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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1896.



PUBLISHED BY
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TORONTO

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THE PRESIDENTS OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY. By Prof. Fraser.

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VOL. VI.

APRIL, 1896.

No. 6.

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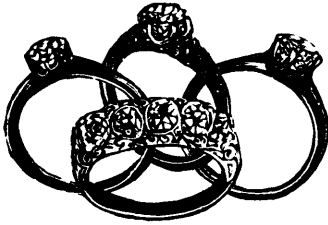
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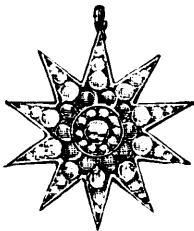
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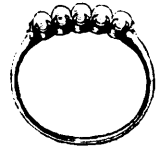
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THE PREROGATIVE OF DISSOLUTION, WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ITS LIMITATIONS.

BY SENATOR L. G. POWER.

THE object aimed at in this paper is to present to the reader, in a concise form, views upon an important subject, which are to be found in various authoritative treatises on constitutional law and practice. Those treatises are not always readily accessible even to students; and it is felt to be desirable to place the conclusions stated in or to be deduced from them before the general reader, in order to enable him to form an intelligent judgment.

I. DISSOLUTIONS AT THE INSTANCE OF THE GOVERNOR.

In theory, the head of the Executive—Monarch, Governor General, or Lieutenant-Governor—has, under the English system of government, the right to dissolve, at his discretion, the popular House of the Legislature. In practice, this general proposition, like most other general propositions when applied to that system, is subject to limitations.

The discretion must be a reasonable one. If the Governor (using that term to describe the official head of the Executive, whether Imperial, Dominion or Provincial) undertakes to exercise his power to dissolve against the wishes of the Ministry of the day, who

are supported by a substantial majority of the Lower House, he must have reasonable grounds for believing that they do not represent the popular sentiment, that either their general administration or policy, or their attitude with respect to some question of grave practical importance does not meet with the approval of a majority of the electors; and he must find other ministers prepared to assume the responsibility for his action. There have been in England since the establishment of the present system of administration three cases, two of them very well known, where the king dismissed ministers who were supported by a majority in the House of Commons, and appealed from that House to the electors. In 1784, George the Third dismissed the Coalition Ministry of Fox and Lord North, which had the support of a large majority in the Commons, and formed a new administration under Pitt, which, upon an appeal to the country, was triumphantly sustained. The precedent thus established was followed in 1807, after the dismissal of the Grenville administration, and again in 1834, when William the Fourth dismissed the Melbourne Ministry, and called upon Sir Robert Peel to form a new administration.

An appeal having been made to the electorate, Peel's government found themselves in a minority in the House of Commons, and after a struggle were obliged to resign, and make way for the return of the Whig Ministry.

While the action of George the Third, in 1784, is generally regarded with approval, the same cannot be said of that of his son fifty years later. In principle the cases were the same, but in 1784 the king gauged more accurately the public sentiment than did his successor in the later case; and, therefore, there seems to be among historians and constitutional writers a disposition to look upon the father as having exercised his discretion reasonably, while the son used his without that qualification. Even though an unlearned observer may be disposed to deem the disfavor with which William's experiment has been regarded as an illustration of the truth of the maxim, that "nothing succeeds like success," the failure of that experiment operates as a kind of guarantee that a governor shall not dismiss ministers supported by a majority in the popular House, unless he has the best ground for believing that his action will be sustained on an appeal to the electors—the ultimate source of authority. Such dissolutions, which may be called "compulsory," are in every case preceded by a dismissal of the existing administration and the appointment of new ministers, who are prepared to assume responsibility for the action of the Governor.

"The grounds upon which the sovereign may constitutionally dismiss a ministry Lord Brougham has thus defined: 'If they exhibit internal dissensions among themselves; if they differ from the sovereign, or from the country at large (upon a question of public policy); if their measures are ruinous to the interests of the country, at home or abroad; or if there should exist a general feeling of distrust and disapprobation of them throughout the country.'"^{*}

^{*} Todd, Parliamentary Government in England; 2nd edition, Vol. 1. p. 316.

Cases of compulsory dissolutions are not unknown in the colonies.

"In 1861, Sir Alexander Bannerman, the Lieutenant-Governor of Newfoundland, being dissatisfied with the reasons given to him by his prime minister (Mr. Kent) for submitting to the local legislature—a bill affecting the salaries of *employés* in the Civil Service of the island, dismissed the ministry, and entrusted the formation of a new administration to Mr. Hoyles, the leader of the opposition in the assembly. Mr. Hoyles succeeded in this undertaking, but, being in a minority in the assembly, requested the governor to dissolve the legislature, to which his excellency acceded. Meanwhile, the assembly, on March 5th, 1861, passed resolutions protesting against the change of ministry and the proposed dissolution, and negatived a motion to go into committee of the whole house on ways and means. Whereupon, two days afterwards, the legislature was dissolved by proclamation: a certain bill which had passed both houses, having been previously assented to by proclamation. The result of the elections was favorable to the new ministry, and the objectionable measure which had been disapproved of by the governor was not again brought forward."^{*}

"In 1855, a prohibitory liquor law was passed by the New Brunswick legislature, but the Act proved to be wholly inoperative and incapable of enforcement. Whereupon the lieutenant-governor (J. H. Manners Sutton), without expressing any opinion upon the principle of prohibitory legislation, sent a memorandum to his Ministers, in which he expressed his conviction that a continuance of the existing state of affairs was fraught with peril to the best interests of the community, and called for immediate remedy. He, therefore, suggested a dissolution of Parliament, with a view to a decided expression of public opinion in favor of or in opposition to the prohibitory principle. Ministers dissented altogether from his excellency's conclusions, and would not advise a dissolution."[†]

The lieutenant-governor persisted: ministers resigned: a new administration was formed: the assembly was dissolved, and a new one elected, which, by an overwhelming majority, endorsed his excellency's action.

In the same province the general elections of 1865 were run on the question of Confederation, and a large

^{*} Todd, Parliamentary Government in the Colonies; 2nd Edition, p. 657.

[†]Ib. 660, sq.

majority of members opposed to the union were returned. In the next year, the lieutenant-governor (Mr. A. H. Gordon) proposed to recommend the question again to the consideration of the legislature. Ministers declined to adopt this course, and resigned. The lieutenant-governor formed a new ministry and dissolved the assembly; and at the ensuing general election a majority of members favorable to the union were returned.

These two New Brunswick cases have one feature in common, which distinguishes them from all other cases which occur to the writer. They arose out of the refusal of the ministry of the day to undertake certain legislative action at the instance of the governor. It is submitted that, as precedents, they are of doubtful value. If recognized, they might lead to the initiative in legislation being transferred from the ministry to the governor, a thing which is repugnant to our ideas of parliamentary and responsible government.

In March, 1878, Lieutenant-Governor Letellier of Quebec dismissed his ministers, on the grounds that they had failed to give due consideration to his recommendations with respect to public affairs, and that they "had taken steps in regard both to administrative and legislative measures, not only contrary to his representations, but even without previously advising him of what they proposed to do." A new administration was formed, which upon an appeal to the people secured a bare majority. The ultimate result was that, on the 25th of July, 1879, Mr. Letellier was removed from his office, on the ground that, his "usefulness as a lieutenant-governor was gone." Mr. Todd does not approve of the action of Sir John Macdonald's government in Mr. Letellier's case; which did not meet with the approval of the Colonial secretary (Sir M. Hicks-Beach) and was also contrary to the individual opinion of the Governor-General of the day—the Marquis of

Lorne. Now, that the keen party feelings evoked in the case have in a great degree passed away, most statesmen will be disposed to look upon the action of the Dominion government as being the reverse of commendable and to regret that the Colonial Secretary did not see fit to take more decided steps to prevent its being taken. Although one would have supposed that Mr. Letellier's experience had not been calculated to encourage any other lieutenant-governor to follow his example, we find that in 1891 Lieutenant-Governor Angers of Quebec dismissed the Mercier administration, although they were sustained by a large majority in the Assembly. Upon a subsequent appeal to the people, the action of Mr. Angers was sustained.

The conclusion as to compulsory dissolutions is that, although the right of a governor to order them is theoretically absolute, it is so limited by the actual necessity to find advisers prepared to defend his action and the practical requirement that that action shall also be endorsed by the electors and, in the case of a colony or province, that it shall not be disapproved by the superior authority to whom he is responsible, that there is little risk that the exercise of the prerogative will ever lead to serious abuse or mischief.

II. DISSOLUTIONS AT THE INSTANCE OF MINISTERS.

With respect to dissolutions at the instance of the ministry, the impression seems to have got abroad in Canada that the government of the day, whether Dominion or Provincial, are entitled to claim a dissolution from the governor whenever they please and with or without due notice to the public. It is submitted that, in any such case, the exercise of the discretion of the governor in favor of his ministers is subject to limitations. The existence of an impression to the contrary, justified to a certain extent by Canadian precedents, lends to the sub-

ject of voluntary dissolutions a practical interest which is more or less absent in the case of those called compulsory; and the matter deserves to be considered at some length.

The statutory rule of England on the subject is contained in chapter 38 of 1 George, 1, St. 2, which enacts :

“That this present parliament, and all parliaments that shall at any time hereafter be called, assembled or held, shall and may respectively have continuance for seven years, and no longer to be accounted from the day on which by the writ of summons this present parliament hath been, or any future parliament shall be appointed to meet, unless this present, or any such parliament hereafter to be summoned, shall be sooner dissolved by His Majesty, his heirs or successors.”

The rule as to the Dominion Parliament is embodied in section 50 of *The British North America Act, 1867*, which reads as follows :

“Every House of Commons shall continue for five years from the day of the return of the writs for choosing the House (subject to be sooner dissolved by the governor-general), and no longer.”

The enactments with respect to the assemblies of the several provinces are substantially identical with the section just quoted, the term being four years instead of five, and the Lieutenant-Governor being substituted for the Governor General.

What construction would one naturally put on section 50 of *The British North America Act*? That the House should run its statutory term, unless dissolved by the Governor General for what he deems sufficient reasons. He is the judge of the sufficiency of the reasons. The question of dissolution is the only one, not Imperial in its character, as to which he should act independently of his ministers, and for his action as to which he is responsible to the Queen. As representing the Queen, it is his duty to see that Her Majesty's subjects of all shades of political opinion are treated fairly. He owes certain duties to his ministers, but he also owes something

to their opponents, and more to the country at large than to either party. While he will give their due weight to the arguments of his prime minister in favor of anticipating what one may call the natural decease of the House of Commons, he will weigh those arguments, not as a friend or an advocate but as a judge.

The framers of our federal constitution having, after due deliberation, and looking at the question from the standpoint of experienced politicians and disinterested observers, decided that each House of Commons should endure for five years, unless its life was shortened by the exercise of the Governor's prerogative of dissolution, that prerogative should not be called into operation except for the most serious reasons. If, in the deliberate opinion of parliament, the existing term is too long, the proper constitutional steps should be taken to shorten it, by seeking an amendment of the fiftieth section of *The British North America Act*; but, until that is done, the natural expectation of the people, that each parliament shall have five sessions in as many years, and that the country shall not be obliged to bear more frequently than is necessary the direct cost of holding a general election, and the indirect cost involved in the disturbance of business which accompanies the campaign, and the natural expectation of members of the Commons, that the position and privileges which they have won, after trying, disagreeable and often expensive contests, shall be enjoyed for the term assigned by the Constitutional Act, should not be disappointed, unless the Governor is satisfied that the public interests demand such action. If a measure of the first importance which was not in question at the last election—as for instance a radical change in the tariff—is proposed, it would seem proper that the people should be consulted before its adoption; and something might be said in favor of seeking a

mandate from the new electorate, where there has been a very great extension of the franchise.

There is a general impression that a ministry who find that they cannot carry on the public business in a House elected under their opponents have a right to claim a dissolution; but, while the fact that they have taken office in a hostile house is an element which would naturally have much weight in influencing the Governor's decision, it does not give them an absolute right to what they seek; and there have been such cases where the dissolution asked for has been refused.

Any unbiased inquirer would, without hesitation, conclude that a government having an assured majority in the popular house should not, in the absence of any new question of overshadowing importance as to which there is urgent necessity for an expression of the opinions of the voters, and of any radical change in the composition of the electorate, be allowed a dissolution of a house which has yet one or more sessions to serve. Such a dissolution, made with a view chiefly to an advantage expected to accrue to the party in power, is a proceeding for which it would be difficult to find a defence based upon reason or justice, or, as will be shown, sound constitutional practice.

English Practice.

It will be well now to inquire whether or not the authorities bear out the views just expressed. In dealing with those bearing upon English practice, it should be borne in mind that the parliamentary term provided by the Act of George the First, is two years longer than that prescribed by *The British North America Act*; that the English parliament, in passing that Act was dealing with itself; that the Act enlarged the term of the then existing House of Commons from three to seven years because—as was alleged—an election at the expiration of the then current three years

might have endangered the King's throne, a reason which has long ceased to exist, if it ever did exist; that it is set forth in that Act—though this is possibly of no consequence—that each House of Commons “shall and may” continue for seven years, whereas in *The British North America Act* the word “shall” is used alone; and that in England no attempt is made by a ministry to whom a dissolution is accorded to take their opponents by surprise, or to secure what is called a “snap” verdict from the electors. In the case of Canada, the Act was passed by the Imperial Parliament, the supreme authority of the Empire, and is to be administered by an imperial officer responsible to the Queen, while in England the Queen has no responsibility to any other authority; the term of five years was deliberately chosen, without any regard to mere temporary exigencies, real or imaginary, and some Canadian politicians are not above seeking party advantage in the choice of the time for holding elections.

In England premature dissolutions of Parliament do not take place where the ministers of the day have a working majority and no great issue has arisen. Speaking of the dissolution of 1784, Hearn says,*

“For eighty years parliaments had died a natural death. They had terminated either by effluxion of time or by the demise of the Crown. The last occasion on which a premature dissolution had taken place was the dispute of the two Houses in the reign of Queen Anne about the Aylesbury men. Even on that occasion, the royal interference only anticipated by a very brief space the natural close of the parliament's existence.”

What has happened since then is thus summarised by Mr. Syme †

“During the last hundred years (from 1780 to 1880), there have been twenty two dissolutions of parliament, and of them eight have been on account of the near approach of its natural term of existence; five on account of defeats of ministers, owing to their not be-

* Government of England, 2nd Ed'n p. 160.

† Representative Government in England; 156 sq.

ing able to command a majority in the House; four on matters personally affecting the sovereign, or on his demise; and one to admit of an enlarged system of representation being put into immediate operation. Of the remaining four, one was on a want of confidence motion carried against the administration of Lord Melbourne; one was a vote of censure on the administrative policy of Lord Palmerston in connection with the war in China; and two on account of the rejection of measures introduced by ministers, the first being the Reform Bill of Earl Grey, rejected by the Lords; and the second, the Reform Bill of Lord John Russell, rejected in the Commons."

At page 162 and in several following pages of Hearn's "Government of England" will be found a concise and interesting discussion of the question of dissolution, to which the reader is referred. It may be well to quote enough to sustain the position above assumed.

" 'The power of dissolution,' says Burke, 'is of all the trusts vested in His Majesty the most critical and delicate.' 'It is,' says another eminent statesman (Sir Robert Peel) 'a great instrument in the hands of the Crown; and it would have a tendency to blunt the instrument if it were employed without grave necessity.' The popular impression on this subject, however, is very different. It seems to be generally supposed that a defeated minister is entitled, if he think fit, at once to 'appeal to the country.' The concurrence of the Crown is assumed as a matter of course. But although ministers may advise a dissolution, the King is by no means bound to follow that advice. The refusal to grant the dissolution would be a sufficient ground for the resignation of ministers; but on the other hand, compliance with the request can only be meant to assist them against the hostility of parliament. Such assistance the King cannot and ought not indiscriminately to give."

And then the author proceeds to consider various cases in which a dissolution should be granted.

The enumeration does not include any case where a ministry have an assured majority in the Commons. Mr. Todd, in his great work on *Parliamentary Government in England*, takes the same view of the general question as Chancellor Hearn, and at page 506 of the second volume says:

"It has been urged that it is the right of a minister to claim from the Crown the dissolution of a Parliament which has been elected under the auspices of his political opponents, and that this claim may be preferred whenever the popular branch thinks fit to withhold its confidence from the administration. But constitutional usage does not warrant such a limitation of the discretion of the Crown in the exercise of the prerogative of dissolution. For it is not a legitimate use of this prerogative to resort to it when no grave political question is directly at issue between the contending parties and merely in order to maintain in power the particular ministers who hold the reins of Government.

Upon this principle, Lord John Russell refrained from advising a dissolution when his administration was defeated in the House of Commons in 1852; and for the same reason, he declared that the dissolution upon the defeat of Lord Palmerston's Government in 1857, was not justifiable."

In 1846, upon Sir Robert Peel's defeat on the Irish Coercion Bill by a combination of Whig free traders and Tory protectionists, he resigned office, stating that,

"He would not consent to advise a dissolution for the mere continuance of his own administration in office, unless he could reasonably anticipate that it would insure him the support of a powerful party, united to him by a general concurrence of views on all great questions, a result which, at this juncture, he did not consider probable. Moreover he thought that the country, after its recent excitement, stood in need of repose."

Peel's conduct on this occasion is commended by the authorities as being patriotic and in accordance with the spirit of the constitution. On the other hand, Lord Derby's dissolution in 1859 is condemned; because the Parliament was only in its second year; because the measure the rejection of which was the occasion of the appeal to the electors was not one of an urgent or vitally important character; because the Government had no reasonable expectation of securing a majority in the new House, and because "at the time of the dissolution the state of public affairs was very alarming." As Hearn says (p. 168); "This dissolution, then, must be regarded as a mere party measure, and as such

comes within the express condemnation of Sir Robert Peel."

It may be well here to summarise from the second volume of Todd (pp. 504-506), "the particular occasions upon which by constitutional usage a minister is justified in advising the Crown to exercise its prerogative of dissolving Parliament.

"In order to take the sense of the country in regard to the dismissal of ministers by the Sovereign, as in 1784, in 1807 and in 1834."

"For the purpose of ascertaining the sentiments of the constituent body in relation to some important act of the executive government * * * * * or some question of public policy upon which the ministers of the Crown and the House of Commons are at issue."

"Whenever there is reason to believe that the House of Commons does not correctly represent the opinions and wishes of the nation.

But this rule must be taken with some qualification."

The general doctrine of dissolution as laid down by Sir W. R. Anson is substantially the same as that of Mr. Todd. See Anson's *Law and Custom of the Constitution, 2nd Edition Vol. 1, pp. 275-279.*

Practice in the Colonies.

Having said so much of the theory and practice in England, it will be well to examine some of the authorities as to voluntary dissolutions in the self-governing colonies. Before doing so, however, one may direct attention to a circumstance which adds to the differences already mentioned between England and the colonies. In England the Parliament is sovereign; and a dissolution may be the only way to avert action which might do irreparable mischief, either on account of its revolutionary character or for some other reason. In the colonies, the existence of written constitutions—in the shape of Imperial Statutes or despatches—renders revolutionary action impracticable, while the power of the Governor to veto or reserve a Bill operates as a preventative of unwise or vicious legislation.

The whole subject of the Governor's

discretion in granting or refusing a dissolution to ministers is very fully considered in Part 3, of chapter XVII. of Todd's *Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies*, to which the reader is referred.

The general principle—already enunciated—is laid down at page 560, sq.

"The sovereign has an undoubted constitutional right to withhold his consent to the application of a minister that he should dissolve Parliament. But, on the other hand, the Crown can only grant a dissolution upon the advice of a responsible minister. If the minister to whom a dissolution has been refused is not willing to accept the decision of the Sovereign it is his duty to resign. He must then be replaced by another minister, who is prepared to accept full responsibility for the act of the Sovereign and its consequences, in the judgment of Parliament."

While referring the reader to Mr. Todd's work for a discussion of the whole subject, it may be well to cite a few instances in which a dissolution has been refused.

The most unreasonable application for a dissolution mentioned by Mr. Todd was one made to Lord Mulgrave in Nova Scotia, in 1860.

"After a dissolution of Parliament in the previous year, his ministry (led by the late Hon. James W. Johnston and Dr. (now Sir) Charles Tupper) who had theretofore a good working majority, found themselves considerably weakened, the opposition being almost able to turn the scale against them. Ministers declared, however, that several of their opponents were disqualified, and that their seats should be vacated. They endeavored to persuade the house to unseat these gentlemen without a resort to the legal method of trying controverted elections, but the attempt was unsuccessful. Instead, the House resolved that they had no confidence in the administration.

"Whereupon ministers strongly urged upon the governor the necessity for another dissolution of parliament, not only on their own behalf, but also on public grounds. His Excellency carefully reviewed their arguments, dissented from their conclusions, and declined to accede to their request. He promised that whenever he should be of opinion 'that a constitutional necessity for a dissolution exists,' he would not hesitate to appeal to the country; but he added, 'so long as I remain Her Majesty's representative in Nova Scotia, I shall claim to be the judge of

when that time has arrived.' As it was, he deemed it to be neither expedient nor for the public convenience that a dissolution should take place so soon after a general election. Accordingly the ministry resigned." p. 769, sq.

At the other extreme, stands the case of Sir Edmund Head and Mr. Brown in 1858. The Governor General invited Mr. Brown to form a government upon the defeat of Mr. (afterwards Sir) John A. Macdonald—on the question of the choice of a Capital for Canada—knowing, as he must have done, that a large majority of the existing Assembly were opposed to Mr. Brown; and if he had been in earnest in his invitation to Mr. Brown, he must have known that a dissolution was essential to the success of the new administration. Yet Sir Edmund refused it. At the same time, Mr. Brown should have been warned by the Governor's statement, that he would give no pledge as to a dissolution, and should have declined to proceed without a pledge.

"In May 1872, the legislative assembly of Victoria having agreed to vote expressing a want of confidence in the administration of Mr. (afterwards Sir) C. Gavan Duffy, the cabinet presented to the Governor (Lord Canterbury) a minute expressing their conviction that they were bound to give effect to this vote either by an immediate resignation of office or by recommending a speedy dissolution of Parliament.

They believed that a dissolution of Parliament, as an alternative to resignation of office, was justifiable under any one of the following circumstances:—

1. When a vote of 'no confidence' is carried against a government which has not already appealed to the country.

2. When there are reasonable grounds to believe that an adverse vote against the government does not represent the opinions and wishes of the country, and would be reversed by a new Parliament.

3. When the existing Parliament was elected under the auspices of the opponents of the government.

4. When the majority against the government is so small as to make it improbable that a strong government can be formed from the opposition, all these conditions they believed to be united in their own case."

Notwithstanding all this, the Gov-

ernor refused the dissolution, and the ministry resigned. In the same year Governor Bowen refused a dissolution to Mr. Stafford, the prime minister of New Zealand. In the same colony, in November, 1877, the governor, the Marquis of Normanby, refused a dissolution to Sir George Gray. In 1879, Governor Weld of Tasmania refused a dissolution to Mr. Crowther. In October, 1879, Lieutenant-Governor Robitaille of Quebec refused a dissolution to Mr. Joly; and, in February, 1883, Lieutenant-Governor R. D. Wilmot refused a dissolution to Mr. Han-nington.

Mr. Todd's general conclusions on the subject of dissolutions are to be found at pages 800 and 801 of his work on *Parliamentary Government in the British Colonies*, and are substantially that, they are in the discretion of the Governor, that, if the Governor is of opinion that a dissolution is asked for merely to strengthen a particular party, it must be refused; and that if it is desired to ascertain public opinion upon disputed questions of public policy, it may be granted.

Objectionable Practice in Canada.

Nowhere in works on constitutional practice can there be found any reference to the propriety of granting a dissolution to a ministry having a working majority in the popular House, in the absence of any new question of vital consequence and of any radical change in the composition of the electoral body. Sufficient authority has been cited to show that no governor would be justified in granting a dissolution in such a case. Not that there was much need of citing authorities; because a premature dissolution being an appeal from the Commons House to the electors, there can be no such appeal when the House supports the ministry. Yet there is no doubt but that such indefensible dissolutions have been allowed since 1867, both in the case of the Dominion Parliament and in those of various provincial legis-

latures. The first Parliament of Canada lasted for its full term. The second, elected in July, 1872, was dissolved on the advice of Mr. Mackenzie in January, 1874. Mr. Mackenzie's claim to a dissolution on the ground that the existing House of Commons had been elected under his opponents was much strengthened by the revelations made as to the circumstances of the elections of 1872. The House elected in January, 1874, held the normal number of five sessions, each in a separate year. That elected in September, 1878, was dissolved by the Marquis of Lorne in May, 1882. For this premature dissolution no substantial excuse has ever been offered. It was alleged in a vague and general way that many millions of foreign money were only awaiting a ratification of the National Policy to be invested in Canadian industries. But, as the millions did not materialize within any reasonable time after the ratification, it is to be presumed that this assertion, which would if true have constituted no valid defence of the government's conduct in advising the dissolution, was put forward upon the principle that "a poor excuse is better than none."

The fifth parliament—that elected in May, 1882—was dissolved in January, 1887, having held only four sessions. A reason given for this dissolution, and entitled to some consideration, was that there had been since the election of the existing House a decided extension of the franchise. The sixth parliament was dissolved in February, 1891, having had four sessions. "The reason alleged for dissolving Parliament was that the Dominion Government had, through the Imperial Government, made certain proposals to the United States looking to an extension of Canada's commerce, and that if such proposals resulted in a treaty which must be ratified by Canada, it would be expedient that the Government should be able to deal with a Parliament fresh from the people rather than with

a moribund House." When it is considered that the electors were given no inkling of the character of the arrangement which the Dominion Government proposed to make with that of the United States, the absurdity of this alleged reason for dissolution will be apparent. Had Sir John A. Macdonald, after negotiations had begun and a basis of arrangement had been agreed upon, submitted for the information of the people an outline of the proposed treaty, upon which he asked their verdict at the polls, few would be disposed to find fault with Lord Stanley for having allowed the dissolution. As it is, no serious student of constitutional practice can look upon the action of the Governor-General as constituting a satisfactory precedent.

This paper has already attained too great a length to allow one to say much of dissolutions of provincial legislative assemblies. That of Nova Scotia was dissolved in December, 1874, having had only three sessions, and as far as the writer can remember, without any substantial reason known to the constitution. The Ontario legislature was dissolved in November, 1886, without a fourth session. The reason given for this dissolution was, it appears, the same as that alleged for that of the Dominion Parliament in the succeeding year—a great extension of the franchise—and was, therefore, sustained by English precedents. In New Brunswick there have been at least two premature dissolutions, for the last of which—in the autumn of 1895—no constitutional reason has, to the writer's knowledge, been advanced. The recent dissolution of the Manitoba legislature was of a different character, there being an important question at issue between the Government of the Province and that of the Dominion, as to which there seemed good reason for wishing to know whether the people of the province held the same views as the government and legislature. In saying this, the writer does not of course

wish to be understood as expressing an opinion on the merits of the controversy between the two governments.

Enough has been said to make it clear that a Governor should not accede to the request of his Minister for the premature dissolution of the popular House, unless he is thoroughly satisfied that the request is based upon sound and sufficient constitutional reasons, and also to show that this salutary rule has been ignored in Canada, both as to the Dominion and as to various provinces. It is also clear that the time of a dissolution may be a very important factor in politics, and may have a marked influence on the current of public affairs. For instance, had the sixth Parliament of Canada been dissolved after, instead of before, the session of 1891, there is little doubt but that the result of the succeeding general election would have been altogether different from what it was, and that, whether for good or ill, the government of the country would, during the past four years, have been in the hands of the Liberal party. What is done cannot be recalled; but care should be taken to avoid in the future the vicious practice which has obtained in the past; and our governors should exercise their proper constitutional prerogative. In England, ministers would scorn the idea of trying to take advantage of their opponents by means of a sudden and unexpected dissolution; and in the United States the duration of the various houses of Congress and the legislatures is fixed by the several constitutions, so that no party can be surprised.

In Canada, as in most other colonies, the tone of public life is not as high as in the Mother Country; almost any political stratagem is looked upon as

being justified by the great end of defeating the enemy; and the only safeguard for the country and for the party for the time being in opposition is to be found in the due exercise by the Governor of his constitutional discretion with respect to dissolution. The discretion must be exercised, either by the ministers, who are disqualified by their direct personal as well as their party interests, or by the Governor, who is supposed to survey the political field with a calm and unprejudiced eye, and to hold the scales fairly and evenly between the contending parties.

The history of the colonies, particularly of those in Australasia, contains many illustrations of the wholesome influence exerted by Imperial Governors in preventing the debasement and degeneration of public life; and it is to be regretted that, of late years, our Governors-General should have apparently waived their claims to a constitutional discretion in the matter of granting or withholding dissolutions. It is, of course, understood that this discretion is to be exercised upon the advice of ministers prepared to accept full responsibility for the governors' action. Every thoughtful lover of Canada must feel that the tone of public life in our country is not so high as to render unnecessary the tempering influence of a disinterested and elevated mediator between political parties, and must wish that, as in Australasia, the representatives of the Crown shall be true constitutional governors, and not mere official figure-heads.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that this paper is not to be regarded as intended to express the views of a party, or section of a party, or of any person other than the writer.



HOW JOSEPH WON ASENATH.

BY S. R. ALLEN.

IN the days of Riyan* the Pharaoh, the poverty of Egypt went forth like a messenger of Eblis throughout the land, and laid a blight upon its joys. The heart of the people fainted, and would have become as water, had not a wise provision been made through the timely interpretation of the King's dreams. But it was not the court magician or astrologer who gave the meaning of the visions, but Joseph, the Syrian slave of Kitfir,† for he was instructed in all knowledge, and understood the signs in the heavens and night thoughts of the sleeper. When brought before the royal throne he freely conversed with the monarch in the seventy different languages which the King spoke, and so greatly pleased him with his profound wisdom that at once he was created chief prince under that Pharaoh, and received full control of the treasury. Thereafter it became his duty to visit the store-cities of Egypt and obtain account of the accumulating wealth of grain, and in the years of dearth to supervise the sale and distribution of food to the people.

Now it came to pass, in the first year of plenty, in the fourth month, and on the eighteenth day of the month, as he journeyed through the land,

gathering corn into granaries, he came to Heliopolis, where was the celebrated Temple of the Sun, whose splendor filled the spectator with awe and became the crowning glory of the city. Priests of royal descent adorned the learning of that beautiful place with the wisdom of many ages. Thither resorted the ignorant to be taught, and sages of many countries made pilgrimages to its schools in order to become skilled in the higher lessons of life, and learn to uplift the veil between the present and the future state. Of that princely city poets sang, and grave historians rehearsed its praises, while under the shadow of that wonderful obelisk of Usertesén, philosophers sat and mused upon the generations of man, the changing seasons and the end of time. When Joseph drew nigh to the outskirts of the city, as became his rank, he sent word to Pentephres the High Priest, by sixteen young heralds, who proclaimed his approach and announced that the representative of the Pharaoh would be his guest on a certain day.

