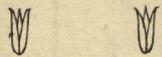




MARCH
1908



THE
CANADIAN
MAGAZINE


VOL. 30

No. 5

Prince Rupert
Plays of the Season
Champlain's Last Journal
Unpublished Letters of Gov. Simcoe
The Youngest Admiral
The Duck Hunters
Northern Types

PRICE

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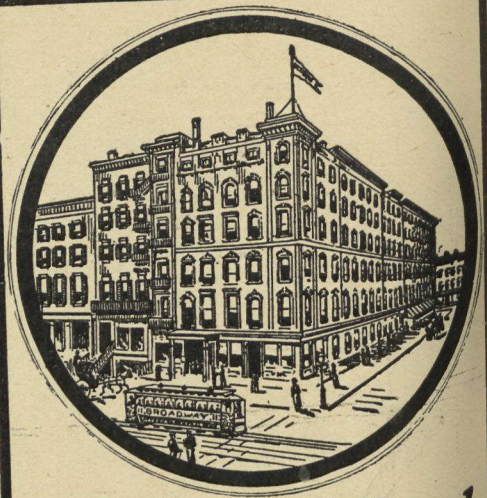
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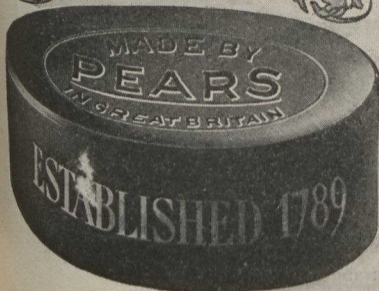
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXX.

No. 4

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Reform of the Senate

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE for April will contain a timely article by Prof. Goldwin Smith entitled "Reform of the Senate." It will be unusually interesting to read what this eminent writer has to say on a question that seems bound to be brought to an issue.

¶ Miss Jean Graham will contribute an article entitled "From Country Garden to Greenhouse." The article will deal with Floral Culture in Canada and will be profusely illustrated.

¶ The rest of the number will be made up of choice seasonable material, with contributions from Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Jean Blewett and others.

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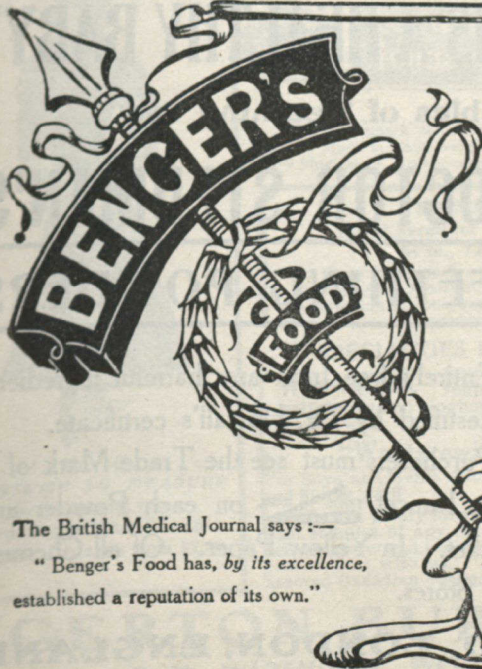
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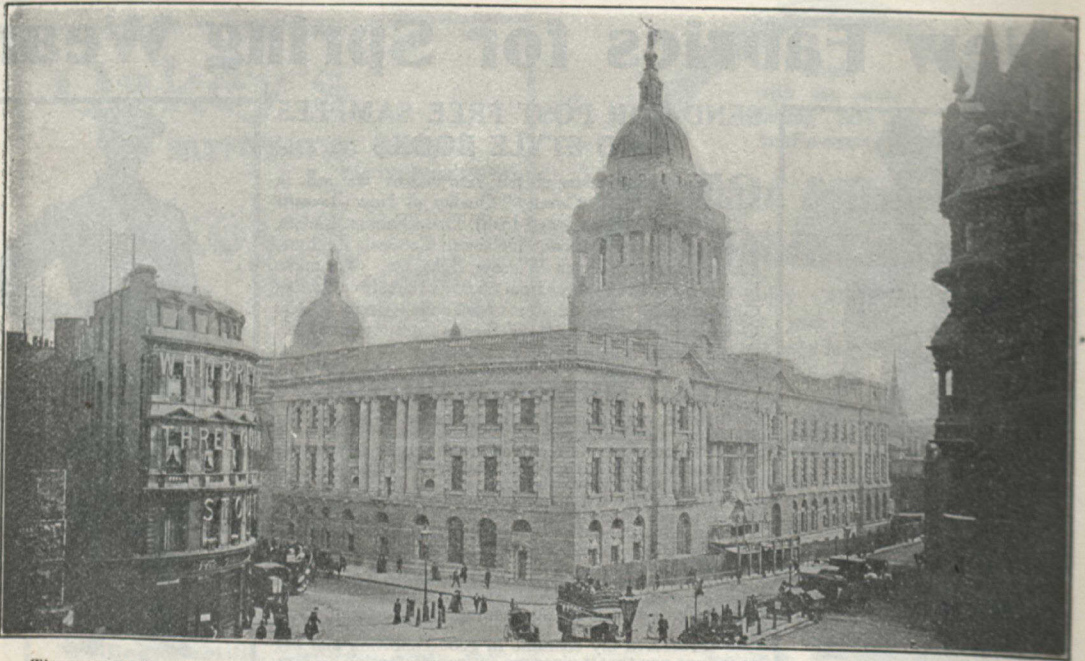
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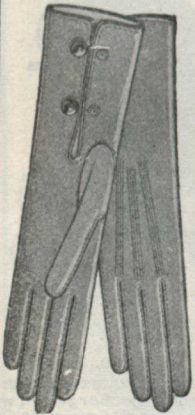


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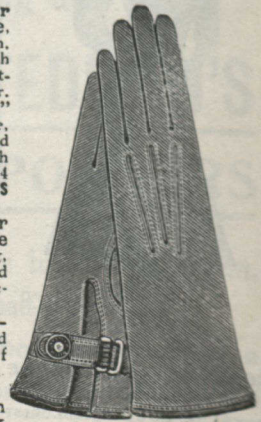
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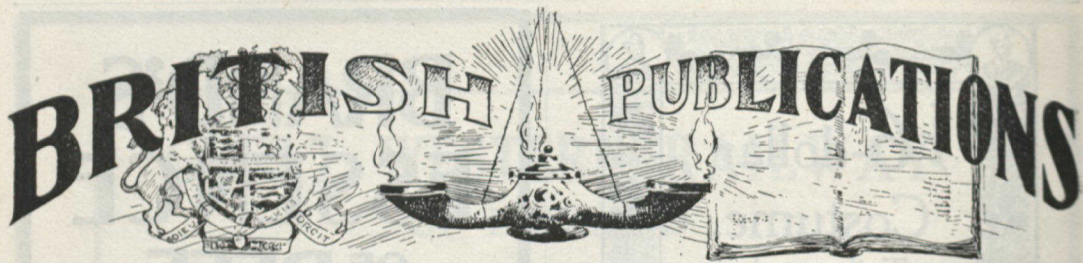
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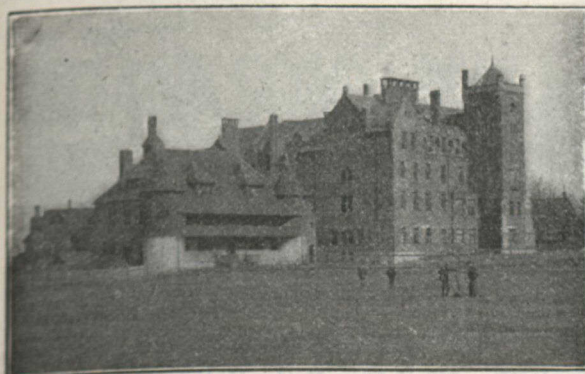
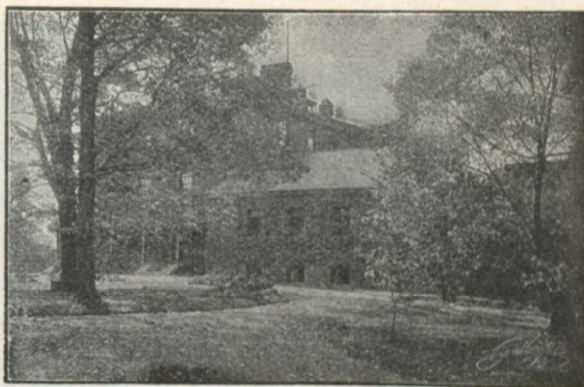
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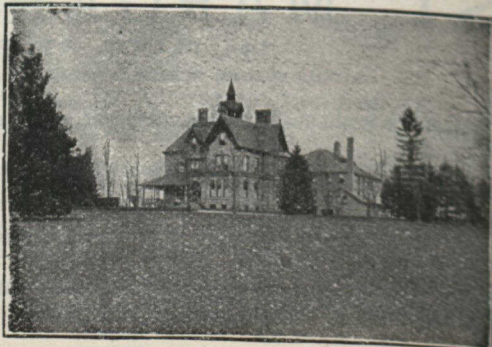
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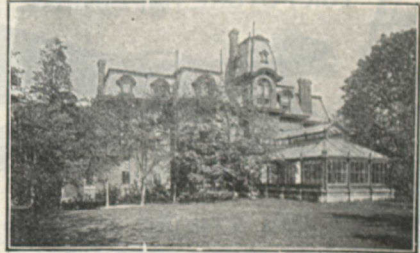
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The North American Life Assurance Company

Held its Annual Meeting at its Home Office, in Toronto, on Thursday, the 30th day of January, 1908. The President, Mr. John L. Blaikie, was appointed Chairman, and the Managing Director, Mr. L. Goldman, Secretary, when the following report of the business of the Company for the year ended December 31st, 1907, was submitted :---

New Business The Policies issued for the year, together with those revived, amounted to the sum of \$4,622,635.00, being greater than the new business transacted for the previous year.

Saving in Expenses The business has continued to be conducted on a conservative basis, resulting in a further reduction in the ratio of expenses to premium income of over two per cent. This percentage of reduction has resulted in a material saving in expenses of \$26,918.17, as compared with 1906.

Cash Income The cash income for the year from premiums, interest, etc., was \$1,815,097.69, showing the satisfactory increase for the year of \$68,553.69.

Payments to Policyholders The amount paid on policyholders' account was \$607,347.44, and of this amount the sum of \$266,825.95 represents payments for dividends, matured endowments, and investment policies.

Assets The assets increased during the year by the sum of \$936,811.63, and now amount to \$8,735,876.08.

Net Surplus Increased After making ample provision for all liabilities, including the special Contingent Fund of \$155,173.35 to provide for the temporary depreciation in the value of debentures, bonds and stocks, and paying the sum of \$97,304.79 for dividends to policyholders during the year, there was an addition made to the net surplus which now amounts to \$673,556.04, the year's work from every standpoint being highly satisfactory.

Assets Safely Invested The assets of the Company continue to be, as heretofore, invested in the best class of securities; a detailed list of these will be published with the Annual Report for distribution.

Monthly Audit A monthly examination of the books of the Company was made by the Auditors, and at the close of the year they made a thorough scrutiny of all the securities held by the Company. In addition to the examination of the securities by the Auditors, a committee of the Board, consisting of two Directors, made an independent audit each quarter.

The Officers, Field Representatives and Office Staff deserve to be commended for their efficiency and diligence.

L. GOLDMAN,
MANAGING DIRECTOR.

J. L. BLAIKIE,
PRESIDENT.

The Annual Report showing marked proofs of the solid position of the Company, and containing a list of the securities held, and also those upon which the Company has made collateral loans, will be sent in due course to each policyholder.

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☛ Many people find it difficult to save money. Nevertheless saving is largely a matter of habit and one which should be cultivated by every person who looks to the future.

