however, that Elizabeth would have cared to see her royal father treading the boards in the moral garb that Shakespeare has thrown over him. As to the poet's respect for Queen Elizabeth, and his desire to please her more will be said later on. Moreover, whilst the bitterest enemies of the Tudor king have charged Shakespeare with prostituting his sense of justice by making Henry VIII., a presentable regal character, it must be borne in mind that the placing of such varied and abominable vices and passions in a kingly setting, only tends by force of contrast to make the complete character the more hideous and despicable.

In treating of the causes which led to the divorce, the poet is so true to the Catholic view of them, that one is led to believe that impartial historians have seldom gone beyond his Henry VIII., for a correct version of the wretched story. In this, above all his other dramas, the writer has hewn close to the lines of reliable history. Nor is he partial ; only truthful ; but the truth, as it comes from the mouth of the king, is infinitely more damning than would have been the most bare-faced partiality one way or another. The poet generously allows Henry VIII., to give his own side of the case, and to tell how the tiny scruple, after twenty years of wedlock, came to trouble his supersensitive con-

science, and from a mole-hill grew into a mountain too burthensome for a Christian prince to bear. His conscience, he says, first received a "tenderness, scruple or pain", on a doubt being expressed by the ambassador of France concerning the validity of his marriage. Then ensued doubt. Then he thought "he stood not in the smile of heaven"; because none of his male children had lived; and the fact of his having no son to succeed him "gave to him many a groaning throe". He merely wanted to rectify his conscience. Such was Henry's account of his mighty scruple. One would like to know exactly what Shakespeare thought about this scruple and Henry's specious self-justification. Shakespeare's admirers say that he is every one of his characters in turn, and himself, always. What did he feel like when he was Henry VIII.? Assuredly, he never intended that the subtle Campeius and the astute Wolsey should be convinced by such flimsy argument or deceived by this thin veneer of hypocrisy ; for, when Campeius adjourns the court until a further day, Henry throws off the mask:—

*King Henry* (aside) "I may perceive  
These cardinals trifle with me ; I abhor  
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
My learned and well-beloved servant,  
Cranmer,  
Pr'y thee return ; with thy approach, I  
know,  
My comfort comes along."

Every play-goer knows the use and force of an "aside," and Shakespeare was king in the details of his art. Cranmer was the knife which, in the hands of Cromwell, Wolsey's clever secretary, afterwards Henry's Vicar-General, should cut the Gordian knot.

But although Henry was allowed to hood-wink himself concerning his wonderful scruple or "tenderness", he did not hood-wink the Duke of Suffolk, no friend of

Catharine's, as the following pithy colloquy proves :—

*Suffolk.*—"How is the king employed?"

*Chamberlain.*—"I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles."

*Norfolk.*—"What's the cause?"

*Chamberlain.*—"It seems the marriage with his brother's wife

Has crept too near his conscience."

*Suffolk.*—"No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady."

Cromwell, too, informs Wolsey that the king has married Anne Boleyn in secrecy, before the di-

such dignity as his royalty preserved to him.

Of all Shakespeare's heroines, and especially of those who had been tested by the trials and afflictions of life, Catharine of Arragon is the most faultless. Notwithstanding the moroseness, bigotry, Spanish pride and exclusiveness, which her enemies attributed to her, Shakespeare portrays her as without a failing, unless it be her righteous anger and dislike for



ANNE BOLEYN AND THE OLD LADY.

voice has been pronounced. And thus, all through the play, the poet has portrayed the tyrant king as little better, and delicately worse, than his bitterest enemy would have made him. All his faults stand bristling out; his head-strong will and vile passions, his unscrupulous disregard of everything that in the least thwarted his own purpose, his heartlessness and pitiless cruelty—all are there, set only in

Wolsey, whom she accuses of putting into Henry's mind the first scruple concerning the validity of their marriage. This reverence for the much injured queen, the poet distinctly shows throughout the play, and in no way more than in his care, that her end should be dignified and beautiful as her life. Her death scene he would not allow Fletcher to tamper with. He himself conceived it, and it was

written under his own direction and supervision by Fletcher.

She first appears on the scene in the queenly role of a suppliant for the redress of a grievance, put upon the people by the great cardinal in the shape of an unjust exaction. She is successful and the odious tax is withdrawn. She next intercedes for the life of the Duke of Buckingham, who was accused of treason. In this she is not so successful, and the unfortunate duke loses his head. In her iniquitous semblance of a trial, she has the better of the argument all through. Her appeal to Henry for right and justice is one of the noblest and most touching speeches to be found in the poet's works. In it she stands forth as a model of wifely humility, womanly sense of wrong and queenly dignity. Upon her failure to obtain redress from her husband, she ignored the judges whom she could not trust, appealed to the Pope who could alone pronounce upon her marriage, and with queenly dignity left the court. Thus did she put the seal of a regal independence upon her actions in the trying ordeal. In her matchless simplicity, consciousness of wrong intended her, brave yet gentle defiance of her enemies, she is the most commanding figure in the court. She wins even the respect and admiration of her false and thwarted husband, who says:—

"Go thy ways, Kate;  
That man i' the world who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him not be trusted,  
For speaking false in that; thou art alone  
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out  
The queen of earthly queens."

Here, Catharine is brought out as a true product of the Catholic religion, the highest type of a Christian woman. There is no beating about the bush. The

poet's heart was in the work. He painted her not only as he believed she was, but also as he would have had her, had she been purely his own creation.

In her sad but peaceful end, the strength and purity of her life never weaken. She is Shakespeare's ideal of all that is noble and good in woman. Her last commissions to Henry are in full keeping with the dignity, tenderness and largeness of her character, in its three-fold aspect of queen, wife and woman. She asks him to care for their daughter Mary, and to give her virtuous breeding; to reward her faithful attendants;—never a harsh word for her miserable husband from her who, at his hands, had suffered such misery, humiliation and degradation. She forgave her enemies and expressed her will to be buried like a queen.

She said:—

"Strew me over  
With maiden flowers, that all the world may  
know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave; enbalm me,  
Then lay me forth: although unqueened, yet  
like  
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me."

To the last Henry was her husband, however erring; and to the last, like a true daughter of the Church, she was faithful and obedient. And so the long-suffering spirit, the innocent victim of the machinations of vile men and a vain, ambitious woman, went to its reward, and, with her death, all interest in the play ceases. Dr. Johnson has said that the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Queen Catharine. Her character according to Shakespeare is that of the most virtuous queen, the most loving wife and the tenderest mother ever portrayed in the English language. On her he has lavished all his wondrous art. He has painted her as without a blemish even from the mouth of those who did not love her, and





in the way of whose ambitious schemes she stood. Even her rival, Anne Boleyn, is made to pay tribute to the virtues of Catharine. She says :—

" And she  
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonor of her,—by my life,  
She never knew harm doing ;  
To give her the avaunt it is a pity,  
Would move a monster."

Yet it did not move " Sweet Anne."

No woman-saint in the calendar  
hes ever been bequeathed for the

have been found amongst the number of the queen's defenders. Of Wolsey and Anne Boleyn it is not necessary to say much.

It is difficult to discover exactly what part Wolsey had taken in the inception and earlier stages of the divorce ; though he himself stated that, when Catharine first discovered the intrigue, she attributed it to his " procurement and setting forth." This, too, is the view taken by Shakespeare ; although he allows the king to exonerate his minister. The Wolsey of the play



CATHARINE'S DEATH SCENE.

example and edification of posterity, in such a rich halo of virtue and saint-like qualities, as that in which Shakespeare has enshrined this poor, unfortunate queen. When it is borne in mind that Catharine was the true and unswerving daughter of the Catholic Church, that her cause was the Catholic cause, for which her illustrious advocates, Fisher and More, a few years later suffered death, it is not difficult to believe that Shakespeare's sympathies were wholly on the side of truth and justice, and that, had he lived in the days of the divorce, he would

is arrogant, boundlessly ambitious, revengeful, selfish except in his master's interest, a lover of splendor and display, lavish with his money, caring little about Church affairs except in their political aspects, and greatest in his fall. Wolsey went hopelessly wrong when he soiled his hands trying to loose what God had joined together. The outrage put upon the innocent queen cried for revenge, and God's ways subserved the dramatist's ends. Wolsey was the victim ; his downfall, the penalty. Though the queen's enemy, he was no friend to Anne Boleyn, nor did

he contemplate or desire the terrible consequences of his ambitious schemes. If his royal master married at all, his second wife was to be the French King's sister; and the marriage, a stepping-stone to the chair of St. Peter. Thus was the Cardinal foiled at every point, and death his only refuge. He spoke his own epitaph, "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king,—He would not in mine age, have left me naked to mine enemies."

The Anne Boleyn of the play, also, is Shakespeare's. Her character he allows an old lady-companion to describe. Anne, in a half-hearted way expresses her sorrow at Catharine's troubles, and avows she would not be a queen "for all the riches under heaven." The old lady, however, sees through her and sums her up very quickly in the words, "In faith, for little England you'd venture an emballing," (the sign of royalty); and the study of the scene convinces the reader of Anne's vanity, secret ambition, insincerity and duplicity.

It is to be remarked that, in the portions of the play attributed to Shakespeare, one reference is made to Mary, the young daughter of Catharine, and afterwards Queen Mary, and two to Elizabeth, the offspring of Anne Boleyn. Whilst the former is kindly and even tender, the first of the two latter is nothing more than a casual compliment, uttered by the Lord Chamberlain, who was looking for further favors from Anne: the second is a blessing upon the newly-born infant from the mouth of the lady-in-waiting who brings the news of its birth to the king.

With reference to Cranmer's celebrated christening speech in Act V., in which the Protestant Archbishop, after eulogizing the

infant, Elizabeth, predicts that, during her reign "God shall be truly known", it is admitted by the best authorities that Shakespeare could not have had anything to do with it. It is ascribed variously to Fletcher and Ben Jonson. The sycophantic nature of this speech is alone sufficient to prove that Shakespeare's pen never wrote it. "For it is worthy of notice" says an eminent authority, "that among the many tributes to the virtues of Queen Elizabeth, which immediately followed her death, none came from Shakespeare. This neglect appeared so singular, that Chettle (a contemporary) publicly rebuked him for it in the lines:—

"Nor doth the silver-tongued Melicert  
Drop from his honied muse one sable tear,  
To mourn her death that graced his desert,  
And to his laies opened her royal ear."

It is a significant fact that Shakespeare has not left a line reflecting upon Queen Mary, the daughter of Catharine of Arragon, who was a constant butt for other Elizabethan writers.

No less striking is it that, in nearly every instance, he treats his ecclesiastics of the Old Church with the utmost respect and reverence; whilst he scarcely ever veils his contempt for the reforming ministers that occasionally find their ways into his plays.

It seems most extraordinary that, living in a Protestant age, having a Protestant court to please and a Protestant people to write for, Shakespeare never pandered to the taste of either, by blackening the Catholic faith and extolling the works and the promoters of the Protestant Reformation.

Was it that, as many have supposed and some have sought to prove, the great painter of the Catholic ages of the England he loved so well, never left the faith of his fathers?

Who can say?



ELIZA ALLAN STARR.

## ELIZA ALLAN STARR.

*By Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D.*

The place which woman occupies in the Catholic literature of America, is day by day becoming a more eminent one. There was a time—a quarter century ago—when it would be impossible to call up more than three or four names of Catholic women, prominent in American letters. Now however, they are a large and increasing number, whose wealth of heart and brain is recognized and

freely appreciated in every literary walk and circle of our country.

There is not, moreover, a dignified sphere of woman's activity that has not been graced by the virtues, intelligence and literary gifts of the Catholic women of our land. They preach progress and patience, cheerfulness and charity, honor and honesty, purity and peace, and bring from their Convent homes, where they have been

trained in girlhood, that just and true estimate of home and its sacred duties, which in these closing years of the nineteenth century, amid the rattle of feminine musketry, cannot be too strongly inculcated.