With joy in his heart, and an unusual light in his eye, the holy man summoned his only daughter, Asenath, to his side. Young and beautiful, this child of a priestly line was the object of admiration among the nobles of Egypt; even the son of Riyan sought her in marriage, but she had refused them all as being unworthy

* RIVAN—Many oriental writers agree that the Pharaoh of Joseph's time was Riyan, the son of Al Walid, an Amalekite.

† KITFIR—Arabic scholars also call him Itfir; both names are corruptions of Potiphar.

suitors. Light-hearted and graceful as the gazelle bounding over the vales of its native land, no wonder she was regarded as a royal prize. Reared among scholars, priests and statesmen, she had learned to be brave, and dared to assert her own rights and vindicate her actions. Among the marvels of her home was a top story laid out in twelve rooms, the first of which was large and gorgeous, being decorated with artistic colored stones; the ceiling was purple, and ornamented with painted pictures of the gods of Egypt—Isis, Horus, Osiris, Nut, Anubis, and many others; so that, as far as symbols were concerned, she dwelt in the very presence of deities. Other chambers on this top story were variously occupied, but seven of them were allotted to seven very beautiful young women, the friends of Asenath. On the approach of Joseph to the residence of Pentephres, that official took his daughter to a private room, and told her that the first prince under the Pharaoh, and governor of all Egypt, would soon be with them as a guest; and said he, "Come, my dearest child, and I will present thee to him for a wife; and thou shalt be his bride; and he shall be a bridegroom to thee for all eternity."

To many a girl (for she was only eighteen years old at the time), to many a girl this would have seemed a grand opportunity to become famous throughout all her land and the neighbouring nations. To be the bride of a prince was not an every day occurrence; and even though her father could keep her in affluence, should she unwisely let this occasion pass away? Let me tell you, as a secret, that Asenath was not an ordinary woman. Great in stature like Sarah, the princess of that Abraham who walked in the immediate presence of Jehovah, she was also blooming as Rebecca, and her marvellous beauty rivalled that of Rachel the well-beloved of Jacob, the Prince of God. When her father mentioned a foreign alliance, her

Egyptian spirit rebelled within her at the suggestion of becoming the wife of the Hebrew. With a scornful pride she answered, "Would'st thou deliver me up to consort with a Syrian slave, a runaway from his native land, a mere upstart of a hated race; one from whom the taint of dishonor has not been cleansed? I pray thee, O my father, leave me to my own choice. Send the royal slave away to find in Zuleikha* his bride and wife. As for me, I'll seek consolation in prayer to Hathor, the protector of woman and her rights."

So saying she hastened to her own room, giving her father no time to remonstrate, nor chance to introduce her to Joseph, who at that moment was announced as having arrived. Although a woman, she was not devoid of curiosity, and having reached her compartments, she seated herself at the window to observe what manner of man the new prime minister was. As she looked out upon the open courtyard, fear and wonder seized upon her heart and senses. Was it one of the glorified nine of Egypt she saw? Surely it must be; and yet she had not heard of any deity having come to earth in her day. If he were not a god, he was like unto the divine Horus, for, all-beautiful in person, clothed with the finest of pure white linen, crowned with a golden crown, and seated in a chariot of gold, she beheld the man whom a few minutes before she had despised and rejected. A supernatural dread overtook her, and, as Joseph raised his eyes, her eyes met his. A kingly grandeur surrounded him as with a garment, while from the twelve precious stones that decked his crown, dazzling rays of light shot forth, and formed a halo of glory around his head. The skilful charioteer drove into the spacious court with more than human demeanour, and

* ZULEIKHA—Some orientlists affirm that Zuleikha was the wife of Potiphar, who died about the time of Pharaoh's remarkable dreams, and that Joseph married the widow to whom Moses gives the name Asenath in the biblical account.



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIDEN.

“The skilful charioteer drove into the courtyard.”

when the royal occupant descended from his seat, Asenath saw in his hand an olive branch full of fruit.

The strange feeling which had come over her excited nature was passing off, when, gazing around her chamber, she met with another surprise, for the pictures of the gods on the ceiling seemed to be bowing prostrate towards her, as if in the act of worship. Never had she such an experience in all her life; to be met with this unheard of conduct on the part of the old divinities was more than she could bear, and, unwittingly, she descended the stairway, and heard her father say, "Blessed is the Lord God Jehovah, inasmuch as my lord Joseph hath esteemed me worthy of a visit, but the woman whom thou sawest was no strange woman, but my dear child Asenath." At the sound of her father's voice, and mention of her own name, all the old defiant will left her, and she felt as though she were renewed in life and nature; all disquiet of heart and mind had flown, and peace, even the perfection of peace, reigned within. To her everything around appeared wondrously changed, but her father observed that a transformation had been wrought in his daughter, and, taking her by the hand, he led her towards Joseph. For a second time their eyes met, and into her soul faith and love were born, as her new King said, "My sister, the Lord God, who gives life to all, shall bless thee, and cause thee to become a blessing unto the Gentiles." Rejoiced at heart, Pentephres said to his child, "Go thou up and kiss thy brother." But Joseph suffered her not, saying, "It is not right for a God-fearing man, who glorifieth with his mouth the living God, and eateth the blessed Bread of Life, and drinketh the cup of immortality, and is annointed with the sacred chrism of eternal being, to kiss the lips of the stranger, the unholy and unclean." To him the maiden replied, "O be not so stern, for it wounds my heart, which is no longer

estranged from thee who art its light."

Weeping because of her new joy, and the sweet sorrow of her apparent repulse, she repaired to her own room again, and wept and fasted for seven days, at the end of which time she was fully persuaded to yield to her father's request to become the wife of Joseph, whom now she loved. Early on the eighth day, as the morning star ascended in the east, she beheld the heavens rent, and saw a man whose eyes shone as the sun, and whose hair was as fire. Calling her by name, he said, "I am the Prince of the house of God, and Captain of the Lord's host. Arise upon thy feet and I will come and speak with thee." When she arose, lo, he stood beside her, and bade her take off the sack-cloth which she wore and put on her usual garments, and, moreover, he informed her that her name was written in the Book of Life in the Paradise of God, and that no longer should she be called by her earthly name, but as the City of Refuge was she henceforth to be known. Anxious to preserve their reputation for hospitality, and to learn more from the angel, she asked him to remain and eat some fruit and taste of the wine the Pharaoh had recently sent to her father. "I fear before thee," she said, "but I pray thee rest awhile, and I will call my father, and my maidens will minister to thee, for I perceive thou art from a far country, even from the celestial fields of Aarru."

But the messenger replied, "Wait thou upon me, for no others shall see me at this time; only unto thee am I sent." Then she brought unto him sweet wine, bread and fruit, and asked for a sign whereby she would know the truth of his mission. "If thou wilt bring me a honeycomb, thou shalt have a sign," said he. At these words she was sorrowful, for she observed he did not touch the food placed before him, nor did he taste the wine, and she knew they had not what he requested. "Alas, my lord," she



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"The marriage ceremony took place."

responded, "we have no honey." Then he said unto her, "Go thou to the cellar, and there shalt thou find some lying on a table." No longer fearful she hastened to obey, and found a honeycomb as indicated. Returning with a heart full of emotion she laid it before the angel, who ate thereof and gave part to her, and she did eat also. "Thou askest of me a sign," said the mysterious visitor; "behold this shall be a pledge unto thee;" and so saying he touched a portion of the honeycomb with his right hand, and immediately fire came from the table whereon it lay and consumed it, but the table itself remained uninjured. "What is thy name?" then asked Asenath, but the angel made no answer, and vanished from sight. Looking out of the window she saw a chariot drawn by four horses cleaving the eastern sky and ascending into the heavens. Then with bowed head and reverent mien she stood for a few moments, when, raising her face toward the east, now showing the rosy flush of day, with a worshipful yet jubilant voice she exclaimed, "I know thee who thou art; thou art Jehovah, the God of the Hebrews;" and lowering her voice she asked, "And wilt thou not also be mine?" Then came to her a voice out of the east saying, "I have redeemed thee, thou art mine." So full of joy was she that she wished to be alone and muse upon this wonderful occurrence, but already she heard the household stirring, and knew she would be expected to greet her father. While she was preparing to leave her room she was greatly astonished by the entrance of the seven maidens,

all arrayed in festal costume, who stood around her and sang:—

† Hail to thee Asenath, mother of nations,
Ruler of Kingdoms on earth yet to be;
Hail to thee City of Refuge created
Joseph thy lover awaiteth for thee.

"Bright on thy brow is the diadem shining;
Wide is thy sway as the bounds of the sea;
Haste thee and come unto Joseph the Saviour,
Asenath, City of Refuge to be."

When they finished this song they clothed her in goodly raiment, and, almost bewildered at the strange words, yet not so strange, for she remembered that the angel had told her of the new name, she followed the wishes of her young women, and went with them at once to the reception room where she met her father, who greeted her kindly, and blessed her in the name of Osiris, and the divine Ra. Joseph was there also, looking more wondrously attired than on his previous visit, and withal, he bore himself with a kingly dignity that at once exalted him beyond measure in the eyes of those around. As Asenath entered the room he arose from the divan and bowed before her, and when Pentephres concluded his benediction upon his child, he said, "Blessed be the Lord God for thee my sister, and blessed be thy name forever upon the earth. Be thou a refuge in distress, and the resplendent jewel in thy brother's joy."

Shortly afterwards the marriage ceremony took place, and a feast of seven days was provided. Then went forth the happy pair to their own home—a royal bridegroom and a royal bride; Joseph the All-beautiful, and Asenath, City of Refuge.



KATE CARNEGIE.*

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

CHAPTER V.

CONCERNING BESOMS.

IT is one of the miseries of modern life, for which telephones are less than compensation, that ninety out of a hundred city folk have never known the comfort and satisfaction of dwelling in a house. When the sashes are flying away from the windows, and the skirting-boards from the floor, and the planks below your feet are a finger-breadth apart, and the pipes are death-traps, it does not matter that the walls are covered by art papers and plastered over with china dishes. This erection, wherein human beings have to live and work and fight their sins, and prepare for eternity, is a fraud and a lie. No man compelled to exist in such an environment of unreality can respect himself or other people; and if it come to pass that he holds cheap views of life, and reads smart papers, and does sharp things in business, and that his talk be only a clever jingle, then a plea in extenuation will be lodged for him at the Great Assize. Small wonder that he comes to regard the world of men as an empty show, and is full of cynicism, who has shifted at brief intervals from one shanty to another, and never had a fit dwelling-place all his years. When a prophet cometh from the Eternal to speak unto modern times as Dante did unto the Middle Ages, and constructs the other world before our eyes, he will have one circle in his hell for the builders of rotten houses, and doubtless it will be a collection of their own works, so that their sin will be its punishment, as is most fitting and the way of things.

Surely there will also be some corner of heaven kept for the man who, having received a charge to build the shell wherein two people were to make a home, laid its foundations deep, and raised strong walls that nothing but gunpowder could rend in pieces, and roofed it over with oaken timber, and lined it with the same, so that many generations might live therein in peace and honor. Such a house was the Lodge in those days, although at last beginning to show signs of decay, and it somehow stirred up the heroic spirit of the former time within a man to sit before the big fire in the hall, with grim Carnegies looking down from walls, and daring you to do any meanness, while the light blazing out from a log was flung back from a sword that had been drawn in the '15. One was unconsciously reinforced in the secret place of his manhood, and inwardly convinced that what concerneth every man is not whether he fail or succeed, but that he do his duty according to the light which may be given him until he die. It was also a regeneration of the soul to awake in a room of the eastern tower, where the Carnegies' guests slept, and fling up window, with its small square panes, to fill one's lungs with the snell northern air, and look down on the woods glistening in every leaf, and the silver Tochtly just touched by the full risen sun. Miracles have been wrought in that tower, for it happened once that an Edinburgh advocate came to stay at the Lodge, who spake after a quite marvellous fashion, known neither in England nor Scotland; and being himself of pure bourgeois blood, the fifth son of a factor, felt it necessary to despise

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his land, from its kirk downwards, and had a collection of japes at Scottish ways, which in his provincial simplicity he offered to the Carnegies. It seemed to him certain that people of Jacobite blood and many travels would have relished his clever talk, for it is not given to a national decadent to understand either the people he has deserted or the ancient houses at whose door he stands. Carnegie was the dullest man living in the matter of sneering, and Kate took an instant dislike to the mincing little man, whom she ever afterwards called the Popinjay, and so handled him with her tongue that his superiority was mightily shaken. But there was good stuff in the advocate, besides some brains, and after a week's living in the lodge, he forgot to wear his eye-glass, and let his r's out of captivity, and attempted to make love to Kate, which foolishness that masterful damsel brought to speedy confusion. It was also said that when he went back to the Parliament House, every one could understand what he said, and that he got two briefs in one week, which shows how good it is to live in an ancient house with honest people.

"Is there a ghost, dad?" They were sitting before the fire in the hall after dinner—Kate in her favorite posture, leaning forward and nursing her knee. The veterans and I thought that she always looked at her best so with her fine eyes fixed on the fire, and the light bringing her face into relief against the shadow. We saw her feet then—one lifted a little from the ground—and V. C. declared they were the smallest you could find for a woman of her size.

"She knows it, too," he used to say, "for when a woman has big feet she always keeps them tucked in below her gown. A woman with an eight size glove and feet to correspond is usually a paragon of modesty, and strong on woman's rights."

"Kate's glove is number six, and I think it's a size too big," broke in the

Colonel—we were all lying in the sun on a bank below the beeches at the time, and the Colonel was understood to be preparing a sermon for some meeting—"but it's a strong little hand, and a steady; she used to be able to strike a shilling in the air at revolver practice."

"Ghost, lassie. Oh, in the Lodge, a Carnegie ghost?—not one I've ever heard of; so you may sleep in peace, and I'm below if you feel lonely the first night."

"You are most insulting; one would think I were a milksop. I was hoping for a ghost—a white lady by choice. Did no Carnegie murder his wife, for instance, through jealousy or quarrelling?"

"The Carnegies have never quarrelled," said the General, with much simplicity; you see the men have generally been away fighting, and the women had never time to weary of them."

"No woman ever wearies of a man unless he be a fool and gives in to her—then she grows sick of him. Life might be wholesome, but it would have no smack; it would be like meat without mustard. If a man cannot rule, he ought not to marry, for his wife will play the fool in some fashion or other like a runaway horse, and he has half the blame. Why did he take the box-seat?" and Kate nodded to the fire. "What are you laughing at?"

"Perhaps I ought to be shocked, but the thought of anyone trying to rule you, Kit, tickles me immensely. I have had the reins since you were a bairn, and you have been a handful. You were a 'smatchit' at six years old, and a 'trimmie' at twelve, and you are qualifying for the highest rank in your class."

"What may that be, pray? it seems to me that the Scottish tongue is a perfect treasure-house for impertinent people. How Scots must congratulate themselves that they need never be at a loss when they are angry or even simply frank."

"If it comes to downright swearing, you must go to Gaelic," said the General, branching off. "Donald used to be quite contemptuous of any slight efforts at profanity in the barrack yard, although they sickened me.

"Toots, Colonel; ye do not need to be troubling yourself with such poor little words, for they are just nothing at all, and yet the bodies will be saying them over and over again like parrots.

"Now a Lochaber man could hef been saying what he was wanting for fifteen minutes, and nefer hef used the same word twice, unless he had been forgetting his Gaelic. It's a peautiful language, the Gaelic, when you will not be fery well pleased with a man."

"That is very good, dad, but I think we were speaking in Scotch, and you have not told me that nice complimentary title I am living to deserve. Is 'cutty' the disreputable word? for I think I've passed that rank already; it sounds quite familiar."

"No, it's a far more fetching word than 'cutty,' or even than 'randy' (scold), which you may have heard."

"I have," replied Kate instantly, "more than once, and especially after I had a difference in opinion with Lieutenant Strange. You called me one or two names then, dad—in fact you were quite eloquent; but you know that he was a bad fellow, and that the regiment was well rid of him; but I'm older now, and I have not heard my promotion."

"It's the most vigorous word that Scots have for a particular kind of woman."

"Describe her," demanded Kate.

"One who has a mind of her own," began the General, carefully, "and a way, too, who is not easily cowed or managed, who is not . . ."



DRAWN BY F. C. GORDON.

"Kate in her favorite posture."

"A fool," suggested Kate.

"Who is not so conspicuously soft in manner," pursued the General, with discretion, "who might even have a temper."

"Not a tame rabbit, in fact. I understand what you are driving at, and I know what a model must feel when she is being painted. And now kindly pluck up courage and name the picture." And Kate leant back with her hand behind her head, challenging the General—if he dared. "Well?"

"Besom." And he was not at all ashamed, for a Scot never uses this word without a ring of fondness and admiration in his voice, as of one who gives the world to understand that he quite disapproves of this audacious woman, wife or daughter of his, but is proud of her all the time. It is indeed a necessity of his nature for a Scot to have husks of reproach containing kernels of compliment, so that he may let out his heart and yet pre-

serve his character as an austere person, destitute of vanity or sentiment.

"Accept your servant's thanks, my General, I am highly honoured." And Kate made a sweeping curtsy, whereupon they both laughed merrily; and a log blazing up suddenly, made an old Carnegie smile who had taken the field for Queen Mary, and was the very man to have delighted in a besom.

"When I was here in June"—and the General stretched himself in a deep red leather chair—"I stood a while one evening watching a fair-haired, blue-eyed little maid who was making a daisy-chain and singing to herself in a garden. Her mother came out from the cottage, and, since she did not see me, devoured the child with eyes of love. Then something came into her mind—perhaps that the good man would soon be home for supper: she rushed forward and seized the child, as if it had been caught in some act of mischief.

"Come into the hoose, this meenut, ye little beesom, and say yir carritches, What's the chief end o' man?"

"Could she have been so accomplished at that age?" Kate enquired, with interest. "Are you sure about the term of endearment? Was the child visibly flattered?"

"She caught my eye as they passed in, and flung me a smile like one excusing her mother's fondness. But Davidson hears better things, for as soon as he appears the younger members of a family are taken from their porridge and set to their devotions.

"What are ye glowerin' at there, ye little cutty? Toom (empty) yir mooth this meenut and say the twenty-third Psalm to the minister."

"Life seems full of incident, and the women make the play. What about the men? Are they merely a chorus?"

"A stranger spending a week in one of our farmhouses would be ready to give evidence in a court of justice that he had never seen women so domineer-

ing or men so submissive as in Drumtochty.

"And why? Because the housewife who sits in church as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth speaks with much fluency and vigour at home, and the man says nothing.

"His normal state is doing wrong and being scolded from morning till night—for going out without his breakfast, for not cleaning his boots when he comes in, for spoiling chairs by sitting on them with wet clothes, for spilling his tea on the tablecloth, for going away to market with a dusty coat, for visiting the stable with his Sunday coat, for not speaking at all to visitors, for saying things he ought not when he does speak—till the long-suffering man raked fore and aft rushes from the house in desperation, and outside remarks to himself, by way of consolation, 'Losh keep's! there's nae livin' wi' her the day; her tongue's little better than a threshing-mill.'

"His confusion, however, is neither deep nor lasting, and in a few minutes he has started for a round of the farm in good heart, once or twice saying 'Sall' in a way that shows a lively recollection of his wife's gifts."

"Then the men love to be ruled," began Kate, with some contempt; "it does not give me a higher idea of the district."

"Wait a moment, young woman, for all that goes for nothing except to show that the men allow the women to be supreme in one sphere."

"In the dairy, I suppose?"

"Perhaps; and a very pleasant kingdom, too, as I remember it, when a hot, thirsty, tired laddie, who had been fishing or ferretting, was taken into the cool, moist, darkened place, and saw a dish of milk creamed for his benefit by some sonsy housewife.

"Sandie and I used to think her omnipotent, and heard her put the gude man through his facings with awe, but by-and-by we noticed that her power had limits. When the matter had to do with anything serious,

sowing or reaping or kirk or market, his word was law.

"He said little, but it was final, and she never contradicted; it was rare to hear a man call his wife by name; it was usually 'gude wife,' and she always referred to him as the 'maister.' And without any exception, these silent, reserved men were 'maister'; they had a look of authority."

"They gave way in trifles, to rule in a crisis, which is just my idea of masculine government," expatiated Kate. "A woman likes to say what she pleases and have her will in little things; she has her way, and if a man corrects her because she is inaccurate, and nags at her when she does anything he does not approve, then he is very foolish and very trying, and if she is not quite a saint, she will make him suffer."

"Do you remember Dr. Pettigrew, that prim little effigy of a man, and his delightful Irish wife, and how conversation used to run when he was within hearing?"

"Glad to have a tasting, Kit," and the General lay back in expectation.

"Oi remember him, as foine a young officer as ye would wish to see, six feet in his boots."

"About five feet ten, I believe, was his exact height, my dear."

"Maybe he wasn't full grown then, but he was a good upstanding man, and as pretty a rider as ever sat on a horse. Well, he was a Warwickshire man."

"Bucks, he said himself."

"He was maybe born in both counties for all you know."

"Alethea," with a cough and reproving look.

"At any rate Oi saw him riding in a steeplechase in the spring of '67, at Aldershot."

"It must, I think have been '66. We were at Gibraltar in '67. Please be accurate."

"Bother your accuracy, for ye are driving the pigs through my story. Well, Oi was telling ye about the

steeplechase Jimmy Brook rode. It was a mile, and he had led for half, and so he was just four hundred yards from the post."

"A half would be 880 yards."

"Oi wish from my heart that geography, arithmetic, memory, and accuracy, and every other work of Satan were drowned with Moses in the Red Sea. Go, for any sake, and bring me a glass of irritated water."

"Capital," cried the General. "I heard that myself or something like it. Pettigrew was a tiresome wretch, but he was devoted to his wife in his own way."

"Which was enough to make a woman throw things at him, as very likely Alethea did when they were alone. What a fool he was to bother about facts; the charm of Lithy was that she had none—dates and such like would have made her quite uninteresting. The only dates I can quote myself are the Rebellion and the Mutiny, and I'll add '75 when we came home. I don't like datey women; but then it's rather cheap for one to say that who doesn't know anything," and Kate sighed very becomingly at the contemplation of her ignorance.

"Except French, which she speaks like a Parisian," murmured the General.

"That's a fluke, because I was educated at the Scotch convent with those dear old absurd nuns who were Gordons, and Camerons, and Macdonalds, and didn't know a word of English."

"Who can manage her horse like a rough-rider," continued the General, counting on his finger, "and dance like a Frenchwoman, and play whist like a half-pay officer, and —"

"That's not education; those are simply the accomplishments of a besom. You know, dad, I've never read a word of Darwin, and I got tired of George Eliot and went back to Scott."

"I've no education myself," said the General, ruefully, "except the Latin the old dominie thrashed into me, and

some French which all our set in Scotland used to have, and . . . I can hold my own with the broadsword. When I think of all those young officers know, I wonder we old chaps were fit for anything."

"Well, you see, dad," and Kate began to count also, "you were made of steel wire, and were never ill; you could march for a day and rather enjoy a fight in the evening; you would go anywhere, and the men kept just eighteen inches behind; you always knew what the enemy was going to do before he did it, and you always did what he didn't expect you to do. That's not half the list of your accomplishments, but they make a good beginning for a fighting man."

"It will be all mathematics in the future, Kit, and there will be no fighting at close quarters. The officers will wear gloves and spectacles—but where are we now, grumbling as if we were sitting in a club window? Besides, these young fellows can fight as well as pass exams. You were saying that it was a shame of a man to complain of his wife flirting," and the General studied the ceiling.

"You know that I never said anything of the kind; but some women are flirty in a nice way, just as some are booky, and some are dressy, and some are witty, and some are horsey; and I think a woman should be herself. I should say the right kind of man would be proud of his wife's strong point, and give her liberty."

"He is to have none, I suppose, but just be a foil to throw her into relief. Is he to be allowed any opinions of his own? . . . It looks hard, that cushion, Kit, and I'm an old broken-down man."

"You deserve leather, for you know what I think about a man's position quite well. If he allow himself to be governed by his wife in serious matters, he is not worth calling a man."

"Like poor Major MacIntosh."

"Exactly. What an object he was

before that woman, who was simply —"

"Not a besom, Kate," interrupted the General, anxiously—afraid that a classical word was to be misused.

"Certainly not, for a besom must be nice, and at bottom a lady—in fact, a woman of decided character."

"Quite so. You've hit the bull's-eye, Kit, and paid a neat compliment to yourself. Have you a word for Mrs. MacIntosh?"

"A vulgar termagant"—the General indicated that would do—"who would call her husband an idiot aloud before a dinner-table, and quarrel like a fishwife with people in his presence."

"Why, he daren't call his soul his own; he belonged to the kirk, you know, and there was a Scotch padre, but she marched him off to our service, and if you had seen him trying to find the places in the Prayer-book! If a man hasn't courage enough to stand by his faith, he might as well go and hang himself. Don't you think the first thing is to stick by your religion, and the next by your country, though it cost one his life?"

"That's it, lassie; every gentleman does."

"She was a disgusting woman," continued Kate, "and jingling with money; I never saw so many precious stones wasted on one woman; they always reminded me of a jewel in a swine's snout."

"Kate!" remonstrated her father, "that's . . ."

"Rather coarse, but it's her blame; and to hear Mrs. MacIntosh calculating what each officer had—I told her we would live in a Lodge at home and raise our own food. My opinion is that her father was a publican, and I'm sure she had once been a Methodist."

"Why?"

"Because she was so Churchy, always talking about celebrations and vigils, and explaining that it was a sin to listen to a Dissenting chaplain."

"Then, if your man—as they say

here—tried to make you hold his views?"

"I wouldn't, and I'd hate him."

"And if he accepted yours?"

"I'd despise him," replied Kate, promptly.

"You are a perfect contradiction."

"You mean I'm a woman, and a besom, and therefore I don't pretend to be consistent or logical, or even fair, but I am right."

Then they went up the west tower to the General's room, and looked out on the woods and the river, and on a field of ripe corn upon the height across the river, flooded with the moonlight.

"Home at last, lassie, you and I, and another not far off, maybe."

Kate kissed her father, and said, "One in love, dad . . . and faith."

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE IS ETERNAL.

THE General read Morning Prayers in brief, omitting the Psalms and lessons, and then after breakfast, with much gossip and ancient stories from Donald, the father and daughter went out to survey their domain, and though there be many larger, yet there can be few more romantic in the north. That Carnegie had a fine eye and a sense of things who, out of all the Glen—for the Hays had little in Drumtochty in those days—fastened on the site of the Lodge and planted three miles of wood, birch and oak, and beech and ash, with the rowan tree, along the river that goes out and in seven times in that distance, so that his descendants might have a fastness for their habitation, and their children might grow up in kindly woods on which the south sun beats from early spring till late autumn, and within the sight and sound of clean, running water. No wonder they loved their lonely home with tenacious hearts and left it only because it was in their blood to be fighting. They had been

out at Langside and Philbaugh, in the '15 and the '45, and always on the losing side. The Lodge had never been long without a young widow and a fatherless lad, but family history had no warning for him—in fact, seemed rather to be an inspiration in the old way—for no sooner had he loved and married than he would hear of another rebellion, and ride off some morning to fight for that ill-fated dynasty, whose love was ever another name for death. There was always a Carnegie ready as soon as the white cockade appeared anywhere in Scotland, and each of the house fought like the men before him, save that he brought fewer at his back and less in his pocket. Little was left to the General and our Kate, and then came the great catastrophe that lost them the Lodge, and so the race has now neither name nor house in Scotland, save in the vault in Drumtochty Kirk. It is a question whether one is wise to revisit any place where he has often been in happier times and see it desolate. For me, at least, it was a mistake, and the melancholy is still upon me. The deserted house falling at last to pieces, the over-grown garden, the crumbling paths, the gaping bridges over the little burns, and the loneliness, chilled one's soul. There was no money to spare in the General's time, but it is wonderful what one gardener, who has no hours, and works for love's sake, can do, even in a place that needed half-a-dozen. Then he was assisted unofficially by Donald, who declared that working in the woods was "fery healthy, and good for one or two small cuts I happened to get in India," and Kate gave herself to the garden. The path by the river was kept in repair, and one never knew when Kate might appear round the corner. Once I had come down from the cottage on a fine February day to see the snowdrops in the sheltered nooks, for there were little dells as white as snow at that season in Tochty woods, and Kate hearing I had pass-

ed, came of her kindness to take me back to luncheon. She had on a jacket of sealskin that we greatly admired, and a felt hat with three grouse feathers on the side, and round her neck a red satin scarf. The sun was shining on the bend of the path, and she came into the light singing "Jock o' Hazeldean," walking, as Kate ever did in song, with a swinging step like soldiers on a march. It seemed to me that day that she was born to be the wife either of a noble or a soldier, and I still wish at times within my heart that she were Countess of Kilspindie, for then the Lodge had been a fair sight to-day, and her father had died in his own room. And other times I have imagined myself Kilspindie, who was then Lord Hay, and questioned whether I should have ordered Tochtly to be dismantled and left a waste as it is this day, and would have gone away to the wars, or would not have loved to keep it in order for her sake, and visited it in the spring-time when the primroses are out, and the autumn when the leaves are blood-red. Then I declare that Hay, being of a brave stock, and having acted as a man of honor—for that is known to all now—ought to have put a good face on his disappointment; but all the time I know one man who would have followed Lord Hay's suit, and who regrets that he ever again saw Tochtly Lodge.

"First of all," said the General, as they sallied forth, "we shall go to the Beeches, and see a view for which one might travel many days and pay a ransom."

So they went out into the court with its draw-well, from which they must needs have a draught. Suddenly the General laid down the cup like a man in sudden pain, for he was thinking of Cawnpore, and they passed quickly through the gateway and turned into a path that wound among great trees that had been planted, it was said, by the Carnegie who rode with Montrose. They were walking on a plateau stretching out beyond the

line of the Lodge, and therefore commanding the Glen, if one had eyes to see and the trees were not in the way. Kate laid her hand on the General's arm beneath an ancient beech, and they stood in silence to receive the blessing of the place, for surely never is the soul so open to the voice of nature as by the side of running water and in the heart of a wood. The fretted sunlight made shifting figures of brightness on the ground; above, the innumerable leaves rustled and whispered; a squirrel darted along a branch and watched the intruders with bright, curious eyes; the rooks cawed from the distance; the pigeons cooed in sweet, sad cadence close at hand. They sat down on the bare roots at their feet, and yielded themselves to the genius of the forest—the god who will receive the heart torn and distracted by the fierce haste and unfinished labors and vain ambitions of life, and will lay its fever to rest, and encompass it with the quietness of eternity.

"Father," whispered Kate, after a while, as one wishing to share confidences, for there must be something to tell, "where are you?"