☛ Systematic saving by means of an Accumulation Endowment Policy in the CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION is one of the easiest, safest and most economical methods of accumulating capital for future use.

☛ By means of Endowment Policies in the CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION many men and women have laid aside savings which have proved of untold value to them, and the saving of this money has entailed no worry as to the safety of the invested funds, the high financial standing of the Company guaranteeing the security of the investment.

The Accumulation Policy contains no conditions and guarantees many valuable benefits

Send for the following pamphlets which will be gladly sent upon request

"Information as to Contracts"

"The Endowment Policy"

"How a Young Man Can Save Money"

"20 Reasons"

"Better than a Bank"

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W. D. MATTHEWS, ESQ. FREDERICK WYLD, ESQ.

VICE-PRESIDENTS

W. C. MACDONALD,

J. K. MACDONALD,

SECRETARY AND ACTUARY

MANAGING DIRECTOR

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, CANADA

The Frock and Morning Coat "Semi-ready" Models

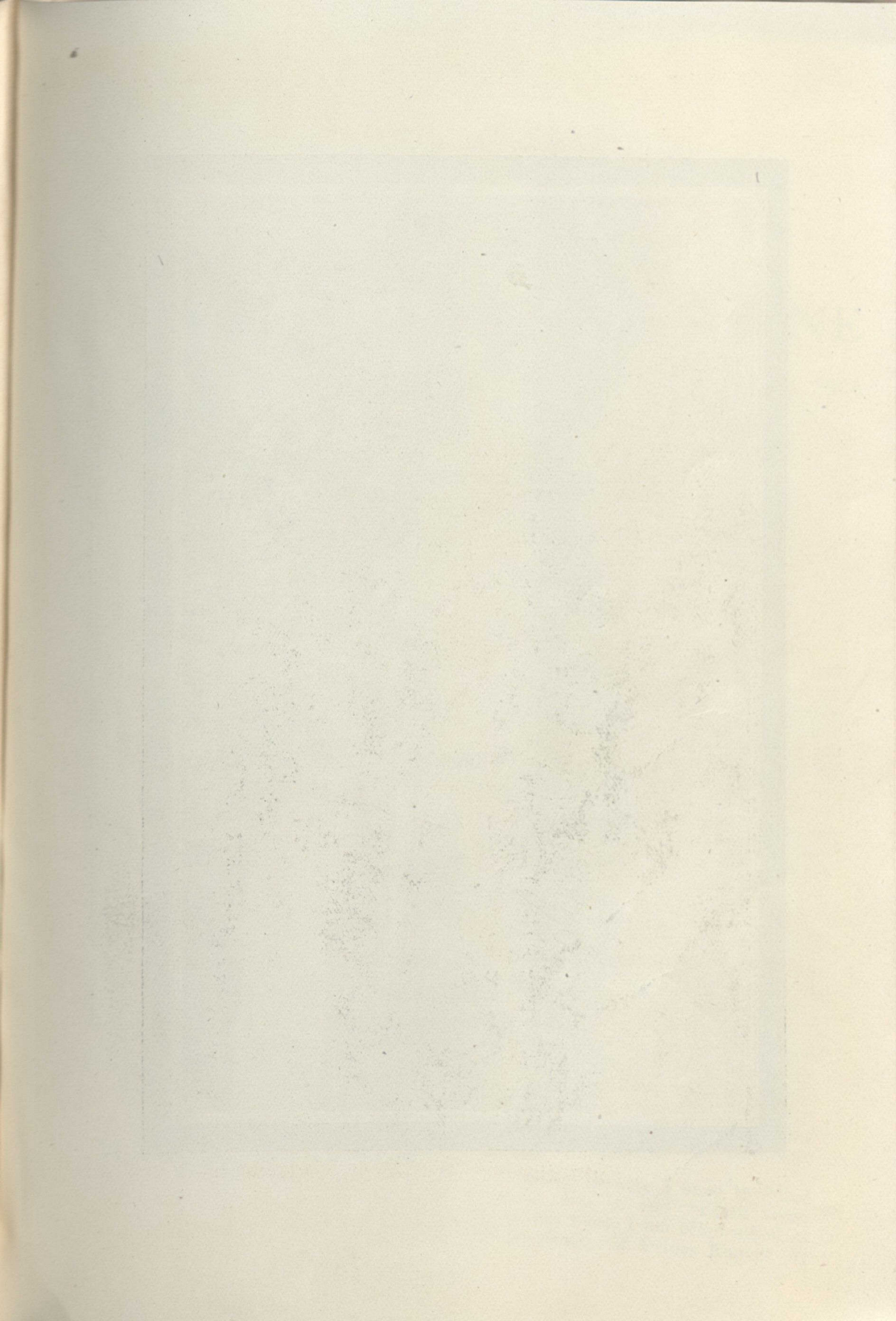


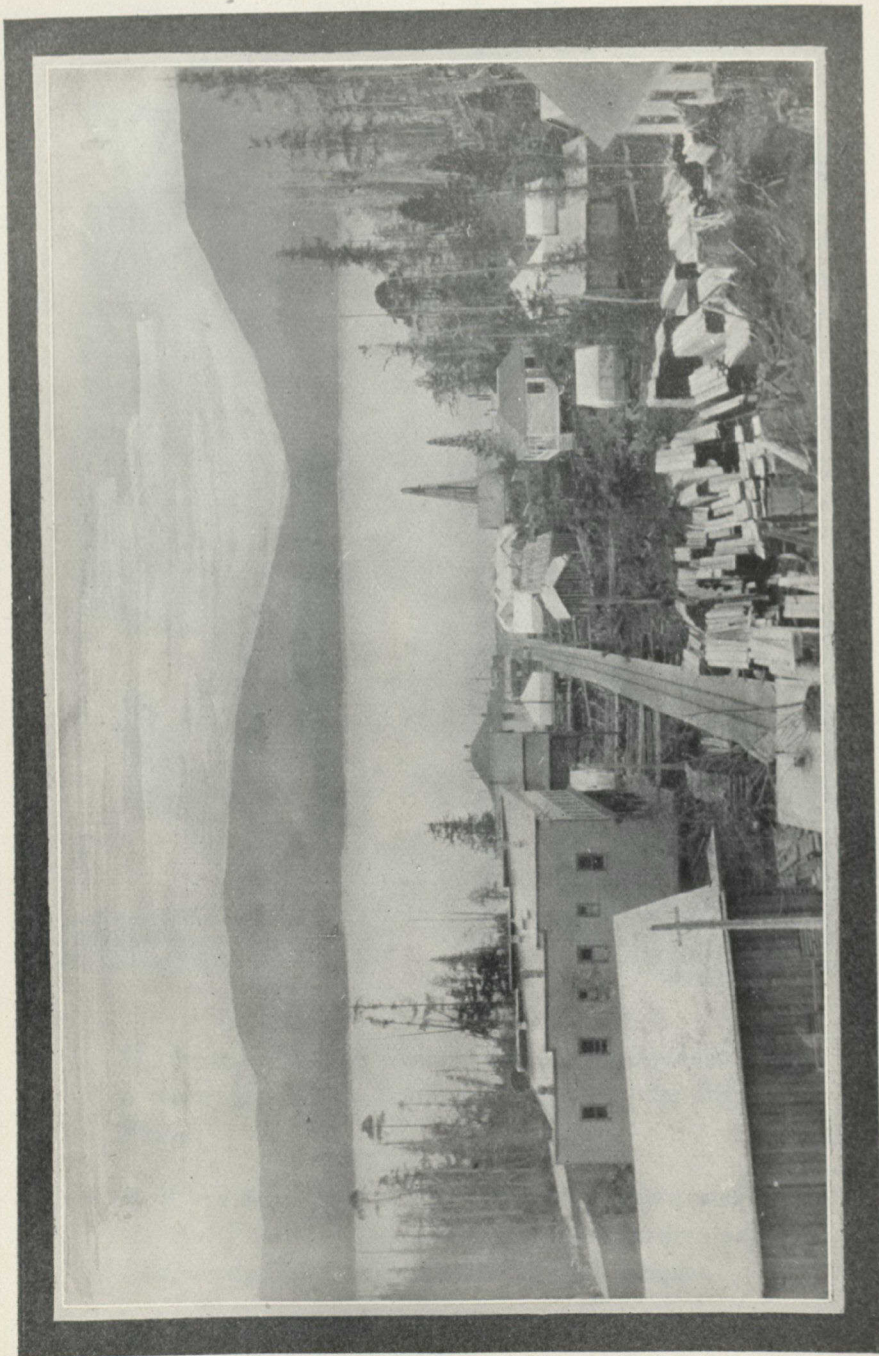
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PRINCE RUPERT

The place as it appeared recently, showing the land-locked harbour, where merchant ships of the high seas will soon anchor

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXX

TORONTO, MARCH, 1908

No. 5

Prince Rupert

By *CY WARMAN*

*Author of "The Story of the Railroad,"
"The Last Spike," Etc.*

SAMUEL G. BLYTHE, the well-known Washington correspondent, who is responsible for the "Who's Who and Why" column in the *Saturday Evening Post*, has written a series of articles on "The Mastery of the Pacific," meaning, of course, in the United States. His observations began at Los Angeles and ended at Seattle, showing the natural advantages and setting forth the claims of the several cities. Each, it is hardly necessary to say, counts itself the Pacific gateway to the Orient.

Up to the time of the advent of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway there was but one "Frisco" in Canada, and that was Vancouver. From this time forward that wonderful city by the sea is to have an ambitious and aggressive rival. Prince Rupert, the Pacific coast terminal of the Grand Trunk Pacific, will have to be reckoned with. Prince Rupert is new and attractive. It is to be a model city in every sense of the word. It guards what is said to be the finest natural harbour on the coast, if not in the world. It is the terminal town of a transcontinental railway which bids

fair to surpass anything ever yet attempted in the way of railway construction on this continent, crossing from ocean to ocean without a single mile of mountain grade or grade that can by any stretch of imagination be considered an obstacle to the economical operation of the road. Prince Rupert is also at the end of the long portage on the shortest route around the world. Any scheme which has for its ultimate object the swift circling of the sphere must reckon Prince Rupert on its right-of-way. The mineral wealth of all that vast mountain region, the forest products of Northern British Columbia, as well as the food products of the Prairie Provinces and the fur of the far north—that is to say, all the export wealth of this resourceful Dominion originating north and west of the South Saskatchewan, bound for the Orient by the Occidental route—will funnel down and pass out by way of Prince Rupert.

Probably because I have travelled a great deal in and written much about the West, I am often asked as to the climate of Prince Rupert. It



Photograph by G. A. McNicholl

DOUKHOBORS AT WORK ALONG THE LINE OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY, IN QU'APPELLE VALLEY

is a well known fact that the annual mean temperature up there is about the same as that of Detroit, cooler in summer and winter, but I have been fortunate enough to secure a comparative statement of the weather conditions, covering a period of eight months,



FIRST CUTTING AT PRINCE RUPERT, ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO

November, 1906, to June, 1907, inclusive, which will make interesting reading. At Prince Rupert the record of the weather for the period referred to was kept by Mr. P. W. Anderson, of the new town, and the report of weather conditions at Vancouver for the same period is from the Meteorological Service of Canada, Department of Marine and Fisheries.

To those who are not in the habit of taking into consideration the effect of the Japan current, which washes

up the North Pacific coast, this comparative statement will be a great surprise, but those who are acquainted with the West are aware that the isothermal line trends north as we go west, and finally loops down by the MacKenzie river to the Great Slave lake and beyond. The follow-

ing is the number of fine, fair, cloudy and rainy days at Vancouver:

	Fine	Fair	Cloudy	Rainy
Nov., '06	5	3	5	17
Dec., '06	2	2	4	23
Jan., '07	10	3	5	13
Feb., '07	0	7	7	14
Mar., '07	9	3	3	16
Apr., '07	12	5	2	11
May, '07	15	2	8	6
June, '07 ...	9	4	8	9
Total No. days	62	29	42	109

Record for the same time at



THE PATHFINDERS. GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY PROSPECTORS SEARCHING FOR THE YELLOWHEAD PASS

Prince Rupert :

November, 1906—
17 fine days, 3
fair days, 1 cold
day with snow.