It is a good many years since Mrs. Sadlier, from the wealth and patriotism of her Irish heart, gave us "The Blakes and the Flanagan's," and a good many years since that nestor of Catholic journalism in America, Orestes Brownson, defined in his great Quarterly the office and true sphere of a Catholic novelist.

If "Bonus Orestes" were living today, he would assuredly be pleased with the outlook of Catholic literature in America, and the share which Catholic women are taking in its up-building.

Among the honored names revered in every Catholic home of the land is that of Eliza Allan Starr, poet and art critic, of Chicago. Miss Starr has recently rounded out the Psalmist's three score years and ten, bearing in her kindly and sweet face the record of a noble life, spent in the pursuit of virtue and truth. She is descended from an illustrious family, the members of which were distinguished as Scholars and Soldiers in the colonial history of New England, yet it must be confessed that it did not require lineal greatness of kin to ennoble Miss Starr. She is noble by every grace of heart and gift of a cultivated mind. True nobility has in it the approval of heaven, without which the sons and daughters of this earth may vainly hope to rise.

Early in life Miss Starr left her New England home for Philadelphia, where her cousin, George Allen, LL.D., was Professor of Greek and Latin in the University of Pennsylvania. Here she met Archbishop Kenrick, the

learned and scholarly translator of the Holy Scriptures, whose influence introduced her to those deeper studies, which finally led her into the Catholic Church.

Miss Starr is in the highest and best sense of the word a woman of culture. As an art critic she has few equals, if any, in America. Her knowledge of the art treasures of the Old World is both deep and accurate. It is delightful to hear Miss Starr lecture on this favorite subject which she has made peculiarly her own, for through the white light of her poetic words, you more readily discern the true artist and art critic. Her home—St. Joseph's Cottage—on Huron St., Chicago, is the ideal home of an artist and scholar, and from it has radiated for more than a quarter of a century, an influence of refinement and culture felt and acknowledged in the best homes of the west.

As might be expected, Miss Starr is an enthusiastic student of the great Florentine poet and master, and for the past few years has conducted during the winter months, a course of studies in Dante, which proved a source of great profit and delight to those privileged to attend. As a lecturer on art Miss Starr is much sought for in the best Convents of the United States, where her deep spiritual insight into the root or basis of all art inspiration finds ready and worthy appreciation. She has a highly pleasing and attractive manner, a sweet and womanly voice and the power of presenting her subject with great directness and simplicity.

But let it not be thought that Miss Starr's gifts as a poet are but minor ones. She is greatest as an art critic, only because she has given more time to the cultivation of that faculty. Her poetry has about it the touch of true inspira-

tion, and she has that exquisite gift of the true artist potent in giving each gem of thought a true setting.

Her first volume of poems—a modest little book—was published in 1867, and her last, entitled “Songs of a Lifetime,” a few years ago. There are two dominant elements in Miss Starr’s poetry which reveal the artist and the woman—two elements which give grace and sympathy and tenderness to every line she has ever penned. No person could doubt but that she loves nature, but it is nature supernaturalized—translated into the higher life through the eternal image and affections of the soul. Here is a poem which embodies fairly well the likeness of Miss Starr’s poetic gifts:

#### THE FIRST SNOWFLAKE.

I well remember how, a girl,  
I watched the first fair snowflake whirl  
From cold November’s evening sky,  
With pensive mind and thoughtful eye,  
And almost hour by hour would peer  
Through the gray, snowy atmosphere,  
For Leyden hills of distant blue,  
For Hoosac hills and pastures too,  
And the pale gleam of tombstones chill  
Upon the lonely burying hill;  
For many a homestead’s chimney dear  
In village far, or village near,  
And catch the first far candle’s light  
That glimmered through the coming night.

And now, though I no longer dwell  
Among those scenes I loved so well,  
The first snowflake I never see  
Fall, softly, through the air to me,  
But once, once more I nestle down  
A child among the homestead’s brown,  
And by the same broad windows lean  
To watch the twilight’s pensive scene.  
How many a mossy roof I fain  
Would stand beneath but once again!  
How many a fireside’s mirth would share,  
Its last affliction or its care;  
Its changes sad, or changes gay,  
Its marriage feast and holiday;  
Its children I have never seen,  
But whom I still should know, I ween;  
And in a kindly gossip spend  
A pleasant evening with a friend.

And often do I close my eyes  
Upon the world’s old vanities;

The sigh for wealth, the pride of place,  
Not fear of sin but sin’s disgrace;  
And, leaving living foe or friends,  
Above those grass-grown hillocks bend,  
Where slumbers on the darling dust  
In which affection put its trust;  
The fair, fresh face of joyous youth,  
The heart which kept its guileless truth:  
The placid face of patient age,  
The matron mild, the hoary sage;  
And wet again with faithful tears  
The graves I had not seen for years.

It is needless to say that Miss Starr’s volume of poems “Songs of a Lifetime,” is packed full of poetic thought, rich in imagery, refined in sentiment, spiritual in its throb and clothed in grace of form and language worthy of the artistic tastes of the gifted author. Surely the writer of the following beautiful stanzas sees with the eye of a real artist and feels with the heart of a true poet. The poem has in it that spiritual touch and reverence ever found as marks of true poetic gifts, and which form the very undertone of all Miss Starr’s poetry:

#### IN THE TIMBER.

The woods so strangely solemn and majestic,  
The awful noontide twilight ’neath grand trees,  
The hush like that of holy haunts monastic,  
While mighty branches, lifting with the breeze  
Give glimpses of high heaven’s cerulean sheen,  
The autumn-tinted leaves and boughs  
between—

Thus stands the picture. From the homestead door,

Close in the timber’s edge, I strayed one day  
To yonder knoll, where—as to some calm shore  
A well-worn bark might drift in its decay—  
A great man lies in pulseless, dreamless sleep,  
O’er which two oaks untiring sentry keep.

A few fresh flowers with reverent hand, I placed

Upon the grave—he loved fair nature’s lore—  
And with a quickened memory retraced  
Our dear old village history once more;  
Made up of all the close familiar ties  
Of common country life and families.

Then from the knoll, a greensward path I took  
Between the sunny corn fields and the wood,  
With Southern aspect and a fair-off look;  
Till suddenly, with pulses hushed, I stood  
Beneath a fretted vault, where branches high  
Move their bright tufts of crimson with blue  
sky.

The sombrous twilight with a breathless awe  
 Fell on my heart : the last years' rotting leaves  
 Strewed thickly the soft turf, on which I saw  
 Shy stalks of dark-stemmed maiden-hair in  
 threes ;  
 While round me rose huge oaks, whose giant  
 forms  
 Had wrestled with a century's winds and  
 storms.  
 For life was there, strong life and struggle ;  
 scars  
 Seamed the firm bark closed over many a wound  
 Borne 'neath the tranquil eye of heaven's far  
 stars ;  
 For in their woe the oaks stood, never swooned—  
 The great trunks wilted and twisted, groaned,  
 then rose  
 To nobler height and loftier repose.  
 Faint heart, weak faith ! How oft in weary  
 pain,  
 In lifelong strife with hell's deceitful power,  
 I turn me to the brave old woods again,  
 Whose leafy coronals exultant tower,  
 And all their gold and crimson banners tost  
 On the wild wind, like some victorious host.

Miss Starr's days have been full of labor. Apart from her life work, as art critic and lecturer, she has found time to publish six valuable and attractive books : *Patron Saints* ; *Pilgrims and Shrines* ; *Isabella of Castile* ; *Christmastide* ; *Christian Art in our own Age*, and *What we See*, an illustrated book on nature for children. These together with two volumes of poems,

form a goodly legacy of Catholic literature bequeathed to the Catholics of America.

A few years ago Notre Dame University, Indiana, a great centre of learning, which has done more for Catholic literature than any other Catholic institution on this continent, bestowed upon Miss Starr the Laetare Medal, an honor the full value and significance of which may be better understood and appreciated when one remembers the distinguished character, and gifts of others who have shared a like recognition, such as the veteran journalist Patrick Donahoe, the late silver-tongued orator, Hon. Daniel Dougherty, Augustin Daly the veteran theatrical manager, and our own Mrs. Sadlier who may be justly considered among Catholic women as the doyen of Catholic literature in America.

Miss Starr's life work has indeed been a noble one, and let us hope that the benediction which rests in her silvery hair may keep her eager heart consecrated with the sweet chrism of courage, for the performance of still higher and nobler work in the years to come!

## UP AND DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

By *W. H. Higgins.*

Whilst employed as special immigration agent of the Ontario Government a few years ago, the nature of the duties necessarily brought me many varied and curious experiences, which were partly jotted down at the time. The "Notes" are designed as brief reminiscences of some of these, and of recollections of unaccustomed sights and scenes encountered in

strange places, as well as to supply bits of information that may not be altogether unacceptable to the reader.

Part of my duties consisted in making weekly trips from Quebec to Rimouski and Father Point—to board incoming ocean steamers at either of these points, and return up the river while interviewing the immigrants.

One Saturday morning, in the middle of May, my first trip was made from Quebec to Father Point. From South Quebec to Rimouski the distance is 191 miles by rail. By water, it is only 151 miles and Father Point is six miles further down the river. By rail on the Intercolonial the trip to Rimouski is made in seven hours—including stoppages, a stoppage of half-an-hour for dinner being made at Trois Pistoles. The fastest of the ocean steamers make the trip up the river, from Father Point to Quebec, in twelve hours. The slower boats take three or four hours longer in coming up. The trip down the river is made in much quicker time by the outgoing steamers, which are generally favored by the tide. The Parisian and Sardinian of the Allan line, and the Vancouver of the Dominion line, have made the downward distance in ten hours, and sometimes the boats of the Beaver line make equally fast time. A most delightful prospect of the picturesque scenery, and numerous towns and villages on both banks of the river is obtained from the deck, and will be enhanced and more enjoyed by the aid of a good glass.

From Rimouski village there is a short spur of about four miles of rail, running from the main line to the water's edge, and a wharf, or pier, about three-quarters of a mile in length, on which the cars are run extending into the river for that distance. Here the mails are delivered and placed on board the tender, which takes them to and from the Allan Royal Mail steamers waiting farther out in the river, and which also conveys passengers by the Intercolonial Railway to and from the big sea-going vessels. With Father Point there is no direct railway communication, the traveller to

the latter place has to drive or walk the six miles from the railway station at Rimouski. All the Allan steamers are boarded by their pilots at Rimouski. There they get on or off the tender which conveys the mails and passengers to and from the ocean steamer. The pilots from the other steamship lines board their steamers in an open sail-boat at Father Point—the steamers slowing up and waiting for them about two miles out in the stream. At the latter place there is a light house and signal station from which all passing vessels are reported. These reports flashed over the wires, are anxiously looked for by the steamship agents and all interested. From them the time of arrival of incoming ocean steamers at Quebec or Montreal can be calculated to a nicety. But to return to my first trip and its results.

I started from South Quebec by the Intercolonial at 8 o'clock in the morning. The train was due at Rimouski at 3 p.m. It was, however, half an hour behind time in reaching that place. At the railway station I engaged a seat with the mail-carrier for Father Point. The (then) new boat, Vancouver, of the Dominion line, was expected that evening—she had been already reported from Cape Ray. It was her first trip. Expectation was on tiptoe as to her capabilities, and the likelihood of her making a quicker passage than the mail steamer, Sardinian (which had left Liverpool at the same time), was much discussed. And having engaged to write a description of this fine new vessel for the press, as well as to interview the six hundred immigrants on board, I was doubly anxious to be in time, and urged the driver to make all possible speed, so as to enable me to get off with the pilot boat. Our conveyance was

an uncomfortable one—half buck-board—half caleche, with very little shelter from the rain, which came down in torrents. But our French Canadian pony was “a good un,” and covered the six miles of heavy muddy roads in thirty-five minutes.