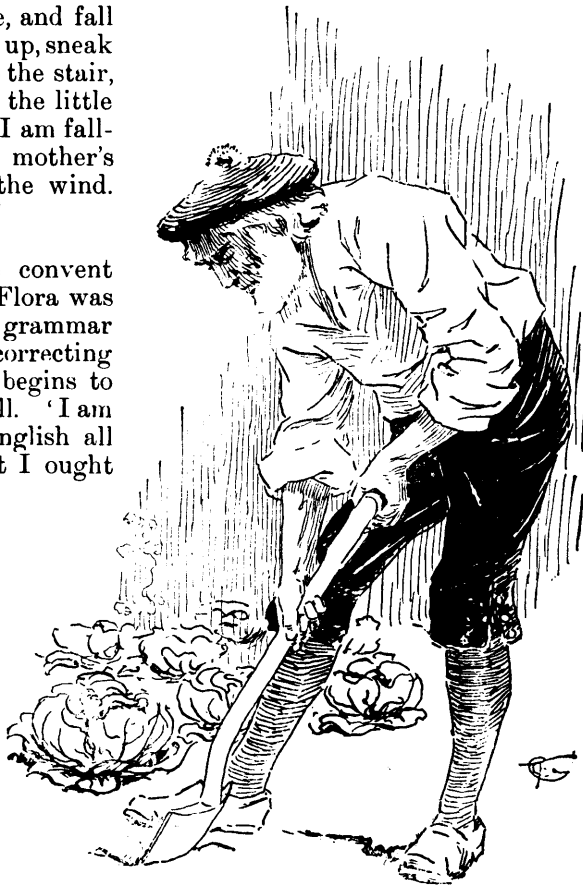
"You wish to know? Well, all day I've been fishing down the stream, and am coming home very tired, very dirty, very happy, and I meet my mother just outside those trees. I am boasting of the fish that I have caught, none of which, I'm sure, can be less than half a pound. She is rating me for my appearance and beseeching me to keep at a distance. Then I go home and down into the vaulted kitchen, where Janet's mother gives me joyous welcome, and produces dainties saved from dinner for my eating. The trouts are now at biggest only a quarter of a pound, for they have to be cooked as a final course, but those that were hooked and escaped are each a pound, except one in the hole below Lynedoch Bridge, which was two pounds to an ounce. Afterwards I make a brave attempt to rehearse the day in the gun-room to Sandie, who

first taught me to cast a line, and fall fast asleep, and being shaken up, sneak off to bed, creeping slowly up the stair, where the light is failing, to the little room above yours, where, as I am falling over, I seem to hear my mother's voice as in this sighing of the wind. Ah me, what a day it was!"

"And you, Kit?"

"Oh, I was back in the convent with my nuns, and Sister Flora was trying to teach me English grammar in good French, and I was correcting her in bad French, and she begins to laugh because it is all so droll. 'I am Scotch, and I teach you English all wrong, and you tell me what I ought to say in French which is all wrong; let us go into the garden,' for she was a perfect love, and always covered my faults. I am sitting in the arbour, and the Sister brings a pear that has fallen. 'I do not think it is wicked,' she says, and I say it is simply a duty to eat up fallen pears, and we laugh again. As we sit, they are singing in the chapel, and I hear 'Sancta Maria ora pro nobis.' Then I think of you, and the tears will come to my eyes, and I try to hide my face, but the Sister understands and comforts me. 'Your father is a gallant gentleman, and the good God pities you, and will keep him in the hour of danger,' and I fondle the Sister, and wonder whether any more pears have fallen. How peaceful it is within that high wall, which is rough and forbidding outside, but inside it is hung with greenery, and among the leaves I see pears and peaches. But I missed you, dad," and Kate touched her father, for they had a habit of just touching each other gently when together.

"Do you really think we have been in India, and that you have a dozen medals, and I am . . . an old maid?"



DRAWN BY F. C. GORDON.

THE LODGE GARDENER.

Certainly not, Kate, a mere invention—we are boy and girl, and . . . we'll go on to the view."

Suddenly they came out from the shade into a narrow lane of light, where someone of the former time, with an eye and a soul, had cleared a passage among the trees, so that one standing at the inner end and looking outwards could see the whole Glen, while the outstretched branches of the beeches shaded his eyes. Morning in the summer-time about five o'clock was a favorable hour, because one might see the last mists lift, and the sun light up the face of Ben Urtach, and eventide was better, because the Glen showed wonderfully tender in the soft light, and the Grampians

were covered with glory. But it was best to take your first view towards noon, for then you could trace the Tochtly as it appeared and reappeared, till it was lost in woods at the foot of Glen Urtach, with every spot of interest on either side. Below the kirk it ran broad and shallow, with a bank of brushwood on one side and a meadow on the other, fringed with low bushes from behind which it was possible to drop a fly with some prospects of success, while in quite unprotected situations the Drumtochtly fish laughed at the tempter, and departed with contemptuous whisks of the tail. Above the haughs was a little mill, where flax was once spun, and its lade still remained, running between the Tochtly and the steep banks down which the glen descended to the river. Opposite this mill the Tochtly ran with strength, escaping from the narrows of the bridge, and there it was that Weelum MacLure drove Sir George across in safety, because the bridge was not for use that day. Whether that bridge was really built by Marshal Wade in his great work of pacifying the Highlands is very far from certain, but Drumtochtly did not relish any trifling with its traditions, and had a wonderful pride in its solitary bridge, as well it might, since from the Beeches nothing could well be more picturesque. Its plan came nearly to an inverted V, and the apex was just long enough to allow the horses to rest after the ascent, before they precipitated themselves down the other side. During that time the driver leant on the ledge, and let his eye run down the river, taking in the Parish Kirk above and settling on the Lodge, just able to be seen among the trees where the Tochtly below turned round the bend. What a Drumtochtly man thought on such occasions he never told, but you might have seen even Whinnie nod his head with emphasis. The bridge stood up clear of banks and woods, gr-y, uncompromising, unconventional, yet not without some grace

of its own in its high arch and abrupt descents. One with good eyes and a favoring sun could see the water running underneath, and any one caught its sheen higher up, before a wood came down to the water's edge and seemed to swallow up the stream. Above the wood it is seen again, with a meal mill on the left nestling in among the trees, and one would call it the veriest burn, but it was there that Posty lost his life to save a little child. And then it dwindles into the thinnest thread of silver, and at last is seen no more from the Beeches. From the Tochtly the eye makes its raids on north and south. The dark, massy pine-woods on the left side of the glen, are broken at intervals by fields as they threaten to come down upon the river, and their shelter lends an air of comfort and warmth to the glen. On the right the sloping land is tilled from the bank above the river up to the edge of the moor that swells in green and purple to the foot of the northern rampart of mountains, but on this side also the glen breaks into belts of fir, which fling their kindly arms round the scattered farm-houses, and break up the monotony of green and gold with squares of dark green foliage and the brown of the tall, bare trunks. Between the meandering stream and the cultivated land and the woods, and the heather and distant hills, it was such a variety as cannot be often gathered into the compass of one landscape.

"And all our own," cried Kate in exultation; "let us congratulate ourselves."

"I only wish it were, lassie. Why, didn't you understand we had only these woods and a few acres of ploughed land now?"

"You stupid old dad: I begin to believe that you have had no education. Of course the Hays have got the land, but we have the view and the joy of it. This is the only place where one can say to a stranger, 'Behold Drumtochtly,' and he will see it at a flash and at its best."

"You're brighter than your father, Kit, and a contented lassie to boot, and for that word I'll take you straight to the Pleasaunce."

"What a charming name; it suggests a fairy world, with all sorts of beautiful things and people."

"Quite right, Kit"—leading the way down to a hollow, surrounded by wood and facing the sun, the General opened a door in an ivy covered wall—"for there is just one Pleasaunce on the earth, and that is a garden."

It had been a risk to rise certain people's expectations and then bring them into Tochty garden, for they can be satisfied with no place that has not a clean-shaven lawn and beds of unvarying circles, pyrethrum, calceolaria, geranium, and brakes of rare roses, and glass-houses with orchids worth fifty pound each, with a garden in high life, full of luxury, extravagance, weariness. As Kate entered, a moss rose which wandered at its will caught her skirt, and the General cut a blossom which she fastened in her breast, and surely there is no flower so winsome and fragrant as this homely rose.

"Like yourself, Miss Carnegie," and the General rallied his simple wit for the occasion, "very sweet and true, with a thorn, too, if one gripped it the wrong way."

Whereat he made believe to run,



DRAWN BY F. C. GORDON.

"A path that wound among great trees."

and had the better speed because there were no gravel walks with boxwood borders here, but alleys of old turf that were pleasant both to the touch and the eye. In the centre where all the ways met he capitulated with honors of war, and explained that he had intended to compare Kate to a violet, which was her natural emblem, but had succumbed to the temptation of her eyes, "which make men wicked, Kit, with the gleam that is in them."

"Isn't it a tangle?" Which it was,

and no one could look upon it without keen delight, unless he were a horticultural pedant in whom the appreciation of nature had been killed by parterres. There was some principle of order, and even now, when the Pleasaunce is a wilderness, the traces can be found. A dwarf fruit tree stood at every corner, and between the trees a three-foot border of flowers kept the peas and potatoes in their places. But the borders were one sustained, elaborate, glorified disorder. There were roses of all kinds that have ever gladdened poor gardens and simple hearts—yellow tea roses, moss roses with their firm, shapely buds, monthly roses that bore nearly all the year in a warm spot, the white briar that is dear to north country people, besides standards in their glory, with full round purple blossom. Among the roses, compassing them about and jostling one another, some later, some earlier in bloom, most of them together in the glad summer days, one could find to his hand wall-flowers and primroses, sweet-william and dusty-miller, daisies red and white, forget-me-nots and pansies, pinks and carnations, marigolds and phloxes of many varieties. The confusion of colors was preposterous, and showed an utter want of æsthetic sense. In fact, one may confess that the Lodge garden was only one degree removed from the vulgarity and prodigality of nature. There was no taste, no reserve, no harmony about that garden. Nature simply ran riot and played according to her will like a child of the former days, bursting into apple blossom and laburnum gold and the bloom of peas and the white strawberry flower in early summer, and then later in the year, weaving garlands of blazing red, yellow, white, purple, round beds of stolid roots and brakes of currant bushes. There was a copper beech, where the birds sang, and from which they raided the fruit with the skill of Highland caterans. The Lodge bees lived all day in this

garden, save when they went to reinforce their sweetness from the heather bloom. The big trees stood round the place and covered it from every wind except the south, and the sun was ever blessing it. There was one summer-house, a mass of honeysuckle, and there they sat down as those that had come back to Eden from a wander year.

“Well, Kit?”

“Thank God for our Pleasaunce,” and they would have stayed for hours, but there was one other spot that had a fascination for the General neither years nor wars had dulled, and he, who was the most matter of fact and romantic of men, must see and show it to his daughter before they ceased.

“Two miles and more, Kit, but through the woods and by the water all the way.”

Sometimes they went down a little ravine made by a small burn fighting and wearing its way for ages to the Tochtly, and stood on a bridge of two planks and a handrail thrown over a tiny pool, where the water was resting on a bed of small pebbles. The oak copse covered the sides of the tiny glen and met across the streamlet, and one below could see nothing but greenery and the glint of the waterfall where the burn broke into the bosky den from the bare heights above. Other times, the path, that allowed two to walk abreast if they wished very much and kept close together, would skirt the face of the high river bank, and if you peeped down through the foliage of the clinging trees you could see the Tochtly running swiftly, and the overhanging branches dipping in their leaves. Then the river would make a sweep and forsake its bank, leaving a peninsula of alluvial land between, where the geranium and the hyacinth and the iris grew in deep, moist soil. One of these was almost clear of wood and carpeted with thick, soft turf, and the river beside it was broad and shining.

“We shall go down here,” said the

General, "and I will show you something that I count the finest monument in Perthshire or maybe in broad Scotland."

In the centre of the sward, with trees just touching it with the tips of their branches, was a little square, with a simple weather-beaten railing. And the General led Kate to the spot, and stood for a while in silence.

"Two young Scottish lassies, Kate, who died two hundred years ago, and were buried here."

Then the General and Kate sat down by the river edge, and he told her the deathless story of Bessie Bell and Mary Gray—how in the plague of 1666 they fled to this district to escape infection; how a lover came to visit one of them and brought death in his kiss; how they sickened and died; how they were laid to rest beside the Tochtly water; and generations have made their pilgrimage to the place, so wonderful and beautiful is love. They loved, and their memory is immortal.

Kate rested her chin on her hand

and gazed at the running water, which continued while men and women live and love and die.

"He ought not to have come; it was a cowardly, selfish act, but I suppose," added the General, "he could not keep away."

"Be sure she thought none the less of him for his coming, and I think a woman will count life itself a small sacrifice for love," and Kate went over to the grave.

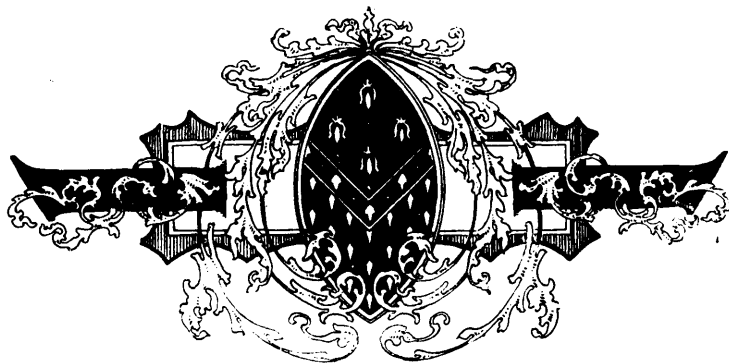
A thrush was singing as they turned to go, and nothing was said on the way home till they came near the Lodge.

"Who can that be going in, Kate? He seems a padre."

"I do not know, unless it be our fellow traveller from Muirtown; but he has been redressing himself, and is not improved."

"Father" and Kate stayed the General as they crossed the threshold of their home, "we seen many beautiful things to-day for which I thank you, but the greatest was love.

(To be continued.)



THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

WITHIN the past few years there has come into vigorous, and successful existence close to the northern frontier of the United States and just within Canadian territory a great enterprise, whose origin and aims, and operations have been so persistently misunderstood, and whose development has been so marvellous as to render its history a chapter of more than ordinary interest in the romance of commerce.

In whose brain first stirred the scheme of a railway on Canadian soil from ocean to ocean, is a question so much in dispute that I shall not here attempt any contribution to the controversy. Many have sought to appropriate the whole or a share of the honor, but, however the final verdict may go, this at least must stand unchallenged, that, of the statesmen who at different times had to do with this undertaking of national import the late Premier, Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, may most fitly be called the chief promoter.

At the start the propelling motive of the railway was a political one. No sooner was the work of consolidating the different Provinces of British America into one Dominion well entered upon, than it became apparent that it could never be considered complete until British Columbia had been included. But of what value could Confederation be to the West Coast Province so long as the only way of communication, other than a lengthy, toilsome, and costly journey across the Prairies and over the Mountains, lay through the United States?

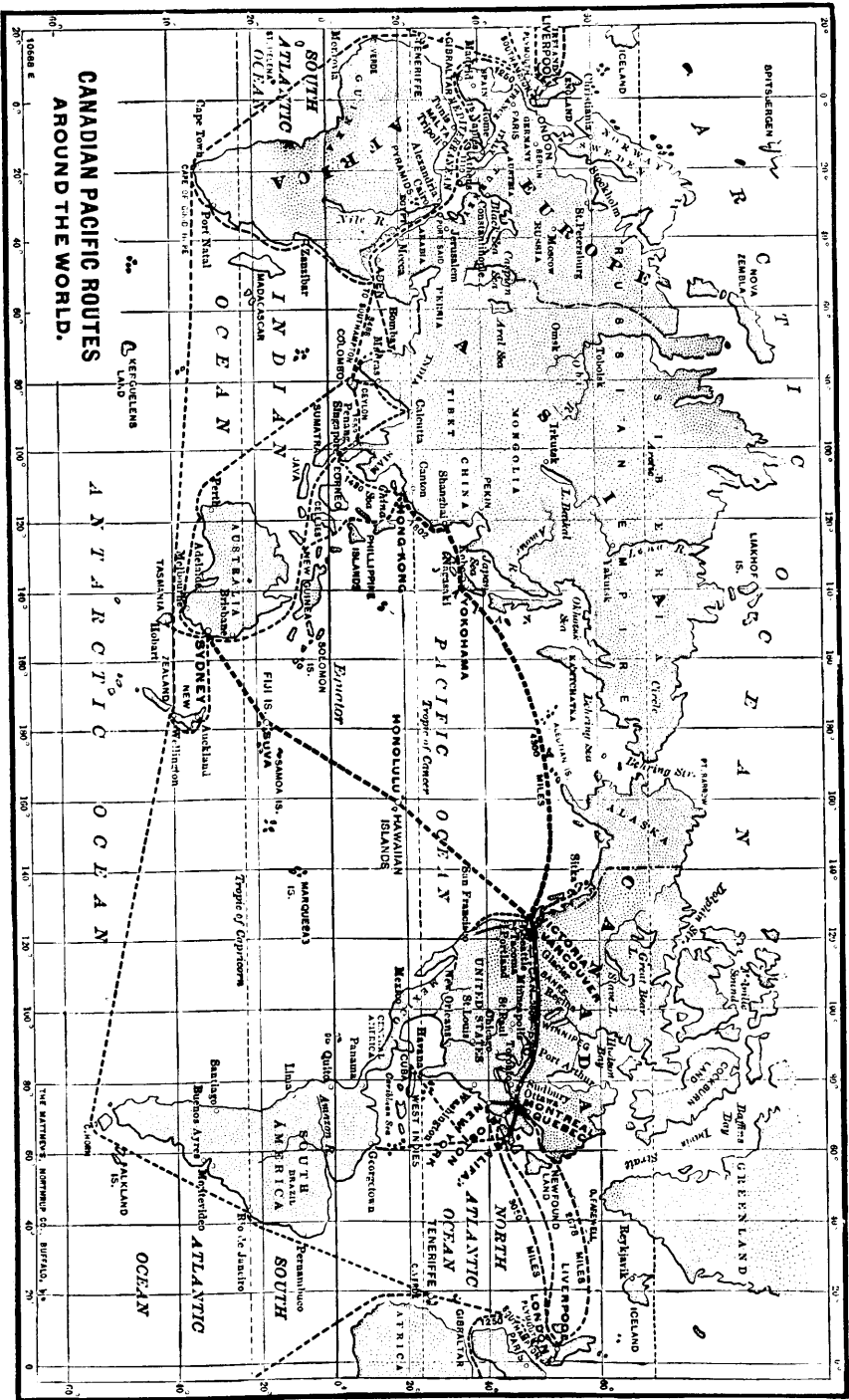
British Columbia therefore, properly enough, made the construction of a railroad uniting her to her Eastern Sisters, a basal condition of her join-

ing the Union. The condition was accepted, and the fulfilment of it cost the rest of the Dominion more care and cash than any other public work ever undertaken.

Once the burden broke the back of Sir John Macdonald's government; three different companies were formed in vain to undertake the gigantic task; and twice British Columbia had to consent to an extension of time for the carrying of it to completion. But finally, under the persistent Premier's auspices, a happy combination of European, American and Canadian capitalists was effected, in whose hands the work was pressed to a successful issue with a celerity unparalleled in the history of human undertakings.

This combination, popularly known as the "Syndicate," had ten years allowed them for the completion of their contract. They were done in less than five years. In fifty-four months 1,900 miles of main line were built, and 1,300 miles of branch lines, making a total of 3,200 miles in all or an average of nearly two miles per day winter and summer.

Wonderful at this speed of construction seems, let it not be supposed that it was gained at the expense of solidity and permanence. The syndicate was building the line for its own use, not to sell, and it built with a clear eye to the future, consequently the gradients were kept low, and the curvatures made as easy as possible in order to secure the utmost economy in working. The greatest care was taken throughout, and many novel methods adopted against snow blockades with such success that since 1886, the first year of full operation, not one of the daily transcontinental trains has failed to get through in winter or summer.



From the very inception of their enterprise, the builders of the Canadian Pacific Railway had another problem besides that of the construction to face, *viz.*:—whence would come the traffic to sustain the road on its going into operation?

The condition of things when they ventured to assume the work is worth recalling.

The railway was planned to extend from Montreal, the head of navigation on the east to tide-water on the British Columbia coast. Its main line alone could not be built for less than \$100,000,000, while the government subsidy, consisted of only \$25,000,000 in cash, and 25,000,000 acres of land. It was therefore absolutely necessary that, with as little

delay as possible, the receipts of the railway should at least meet its working expenses and interest account. Now what sources of supply were there to be looked to? Let us go back for a moment to those days.

The populated portion of Canada formed little more than a fringe along the international boundary line as far west as Lake Huron, extending back not further than from fifty to one hundred miles. The country was set-

tled only up to Pembroke in the Ottawa valley, 200 miles north-west of Montreal. Beyond that thriving lumber town stretched 800 miles of wilderness, whose sole inhabitants were a few Indian trappers, until Port Arthur was reached, where the silver mines had attracted a few hundred people. Near by was Fort William, an old Hudson's Bay post with a handful of

whites and half-breeds, and 300 miles further west Rat Portage, another Hudson's Bay post with a small population. Then came Winnipeg, having only a few thousand citizens and no special industries of importance, while beyond there was little save open prairie upon which the wild Indian hunted the buffalo over nearly a thousand miles of the



THE LATE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

richest agricultural soil in the world. After the prairie came the mountains, whose only sign of human life was an occasional Indian encampment or miner's hut, and on whose farther side were New Westminster with 1,200 people, and Victoria with perhaps 4,000 more. Surely never had so great and costly an enterprise so slight and unpromising a field to cultivate. Taking it by and large, so to speak, the white population within reach of the railway did

not average more than six persons to the mile of line to be built!

It will thus be seen that, side by side with the engineering and financial difficulties which their task presented, the projectors of the Canadian Pacific had to encounter the even more perplexing problem of creating a traffic whose receipts would not only meet the working expenses, but provide for interest charges as well, and it is no exaggeration to say that a more difficult one never had to be faced by any corporation. How was the feat accomplished?

Long before the engineers had completed the work of locating the main line, the company commenced the construction of branch and lateral lines, designed to act as feeders to the main stem of the system. Encouragement and assistance were given to the opening up of mines and quarries, to the establishment of grain and timber mills and to the building of hotels at important places. Thus in a score of different ways measures were taken to originate and foster a traffic such as the road required.

For the same reason the construction of the western section of the road was begun at Winnipeg, and pushed

rapidly across the prairies so that their fertile acres might be quickly settled, and the harvests of golden grain be ready against the finishing of the enormously expensive section north of Lake Superior. In the meantime splendid steamships were put upon the upper lakes and huge elevators built ready for the traffic of whose coming no doubt was entertained.

Not only so but at strategic points,

town sites were laid out, and handsome buildings placed thereon to serve as the nuclei of new cities. Indeed it would not be easy to recount all that was done by the exhaustless energy and prescience of the managers, who, putting entire faith in the ultimate success of their enterprise, were determined to lay the foundation broad and deep for all time.



LORD MOUNT STEPHEN.

Yet another point commands attention. The company retained in its own hands all those adjuncts of a railway system which have usually been allowed to enrich other corporations or private individuals. It owns and operates the telegraph and express services. It possesses steamboats, elevators and hotels. It runs its own sleeping cars and dining cars. Even the very newspapers and candies sold

on its trains are sold by the company itself. No source of revenue was neglected, and herein lies one great secret of its success, for the profit from these sources, not counting what has been realized from sales of town sites and lands, is already sufficient to pay the interest on its general mortgage bonds.

The results of this energy and foresight have more than realized the most sanguine expectations of the promoters. Indeed it may be questioned if they are not unparalleled in the history of such enterprises, for the company is to-day able to boast that although less than fifteen years old it has just paid its twenty-eighth semi-annual dividend on its ordinary stock, —in other words, from the very start the road has regularly paid all interest and other fixed charges, and excepting on one occasion, dividends on the common stock as well.

Although the Canadian Pacific is scarcely fifteen years old, the commercial energy above described has already borne fruit in the creation of a chain of cities, towns and villages, extending from the head of navigation on the St Lawrence to the tide-water on the Pacific, the smoking chimneys of whose manufacturing industries, and the comfortable appearance of whose residences speak in unmistakable terms of prosperity and progress.

It is a proud and well-founded boast of the company that no legitimate industry, established along the lines, has ever ended in failure, so thorough has been its fostering care.

As the line bit by bit went into operation, the traffic for its cars seemed to spring from the earth by magic. The trains had to be continually increased, and when at length the way was open for through business, such a volume of it poured in that it seemed as if the railway had been in operation for many years, and the brilliant success of the vast enterprise was ensured from the start.

The foregoing furnishes the best

possible refutation of the theory which has been so industriously disseminated by some assailants of the company, that the road was built mainly for political reasons and with the aid of British gold, whereas nothing could be more remote from the facts of the case. The road was built by its present proprietors first and last as a commercial enterprise, and without the grant of a single sovereign from the Royal exchequer: in fact aside from the original subsidy from the Canadian government, and the usual mail subsidies, which in some instances are smaller than those paid to other railways for similar services, the company has had no other public money, every dollar borrowed from the Canadian Government during the progress of construction and equipment having been repaid with interest long before it was actually due, in fact almost simultaneously with the completion of the line.

Although the inception of this railway may undoubtedly be attributed to political necessity, the time has long past when the enterprise could, with any degree of accuracy, be regarded as a political undertaking. Nay, more, so extraordinary has been its development that it can no longer be fairly considered as a Canadian affair only. It is now of international rather than national importance. It is a continental, not a Canadian, artery of commerce.

This is due to the fact that so soon as the main line from Montreal to Vancouver was in complete running order, extensions east and south were sought, a direct route to the sea-board was built through the State of Maine, whereby connection was had with the railway systems terminating at Halifax and St. John. Another line stretched from Sudbury in Ontario to Sault Ste. Marie at the outlet of Lake Superior, where a fine steel bridge carried the railway across to join its two important American allied branches, one pressing on to St. Paul and Min-

neapolis, and thence continuing across Dakota and forming a second connection with the transcontinental line in the Canadian Northwest: the other passing through the numberless iron mines of the Marquette and Gogebic district to Duluth. Yet a third connecting link, the latest built, continues the company's lines westward from Toronto to Detroit, there joining hands with systems opening up Chicago, St. Louis and all the great Mississippi valley.

It is these very extensions which have aroused the apprehensions of a certain portion of the United States press, and inspired the inditing of sundry alarmist articles aimed at this young giant, whose mighty fingers seemed spread out to grasp the bulk of the traffic of the great Northwest. The United States Congress

has been assailed, adjured, besought, bullied, implored, to cancel the bonding privilege, or to amend the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act so as to shackle the limbs, and limit the activities of the young giant aforesaid, lest the other great transcontinental systems should be driven into inglorious bankruptcy.

But surely this is a case of much cry and little wool. In the first place,

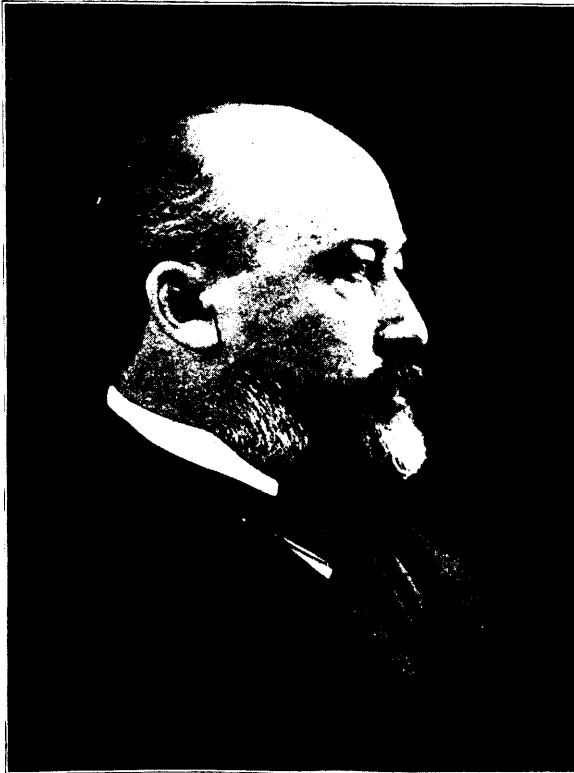
the Canadian Pacific Railway is not being run merely for the amusement of its managers, nor is it in any way an arm of the British Empire, subsidized and maintained for the purpose of preying upon American commerce. As has been already pointed out, it is a simple commercial undertaking, worked chiefly to earn dividends for its stockholders, a great many of whom as it happens, are

citizens of the United States.

In the second place, the absurdity of the statement that the Canadian Pacific Railway lives on United States traffic is sufficiently shown by the fact that more than ninety per cent. of its earnings come from strictly local traffic created in the way described. The Company has never made any special effort to se-

cure United States traffic, what has been carried having been more in the interest of its American connections than in its own.

In the third place, even supposing that the volume of United States traffic carried should become large enough to merit "attention," the resultant benefit would inure quite as much to the Western States as to the Company's coffers. For the last



SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE.

twenty years the Canadian railways have served as the safety valve of the Western and New England States in the matter of rates to and from the Atlantic seaboard by preventing effective rate combinations, and affording a cheap and certain outlet for traffic; for, although they have carried but a comparatively small proportion of the traffic, their presence and free competition have saved these States hundreds of millions of dollars. That the people of the New England States and Western States fully appreciate the advantages afforded by this free competition is clear from the fact that the efforts made to restrict it have not met with their support or sympathy, but on the contrary with their decided protests.

So much has been already written about the scenic attractions of the Canadian Pacific Railway that any attempt to recount them here seems superfluous. From the time the train pulls out of the splendid Windsor Station at Montreal until it pulls up beside one of the superb white Empress steamships at Vancouver City there is not one mile of this journey of many thousands devoid of interest to the intelligent traveller. Surrounded by every convenience and luxury that it is possible to compress within the limits of a modern palace car, he rolls smoothly onward from day to day, dining and sleeping as though he were at home, reading, smoking, chatting with his fellow passengers, or occupied in sight-seeing according to his humor, while the train sweeps through the Ottawa valley, then breaks away from it across country to Lake Superior, speeds along the northern shore of that mighty inland sea, every mile of the road revealing striking triumphs of engineering, and so on to Winnipeg, the half-way station between the Atlantic and the Pacific. Only a few years ago this place was little more than a frontier trading post, but now it is a city of thirty-eight thousand inhabitants, adorned

with handsome buildings and crowded with business and bustle.

At Winnipeg the prairie portion of the trip begins, and thenceforward for nearly a thousand miles the road runs straight and smooth past fertile farms, thriving towns and wide extended ranches, until it reaches the foothills of the Rockies.