December, 1906—
14 fine days, 5
fair days, 2 clear
and cold days, 2
snowy days, 8
rainy days.

January, 1907—
9 fine days mild, 20
clear and cold
days, 3 snowing
days.

February, 1907—12 fine days, 4
fair days, 4 clear and cold days, 8
rainy days.

March, 1907—17 fine days, 8 fair
days, 1 rainy day, 5 snowy days.

April, 1907—23 fine days, 3 fair
days, 4 rainy days.

May, 1907—22 fine clear days, 5
fair days, 4 rainy days.

June, 1907—21 fine clear days, 4
fair days, 5 rainy days.

From these reports it would seem
that in eight months Prince Rupert

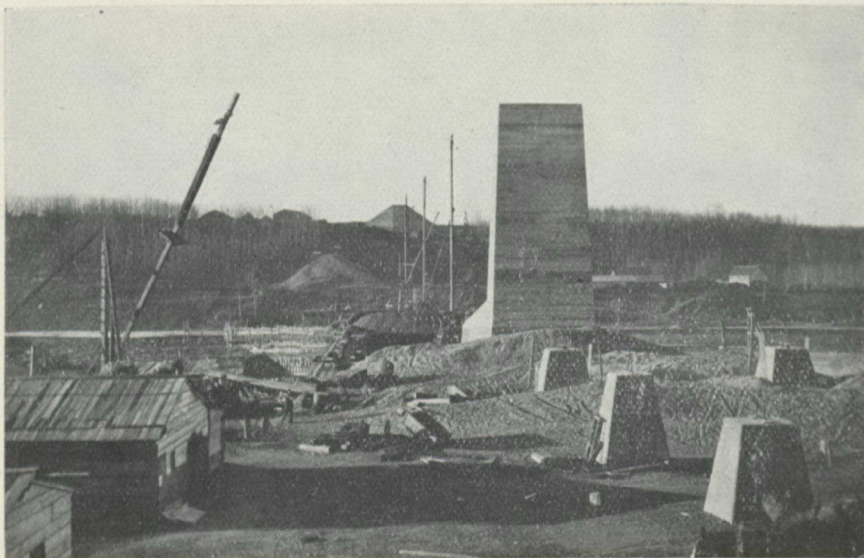


GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC TEMPORARY BUILDINGS AT PRINCE RUPERT

had but thirty-four
rainy days, for 109
at Vancouver, and
185 fine days as
against 62 at Van-
couver.

As a result of his
wanderings in the
wilds during the
summer of 1907,
Mr. Earnest
Thompson Seton,
in his next book,
will tell you that
much of that emp-
ty land lying north

of Lake Athabasca is far from
being barren. All along the val-
leys of unmapped rivers and on
the margins of the many unnamed
lakes, lying to the south and a
little west of Great Slave lake,
are vast reaches of meadow
lands, where the wild grass grows
hip-high and affords feed for coun-
tless caribou herds that contain mil-
lions of this northern kine. One must
go far north of Great Slave lake to
find wood-buffalo and the real bar-



CLOVER BAR BRIDGE, G.T.P., NEAR EDMONTON, WHICH WILL SPAN THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER AND THE VALLEY AS WELL

rens. This reference is not made to lure any white man to those silent places, but to show how very far north one must travel before coming to the home of the gaunt white wolf, which is also many hundreds of miles this side of the wallow of the walrus.

Paddling, sailing or steaming south, as one shall be shortly, the traveller comes to the wheat belt far down the Peace River and to the flouring mills of Vermilion, many hundreds of miles north of Edmonton, which is no longer the "Last House." Passing south and west where the Peace drains the Rockies we reach the Pacific through Yellowhead Pass, over the trail blazed by the pathfinders, and feel almost immediately the balmy breath of the warm chinook, which is the real secret of the salubrity of all this



HEAVY ROCK WORK ON LAKE SUPERIOR BRANCH, GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY

bewildering wilderness. Contiguous to Prince Rupert lie natural resources so rich and varied that a man might carve out a kingdom on the coast, tag his totum to suit his fancy, and *Rajah* alone in supreme indifference to the rest of the world. In proof of this assertion, we have only to glance at the Iroquois Indians whom the locating engineers discovered away up on the Yellowhead. With absolutely no knowledge of what has happened in the last hundred years, these children of the wild have lived, peaceful, contented and happy, there in the hills, finding all they require close at hand. Surely if that be true, the white man with all his acquired knowledge of matters and things could survive indefinitely in this rich and resourceful region.



WILD HORSE RAPIDS, ENGLISH RIVER, NEAR THE JUNCTION OF THE LAKE SUPERIOR BRANCH, G.T.P., WITH THE MAIN LINE

In more than one way Prince Rupert is unique. It is one of the first cities of America, and the very first in Canada, to be planned on paper before a single important building is built. By the time this reaches the reader, lots in this model city will, in all probability be on the market, and each and every man who has the price can buy a lot until the surveyed section shall have been sold. Naturally this being the last town, the lots will be more expensive than in intermediate towns, but by the same token they will be more likely to sell at an advance, for this "city" is sure to happen. Prince Rupert is bound to be on the "All Red Route" round the world, and the all red route is sure to come, sooner or later. It is only a few years since it required a week to cross the



THE FIRST GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY STATION—PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

continent by regular trains. I expect within the next seven years to go from London to Prince Rupert in less than seven days. Two American lines cover 1,000 miles in 1,081 minutes, averaging nearly sixty miles an hour. At half that speed, the Grand Trunk Pacific trains would go from ocean to ocean in a fraction more than three days, leaving four days for the sea voyage. Even with the new Atlantic liners steaming through the sea at over half a mile a minute, it takes nearly ten days to go from London to San Francisco, Seattle or Vancouver. Moreover, when a ship sets sail from Prince Rupert, she will, in an hour's time, be out in the open sea and half a thousand miles, a full day's sail, nearer Yokohama than a ship sailing at the same time from

either of the more southerly seaports. Why, by these measurements we shall save some four days—three days between London and the Pacific and another by reason of the short cut across the Pacific. By this new route, it will be but a short step from the eastern shores of our sundown sea to the "Flowery Kingdom," where the Mikado cradles the dawn. Talk about "crimping" the cosmos and "cinching" the sphere—it's wonderful. And back in the hills they have unearthed, or uncovered, at least, hundreds of acres of good coal, which is as good as

easy grade, but quite recently the engineers have discovered a cut-off that is said to work a shortening of the road without seriously increasing the grade. But whether this short route is adopted or not a part of the proposed line will in all probability be built, as upon this very cut-off, I am told, immense coal beds have been discovered.

The whole history of the survey of this transcontinental line reads like a fairy tale. Already the comparatively worthless wilderness of Northern Ontario is showing wonderful possibil-



MR. CHARLES M. HAYS, PRESIDENT G.T.P., IN WHOSE HANDS LIES IN LARGE MEASURE THE DESTINY OF PRINCE RUPERT

gold north of the boundary. The timber wealth is also an important asset to this new country, and there must be some sublime scenery along the line that lies by the banks of mighty rivers and passes at the foot of "Old Smokey," the highest mountain in the Dominion. At the foot of the Rockies lies the future "Yellowstone" of Canada.

A glance at a map of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will show that there is a big loop in the line out near the Pacific coast. This comes from following a river to keep to the

ities as a mineral region. It traverses the gold belt, the southern edge of which is marked by the rich surface rock at Larder Lake, which is also the Northern limit of the Cobalt silver fields. And now, as the reports come in, the far northwest bids fair to outdo the eastern section. Almost immediately west of Edmonton, the line cuts through banks of good coal, crosses Grand Prairie, opening up a new ranching district.

Left of the foot of the Rockies the Grand Trunk Pacific will traverse the new National Park, where the Minis-

ter of the Interior has just established the biggest buffalo haunt in the world, comprising three-fourths of the buffaloes in existence. The acquisition of this herd from under the nose of the "Mighty Hunter," from the very fields through which Mr. Roosevelt romped up from his riotous youth—from a cow-puncher to a Presidential possibility—will stand as one of the smoothest tricks ever turned by the quiet secretary. It is also another argument in favour of "still-hunting."

By the time the last spike is driven in the western section, there will be a splendid array of interesting features along the line that leads down to the sea at Prince Rupert. Along the Yellow Head, I have been told, are lone peaks whose glinting glacial spheres pierce the very clouds. So perfectly isolated are some of these, that engineers, seeking an easy grade, have walked quite around, as a farmer might encircle his hay-stack, coming out at the starting point. Although rooted in the Rockies, many of these cold white cones are as separate and distinct as if they had been melted, molded, cast and set down upon the finished hills.

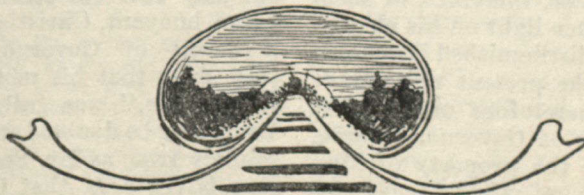
At one point there is a sheer drop in the newly discovered Jones River

of 210 feet—greater in depth than Niagara Falls. At another place a river disappears, dives under a mountain and emerges from the other side. Shooting these sub-mountain rapids will afford pleasant pastime for Peary and Wellman when they have secured and parcelled out the Pole. But weird, wild and attractive as are these new wonders, the greatest interest centers about the city by the sea.

Prince Rupert, looking down the mile-wide harbour to the open sea, is sure to become one of the attractive towns of this continent. Already the announcement has been made that plans are out for the construction of the largest cold storage plant in the world, costing \$250,000.

Not far from the mouth of the harbour are the world-famed halibut banks, which alone would make Prince Rupert a great fish market.

All the growing trade of Alaska and the far-off Klondike will be brought 500 miles nearer the chief Canadian, American and European ports by the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is to be one of the best built and best equipped railroads in all America, and it's greatest creation will in all probability be Prince Rupert.



Unpublished Letters of Governor Simcoe

By W. R. GIVENS

FOR one who played as prominent a part as did John Graves Simcoe in the life of his country, as soldier, statesman and administrator, less is known than either the situation or the parts of the man demand. In his very admirable book dealing with the first Governor-General of Canada, in the series "Makers of Canada," Duncan Campbell Scott has given some interesting details of the life, sayings and doings of Governor Simcoe; but despite the book's excellence and fullness, one feels it were a pity that more had not been said, if it were possible. The fact is, however, that for one of his force, character and position, Governor Simcoe was singularly retiring—whether as General in the English army operating against the United States, whether as member of the Imperial Parliament, or whether, coming nearer home, as the first Governor of Upper Canada. It is for the purpose, therefore, of shedding such further light on his character, as contradistinguished from his exploits, that the present writer now presents five heretofore unpublished personal letters of Governor Simcoe. The letters are the property of Mrs. C. C. Secombe, of Minneapolis, the mother of the author's wife, having come down to her as the direct descendant (great granddaughter) of Christopher Saur, to whom they were addressed. Mr. Saur himself was the son of the well-known Christopher

Saur (or Sower, as the family spelled the name) who, graduating from one of the German universities, settled in America and, as a publisher, printed the first Diamond Edition of the Bible, the first or second ever printed in English in America. The son, to whom the Simcoe letters are addressed, was one of the United Empire Loyalists whose property in Philadelphia, valued at some \$75,000, was confiscated and who subsequently moved to Nova Scotia, of which Province he later became Postmaster-General. He was active always in seeking to secure compensation for the loyal Englishmen who, because of their loyalty, suffered the confiscation of their property and presented, under Governor (then General) Simcoe's advice several petitions to the Home Government on behalf of himself and many others.