We were just in time—to see the Vancouver slowing up and the pilot climbing up the side. Just in time to be too late to get on board after all my efforts, and my long journey from Quebec. I had letters for the commander, Captain Lindall, (since drowned off the bridge of the steamer, poor fellow, while on duty in a stiff gale), and for Mr. Cramp, of Montreal, one of the directors of the Dominion Company, who was on board. I had also encumbered myself with a bundle of the latest papers—well knowing from my own experience how the latest home news would be appreciated by those cooped up at sea for so many days. And I had indulged in pleasing anticipations of a welcome greeting and a good time generally on board. How very vexing was my disappointment may be imagined, indeed I will not say that I offered up prayers there and then for the Intercolonial, or for those who caused the train to be that half hour behind time, and with which to the good, I should have succeeded in reaching the Vancouver in time, as I had hoped and expected. But “Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.” If my feelings of disappointment were grievous, those of the agents and friends of the Dominion Company were exultant in the extreme at the splendid performance of their fine new vessel. And, if “friends in distress make sorrow the less,” I should have had another consolation. I found, upon returning from Father Point to Rimouski, which I did with-

out delay that same evening, to join the Allan steamship, Sardinian, then hourly expected, that I had a sharer in my disappointment—but from a far different cause,—Mons. Lafrance, chief of the Allan line pilots, was on the wharf, glass to eye, looking out for the Sardinian. He was terribly troubled. “Ah! Mon Dieu!” he was exclaiming—“Did you see her? that Vancouver, go by?—I’ve been for twenty years taking up the steamers for the Company (the Allan), and I cannot bear it! To see our mail boat beaten! That I should live to see this day!” His mortification and distress were extreme, and were expressed with all the vehement shrugs and emotion so characteristic of our French Canadian countrymen, at a discomfiture that was evidently regarded by him not only as a loss of prestige to his Company, but as an irreparable loss personal to himself.

Speaking of pilots, it may be mentioned that there are twenty-three regularly engaged in piloting the ocean steamships, viz:—Allan line, eight; four of whom are for the mail, and four for the freight boat service, Dominion line, four; Beaver line, three; and three pilots in all for the German, Donaldson, Thompson and other ocean-going boats. There are also two others who are (or were) captains of the steamers Pilino and Miramichi, plying between Quebec and the Gulf ports. The pilots on the lower St. Lawrence are an incorporated body. The fees are paid into a general fund and divided at the end of the season between the members, the season’s earnings average about \$600 to each man. The charges for pilotage are:—For vessels coming up the river, \$3.30, per foot draught of vessel; for vessels going down, \$3.15 per foot draught. Only two



thirds of these rates are payable from the Brandy Pots, and one-third only is chargeable from the Traverse—ninety-five and fifty-six miles, respectively, down the river from Quebec. Vessels going up the Saguenay have only to pay a one-third rate of pilotage. All vessels entering the port are bound to pay the charges, whether they accept the pilot or not. The pilot society's membership is 176. There are five pilot schools. Seven years' apprenticeship are required—four winters of which must be spent at sea, "before the mast," and other tests of fitness are applied before licenses are granted. There is a managing board elected annually. All are under the control of the Board of Harbor Commissioners. The profession is followed by certain families, from father to son, and amongst them all a widely extended family relationship and marriage connection exists.

The pilots of the Upper St. Lawrence are on a different footing; with them the pay is according to the work done, and the demand for the services of the individual pilot, and those who are considered the most skillful and the most reliable are of course placed in charge of the greatest number of vessels and receive pay accordingly.

Pilot Lafrance procured me accommodation at a house kept by two French Canadian ladies, neither of whom spoke English, whilst waiting for the Sardinian at the wharf. There is a cluster of houses here, but no hotel or public place for lodging, and the distance is some two miles from Rimouski village. I was most hospitably and courteously cared for, and early in the evening made my way to the tender, lying at the end of the wharf, in order to lose no time in getting on board when the Sar-

dinian should be reported. Up to eleven o'clock at night no word had been received of the overdue steamer. At that hour the tender steamed out with the mails for the Sarmatian, outward bound, and I had an opportunity of watching the mails being transferred, in what the sailors called "dirty weather"—the rain pouring down and the sea running very high, on a pitch-dark night. There were a few European passengers, by the Intercolonial, and their baggage had also to be put on board, which was all done safely and expeditiously. When the tender returned to the wharf, between twelve and one o'clock, midnight, a despatch awaited us bringing the information that the Sardinian need not be looked for before two o'clock p.m., next day, Sunday. This necessitated my return to the shelter of the hospitable roof of the good ladies of the previous afternoon. And shall I ever forget the miseries of that night?—Groping in the darkness over the three-quarters of a mile of long wharf, in a fierce, howling wind and rain, which had become cutting sleet—the wharf full of gaping man-traps where boards were missing, and also partially flooded, and the howling waves breaking violently over it in every direction! In order to avoid being blown into the sea, the middle of the track on the railway sleepers had to be kept; and there a false step would have resulted in broken limbs, even if one escaped precipitation into the angry waters. To add to my troubles, an Englishman, who was a total stranger to me, insisted upon placing himself under my guidance. He had come off on the tender from the outgoing steamer—the Sarmatian having steamed away with him from Quebec, while he was engaged taking leave of his wife and three children, who were

returning to England. He never once ceased moaning over his misfortune and complaining of his hard fate, and asking me all sorts of questions as to how he could get back to Cornwall, in Ontario. He told me he had come out to Canada two years before; that he was employed at the cotton mills in Cornwall, where work was then slack, etc., etc. After making our way over the wharf, I had no small difficulty in making out in the darkness the house of my hostesses. No lights were visible anywhere; all was wrapped in silence and sleep of night. After repeated knocking, a female voice addressed us from inside a window, without opening the door, in a volley of *Qui Vas?—and Qui avez vous? Pourquoi?* etc., I made my entreaties for admittance as intelligently as my forgotten English-French would serve, and perhaps would have been let in without difficulty were it not for my dreaded big companion, whose presence they could not understand, nor I perhaps sufficiently account for, at that unwelcome hour. But my Englishman would keep shouting "I'm a respectable man. I can pay my way. I'm a friend of this gentleman, and only want a bed." And the two French voices would be heard in chorus—*Ne frappez pas la porte! Pourquoi faites vous cela! Sors et te retire! Gare! Peste de! la peste de!* After a lengthened parley, and by forcing my companion to hold his tongue and let me do the talking, in what he was pleased to call "the French lingo," we were cautiously admitted—with all the *mercis* and *je vous remercies*, and every other expression of thanks on my part that I could remember, and so got sheltered for the night.

The next trouble was to get my companion to sleep in a room apart from me. He wanted to sleep

with me, or at least remain in my room, and he persisted at such a pitiful rate as to excite further suspicions in the minds of the frightened ladies as to his intentions. I arranged to have him placed in an adjoining bedroom, from which we could easily hear each other calling. Next day at two o'clock in the afternoon, the Sardinian arrived. I got my English friend away with the mails on the train for Quebec, and I got on board the steamer.

My discomforts of the preceding night were soon forgotten in the pleasant sunshiny weather which now prevailed, and in the enjoyment of the cordial hospitality of the captain and officers. There were between seven and eight hundred immigrants on board—English, Irish, Scotch and others. Having been supplied with the passenger list, I discovered the name of Kate Flaherty, for whom I had instructions to be on the look out, and to forward her on to Toronto. The girl's passage had been paid by her married sister in the city, advice of which, and other particulars had been sent to the department, and were fully made known to me. Word quickly went through the ship that "the jintleman who came on board with the pilot wanted to see Kate." On going amongst the steerage passengers, I was surrounded immediately by a party of about twenty immigrant girls, all bawling out together—"Here's Kate, Sir!"—"Kate! Kate, here's the jintleman that's lookin' for you!" and found myself introduced to a strapping young Irish girl of about two-and-twenty. She was of large build, nearly a head taller than any of the girls by whom she was surrounded—fair complexion, mild blue eyes, rich brown hair and very comely features. The following conversation and scene then took

place, in the presence of the open-mouthed, gaping, wondering crowd about us, who were all eyes and ears listening.

"You are Kate Flaherty?"

"Why, dhin, yes, I am, sir," (in a tone of inquiry).

"From near Rathkeale, in the county Limerick?"—

"From near Rakale—indeed, dhin, yes, I am, sir"—(looking wonderingly at me, as much as to ask how I came by that knowledge).

"You are going to your sister Mary in Toronto?"—

"Y-e-s, S-i-r," (hesitatingly), "And God bless us! how do ye know?—and who are?"—(hesitating and stopping herself).

"Your brother, Tom, could not come with you; he has arranged to come out in two months' time—has he not?"—

"Oh, lord! sir,—who are ye at all at all?"—(regarding me with

staring eyes "ready to jump out of her head.")

"Well, Kate, your sister, Mary, has paid your passage and I am"—Before I had the chance to finish the sentence—"I am to look after you and send you on to Toronto"—the poor girl could contain herself no longer. She fairly jumped at me exclaiming:—

"I know now who ye are," she exclaimed, flinging her arms around my neck in an ardent embrace—"You're Mary's husband!" you're Mary's husband!"

The denouement may be easily imagined. The officers of the boat and some of the saloon passengers, who were ranged about the deck and heard the conversation carried on, fairly roared with laughter, and more than one of them had to hold on by the side of the vessel for support, to prevent a collapse, at seeing me struggling in the vigorous arms of the buxon Kate Flaherty.

## WHERE LABOR IS NOT PRAYER.

*By K. of L.*

The political economists who base their calculations upon the living wage, that is to say, the smallest sum upon which human life can be sustained, would be surprised to find how small this sum may be. Theory and fact do not harmonize, because any theory that supposes the possibility of living, supposes also a moderate amount of comfort. It has fallen to my portion to find in this city, conditions of work, such that the living for which the work is done is only questionably desirable.

Where a dozen men and as many women are crowded together into a room not too large for two

persons, ill-lighted, unheated, unventilated; where women work night and day making trousers at sixty cents a dozen pairs; where young girls work long hours for no pay, that they may learn the business; where girls are not even respected, but are sworn at and driven by brutal task-masters, the conditions are not the most desirable. The deplorable results are manifest to those whose charity, or whose duty brings them to the aid of the fallen.

Some account may here be given of a recent investigation of the system which makes these conditions possible. Generous minded

people will be interested in the story.

Anyone whose business regularly brings him down town, knows that there are large wholesale clothing warehouses situated on Bay, Front and Wellington streets.

From these warehouses are continually plying a number of wagons, which are seen to contain bundles of clothing, made and unmade, which are being collected and delivered in all parts of the city, either at the regular workshops or at some private house. Recently a visit was paid to one of these workshops, considered to be one of the best of the kind in Toronto. A poster containing rules and regulations is posted on the wall, showing that the factory inspector has been there, and that, so far as sanitary arrangements and working hours are concerned, things are about what they should be. About a dozen girls and women are working at sewing machines, and excepting that it is not difficult to detect the effects of constant and unremitting hard work, where it is all hurry, with not a moment to lose, the young ladies appear to be happy enough. The overseer is a pleasant self-satisfied sort of person, who willingly furnished the information asked for.

He said that his work was of the finer grade of the wholesale work.

"Though," he said, "even for this class of work, the prices are so terribly cut down, that it is hard to make it pay at all. When asked what wages he paid, he said: "of course that depends on the ability of the girl to turn out the work. Some of the best hands, get as high as five or six dollars a week; the others less, ranging from two dollars and up, according to the length of time they have been at the business, and their own

expertness." They work by the week, the hours being ten per day, and five hours on Saturday. Continuing he said, "of course the work is hard, and they have to keep on the hustle."

He wished he could pay better wages, but it was not possible with the low prices paid by the wholesalers. It was all the fault of the sweaters, said this "contractor," as they are constantly undercutting the prices in order to get the work, and the wholesalers are continually playing one lot against the other.

From this cause prices are lower now in some lines by fifty per cent than they were five or six years ago.

Four or five shops of this kind were visited where the conditions are very much the same as in the first one. All alike complained that prices were getting lower and lower, and that excepting the two or three very good hands they could not afford to pay higher wages than from two to four dollars per week.