When the explorations of the engineers seeking the best possible location for the line, revealed the fact that the scenic wealth of the mountain section of the railway was marvellous beyond all comparison, the Company at once laid plans for this feature of their enterprise receiving due attention. It was not merely for the benefit of the through travel from ocean to ocean, and thence by the splendid white steamships across to China and Japan, but in order to attract as many as possible to the six hundred continuous miles of matchless mountain scenery that a passenger equipment of the most elaborate description was provided, supplemented by a series of sumptuous hotels, established at the choicest spots, enabling the traveller to enjoy all the comforts of city life in the very heart of the wilderness.

It is impossible by any verbal description to convey an adequate conception of the pictures presented to the eye as from the observation car attached to the train the tourist commands an unfettered view of the wonders about him. The railway runs through one hundred and fifty miles of the Rockies, eighty of the Selkirks, fifty of the Gold Range, and three hundred of the Cascades, and all of these ranges being cut to their very heart by passes and canons, through which the line daringly pierces its way, the peaks tower vastly higher above the beholder, and one is brought into a closer contact with them than is the case with any other mountains in the world.

Nowhere else can mountains like Stephen, Macdonald and others, be

met with, rising, as they do, so abruptly from the observer's feet, and towering to such tremendous heights, a full mile and a half above the railway, that their snowy summits cannot be seen from the car window, and the observation car has to be resorted to.

Each of the ranges just mentioned is composed of a different kind of rock, and they consequently seem to be cut to distinctive patterns, and painted distinctive colors for no other purpose than to add variety to the sublimity of the scene.

Now high up where the trees end, and the perpetual snows begin, and now far down in the deep valleys, filled with an almost tropical undergrowth, touching at times the feet of mighty glaciers of emerald green and opalescent ice, or again being splashed by the spray of raging torrents roaring through shadowy canons, the train presses steadily onward until at last it emerges into the terrific canon of the Fraser River, which cleaves the gigantic Cascade Range almost to tide-level, and thus finds its way down to the ocean side at Vancouver, where one of the Company's magnificent steamships lies in waiting to carry passengers and mails across to Japan and China.

A few words in conclusion as to the men who might be called the makers and managers of this vast enterprise. It has already been said that of the statesmen who had to do with it, the late Sir John Macdonald must undoubtedly receive the largest proportion of renown. Next to the Confederation of the Provinces, the construc-

tion of the Canadian Pacific Railway engrossed his thought and desire, and he it was who sought out Sir George Stephen, of Montreal, then in the full flush of glory and gold attending his magnificent coup in connection with the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Road, and persuaded him to embark in a still greater undertaking. Sir George Stephen, now Lord Mount Stephen, was the financial genius of the new venture, and he was enabled to secure in the second one the co-operation of several of his former associates, including Sir Donald A. Smith and Mr. R. B. Angus, men of special skill and strength in monetary matters.

As to the executive part of this great work, that almost from the very first has been in the hands of Sir Wm. Van Horne, who is now President of the road. Sir William has no liking for publicity outside the sphere of his own activities, and personal details are scanty concerning him. Born in the United States of Dutch parentage, he passed through many stages of railroad work before he attained the position of almost unique responsibility and authority he now occupies. Yet he is still a comparatively young man, possessing capacities of application and endurance that fully match the astonishing range of his abilities. His touch is felt throughout every department of the vast system he controls, and which, under his direction, has reached the state of perfection and prosperity I have sought to outline in the foregoing pages.





By Constance Rudyard Boulton.

CHAP. I.

FROM TORONTO TO GIBRALTAR.

WITH a queer gone feeling under our capes, Peg and I looked at each other helplessly, as the train moved slowly out of the station, from the platform of which we had taken last looks of those left behind. We had opened the window and stretched out as far as we dare, waving frantically, but even this was now useless. We were started.

Much osculation had taken place, but fortunately a merciful audience grinning with suppressed amusement had turned the tide of our feelings, and much laughter with a tear beneath had made our leave-taking less trying than had been anticipated.

Our departure had all but contained the elements of a tragedy. On reaching the station we made a rush for our most precious possessions, before which our luggage—even a woman's luggage—sank into utter insignificance. Under the fond delusion that we were presenting a calm and dignified exterior to the gaping crowd, we looked about for our bicycles. Of the two, one was not there, and the other on closer examination, was found minus handles. Excitement reigned supreme. Messengers were promptly despatched in

all directions, the telephone attacked, and the drum of the long-suffering central's ear broken,—a worthy martyrdom in so just a cause. After an agonizing interval perspiring messengers were seen reappearing from round distant corners of the station with a bicycle and a pair of bicycle handles. The tension of that last twenty minutes was relieved, and railway matters were allowed to proceed without further delay.

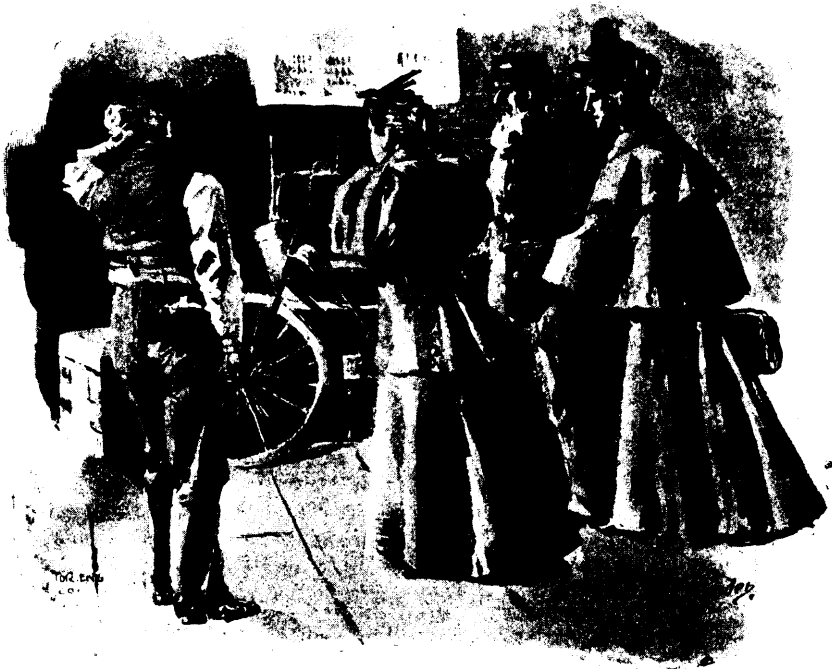
We gazed into the eyes of the custom house official with a brindly, not to say insinuating, expression, whereupon before you could say "Jack Robinson" a mysterious mark with a magic power was scratched across our luggage, and the same tumbled into a van without further ado.

On reaching the Bridge, the borderland between civilization and barbarism, we tried to work the same brindly expression. A cold or leaden eye, bearing a strong resemblance to a brick in a mud wall, greeted our seductive glances. And with a calmness absolutely maddening, we were handed papers to sign releasing that wretched company of all responsibility regarding our beautiful bicycles; asked idiotic questions as to their maker, number, (which of course we did not know), etc.; while every few minutes a wild shriek from an engine, would cause us to jump wildly into the air, and dash for the door: whereupon an official voice with elegant phrasing would call out "Hold on here," and

back we had to scamper, on the verge of nervous prostration, to sign more papers. Our appeals were listened to without the quiver of an eyelid. The momentous facts, that our tickets were paid to Naples: that we must catch that steamer, that we could not possibly go without our bicycles, had no effect whatever. The deadly calm of those eyes was simply paralyzing.

At last they let us go, and we had no difficulty in deciding on which side

material wherewith to defy all possible criticism, hostile or condescendingly friendly. With that end in view I added pounds to my baggage, resulting in a corresponding lightness of my purse, with dissertations of various sorts. Builders of Florence, pedestrians in Rome, and loquacious gentlemen on other parts of Italy—these I laid out as my especial occupation during our thirteen days' sojourn on board ship, together with a



“The other was found—minus handles.”

of the border line dwelt barbarians, and which the civilized beings.

It was with a profound sense of the gravity of my position that I undertook the delicate task of presenting to a critical, literary and artistic *dilettanti* an account of nondescript bicycle adventures with which we expected to desecrate the hallowed ground of old world history and romance. Fully imbued with the responsibility, and to make myself more competent to carry out this work, I supplied myself with

mastering of the Italian language, two or three days devoted to Mal-demer, and last, but not least, a mild flirtation with the jovial Captain. In this wise I expected to pass the time profitably and pleasantly.

A student, with whom I am not personally acquainted, on one occasion undertook to read up his bible in one night, with the aid of wet towels, etc., for divinity exams. He proceeded to condense the bible history something after this fashion: And the Pro-

phet spake unto the followers of Jezebel, and commanded that they call upon her; and they called, but she made no answer. Then the Prophet mocked them, and said: "Cry aloud, she is talking, or she sleepeth." And they cried aloud but there was not any answer. Then they waxed furious, and cut themselves with knives. Then Jezebel appeared at the window, and the Prophet said unto them: "Throw her down," and they threw her down. And he said: "Throw her down a second time," and they threw her down a second time. And he said: "Throw her down a third time," and they threw her down until seventy and seven times, and picked up the fragments thereof twelve baskets full.' Of late my sympathies have gone out to that student, for a premonition of casual observations upon the seven hills of Venice, the Grand Canal at Rome, or the astonishing assertion that Horatius Curtius threw himself into the crater of Vesuvius, forces itself upon me with disquieting effect. In case of such an eccentric marshalling of my facts, I must plead the limited power of my brain, and the superabundance of current literature. While to for-

ty questions in one day, he replied, "I do not know."

After some uncomfortable experiences which did not increase my admiration of the United States in general, and New York in particular, with all its boasted mysteries, we arrived at our hotel very tired and very wrathful, and the next morning found us on board one of the North German Lloyd steamers bound for the Mediterranean. A keen winter day with brilliant sunshine smiled upon us, while the wavelets sparkling with a million points of glistening light laughed back at us *bon voyage*. As the ship was loosed from her moorings, the band began to play, and with stately movement we glided down the fine harbor to the inspiring strains of the music.

Our toes went to the merry tune, we laughed and talked, and waved our handkerchiefs in repeated response to those left on the fast receding shore. The big lump in our throats grew bigger, while the music became unbearable mingling in plaintive duo with the rushings of the sad sea waves, as we cut our way past Staten Island and Sandy Hook, down to the sea.

Are there many with one score years well behind them, who have not a good-bye hidden away in the depths of their hearts, which lends to all other good-byes a pitifulness that cannot be told in words? It may be bitter, it may be sweet. It may be laden with cruel reproach, or it may be big with tender hope for that other. But for many, across the heart is written good-bye, branded into the quivering flesh by the hot iron of memory. And



"Down to the sea."

tify myself against such a possible catastrophe, I am tempted to follow the example of the great teacher, Malek, who counted it to the glory of God that to thirty-eight out of

forever more joy is veiled in a mist of sadness.

On the first day out the salon was gorgeous with a profusion of flowers, sent by friends to the Americans, and

their heavy fragrance, while they last-
ed, killed the horrible odour pecu-
liar to ships. Everything that could
be devised to make our sojourn on
board comfortable and enjoyable, seem-
ed to have been done,
and it was our own
faults that certain
mental and physical
weaknesses laid us
by the heels, so that
we turned a blind
eye and deaf ear to
the luxuries about
us. Germans every-
where, all polite and
attentive, and being
for the most part fine
looking officers, gave
an added gist to our
already praiseworthy
desire to rub up our
rusty German, the
sound of which took
us back to old days
in Dresden.

The dinners were banquets. I can
vouch for the first in a court of law ;
of the succeeding meals in general (for
the next few days) I can only speak
from hearsay, but rumour has it, they
were fine. The weather is a matter
also upon which I do not feel compe-
tent to speak during the first half of
voyage, and I fear I should find my-
self involved in a controversy of
alarming proportions, and possibly be
had up by the North German Lloyd
Co. for libel, if I gave vent to my true
inwardness on the subject. The Eng-
lish language is not equal to my de-
mands, and I am inclined to have re-
course to Donder and Blitzen, or Don-
ner Welter as a safe outlet to my
troubled feelings.

If I allowed myself full license,
others, more fully possessed of their
faculties on the voyage than I, would
probably, with lofty scorn, set me
down as a crank, or a woman of uncer-
tain age, not responsible for what she
said, thought or felt, which would be
very distressful to my little conceits.

On the fifth day out, the appalling
apathy which seemed to have possess-
ed the ship heretofore, showed signs
of breaking.

A rumour was afloat that our dull



“ Bearing a strong resemblance to a hospital ward.”

eyes and weakened frames would be
gladdened by a sight of land, and the
Azores would shortly appear. The
sea ceased its troubling, and we threw
our cumbersome wraps to the four
corners of the boat, as we felt the
balmy, delicious air, and reveled in
the warm sunshine. The deck, from
being strewn with rows of uncouth
and shapeless mummies, and thus
bearing a strong resemblance to a
hospital ward—only far worse, became
gay with animated beings.

Conversation, laughter, repartee—
even brains began to make themselves
felt, and a world of despair and sui-
cidal mania was transformed into a
scene of sweetness and light ; we all
prink our feathers, look about the
small world, and leisurely take in
fellow travellers according to our
various capacities.

Brother Jonathan was there in great
force, especially the female expression
of Brother Jonathan. He and I had
great times, usually ending in a stand
up fight, and I would retire upon my

laurels with my malice, hates and all uncharitableness strongly confirmed, which, being purely prejudice and entirely personal, is of no consequence to anybody. We also made the acquaintance of "Little Billie," or as we were sometimes inclined to call him, the "Marble Fawn," because of his irrepressible spirits and apparently irrepressible nature. But by a word, a look, or that indescribable something we at times call sympathy, a chord was struck, and we discovered depths in his artistic nature, a power to feel and suffer, which destroyed the likeness to Hawthorne's delightful creation, and made us accept him rather as a feeble imitation of lovable "Little Billie." A genial man also helped to while away the time with much solicitous attention. There is generally a genial man on board ship, I have noticed. An interesting girl musician who played exquisitely for us, about made up the sum total of interesting humanity.

The first glimpse of the Azores was caught on the afternoon of the fifth day, and we all hurriedly pounced on our guide books and field-glasses, standing about with only cloaks of a light description to watch eagerly the slowly growing outline. The ship passed within three or four miles of the islands, so that a general idea could be obtained of the rugged fissures caused by volcanic action, and green slopes divided off into squares like a chess-board by low stone walls. Scattered along the shores nestled tiny villages, the ship passing close enough at times for the windows of the white-walled cottages and picturesque red roofs to be discerned through the glass.

The islands are very similar to the western coast of Ireland in its gentler aspect, and the cool greens of the hills rolling up to a considerable height in rounded masses closely rival the Emerald Isle in soft coloring.

Before sunset we passed between Flores and Corvo, the most westerly of

the group. Thereafter, a fortunate hitch in the engines, requiring a lay-to during the night, enabled us to see Fayal and Pico the next morning. Pico Peak, the only great height the Azores can boast of, towered over 7,000 feet in abrupt ascent from the sea line, presenting an imposing sight with its snow-clad crest shrouded in clouds, which ever and anon parted in rifts, showing the summit gleaming in the sunlight, with the black mouth of the extinct crater, like a small excrescence, standing out darkly distinct to the naked eye.

The Azores, about nine in number, are scattered over 400 miles or so of ocean, two days out from Gibraltar, making a pleasant break in the long voyage. The inhabitants are Portuguese, and at one time were under the rule of Portugal, primitive to a degree and very dirty, with the incongruity of clean villages and streets, and excellent roads. Mark Twain gives one of his inimitable accounts of his experiences amongst these people. I could imagine one of these islands, almost tropical in climate and vegetation, an ideal spot, in which to spend a month, for those who find their own society possible, the study of humanity *au naturel*, and nature in her happiest and most varied moods an absorbing study.

The largest island, St. Miguel, was passed in the distance, then St. George near at hand. And once more land faded away in a distant merging of sea and sky, over which the shades of night crept softly.

It is difficult to restrain one's "exuberance of verbosity" over the second half of the voyage, to know what to speak of and what to leave out, in restricted space, when one is filled with the fascination of it all,—gazing out lazily upon the intense blue depths of a summer sea (in January), stretching away in a flood of dazzling light to the distant horizon where the clouds floated in shaded masses, while the dolphins gamboled in their lumbering

fashion under the hot sunshine, which forced us to dispense with all wraps and get out cotton blouses.

Already we northerners experienced something of the *dolce far niente*, the entralling indolence of the south. The witchery of the nights worked their wicked way with us, when the sun was gone, and the cool, balmy air tripped across the sea with invisible feet. The moon, a delicate crescent of soft silvery light, hung suspended against a background of deepest blue-black, that had a dark brilliance of its own. Then the stars, studding the sky with a million clear-cut points, looking down upon the "All'ist wohl" below, while the sea swept past with its long, soft sighing sound against the sides of the vessel, lit up by the weird phosphorus, then fading away into mysterious nothingness that our eyes vainly tried to pierce.

Of a sudden, our inane chatter, or soulful nothings, would be checked midway, to our eternal redemption, by a musical mingling of tuneful voices. The Italians in the steerage were singing, and that this was a forerunner of what we might expect continually for the next few months filled us with exceeding joy. Their voices and expression, the dramatic sense and pure pronunciation cutting through the clear night air, the twanging of a guitar their only accompaniment, and the fitful moonlight faintly outlining their forms and faces, mingling with the hushed murmur of the sea, while under all the great throbs of the laboring vessel, beating with monotonous rhythm, caused a variety of sensations not easily forgotten.

One morning, after leaving the Azores, I was awakened by a terrific bang and a loud, gruff voice. "Mary, Mary, get up; get up at once." A pause, then another bang. "Mary, get up, your mistress wants to see the sunrise." I wondered sleepily if Mary's soul rose to the occasion. Mine didn't. I tried to go to sleep, but a supersensitive conscience banished sleep utterly.

It behooved me to see this especial effort of nature. I put my head out of the port hole (the sun rising obligingly on that side), and it didn't come back for some time—my head, I mean.

Never can I forget the scene that met my eyes. God Himself in all His majesty seemed present at the awakening of another day. Deep silence brooded tenderly o'er the still waters. Close along the horizon line stretched a band of exquisite, vivid, but pale pea green, with trimmings of delicate gold, which, spreading upwards, deepened and paled from gold to silver. Then a band of turquoise again shaded by the wondrous golden light; above, climbing up the great dome of heaven, a mottled mass of filmy clouds were bathed in deepest rose, while creeping along the horizon, and spreading upwards, pale mauve-grey clouds, with a depth of soft shadow here and there, ever mingling and varying with feathery lightness, blending the glorious color scheme in one harmonious whole, utterly beyond the power of brush or pen, or even of imagination. For a little space this thrilling scene hung with a curious, breathless waiting in the sky. Then my eyes became concentrated upon the centre, where close to the horizon an arc of gold was growing deeper and brighter. Suddenly the tiniest clouds that lay upon the waters became jagged tongues of fire. For a few moments, almost slowly, the forked tongues of blood and flame shot up across the pale gold, green and blue. Hovering over all, the fleecy purple clouds, touched with crimson, became dazzlingly transparent with the wealth of golden light behind; then fading and deepening away into nondescript shades of browns and dark greys, with yet a lingering touch of rose, till on the further side of the great circle they were lost in the lowering clouds of night that rolled moodily away, leaving the vast lone stretch of sea and sky bathed in a bewilderment of color. A moment more, and the silent, waiting

world was flooded with the full light of the day King—and the glory was complete.

A couple of nights later on I stood at the stern filled with melancholy. That the sun should elect to have a sunrise was quite proper. But that I should be awake and up for the sunrise, and, forgetting all about such trifles as sunsets, make a mighty effort to perpetuate it for the delectation of others, was a decided error of judgment. But who could be expected to know that his august majesty, with inconceivable want of consideration, would undertake, two days after, to surpass himself in the way of a sunset. The sunset came and went before I had recovered the sunrise, and I could not possibly manage both in one week. His majesty tumbled off the end of the earth in grand style with all his paraphernalia of fire and water and clouds and sky, while a silver-toned Yankee behind me, with admirable terseness, expressed the whole with "Ain't it handsome."

A day or two more, and then a stir of expectation filled the air. Private divinings with the recesses of slug-

gish brains with the help of the inevitable guide book, and sly pumpings of the other fellows' brains carried on with infinite tact, were resorted to in preparation for the historic ground we were fast approaching.

Eager groups engaged themselves on the fore part and sides of the vessel to get a first view of the "Pillars of Hercules," the keys of the old world, full of breathless interest to all, dear to Canadians because every spot bears the footprints of the Mother Country, interesting to Americans of the broad-minded type, who recognize bravery and pluck everywhere, while from the sneering and envious grudging admiration is meted out plentifully interlarded with bitter sarcasm.

But the unique charms peculiar to Gibraltar, and the fascinating mysticism and ancient customs of Algiers, preserved even in the present day amid the nodding plumes of Parisian millinery, call for a separate chapter to themselves, and on a future occasion I shall approach the subject with all due reverence.

(To be continued.)



LAKE SIMCOE LORE.*

BY REV. H. SCADDING, D.D.

WHILST as set forth in the article on Surveyor-General Holland, the primary intention of Governor Simcoe in changing the name of Lake Toronto was, to do honor to the memory of his father, the Captain of H.M.S. *Pembroke*, he desired at the same time to utilize as it were separate portions of the Lake with the Islands contained therein, and streams entering it from several quarters as memorials of other persons likewise :

Francis Island, in the north-west portion of the Lake, preserved the name of his eldest son Francis.

Darling's Island was so named after General Darling, a friend: Cook's Bay was intended to commemorate the great navigator, Capt. Cook, who was so largely spoken of in Surveyor-General Holland's letter; Kempenfelt Bay was meant to recall Admiral Kempenfelt who so sadly went down in the *Royal George* off Spithead, August 29th, 1782; Cowper's words will be remembered :

“ His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.”

Talbot's River entering the Lake from the north-east bore the name of a young aide-de-camp of the General's, afterwards so well-known in Canada as Col. Talbot, founder of the Talbot settlement. Gray's River bore the name of another officer on the General's staff. Graves Island, alluded to Admiral Graves, a relative.† The

three Townships of Gwillimbury, on the edge of this lake embalmed the family name of the Governor's wife (Gwillim), and last, but not least, there is the Holland River entering the Lake from the south-west, preserving to this day the name of Major Holland‡ Yonge street itself leading northwards from Lake Ontario to Lake Simcoe is another instance of the Governor's commemorating a friend. Sir George Yonge, from whom the street or military way derived its name, was a friend and neighbor of Governor Simcoe in Devonshire. That these names were imposed by General Simcoe himself is manifest from the fact that they all appear on the pages of Surveyor-General D. W. Smith's *Gazetteer* compiled under the eye of the Governor.

Georgina Township, close by, was a reminiscence of the name which the Governor originally intended to give the capital of his new Province as a compliment to George the Third, when it was proposed that the spot now occupied by the Canadian City of London should be its site.

Georgina Bay on Lake Huron, not very far off, was another reminder of the old King. Gloucester Bay and Prince William's Island, in the same are likewise allusions to certain members of the King's family.

As to the name borne by the whole Lake before it acquired the name of Lake Simcoe, David William Smith's *Gazetteer* informs us that it had once been known as Lake Toronto, and other names of a more recent date

† It is to be regretted that these names have not in every case been retained. Francis Island for example is now known as Grape Island and Darling's Island is Strawberry Island. Graves Island is known as Georgina Island, but is occasionally spoken of under the former name. Gray's River is now Beaver River. Canise Island, so named from an Indian Chief of the Simcoe period, is now perhaps better known as Thorah Island.

‡ It is to be added that “Holland House,” Toronto, did not in any way refer to the Surveyor-General. It was so named by its builder, the Hon. H. J. Boulton, in allusion to the famous “Holland House” situated in the Kensington suburb of London.

are given such as Lac aux Caies (Hurdle Lake), corrupted sometimes into Lac la Clie, and Sheniong (Silver Lake). That Lake Toronto was an ancient appellation of this Lake we have abundant evidence. Thus we have in "Pierre Margry's Memoires and Documents," Vol. II., p. 115, the following extract from a letter written by the famous La Salle, dated August 22nd, in the year 1680 :

"To take up again the course of my journey I set off last year from Teiaiaagon on the 22nd of August, and reached the shores of Lake Toronto on the 23rd, where I arrested two of my deserters."

From this we see that on August 22nd he was at Teiaiaagon—that is to say the locality known afterwards as Toronto, and the day following he arrived on the banks of Lake Toronto, as he very distinctly speaks—that is to say on the banks of Lake Simcoe, as we should speak, where he arrested two men who had been plundering his goods. We thus see that "Teiaiaagon" and the shores of Lake Toronto are two different localities, distant a day's journey one from the other.

This same Teiaiaagon is again referred to by La Salle in his remarks on the proceedings of Count Frontenac, forwarded by him to the authorities in Paris in the year 1684 (*See* "Documentary History of the State of New York, Vol. IX., p. 218).

He there speaks of Teiaiaagon as a place to which Indians from the North, to whom he gives the general name of Outaouacs, came down to traffic with people from the other side of the Lake, that is with New Englanders; and he stated it as an advantage accruing from the existence of Fort Frontenac, that this trade was thereby stopped and drawn to Fort Frontenac.

What is here stated (by La Salle) corresponds with the testimony of Lahontan, a French officer in charge of Fort St. Joseph, on the western side of the southern entrance to Lake Huron (afterwards Fort Gratiot) as

given in his book, and in the large map which accompanies it.

Referring to his map on page 12, vol. 2, Lahontan says: One sees at the south-east of the river (French River) the Bay of Toronto." (This is evidently a portion of the Georgian Bay, including Gloucester and Matchedash Bays, certainly not drawn with the precision of a modern hydrographic survey.) "A river empties itself there," he continues, "which proceeds from a little Lake of the same name *i.e.*, Toronto, forming some impracticable cataracts, both in going up and descending," this is evidently the Severn. "The man's head," Lahontan adds, "that you see on the map on the edge of this river designates a large settlement of Hurons, which the Iroquois have laid waste," consistently with all this, Delisle's map published at Paris in 1703, places Teiaiaagon where Toronto now stands, at the same time giving Lake Toronto in the Huron region to the north.

[Mr. Barlow Cumberland, Toronto, furnishes me with the curious information that in the Grand Salon of the Ducal Palace at Venice, when visited by him in 1872, there was a large terrestrial globe, some four feet in diameter, constructed in 1690 by Antonio Patrizio of Venice, on which, where the American Lakes are presented, the small Lake situate to the north of Lake Ontario here called Lake Frontenac, between it and Lake Huron is styled Lake Taronto, and the track there called Portage is distinctly marked from the lesser Lake to the larger one on the south, where its terminus is marked by the word Toiouegon. All this corresponds very well with the record on a number of old maps in my possession, the spelling in several instances varying a little. Taronto is, of course, our Toronto with a slight Italian variation of "a" for "o." (Sometimes it is Tarento, from slight resemblance in sound to the name of a famous ancient city in the south of Italy. The oldest French maps, how-

ever, give "Toronto" precisely as we have it now, so La Salle gave it in 1680, and the maps used by Lahontan.) As to Toiouegon—the name appears with several literal variations in the old maps, and in D. W. Smith's *Gazetteer* it designated the spot now occupied by the City of Toronto. It signified, as I have elsewhere shown, the Landing place to *i.e.* for parties about to proceed up the Trail to Lake Toronto. That this Trail should have been so clearly marked with the word Portage on the Globe in the Ducal Palace at Venice is very interesting.]

The Holland Landing is to this day a well-known locality: it is the spot where Yonge street reaches one of the branches of the Holland River, and

here canoes and bateaux coming down from the north used to receive trading and travelling parties coming up from the south, from a landing place on Lake Ontario, *via* the trail running along the valley of the Humber to the Oak Ridges, and thence along the valley of the Holland River to Lake Toronto, that is Lake Simcoe. A long branch from the westward enters the Holland River not far from the "Landing," and steamboats plying on Lake Simcoe used to navigate these branches; and former travellers in this region will recall the sinuosities of the route, as the huge hulk of the vessel made its way amidst reeds, rushes and shallows, through the marsh which extends back from the true mouth of the Holland River, many miles into the interior.

 MY FRIEND.

I have a friend—if you should ask
 Why 'tis I love her well,
 Indeed 'twould be a weighty task
 These reasons all to tell.

First, she is good enough to see—
 A pretty face and kind,
 That somehow fairer is to me
 Than others I can find.

She has two lips with laughter filled
 That hold not scorn or sneer,
 She's just a little bit self-willed,
 Gangs her ain gait I fear.

She has two strong and supple hands,
 Two bright and tender eyes, '
 She has a heart that understands,
 She has a judgment wise.

Her voice—at least to me, is fine
 I like to lie and rest,
 And hear her reading, line by line,
 The poet I love best.

No jealousy or trace of spite
 Is in her nature strong,
 She is so loyal to the right,
 So gentle with the wrong.

Now these are just a few, you know,
 Of reasons I could name ;
 Her faults are few, if 'twere not so—
 I'd love her just the same.

JEAN BLEWETT.

AVE !

Cloud of the midnight skies,
 Lowering as life-light dies,
 Lie gently on mine eyes,
 With weight of sleep.
 Outbar the dreams of day ;
 Screen the long hours away ;
 No more to work or pray,
 To laugh or weep.

Out from my wearied heart
 Let the long dreams depart,
 The vain pursuit of art,
 Vain love and song.
 Cast in the place of these
 Thy magic of surcease,
 Silence in darkling ease,
 Long ages long.

I know not what the light
 May bring to cheer my sight ;
 Enough for me the night,
 No more to know.
 Failure and grief and dread
 Desert the lifeless head,
 As light seeks not the bed
 Where wild flowers grow.

Cloud of the midnight sky,
 Soft on my eyelids lie ;
 Yet with such weight that I
 No more may wake ;
 That sleep may not be stirred
 By any earthly word,
 Nor dawn nor song of bird
 My rest may break.

FRANK L. POLLOCK.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO AND ITS PRESIDENTS.

BY PROFESSOR W. H. FRASER.

ONE hundred years ago a young Scotchman, the son of an overseer in the granite quarries near Aberdeen, was in the second year of his undergraduate course in the university of that city. This young man was John Strachan, afterwards Bishop of Toronto and the first President of the University of King's College, which institution, with modifications made from time to time in its organization and equipment, has become the University of Toronto of the present day. The name of Dr. Strachan, as he is usually referred to in the records, is intimately associated with the early history of the University, and indeed with a great part of the educational history of the Province of Upper Canada. Hence it is proper that, at the very beginning of this sketch, a fitting tribute should be paid to the indomitable energy and perseverance with which he strove for the establishment of a university, until after forty years and more of effort and disappointment he saw his hopes realized.