The Simcoe letters are typical and not only bear out strikingly the sanguine, buoyant, Christian, kindly temperament of Governor Simcoe, but they show that his motto, "*Non sibi sed patriae*," was fully lived up to. Yet it may be doubted whether it is absolutely true, as Mr. Scott in his book says is the case, that Governor Simcoe "never wavered in his opinion that the war of the Revolution was forced on Great Britain, and he served in the army from principle and not alone because such service was his duty." Rather, certain paragraphs

in two of his letters would indicate that he had a none too high regard for the wisdom of the men at home and their ability to handle the situation properly, the inference being that earlier wisdom and sounder judgment might have produced different results. However, that is neither here nor there—the letters tell the tale.

The first and earliest letter written "in full gallop," typical of the man, who was an untiring worker, is addressed to Mr. Saur, care of D. Mathe-son, with instructions, in Governor Simcoe's handwriting, "to be forwarded immediately." It is the only one remaining of those written to Mr. Saur while General Simcoe was on this side of the water. The date is October 26, but the year is left blank. It reads:

Dr. Sir—

I received your letter just as I landed and went immediately to Gen. Smith. I do not find that the gentleman you mentioned has been on the Island. I shall ride down to the Gally (?) to enquire. In future let them ask for me and mentioning your name, I will pass them unquestioned to New York.

Yours truly and in full gallop.
Oct. 26. J. G. SIMCOE.

The second, a brief one, illustrates the man's punctuality. It is as follows:

Dr. Saur—

I am just come to town: prey breakfast with me to-morrow morning precisely at nine o'clock at the Royal Hotel, Pall Mall.

Yours faithfully,
Feb. 8th, 1782. J. G. SIMCOE.

The third letter, less brief, is historically interesting because of the reference to Haggerty. It follows:
Wolford Lodge, Jan. 10, 1785.

Dr. Sir,—I take the earliest opportunity of answering your letters and subjoining such certificate as I can give you and as your merits have a just claim upon me to exemplify. I wish it may be of service to you. Do I tell you news when I mention that Haggerty betrayed the associates? It was after the surrender of York Town. I have some good information of late from America. The friends of this country are very fairness indeed where our army has not been. I wish you success and am, dear sir,

Yours,
J. G. SIMCOE.

A fourth letter—the date line is rather obscure, but it seems to be "Lembury Fort, near Hamton"—shows the serious concern of General Simcoe as to the ability of the new administration to handle the American situation properly and shows also the loyalty and self-abnegation of the man in the eight simple words "I feel for my country more than myself." The letter follows:

Dr. Sir—

I should be very glad to hear from you. As I have no other communication with London than what the newspapers afford you will doubly oblige me.

I am under the most serious concern for what may be the principles of the new administration relative to America. Ignorance on the one hand and the ungenerous vanity of thinking that impossible to be executed by others what they themselves have failed in the completion of, will operate on the minds of too many men to misrepresent our present situation and to adopt an inglorious and dishonest despondency instead of native magnanimity and the disinterested principles of universal justice.

I feel for my country more than myself. Shall be happy to hear of or see you here.

Yours truly,
J. G. SIMCOE.
Lembury Fort, near Hamton,
April 1, 1782.

I beg my respects to Dr. Babcock.

The fifth and last letter—save one that is purely personal and may not be published—is the longest of all and probably the most representative and typical of all. It shows not alone the genius of the man of exhibiting a personal interest in the individual concerns of his friends—a fact that Mr. Scott has commented upon in his book—but it shows also in a marked way his stern sense of duty, right and justice, as exemplified in his refusal to present the petition of the Loyalists—not through lack of interest but through "a sense of my duty to my commanding officer." Unfortunately, the date of the letter is missing, but "America being lost," and Lord North apparently still being in the saddle, the time was clearly in the early eighties, probably just before North's resignation in 1782. General Simcoe's reference to his proposed

parliamentary career is interesting in the light of the after developments. As may be known, he was elected member from a Cornwall district, as colleague with Sir Wm. Young, Bart., and took his seat in Parliament, which assembled on November 25, 1790.

It is noteworthy that in this letter he advised his friends in America to "acquiesce in the Government they are under and the sooner the better," incidentally adding his word of protest against "the anarchy and tyranny into which the selfish and disgraceful factions of this country (England) has betrayed them"—a clear evidence, it would seem, that Mr. Scott errs in his statement that the Governor believed the war was forced on Great Britain. Rather, it would seem, the Governor felt that Great Britain forced the war herself. The letter, which was written under an Exeter date line to Mr. Saur when he was in London, addressed in care of Rev. Mr. Batwell, 15 Cross street, Hatton Garden, London, is as follows:

Dear Saur—

I received your letter a few days ago and should have immediately returned an answer had my mind not been totally absorbed in domestic matters, my wife having just produced me a girl, and till now having been endangered, but at present, thank God, she is in a fair way of recovery.

In regard to the memorial you are entrusted with, I cannot give you such advice as you may collect on the spot. You sent me only a copy of the letter to Lord North. I would certainly give those to Lord Carlisle and Lord Loughborough, particularly to Lord Carlisle, nor should I think that to Lord North would be amiss. He probably would not present the memorial to the King, but he would give you the best advice how it should be presented, and if through Mr. Pitt I would show him copies of the letter and make him acquainted with the whole of your proceedings. Your petition has nothing to do with party, and all sides ought to give attention to the prayer of it.

You know me too much not to suppose me much affected by the legacy you have brought, which I shall ever preserve and value.

I am sorry that there appears to be no relief for our deserving and much injured friends. They must acquiesce in the Government they are under and the sooner the better—but had I the fortune of many of our nabobs, I would adventure it, to rescue them from the anarchy and tyranny into which the selfish and disgraceful factions of this country has betrayed them. I have it in my option to be in Parliament should it be dissolved; but as I have no public views, America being lost, and never felt in my public station a private interest, I have declined; indeed, I offered myself for this city on a supposed vacancy, but that not happening I immediately declined it; but if either of the present members should again decline it is probable I should succeed him.

I shall expect to see you in town within six weeks, if nothing unforeseen should happen.

If ever it shall be in my power to serve you, you may depend upon my best endeavors—I enclose you certificate. I would wish you, if you should have any conversation with people and my name should be mentioned, to say what you know of the Loyalists' petition being sent to me to be furthered to Ld. G. Germain without the knowledge of Sir H. Clinton, and that I refused it from a sense of my duty to my commanding officer, through whom alone I said such memorial should go, although I was very ambitious of the honour intended me and fully confident of the great consequences that might have resulted from it.

I beg my best compliments to Mr. Batwell and am faithfully yours,
Exeter, Jan. 2.

J. G. SIMCOE.

Lord Carlisle (1748-1825), referred to in the letter, was distinguished for his recommendation of conciliatory measures toward the American colonies. He was one of the commissioners appointed in 1778 by George III. to visit America and endeavour to restore peace. Lord North, it may be recalled incidentally, was Prime Minister from 1770 to 1782, William Pitt taking over the office in 1783. The Sir H. Clinton referred to, it is hardly necessary to say, was Sir Henry Clinton, who was appointed Commander-in-chief of the British land forces in America in January, 1778, superseding General Howe. He, himself, was superseded by Sir Guy Carleton in 1781, returning to England in 1782.



The McBains

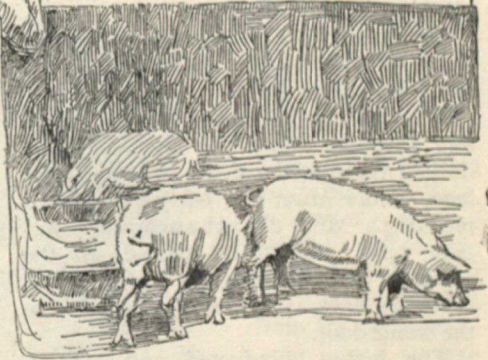
By MRS. LEEMING CARR

Illustrations by Maud McLaren.

THE McBains were a cheerful family, even when breakfasting by lamplight. This was well, for the reason that they breakfasted by lamplight during six months of the year.

Counting the children alone there were seven of them; beginning with Bertrand Algernon, aged fourteen years, and continuing at intervals ranging from fifteen to twenty-four lunar months, down to Antoinette Lorene, aged one year. In fairness to McBain himself it may be stated that the names given to the sons and daughters he begat, were not to his liking. He was Duncan, the son of Donald, whose father was Dougald, names with music and meaning to his ear; but his wife Mary (once Mary Cleary, of Tipperary) would have none of them, and dismissed the suggestion of their continuance through another generation, with the remark that she might "better be callin' the children Timothy and Patrick," after her own "dacent father and grandfather." So it came about that names for them were chosen from a certain pink-coloured journal that monthly found its way into the settlement.

With one exception these names were ignored by the children, who, as they grew older, named each other according to some mental or bodily trait of the recipient. Thus Bertrand Algernon, who seldom found speech a necessity, became "Mum," and another flowery appellation changed naturally to "Reddy," because of the owner's head, which was like a fox's brush. The exception was Lionel, the second boy.



In the course of his learning, Lionel, in an old spelling book, came upon a column of names "and their meanings"; among these was "Lionel, meaning the little lion." It pleased the child mightily; the others thought it fitting in his case, so Lionel or Lion he remained.

When Lion had reached the age of thirteen years, and Mum fifteen months older, they were one November evening performing certain duties which were left entirely to them, when their father teamed for Murphy, the owner of the lumber mill.

While they worked, Lion as usual did most of the talking. When Mum replied his voice came muffled from the mow, or the oat bin, for there were two mangers to be filled with fodder, and two stalls to be bedded deep, for the work horses. The bay colt needed special care, for the reason that his future was to be developed on a higher plane than that of a work horse. Then there were two cows and a pair of young oxen: besides several sheep in a newly-built pen, and last of all some pigs.

The pigs came last in the order of feeding and Lion, leaning far over the side of

the pen, held a measure of peas tantalisingly in his mittened hands.

"Have some, piggy; why don't you have some?"

Piggy answered in diapason, and strove to mount the wall, while Lion rattled the peas into the trough.

"I wonder," he said, "how the man that named the first pig knew so well what to call him."

"'Twould have been all the same," said Mum, "if he'd called him a humming bird. Humming bird 'ud soon stand for all that pig stands for now."

On the heels of his slow speech came a loud "Hello, boys!" followed by the jangle of sleigh bells.

"It's father; I'll beat you to the gate," and throwing down the measure, Lion dashed through the door, and down the lane, before Mum had fairly grasped his meaning. Mum did not attempt to overtake him; instead he picked up the measure, and reaching the lantern down from the hook on the wall, carried it to the stable door.

The horses, big-footed and patient, came toward him; steam rising from their flanks on the keen air. The reins were trailing, Lion and his father having gone into the house, which was situated about half-way between the public road and the barn. Mum raised the light to get a better view of the horses. "Father must have been in a hurry to-night," he said, disapprovingly. Placing the lantern on the hard-beaten snow he began un-hitching them.

In a moment Lion came running from the house, his eyes shining and dancing like lights on a dark pool. "Uncle Jim's here," he said, in an excited voice.

"Hold the lantern," answered Mum. By its light he undid a stubborn, frost-coated buckle before he inquired deliberately, "Who's Uncle Jim?"

"Father's brother. You've often," impatiently, "heard father talk about him. He came on the stage this afternoon to Red Creek, and then walked out as far as the mill; father happened to be there unloading." While the horses were being stabled Lion tried to give Mum an idea of Uncle Jim's appearance.