The next place visited was a shop where things were evidently being run at a higher rate of speed. The girls are paid by the piece-work system; and how they worked! The machines could scarce move fast enough, as with stooped shoulders, heads bent forward, the rapid movement of hands and feet, with furtive and momentary glances in the direction where employer and stranger stood talking, the work was rushed along, as though life depended on every stitch made by the whirring machines.

It was the same story, prices were so low now compared with what they used to be. His work was principally boys and youth's clothing. He got thirty-five dollars per 100 coats. Out of this he paid eighteen dollars for labour.

The rest was for express hire, rent, fire, light, and so on.

The wages ranged, he said, from three to five dollars per week, though the beginners, of course, did not earn so much. The visitor subsequently learned more about the "learners," with whose case I will deal later.

The blame for the bad condition of affairs was again all laid on the shoulders of the "other fellows," and those women who persistently take out the work for less than the regular contractors' prices, and ultimately force the general rates down.

"For these same coats for which I am getting thirty-five cents," said the contractor, "a woman whose husband works at another trade, has this week taken some out to do in her own home for thirty-two and-a-half cents. The next thing I shall be told is that I must make them for the same price, or some-body else will."

A visit was then made to several establishments conducted by Jews. This class, together with a few women who take the work more for pastime and pin money than absolute necessity, are chiefly blamed for the whole of the trouble.

These two factors, the Jews and the women, together with two at least of the large wholesale clothiers, and one of the largest and best known retailers, are sufficient to force the hands of all the rest.

For the sake of these few, the widows and the helpless, and the hundreds of those who have themselves and dependents to support, are forced to work at starvation wages. As one entered the door of a Jew's sweating shop in "The Ward," the olfactory nerves were assailed by powerful smells, coming from work-room and living-room combined, the hot, gaseous smell from the presses in the shop, uniting with a strong smell of cooking

from the domestic quarters. In this place no attention whatever seemed to be given to the laws of cleanliness. Other places were visited in the "Ward" to which the same remarks could not apply. On the contrary, scrupulous cleanliness appeared to prevail. But in the first mentioned place, squalor and poverty combined to make the place decidedly unwholesome.

The employer told a pitiful tale of low prices and very, very hard work. The latter was very evident, for the three or four women, and two men were working as negro slaves never had to work.

In busy times, he said, he employs twelve or fifteen hands. He showed several coats of different kinds, the prices of which ranged from thirty to fifty-five cents. Coats that several years ago were made for eighty-five cents, he now makes for fifty-five cents, and heavy overcoats for eighty-five cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents. For all these goods and at these prices he furnished the silk and thread. It was afterwards learned that he is one of the worst offenders in the trade in the matter of cutting down prices. He stated himself that his girls earned from one dollar and fifty cents to three dollars a week, and like others of course he complained bitterly, but said that he was forced to accept these prices or starve. In the matter of hours for work, there appeared to be no regulations. It all depended on the amount of work they had in hand.

The next Jew's sweating shop visited the employer was a gentlemanly sort of man, whose place, it must be said, was very clean and well lighted. He declared that he was a recent arrival in the country, and professed to be sorry that he ever came here. He claimed to be totally ignorant of the prices paid

## WHERE LABOR IS NOT PRAYER.

here, but was evidently prepared to take his chances with the rest. He showed me some work he had taken out, which was evidently of a very fine grade, and in which he said he was putting the very best work, but that he did not know what price he was to get for it. He had only two girls working for him then, but intended to advertise for more. He evidently meant to go into the business more extensively if he could possibly get the work to do. There is no doubt he will be able to get plenty, as the big dealers are always on the look-out for men who will take the work for any price they can get.

I then went further west, and after some difficulty discovered a place of which I was in search, and what a place it was! The ceiling was very low and black with age, the light was poor, and the ventilation miserable. This employer was also a Jew. There were seven men and seven women in the room. Their appearance was certainly in keeping with the place, looking, as they did, more sad and dejected than any I had yet seen. The employer claimed to be a victim of circumstances and deplored the low wages of his employees, which he said were from one-fifty to three dollars per week.

"How can they possibly live on such wages?" was asked.

"Well I'll tell you how it is," he replied, "their brothers or fathers, I suppose, have to help to keep them."

All these women were of adult age.

He showed me coats and ulsters the prices for which were thirty-five cents and eighty cents respectively.

Coming back east, I visited two more places, in one of which was a young girl under age, who had no business to be there. She was

pulling out bastings, and doing other light work. When spoken to about it, the employer made very light of the matter, and said she was not regularly employed, but that she came in occasionally for her own amusement.

There were ten other girls employed in the same place, but they were all so busy and intent on their work that they evidently had no time to even think of or notice anything else.

In the other place, about the same number of hands were employed. The employer in this case, a very intelligent man, most willingly furnished me with all the information in his power. The wages, he admitted, were very low and the work very hard. But that could not be avoided so long as the trade was conducted as it is under the present system.

The indiscriminate giving out of work from the wholesale places, and the eager readiness to take advantage of every one's necessities in order to force the price down still another notch, was the prime cause of the whole trouble. He showed me several of the tickets given out along with the work, which describe the work and give the price. For the benefit of those familiar with the technical terms of the trade, I will give a couple of samples:

1. Double Breast Overcoats, edges swelled, one-quarter, seams raised, three-eighths, five pockets, cloth, quilting, silk stitching—price \$1.45.

2. Fly Front Overcoats, edges narrow bound, five pockets, velvet collars, quilting—price \$1.45.

"When I began seven years ago," said the contractor, "the prices for the same class of goods were about double what they are now, and the work must be done even better now than it was then."

I have to buy my own thread and silk, and I expect we will soon have to furnish cloth as well."

Another bill of particulars differing slightly from the two given showed the price to be \$1.35.

"All these goods are of the very best class and the work must be perfect or it will not be taken.

"You see this ulster here," showing a fine garment, a full size Irish frieze. "Now, everything in that has to be first-class and it is a single order. It is for Mr.—," mentioning a well-known clothier, "and all he will give me for the making of it is \$1.75. How he thinks we are to live I cannot tell."

In my tour of the sweating shops I visited a great many places, but to relate my experience in these would be simply a repetition of what I have already said, the prices varying slightly in some instances.

In one place, the basement of a house, though it is tolerably well supplied with light and ventilation, thanks to a former visit of the factory inspector, there were eleven girls and two men besides the contractor. The work was principally on boy's or youth's coats and overcoats, the prices ranging from thirty cents to one dollar, and some men's coats for forty-five cents, "It's the workingmen's wives who get the work at cheap rates," said the man, though he evidently appreciated the services of the workingmen's daughters whose wages he admitted were very low.

Every one has seen the large number of women and children wending their way up or down Bay street, carrying bundles in their arms or on perambulators. Several of these women were called on at their homes. In some cases the work is a matter of absolute necessity with them, as they have themselves to support and others dependent upon them. In other cases it happened that though they

had husbands working at their trades, yet from one cause or another they were sometimes glad of an opportunity to help meet the financial requirements of the house by earning an extra dollar or two.

I also called on several of the young girls who work in the shops. I will relate my experience among them as I was particularly anxious to get their views of the case. It is difficult in most instances to get them to state what they know, from fear of losing their places. One girl said: "Yes, indeed, it is very hard work, and very poorly paid for. I think I get the highest pay where I work and I get four dollars per week, the others get from two dollars per week to three or three-and-a-half. We make sack coats. They are what are called double-breast, double-stitch, with five pockets and flaps. There are three buttons on each sleeve, and two rows of buttons down the front. So you will see that there are numerous buttons to be sewed on, say, forty coats. The price for these coats is forty-five cents each, and, of course, out of that our boss has to pay express hire. They call these coats, boy's coats, but I think that is only done to keep the price down. I know one place on King street that is a very hard shop to work in. The boss will go up and down the shop swearing at the girls. I have seen some of the coats with very little less work in them than the forty-five cent ones—in fact, you can scarcely tell the difference—made for thirty-five cents each. We often lose a lot of time through having to wait for work. We often work Saturday afternoons when there is the work to do. Some parts of the year we can get no work at all."

Another girl said she was one of the highest paid girls. "I get four dollars per week. I like the work, though some times my head gets

so dizzy I can scarcely see what I am doing. I know many of the girls come as learners, getting very little wages indeed, then they leave and their places are taken by other learners."

This simple account of a round of visitation, will give some faint impression of the conditions, almost unbearable, under which great numbers of our population,

here in Toronto exist, for it is existence and nothing more. To work, cook, eat and sleep in the one room is not uncommon. The song of the shirt has not been sung for the last time. It would astonish the knowing ones to learn the number of those who work out a bare subsistence in "poverty, hunger, and dirt."

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## CHIMES.

*By Rose Ferguson.*

What means this sudden burst of music pealing,  
Each chime to chime replying? Cadence rare!  
It thrills my very fibres, rousing feeling  
Like chords to music waked by passing air.

In quickening time  
And perfect rhyme  
The notes now rise, now fall;  
Some cause must be,  
But not for me  
To question facts at all.

Still on they chime, in greater volume rolling  
A very weight of music o'er and o'er,  
But deep within my heart a faint bell tolling  
Foretells a time when joy shall be no more.

Rich and full the sound  
That is echoed round,  
Till the air with music teems.  
Joy has come, and oh,  
How the moments go!  
Like our fair but fleeting dreams.

Dear heart, they're ceasing! Slower grows  
the motion,  
But sweeter the vibrations as they fade.  
They seem to breathe of even-tide devotion  
And light and love that cannot be dismayed.

Rising and falling,  
Mem'ries recalling;  
Dearer the melody now as it dies.  
Always 'tis after  
Moments of laughter,  
Joy comes most lasting, embalmed with our sighs.



# THE CUSTODIAN OF REVEALED TRUTH.

By "Josephus."

After centuries of restless contention, intermixed with much waste of energy, and accompanied sometimes with misguided zeal, well meaning men have come to wonder why so little has been accomplished, from their point of view, in the interests of religion. Right thinking men are becoming more deeply interested in this great problem, and some, going beyond a mere surface investigation in their attempts to solve it, are beginning to realize that there is some truth after all, in the proverbial saying, "united we stand, divided we fall." Union is strength, and for the successful welding together of heterogeneous bodies, dismembered, disunited, and divided into many sections, union is necessary. The baneful results arising from the want of union among the many disorganized sects is becoming more painfully evident to men given to serious thought concerning religion, and in their zeal for the cause they cry out from the heart, "Let us unite."

While such thoughts are occupying men's minds, would it not be well, laying prejudice aside, to enter a little deeper into the subject, striving to find some solid foundation upon which unity can be built up.

No one can deny that the study of religion should engage the highest place in the mind of man, because it appertains to his life beyond the grave. But the study of religion as it comes from God, necessarily leads to the Church which He authorized to teach it. That Church must be the one in

which alone real unity can be found.

The great Architect Himself proclaimed it to the world in these memorable words: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it." Here He spoke in clear and forcible language of the kind of foundation on which He built His Church, not Churches. On another solemn occasion when He authorized His Church through the Apostles to go forth and teach all nations, He declared that He would be with Her till the end of time. "Going, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

From this it must be clear to all liberal-minded men that Christ established a Church, that he commissioned that Church to teach all nations, and that He gave His solemn promise that He would remain with His Church in spirit and in truth for all time.

So surely, then, as the Church of Christ existed once on earth, so surely does it exist to-day wherever it is to be found. Otherwise Christ has deceived his people, whom He came to save; He has not fulfilled his promise; He is not God. That the Church which Christ founded on the rock of Peter must be one, not two or more, must also be self-evident to all. If She were more than one, She could not be the one true and only Church of

Christ. This may be called a truism, but it means something more. If She taught at any time, or permitted to be taught, doctrines involving contradictory statements, She could not be the one true Church of Christ. If She ever made a mistake in Her teaching or in defining dogmas of faith, She would be open to error, She must needs teach falsehoods, She could not be "the pillar and ground of truth." To believe, then, that Christ has power to establish a Church, is to believe that He is God, that He is a God of truth, that He cannot teach falsehood, that He dwells in His Church by His abiding presence, and that He cannot approve of or set the seal of His approbation explicitly or impliedly, upon any doctrine that is opposed to truth. For the same reason it necessarily follows that the Church of Christ cannot tolerate, or permit any body of men to tamper with Her doctrine or teaching in such a way as to lead to contradictions in matter of faith or morals. She has never given such a privilege to any man, and never can, for She is the jealous guardian of Her doctrine, and She alone has the right to explain it according to her infallible teaching. The great apostle St. Paul, speaking in the name and by the authority of Christ, made this very clear when He gave expression to these inspired words, "as we said before, so say I now again; if any one preach to you a gospel besides that which you have received, let him be anathema."