In these later days universities spring up like mushrooms. In its origin and growth the University of Toronto was rather of the type of the oak. A hundred years ago it was an idea, not much more than a vague hope in the minds of a very few enlightened statesmen and scholars. As far as can be known the first man to formulate the idea of a university was General Simcoe, who came here as Governor in 1792. With the true instinct of a statesman he regarded education as indispensable to loyalty, morality and national feeling. This sentiment he often expressed, and his proposition was to establish grammar schools in every district and a university at the capital,

the university being regarded as the more important. His last official reference to the question is contained in a letter of 1796, the year in which he left the province, in which he says:—"I have no idea that a university will be established, though I am daily confirmed in its necessity."

The struggling colony was evidently in great need of educational facilities. Governor Simcoe reported that on one of his exploring expeditions he was told by the inhabitants that the rising generation was rapidly returning to barbarism, that the Sabbath was literally unknown to their children, and more of a like tenor. The feeling of the people as to the necessity of education found expression in the petition of the Legislative Council and House of Assembly of 1797, in which they prayed His Majesty to set apart "waste" lands for the providing of "respectable grammar schools in each district and a college or university." By the year 1799 500,000 acres were already surveyed and set apart, and the report of those entrusted to devise ways and means was presented, recommending among other things York as the seat of the university.

The promoters of the project appear to have been more enthusiastic than was warranted by the circumstances of an infant colony with a total revenue of about £2,000 sterling per annum, with choice lands selling at nine pence an acre. In this enthusiasm General Simcoe evidently shared, for on leaving Canada, in spite of his opinion quoted above, he made arrangements to bring out a scholar from Great Britain to take charge of the University, as yet in the clouds. After the refusal of Thomas Chalmers, John

Strachan was selected, and he arrived at Kingston on the last day of 1799 to meet with very cruel disappointment. Instead of presiding over a University he was forced to turn his attention to the keeping of a private school, first at Kingston and afterwards at Cornwall.

In 1806 the House of Assembly had gone so far as to resolve that, "seminaries of education are highly necessary in this province," and in 1807, largely by the influence of Mr. Strachan, who by this time had taken holy orders in the Church of England, a bill passed both houses for the establishment of grammar schools. From this time onward the influence of Mr. Strachan, who came to York as rector in 1812, became very great in educational affairs. He must henceforth be referred to as Dr. Strachan, having obtained the degree of doctor of divinity from his university in 1812. This influence was further increased when in 1817 he became a member of the Provincial Legislative Council.

The history of education from 1807 to 1820 may be given in a few words. It was dismal in the extreme. Into the causes it is unnecessary to go, but the whole period was an alternation of quarrels and dead-lock between the Assembly and the Council. In 1819, twenty-one years after the making of the original grant, the university project again became a living issue in a report of the Legislative Council favorable to the scheme, and in 1820 an act was passed providing that the University, when established, should be represented by a member in the Assembly. In 1823 Dr. Strachan became president of the general board of education, then organized with extensive powers. He did not lose sight of his university scheme, and it was probably on his recommendation that Governor Maitland arranged for the exchange of what was left of the land grant, after providing for the grammar schools, for other government lands in more saleable localities, an exchange effected in 1827.

And now the long-cherished project at last assumed definite and practical form. In 1826 a detailed scheme, with elaborate reasons and arguments, was submitted by Dr. Strachan to the Governor, in which the sum of £2,050 was mentioned as a minimum income to begin upon. The report was favorably received, and he was forthwith sent to England to solicit a royal charter for the institution. In 1827 the charter was granted, and the despatch which informed the colony of the fact, also provided for the exchange of lands. Everything seemed prosperous, and the reader will perhaps be surprised to learn that the date of this charter marks the beginning of a period of strife and bitterness unparalleled in the educational history of the Province. It would be impossible here to go into detail. Suffice it to say that the strife arose from two causes, namely, the nature of the charter and the manner of its advocacy in England by Dr. Strachan.

In 1828, when the Governor announced to the House of Assembly the granting of the charter, he received the very significant reply: "We shall be highly gratified to find that His Majesty has very graciously provided for the establishment and endowment of an University in the Province, if the principles upon which it has been founded shall, upon enquiry, prove to be conducive to the advancement of true learning and piety, and friendly to the civil and religious liberty of the people." When, in due time, it became known that the members of the University Council were required to be in holy orders in the Church of England, and to subscribe to the thirty-nine Articles, that a like obligation was laid on students of divinity, and that the arch-deacon of York was to be *ex officio* president, Dr. Strachan being the first president, a tremendous storm of indignation and protest from the Assembly, the religious denominations, and the citizens broke loose. Part of this storm centred about the

so-called "ecclesiastical chart," which Dr. Strachan had circulated in England, showing that relatively the Church of England was strong in the Province, and the other denominations excessively weak. Enquiry by the House of Assembly showed that the reverse was the true state of affairs. An account of the agitation would fill a volume. The home Government was informed in every possible way—by resolution, remonstrance, petition, report—that the charter was distasteful to the colony, and in 1831 the Colonial Secretary asked, but in vain, for its surrender by the Council of King's College.

Some important results followed. In 1830 the Methodist Conference, apparently hopeless of the situation, resolved to found Upper Canada Academy (afterwards Victoria University) at Cobourg. The Presbyterians discussed a similar project, but did nothing definite till later. In 1829 Upper Canada College was begun, mainly by Sir John Colborne's unconstitutional efforts, as a sort of compromise scheme, for this sturdy soldier governor declared to the King's College Council that "not one stone should be put upon another until certain alterations had been made in the charter." The organization of Upper Canada College as a "Minor College" to King's College, and the grant of some 66,000 acres of the endowment lands to it, together with the advance of large sums for its support, are important matters which can only be mentioned here. Meanwhile, the endowment of King's College was rapidly increasing in value, and in 1829 the Council, nothing daunted by all the hubbub of the "turbulent spirits," as the opponents of the charter were called, began buying a site of 150 acres of land in Toronto, undoubtedly an excellent investment, for the whole price was but £14,000. Another expenditure of the Council, somewhat later and hardly so discreet, was that of £430 for a wooden model of the buildings to be erected, made in London.

After ten years of agitation the "turbulent spirits" had carried the day, and in 1837 the original charter was modified in so far that no religious test, other than a belief in the divine authenticity of the Old and New Testament, and the doctrine of the Trinity, was required. The building contracts were ready to be signed when the rebellion broke out, and everything was at a standstill. Nothing further was done till after the financial



BISHOP STRACHAN.

investigation of 1839 by the House of Assembly, in which it was discovered that of £82,000 cash received, £54,925 had been expended, largely in support of Upper Canada College. Sir George Arthur, governor of the province, expressed himself as very much surprised at the outlay, and under the circumstances it was thought advisable to shorten sail, so that building operations were suspended. Finally, after so many delays and disappoint-

ments, on the 18th April, 1842, amid great ceremonies and rejoicings, the corner-stone of a building was laid by the Governor-General of the time, in that part of the Queen's Park where stand the present legislative buildings. In the next year, with similar rejoicings, the first matriculation of students was held, and the work of teaching begun, the classes finding temporary accommodation in the old parliament buildings on Front street.

The titular president of the institution was still Dr. Strachan, who had become Bishop of Toronto in 1839; the real head of the teaching faculty was John McCaul, LL.D., who held at first the office of Vice-President, and afterwards that of President till 1880. Dr. McCaul was born at Dublin, in 1807, and graduated with highest classical honours at Trinity College in that city. The fact that the date of his birth coincides with the foundation of secondary education in this province, and that at thirty-six years of age he became the first head of the University, is an interesting illustration of the difficulties and delays under which a system of university education was developed. To his attainments and reputation as a classical scholar and to his many valuable contributions to classical learning I hardly need refer, so well known are they. Even at the comparatively early date of 1838, his fame as a scholar was so well established that he was selected by the Archbishop of Canterbury as Principal of Upper Canada College, on the duties of which position he entered in 1839. His transference to the chair of classics in King's College followed most naturally. The striking personality of Dr. McCaul still lives in the memory of ten academic generations of graduates of the University. His keen sense of humor, his classic eloquence and urbanity of manner are equally remembered with the extraordinary breadth and accuracy of his classical knowledge. As a classical scholar he believed most thor-

oughly in the advantages of classical learning, and yet his breadth of view and his comprehension of the necessities of the Province were such that he was among the advocates of a broadening of the course of study in the direction of science and the modern languages, while his knowledge of men and things and unflinching tact and courtesy fitted him to guide the University wisely through the somewhat troublous times which were still in store for it.

The difficulties of the institution at that time, were largely financial. In fact, the financial stringency of the present time is mainly the result of what happened before Dr. McCaul became President. It may be well, at the risk of slightly distorting the chronology, to complete in a few words the financial part of the sketch. In 1848, the University Council, under Dr. McCaul's guidance, appointed a commission of inquiry, "inasmuch as a belief in the existence of an unsatisfactory state of the financial affairs has gained ground with the public." This commission issued a "final report" in 1852. Referring in general terms to the endowment, the commissioners say truly: "Never, perhaps, in any age or country, was so princely a domain dedicated to the great purpose of education, and, had the most ardent friends of collegiate institutions in this young country been granted the privilege of selecting from the public lands the most valuable and accessible which the entire province offered, they could not have made a better choice." Their dismal conclusion as to the fate of this princely endowment is "that out of a total capital of £336,930 there have been alienated in current expenditure and losses £166,319," almost one half.

How did this enormous shrinkage take place? The description of the process has a certain grim humor about it, of which I think even the commissioners were sensible. They found no account books worth mentioning, and

had to construct a set as best they could, with infinite effort. After five months of such labor they ascertained that "certain pocket books, five in number, had been found, thought to contain original entries." In these books, "made of such a size as to be easily carried about in a breast pocket," the bursar had, from 1828 to 1839, kept record of the princely endowment.

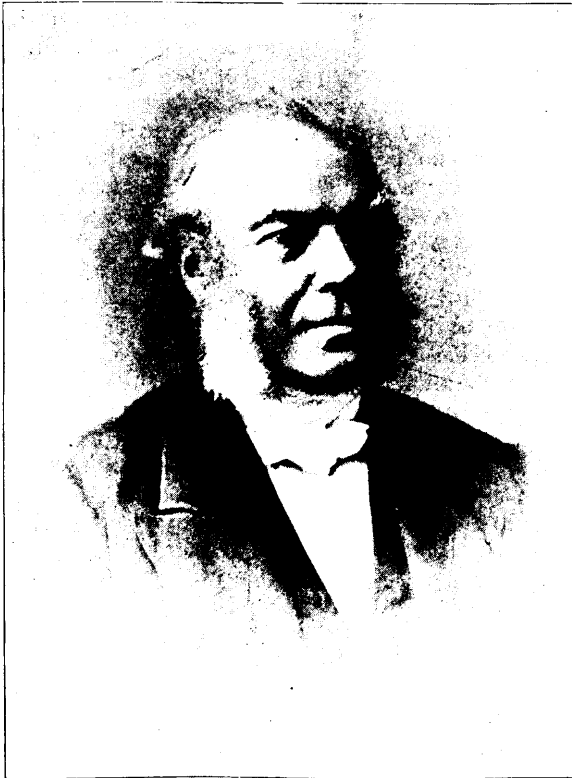
"Rents were received when offered, lands were sold when sought for, purchase money was taken when brought in, interest was accepted when tendered." Lands were allowed to lapse after the payment by the purchaser of a ten per cent. deposit, until they became his by right of possession. The confusion was indescribable. For example, various accounts were opened for

the same person. Mr. Shewfelt appeared also as Skewfelt, Zufelt and Chewfelt in four different accounts, and this is but one example typical of thousands. "In short," say the commissioners, "had the great effort of the Council been to annihilate the endowment, it is doubtful if a more efficient plan could have been followed." Enough has been said to show that since 1843 the main financial efforts of the

authorities have been devoted to the conservation and wise employment of a remnant of the "princely endowment."

In 1843 a bill came before the Legislature to separate the collegiate and university functions, and to incorporate other colleges (Victoria and Queen's and Regiopolis), a scheme not unlike federation. Bishop Strachan

protested in a strong memorial, which is worth quoting in part as showing his point of view. He said, "The leading object of the bill is to place all forms of error upon an equality with truth... Such a fatal departure from all that is good is without parallel in the history of the world; unless, indeed, some resemblance can be found in Pagan Rome, which, to please the



DR. MCCAUL.—PRESIDENT UNTIL 1881.

nations she had conquered, condescended to associate their impure idolatries with her own." Needless to state that the bill failed to become law.

In 1849, by the so-called Baldwin Act, drawn up, it is said, by Chancellor Blake, father of the present Chancellor, King's College was fully secularized, and became the "University of Toronto." Teaching of theology of every kind was abolished, no clergy-

man could have a seat on the Senate, and no religious test or observance was required. Provision was also made for the affiliation of other colleges. The act came into force on 1st January, 1850. In connection with this change Bishop Strachan took an admirable stand in what he considered a matter of vital principle. He appealed to every churchman "to assist, as far as he is able, in supplying the want which the church now feels in the destruction of her University"—a sentiment, as to the ownership of the institution, which, by the way, sheds a flood of light on its previous unhappy history. At the age of seventy-two he threw himself vigorously into the scheme of erecting a university, and Trinity College was the result of his effort.

By 1853 it became evident that the other colleges of the Province were not likely to affiliate, and a further Act was passed (the Hincks Act), by which the "University of Toronto" became an examining body, and "University College" a teaching body, an arrangement which has since been modified by giving the University of Toronto a teaching faculty, as well as by the federation scheme, of which Victoria University and various colleges have availed themselves.

The immediate results of the 1853 Act were the broadening of the curriculum and the extension of the professoriate. Among the new professors was one who was destined to do much valiant service in the cause of secular higher education in Canada, and to add greatly to the prestige of the University both here and elsewhere. This was Dr. Daniel Wilson, a man of splendid talents, tremendous energy, and most versatile genius. Born in 1816, in Edinburgh, he received his early education in the High School and University of his native city. At twenty-one, he went to London to live by literature, returning after a few years to Edinburgh, where he made himself a name in archæology, and became secretary of the Scottish Society

of Antiquaries. Then, in 1853, on the recommendation of Hallam, the historian, and Lord Elgin, Governor-General of Canada, he became Professor of English Literature and History in University College. Space will not allow more than the mere mention of such works as "Memorials of Edinburgh," "The Prehistoric Annals of Scotland," "Prehistoric Man," "Caliban," and "Chatterton," by which he established himself as an authority in archæology and an able writer in other departments.

Among the many gifts of Dr. Wilson none was more prominent than his powerful and ready eloquence, and, passing over much that might be said and should be said, did space permit, I shall merely relate, in a few words, the circumstances under which he placed this peculiar gift at the service of the University at a most critical time in its history, an occasion on which, in the opinion of many, he was along with the then Vice-Chancellor, Mr. John Langton, the means of saving the endowment of the institution.

Dating from 1853, the progress of University College was sure and rapid. In 1859 the cope-stone of what is still the main building was laid by the Governor-General, Sir Edmund Head, and early in 1860 the building was formally opened, though used previously for academic purposes. In the very same year petitions were presented to Parliament at Quebec looking to the division of the endowment among other collegiate institutions, notably Victoria University, Queen's and Trinity, in common with University College. A Committee of Parliament was named, and evidence was taken. The demand for a share in the endowment was based on what was more or less definitely prescribed in the abortive bill of 1843 and what was held to be implied though not specifically mentioned in the Act of 1853. The attack was a formidable one, the object being to show that the income was more than could properly

be spent by University College. Hardly any point was left unassailed—extravagant expenditure on luxurious buildings, on the library and museum, on an excessive professorial staff, on examiners, on scholarships—such were some of the items of accusation. The standard too was attacked, especially the options, for thus early in its history they were a prominent feature of the curriculum. On all these points, Dr. Wilson and Mr. Langton most ably defended the University, as well as on what was after all the main question, the frittering away of the endowment. I have frequently heard Dr. Wilson refer with legitimate pride to his services on that occasion, and it is, I know, the opinion of many who have followed the course of university events, that, without at

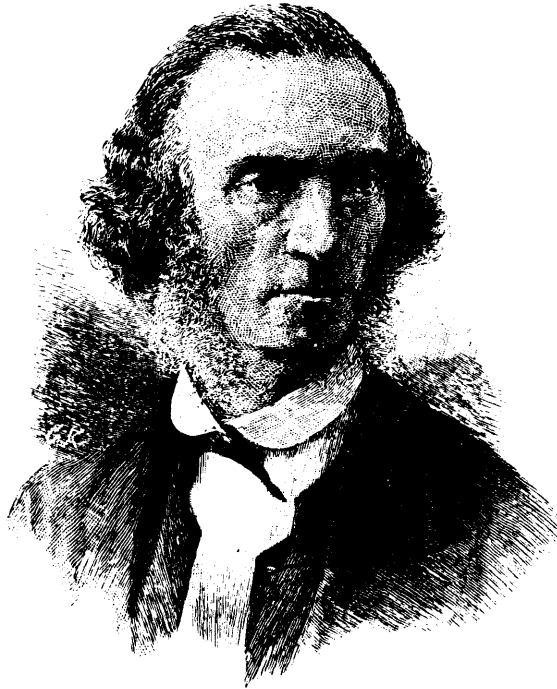
all belittling his other distinguished services, this was the most distinguished and meritorious of all.

In 1881, on the retirement of Dr. McCaul, Dr. Wilson became President of University College and, on the consummation of federation, also President of the University of Toronto. In the long and delicate negotiations relative to federation he took a prominent part. In 1888 the honor of knighthood was conferred on him by Her Majesty, an honor which he

was loth to accept, until it was urged upon him that by refusing he might give offence. In 1890 came the great disaster of the fire, which served to bring into strong relief the indomitable nature of the man. Notwithstanding his advanced age, no one was more active or unwearied in the work of restoration. Two years later, full of years and honors, Sir Daniel passed away from the scene of his labors amid universal regret, not however

until he had lived to see the University restored to more than its previous efficiency.

Upon the death of Sir Daniel Wilson, Professor James Loudon was appointed his successor. Born in 1841, in Toronto, his life coincides almost exactly in time with that of the University. His academic career was brilliant, — head boy of Upper Can-



SIR DANIEL WILSON.—PRESIDENT FROM 1881 TO 1892.

ada College, an honor student throughout his university course in classics and mathematics, and gold medallist in mathematics, Master of Arts in 1864, and LL.D. in 1893. He became a member of the faculty as mathematical tutor in 1863, and held this office till his appointment as professor of mathematics in 1875. In the interval he was Dean of Residence for eleven years, and also, for a time, Classical Tutor and College Registrar, and was besides, for many years, a

graduate representative on the Senate.

Just as in the case of Sir Daniel Wilson, many of the services which President Loudon has rendered to the University were antecedent in date to his appointment to the presidency. Some of these services were so important in themselves and in their results as to deserve mention here. It seems

difficult to realize that no longer ago than 1874 the introduction of practical teaching in the sciences was a debatable question in University policy, and that a minority report drawn up by Dr. Loudon at that time, at first opposed and afterwards adopted, contained the remarkable clause, "That in the Department of Natural Science a practical acquaintance

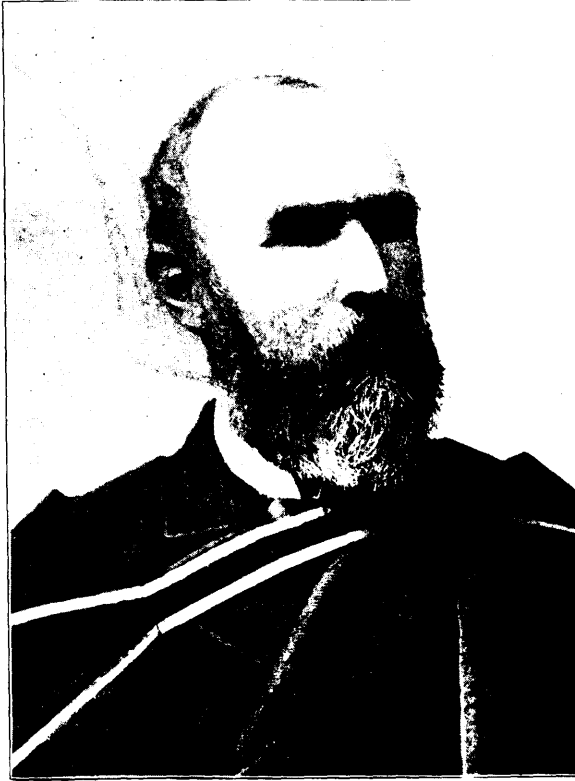
with the subjects shall be required and form part of the examination." From this report dates the enormous development of the science departments, which is one of the proudest distinctions of the University. This report was remarkable in every way. Besides the above clause, it recommended a course of four years instead of three, it pronounced against the degrees of B. Lit. and B. Sc., suggested in the majority

report, it advised a new honor department in physics, and also suggested the Modern Language option for Greek. The wisdom of all these recommendations has been amply proved in the sequel. In the same year the organization of the School of Practical Science was under discussion. One plan proposed was the separation into a distinct faculty of the University

College science professors, and attendance of Arts students at the School of Science for their practical work. This Dr. Loudon vigorously opposed, and drew up a report to the Government, the main features of which were adopted, and the schools established as a College of Engineering, as at present.

In the discussion and settlement of at least two other wide questions of

University policy, Dr. Loudon took a prominent part. In the long and intricate conferences preceding federation in 1884, he stood for the maintenance of University College, and proposed safeguards to secure its proper continuation and equipment, which, unfortunately, were not fully incorporated in the Act of 1887. And again in 1890, when projects were under discussion calculated

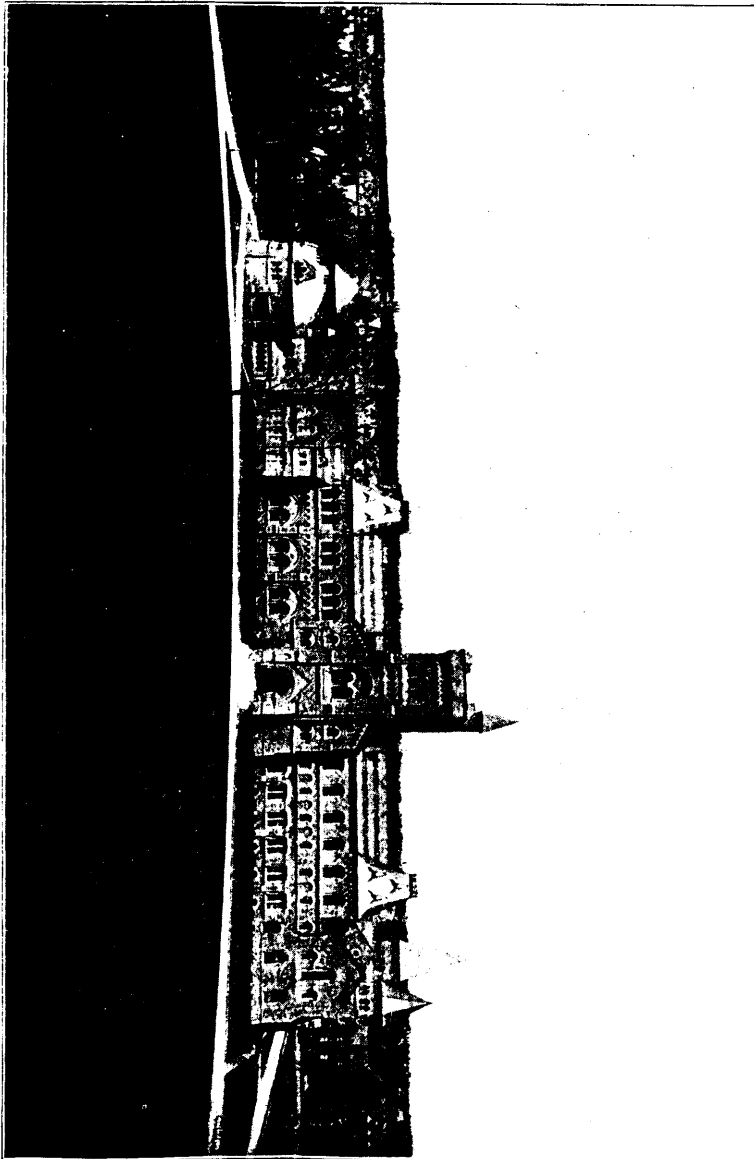


DR. JAMES LOUDON.
Present President of University of Toronto.

to deprive the University of its proper measure of control in the Matriculation Examinations, his efforts in averting this danger resulted in the establishment of the Joint Board.

to the University. In 1878, shortly after his appointment to the chair of mathematics and physics, he succeeded in establishing the physical laboratory, the first of its kind in Canada. In

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO—MAIN BUILDING AND CAMPU.S.



Besides these far-reaching questions of policy, it is just that mention should be made of some of the matters of material equipment in which his practical wisdom has been of advantage

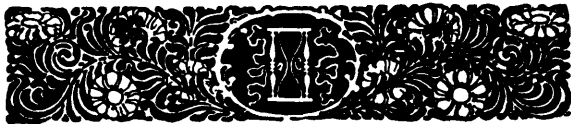
the work of restoration, after the fire, he was the most active and influential advocate of a separate library building, and of the enlargement and remodelling of the main building, as

against the maintaining of the main building as it was, with the library in it, and the erection of an expensive convocation hall. The Gymnasium and Student's Union building and the new Campus are largely due to his efforts, as well as the completion of the Museum and the erection of the Chemical Laboratory.

I may fittingly close with a few facts giving some idea of the present development of the University and of the important work which it performs in the educational system of Ontario. Even as late as 1857, the University had hardly a local habitation which it could call its own. Its classes were first held in the old parliamentary buildings, then in the building at the east of the park, long since gone, from which it was driven later to the small and shabby hut known as Moss Hall, on the site of the present biological building, and so back and forth till it found permanent accommodation in 1858 in the magnificent main edifice, erected at a cost of \$355,907, to which have been added since the other splendid buildings which surround the lawn, costing in the aggregate almost \$350,000. At least half as much more has been spent on library and apparatus. With it are connected no less than twelve federated or affiliated institutions, covering in their work almost the whole range of knowledge. Including the

federated University of Victoria, but exclusive of other connected institutions, about one hundred and fifty persons are employed in the work of instruction or in the management of its affairs. In arts, medicine and applied sciences nearly 1,300 students are now receiving instruction, and the roll of graduates includes almost 6,000 names. The splendid facilities for intellectual development, which the University affords even the humblest, and the distinguished record of its graduates in Canada and elsewhere afford occasion for legitimate pride to every inhabitant of the Province.

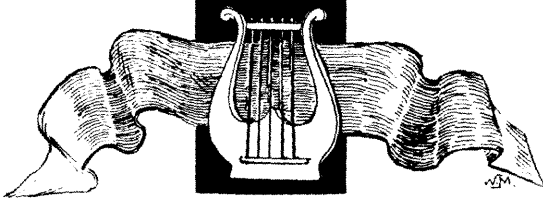
Such then in barest outline is the story of the institution from its humble and stormy beginnings to the development and prosperity of the present day, and of the presidents who have had so large a share in its direction and advancement. I have felt in writing this sketch that the topic is worthy of more extended treatment than the limited space of a magazine article permits, but I would fain hope that even what little has been related here will prove true the forecast contained in the inaugural address of the first president in 1843, when he said, "The time will come when every, the smallest particular respecting the origin of this institution—the delays it had to suffer, and the obstacles it had to surmount—will become matter of the deepest interest to its many sons."





Easter

RISE · HEART; THY · LORD · IS · RISEN. SING · HIS · PRAISE
 WITHOUT · DELAYES,
 WHO · TAKES · THEE · BY · THE · HAND, THAT · THOU · LIKEWISE
 WITH · HIM · MAYST · RISE;
 THAT · AS · HIS · DEATH · CALCINED · THEE · TO · DUST,
 HIS · LIFE · MAY · MAKE · THEE · GOLD · AND · MUCH · MORE · JUST.
 AWAKE, MY · LUTE · AND · STRUGGLE · FOR · THY · PART ·
 WITH · ALL · THY · ART.
 THE · CROSSE · TAUGHT · ALL · WOOD · TO · RESOUND · HIS · NAME
 WHO · BORE · THE · SAME.
 HIS · STRETCHED · SINEWS · TAUGHT · ALL · STRINGS · WHAT · KEY
 IS · BEST · TO · CELEBRATE · THIS · MOST · HIGH · DAY,
 CONSORT · BOTH · HEART · AND · LUTE · AND · TWIST · A · SONG
 PLEASANT · AND · LONG;
 OR · SINCE · ALL · MUSICK · IS · BUT · THREE · PARTS · VIED,
 AND · MULTIPLIED;
 O · LET · THY · BLESSED · SPIRIT · BEAR · A · PART,
 AND · MAKE · UP · OUR · DEFECTS · WITH · HIS · SWEET · ART.
 GEORGE HERBERT



NURSE EDITH'S EASTER.

BY ELLA S. ATKINSON, (MADGE MERTON).

NURSE EDITH had just come in from a long case. The latter weeks had been easy ones and full of the kindnesses of a grateful patient, so she was not worn down to the verge of illness with watching. On the contrary, she was unusually well, and stepped briskly about her tiny sitting room, putting it to rights, dusting her photographs, shaking out her bits of drapery, and humming a tune while she did it all, for her purse was strangely heavy and her heart was strangely light.

"There's a man down stairs—says he's yer uncle. Fetch him up?"

This came from a voice at the door.

"Yes," said Edith, and a minute later her hand was held in a hard, rough one, and shaken vigorously up and down.

"How air you, Edie? I'm that glad to see you at last. I've been here, askin' and askin' fer ye, but ye wuz allis off tendin' to some sick party."

"Sit down, Uncle John," and she pushed him gently backward to a seat, saying, "Why didn't you come and find me? I left the address."

The farmer smiled a half amused, half abashed smile, and looked down at his coarse clothes and heavy boots. "Oh, it mightn't do ye any good with yer customers ef they should see the stock ye came from," was his honest excuse.

Edith dissented with the strength of a truthful contradiction, which is different from the vehement protest which carries a lie wrapped up in its layers of words.

"Ye're pretty comfortable here," the farmer went on, looking around the room.

"Yes, it's cosy," Edith said, pulling one of the curtains straight, "and it's

better than boarding—cheaper. I get two rooms for less than the price of one with board, and then I don't lose anything when I'm away."

"Git yer own meals, do ye?"

"Yes, breakfast and tea, and I go out to dinner when I'm rich; when I'm poor I get something for myself."

"Umph," commented John Bailey. The exclamation had a ring of dissent in it. He firmly believed his niece was not getting sufficient food.

"Where's yer cookin' stove?" he went on, with the air of triumph which comes from getting the best of people.

"Here," said Edith, moving a screen and indicating with her finger a gas ring on the floor.

The uncle rose to look at it.

"How does it go?" he asked.

"Like this," and Edith turned on the gas and put a match to it, "and I'm going to make you a cup of tea."