"He's dressed up better than anyone you ever saw. His overcoat's trimmed with fur, fur collar and fur cuffs, an' likely he's got a gold watch, for he's got a gold chain across his wes'coat. He must be richer than Murphy," and Lion's breast heaved with the bigness of the thought.

Mum slammed the stable door shut and inserted the peg that held it so.

"Wha'd he come here fer, do you s'pose?"

"To see us, of course."

"Pshaw!"

In the kitchen the warm atmosphere was charged with newly awakened interest. Mrs. McBain, with a tinge of red in her cheeks, was moving about as lightly as a girl, glad within herself that the closet under the stair was unusually well-stocked with "store stuff," not that she was overjoyed to welcome one of "McBain's folks," but it was a chance to prove that she and McBain were not by any means living from "hand to mouth." McBain's ruddy face beamed with pleasure and hearty welcome, and the children grouped around listened eagerly to the running fire of interrogation, and reply, between father and uncle. Even Mrs. McBain's hospitable "Set in now and eat while the things is hot," was hardly enough to drag their eyes away from Uncle Jim's good-looking face and dancing blue eyes. What with talking and laughing, and satisfying healthy appetites, the meal was prolonged till the younger children began to fall asleep over it; and Mrs. McBain, with scant ceremony in the matter of undressing them, bundled them into bed, three into a box bed in one corner of the kitchen.

Mum sat on a corner of the woodbox, partly hidden by the stove, listening to all that went on. The woodbox was Mum's vantage ground; he preferred to ruminate there, while the rest loitered at the stable. Sometimes he went there to do some deep thinking, and occasionally to blink away a tear in the semi-privacy afforded by the old-fashioned high-ovened stove.

Mum's watchful look became distasteful to Uncle Jim. It gave him an annoying impression that the lad was presuming to look deeper than the surface before

forming an opinion of him. He cast a look at the offender, a look so sudden and flashing that Mum shrank back from view. Uncle Jim laughed good-humouredly.

"That oldest boy of yours has the shell of old man Cleary," he said to McBain in a low tone. McBain looked reflectively at his firstborn. "It may be Cleary's shell," he answered, "but it's filled with grandfather McBain's good Presbyterian qualities."

"This chap here has none of the Paddy in his appearance," and Uncle Jim laid a firm hand on Lion's curly head, noting meanwhile the luminous dark eyes and skin like the red-tinged blossoms of May.

"And none of the red-headed McBain" was Mrs. McBain's quick retort.

Jim laughed again. "Is that still a sore spot, Mary? Haven't you learned yet to take our allusions to the Irish as a joke? What nonsense!" slapping her lightly on the shoulder, as she passed. "Sure I'm going to marry an Irish girl myself."

"If you can get one," Mary answered with a toss of her head.

"If I can get one," he repeated. Then as if to prove how easy a matter that would be, he rose and stretched his magnificent length upward till his head almost touched the low ceiling, and with lordly stride marched up and down the floor till the pot and kettle danced on the stove, and the eyes of the children threatened to pop out of their heads.

"He's the finest looking McBain of the bunch, and the devil's in the heart of him," said Mary to herself.

Long after McBain and Uncle Jim had

gone to bed in the room off the kitchen, their voices continued in joyful reminiscence, and Mary, who had given up her place for her guest's comfort, lay down to rest on the edge of a bed, already filled with sleeping children, in a small room overhead.

The next forenoon was given up with a whole-hearted delight to Uncle Jim's entertainment. The "clearing" and "slashing" were interesting topics, and the stock came under lively consideration. He seemed honestly interested in every-

thing, and reached the core of Lion's heart and almost melted Mum's reserve by warmly praising the bay colt. "And it's all paid for," said McBain, drawing a long breath, as if he again felt the relief of a burden lifted from his shoulders.

"I intend to take it a bit easier after the New Year, to give up teaming for Murphy, and let the boys go to school for a few months. It'll be the first time I've been able to spare them both at once, and they're kind of looking forward to it."

The boys exchanged glances.

The mere mention of school made Mum's heart swell. To grasp a rudimentary education while doing almost a man's work had been for him a hard problem. Unlike Lion, he was not quick at grasping the meaning of printed words. He was well aware of his inferiority in that respect, but he was not aware that nature had made amends by giving him an intuitive knowledge of many things not found in school books.

"It's been a pretty hard tug," observed McBain after a pause.



"He's the finest looking McBain of the bunch, and the devil's in the heart of him," said Mary to herself

"Well, you seem to be pretty comfortable now, for a new country."

"And no thanks to anyone but ourselves." Both men raised their eyes at sound of Mrs. McBain's voice. She was standing in the stable door, an apron wrapped about her head. "Duncan got nothing, ye may say, for his share but an axe, and leave to chop his way out of the bush."

"Oh, well, no one's feeling sore about it now," and McBain tried to convey a warning to her in his eyes. "I appealed to the old home only once, and—"

"And got a waggon load of advice, and a bag of dried apples." There was no denying the bitterness in Mary's voice.

Jim's mellow laugh rang out afresh.

"I suggested at the time," he said, "that a greater quantity of apples and less advice would be more filling. But what did you expect? When a boy runs away at twenty, and at twenty-one marries 'daringly' an Irish girl, he should not look for much help from the old home."

"Not when the likes of you is there," said Mary.

"Tut! tut!" cried McBain, hastily. "Is dinner ready?"

"It is that. I just came out for you. There's a fine pot pie," she continued, turning to Jim, as if to make amends. "I mind how fond you used to be of it."

"Good," he answered. "I'll warrant it will prove the best I've tasted for many a day."

It did, and, while they ate it, McBain told his brother the great secret. It was this. The farm adjoining McBain's was owned by a man named Owen. Owen had not been a success at "hewing a home for himself," preferring to go a-hunting and leave nature unmolested. Shortly before Uncle Jim's visit, Owen had gone to the nearest city to meet a friend who was returning from the gold-fields. Soon word came back to McBain that he could have Owen's place for two hundred dollars. The letter read:

Murphy 'ud give you twist that fer the timber on it, he's always ben greedy to git it, to dam greedy, as he is with every budy. Any of the naybors wod giv me 2 hundred fer it but theyd hev to borry the money frum Murphy, and he'd hev it the long run. Mary

an you an the kids hev always bene good to me and I want youse to hev it so if you send me the mony before Crismas the plaice is yours an ile be of to bigger huntin fields before the new ear.

Then followed the address to which the money was to be sent, and he was theirs "truily."

The McBains were overjoyed. McBain had intended buying more land some day; but to have the adjoining farm thrust into his hands on such generous terms was more than he had a right to expect.

By the middle of December there would be two hundred dollars on Murphy's books due McBean for timber and for labour. He would draw it and send it to Owen; and, when the deed of Owen's place was in his hands, he would be in a position to demand fairer terms from Murphy in future dealings.

When it had all been told him, Uncle Jim professed to be unable to believe in such good fortune. In proof thereof McBain with shining face produced Owen's letter; Jim read it, and turned it over in his hands.

"And you say Murphy would give you twice Owen's price for it?"

"He'd be glad to, for the timber alone, and when the railroad goes through, the land will be worth—" an expressive pause, and a gesture meant to convey the idea of boundless wealth finished the sentence, and flushed the young McBains with a glow of pleasure.

"And there's the greatest place on it for a house." The words fairly burst from Lion's lips. "A hill sloping to the south with a pine grove on the north of it, and a spring creek winding round it. You'll come and see us after we build there, won't you, Uncle?" The boy's eagerness was contagious.

"And bring your Irish girl with you," said Mary, with a light-hearted laugh.

The afternoon wore on, and presently the team was brought round; for Jim must needs be in Red Creek that night, in order to catch the early stage. He took leave of the family in a gale of merriment, and into each small hand that he shook was pressed a silver coin. Mum, who was holding the horses, was careful

to be overlooked in the leave-taking, but in response to a waving hand, as the sleigh swung out of the yard, he nodded his head.

Busy days followed Uncle Jim's visit. It was the time for close reefing against midwinter's approach. The boys went whistling about their work, warm at heart, and glad just to be alive—and together. The cellar was full of potatoes and red-cheeked apples. The bay colt grew bigger and more of a handful to lead to water every day. Christmas was drawing near, when the pigs would cease eating, and become roast and spare rib; but above and beyond all else loomed four blessed months wherein they would daily, and shoulder to shoulder, cover the miles that lay between them and the school-house. and at night there would be no tasks awaiting them, except perhaps a few light ones, and the pleasant work of getting up to-morrow's lessons.

"I wish father was done teaming and we were going to school now," said Lion with deep longing in his tone. In reply Mum threw his arms around him; Lion promptly braced himself and crooked his knee, and down they went in a rapturous tussle.

At last the day came when McBain "cashed in." The following day the stage bore away a letter and an order for two hundred dollars addressed to Owen.

It was useless to look for a reply inside of a week; but there was no haste when there was no anxiety regarding the outcome.

In the meantime McBain enjoyed in anticipation the fret Murphy would work himself into when he discovered that Owen's place had changed hands. He had heard Murphy say no later than the previous pay-day that he "would like to turn a gang of men into Owen's tall timber." Well, he would pay what is was worth now, to get it.

It was good, McBain thought, to feel that it was now in his power to refuse to be ground between the upper millstone of necessity and the nether millstone of Murphy's avarice.

Owen's answer came sooner than he expected. A neighbour on his way from

Red Creek one day brought two letters addressed to McBain.

He recognised Owen's letter, and tore off the cover. There were two enclosures, one of which was the money order he had sent him. Puzzled, he unfolded the second enclosure and read:

DEAR DUNKAN,—

Ime clene beside miself tryin' to savey whether you an mes been bunkoed or whether some feller's goin to make you a presant of a hundred akers. A feller kame hear two weeks ago and sed he wuz youre brother, not lost you no, but just sort uv perspectin, he looked like yer, an tocked like yer, an I give him the glad hand, he sed he'd bene to see yer, an we had a long tock about things in ginerel, an the kids in pertickler, then he kame to bizness, he wanted to buy the plaice, sed you didnt care to, cause you wuz sick of bush whackin, but you didnt want to se Murphy git it, an so bein that he was a bruther of yourn he thought I mite let him hev it at same price. Well it looked resonable, an ide kind of took to the cuss, an the upshot of it was we struck a bargain. Now along comes your money an you as chirpy as a red squirl about byin. I dont no what to think, but ime sendin back the money fer I dont own the plaice eny more, but sa if youve bene cheeted outen it you kin kount on me to help redress your rongs when I turn up from camp, ime goin tomorrer, but youll se me when I rayturn, so no more at present, from yours truly.

T. OWEN.

McBain looked up in a dazed way. The ruddy colour faded from his face, then his eyes fell on the letter which he still held unopened. It bore the post mark of the old home town; fearfully he opened it, and as he read, his fears were confirmed.

You may as well begin this letter by roundly cursing me, because you'll do it before you have reached the end. I had written a dozen pages all containing excuses, before it struck me that there is no excuse, so I shall only state the facts of the case.

I am the owner of Owen's place; bought it at the price he offered it to you. I am in *hell* over money matters. Four hundred dollars must be *replaced* within ten days, the rest are debts. I shall get rid of *those* for the present, by leaving the country. I went to you with the intention of borrowing two hundred dollars, but my courage failed me. Mary's grasp on your affairs, and the look the boy born in the likeness of old man Cleary, occasionally turned on me, convinced me that it would be useless to ask for a loan. Then you showed me Owen's letter, and the devil—my silent partner—pointed out away



"Where's your father," she asked, feeling the incompleteness of her audience

Murphy will give me five hundred dollars for the place. If you want it at four hundred it is yours, provided the money reaches me on the twentieth. After that I shall let it go to Murphy for the reason stated above. You know Grey the lawyer, you know that he is trustworthy; send the money to him and he will fix the deed.