Submitted to the sober judgment of all who regard the Church as a Divine Institution, these statements, supported as they are by indubitable proofs, are equivalent to first principles. To deny them, to refuse to look upon them in that light, would be to admit that the Church in Her infancy was

liable to err in Her teaching; that She may have taught conflicting doctrines in which it would have been simply impossible to discern truth from falsehood. In fact, to deny them would be to attempt to deprive Her of one of the most distinguishing marks whereby Christ expressly declared His Church would be known to future ages—the mark of unity. As He was God, to whose infinite knowledge, all things, past, present and future were equally visible, He clearly foresaw the vicissitudes and trials His Church would have to overcome in fulfilling Her mission on earth. Heresies, schisms, intrigues, infidelities, apostacies, the evil doings of wicked and designing men, were as present to His mind at the last Supper as were the Apostles whom He was addressing. He saw clearly the dissensions, divisions, persecutions and revolutions that His Church would have to contend with. He saw that His Church would have to take Her stand among the nations of the earth, and that in the face of all opposition, those to whom He entrusted the sacred repository of truths were never to betray their trust into the hands of the enemy. He saw the necessity of that unity which was to be a distinguishing mark of His Church and which was to weld together apostles and people into one universal brotherhood, believing, professing and practising the same eternal truths. Hence it was at the last Supper with His Apostles He prayed to His eternal Father that they with the faithful might be bound together in the bonds of unity, and that that unity might be taken as a pledge that He Himself had been divinely sent by the Father. "And not for them only (the apostles) do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me—that they all be one

as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." For what purpose was that beautiful prayer poured forth to His eternal Father, if our Lord, while He prayed thus, meant to leave his apostles or the faithful to twist the doctrine He had taught them out of its proper meaning, and give contradictory interpretations to eternal truths which were to remain forever unchanged and unchangeable as Himself. Could He, the God of unchanging truth ever have addressed the Father in such words of solemn prayer, not only on behalf of the apostles, but as well for those who were to come to a knowledge of the truth through the preaching of the Apostles—could He Himself have prayed thus, if as soon as they went on their mission, Peter was free to preached his version of doctrine in Antioch and John his in Ephesus, the one diametrically opposed to the other?

Summing up what has been said, it may be safely conceded by everyone who believes that Christ established a Church at all, firstly, that the Church He built on the Rock of Peter exists somewhere in the world to-day; secondly, that His Church cannot teach doctrines of faith which can be so construed as to involve contradictions, nor can She for a moment tolerate in the interpretation of Her doctrine a principle so vicious in its application as to lead to contradictory statements.

The honest inquirer after the one true Church of Christ will say, "so far, so good; but which is the Church you speak of? which the One, True, Holy and Apostolic Church, that claims to have never changed in point of doctrine and teaching from Apostolic times down to the present; show me where

she is to be found among the numberless rivals that are urging their claims with equal persistency, each proclaiming right and truth to the honor of divine institution. I look about me," he continues, "and I find myself surrounded by antagonistic sects, each and every one of which lay claim to pure gospel truth, each affirms to follow the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, and at the same time each differs from all the others so much in doctrine and teaching, as black differs from white. They are separated from each other by insuperable barriers of contradiction in matters of the most vital importance, and yet each professes to have, to hold, to teach and to preach that self-same doctrine of which St. Paul speaks. 'Though we apostles or even an angel from Heaven were to come and preach to you a different gospel from what we have preached, let them be anathema.' I find," he goes on, "throughout the world there are no less than three hundred and fifty denominations or Churches, and all say the Bible is their guide and teacher, and I suppose they are all sincere. Yet every man in his right senses knows that they cannot all be true, for truth is one and God is one. Here is my Episcopal friend, sincere and honest, he reads his Bible in a prayerful spirit and he is convinced from it that there must be bishops, for it requires bishops to make priests, and priests to administer the sacrament, and without sacraments there is no Church. The Presbyterian is a God-fearing man too. He also is a Bible reader, and he learns from it that bishops are nowhere and presbyters should rule in the Church. The Baptist reads his Bible; he is a prayerful man; he asks his Presbyterian friend whether he was ever baptized. He is told that it was

done in childhood and by sprinkling. 'That is of no use at all,' he returns; 'it is not necessary until you grow up to be a man, and then to receive the sacrament validly, you must go down to the river and be dipped. And he goes to his Bible for the proof. Next comes the Methodist, who says, 'I am not particularly concerned about baptism at all. I have not been baptized yet, and I expect to go to Heaven, whether or no. I feel the spirit of God moving within me, and know myself to be all right.' Another takes the ground that baptism is necessary for men but not for women, and quotes Scripture for it, 'unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.' The woman is safe enough! Then the Universalist lays it down that there is no hell; that the idea was started merely to scare people. 'God is too good and merciful to send anybody to hell,' and this too is proven from the Bible 'Christ died for all and all will be saved.' Next comes the Unitarian, well meaning and very logical in his belief. 'You adore Christ as God and man, therefore you worship man, therefore you are Idolators,' and he proves it from the Bible. The sincere Quaker establishes from the Bible his belief that baptism is not necessary to salvation. The Shaker is the most contented and happy of all mortals in his belief. His faith is grounded on the Bible for he adapts his life to the interpretation of one passage, 'you must work out your salvation in fear and trembling.' So he says 'my brethren you must shake and tremble when the Spirit moves.' And he too has his Bible authority.

"I am a High Church of England man myself," he says, "of the highest type. In our Church

service we use priestly vestments and candles and incense, and lately there was a prayer introduced in which the Virgin Mary's name was mentioned. At first some of the congregation were shocked to hear the Virgin's assistance implored in prayer, especially when a picture of her and the infant Saviour hung on the wall, but now we don't mind it. We are Catholic's you know," he says, "and wish to be acknowledged as such." And my friend himself lays his hand on the Bible in confirmation of his Catholicity.

"But you have not told me," he pursues, "where that Church is to be found, the one, true, holy and Apostolical, which can be traced back to Apostolic times, and can prove that She has never changed since then, that her unity has never been broken, and that her doctrine, like herself, has remained, and will remain, unchangeable and unchanged."

We shall come to that later on. But in the meantime, to the sincere inquirer into whose mind a shadow of doubt may sometimes be cast, and who will admit the possibility of the creed he professes being wrong, it cannot wound the feelings of such an one if he be asked to pray that the light of God's grace may direct him and guide him safely into the one true Church of Christ where doubt never enters. To the honest, sincere and persevering seeker after truth, light will certainly come sooner or later, but the obstacles are many, and prayer is a very essential condition before such a treasure can be expected to be gained. And for this end the beautiful words of Pope's universal prayer recur to my mind:—

If I am right, thy grace impart  
Still in that right to stay;  
If I am wrong, then guide my heart  
To find that better way.

## SHAKESPEARE AND THE DRINK QUESTION.

To justify a writer in dealing with the drink question, it is not necessary that he be a fanatic, an enthusiast, or a "crank." All schools of thought, all classes of thinkers, are nearly unanimous in the opinion that this question is one of the first importance. Some brave pioneers like Father Mathew, Gough and Cruickshank, have been for many years pointing out the growing danger to a more or less deaf and indifferent public. What we owe to the unselfish devotion and moral courage of these men, the present generation will never know. Politicians as well as preachers, judicial and medical authorities, have been slowly falling into line on the question, and, last, and most important of all, the preponderating class of moderate drinkers have been fain to admit, however reluctantly, that there is less and less to be urged in defence of the alcohol habit, and that more and more powerful grow the many arguments against it. But as such a gigantic curse as "international drunkenness" is proved to be, did not grow, like Jonah's gourd, in a night, so it cannot be destroyed in a day. It has been the result of evolution of thought, of habit, of a real or fancied necessity, of ignorance of physiology, and of evil example for generations. Whatever amount of culpability can be charged against the powerful sections interested to-day in the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages, it would have been impossible for them to have worked

the mischief they have without the support of public opinion, an opinion built up atom by atom like a coral reef, fed from multitudinous sources, and bound together by adherent influences contributed from the four corners of the earth.

It is not the purpose, however, to here analyze the sources of this sentiment save in one direction, beginning with the safe assertion that its strength and tenacity are due less to the men who make our laws than to those who write our songs, the influence of poetry, and of dramatic poetry in particular, has been in this respect for the last three hundred years (at least among the English speaking nations) an influence for evil of insidious character and frightful force. It has been the enchanter's spell, deceiving men's eyes with the glamor of perverted genius, filling men's hearts with deceptive pleasure, and debauching their judgment with the sophistry of a special pleader, powerful enough to "destroy both body and soul in hell." Of course this is not meant as a charge of malice prepense against poets generally. It is simply a statement of the lamentable and unfortunate truth that the generations who have wanted an excuse for the "sin that doth so easily beset us," have found ample satisfying encouragement in the songs, plays, and novels too, of the brightest wits of the last three centuries, from Ben Jonson to Swinburne, from Ford and Mas-singer to Burns and Browning. To put the matter into Hellenic

phrase, what Bacchus owes to Phoebus will never be estimated. The festoons and garlands that have been hung round the shrine, or heaped in lavish bounty at the feet have hidden his ugliness, and lent to the leering of this god monarch a false symmetry. The brilliance and beauty, the fancy and wit, the music and love, are what captivate each succeeding generation of generous youth, and when the bird is limed and has beaten in vain his soiled pinions against the hard earth, the disillusion comes too late—he is yet another victim at the altar of this terrible deity falsier than Janus, more hideous than Mokanna, more mocking than Circe.

The opinion is loosely held that amongst the chiefest of sinners in this direction, the great high priest of excuses for drinking is the greatest poet and dramatist of them all. Doubtless there is some ground for this opinion, but whether the general tendency of Shakespeare's writing is solid enough in the direction of the poets of the school of Anacreon is open to question. An examination may even reveal the contrary.

It is to be freely admitted that the jovial good-fellowship of such characters as Jack Falstaff is almost irresistible. "What," exclaims that prince of rascals, "because ye are virtuous shall there be no more cakes and ale?" And yet this keynote to his inimitable personality is not the refrain that lingers in men's minds in recalling Sir John from the misty past, but rather the amusement and contempt felt when on the emptying of his pockets in one of his drunken sleeps the tavern bill elicits the exclamation "a haporth of bread to such a monstrous disproportion of sacks!" So also when the wily Iago, a fit and consistent advocate of drinking deep, in combatting

the self accusation of poor Cassio, "You are too severe a moraliser; good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used," to which defense another character in Shakespeare might well say "there be much virtue in an 'if.'"

But take the defence at its best and its effect is utterly swamped in men's minds when they read, or better, hear a good actor declaim, the lines given to poor Cassio (one of Shakespeare's noblest characters, but for that one mar-ring weakness) an indictment against alcohol more powerful than any written since. Shakespeare's critics and commentators have been telling us that the great moral lesson to be deduced from the play Othello is the danger of giving way to jealousy, and the additional folly of trusting a man who is too frequently proclaimed as honest; "honest, honest Iago." But at least as obvious a moral is in the fatal celerity with which the good reputation of a life time can be irretrievably ruined as the result of one drunk—and a moderate one at that. The passages are too long to be here quoted in full, but if the reader will turn to act second, scene third, and generally on to the end of the act, he will bear me out that the ruin of poor Cassio in the eyes of his general and himself was effected solely through the means of the extra glass of wine which his honor (?) compelled him to take, to his own destruction. And the epitome of the whole incident is not a whit too powerfully put in the lines of the unhappy victim, "Oh God! that men should put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should with joy, pleasure, revel and applause transform ourselves into beasts!" If the lines are hackneyed it is because they are true, as painfully and fatally true at the end of the nineteenth

as they were in the middle of the sixteenth century.