"Now don't put yerself about," he protested, but the girl filled her little kettle and put it on, and set out some cups and saucers and put her black teapot down by the burning gas to warm it. There she stood beside the tall farmer, and he turned from gazing curiously at the flame to say, "It's jest like playin' tea-party, ain't it?"

Then he laughed aloud, showing his strong, white teeth and a bundle of crows' feet at the angles of his eyes.

He took his cup awkwardly, and balanced his biscuit on one leg, holding the foot on the toe to take the slant out of the improvised plate.

Edith poured herself a tiny cup of tea, and glancing up, her uncle caught sight of it.

"Is that one o' the cups you used to play doll's house with?" he asked merrily, looking with evident satisfac-

tion at the larger one in his own hand.

"We heerd yer wuz through with learnin' the nursin'," he said, "an' that you was goin' to take up private work; so then, when yer letter came, sayin' you wuz settled here in Toronto, I jest said to yer Aunt Maria, I wuz goin' to seek ye out."

"I'm so glad," Edith replied simply, and then, "let me give you some more tea, Uncle John."

"No, thanks—it's good tea that, though—'taint green is it?"

"No, some blend the grocer recommended."

"I thought it wasn't green. Yer Aunt Maria, she likes green. I tell her it's so's she kin drink it strong an' yet not git scared to death when she looks inter the cup."

"How is aunt Maria?" Edith asked, and the man's face fell.

"She's well an' she ain't well. There's nothin' the matter of her, so fer's I know, but she can't seem to hold on ter herself or git her grip on things since Henry died."

"Poor auntie!" Edith's voice was low as she spoke,—“and he was her baby, too,” she added.

"Yes, it's hard—harder fer her than fer me or the rest, but 'taint 'sif she hadn't six boys left."

A silence followed—a sympathetic one on Edith's part, one of irresolution on her uncle's.

"Say Edie," he blurted out at last, "do ye ever go out nursin' well folks?"

Edith started.

"I mean them that's sick at heart, like yer aunt Maria. Seems to me yer so bright an' chipper, that mebbe ye could git her outer the way o' frettin'—git her used to little Henry bein' dead an' 'tend to the rest of 'em. Tain't no good cuddlin' trouble to ye—it's got claws. I'll pay ye whatever yer time's worth," he went on bluntly, yet hesitatingly, "but so be it ye got another call, an' anybody needs ye worse—life an' death, ye know, I'd be willin' fer ye to leave an' go to 'em. But come fer three or four weeks any-

how. That 'll be over Easter. Ye see Henry died at Easter, an' it's a sad time fer yer aunt Maria."

"I'll go, uncle John, but we'll see about pay again," and she shook her head.

"Could ye come out to-night? Train goes at five o'clock. Jacob, thet's my hired man, he can take the waggon home. But p'raps ye can't git ready so soon."

The girl laughed. "Do you see that valise, uncle John? well that's ready to go at a half-hour's notice, and I'll only have to change my dress."

John Bailey's face brightened. "I'm so glad yer goin'," he said "it'll do yer aunt Maria a world o' good an' ye 'll have to tell her all about yer cute little housekeepin' ways."

Edith's heart was very light as they flew over the country. It was delightful for the orphaned girl to think of being among her own people again. Her happiness had misted her eyes with rose-color, and the whole world took on the hue. Easter was early this year. Spring had not had time to altogether establish itself. Grimy scalloped patches of snow lay in the fence corners, and under the tangled branches of the little thickets. But the life had come back. The sap had colored the tree branches, and the buds were full to bursting. The sky was softly shaded, the wind blew the scents of the bared earth about and stirred the pools of water on the roadside into ripples. There was bird song too, the sweet wild cry of the song-sparrow, thrilling out it's little heart, in welcome to the spring. Edith listened for it at the stations. "Hear it, hear it," she cried, and her uncle smiled, "I guess it is good to hear 'em after yer squeakin' city sparrows, but what's the matter, Edie? cryin'? Ain't ye glad to go out home?"

"Oh, yes, I am, uncle John—it's just the bird—I didn't know how home-sick I was for the country. I don't feel as if I could ever breathe enough of that air."

Night came gently, and it was still half light when the uncle and niece reached the farm house.

The first few days were full of the excitement which a guest brings in country houses. There is much that is new to see, so much to talk about. Edith coaxed her aunt to go to the barns. She wanted to see the cows at milking time. They stood at one end hearing the shouts of "so! there! stand over!" and the storming of the torrents of milk against the tin. The eyes of the cattle were gentle after the milking, full of impatience when they were awaiting their turns. The chains clanked each time the root-house door opened, for the turnips came from there, the turnips that were fed directly after each milking, that they might not taint the butter. The sheep, the chickens, and ducks and turkeys, even the pigs came in for a share of Edith's fondness, and the horses were careful to remember her after she had carried them bits of bread and sugar a few times.

The stables were in the basement. Above was the great barn with its stores of hay and straw and chaff and its well-cured clover for special feeding. There were great bins of oats and peas and corn, of bran and shorts and the "sweepings" were for the fowls. There was wheat in the granery too—spring wheat, large-grained and light-colored, and the fall wheat that was left over from the selling and the seeding—dark yellow grains, smaller and hard to crush with the teeth, but deliciously sweet and yielding a gum at last, unparal- leled by any money-in-the-slot machine that was ever made.

"I want to climb up on the hay," said Edith one day and Maria laughed and entered into the sport. They tumbled and slid over the sweet-smelling piles, waded in the loose drifts, rolled over the edge on the straw below, crushed the yellow lengths beneath their feet, and, shaking with laughter, sat down on the barn floor,

each wondering if she had as many hay wisps clinging to her head and shoulders as the other had.

"It's fine to see the animals fed and to tumble around in the hay," Maria said one night, "but I guess the boys would be surprised to see their old ma at sech foolishness. I feel like 'sif I hadn't ought to done it—me what's had such sorrer."

"It was the first time she had spoken of her grief. Edith had avoided it but she was biding her time. She felt that her coming and the exertions which her aunt was making, were good in their way. When the reaction came she was prepared for it.

"What fine boys you're got, aunt Maria," she began, "such strong sturdy fellows. I'm making up my mind to have a good time with them at Easter—the whole six of them. They haven't much time for frolicing when they're going to school."

"It was at Easter, Henry died," her aunt said solemnly.

"Yes, I know, and it makes the poor little fellows sad. I wonder what we can do to keep it out of their minds. What do you usually do?"

"Oh, jest have aigs."

"Do you ever color them?"

"No, mother used to do it fer 'em 'fore she died."

"I wonder how she did it," said Edith with an air of seeking information, and her aunt fell into the trap.

"Wall, fer yaller ones, she used to boil 'em in onion water, an' some she'd tie up in red and lilac printed calico an' they'd come out lovely reds and pinks with all the sprigs on 'em plain as could be."

"Let's do some for the boys," cried Edith—"something out of the way will brighten them up."

"It's mostly me that feels bad—they've 'bout forgot their brother, an' John's jest as bad—he's that easy goin'," said Maria sullenly.

"Well it's better that way isn't it? you can bear your trouble easier if your heart's not aching for their's."

"I don't know as I kin. I'm the sufferer. You don't know how I've felt all year. It's such a struggle to have them so happy an' me feelin' so bad. Why they'd laugh an' kick up same's ever, ef I don't stop 'em—fore pore Henry was cold in his grave hardly."

Edith said nothing.

"It ain't fer you to feel fer me, I know," the woman sniffed, "you're a nurse an' nurses git hard-hearted. They're like the doctors. You both see so much of death an' weepin' an' grievin' that it ain't no effect on you an'—"

"I was just thinking of Easter," Edith interrupted, and what it meant. In the city most people talk of bonnets and Easter in the same breath; in the country Easter and eggs go together and I don't believe that any of us get down deep enough to the real meaning of it. It's peace on earth, and you can't have peace without being unselfish."

"You wouldn't have a mother forget her own child!"

"No, but you can't do any more than remember him—you can't do any more for him with your hands."

"No, of course."

"And you can for the ones who are left."

"Yes."

"Well, you wouldn't hug your sorrow to your heart when it comes time to lay it down."

"No."

"Then, suppose we give the boys a good Easter—eggs all colored for breakfast Easter morning, and on Easter Monday, a big romp in the barn and taffy at night."

Maria looked startled, but she had truth at the bottom of her heart-well. She saw the selfishness of brooding over trouble until it shadowed happy lives by its reflection.

"You're right, Edie. I'm a selfish old thing. I orter be ashamed. Do you know, the minister talked to me like that, but it was too soon—too

soon after, and I couldn't sense it." Half brokenly the woman spoke and there were tears in her eyes, brave tears though, and she grasped her niece's hand. "I'm goin' to try an' swallow down an' let the boys have a good time."

"We're going to play hide and seek in the barn on Easter Monday" said Edith to young John, the night before Good Friday, when she and Maria were fussing together over the "setting" of the hot cross buns for breakfast the next day.

Young John was the eldest of the six, called after his father and patterned after him limb for limb and laughing eyes and wrinkles.

"In the hay mow—that's good." replied the big lurching boy.

"I'd like to see cousin Edie in the hay," piped Harold, who was the baby now.

"Would you, toddlekins, well you shall, but it won't be the first time. We were out there one day when you were asleep."

"In the hay mow?" queried young John, and a telegraphic communication of surprise ran from eye to eye among all the boys but Harold. He was too young to be in secrets.

"I aint gettin' scarcely any aigs," grumbled Maria, as she broke some into a pudding dish, for there was to be baked custard for tea. "You'll have to be feedin' the hens some red pepper an' a warm bran mash, John. That'll make 'em lay. We won't have enough fer Easter if they don't do better than they hev lately." The boys scattered in different directions and Maria smiled.

"What's the joke?" asked Edith.

"It'll keep," Maria answered.

Easter morning came. The colored eggs were boiling in separate saucepans. Harold's interest was great—his amusement infectious and Maria and Edith laughed to see him.

Presently the door opened and young John called Harold out. There was a sound of scuffling and giggling and

tramping and then Harold marched grandly in carrying an old Scotch cap filled with eggs. After him in a procession came the other six, and all had eggs in their soft black hats.

"That's where my aigs were, you young scamps," called the mother, and everbody laughed at the little Easter joke, which boys the land over play on the housewives. They go on the assumption that the women can't sell, or salt or use the eggs they don't get, so they hide them in the barns.

"They were up in the mow," volunteered young John, "and when you said you'd been up there, you worried us. We were scared you'd either found 'em out or tramped on 'em."

"I mistrusted some," said Maria, "fer young John is generally up to some foolishness, leadin' the young ones on. He's like his pa fer capers."

The yellow eggs were golden beauties, and an odor of onion filled the kitchen and went with the yellow eggs into the dining-room. The calico eggs were spotted and sprinkled in splendid perfection, and besides,

Edith had brushed some over with burnt umber and made some chocolate ones—satiny-brown without, French-creamy within. They were placed in little wisps of hay curled around on a soup plate—one of each color, a white one and a chocolate one for each person.

On Monday morning a telegram came. There was another case of typhoid fever in the family in which Edith had lately nursed a patient. They wanted her—would she come?

"What shall I say, uncle John?"

"I guess you orter go," he answered, gravely.

"When does the next train go?"

"Twelve, an' it's eleven now."

"What will you do this afternoon, if I go, Aunt Maria?"

"Play hide and seek with us just the same," suggested Harold, and his mother nodded.

"And we'll make taffy to-night," young John added. "I'll help."

"Bless yer heart, Edie," Maria said, when the good-bye time came, "you've helped me over a hard place."



ONE HAIR WHITE OR BLACK.

BY EDITH STRICKLAND MOODIE.*

IT was an exceptionally lovely night even for Jamaica, the glory of whose star-lit heavens once seen can never be forgotten.

It was long past eleven, but I sat by the window watching the flickering moonbeams, and listening to the night wind sighing through the bamboo trees below. All around me was the shining, silvery moonlight; above, myriads of stars; below, a dark and silent pond, almost hidden by the thorny cashaw trees and the feathery bamboo. Only when the moon is high do a few stray beams find their way to its surface. There is only one opening in that thicket to the sky, but the great Southren Cross shines right over it, and as I watched its four stars reflected in the quiet water, I thought of the tragedy they had witnessed thirty years ago.

The estate was owned by a rich and beautiful girl, whose sole personal defect consisted in the curly black hair, that told its own tale of mingled blood. When scarcely eighteen she had become engaged to a young Englishman, who had lived in Jamaica since infancy, and was therefore unaware of the European prejudice against the faintest trace of negro blood.

Many a scene of love have the quiet stars looked down upon as the two wandered by the miniature lake, talking of the days when he should be a clergyman, and she should be his wife. For Cyril Morgan was going to England that year to prepare for the ministry, and his ordination was to be followed by his marriage.

The night before he sailed many an oath of untiring devotion and undying affection had he poured forth to the girl who stood at his side drinking in every word, with no foreboding of his love diminishing towards her. Hers was a devotion that would last through time and eternity, and she deemed him of higher clay than herself, capable of nobler feeling.

During the first few months of his absence his letters were most ardent and lover-like. But gradually the loving heart across the ocean felt them growing colder, and a dread of something—she knew not what—settled upon her heart. The truth was that Cyril was learning that people did not regard negroes with his eyes, and that the slightest trace of descent from these dusky individuals excluded the owner from society.

Things came to a crisis about three months after his arrival, when he was suddenly brought face to face with the truth. He had been staying for a few days with an aunt of his, and one evening, after hearing Marie's charms extolled to the skies, she asked if he had a portrait of his divinity.

"Yes, aunty," he said, "and I am sure that you will agree with me that she is a beauty."

At the first glance the old lady started, and exclaimed, "Why, my boy, she is a negress."

"No, indeed, she is as fair as you are," he replied, angrily.

"But my dear, her hair—it is like that of a negro."

"Well, what of that? She is beautiful in every other respect."

* The above article is the maiden effort of Miss Edith S. Moodie, youngest child of the late Donald Moodie, and grand-daughter of Sussanna Moodie, who was for many years before the public as being the authoress of "Roughing It in the Bush," and one of the "Six Strickland Sisters," of whom Mrs. Trull, of Lakefield, now in her 95th year, is the sole survivor. Hitherto Miss M. Agnes FitzGibbon has been the only one of the third generation who has kept up the family reputation, but Miss Moodie, now in her twenty-first year, has again brought the name before the public, and although she is at present an art student in Boston, prefers that her first literary venture should appear in the land of the Maple Leaf.

"Cyril, if she were a perfect Venus, and had that hair, no one would receive her. Take my advice, and break off that engagement as soon as possible."

"Never; why Aunt, I love her better than my life."

"Well, you will have an excellent chance of proving your devotion by spending the rest of your life in Jamaica, for no one here would look at you or her. But stop, could you not induce her to wear a wig? And in the meantime, do not show this picture to anyone."

"I would not insult her by hinting at such a thing—my proud, sensitive darling. As for the photo, it shall remain where it has always been, in my desk with her letters."

"Very well," said his aunt rising, "follow your own way, only remember that I warned you," and she left the room in her most dignified manner.

Poor Cyril was very far from feeling the composure he assumed. A fierce struggle, betwixt pride and honor, took place that night in the boy's heart. Honor conquered, but, fearful of his constancy, he wrote asking Marie to change the day of their wedding to the following summer. The sooner he was married the better if he was to keep his word.

Poor Marie, forgetting her former doubts, began with delight to prepare her trousseau. But soon again she felt a return of the former coolness in her lover's letters. Whenever the appointed day drew near he would invariably write asking that the wedding might be postponed, for some reason or other.

At length the climax was reached. The wedding had been set for the 27th day of August. On the second, Marie received two letters by the English mail; one was from Cyril, the other in an unknown hand. She opened her lover's letter first. It consisted of a few lines only, stating that he would arrive on the 27th, and asking that

everything might be in readiness as he must return to England by the same packet. The letter was not such as a man within a month of his marriage usually sends to his future wife. Marie turned from it with a stifled sigh, and languidly took up the other letter. The envelope was of creamy, violet scented paper, and with a dreamy curiosity she broke the crested seal. Hardly had she glanced at the first few lines, however, when with blazing eyes and flaming cheeks she sat erect, and read it rapidly to the end. It was from Mrs. Morgan. In it she stated with cruel plainness that her nephew's life would be ruined at its outset by this misalliance.

"He is bringing out a wig which he intends to insist upon your wearing; still such skeletons are apt, sooner or later, to leave their closets. If you love him, as he thinks you do, surely you will release him from an engagement to which only his honor binds him, for I am positive that all affection for you has long since died."

Marie read it twice through, then crushed it in her hand, flung it on the floor, and put her foot upon it. "So, that is the reason of his coolness, and he is going to *insist* on my wearing a wig. You will never have the chance, my Cyril," and she laughed a defiant laugh as she ground with her foot the insolent letter that had changed her life's light into utter darkness.

For a minute she stood still with that scornful smile curling the corners of her mouth. Then she opened her desk and wrote two letters in a firm hand. The first was to Cyril, breaking off the engagement. The other ran as follows:—

BERNARD PARK,
Aug. 2nd, 18—.

DEAR MRS. MORGAN,—

Many thanks for your letter, which I received by this morning's mail. Immediately upon its receipt, I wrote releasing Mr. Morgan from his engage-

ment, and when this reaches you he will be a free man once more.

Although it was very far from your intention, you have done me the greatest favor I ever received in my life. You have prevented me from wasting a wife's affection on an object totally unworthy of it.

The virtuous sense of having saved two fellow creatures from a living death will doubtless henceforth console you through many painful hours.

Yours truly,

MARIE HILL."

She sealed, directed and sent off the two letters. Then went over to the piano, lit one of the wax candles, and held the notes she had received, one at a time in the blaze till nothing but ashes remained in her hand, which was blistered by the flame, though she was hardly conscious of the pain. She then went into the pantry, lifted down the beautiful, glittering wedding cake from its shelf, and threw it on the floor. There it lay crushed, with pieces of the frosting whitening the floor in every direction.

"Broken like my heart," she said slowly, then turned away, and went wearily upstairs. No one saw her again that night. In the morning when she came down her raven hair was streaked with grey.

Two weeks later a letter came from Cyril, which she put unopened into the fire. The romance of her life was dead like its ashes.

Four years had come and gone leaving Marie lovelier than ever, but with a pensive, ethereal beauty. Her dusky locks had become perfectly white, aside from this there was no outward change. She was an angel of goodness to the poor and suffering negroes on the estate. The unanimous opinion of these grateful creatures was that "It was a marcy Mass. Morgan did not get her, for she too good for him, and what we should do without her the Lawd in His marcy only knows."

Cyril had been ordained, bought a splendid living, and was rapidly making himself a name for brilliant preaching and fine reading. But his sermons were like gems dazzling in their lustre, yet utterly devoid of warmth and enthusiasm. Although only twenty-seven, he looked a man whose life's boat had been wrecked on the breakers when hardly out of port. He had sold his love to his pride, and it had turned like the Dead Sea apple to ashes in his mouth.

At length his longing to see Marie became so great that he decided its only cure would be sight. He told himself that he was mourning over an ideal, and that the enchantment would fade if brought face to face with the original. So he took a vacation, sailed for Jamaica, and unknown to any one landed on its sunny shores.

The night of his arrival was a lovely one; the moon was full, and the air laden with the scent of orange blossoms.

"Too lovely to stay indoors," he thought, and went out for a stroll. As he sauntered along his steps turned toward Bernard Park, and he determined to trespass in order to take a look at the pond on whose banks he had bid farewell to his bride elect. All was silent about the place. The negroes were telling ghost stories around a bonfire in the distance, and the house was shrouded in darkness. He walked unmolested to the pond, and slowly parted the bamboo branches.

There in the weird moonlight, her snowy hair gleaming like silver against the dark cashaw trunks behind her, clothed in white from head to foot, stood what he believed to be the spirit of the woman he loved.

"Marie, O, Marie," he cried, and stepped wildly forward. Suddenly the ground gave way beneath his feet, and down, down he sank into the stagnant water, thick with vines that twined their cold slimy tendrils around him like water snakes, and fettered

his limbs so that he was powerless to rise. The morass covered his face like a mask, the ooze from it rushed up his nostrils and stifled him. A vision of Marie as she had looked on the night of their betrothal rose before his closed eyes, then faded into horrible darkness, and he knew that he was dying.

But his cry had roused Marie. She knew that voice only too well. Running to the spot where he had sunk, she seized a cashaw branch with one hand, and leaning forward caught his curly hair with the other; then with an almost superhuman effort she broke the vines that bound him down, and lifted him on the bank beside her. At that moment the overstrained branch snapped, and without a cry she sank into the water.

A negro who was then returning home heard the cry, followed by two splashes, and came running to the water. A glance at the unconscious man, and the eddying water told its own tale, and with a piercing cry for help, that rang out on the silent air, he plunged into the pond.

In a moment there were a dozen blacks on the spot. The women took care of Cyril, while the men plunged into the water and attacked the vines with their cutlasses.

Just as the clocks were tolling the hour of midnight, in the centre of the pond, between the points of the Southern Cross, rose a white figure. One hand was twined in her curly hair, as if even in death she had remembered that it was the cause of all her sorrow. The other drifted by her side pierced through the palm with a great thorn from the branch she had balanced herself with; the wound was crimson

with her blood, and when Cyril saw it he fainted away again.

Two days after they laid her to rest beneath the sighing bamboos on the edge of the pond. She was dressed in the robe that should have been her bridal one. Cyril took the thorn tenderly out of her palm and laid it in his Bible. All that night the faithful, sorrowing blacks held a wake over her grave, while Cyril knelt at her desk with the thorn pressed to his lips, and vowed to devote his life to the salvation of the creatures who had loved her so tenderly. And he nobly kept his promise. For ten years he labored amongst them till the dread cholera found him at his post of duty and laid its fatal hand upon him. His dying request was to be laid at her feet. And there he now sleeps. On her headstone is inscribed:—"Marie, aged twenty-two years.

"I gave my life for thee.
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be
And quickened from the dead."

While I mused on this story, the clock struck twelve, and the moon broke from out a fleecy cloud, and threw a great thorn-shaped beam on the dark water between the arms of the Great Southern Cross, and methought that in that beam of light there floated a figure clothed in dazzling white, with one hand in her silvery hair, the other hanging by her side with the soft palm dyed crimson. And as I looked, borne on the dying night wind came a solemn sound as of a negro wake, and the air was that of the time honored hymn: "I gave my life for thee." A cold shiver passed through me, I closed the window and went to bed.



REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT AND FEDERALISM.

BY EDWARD MEEK.

THE Government of a nation is essentially a Political Corporation, possessing limited or unlimited powers. It may have originated in violence, conquest or usurpation,—it may have been created by a voluntary compact or agreement, or it may have grown and developed spontaneously, out of patriarchal and tribal conditions; yet when once established, it becomes a living organism within the State, but distinct from it—in short a *Political Corporation*.

Under the British Parliamentary System, the whole sovereignty of the nation is vested in Parliament,—nothing is reserved,—Parliament is supreme and its powers are *unlimited*. It represents the nation. It creates and controls the executive, and by its statutory laws it constitutes and governs the judiciary. It is not a body possessing merely delegated powers. It is in reality, a *representative body*.

Under the Republican System of the United States of America, the powers of Congress are *limited* and defined—whatever is not granted to it, is reserved to the state legislatures, or remains with the people. It is not a sovereign body except in a limited sense. The ultimate sovereignty remains with the people. It exercises delegated rather than representative powers, and the members of Congress are *delegates* rather than *representatives*.

It is constructed on the theory that Government should consist of three departments, each independent of the others. The Executive is independent of Congress; the legislative department cannot remove the Executive, nor can the Executive dissolve the Legislature. Both remain there immovable for definite periods. The debates and votes

in Congress do not effect the Executive. The prize of power is not in the gift of the Legislature. It cannot turn out the Government, nor can the Government appeal to the electorate. Everything is rigid, come what may, you can quicken nothing, you can retard nothing. You have bespoken your Government in advance, and whether it works well or ill, and whether it is what is wanted or not, you must keep it. Volumes have been written to prove the correctness of this theory of government. In its support we have the profuse and tiresome reasonings of Blackstone, the minute theoretical expositions of the Federalist, the wearying elaborations and elucidations of Story, and the philosophical disquisitions of Montesquieu and Paley. Even Mr. Bavard, the American Minister to England, in his address delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in November last, reiterates the doctrine and calls up the same old authorities in its support, claiming that the creation and maintenance of such a system, is essential to the preservation of "individual liberty." But after all, the political experience of free nations and the practical test of time, have shown that the labored reasonings of these theorists, at all events, in so far as they inculcate the doctrine that a combination of the Legislative and Executive functions of government in the same body, is subversive of *liberty* and productive of *despotism*, are mere groundless spectres of the *doctrinaire* imagination.

This plan of government is not the necessary, nor even the natural consequence of the Republican system, nor does it naturally arise out of the Federal system. It is, however, the

logical result of the doctrine of popular sovereignty, and is maintained on that principle by popular jealousy. The people declining to commit the whole sovereign power of the nation to any one institution. The inconveniences, the conflicts and the paralysis occasioned by this system in the United States has been pointed out, and yet the tremendous difficulty of changing the Constitution has so far caused it, though condemned by experience, to remain.

The American Constitution might have entrusted to Congress the whole sovereignty of the nation, just as the unwritten Constitution of Great Britain entrusts Parliament with the entire sovereign power. It might have empowered Congress to alter, amend and improve the Constitution at all events, in its Federal principles and provisions, just as Parliament may amend, alter and improve the British Constitution. The nation might thus have been saved from much uncertainty and bewilderment on many a question which all have felt should be under the control of Congress. It might have made the Executive Cabinet elective by Congress, and subject to its dismissal, just as the Ministry is selected by Parliament and may be removed by it. And thus, administrations antagonistic to the policy of a majority of the nation's representatives, might have been removed at the most opportune time, in a constitutional manner. It might have made Congress, the one supreme department of government, just as Parliament is the one supreme department. The Constitution might have been thus framed, and still have retained all the proper and essential principles of freedom and Republicanism. And it might now be so amended, without danger to national liberty.

Representative bodies never transform themselves into despotisms. The danger, (if any), lies in an independent Executive. The subversion of

free institutions, and the establishment of despotism, has always come—as in ancient Rome and modern France—from an Executive independently constituted by popular assent. But I am not condemning all restrictions in written constitutions—provided they are of the proper kind, such as those in favor of the preservation of individual freedom, and the protection both of individuals and minorities from the social, political and mental tyranny and injustice of the majority they may at times prove extremely beneficial.

Neither do I wish to condemn written constitutions in general, nor the Constitution of the United States of America in particular. The American Constitution was, at the time of its creation—as Mr. Gladstone, in effect, has said—probably the most perfect written instrument of government struck off and adopted by any people for their own self-government at one stroke as a single legislative Act. I am only pointing out some of its admitted defects as a practical working machine, designed for the enactment and administration of the laws of the nation.

Diversities in race, language, customs or religion, and differences in the occupations and industrial pursuits of the people, where such diversities or differences are grouped in separate geographical divisions—as in Switzerland—may give rise to a demand for local governments to deal with local wants and desires of the inhabitants of each of the divisions. Even where the conditions and circumstances are practically the same throughout, the responsibilities and duties of modern governments in extensive countries—such as the United States—are so numerous and varied that a division of their labors and cares has been found more satisfactory than centralization.

Federalism, in its more perfect form—that is, a number of states, each possessing a government of its own, with a general government, whose au-

thority extends over all alike—is the latest and highest development of government. I say “latest development,” for, notwithstanding what historians tell us of Federal Leagues and Confederacies in ancient and modern times, on examination these are found to have been little more than treaty associations for mutual protection.

While the granting of Parliamentary Constitutions, with powers of local self-government by Great Britain to her colonies, constitutes a species of Federalism within the British Empire—yet true Federalism, consisting of the union of several states or provinces, each conceding part of its legislative and governmental sovereignty to form a general government over all, began with the Constitution of the United States of America, and its latest development is the Confederacy of British Provinces into the Dominion of Canada.

Writers speak of Federalism as a “division of the field” of government, but the simile is not appropriate. The powers assigned to the general government cover the whole area of the field, and the limited powers possessed by each of the local governments cover only each of the particular divisions. The field is not divided: they both operate over the same surface, but in parallel planes.

The main difficulty in creating a Federal system consists in making a division of the sphere of authority between the Federal and local governments. A clear and definite division is impossible. Every attempt to create such a division has proved a failure, and yet this is one of the main objects of a written Constitution in a Federal system.

It is easy to say that matters which concern the whole nation should be vested in the Federal authority, and those of a local and private nature in the local authority, but it is difficult to define what are general and what local matters. Herein, all Federal Constitutional plans and enactments

have failed. Hence, Courts for the determination of such questions and conflicts are absolutely necessary under a Federal system; without the aid of a judicial department a Federal system would be unworkable.

The Canadian Confederation Act (called the British North America Act) is the written Constitution of the Dominion of Canada. It is the first attempt ever made to apply the *parliamentary system* of government to the *Federal system* of government. Its object is stated to be, to create a Federal Union of the British Provinces in North America, with a Constitution similar in principle to the British Constitution.

A comparison of some of its general features with those of the Constitution of the United States of America may therefore be interesting. (1) The first important distinction to be noted is that the intention of the American Constitution seems to be to define and limit the Federal authority, and to leave the residue of legislative and executive power with the states, or with the people; while under the Canadian Constitution the intention seems to be to define and limit the provincial powers, both legislative and executive, and to commit the residue to the Dominion Parliament and government.

The Canadian Constitution was framed just at the close of the war occasioned by the Southern Secession. The doctrine of “state sovereignty,” was regarded as the main pretext for that rebellion. It had been observed too, that the limitations and restrictions placed upon the powers of Congress and of the Federal Executive by the Constitution, had in many ways and at many times, seriously hampered and embarrassed these departments of the Federal authority, in the exercise of the necessary functions and operations of legislation and government. These facts had their influence on the framers of the Canadian Constitution, and caused the adoption

of the opposite system, viz., the restriction and limitation of provincial powers.

2. The American system of government, as expounded by constitutional writers, appears to be based on the fundamental principle that the *people are sovereign*, and that all the institutions of government are merely instruments or agents of the *sovereign people*.

Under the Canadian Parliamentary system it is different. *Sovereignty is vested in the Dominion Parliament and in the Legislatures of the Provinces*, composed of representatives chosen by the people to perform the work of legislation and government. The Parliamentary system is based on the assumption that legislation is a science requiring skill and experience, and the representatives chosen, are supposed to possess the requisite skill and experience to perform the work of legislation, and to choose from among themselves, persons qualified to perform the duties of government. Plebiscitary legislation has no place in, and is, in fact, repugnant to, the representative parliamentary system.

3. Under the American system, three independent divisions or departments of government are created, viz., the Legislative, the Executive, and the Judicial. The method of constituting, and the sphere of action of each being defined and limited.