Such was the index to Owen's letter, which McBain had only partially comprehended. He folded it and put it carefully in the envelope; then he turned laggingly toward the house. Supper was over and the children were in the kitchen with their mother. Unseen by her, McBain softly opened the door and beckoned to Mum and Lionel. Knowing that something was amiss, they went quietly out, and, exchanging curious glances, followed the father to the shelter of the wood-pile.

"What's the matter?" Lionel asked.

"Listen to this," and, by the last red torch burning low in the wintry sky, McBain read both letters. When he had finished, silence held the little group for the space of a minute.

"Uncle Jim did that." It was Lionel's voice; faint, gasping, as though he had come from under water.

"Yes," answered McBain, slowly, "but he must have been in awful straits to do it."

An inscrutable smile parted Mum's lips and the look that made those who

did not know him think he was about to speak crossed his face. "What will mother say?" Lion voiced the query that was in the mind of each.

"She'll raise the roof off the house," McBain answered solemnly. "Who'll tell her?" and he glanced helplessly at earth and heaven, as one who shrinks from an ordeal.

"I will," said Lion firmly and promptly, and turned toward the house.

"Wait, I'll go with you. Give me the letters." Mum took the letters from his father's hand, and followed Lion. The next moment the

kitchen door closed after him, and McBain slipped away to the barn. Lion told her, incoherently, because of his excitement, but she quickly gathered his meaning.

"Where are the letters?" she demanded. Mum produced them. "Read them."

He did so, and as he read her face gloomed over and her eyes, in which the Irish fighting lust gleamed, even at a hint of injustice, narrowed to two dark slits through which glittered lightning flashes of anger. Then the storm broke—in a low tone at first, which was more terrifying than when it became louder and gained in vehemence. What the boys had not previously known to the discredit of the McBain family, they learned that night, even to the third and fourth generation.

"Where's your father?" she asked, feeling the incompleteness of her audience. "In the barn."

"Sure, keeping quiet when he ought to be fighting mad. If he'd kept quiet about the Owen place as I told him to, this wouldn't 'a happened. But that was always him. If he saw a good thing ahead he always had to tell the naybors, so's they'd rayjoyce with him. They'd rayjoyce all right," with biting scorn—"and then get to the good thing ahead of him. It takes him a long time to learn that most of yer friends rayjoyce with their

lips when yer up, and in their hearts when yer down."

"Aw, what's the use of talking?" Mum's tone expressed weariness; never before had he so entirely felt the utter futility of words.

"So ye may say. If I was a man, it's doin' I'd be." The worst was over; and presently McBain came in. His wife met him with a fierce, inquiring look.

"Well, it's too bad, Mary."

"Too bad!" Her eyes blazed again, and she hurled half a dozen words at him, the meaning of which established beyond all question her opinion of him for telling his business to another and that other a McBain.

He moved heavily about the kitchen for a few minutes but made no reply. Then a period of silence followed, broken only by the angry clicking of knitting needles as a heavy sock grew swiftly under Mary's hands. To McBain the needles seemed to be repeating his own words. "Too bad, too bad."

By-and-bye, and in subdued tones, McBain and the boys returned to the subject. McBain spoke as though he had no intention of taking the place on his brother's terms, and Mum seemed to agree with him. Lionel shyly at first, because it was his first venture at a business consultation, argued in favour of buying it, even yet. "If Murphy offered \$500 for it, it is worth more; and we know it will be worth a heap more when the railroad goes through; why, there may be a town built here some day." Mrs. Bain let no word escape her. When she thought Lionel was being worsted in his efforts to bring his father to his way of thinking, she spoke her mind.

"You'll buy the place," she said, addressing the second button on her husband's checked flannel shirt front. "You'll buy it, for I'm bound Murphy'll never get it. We'll raise the money some way, and trust to the saints for a chance to take it out of Jim McBain."

McBain, with face hidden, was carefully drawing off his boots, and ranging them alongside the stove. It may be that he was more anxious than ever to buy, because of that word "*replace*," but was wise enough to pretend that he was entirely

of another mind. "Well," he said, with a deep sigh, "we have only two days to raise the money, for it'll take a day to go there. I'll go to Red Creek to-morrow and see what I can do, if you're still of the same mind."

She was, and her mouth was set in lines not pleasant to look at.

McBain spent the day in Red Creek, and came home looking tired and discouraged; money was not plentiful; he found one man who would lend him the required sum, but only for three months, and at a rate of interest, the mere mention of which almost shocked McBain's canny soul into insensibility. There was only one way, so he told the boys. The hotel-keeper in Red Creek had offered him a hundred dollars for the colt; another man had made him an offer for the cordwood that was piled in a long wall away back in the slashing, and, by taking a little less than the common price, this man would pay him for the wood in advance, provided he began hauling it at once, under promise to have it delivered at a fixed date.

At mention of selling the colt the boys glanced at each other in consternation.

Mrs. McBain said: "I suppose the hotel-keeper 'll sell him down country for a hundred and fifty, but we'll have to let him go."

McBain looked at her, a queer, comprehensive glint in his eyes. "You're taking a kind of satisfaction in making the sacrifice, ain't you, Mary? It'll be a cudgel in your hands to hammer the McBains with for many a day." Mum broke in on what followed with the remark that he did not see how it was possible to get the wood out through the slashing to the public road. It would have to be done over a particularly rough and treacherous piece of swale, and now that a considerable depth of snow had fallen it would be risking too much to take the team in and out over it.

"It was that very thing that kept me from closing the bargain," was his father's response. "I couldn't see how we were going to get the wood out to the road; I intended making a road to it in the spring, but—"

It was Lionel who suggested a way.

"Why couldn't Mum and I take it out to the road with the steers and the ox-sleigh?"

"I wonder if you could?" McBain gazed reflectively, mentally running over the difficulties.

"The steers are only half broke; but perhaps if I work with them a few days getting started, you could manage them then, and I'd begin hauling the wood to Red Creek. In that way, I could make two trips a day, and we'd finish up the job at the required time." So it was settled.

The next day the boys with blurred vision and quivering lips cleaned the colt for the last time. The day following four hundred dollars went to Jim McBain's lawyer, and, on the day Mum and Lionel were to have started to school, they started at gray dawn to the "slashing."

Mum, whose energies were never wasted in useless haste, stood the cold and unwantedly long hours of heavy work better than Lionel. The latter threw himself into it with all his strength and a fierce determination to get it done quickly. He felt that he was in a measure responsible for the undertaking; and for that reason he did not murmur even when the devil entered into the oxen, and drifting snow repeatedly blocked the trail. But, after the first week there was no whistling in the "slashing," and few words, beyond Mum's monotonous "Gee up! Haw, there!"

Looking at them wearily plodding home in the winter dusk between snow-banks as high as their heads, Mrs. McBain's face twitched painfully, and her heart swelled with bitterness towards Jim McBain. She was doing double duty herself, taking on most of the stable work, in order to relieve the boys.

When the work was half completed, McBain suggested getting a neighbour's son to take Lionel's place. The boy was getting pinched and hollow-eyed and tired to the young, soft bone; but he stoutly refused to give it up.

"You'll spare him all you can," said Mrs. McBain to Mum.

"Sure, I always do," answered the boy simply.

They raised a feeble cheer, passing in sight of their mother, when the last load was being brought up. A big lump rose in her throat, and the smile she gave them was through a flood of tears. She had a warm kitchen, and a supper she knew they would enjoy ready for them, and something like the old glow of satisfaction and merriment surrounded them once more. Lionel coughed a good deal, but "a cold" was too common to cause alarm. The next day, though, when his teeth chattered and his frame shooke beside the hot stove, his mother became uneasy. Home remedies were used without stint, but night found him breathing rapidly and in a high fever. Before morning he was babbling of school and Uncle Jim, and counting endless cords of wood.

At break of day McBain went to Red Creek for the doctor. He came, and after a brief examination of the boy told them that both lungs were congested. When he had gone, a cloud settled on the little household. The children stole about on tiptoe, and Mum, with fear in his eyes, heaped the wood box with wood, and helped his mother make poultices, or tremblingly measured out powders and stimulants according to the doctor's orders.

It was a sharp and cruel attack, giving the little Lion no chance to rally. When at its worst, Mrs. McBain one morning clutched the doctor as he entered the door. "Do something!" she cried. "Oh, do something! I can't stand to look at this any longer." Poor Lion's every breath had become an agonising effort. The doctor administered a drug under the influence of which the child slept.

When the doctor was going Mum followed him to his sleigh. "What do you *think*, doctor?" he begged to know in a choked voice. The doctor laid a kindly touch on his shoulder.

"You are a good boy, you have done your best, you and your mother; but I am afraid he is slipping away."

Mum's white face told what that caused him to suffer. The short day waned, evening closed in, and the tired watchers

prepared to do battle another night. Midnight came and went, and Lion seemed to breathe more easily. Mum hugged the hope it gave him to his heart. He was sitting by the bed when a gurgling sound caught his ear. He looked quickly and beheld a gush of bright blood on the pillow and more issuing from Lion's lips.

"Mother! Father!" he called hoarsely.

They were beside him in a moment. With one look McBain turned toward the door, exclaiming as he went, "the doctor!"

"No, I'll go, I can be half-way there by the time we could get the team out." Mum snatched his coat and cap, putting them on as he ran down the lane.

He did not keep to the road all the way. He cut off corners and crossed cleared spaces. Sometimes he stumbled and fell, and without stopping wallowed to his feet again. On wind-swept spaces he ran like a hound-affrighted hare. At last! At last he reached the doctor's door. Fate was good, the doctor had just returned from another sick-bed, and to him Mum sobbed out his message.

"Drink this," the doctor said, holding a glass to the boy's blue lips, and "put this on," he added kindly, throwing a great coat around him. "You'll find a different atmosphere driving against the wind." The doctor's horse sprang away over the frost-bound road, and for Mum's sake he was urged to his utmost speed. When they reached the clearing the dog barked sharply, and then sent forth on the night a long-drawn howl, that echoed and re-echoed in the woods.

McBain opened the door as they drew up, and Mum stumbled out of the sleigh and crossed the threshold. As in a dream he heard his father say words that sounded like "It's all over, doctor," but, numbed in mind and body, he failed to comprehend. Before they could stop him he stood by Lionel's bed. A sheet was drawn over the dear face; even the dark, curly head was hidden from sight. Mum gazed stupidly, and then plucked the covering aside. One instant, and then an awful cry, the cry of a young heart

broken, ascended to heaven, and Mum fell senseless to the floor.

He awoke hours afterwards, from the sleep of exhaustion that followed, to a strange sound. A man's voice was filling the room with long-rolling sentences. Mum raised himself on his elbow and looked about him. They were all down on their knees and the minister from Red Creek was praying. Mum listened in apathetic wonder. What was the use of praying?

When the minister was going, Mum staggered to his feet and followed him outside the door.

"Do you believe *that*?"

"Do I believe what?" looking pityingly at the haggard young face.

"Do you believe that God answers prayer?"

"As surely as I believe that I am alive."

"Then pray a prayer for me."

"What is it, my boy?"

"Pray that when I'm a man I'll meet Jim McBain again—just once."

In her grief Mrs. McBain had confided in the minister, so he understood. He laid his hand on Mum, and solemnly said: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay."

Mum turned wearily away. "It's too long to wait." There was no irreverence in the words, only the pitiful impatience of hurt humanity.

The next day they buried Lionel beneath the pines, where the creek wound under the hill.

Seven years passed in which Mum grew to manhood, with the thews and sinews of a giant. The railroad had come, and with it the town, as Lionel predicted, and McBain was counted rich in that country.

One day word came that Jim McBain had returned to his old home. The blood mounted to Mum's face, and his eyes gleamed, when he heard it. His mother noticed, and fully comprehended when he began making preparation to go a journey. He counted the hours till he would start, and at sundown went to Lionel's grave. It was well that he did so; for it was there that he learned the true value of many things.