Turn we now briefly to the tragedy of tragedies, Hamlet. Dealing as it does with the great problems of life, the social verities of his day—and ours—it would be strange if the part played by the "flowing bowl" were cut out of the acting version. Yet with all the super-subtle fresh meanings extracted from or read into the text, no scribe holding a brief from the brewing or distilling interests has ever attempted to neutralize the effect of the stern denunciation of the drink habit as applied to Denmark and England, for under the guise of condemning one, the writer aims at both. As this is the chief reference to our subject in the play, and is a short one, we give it in full:

Nor is this the only reference. Although others are more subsidiary ones, there is a faint undercurrent through the five acts rising to an audible note in the final catastrophe where one of the ministers of vengeance is the customary goblet, converted for the nonce into a poisoned chalice, by fate-led mishap, given to another than the intended victim.

"But surely," may exclaim the Shakespearian reader, "you are not going to turn the bard of Avon into a common temperance advocate?" Not quite, yet temperance advocate he was, his prophetic vision not then foreseeing the total abstainer.

In the next great tragedy, that of Macbeth, "the heavy-headed revel" is not a leading factor, yet it is not altogether an absent one. Here again, as in Othello, the drink habit is an easy and available weapon for the furtherance of crime. It is, I think, King John who excuses his premeditated murders by the plea that the instruments of murder, such as poor

Hubert, are so ready at hand as to make the temptation easy, as the opportunity makes the thief. And so we find the "loving cup," the "stirrup cup," the "pledged health," the kingly or knightly toast, the wassail, the good-night drink, all instruments to the hand of the cool-headed cheat, thief, seducer, villain, murderer. "Was the hope drunk in which you drest yourself?" sneers Lady Macbeth to her weakling spouse, "Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready, she strike upon the bell." is an instruction from Macbeth to a subordinate after his unscrupulous, bloody-minded wife has "screwed his courage to the sticking place." "When Duncan is asleep I will with wine and wassail to convince his two chamberlains, that memory—the warden of the brain—shall be a farce and the receipt of reason a limbeck only. When in swinish sleep their drenched natures lie in a death, what cannot you and I perform upon the unguarded Duncan?" How easy the task of the black-hearted murderess and of her willing (or unwilling) ally, with the potent aid of distilled damnation. "That which hath made them drunk hath made me sober," Lady Macbeth says after the deed, though it is to be surmised that when she spoke of her own imbibing, it was merely figurative, for we may be sure she kept her own head clear, and the only spirit she sucked in was that of the nether fiend in reply to her bold and impious prayer.

Readers will not here be treated to an attempted searching analysis of the drink reference scattered through the tragedies and comedies. A passing glance may however be given at one or two other of the more important plays.

Does any Shakespeare reader, who likes his glass (as does the

writer) almost as well as his play, imagine that the playwright was dealing tenderly with this common vice in "The Tempest?" In the tipsy vagaries of Trinculo, Stephano and Caliban? Let any sceptic read the end of the second act, and the beginning of the third act, and if he is then convinced that the whole scene is intended as a respectful tribute to Bacchus with the author's compliments, the only cure would be to "give him blows and take his bottle from him." So with the meanderings of those senile old gentlemen, Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Does Shakespeare doff his hat to the drawer? Is he here paying obeisance to the tankard? Does he not rather show us to the life two conceited old fools, in their sober moments, and in their cups; and as conclusively illustrate with all the gentle, playful satire at his command, that under the influence of the genial and generous bowl they are just a few degrees more foolish as a consequence. (Twelfth Night, Act I, scene three; Act II, scene three, and in the third and last acts).

Well "there is more foolery yet, an' I could remember it." Reference has already been made to the immortal Jack Falstaff. Where else will one find so characteristic a coterie of conviviais as in the fat knight's company. We can see the silent Nym, always half drunk, the wag Poins, poor Bardolph, Falstaff's butt, with his nose aflame, the sign through all the ages of the inveterate and persistent toper. We see them, rollicking Prince Hal and all, and, unless one is a sour Pharisee, have not the heart to condemn. They are so thoroughly happy and human, we feel like discussing them as the reformed Prince did the supposed corpse of Falstaff: "We could have better spared a better man."

As a slight contrast to the warnings and examples here referred to, there are a few lines from Old Adam in "As You Like It," which will repay a passing thought. Speaking to Orlando he says, "Let me be your servant; though I look old yet am I strong and lusty, for in my youth I never did apply hot and rebellious liquors to my blood, nor did not with unbashful forehead woo the means of weakness and debility; therefore my age is as a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you, I'll do the service of a younger man in all your business and necessities."

Here the great dramatist, and moralist, gives us the other side of the picture, and states in his own opportune way the truism that continence and sobriety in the spring-time of youth bears according to nature's own compensating laws,—fruit in a healthy, hardy winter.

It is not pretended to discover at this date that the dramatist paid special heed to the drink question. The contention is simply that when he held "the mirror up to nature" and showed "virtue her own feature, scorn her own image," he almost showed vice her own likeness, every vice, as every virtue, of which poor humanity is capable, and that finding drunkenness among the vices he stated the issue fairly "neither exaggerating or glossing over, extenuating nothing or setting aught down in malice."

As was said earlier in this paper, there is a vague, nebulous idea in the minds of some good honest jovial folk who can take their glass without going to excess, that Shakespeare palliates, or condones, or excuses, or even justifies drunkenness, an impression that from the citations given it is to be hoped all fair-minded people will concede



there is not the least foundation for.

Were Shakespeare living to-day there would be other complaints than that sack was adulterated with lime. Had he dreamt in his most abstract moments of a tithe of the horrors we have to-day on two continents,—spreading with advancing civilization (!) to all continents, he would have said not less but more, much more in denunciation of this gigantic and growing evil. Would that some other had caught his mantle, that judgment might be put upon the gorgon of the nineteenth century; that he might conjure it into ever-

lasting captivity as Prospero did Caliban; argue it out of court as Portia did Shylock; mock it off the earth's stage as Beatrice, Imogene or Rosalind could; send the incarnate fiend packing to the nether regions after his victims, as Macduff did Macbeth, or Richmond, Richard, or Hamlet his uncle; slay it utterly as the hero, virtue, always should the demon vice. Then smiling landscapes and pastoral scenery, happy peasants, and heroines not in tears would be the rule on the life's stage, and the sombre view of the dark valley the exception, "So mote it be" says  
*"The Second Grave Digger."*

## WORDS WITH WOMEN.

By "*Mulier.*"

Learning and accomplishments should no doubt be acquired for very love, but it is evident that they are often pursued with a shrewd eye to their value and advantage in the social world. Is it worth while in these days of the reign of competitive examinations and literary aspirations, drawing attention to a simple homely, virtue easily acquired, and for that very reason, perhaps, all too neglected a virtue that will ensure the envied popularity, and bring as well a large amount of that coveted article happiness.

The sunshine is not more welcome, nor more stimulating in the outside world, than is cheerfulness in our lives, in our homes—everywhere. Is not its possession worth some pains, and its cultivation in our little ones, at least deserving as much attention as their physical adornment? As we insist upon a becoming attention to

dress and cleanliness, why should we not exact the corresponding brightness and happiness of manner—cheerfulness.

Is it not a mistake to assert that it is purely a gift. It may be acquired unconsciously, practised from necessity and learned through unwelcome experiences to its final possession, but it is and can be acquired.

We are told that the reason for a code of etiquette is to be found in charity—in consideration for one's neighbor; has it occurred to you that the best exponent of this code is at the same time the most cheerful person of your acquaintance; again of those who are more than mere observers of some pious practices—who are religious to the making of sacrifices, for after all religion is love, and both demand the same test—who can be more considerate, consequently more courteous, and again posses-

sed in the highest degree of that stimulating brightening influence, cheerfulness.

A Catholic certainly does not associate long faces and cold stern looks with religion. Cheerfulness, indeed, ought among us to be as universal as a knowledge of the Catechism. But is it, even among those whose particular duty and pride it is to make home attractive, life, graceful; who willingly and ungrudgingly perform all the different parts of the task, and too often neglect this crown of their labors. A sermon might be preached upon the moral effect.

It is just like our best speeches and pretty clothes, cheerfulness may be thought by some unnecessary in the privacy of home, perhaps smacking somewhat at hypocrisy, but it is the virtue prized most in sickness or in health, in trouble or prosperity, and that exists only as the habit of one's life.

There is none more deserving of sympathy and praise than the mother whose life is all one sacrifice; the sister or daughter whose names are synonyms with self-sacrifice, but can they wish to show those whom they love best the labor and cost of their sacrifice. Would they not rather rejoice that they can accomplish so much. Yet we do meet discontent, fretfulness and gloominess.

The lack of sociability among Catholics has called forth not a few comments lately in the press. The fact is stated over and over again, but no remedy suggested, nor no scapegoat singled out to bear the blame for this lack of charity.

With the woman lies the remedy. If each would act as if individually responsible. Be generous and magnanimous, not spasmodically but continuously; show the concern for young people especially, they would have been grateful to

receive themselves, the reproach would soon be silenced.

\* \* \* \* \*

The long evenings are fast approaching with their opportunities for reading, and for hearing and seeing one's reading illustrated. It cannot be too often impressed upon young people, that time spent in desultory reading is time wasted—is not even recreation. An attentive notice continued over a few days of the patrons and frequenters of any of our Public Libraries will be sufficient to prove that reading can degenerate into a vice; and will prompt the resolution that this winter's books—shall lead somewhere. One of the beauties to be derived from membership in a literary Society is this direction in the matter of books and studies. A wise arrangement and one that cannot fail but prove gratifying is to hang one's reading on a hobby, or even a pad—should a deeper interest be lacking.

The girl who studies music and loves it has infinite resources. She can study history, sacred or profane, ancient and modern, as she traces the origin and development of music; her powers of comparison and deduction will be well practised in following the differences and relations of the separate schools in music; the distinguishing characteristics of different styles of composition; there will be no romance more fascinating than the lines of musicians and composers. The same holds good for her who is gifted with artistic taste and aspirations; the possibilities are even greater. As for one devoted to the natural sciences while the literature of the day is teeming with information and new discoveries for her. She can study with profit and pleasure the different roads that led to the present outlook.

**MENDING OF HOSE AND GLOVES.** To prevent large holes examine your hose when it comes from the laundress and carefully run all thin places as well as mend all breaks. The stocking darners of wood are easy to hold protect the fingers from the point of the needle and give a smooth surface upon which to make the warp—the up and down threads—and to weave in the woof, the cross threads which fill up the space to be mended. There is a way of mending hose which looks exactly like the stockinet, but it is difficult to explain it in print. The ordinary sewing-needle can be used. Only coarse work and large holes require the old-fashioned darning-needle. The material used should be the same as that in the stocking.

With the aid of glove-menders of wood, which can be easily slipped into the smallest finger glove, mending is not unpleasant work. Whether the mending shall be done on the right or the wrong side of the glove depends upon the thickness of the kid, the part of the glove to be mended, and the kind of mending to be done. If you have glove needles and thread, which can be obtained at large dry-goods houses, the sewing of ripped places may be done on the right side of the glove. If a piece is to be sewed in, it should be done with a fine overhand stitch on the wrong side of the glove. If a place is to be filled, and you have no kid to use for it, go around the edges of the hole with a coarse button-hole stitch, and fill the entire space in this way, drawing the thread as tightly as the glove will allow.

## COULD FRIENDSHIP GO FURTHER?

### A SKETCH.

Two boys, whose names were Robert Parker and James Bamford, lived in a certain village in Ontario. James was a Protestant and Robert a Catholic. Circumstances so ruled that they had to attend the same school, and both reaped the harvest of seeds sown by a wise, judicious and impartial teacher.

In spite of their difference in religion, they grew up close friends and constant companions. They were linked together in common, healthy rivalry; for both were clever; and each grew to recognize the other's ability and special aptitude for particular pursuits.