The Canadian system constitutes, in reality only two independent departments, viz.: the Legislative and the Judicial. The Executive being merely a committee of, and dependent upon, the legislative department.

4. Under the American Constitution, the Executive may or may not be in harmony with, and may or may not have the confidence of the majority of the people's representatives *in Congress*; it is entirely independent of them. While, under the Canadian system, the Executive must always be in harmony with, and must always possess the confidence of the majority

of the people's representatives *in Parliament*. When it loses this confidence, it must give place to an Executive chosen by the majority. The Executive is therefore not an independent department, and has no independent power, except at a crisis.

When defeated on any question of policy, it may dissolve the elective branch of Parliament and appeal to the people for a new election of representatives. If sustained by a majority of the newly elected representatives, it will remain in office,—if not sustained—it must resign.

5. The provision in the American Constitution, requiring the concurrence of three-fourths of the states in the ratification of any proposed amendment, has, in the opinion of most critics, unnecessarily retarded the natural growth and proper development of that instrument. In its Federal provisions, at least, as they concern the whole nation, and do not affect the separate states or state rights, I think it is generally conceded that it would be an advantage to the nation, if Congress possessed the power to amend, without reference to the states or to the people.

Those parts of the Canadian Constitution, which do not affect provincial rights, can at any time be amended by Act of the Dominion Parliament, ratified where ratification may be necessary, by the Imperial Parliament.

6. In preference to the plebiscitary method of framing and amending state constitutions, or of requiring that such amendments shall be sanctioned and ratified by popular vote, the Canadian system provides that the Constitutions of the provinces may be amended by the provincial legislatures themselves, with certain exceptions, and of course within the limits of the Constituting Act.

7. The provision or principle that the laws passed by Congress under any of the expressed or implied powers conferred upon it by the Constitution,

—are the supreme laws of the land, and that state laws in conflict with any of these or repugnant to them, are invalid, and the wide meaning given to this provision by judicial interpretation,—is a very important feature in which the American system differs from the Canadian system.

In Canada, it does not follow that a Federal law, even where apparently within one of the Federal powers, must necessarily override a provincial law which is apparently within one of the provincial powers: the courts have held that the provincial powers must have a full and fair interpretation, having regard to the meaning and intention of the whole Act, and to the scheme of division of authority intended to be thereby created. This principle of the American Constitution tends, therefore, more towards creating a supremacy of the Federal government over the state governments, than any centralizing principle or provincial restriction to be found in the Canadian system.

8. There is, however, in the Canadian Act, the power of disallowance by the Dominion Government of provincial legislation which encroaches upon or interferes with Federal powers. This provision gives a supremacy to the Dominion authority over provincial legislatures, somewhat similar in effect to the supremacy of the Federal legislation over state legislation, just described.

9. The double judicial system existing in the United States, consisting of Federal courts possessing a very expansive jurisdiction, and state courts having only a local and somewhat inferior status, also exercises an absorbing influence in favor of the Federal authority, which does not exist under the single judicial system operating in Canada. The judiciary in all the provinces and the judges of the Supreme Court being appointed and maintained by the Dominion government.

10. Experience has shown that such subjects as "Banking," "The Incorporation and Regulation of Banks,"

and "Savings Banks,"—institutions under the control of capitalists, and in the management of which it is of the utmost importance that the public should have the stanchest security; and the issue of "paper money" and "legal tender,"—so indispensable in the conduct of all business transactions—are all matters which should be under the control of the highest authority in the nation, not merely for the sake of uniformity, (which in itself is an important consideration), but in order that the public may have the best security, and that the financially powerful and grasping may be controlled by the strongest power.

The framers of the Canadian Constitution profited by the experience of the United States and other countries, in dealing with these matters, and placed them under the control of the Dominion Parliament.

11. The complications liable to arise from leaving such subjects as "interest," "Promissory Notes" and "Bills of Exchange," under the control of numerous legislatures, were also avoided by placing these subjects along with "the regulation of trade and commerce,"—embracing nearly the whole body of mercantile law—exclusively under the Federal authority.

12. The numerous and dissimilar divorce laws of the States, and the entanglements and difficulties which have resulted, was a lesson to Canadian statesmen, which they did not fail to profit by, consequently, the subject of "Marriage and Divorce," is placed by the Canadian Constitution, under the jurisdiction of the Dominion Parliament.

13. The whole of the criminal law, and the procedure in criminal matters, subjects upon which it is in the interest of society that there should be no diversity or uncertainty, and which ought pre-eminently to be the same throughout the whole extent of any nation, are also wisely vested in the Dominion Parliament.

In these respects, the Canadian system of government and the Canadian system of Federalism, differ widely from the system of government and Federalism in operation in the United States of America. But in many respects and particulars, the two systems are very similar, the Canadian being, to a certain extent, a copy of the American, or probably it would be more accurate to say that both systems are modifications of the Quasi-Federal system, under which the colonies and provinces of the British Empire are united with the Mother Country.

1. In both countries, such subjects as "the army and navy, militia, navigation and shipping, marine and fisheries, customs and excise, currency and coinage, naturalization, postal service, patents of invention, copyrights, trade-marks, weights and measures, bankruptcy and insolvency, commerce, legal tender, and Indian affairs," are made Federal matters.

2. In both countries the powers of legislation and government, both Federal and local, are limited and restricted by a written Constitution.

3. In both the judiciary are the interpreters of the Constitution, and of each of its provisions.

4. In both the courts must decide on the constitutionality of all Acts—both Federal and local—when their validity is questioned in actions, or a case is submitted.

5. In both countries the tendency of legislation and judicial interpretation does not seem to be so much in the direction of creating a sharp line of division between the Federal and local authorities as it does in the direction of making the state and provincial laws subordinate to the Federal Laws.

6. State sovereignty and state autonomy have in many respects become a thing of the past, and the subordination of the state governments to the Federal government is in many aspects and particulars as real as the

subordination of the provincial governments to the Federal government in Canada, and in some respects much more so.

Written constitutions are only general temporary guides at best. They can only be useful and lasting to the extent to which their framers could foresee and provide for future wants and future exigencies. When any of their provisions have become cramping or chafing they have been expanded and modified by some vital power in the nation—omnipotent and irresistible—which like a swollen torrent, refusing to be confined, and disdainful to follow the sinuosities of the old channel, cuts out for itself a new course more direct and natural.

National growth and political change are continually going on, especially in a new and changing society, and constitutions must grow and change as the nation grows and changes. Unchangeable constitutions are obstructive of political progress. Just as the man does not mould himself into the shape of the coat he wears, but the coat into the form of the wearer; just as the guard must give way to the growth and expansion of the tree it encloses, so it is with written constitutions. Structures erected at enormous expense, intended by their builders to last for all time, grow old and become ruins—mere interesting monuments of man's earnest efforts or short-sighted folly. The most carefully devised human institutions, in the hands of time, are but as the play-houses of children exposed to the winds. And constitutions are no exception to this universal law of change and decay. A constitution ought to be changeable at any time, at the will of the sovereign power, and the sovereign power ought to be placed in some body capable of exercising it constitutionally but promptly when changes are required. An unchangeable constitution is a short-sighted, and at times, a mischievous thing, and a nation without some governing

institution, capable at any time of exercising complete sovereign power over the nation and over its constitution, is imperfectly organized, and its defective equipment cannot last. The strongest power will assert itself, and the thing that obstructs will eventually be torn to tatters.

Self-government on the principle of Plebiscitary sovereignty. What does it mean? Experience has taught that it does not mean the government of each by himself, but the government of each by the majority—or those who succeed in making themselves accepted as the majority. And all history proves that the tyranny of the majority must be included among the evils against which society ought to be on its guard, and ought to protect itself.

Self-government on the principle of *Representative Sovereignty*, means, at least, that this tyranny will be softened by the broader views and the sense of responsibility acquired by representatives when they meet together in a national Assembly.

As has been pointed out by writers and thinkers, from Plato to the present day, no government, either in the political acts, or in the opinions, qualities or tone of mind which it fosters,—ever did,—or could rise above mediocrity, except in so far as the sovereign *many* have let themselves be guided by the counsels and influence of the more highly gifted and instructed *few*. And that the initiation of all wise and noble things, comes and must always come from individuals.

The best government is attained, not by constitutional restrictions and written directions but by the selection of wise and experienced Legislators, and by placing the national sovereignty unlimited, in the hands of those best qualified to exercise and guard it.

Socialism, from the time of the pre-Christian Essenes, to the communities of Robert Owen,—and as taught by all teachers from the founders of

Christianity to Karl Marks,—in so far as it has attempted to suppress individualism and establish communism,—in so far as it has sought to appropriate the products and accumulations of the industry, thrift or genius of each person to the whole community, and to substitute *Communal* ownership for *individual* ownership,—has worked against the fundamental motives and incentives to individual action, and against the principles which produce human progress and national civilization. Hence, it has always failed, and must always fail, while human nature remains as it is.

Federalism, the highest and grandest development in government,—destined to bring unity and harmony in place of war and violence, and eventually to lead up to the time,—

“When the battle flags are furled,
In the Parliament of man,—
The Federation of the world.”

was withered in its first attempt, when the highest political and social civilization of the ancient world, passed under the dominion of the all-absorbing Roman Commonwealth. It revived in a later age, when the Roman Empire had been crushed into fragments, only to be again blighted by the savage Feudalism of the Northern Barbarians. Again, when Feudalism began to decline, it established itself amid the mountain fastness of Switzerland, and finally under more favorable auspices, it has taken deep root in the virgin soil of the New World.

We can now look back across the intervening centuries, with admiration and gratitude to the Grecian statesmen who originated and put into practice the Federal idea.

And may we not, with a confident hope, look forward to the time when not only the Anglo-Saxon race of both continents, but all the nations of Europe from whom the inhabitants of America have come,—learning the lesson taught by American Federalism,—will in a *Federal Union*, find the

surest method of preserving and promoting the civilization to which they have, with so much contention and bloodshed, and after so many centuries of commotion and effort, finally attained?

KIRBY'S CANADIAN IDYLLS.

BY S. A. CURZON.

TO talk of the poems of William Kirby is Greek to a large portion, perhaps we might say to a majority, of Canadian readers, even of those who pride themselves on an acquaintance with our Canadian literature. Yet there is a saving minority, at the head of which stands no less a personage than our gracious and beloved Queen, who both know and love Kirby: who delight themselves in his genius, his learning, his taste, and his delicate and sympathetic dealing with the greatness and the strength, the beauty and the tenderness, of humanity, in his love of nature; and above and beyond all in his unfaltering worship of God as Creator and Ruler of the Universe.

That so pure and true a poet as William Kirby could have lived and sung among us for the half of a century and yet remain so hidden from the general gaze is, perhaps, as much due to the native modesty of the man and his high sense of true dignity, as to the difficulties which clog and beset literary work now, as well as in the past, in this country. Taken as a whole Canadians are not great readers as yet; no doubt the time will come when by means of the opportunities offered by a public library in every centre of our population, large and small, our people will awake to the fact that mental food is as necessary to their proper development as is physical. When that time comes Kirby will be read and appreciated, and the wonder will arise how it was that he was so little known among his contemporaries.

The dawn of that happy time is, we think, already in the gray east; and in this belief we venture to devote a chapter to a volume only lately put on the market, and, we are sorry to say, in only a small edition. We refer to *Canadian Idylls*,* by William Kirby, F.R.S.C. Second edition. Published by the author himself.

Most of these Idylls appeared from time to time in the *Canadian Monthly*, the *Methodist Magazine*, and other Canadian periodicals; in the volume now before us are also included several shorter poems, some translations of wonderful beauty, and a few sonnets.

Of these latter, "A Lady's Portrait," is a striking example of the poet's delicacy of appreciation and touch.

"A Lady's Portraiture! A gift of love
I may not call it, but of friendship rare,
Such as the noblest women b'ameless bear
For worthiness in men. Pure as the dove
That emblem is of sanctity—above
All power of thanks for grace beyond compare,
It and myself alone this moment share,
Without a witness save all-seeing Jove.
I ask those lips what is th' unspoken word
That hovers on them—what the thought
that lies
In the blue depths of those averted eyes?
Those fair hands clasped in such divine
accord,
Will they not sunder, and to me extend
The double greeting of a welcome friend!"

Equally beautiful and gracious is the sonnet "On a Photograph," concluding—

"To one of beauty, form, and grace like this,
Perfect of all perfections, Paris gave

* To be had of A. P. Watts, College-street, Toronto.

The golden apple and received the kiss
Of immortality which all men crave
None win without a woman's love to bear
Half of their griefs, and all their pleasures
share."

In a different key are the translations of which there are but four, one from the German, two from the French and one from the Swedish, but all are indicative of the sensitive chord in the poet's breast which the originals struck powerfully, giving us an heroic note as in *The Gallant Schill* :

"Marched from Berlin a Captain stout,
Juch he !
He led six hundred horsemen out,
Juch he !
Six hundred troopers stanch and good,
All thirsting for the Frenchmen's blood,
O Schill ! thy sabre strikes sore !

And with his horsemen marching keen,
Juch he !
A thousand riflemen in green,
Juch he !
God bless them ! Every shot we trust
Will make a Frenchman bite the dust,
O Schill, thy sabre strikes sore !

So marched away the gallant Schill,
Juch he !
Upon the French to work his will,
Juch he !
Nor King nor Kaiser gave command,
But freedom for his Fatherland,
O Schill, thy sabre strikes sore !"

Among the numerous national songs for Canada produced during the last quarter century Kirby's *Canadians Forever*, stands in the front rank, as a stanza or two will show:—

"It is the land we love the best,
The land our loyal fathers gave ;
In battle fires it stood the test.
And valiant heroes died to save—
In summer's glow
In winter's snow—
A people steadfast, true and brave.
Canadians forever !
No foe shall dis sever
Our glorious Dominion—
God bless it forever !

A land of peace for friends we love,
A land of war if foes assail :
We place our trust in God above
And British hearts, that never fail.
In feast or fight

And cause of right
Our word and deed shall aye prevail.
Canadians forever !
No power shall dis sever
Our glorious Dominion—
God bless it forever !"

Coming to the Idylls themselves one cannot but be struck with the poet's rich and bold imagery, delicacy of perception, and acute insight. Nor can the artistic quality of his construction be left unnoticed. In this, perhaps, *Spina Christi* has the pre-eminence, and cannot but captivate the student of form as well as of colour. Take the second stanza from part I.:—The Regiment of Roussillon is "ordered to the war" and

"The great Church portals open wide, the crowd goes surging in,
The soldiers tramp with measured tread—the services begin.
A blessing is invoked upon the King's Canadian war—
Beyond the seas there is no ease
And all things are ajar—
The English in America do boldly break and mar
The peace they made ; but we will keep the treaties as they are !
And now the Royal Roussillon take up the route with j y,
And march away, while bugles play,
Mid shouts of "Vive le Roy."

The lovely stanza in the same poem beginning :

"O fair it is in summer time Niagara's plain
to see,"

is familiar to most of our readers ; not so familiar is the following, which for breadth, and completeness of relation would be hard to match:—

"Far, far away in Avignon, beneath the holy thorn,
The Cha elaine of Bois le Grand knelt down at eve and morn,
And prayed for him in hope and trust, long witless of his fate ;
But never knew he was untrue,
And had repented late.
As caught between two seas, his bark was in a rocky strait,
And with his life went down the lives of those two women. Fate
Bedrugged the love, betrayed them both—

and one by Laura's shrine
Took her last rest—the other best—
Drank death with him like wine."

None but a poet of the first rank could have conceived so true and tender an epitome of one of the great problems of life, and have drawn it to so gentle a conclusion as Kirby has in this wonderful Idyle of Spina Christi, the last four lines of which must carry every true heart to the same piquy and humble conclusion.

With that loving loyalty to the throne of England which distinguished him, the poet has strung his splendid pearls upon a golden string:—the Queen's Birthdays—these he makes occasions of the relation by the "ancient men" of the audiences—their charming personalities, sons and daughters of those U. E. Loyalists who could not lose their blood and birth, though they had been robbed of their fortunes—of the incidents thus embalmed in amber by the poet, and given as "Interludes" in the day's sports. Every Idyll turns on a point in our history, and as such must always have an intrinsic value, but the richness of the setting transforms each into a jewel. From "The Bells of Kirby Wiske," a piece of wonderful painting, we take a stanza:

"The equinoctial gales had ceased among
The balsams, pines and hemlocks, bough
to bough,
Locked in a phalanx with a forest grip
That linked the hills together in a chain.
The calm of Indian Summer had set in—
Mornings of hoar frost—smoky, sleepy
noons—
Beheld the sun shorn of his beams. His
face
Ruddy with festal joys, as of new wine;
For all things ripened now: the wild grapes
hung
In purple clusters; acorns uncupped fell,
With mast of beech upon the leafy ground,
While far as eye could see the maples
blazed
Like distant camp-fires in the piney woods,
Breaking the solemn gloom of evergreen
With touch of light and warmth. The
glassy lake
Dotted with rocky islets overgrown
With mimic forests—each a fairy land

And empire of itself for Fancy's dreams—
Held in its bays the vast migrating flocks
Of wild geese, swans and mallards, with a
clash
Of wings and trumpeting."

Mr. Kirby is particularly happy in his opening lines, and rises to a majesty of imagery therein. As, for instance, the first half-dozen verses of his Prelude to *The Queen's Birthday*:

"A calm of days had rested on the broad,
Unruffled waters of Ontario,
Which in their bosom all night held the
stars,
Now vanishing before the morning beams,
Forerunners of the day, like Ulan spears,
Chasing the night's dark shadows far away."

Or in Interlude First of the same Idyll:

"Unhasting and unresting from his height
The sun slid down the slope of afternoon,
An avalanche of glory for an hour."
Again, from *The Lord's Supper in the Wilderness*, a poem the like of which Canada, nor even this continent has not yet:

"The Sabbath morning broke with noiseless
calm
Of light suffusing all the empyrean.
When unobstructed move the wheels of
God,
Amid the smoothness of all harmonies."

Or again from Part II. of *Dead Sea Roses* :—

"Niagara's stately river wide and deep,
Swept into Lake Ontario's inland sea;
That lay upon the earth one summer day
Broad in the sunshine, like the shield of
God."

This grand simile must strike straight to the heart of any poetic soul who has ever gazed upon the broad and brilliant expanse of our beautiful lake.

We have already alluded to Mr. Kirby's classicism, and we wind up what we are conscious is a most inadequate paper, in respect of the full claims these Idylls might make upon our notice, with a piece of art of which the Greeks would have been proud. It is taken from the idyll "*Pontiac*," which tells the story of the frustrated

game of lacrosse, by which the Indians under their great warrior, hoped to circumvent Gladwyn, in command of Detroit, 1763.

“ Upon a scaffolding of poles and boughs
Of dainty spruce, whose floor was thickly strewn
With furs of price, and robes imperial,
Ermine and sable, glossy, soft, and rich
With savage splendour, sat the Indian girl
In nature's loveliness, half bare, half clad,
Flashing unstudied beauties all around.

Her eyes looked scornful ; only when the thought
And sight of Gladwyn in the numerous throng,
Drew out glad glances, then she proudly smiled ;
Else like a statue sat she, beautiful
From nature's hand, whose art conceals the art
By which she works ideals of the gods ;
As when in bronze of Corinth, Phidias
Moulded the image of the Paphian Queen,
For the world's admiration and despair.”

A REVIEW OF ERNEST MCGAFFEY'S POEMS.

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

POETRY is but prose set to music ; and to the lover of rising and falling notes, of rhythm, measure, and sweetness of sound, it is to prose exactly what singing is to speaking. And alway the lover of it will listen, and prefer it to any other mode of expression. The historian takes up a subject and gives an exhaustive and authentic account ; the descriptive writer dips his pen in ink, and puts upon the blank whiteness of the sheet a fair and accurate picture of a place or a person. Both have done well. But the poet, the *real* poet, mark you, the one to whom mother nature reveals her secrets out of love, because he lay closer and nursed longer at her brown bosom, makes something different out of it. It is the same picture, only that the trees are real trees with sap quickening in them, the ground is gravel with sun heat on it and through it, the grass is green, and damp and growing, the birds are full-throated and swift-winged,

“ Sending their songs to the gates of gold,
Sweeter than anything ever told.”

the water is stirring restlessly, the people are alive—it is not the inanimate photograph of something, but a bit of real nature, and real life. How

many historians have written of our own great lakes and woods, and to-day the history of them best known and loved is embodied in the songs of Wilfred Campbell and Duncan Scott.

It is a quaint and good old expression made use of by a writer in Chaucer's time, “ Poet by the grace of God.” The new man is saying what the old has said :

No higher hope I hold than this,
That one may say when I am dead,
“ He reckons not of death's cold kiss ;
His song shall answer in his stead.”
* * * * *
May be in some man's heart at last,
What other songs have been to me.

These lines we quote from the last volume of Ernest McGaffey's verse. It it brought out by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, and like most New York things, is very English in its make-up. The leaves are thick and rough-edged, the pages hold their numbers at the bottom, and the daintily green-tinted cover is all of the sea : water lilies, reeds and dripping, long-haired sea maidens. It is very pretty. The poems of Mr. McGaffey are already well-known. Our cousins across the way are proud of him, and when our cousins across the way possess

something to be proud of, they generally let the fact be known without reserve. It is not the first time that a successful lawyer has blossomed into a successful poet though the two professions do lie so far apart. There is very little that is morbid or gloomy in this volume, perhaps Mr. McGaffey has outgrown the melancholy stage. An eminent critic once told me that the younger the poet, the more heart-rending the poem. "The youth of nineteen," said he, "will pile the heart-break of a round century into one sonnet."

There is just a hint of sadness in some of his productions. Perhaps *Songs Unsung* will reveal what I mean:—

"Sweet the song of the thrush at dawning,
When the grass lies wet with spangled dew;
Sweet the sounds of the brook's low whisper
'Mid reeds and rushes wandering through.
Clear and pure is the west wind's murmur,
That croons in the branches all day long;
But the songs unsung are the sweetest music,
And the dreams that die are the soul of song.

What we hear is the fleeting echo,
A song dies out but a dream lives on;
The rose-red tints of the rarest morning
Are lingering yet in a distant dawn.

"Somewhere, dim in the days to follow,
And far away in the life to be;
Passing sweet is a song of gladness—
The spirit chant of a soul set free.
Chords untouched are the ones we wait for,
That never rise from the harp unstrung;
We turn our steps to the years beyond us,
And listen still for the songs unsung."

And again in *Væ Victis*:

"I sing the woe of the conquered, a winding
sheet for the slain—
Oblivion's gulf for those who fell, who strug-
gled and strove in vain."

"For the prow of the ship rides high and
free that baffles the savage gales,
And the wind and rain is a requiem for the
wreck of the ship that fails."

His prairie pictures, in *Sunset
Lands*, are among the finest specimens
of his work. He says of a prairie
fire:

"Into the air it darts and flashes
Sending upward a blood-red glow,
And driving ahead the white-hot ashes
As thick as drifting snow;
Far in its wake lie embers gleaming,
Sparkling up as the night winds blow,
And miles away is a red flood streaming
With naught to mark its flow,
Save a scarlet fringe of light
On the curtains of the night."

And there is so much vividness in his description of the lonely mountain trail that we seem to see the ghostly moon:

"Above a mass of jagged rock
That stamped a shadow on the sky,
A hemlock, smote by lightning shock,
Dead, blanched and grim, rose far on high:
When suddenly across the spell
Where Midnight in this vastness dreamed,
Like some dead echo out of hell
Deep in the woods a panther screamed."

And Mr. McGaffey has written of love and loyalty, and goodness and truth. He says:

"I'd have a woman true; and for the rest
I'd have her true whatever else she was,
Not aspen-like to waver in the wind,
But like to her who in the olden days
Said, wondering, 'What is it to be false?'"

"I'd have the man the same—there is no love
Which from the man a lesser meed demands
Than what is asked of woman; each to each
For their great trust should be responsible."

We note this reverence for woman in all his work. What daughter of Eve is not human enough to appreciate the tender compliment in *My Lady of Lillies*?

"She with her serious moods, and her moods
fantastic,
Whimsical, various, sad and glad, a woman,
in just a word;
Now with a tender tone and again with a
tone sarcastic,
By passion and impulse swayed as the deep
sea depths are stirred.
But I love her, and under her touch my soul
grows plastic,
And just to think of her stills my heart and
my eyes are blurred.
For God's best work after all at the best
was woman.
Judge her and test her and note her faults,
no doubt you can.
But, indeed, as the world's page reads she is
yet more human,

Loving and faithful and more forgiving than
 lesser man,
 And ever since Adam the natures of men
 were common,
 Mere quartz, where as veined and virgin gold
 her finer nature ran."

There are some half dozen sonnets
 in the book. We give The Lost Souls :

" In vast mid-space, upon a cloudy steep
 The lost souls gathered, as apart from all,
 Where looking downward they could see the
 pall

Of floating smoke o'er Satan's donjon deep,
 And gazing upward through an azure deep
 They marked the outlines of the jasper wall
 That circled Eden, and the towers tall
 Where golden chimes sank fitfully to sleep.
 These were the souls who, living, loved and
 lost,
 But after life had sought and found their own,
 And fled with them in starry realms to dwell,
 And side by side along the heights they
 crossed
 'Mid the white lilies of the moon outblown.
 Not needing Heaven and not fearing Hell."

ODE TO INSPIRATION.

Let thy bright wings, Celestial Muse, enfold me round
 And bear me from the plain, and common ground
 Of every mundane lot ;
 That I may rise exulting in thy smiles
 And upward soar through lofty aisles
 Of fancy and of thought.

Do thou control the crystal currents of the mind,
 And bid them flow with volume of the wind
 O'erwhelming worldly strife ;
 And let my suppliant ear be bent to hear
 The flute-notes of thy voice of cheer
 And pulse-beat of thy life.

When the first rays of morn illumine the orient sky,
 Up from the heath the lark ascends on high
 Nor pausing in his flight :
 On outspread wing he sings his matin lay
 Of welcome to the orb of day
 Which bathes the world in light.

At sunbeam's kiss the opening petals of the rose
 Their velvet texture and their form disclose,
 And bloom of radiant hue,
 Till o'er the beauty that is doomed to fade
 The evening sheds, in darkening shade,
 The tear-drops of the dew.

The harp which oft resounds with melody sublime
 Reveals the thought unknown to prose or rhyme
 Voiced by those strings alone,
 When swayed by master hand and mind they roll
 Through all the chambers of the soul
 Their deep, triumphant tone.

So shall thy touch evoke the lark-like song of praise,
 Unfold the calyx of the heart, and raise
 Emotion's drooping head ;
 Sweep all the chords of feeling and desire
 And kindle the Promethean fire
 That wakes to life the dead.

Thy breath shall stir the smouldering embers of the brain
 And make them glow like night's resplendent train,
 Or Phoebus' fiery spear ;
 And dower with ken to view the distant star,
 The present, past, and future far—
 The eyesight of the seer.

From that fair temple where Imagination dwells
 Comes floating down the chime of golden bells
 And music of her voice ;
 I hear the call to worship at the shrine
 Where issues from those lips divine
 The message of her choice.

The summons I obey, and swift with glad surprise
 Ascend the shining pathway to the skies
 On Inspiration's wings,
 To learn the secrets of the prescient Mind,
 And search revolving worlds to find
 The fount and life of things.

WELLINGTON JEFFERS DOWLER.

Victoria, B. C.

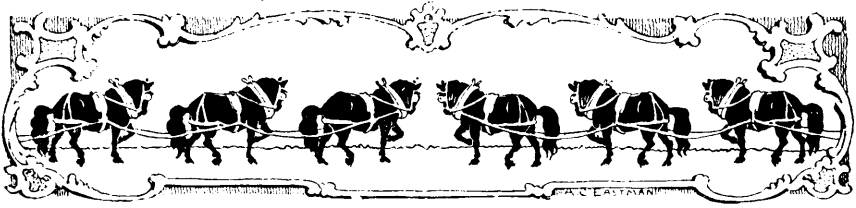


Canadian Type No. 3.

ARTILLERY BUGLER.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY A. H. H. HEMMING

Bugler of a Field Battery of the Militia, mounted, in heavy marching order. There are 17 batteries of Militia artillery, each armed with four muzzle-loading 9-pounders. These corps are drilled in camps of instruction for twelve days each year, and are in an excellent condition of efficiency, considering their opportunities. It is expected they will shortly be armed with breech-loading ordnance of the best description.



CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN.

BRITAIN FILLS THE BREACH.

A NEW danger from a new quarter completely changes the face of European politics. The open quarrel between Britain and Germany threatened war a week or two ago, and men had already begun to speculate upon the collapse of the Dreibund, and to map out new alliances among the powers of Europe. An Italian defeat in Africa upsets all calculations, cements the understanding between Great Britain and the Triple Alliance, and forces the British Empire once more into the tented field. The twofold justification for the advance of the British-Egyptian army into the Soudan lies in the necessity of rendering Egypt itself secure, and the duty of averting further disaster from what Mr. Curzon termed in Parliament "our staunch allies" the Italians. The consequences of this bold step in British foreign policy are not easily foreseen. That the British hold upon Egypt is made firmer is clear. That the relations of our own Empire with France will be strained seems possible. That the hostility between Britain and Germany may gradually subside is at least arguable. One thing above all is manifest—the resources and vigor of British policy. Last month saw England preparing for the possibility of war at sea; to-day she is advancing her forces for a campaign on land, where her fleets are of no direct service. But the self-reliance and capa-

city of the nation, the quickness with which danger is scented and provided against, are exhibited to all the world. If the persons whose professional occupation it is to twist the lion's tail are open to the lessons of impressive facts, the present situation supplies them with ample material. English opinion, if we are to rely upon the cables, is languidly acquiescent to the new movement, nothing more. There is, we are told, no enthusiasm over the war. On the other hand, the ascendancy of Lord Salisbury's Ministry is sufficiently complete to render opposition futile. Alone of English Statesmen, Mr. Morley objects to prolonging the control in Egypt, and he can thus logically criticise the Soudanese expedition. But Mr. Morley's views on that subject, like Mr. Balfour's bimetallic propaganda, are the relaxation of the statesman at leisure. They cut no figure when he sits to the right of Mr. Speaker, and are, therefore, harmless. We in the Colonies will watch the progress of events with intense interest, for we are part and parcel of Imperial policy, and no man can tell what a day may bring forth.

THE ALLIANCES OF THE FUTURE.

A time like the present is fruitful of discussion and speculation upon the future diplomatic position of Britain. Remarkable among recent contributions to current thought is the article in the *National Review* by St. Loe

Strachey, entitled "The Key-Note of Our Foreign Policy." The writer outlines a comprehensive and ambitious policy which would entirely alter the relations of England to every leading power in Europe. The views are sufficiently startling to warrant a brief summary. In his opinion :

"There are two courses open. We can still either regularly enter the Triple Alliance, or else we can complete y give up all idea of supporting it from outside as the best guarantee for the peace of Europe, and from the position of entire freedom thus gained, adjust our relations with Russia and France in such a way that, though the Triple Alliance may receive a blow, we shall no longer be the lightning-conductor for the restlessness of those powers—a restlessness produced in the one case by exclusion from Constantinople, and in the other by the loss of the provinces (of Alsace-Lorraine)."