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," spoke a voice to him out of the past. He started as at an unexpected sound. Oh, yes, it was the minister who told him that; he had forgotten. His eyes followed the upward flight of a bird. It vanished in the blue through which the evening star shone out. One by one all sounds were hushed; and one by one the lights of heaven were lit. How wonderful, and how impossible to comprehend were all His works!

A strange, new feeling took possession of Mum, the boy-man. He felt a longing to throw everything down as a tired child might, leaving it all to the Maker of all things.

Out of the shadows his mother came to his side. "You are going to see Jim McBain?" she said.

"I was thinking of it."

In the silence that followed Mum got the impression that everything was listen-

ing. The stars, and the motionless leaves, and the staring white stones on the hillside. She spoke again.

"Don't forget that he said you were 'born in the likeness of old man Cleary; and no man could stand against him in all Tipperary.'"

Mum threw his arms out as if throwing something from him.

"Don't, mother; it sickens me. I could make him feel the weight of my arm; I meant to do it; but *I'm afraid!* It is when I think of revenge that Lion seems farthest from me. He would not wish it. You know that, don't you?" His eyes questioned her eagerly.

In fairness to the dead boy she was forced to answer: "He never held spite at any one in all his life." Then she turned and left him, going slowly down the hill.

An hour later the moon looked down on a young face on which forgiveness and peace had laid a transfiguring touch.

The Alien Rose

By KATHERINE HALE.

God set a great Rose blooming in the sun,
And made it red as love and strong and tall;
Then, from its crimson kindred, taught this one
Escape—beyond the Rosary's ancient wall.

And every man, as he passed by, paused long
And looked and loved; then sought the Garden's mart.
Each said: "This flower is like a perfect song,"
But plucked it not because it stood apart.

If it had grown with others of its kind,
Some lover would have found and held it fast;
Because 'twas solitary just God's wind
Caught its strange sweetness, seized its soul at last.

French-Canadian Folk-Lore

By LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

Fifth Installment

Now, if we leave the domain of history, we enter into the fifth category: that of the legends and superstitions whose origin and sources can be retraced nowhere else but in our midst. Among those legends can be noted especially that of the witches of the Island of Orleans. For many years the inhabitants of the south shore of the St. Lawrence never questioned their existence, from Point Levis to St. Michel de Bellechasse. How could it be otherwise? The boatmen who had had the curiosity and boldness to venture near the shore of the island, on the nights of the apparitions, had returned home terror-stricken, and related the most fearful tales.

Of course you all understand that these frightful spectres had empty pumpkin heads lighted as lanterns, and bundles of live eels for tails, with appropriate accessories. No doubt either as to the still-born child, who could be nothing else but a savoury suckling pig, the solid joint of some joyous picnic.

But who were those sorcerers? And what was the object of their fantastic mascarades? Those sorcerers known far and wide were simply a set of cunning fiends, who having discovered some rich fishing ground in the coves of their island, and wishing to secure them for themselves, had adopted this means to keep away the fishermen of the southern coast. All the rest had grown out of excited imaginations.

There is another legend which was for many years very popular in our country places. Dancing on Sunday has ever been considered by our people as a kind of

sacrilege. But it is also customary among them to celebrate mid-lent—*la mi-carême*—by a little jollification. In one such circumstance, one of our good farmers, who had a pretty daughter of marriageable age, had given a dancing party to which all the neighbourhood had been invited. As it was on Saturday, at midnight sharp, he gave the signal to cease dancing; but the girl was anxious to have another cotillion, and the weak father, although reluctantly, consented to it. At the very same moment a young and elegant stranger entered the house, as a *survenant*, and proposed himself as a partner to the young girl. In our country parts a *survenant* is a man who joins a dancing party without an invitation; the *survenants* are generally welcome on the condition of being jolly fellows and good dancers. Of course the newcomer was too fine-looking and elegantly dressed not to have his company accepted with pleasure. And the cotillion started on, amid the fiddle strains and joyful laughter.

At the most animated moment the young girl uttered a sharp scream, drawing rapidly her hand from the stranger's, who—something unusual in such quarters—was dancing with his gloves on. The dance stopped, and every one looked at each other with inquiring anxiety, while the young girl wiped off a drop of blood on her hand.

The handsome stranger was nobody else but Satan himself; and the wound had been inflicted by one of his claws piercing through the kid of his glove. It is an easy matter to imagine what followed; as soon as the Evil One was discovered, the

whole assemblage rushed out, while the poor victim panted at the hands of the ravisher, who, throwing off all disguise, impudently resumed his infernal aspect. Fortunately the mother of the poor child had a bottle of holy water at the head of her bed. She seized it, and bravely rushing upon the Devil, threw the liquid right into his accursed face. A terrible imprecation was heard; an infecting vapour spread through the house, while the ceiling and roof broke open with a terrible crash, leaving a chasm which never could be repaired till the building itself was torn down.

We have also the *Marionnettes* dances. *Marionnettes* is a popular name for northern lights, which enjoy a rather mysterious reputation among our peasants. Several of them believe earnestly they are animated beings, evil spirits, distracted souls, wandering demons, any thing you like; and it is traditional that some of our witches of the past could make them dance at will, by playing the violin and pronouncing certain cabalistic words. This fact I heard most seriously asserted several times when I was a boy.

One of our most curious legends of the same kind is that of the enormous bear-skin muffs of our grandmothers. Some of them were bewitched. They went out o' nights, indulging in all sorts of fantastic sport by moonlight. They were often met after sunset along the highways, where their black silhouettes stood out, grotesque and menacing, on the snowy background. They rolled, rolled, rolled, and rolled like the distaff of a spinning-wheel, then stopped short, reared themselves on end with bewildered airs, as if to watch the passers-by.

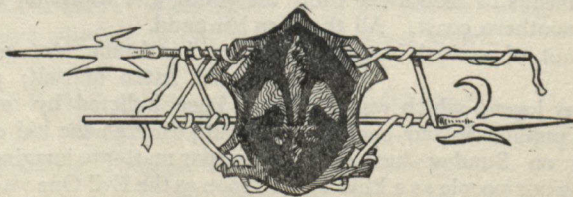
Suddenly your horse pranced, snort-

ing in a terrified fashion. Leaning over to look forward, you saw just in front of you, right in your way, an indescribable black beast, a monster without head, tail or feet. It was a freebooting muff. If you had not with you some hallowed object or a pistol loaded with a wax-taper, the danger was great; you had only to turn about and fly away as fast as you could.

Sometimes—and this was certainly the most dreadful occurrence—the spectre would even follow you, rolling so fast that the best horse, running at full speed, had all possible difficulty in keeping it at a distance. The goal might be reached only after miles of mad racing; and then if you looked around, the muff was no longer to be seen. And with people who knew no better, you passed for a fibber, for having dreamt, or taken a glass too many.

Most astonishing tales were told on the subject. In certain parishes on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, the bewitched muffs became so numerous that, not only persons inclined to be superstitious, but even reputed strong-minded ones, dared not travel on the highway after nightfall.

Fancy what fun practical jokers had, wrapped in sheets whose whiteness vied with that of the snow, two fellows, posted one on each side of the road, held both ends of a string passed through the opening of the muff; so that whichever way they pulled, the muff seemed to move of itself forward or backward in the middle of the road. At this terrible sight, the most skeptical were naturally seized with a wild fear, and ran home, pale with terror, to recount the most incredible adventures. Many antique and world-renowned legends never had more serious foundation.



Plays of the Season

By JOHN E. WEBBER



MADAME NAZIMOVA
in her new play "The Comet"



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL,
the celebrated English actress



MISS FLORENCE ROBERTS
in "The Struggle Everlasting"

"Silence," remarks Mr. Henry James somewhere, "is the perfection of disapproval, and it has the great merit of leaving the value of speech, when the moment comes for it, unimpaired." This convenient form of criticism may be invoked with singular appropriateness in discussing the present season of drama where so much that has been done were better passed over in silence.

Financially (and as producers are not, primarily, public benefactors, their view point becomes important), results* have been disastrous; while in literary and dramatic achievement we have only been saved from bankruptcy by a mere handful of plays: *Rosmersholm*, *The Master Builder*, *Le Voleur* (The Thief), *The Witching*

Hour, *The Morals of Marcus*, *My Wife*, and some of Mr. Arnold Daly's adventures in his "Theatre of Ideas." But it often happens, and the reason is perhaps obvious, that prevailing currents are more easily determined in the failures than in the successes. At any rate, the signs of these theatrical times, if signs there be, are to be read in such failures as Henry Arthur Jones' *The Evangelist*, Milton Royle's *The Struggle Everlasting*, Samuel Shipman's *The Spell*, Martha Morton's *The Movers*, and that pageant of scenery and stately verse, *The Christian Pilgrim*, a theatrical adaptation, of course, of Bunyan's immortal allegory, which for a time monopolised attention.

In all these plays the note of high



John Drew in "My Wife"

moral purpose was manifest—in *The Spell* even reactionary—and the coincidence of their appearance almost lent colour to the suspicion of a concerted effort toward our social and moral reclamation through the medium of the stage.

Perhaps, as in *The Evangelist*, this intention was too manifest and fell short for this reason, the zeal for once outstripping the art. For even soul-saving, to say nothing of play-writing, is an art, albeit a lost one, in these days of the vulgar revivalist. This is not to say that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones' "Evangelist," modern as his methods are, is personally a vulgarian. Certainly he is not mercenary, and certainly is not to be hired

by fashionable congregations at so much *per convert*. In fact, he showed himself a straightforward, clean-cut sort of fellow, with a very real love for his master and humanity, and in his own sphere would doubtless accomplish all that Mr. Jones claims for him. But the stage did not prove to be his sphere. There was one delightful act in the play: the first, where the representatives of various denominations, dissenting and otherwise, meet together and expose their mutual bickerings. The result is excellent satire on religious doctrinaires, but, as Mr. Jones should have known, controversy of this sort is peculiar to British localities and is neither understood or appreciated on Broadway. The one opportunity for a dramatic conflict—where, a sense of chivalry overcoming the Evangelist's scruples, he lies to save a woman's reputation—Mr. Jones conveniently shirked. This

was unfortunate and unpardonable, for all that followed bore as much relation to drama as a flamboyant chromo does to painting.

A much more successful appeal of the kind, and infinitely more artistic, was Mr. Milton Royle's modern morality play *The Struggle Everlasting*. This proved to be a serious attempt to state in terms of the modern stage the eternal conflict between the material and spiritual forces of life. We had *Mind*, for instance, represented by a university graduate, *Worldly-Wise*, whose motto might be, "Don't be caught with the goods," by a cautious, self-satisfied professor; *Body*, by a beautiful, voluptuous woman, who lured with the power and charm of a

siren, actor, musician, financier, prince and pugilist to their destruction. Having incidentally made wreck of all their lives she is ultimately reclaimed by *Soul*, in the form of a young Evangelist, for whom she makes the supreme sacrifice. In spite of certain crudities and a lack of literary polish which a work of this character would seem to demand, the piece had elements of real greatness, and at least two of the acts were absorbingly interesting and dramatic. Miss Florence Roberts, one of the finest and most intelligent actresses we have, gave a most impressive performance of *Body*, and in the face of such a presentation the failure of the piece to score can only be attributed to public indifference to its theme. Miss Henrietta Crossman did a like service for *The Christian Pilgrim* clothing the part of *Pilgrim* with impressive dignity and speaking the immortal lines with considerable eloquence and earnestness. Whether it had at times the broad, masculine sweep which, from a male standpoint at least, we consider inimical to successful combat with stress and storm, may be questioned. John Bunyan, convinced theologian that he was, had a dramatic sense that was truly Olympic, and to bring out these sterner dramatic qualities a stronger note seemed at times necessary.