Parker delighted in his boyish introduction to the old-world clas-

sics, revelled in their old-time philosophy, and tried to reconcile it with the tendencies of modern thought. To him the well stored archives of English literature were a barn, full stocked with a plentiful harvest to be threshed out and tested in the world's market. But above all, he loved to follow out the "dicta" of a poet of the Augustan era, more closely followed perhaps, and—yet, strange contradiction—more widely departed from in the present age than any other English singer, who wrote:—

"Know then thyself; presume not God to scan;  
The proper study of mankind is man."

On the other side, Bamford loved to plunge deep into the ever-in-

viting recesses of nature. He was like the bee. He learned to know every flower that grows, and why it grows. He knew "the insect's cunning way," the drift of rock, the course of stream, the rift in cloud, the sun's soft beam, and all the wonders that nature displays so lavishly to eyes that see and understand. Even in the bright land of youth both were aiming for the same destination, hand-in-hand, though on slightly different planes; but as yet, they knew it not.

Their parents were well to do, and the day came when the lives of the two lads had to diverge. They were sent to different colleges, but met during the holidays; and their friendship, beautiful to contemplate continued as of old. They were now young men and old enough to choose their life-work. Robert Parker entered a Seminary to study for the priesthood; James Bamford went to his University to equip himself for his special ministry. Time went by, and each finally reached the goal of his desires.

After some years of work in their respective ministries, the Rev. Robert Parker was appointed to an important city parish. While he was living there it happened that the regulations of the East End Church in the same city demanded a change of ministers. As usual there was a number of applicants for the pulpit; and one morning Father Robert was agreeably surprised to meet his old friend, now the Rev. James Bamford, at his door.

In the pleasure of meeting, all formalities, of course, were set aside. Though now wearing cloths of different textures, the old friendship remained; for besides being friends, they were generous-hearted and broad-minded men.

"Hello! Jim, old man, I am

glad to see you. Come in," said Father Robert, warmly shaking the hand of his visitor. And he went in.

After exchanging the friendly courtesies due to the occasion, the priest insisted that his friend should stay to dinner, during which all their conversation naturally turned to the reviewing of old times. And very pleasant it was. After the repast was over it took a more serious turn.

"And now, Bob, perhaps you wonder what has brought me to B——" said the Rev. James.

"A little, Jim."

"Well, I'll tell you," said the minister, "you know the East End Church here wishes to extend a call to her pulpit to some one of our body, and I am an applicant for the position. That's all."

"Perhaps, Bob," seeing that the priest remained silent, he continued, with a touch of humor, which all priests and ministers should endeavor to cultivate, "perhaps as you have been residing here for some years and know the people, you could give me a friendly hint as to the best method of bringing the matter to a successful issue."

After a pause, during which a broad smile gradually spread over his countenance, the priest said very sententiously, "I am sure I could, Jim, if it would not be considered out of place."

"Pshaw! How could anything said by you be out of place. Fire away, Bob," said the Rev. James.

"I can't fire away," said Father Bob. "It is you who will have to do the firing. I can only provide you with ammunition."

"Let me have it then," laughed his friend.

"Well then, here it is," went on Father Bob. "You will have to preach your trial sermon here.—you see I

do know something about the methods of procedure, and this should give you confidence in me,—as some of the other candidates have already done." He paused for a moment and then proceeded.

"When you have well warmed up your subject, and see that your audience is wrapped up in your eloquence, fire a round shot at the Pope of Rome. Don't wait to see the effect, but follow it up with a charge of grape-shot at Catholics in general, and another at my parishioners in particular. Then load again,—with a bullet only—and take a shot—a wild one, mind you,—at their parish priest, and—the battle is won."

As Father Robert spoke his friend's face slightly flushed. There was a pause. They looked into each other's eyes and then burst into a hearty laugh.

"I see, my dear Bob, that you have lost none of your old-time humor," said the young minister. Then seriously he continued, "I never have done, and never shall do anything of the kind."

"Then your chances of success are materially lessened, Jim," rejoined Father Robert.

"It is no joke I assure you Bob," said the Rev. James Bamford pathetically. "There are contingencies in it that are beyond your calculation altogether. It means a lot to me, You see, if I got the call I could marry Jessie Baker,—you remember Jessie Baker, Bob?—and settle down comfortably."

"Jessie Baker is a nice girl, Jim," put in Father Bob sweetly and temptingly, "and I advise you to go in for all you are worth and win both the call and the girl. Well?" after a pause, during which the candidate seemed to be thinking desperately hard, "what do you say, Jim."

"I couldn't do it."

"Why not? Your cannon-ball could not possibly injure His Holiness, the Pope. He's too far away."

"But what would your people think of me?" queried the Rev. James, half seriously.

"My dear Jim, they would never notice you. They are too strongly armed 'in ignorance' you see, for your grape-shot to scratch them, even, besides, they are used to it. And as for myself, you would fire wildly and, of course, miss me. Finally if you made one great attack on us, all round, perhaps, they wouldn't expect you to do it again." The young minister listened, looked at the priest,—and laughed. The matter put in this way seemed so utterly ridiculous.

"Personally, Jim, I assure you," continued Father Robert, placidly, "I should like to see you, above all men, get the place. The minister who is leaving this church has just been a little,—well, I do not quite like his methods. He has made a big effort to undo the work which I have been trying to do, namely, to live together,—since we have to live together anyway—in peace and good will. And," with a smile half humor, half earnestness, "I think, Jim, you and I would pull together admirably. To use a common expression we could 'run the show' to our mutual satisfaction.

"Well?" Said Father Robert to his friend, who had risen and was walking to and fro, thoughtfully, across the room, "what do you think of it?"

"I am thinking how very ridiculous and at the same time how very serious this simple thing is."

"Think of it only as ridiculous, and go in and win."

"I'll leave it over for consideration until Sunday and,—we shall

see." The two friends parted as warmly as they had met.

Sunday came and the trial sermon was preached.

Monday came, and the morning paper gave a lengthy account of the discourse, whilst a particular part of it was reported verbatim. The preacher had skilfully and faithfully followed on the lines marked out for him by Father Robert. The reporter went on to speak of the talent and oratorical ability of the speaker, of the deep impression of the sermon upon the congregation, and ended by venturing the hope that that would not be the last time they would have the pleasure of listening to the eloquent gentleman. He received the call and accepted it.

Now Father Robert's parishioners were not so thickly incased "in ignorance" as he had made out, and some of the more thinly-mailed ones came to him.

"What kind of a man is this they have got at the East End Church?" asked one.

"He's a regular fire-brand!" remarked another.

"He certainly did use pretty strong language in that first sermon," said a third.

"I think he should be set right on two or three points, and be shown the error of his ways generally," insisted a fourth.

Father Robert listened very quietly and then reflectively remarked. "He certainly gave it to us pretty hot; didn't he?"

"I guess he did," they warmly answered.

"I have been thinking over the

matter myself," pursued the Father, "and have come to the conclusion that he said so much against us in that first sermon that he cant have much more to say on us. If he goes on in that style, he will weary his own congregation, which would be a bad thing for himself. No congregation could stand it long. But, you must understand, in that first effort he was free and unfettered. I think before saying anything further, or making a fuss about it, it will be best to see how he goes in harness with a well loaded wagon behind him. It may make all the difference."

So they agreed to wait and watch.

Before the Rev. James had been residing in B—very long, those who were interested in such things noticed or heard, with some amazement, that Father Robert and the Rev. James actually shook hands when they met on the street, and even walked a few blocks together, apparently engaged in friendly conversation.

As time went on, Father Robert managed to introduce this and that parishoner to the Rev. James, who, in like manner made several leading members of his congregation better acquainted with the priest. Gradually the charmed circle widened and widened until the two congregations came to be on terms of such friendliness and good will as should maintain amongst fellow-citizens, even if they do not reach that plane of perfect harmony which should, but unhappily does not, exist in communities in which all are of the same faith.

## SOME RECENT BOOKS.\*

By J. C. Walsh.

On the shelf in the Public Library devoted to new books, I recently saw an unpretentious little volume. Something in the blue tint of the cover made the gilt lettering of the title indistinct, and a second look was necessary to find even its name. There are circumstances in connection with this book such as may set us thinking.

The book contains two tragedies, and is written by William Wilfred Campbell. It has made no stir in the world, so far. The first mention I saw of it was a singular effort of criticism, inasmuch as the writer seemed to be more engaged in making a diagnosis of the physical condition of the author than in forming a serious estimate of a piece of work which required the touch of genius for its conception, and months of hard work, no, doubt, for its completion. This was followed by another piece of signed criticism, afterwards shown, farcically enough, to have been written without the book having been seen.

What is strange in the matter is that there has been little or nothing said on the favorable side. Unless I am greatly mistaken the tragedy "Mordred," the first of

those in this work, is by long odds the greatest work as yet accomplished by any Canadian poet. Had it been published in the United States or in England, there would have been a great fuss made about it. Mr. Campbell, instead of being the butt of the Philistines, would have come into prominence at once, the reviewers would have measured him by their several standards, and the interviewers have favored the reading public with an account of his manners, habits, state of health, hours of work, favorite authors, masters, etc, and meanwhile that same public would have had its eyes open for the book. Here the thing is managed differently, and some thousands of good readers, who know good reading when they see it, go their way without suspecting the feast that has been laid for them.

Out of the old legends of King Arthur, Mr. Campbell has evolved this drama, and his daring is all the greater for having taken as his central character the most hated and least understood of all the mighty figures of the myth, Arthur's unnatural son Mordred the destroyer of the valiant brotherhood. Tennyson has made of those brave chivalric days a treasure to which all who speak the English tongue are heir. The primitive confusion of Sir Thomas Malory he was crystallized and beautified; yet nowhere perhaps has even he better defined the great aim of Arthur and his knights than we find in it the prophetic blessing of the hermit in "Mordred."

\*"Mordred and Hildebrand," a Book of Tragedies. By William Wilfred Campbell. J. S. Durie & Sons, Ottawa, Wm. Tyrrell & Co., Toronto. \$1.00, cloth.

"Sister Songs." By Francis Thompson, John Lane, London. Wm. Tyrrell & Co., Toronto. \$2.00 cloth.

"A Lady and Her Letters." By Katherine E. Conway, Pilot Publishing Co., Boston. 50c. cloth.

"A Galloway Herd." By S. R. Crockett, R.F. Fenno, New York, Wm. Tyrrell & Co., Toronto.

"Go forth from hence  
Great Arthur, keeper of thy people's peace,  
Go forth to right all wrong and guard all right,  
In home and mart, in castle and in cot,  
Meting the same to high and holy lot,  
Go forth in name of God to build a realm,  
Built up on chastity and noble deeds,  
Where womanhood is gentle and austere,  
And manhood strong in its great innocence.  
Go, blessed of God and all thy fellow men,  
Go in the strength of thy most high resolve,  
Thou wondrous soul unto thy wondrous work,  
The glory of the after days to be."

It is the wreck of this great state that constitutes the action of the play. Arthur goes forth from the hermit with mind all clear. Shortly afterwards, Merlin the wondrous magician and Arthur's patron, introduces the misshapen Mordred, of whose existence Arthur had not hitherto known. The king who loves best of all the manly beauty of Launcelot, revolts from the malformed youth who asks a father's love. Mordred, who up to this time was simply a soul full of mighty possibility, now begins to choose between the good and evil courses, and, egged on by Vivien whose love Arthur had scorned, falls into dark plots against the king—and steeps his soul in envy and ambition. Arthur, unable to bear his own thoughts, shrinks from the preparations for his approaching marriage, and sends Launcelot to bring the bride. Guinevere and Launcelot unwittingly fall in love themselves: thus fresh disaster settles in and waits the reckoning. For the rest the story is that which bards and troubadour sang in the dawn of literature, and which has attracted poets ever since. But the character of Mordred is a creation.