The writer rejects the former as inadmissible, and supports the second proposition with vigor. Russia, he believes, should be allowed to take Constantinople, and he argues against the prevalent ideas that it would (1) make Russia too powerful, (2) relatively diminish British sea strength, (3) injure British trade. The reasons given are, briefly, that Russian military force would gain nothing by these southern possessions while her presence at Constantinople would make her more vulnerable to invasion; that in the facilities for building and manning a fleet lies England's real maritime supremacy; that Russia is more of a customer and less of a competitor to British commerce than other European nations. France, under this new programme, might be left secure in Tunis, allowed to acquire Syria, and presented with Morocco, except the Province of Tangier, which might be handed over to Spain with the stipulation that Tangier should not be fortified as a set-off to Gibraltar opposite. Italy might be induced to withdraw from the Triple Alliance. Britain arranging a new understanding with France and Russia. Austria might be pacified with Macedonia and Salonica, and Russian control of Asia Minor would solve the Armenian problem. The article must, in fairness, be studied in detail so as to be thoroughly appreciated, and without attempting a com-

ment, one way or the other, we may conclude by paraphrasing the Italian proverb, that if the scheme is not practicable it has at least the merit of being well invented.

AN ENGLISH OPINION.

When a Canadian production is appreciated beyond the national bounds, by competent critics, one naturally feels gratified. The Canadian reader will doubtless be as pleased as the Editor of this magazine over the following kindly words from *The London Spectator* :—

"A cordial welcome is due to the *Canadian Magazine*, which is published in Toronto by the Ontario Publishing Company. It is not only worthy, but appears to be eminently characteristic of our great American Colony, being a very pleasing blend of the solid and the 'light.' Thus in the March number, there is a paper on 'Socialism: its Truths and Errors,' by the Hon. J. W. Longley, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, and a most elaborate essay on 'The New Monroe Doctrine of Messrs. Cleveland and Olney,' by Hon. David Mills, Professor of International Law, Toronto University, the general character and tendency of which may be gathered from the following:—'The Monroe Doctrine, as explained by President Cleveland and Mr. Olney, never had a practical existence, nor can have. Neither the House of Representatives, nor the President, nor his Secretary, can change the public law of the world. The schemes to stay the progress of mankind by declarations of public policy at variance with the Law of Nations are as vain as Mrs. Partington's attempt to check the flow of the tide with her mop.' But in addition to the heavy articles in this magazine, there are many delightful—and delightfully simple—short stories, such as 'The Cornflower' and 'Two Beauties of the Backwoods.' The February number of the *Canadian Magazine* also contains the first chapters of 'Kate Carnegie,' a new story by that popular Scotch writer who styles himself Ian Maclaren. 'Kate Carnegie' is also running in the new English magazine, *The Woman at Home*. Altogether, the *Canadian Magazine*—the illustrations in which, by the way, are very good—deserves, and will doubtless attain, a great success."

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Twelve years ago the British Association for the Advancement of Science met in Canada. The gathering brought many notable men to these shores. Next year Toronto is to be the meeting-place of the Association, and the Canadian Committee charged with the necessary arrangements, has already assumed its duties. Mr. Griffiths, the Permanent Secretary of the Association, will be in Toronto next month, so that a thorough understanding on all material points may be arrived at. It is, of course, important to Canada from the standpoint of mere self-interest to have a large number of leading British scientists visit

this country. The natural resources of the Dominion will necessarily come in for much personal inspection, and we have nothing to fear from the closest examination by men of light and leading in the old world. But there is a higher benefit to be derived from the meeting. The intellectual stimulus involved is of infinite value. The ten sections into which the Association is divided cover the whole field of scientific inquiry—mathematics and physics, chemistry, geology, biology, geography, economic science and statistics, mechanics, anthropology, physiology, botany. The papers to be read by eminent scientists in these various sections will be of marked importance. The privilege of hearing the notable men in British science is a rare one. The local membership ought to be large, for the date of meeting in August is a time of leisure amongst teachers and educational authorities generally, and the membership fee is nominal. It is to be hoped for the credit of Canada that our own people will contribute to the success of the gathering by a large attendance. Many years must pass before the Association meets again on this side of the Atlantic.

THE ATTACK ON MR. BAYARD.

The recent incident in United States politics that will strike foreigners with some surprise, is the passage by the House of a resolution censuring Mr. Bayard. Possibly the excitement of a presidential campaign intensifies party feeling in Congress past all moderate limits. That one of the most distinguished men in the service of the republic, and one filling a place the most important of all in the ranks of representatives abroad, should be treated with such marked discourtesy is unfortunate. Mr. Bayard is the best type of statesman in the republic.

He possesses all those qualities which should secure the highest honors and the most absolute confidence of any democracy desiring to be well served by its public men. The censure of the House upon his speeches in England against the policy of protection, is no encouragement to politicians to devote all their time and talents to the business of the State. The grounds for condemning the Ambassador to Great Britain were thus expressed by Mr. Hitt during the course of the debate:—

It was hoped, that an examination would reveal some mitigating features of the case, that they had merely an academic importance. But investigation had shown that Mr. Bayard had spoken with deliberation and bitterness, maligning more than half of his countrymen. We were all wounded by the utterances, and yet when Mr. Bayard was called up to explain, and his reply had been sent to the House, in response to its request, it was found that he justified them, claiming that no rule of the department had been violated by him. Mr. Lowell, a predecessor of Mr. Bayard, a gentleman of some distinction, upon this same topic said: "It is a rule with us not to discuss family affairs before strangers." He delivered, while holding the post filled by Mr. Bayard, an address on "Democracy," but he did not descend to any partisan position in regard thereto, but discussed it as a national affair. The offence of Mr. Bayard lay in the slander he spoke against his own people, not in the sincerity of the views he entertained. The press of his own country had unanimously denounced Mr. Bayard, while the English press felt compelled to excuse if not apologize for him. The *London Times* said that such a speech as that at Edinburgh would not have been delivered by a European diplomat and even in the case of Mr. Bayard it was surprising. No man would be found on the floor of the House or anywhere else in the country, to put such a slander upon the American people as that uttered by Mr. Bayard when he said in substance that the result of the election in 1894 had put jobbers and chaffers in the place of statesmen.

Before condemning Congress for its burst of feeling, it seems fair to remember that the Americans are sensitive as to the national reputation abroad. They rightly feel that if the nation is to be harshly judged in a foreign country, it should not be by one of its trusted official diplomats. Looked at from all points, the incident is regrettable. There were faults on both sides. Congress might well have taken the larger view, while the distinguished Ambassador to the Court of St. James could, with advantage, have maintained that judicious reserve and freedom from party bias which we, in the British Empire, unconsciously associate with diplomatic life.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

The activity of Canadian pens strikes one as specially noticeable at the present time. In verse, fiction, history—in fact in all the departments of literary work Canadian writers are foremost, and if the critic sits down to review a set of the latest books he is inclined to be surprised if one at least of them is not by a Canadian. In the realm of science we are not so well represented, but while Sir William Dawson* devotes the autumn of his life to scientific writings the national literature is not without a distinguished figure in this field. He has long been noted for efforts to reconcile the discoveries of science with the truths of revealed religion, and his latest book is along this line. It is a plea for bolder ground in meeting the Higher Criticism, and an assertion of the superior equipment of a student of nature in correcty judging the records of Scripture. This field of investigation, he tells us, is promising. "There is a reason to believe," says Sir William, "that if occupied by an enlightened nature, science and an intelligent reverent study of the Bible, it may not only be held against the aggressive forces of agnostic philosophy and destructive criticism, but may be made to yield much new evidence of the beautiful congruity of the Old and New Testaments, and of both with nature and human history." It requires a scientist of authority and attainment to make good a proposition like this. With what wealth of illustration and perspicuity of style the task is followed out need scarcely be mentioned.

**

The new edition of John Galt's novels now appearing is no doubt in response to the current taste for Scotch fiction. There is, in Canada, the additional personal tie which intensifies the welcome given to the works of this noted writer. That Galt is the father of what the London critic, with characteristic audacity, terms this "whimpering school" of Scotch novelists is readily admitted. Mr. Crockett, who writes an introduction to the latest of these reprints, † alludes with happy modesty to certain modern books "which are to John Galt as blue skimmed milk is to the intact blonde expanse which spreads from side to side of the milk byne after a night on the cool dairy floor." What tributes to the

humor, charm and style of this book need be given when we quote this single incident :

"The bride looked blushing and expectant ; but Walter, instead of saluting her in the customary manner, held her by the hand at arm's length, and said to the doctor, 'Be served.' 'Ye should kiss her, bridegroom,' said the minister. 'I ken that,' replied Watty, 'but no till my betters be served. Help yourself, doctor.' Upon which the doctor, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, enjoyed himself as he was requested. 'It's the last buss,' added Walter, 'its the last buss, Betty Bodie ye'll e'er gie to mortal man while I'm your gudeman.'"

**

If the nineteenth century has done nothing else for literature than to produce its hosts of wholesome books for children, it could claim eternal gratitude. A simple, pretty story for young folks,* by the author of the noted "Beautiful Joe," is one of the most charming of recent contributions in this line.

**

Few modern English poets have been the subject of critical works so interesting from the standpoint of popular taste as Tennyson. Mr. Luce, in elaborating his "New Studies in Tennyson" into a comprehensive volume, † has produced as attractive a book from the biographical and historical aspect as one that will be indispensable to students and admirers of the poet. In the main the accepted conclusions of the best critics are embodied along with the author's own careful, exhaustive, but not exhausting analysis of Tennyson's chief poems. It might be thought that so important a poem as "In Memoriam" would have afforded scope for even a more ample examination than is given. But the rather uninviting title of "Handbook" is excuse enough. This limitation appears here and there throughout the volume, only however, to whet the appetite for the text itself, which should be an aim with all critical writers. By avoiding too much of the technical, and imbuing his criticism with much of the genius and spirit of the poetry, Mr. Luce has produced a systematic and readable outline of the Laureate's literary work which will be prized by the general reader, as well as those whose mournful duty it is to "get up" the poet for a stiff examination paper. A capital chronological table and a good index will ensure the reader's heartfelt gratitude.

*Eden Lost and Won. By Sir William Dawson. LL.D., F.R.S., Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto.

†The Entail, or the Lairds of Grippy. By John Galt; two volumes; illustrations. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

*Charles and His Lamb. By Marshall Saunders. Chas. H. Banes, Philadelphia.

†Handbook to Tennyson's Works. By Morton Luce. Macmillan & Co., New York.

The successful work being accomplished by the Astronomical and Physical Society is well set forth in the annual volume.* The value of independent research and reflection by earnest students of science like the members of this body, is clearly manifest, when we know that a great deal of fallacy finds its way, under the name of science, into the daily press, which has undertaken not only to record current events, but has also set up as a competent court of authority on all matters, terrestrial and celestial. "The Transactions for 1895" embody some readable papers by Mr. Lumsden, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Elvins, Mr. Stupart, and others.

**

In the Canadian poetry of to-day, Miss Wetherald† has made a place for herself by brightness of fancy and sweetness of rhythm. The short poems that seem to express most fittingly the charms of her poetic muse happily combine true love of nature and the gentler moods of the mind. In recent years, the little volumes that have come from our native poets are striking evidence that in artistic taste, beauty of expression, real poetic power, Canadian singers do not lag behind. The contributions of Miss Wetherald, some of them already popular by appearing in current periodicals, and some now in print for the first time, will be warmly welcomed as the latest addition to national poetry. The softer aspects of nature are pictured with a tender grace which is very captivating, as witness these lines :

A drowsy rain is stealing
In slowness without stop ;
The sun-dried earth is feeling
Its coolness, drop by drop.

The clouds are slowly wasting
Their too long garnered store,
Each thirsty clod is tasting
One drop—and then one more.

Oh, ravishing as slumber
To wearied limbs and eyes,
And countless as the number
Of stars in wintry skies.

And sweet as the caresses
By baby fingers made,
These delicate rain kisses
On leaf and flower and blade.

Anything more perfect than the get-up of the book, due to the taste of that useful dignitary the publisher, would be hard to imagine. At another time we may hope to render a fuller justice to the charming volume which Miss Wetherald has bestowed upon us than the present occasion renders practicable.

**

The admirers of Mr Hardy find in his novels, a reality and power which, they aver,

* Transactions of the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto, 1895. Rowsell & Hutchison, Toronto.

†The House of the Trees and other Poems. By Ethelwyn Wetherald. William Briggs, Toronto.

place him among the first of living modern English writers of fiction. Without stopping to wrangle over the matter, or to enquire into the truth of the judgment, it may be said that "The Woodlanders," a paper covered edition of which, in pleasant-reading type is now presented to the reader, is marked by the strong characteristics which prevail in his other works. In descriptions of rustic life and of persons whose moral ideas are, to put it mildly, unconventional, Mr. Hardy may justly claim pre-eminence. "A Gray Eye or So," has attractions of its own, too, in being well written, vividly interesting, and with a denouement, which is only appreciated by reading to the very end.

Fortunately the new novel, which is so much sought after, has not destroyed the public taste for wholesome agreeable fiction. This ensures to Miss Tytler's books,* the steady allegiance of those who believe that a good story can be founded on such elements as the worthy members of an English country family, a rightful heir who turns up unexpectedly, and a couple of marriages that bring quiet happiness to all concerned. There is no dark mystery, no heavy villain, and no startling incidents, but one reads with pleasure, and concludes with a feeling that a story which whiles away an hour, and looks at life from its simplest, best side, has its uses after all.

**

It is said by those who ought to know that "Cleg Kelly" † is enjoying a remarkable degree of popularity, remarkable even for one of Mr. Crockett's books. One can well believe it. From the time when Cleg scandalizes the Sunday School orthodoxy of Hunker Court with his doubts of the Deity until he is taught the conventional method of courting pretty Vara by sheer force of example, every episode in his stirring career adds to the finish of a character which is nothing short of a creation by genius. Miss Cecilia Tennant and young Mr. Donald Iverachare mere lay figures compared to Cleg, Vara, and the other vivid actors in scenes of squalor and misery, but they form admirable foils to the more striking elements in the drama. It is astonishing what Scottish humor and redeeming vices of originality the author works into his picture of low life in the Edinburgh slums, and what a glamor he is able to throw about what, in less skilled hands, would be repulsive and displeasing. Indeed, so staunch is Mr. Crockett's patriotism that when he wants an unconscionable villain of the lowest type he conveniently borrows an Irishman.

* The Woodlanders. By Thomas Hardy. A Grey Eye or So. By F. Frankfort Moore. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

† "A Bubble Fortune." By Sarah Tytler. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City. By S. R. Crockett. William Briggs, Toronto.

Cleg is, in every sense, the hero of the book. His antics are a never-ending source of wonderment and amusement, and the development of his nature through boyish oddity and recklessness to youthful strength and purpose is sketched by a master hand. The best evidences of true art rest upon the scenes in which he is the chief actor, and when he cart-wheels into the portly waist of a policeman after successfully practicing his wiles upon Donald Iverach, or fights Kit Kennedy for being found in friendly converse with Vara, he is the irrepressible, kind-hearted, cunning city arab. Anything more amusing than this fight and Cleg's subsequent aquatic performance to work off his jealous vanity and strike compunction to Vara's heart is not easily sought. To have awarded less than fortune and happiness to such a quaint combination of pluck, impudence, and sagacity would have been to cheat the plainest decrees of fate, and Mr. Crockett commits no such grievous error.

**

Among forthcoming books which readers will anticipate with rather more than mild interest, might be mentioned Conan Doyle's "Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," which have been appearing in serial form the past year. A new book on the north, entitled "Greenland Icefields, and Life in the North Atlantic," by G. F. Wright and Warren Upham, promises to be a complete story of those regions, elaborately illustrated and "mapped." The Cassels are getting out a new edition of the "Pocket Guide to Europe," planned and edited by Edmund C. Stedmund. Adeline Sergeant's latest novel, "Margery Moore," is announced. A new novel by Grant Allen, "A Bride from the Desert," is on its way, as well as one by I. Zangwill, "The Big Bow Mystery." Mary Anderson's "Few Memories," giving her stage reminiscences will shortly appear.

**

Lord Dufferin is writing an introduction to W. Fraser Rae's "Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan," who, as the traditional school-boy knows, is the great-grandfather of our brilliant Ambassador to the French Republic.

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A biographical work just announced which will be read in Canada, is Morse's "Life of Oliver Wendell Holmes." Mr. Morse was the editor of the American Statesmen series.

**

Secretary Seward is to be the subject of the next book in the American Statesmen series. Thornton K. Lothrop, of Boston, is the author.

**

Some one says that you cannot tell whether Henry Charles Lea's new "History of the

Inquisition of Spain," a work based largely on original documents, is written by a Catholic, a Protestant or a Free Thinker, so dispassionately is the subject treated. If Mr. Lea escapes being deadly dull it will be a marvel.

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The recently issued "History of North Atlantic Steam Navigation," with over fifty illustrations of ships and ship owners, we believe, by a Canadian, Mr. Henry Fry, of Quebec.

**

An edition, limited to three hundred copies, is being re-printed of Samuel White's History of the War of 1812. It gives an account of the expedition across Lake Erie to Long Point, and of the campaign on the Niagara frontier. This scarce book was originally published at Baltimore in 1830 by the author, who was a captain in the American service during the war. It is being issued by G. P. Humphrey, Rochester, N. Y.

**

Mr. Edouard Deville, chief of the Topographical Surveys branch of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, has issued an excellent work on "Photographic Surveying, including the elements of descriptive geometry and perspective." Mr. Deville deals fully with the art of photographic surveying, on which he is naturally an authority, and contends that the cost of the camera method is only one-third that of the plane table.

**

A posthumous volume of Mr. Froude will be the "Council of Trent," a series of lectures delivered at Oxford by that brilliant writer and historian.

**

The 1895 volume of the Canadian Archives contains some highly interesting historical data relating to the foundation and early settlement of our Atlantic Provinces. There are also some very readable materials regarding Sable Island and the Hudson Bay Company. Not the least valuable portion of these annual reports on the Archives is the prefatory article each year written by the Archivist himself, Dr. Douglas Brymner, whose accuracy, dispassionate judgment, and clear literary style are brought to bear upon the new materials. These, in large number, by his own unflagging zeal, are being added to the depository of historical memorials at Ottawa. Dr. Brymner's work must have the cordial appreciation of all students of our history. In a lecture delivered last month before the Buffalo Historical Society by a Canadian, Mr. Ed. Cruikshanks, the value of our Archives as throwing new light on the War of 1812 was pointed out.

Through Mr. Fisher Unwin, the publisher, there has been made public a letter which Mr. Gladstone wrote to Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, concerning Mrs. J. D. Edgar's valuable book, "Ten Years of Upper Canada." Mr. Gladstone wrote: "This is far and away the most interesting book I ever read about it (i. e., Upper Canada.) It has interesting English details, and gives a noble account of the conduct of the then U. C. population during the war of 1812, the close of which was darkened by the deplorable and almost incredible failure of Sir George Prevost at Lake Champlain."

**

In the newly published autobiography of the late George Augustus Sala, the well known journalist and author, there is a story of him worth reading. Called at ten minutes' notice by his editor to make a journey to Ultima Thule, in five minutes afterwards Sala reported to his chief as quite ready. All the correspondent had was a small parcel under his arm. Asked what he had there, his reply was: "A Roget's Thesaurus and a tooth-brush, and with these two I am quite prepared to journey round the world."

**

General Sir Evelyn Wood has lately written a book on "Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign," and the *London Times*, in reviewing

it, says: "British writers on cavalry are few." That is true, and Canadians remember with satisfaction that the best modern book on cavalry has been written by one of themselves, Colonel George Taylor Denison, of Toronto, whose "History of Cavalry" secured the prize offered by the Russian Government, in competition with the world, and is, to-day, in use as an authority in the cavalry schools of foreign countries, having been translated into the Russian, German and other languages.

**

The late Eugene Field's "Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac" contains, in his own inimitably humorous vein, a number of good stories of famous authors. Here is one: "Wordsworth and Dickens disliked each other cordially. Having been asked his opinion of the young novelist, Wordsworth answered:— 'Why, I'm not much given to turn critic on people I meet, but, as you ask me, I will cordially avow that I thought him a very talkative young person; but I dare say, he may be very clever. Mind I don't want to say a word against him, for I have never read a line he has written.'

"The same inquirer subsequently asked Dickens how he liked Wordsworth.

" 'Like him!' roared Dickens, 'not at all. He is a dreadful old ass!'





F. E. Springer

DRAWN FOR CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

BISHOP—You must have very ritualistic tendencies Miss Ethel.

MISS ETHEL—Why, My Lord?

BISHOP—Because you are such a *High Church* woman.



IDLE MOMENTS.

A TRUE LOVER.—"I am not myself this evening," she said.

He started—for the door.

"Why do you leave me thus?" she inquired.

"Because you say you are not yourself and I will not spend the evening with any other woman!"

She recovered herself.

TWO OF A KIND.—"What's your name?" asked St. Peter sternly.

"Russell Sage."

St Peter waved his keys joyfully and embraced the shade with fervor.

"So glad to meet you," he said. "We are elective affinities, because we never let people into a good thing if we can help it. You'll find the nearest road down on your left."

"Prisoner," said the judge to the convicted bigamist, "stand up. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?"

"I throw myself upon the indulgence of the court," exclaimed the prisoner nervously. "Is a life sentence possible? Both ladies have mothers."

He (grumblingly)—What on earth do you want a bicycle for? Do you know what they cost?

She—I cannot help what they cost I must have one. I picked up a pair of bloomers at a bargain sale the other day, and I must find a use for them.

May—Do you believe with Pythagoras that we shall return to earth in some animal form hereafter.

George—Yes

May—What animal would you like most to be?

George—Well, from all I can see, I think a British nobleman on a visit here to bag an heiress has about the softest snap next to a blooded French poodle.

Miss Dora Antique—I think I heard a burglar downstairs.

Miss Susie Antique—Run for a minister.

LENTEN COUPLETS.

The solemn season now is on,
Balls, banquets and receptions gone,
And to fast nights, Fast Days succeed,
While all on eggs and fishes feed!
Te Deum at the church relieves
The tedium that Fashion grieves,
Nor will the Devil be to pay
Until the blessed Easter Day.

AN ARREST ON THE LEVEL.—City Magistrate—Who is your prisoner officer?

Officer O'Hoolihan—He's a carpenter, your honor!

City Magistrate—What's the charge against him?

Officer O'Hoolihan—Shure an' I caught him carrying a spirit-level on Sunday!

City Magistrate—Fined \$10, or ten days.

APPLIED SCIENCE.—Weary William—Wraggles, we are undone by science. The five-days-without-food yarn don't go any more.

Wraggles—What's happened, Weary?

Weary William—When I tried the old gag on a lady up the street she turned the X rays on my stomach and discovered the four pounds of angel cake that the woman in Hackensack gave me last Friday.

NOT NEEDED.—Medium—The spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you.

Widow—What does he say?

Medium—He says you needn't send him any winter clothing.

A MODERN PENITENT.

Her earthly garb is laid aside,
A sackcloth suit she wears;
And daily at the break of dawn,
She sallies forth to prayers.

And in her softly-cushioned pen,
Her dear head slowly bent,
She schemes to serve the wicked one,
While still observing Lent.

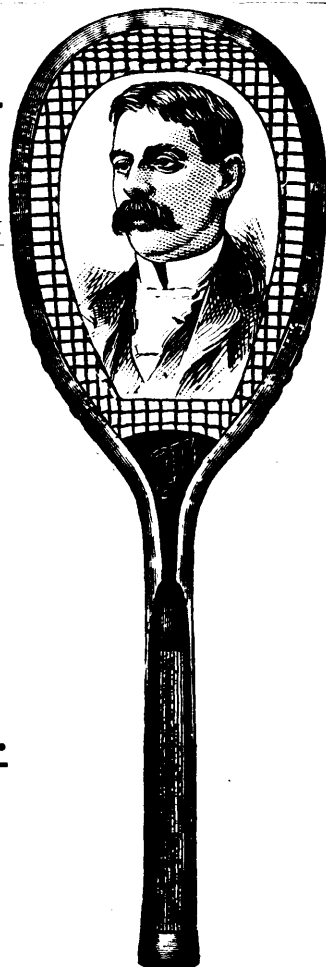
Husband.—I think I'll double your money for household expenses.

Wife—Oh, George!

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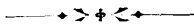
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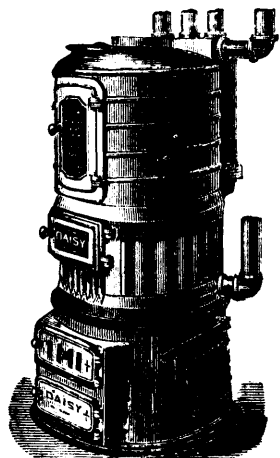


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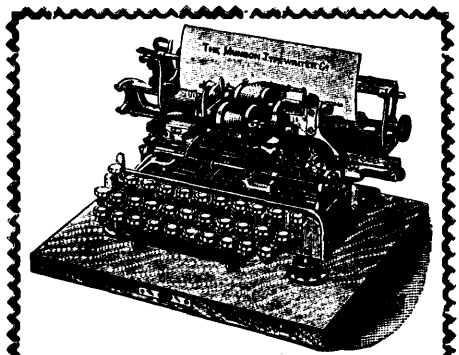
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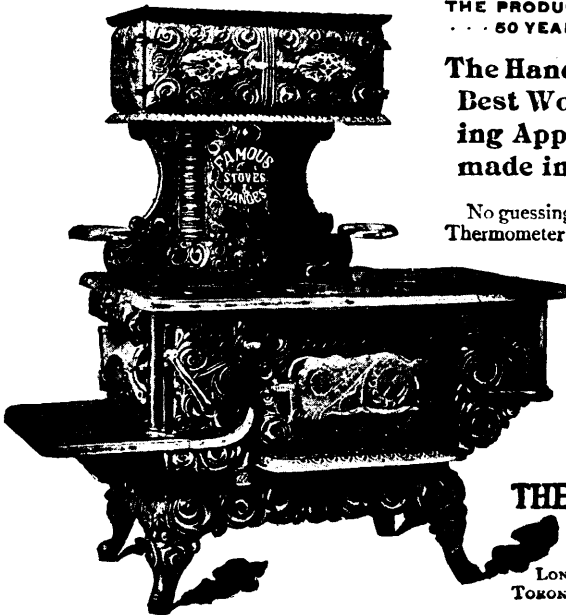
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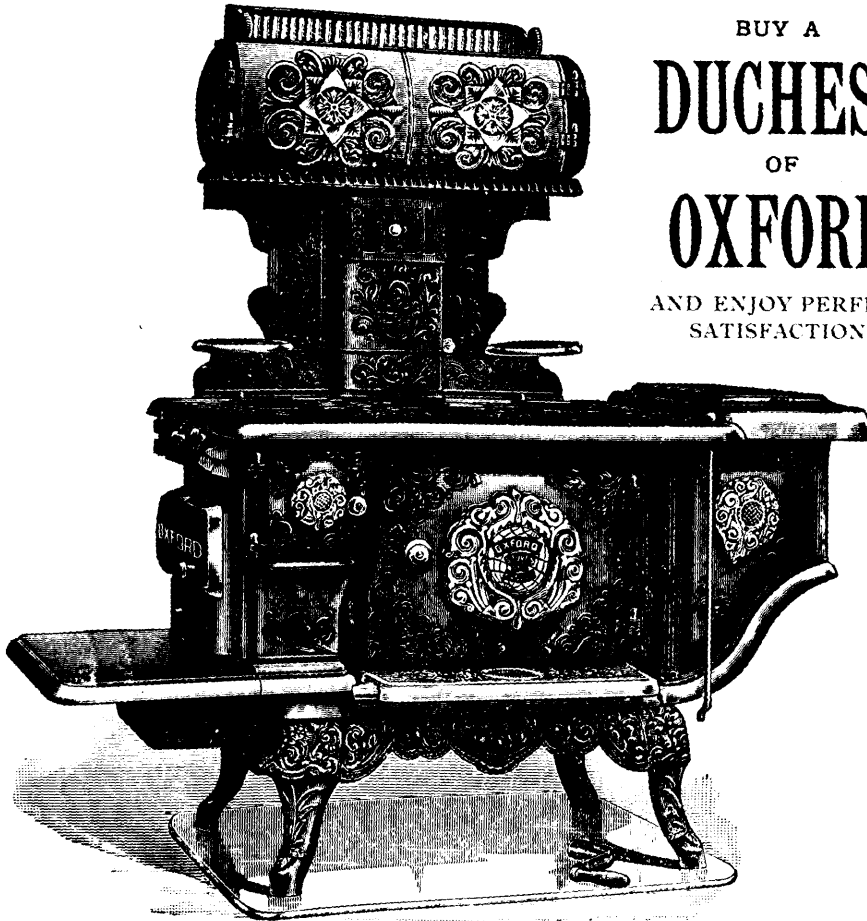
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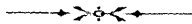
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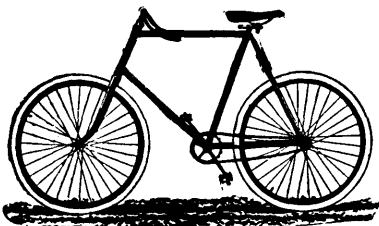
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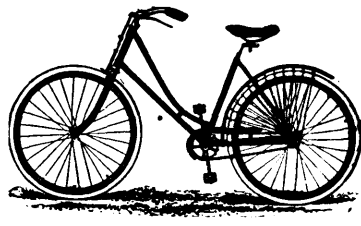
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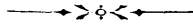
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VOL. VII TORONTO AND MONTREAL, OCTOBER 20, 1895. No. 43



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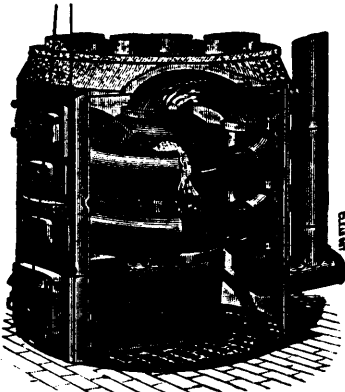
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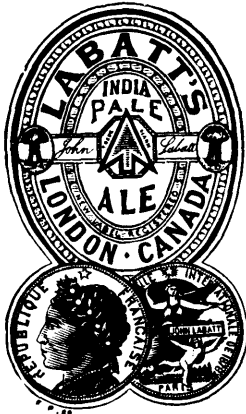
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