Merlin describes him in an appeal for Arthur's love

"But knowing further that a deeper feeling  
That holdeth rule in every human heart  
That knoweth greatness, would uppermost in  
thee

Atknowledge of the fate of thy poor son  
Who madeth not himself but bore thy sin  
In outward simile in his whole life's being,  
As Christ did bear men's sins upon the tree:

Who knowing all the ills that thou hadst done  
him,  
Still had sufficient sense of inward greatness  
To love the father who begat him thus;  
I feel if thou art that great Arthur dreamed  
Of me this many years of toil and care  
That I have worked to make thee what thou  
art,

That knowing this son of thine, distorted, wry  
Diminutive in outward human shape  
And void of all those graces thou hast loved  
To group about thy visions of thy court,  
Hath such a soul within him like a jewel  
In some enchanted casket, that were rare  
In all the love and wisdom of this age,  
That thou wouldst love him only all the more  
For that poor wry, misshapen shell of his."

Arthur's reception of him is the crisis of Mordred's life. The father's love he craved denied him, short time is necessary for the stirrings of ambition.

I am persuaded much  
To make a stir to remedy my wrongs,  
And yet my loftier nature cries me no.  
Oh! Mordred, what art thou, misshapen devil?  
Thou wilt be sweet as Launcelot in the grave,  
Though thou canst never smile on Guinevere,  
Or, other star of brightness, stand by Arthur  
Like lofty pine that girds the hills of snow.  
Yea, I am half constrained to be a devil,  
And take this mighty kingdom by the walls  
And shake it till its deep foundations thunder.  
There is no love for Mordred in these precincts;  
Took he the lonely road to-morrow morn,  
They'd cover his face and laugh the world along,  
Unmindful of his setting.

The transition into an arch-conspirator is rapid, the success of the plotting is complete. Arthur goes to war with Launcelot, and Mordred proclaims himself King. Then having arrived at the goal of ambition he finds at last,

'Tis but a petty thing to be a king  
And strut an hour to crown a people's will  
And make them think they wield a Majesty,  
And hold a phantom rule; then pass and be  
A little dust in a forgotten heap.

We are not surprised when at the end this man who is as much Hamlet as he is Richard, has himself placed beside Arthur's dead body, there himself to die.

"Blame not Oh King  
If thou somewhere may know what I here feel.  
Thy poor misshapen Mordred. Blame him not  
The turbulent, treacherous currents of his  
blood



Which were a part of thine, nor let one thought  
Of his past evil mar thy mighty rest ;  
I would have loved thee, but remember that.'

While the part of Mordred is maintained in fitting strength throughout, it should not be overlooked that the minor parts are fashioned by the hand of a master. Gwaine, the knight from the kitchen, and Dagonet, the King's fool, are so far removed from the common place padding to which we are accustomed in such parts that the conception and construction of either of them would be a lasting credit to the author. The character of Gwaine especially is treated in such a manner as to be in one sense a key to the whole work. The story told by the play is no longer the old romance ; it is the new realism. Gwaine is a fighting man, but he is not a squire of women. He worships his sword and he loves Launcelot.

"The foul fiend take this love! It is a queer sickness indeed. Anon it made him like to luke water, and now he be all fine. It bloweth now up, now down, like the wind in the chimney. Yea I love that man like a father his child. There is no sword like to his i' the whole kingdom. An' a wench that be a queen leadeth him like a goss-hawk."

All in all, as the quotation will serve to indicate, we have here a work of very uncommon merit. Not the least of its literary beauties is the steadfast adherence to the plain Saxon forms of speech, a device which preserves the flavor of Malory's exquisite version and which besides gives us a new taste of the delights of Elizabethan dramatists namely, those crystal clear expressions which in Shakespeare and his contemporaries gather the perfect thought into the perfect line.

Mr. Francis Thompson's new volume of poems, "Sister Songs," sustains the reputation made by

his first publication. That he is a poet of the highest order is obvious. It takes one some time to become reconciled to his use of out-of-the-way words, but happily this is not always his mood. There is a passage in the volume that constitutes as tender a tribute of thanksgiving as ever rewarded a generous act. It will be remembered that Mr. Thompson was picked up from an underground life a couple of years ago. This extract will furnish an idea of his condition, which, however mean, yet did not obscure, the grandeur of the emotions.

Once—in that nightmare time which still doth  
haunt

My dreams, a grim, unbidden visitant—  
Forlorn and faint and stark,

I had endured through watches of the dark,  
The abashless inquisition of each star.

Yea, was the outcast mark  
Of all those heavenly passers' scrutiny ;  
Stood bound and helplessly

For Time to shoot his barbed minutes at me ;  
Suffered the trampling hoof of every hour  
In night's slow-wheeled car ;

Until the tardy dawn dragged me at length  
From under those dread wheels ; and bled of  
strength,

I waited the inevitable last.

Then there came past

A child ; like thee, a Spring flower ; but a  
flower

Fallen from the budded coronal of Spring,  
And through the city streets blown withering.  
She passed—O brave, sad, lovingest tender  
thing—

And of her own scant pittance did she give,  
That I might eat and live ;

Then fled, a swift and trackless fugitive ;  
Therefore I kissed in thee

The heart of childhood, so divine for me ;  
And her, through what sore ways,

And what unchildish days,  
Borne from me now, as then, a trackless fug-  
itive.

The Pilot Publishing Co., Boston, have issued a new edition of Miss Katherine E. Conway's "A Lady and Her Letters." This little book is a compendium of the art of letter-writing, an art in which few are, and all should be, proficient. Any woman who values good taste will find in it so

good and valuable a companion as to consult its pages whenever in doubt.

"The Galloway Herd" reads like a resurrected early work of S. R. Crockett's, rather than the new book it pretends to be. The story is interesting but ill-constructed. Many of the sketches have already

been used in the author's other books. The enterprising publisher has probably made a discovery of some work written when the author was unknown to fame and has trusted to the present hey-day of popularity to sell it. I believe he has not been disappointed.



## SIR HILARY, AND OTHER RIDDLES.

One of Mackworth Praed's most celebrated charades, the proper answer to which has been the theme of endless discussion, is that beginning with the line: "Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt." As it has been somewhat incorrectly given in a number of publications, by those who perhaps quote from memory, we give it below as written by Praed, together with some of the answers. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to supply a better solution.

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,  
Sooth, 'twas an awful day;  
And though in that old age of sport,  
The rufflers of the camp and court  
Had little time to pray,  
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there  
Two syllables by way of prayer.

"My first to all the brave and proud  
Who see to-morrow's sun;  
My next, with her cold and quiet cloud,  
To those who find their dewy shroud  
Before to-day's be done;  
And both together to all blue eyes  
That weep when a warrior nobly dies."

Amongst the many answers that have been printed are: "Good-night," "Gramercy," "Heart's-ease." The first, which has been accepted by Miss Mitford, the talented authoress of the "Memoirs of Praed," reads:

The conflict was over, the victory won,  
And Agincourt saw the last rays of the sun  
'Ere Sir Hilary dared to alight;  
His steed and his armour were covered with gore,  
And, oppressed by his toil, he could utter no more  
Than one feeble prayer, "Good-Night."  
He thought with joy of the proud and brave,  
Who had fought by his side and escaped the grave,  
And he prayed for all "good" for those:  
But he mourned for his friends who lay dead on the field,  
Unburied, exposed, without corset or shield,  
The victims of battle's woes.  
And he prayed that the "Night," with its quiet cloud,  
Might over them cast a peaceful shroud,  
And give them safe repose.  
Then he bade "Good-night" to those bright blue eyes  
That weep when a warrior bravely dies.

"Good-luck" is another solution that has been given, in the following lines :

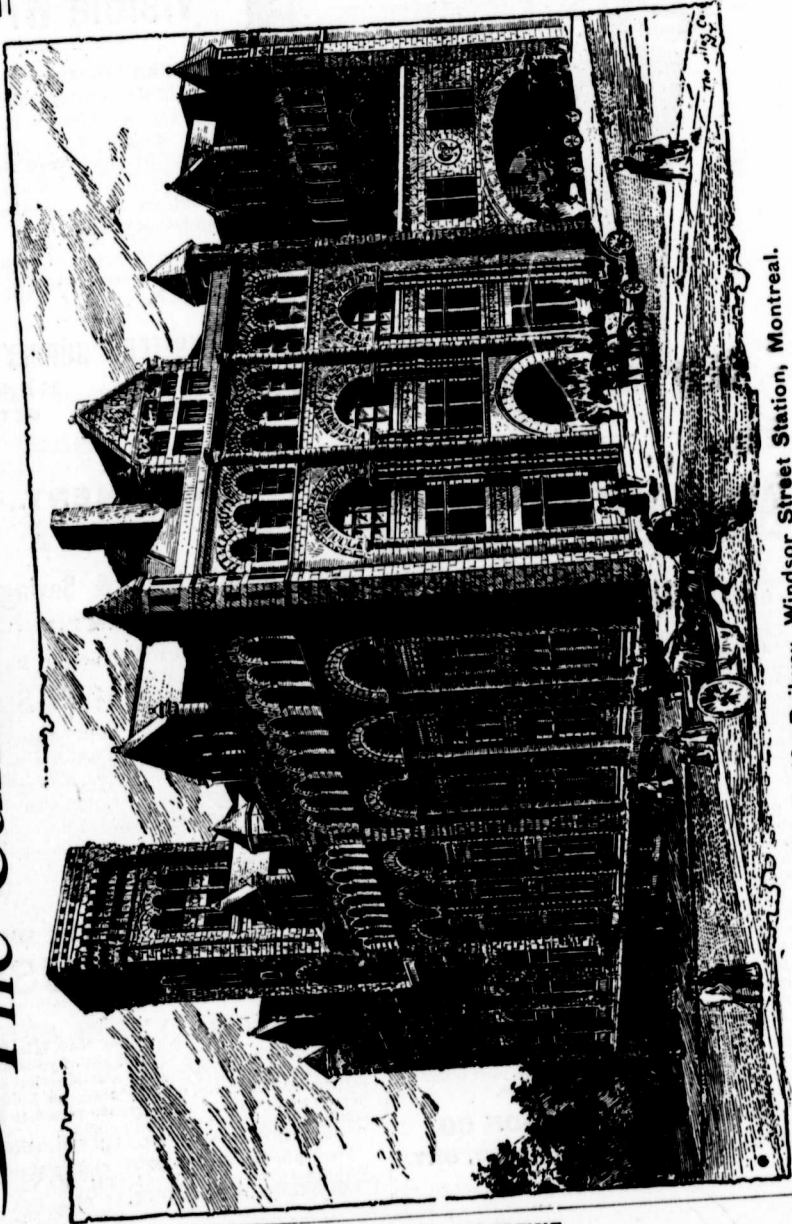
When Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,  
His heart was stern and his spirit dour ;  
But amid the tumult raging there,  
He breathed one word of heartfelt prayer :  
Find " Good," O Lord ! the deeds of those  
Who fall before the battle's close ;  
May " Luck " for their future lives be won  
By those who see to-morrow's sun :  
" Good-luck " to the dame with beautiful eyes,  
That weeps when a warrior nobly dies.

Our juvenile readers, and perhaps their seniors as well, will find food for thought and ingenuity in the following original riddles. Credit will be given to those who solve any or all successfully.

- (1). My whole, with flowers you may seek,  
Or in the flush of maiden's cheek ;  
Behold me, I am a machine,  
With spinning jennies to be seen.
- (2). My whole each maiden does at night ;  
Behold me, and at morning light,  
The milk maid does, when cross the field,  
She gaily comes with the cows' yield ;  
Behold again, and O, the wonder !  
I'm torn and I am rent asunder.
- (3). When youth exalted, high in air,  
Or bathing in the waters fair,  
Nature to form me took delight,  
And clad my body all in white.  
My person tall, and slender waist,  
On either side with fringes graced ;  
'Till me that tyrant, man espied,  
And dragged me from my mother's side,  
My skin he flay'd and hair he cropp'd,  
And, head and foot, my body lopp'd,  
And, with a heart more hard than stone,  
He picked the marrow from my bone ;  
To vex me more, he took a freak,  
To slit my tongue and make me speak—  
Riddle me this before next week.

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