"The Right of Way," in the dramatic version, had some of these faults—or virtues, according to the viewpoint—of high moral purpose, and the dramatic side was weakened in consequence. But, on the whole, Sir Gilbert Parker's story proved ex-



Ermele Novelli, the great Italian actor

cellent melodrama, and, as you know, was exceptionally well acted, particularly Mr. Theodore Roberts' characterisation of *Joe Portugais*, which still lingers as one of the real acting memories of the early season.

But while these and other efforts we could name are significant of certain definite moral currents, failures, unfortunately, have not been confined to this particular domain of endeavour. For instance, the solitary poetic drama of the season, "*Sappho and Phaon*," remote enough from these in purpose and theme, met a lamentable reception in spite of a superb presentation and the presence of Madame Kalich in the cast.

Turning to confessedly lighter of-

ferings, whether the psychological effect of so much gloom is the cause, or whether the mediocrity of effort has been simply extended in every direction, may be left to those to whom axioms are indispensable. The fact remains that scarcely one joyous comedy of first-rate literary importance has appeared to gladden our sorrowful way. Not that we are unreasonable enough to look for the startling cleverness of *The Gay Lord Quex* or *The New York Idea*, or even *Mr. Hopkinson*, as an annual occurrence; while the scintillations of Mr. Bernard Shaw's wit, like the stars themselves, we have come to take for granted. The nearest approach to any approved standard of comedy was *My Wife*, a translation from the French of M. Gavault and M. Charnay by Mr. Michael Morton.



Miss Margaret Illington in "The Thief"

When Knights Were Bold, a much-heralded English farce-comedy, by Mr. Charles Marlowe, follows—though somewhat afar off, it must be confessed—*The Road to Yesterday*, of last season's fame. Nowhere are there the literary charms or those delicate qualities of romance and poetry that distinguished its forerunner, while the "Road" itself has been considerably broadened for popular travel. *Sir Guy*, the surviving descendant of the ancient house of *de Vere*, has inherited along with his title and estates, it seems, the instincts of a Philistine. An ultra-modern, he purposes among other acts of vandalism to remodel the ancient but somewhat inhospitable castle to suit modern ideas of comfort and convenience. In this he is opposed by his cousin and sweetheart, a rather acid lady, who also compares him, to his great disadvantage, with former representatives of the ancient house. Even the family armour is several sizes too large for his very diminutive figure. Finally, through the agency of a dream, he is transported back to those days when knights were bold, and of course finds their reputation for valour mostly a myth and the clumsy contrivances of the past no match for present day mobility.

What a really unctious comedian might do with the part of *Sir Guy* may be easily conjectured, and in this respect the London production was no doubt more fortunate than we have been. Mr. Francis Wilson, who enacts the role here, however, is a clown, not a comedian.

Hurdy-gurdy shows, under various aliases, have come and gone on their tuneless way just as in former years, but this season their monotony has been varied by at least two offerings of distinct merit. One of these, "Tom Jones," founded on Fielding's novel, is a fine example of the long-lost comic opera of the old days, when this form of entertainment was still regarded as an art. The other, *The Merry Widow*,

is an operatic siren who has sung and danced her way into public favour to a degree almost without precedent in the history of musical comedy offerings. For both we are indebted to Mr. Henry Savage.

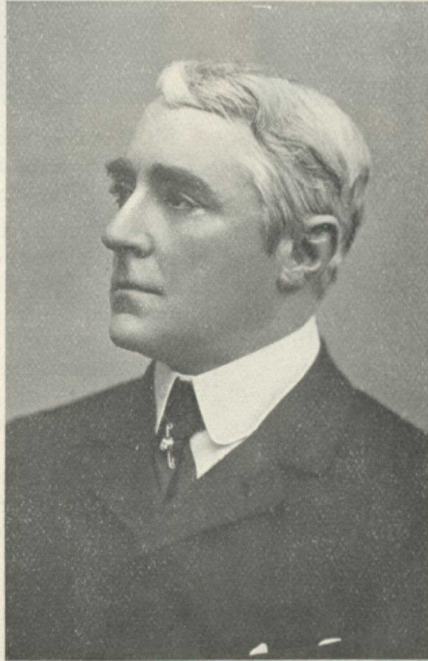
With "My Wife," a sprightly comedy of considerable literary charm and cleverness, which also incidentally furnishes Mr. John Drew with a thoroughly congenial role, we turn to the more exclusive concerns of the drama, as well as to some of the more hopeful aspects of the half-season's output. The story of this little French play has to do with the fortunes of a vivacious and highly unconventional young ward and her good-natured bachelor guardian, whom she persuades to marry her, nominally, of course, in order to escape a distasteful marriage that has been arranged for her. This very amiable arrangement magnanimously provides for his release at the end of a year. At the end of the period, of course, the guardian finds himself seriously in love with the little ward. The rest needs no telling. In the meantime, some very amusing situations have arisen, providing excellent comedy and clean, wholesome entertainment. As a successor to *His House in Order*, however, which Mr. Drew presented last year, *My Wife* falls somewhat short apparently.

Another, and the most pronounced success of the half-season owing to French origin, is Mr. Henri Bern-

stein's *Le Voleur* (The Thief), which, even in the anglicised version we have seen, proves a wonderfully clever theatrical vehicle. Mr. Bernstein is one of the younger French writers who have come rapidly to the front of late, and the piece seems to have made a considerable impression in Paris on its presentation there a season or two ago. It is typically French, both in treatment and viewpoint, as the story will show. *Marise*,

the beautiful young wife of *Richard Voysin*, with whom she is madly and foolishly in love, has been tortured by the possibility of losing her hold on her husband's affections. To supplement her abundant material attractiveness, therefore, she indulges in various little extravagances of dress and adornment, incurring in the process debts which, of course, their modest income could never overtake. At the time of the play they are staying at the home of the wealthy *Legardes*, where, the opportunity presenting itself conveniently,

Marise resorts to theft. By a curious combination of circumstances, suspicion falls on the young son of the *Legardes*, who, as it happens, has conceived a romantic fascination for *Marise*. To shield the object of his infatuation, he assumes the guilt and confesses. Later *Voysin* discovers large sums of money in *Marise's* possession, for which she is unable to account. Tasked with the crime, she finally confesses. Scenes of



Mr. Kyrle Bellew, as *Richard Voysin*
in "The Thief"



Marie Doro, as *Carlotta* in "The Morals of Marcus"



Mr. C. Aubrey Smith, as *Sir Marcus* and Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, as *Judith*, in "The Morals of Marcus"

denunciation ending in forgiveness, disturbed again by jealous suspicions of the young man's motive in implicating himself to save *Marise*, provide a series of powerful dramatic climaxes that for cumulative force and emotional intensity are not often equalled. The presentation, on the whole, is very satisfactory. Mr. Kyrle Bellew, though more or less artificial at all times, acts the part of *Richard Voysin* with considerable distinction, bringing to the characterisation, among other things, certain essential qualities of breeding and fine manner that are altogether too rare on the American stage. Margaret Illington, in spite of a still somewhat limited emotional range, does remarkable work in the exacting role of *Marise*. In the coquettish lighter scenes, at least, she is wholly charming and satisfying.

The Witching Hour, by Mr. Augustus Thomas, is in many respects the play of the year. It lacks the intense emotional interest of Mr. Bernstein's play just noted, but it is also freer from those ordinary theatrical tricks by which the French playwright has produced his stirring effects. Into a naturally strong, virile play of considerable narrative inter-

est, remarkably firm in technique, and full of clever dialogue, plentifully relieved by flashes of wit and humorous insight, Mr. Thomas has, moreover, projected with evident seriousness the ever-fascinating subject of telepathy. Psychic communication is virtually the theme of the play, and it not only provides a considerable part of the discussion, but it also enters effectively into the action of the play—mental control, for instance, paralysing the hand of a murderer at the psychological moment of thrusting the pistol against his victim's breast. The suggestive uses are infinite, and, it must be confessed, rather terrifying to contemplate. In the play an insane dread of *hoodoo* is cured, a jury is influenced favourably, unspoken questions are asked and answered, the truth is everywhere laid bare, and the lie becomes an impossibility through these subtle channels of communication.

From the standpoint of popular interest, this little excursion into the occult has proved an entire success, and those who care to may reflect with considerable satisfaction on the possible salutary effect of the contemplation it invites on the "dynamic force of

thought." The central character, *Jack Brookfield*, admirably enacted, by the way, by Mr. John Mason, now a full-fledged star in the dramatic firmament, is a notorious gambler, art connoisseur and general man of the world, who suddenly discovers himself gifted with psychic powers. Whereupon follows the suspicion that his skill at the card table is nothing more or less than a faculty for mind reading. This commonplace explanation will come as a shock to certain devotees, who, like Brookfield, have attributed their skill to a process of very clever deduction. The revelation produced enough shock in Brookfield's case to reform him, and from the "rotter," which as a good sport he saw himself to be, he emerges a reputable and very likeable member of society. A great deal happens by the way, of course, the action running the gamut of various human emotions and sentiments, the scene shifting in the process from a fashionable gambler's house to the United States Supreme Court bench and back again.

The dramatised novel is proverbially disappointing, though, curiously enough, Mr. Loche's refreshing *Morals of Marcus* has suffered less in this respect than many less fanciful creations. Besides, a much-needed literary flavour has been added to our theatrical repast in the attempt, and for this we are prepared to overlook much. To adequately portray in action, often hurried at that, characters that have been patiently unfolded by the the difficult literary process, is in the nature of things impossible. Nor can flesh and blood, be it

never so fair, ever quite realise the illuiveness and delicate texture of the mental image. But while Miss Marie Doro may not entirely realise the preconceived *Carlotta*, she at least offers us a charming substitute and one we soon found ourselves accepting gladly. Of course, *Carlotta* is impossible. We have that on the authority of practically the entire feminine world; but it is none the less refreshing to view for a moment, even in fancy, this naive, instinctive creature, infinitely beautiful and pagan to the core, against a background of our own hypocritical civilisation.

Sir Marcus ("Seer Marcoos," according to *Carlotta*), the scholarly recluse, is, of course, an adorable char-



Mrs. Fiske, the actress *par excellence* of the American stage, as *Rebecca West* in "*Rosmersholm*"



Miss Edith Wynne Mathison, who has come to America to star in "The Servant in the House" and "Winter Feast"

acter, quaint, kindly, humorous; and Mr. Aubrey Smith, who played the part with such success in London last season, has caught the spirit of Mr. Locke's creation to an eminent degree. Liberties have been taken with the story, some that were necessary to a stage presentation, and others, it would seem, merely to forestal popular prejudice. For instance, *Judith*,

one of the real characters of the book, and delightfully acted by Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson in the stage version, is unnecessarily slandered, and the point of the story in consequence blunted, to make out a "jury case" for *Carlotta*. As though *Carlotta*, delightful, healthy little pagan that she is, needed to be squared to our paternal systems of morality! *Judith*, it is quite true, went to pieces at a critical moment just as Meredith's *Diana* does, but in the book she at least expiates, according to accepted canons, both her treachery and her unlawful (?) passion in a life of vicarious sacrifice.

For the most part, however—and these constitute the great charm of the book—the delicious humour and quaint, fanciful touches have been preserved, and the result is one of the daintiest dramatic bits of the season, refreshing in tone and thoroughly literary and scholarly in flavour.

John Gladye's Honour, by Alfred Sutro, written in much the same sententious vein as the same author's *The Walls of Jericho*, contained some positive elements of drama, and the treatment of a familiar dramatic *motif*, the triangle, is in some respects novel and interesting. The *denouement*, particularly in the unhappy mental plight it leaves the lovers, offered a distinct surprise and was dramatically convincing. Its carefully concealed satire also suggests a possible later word on the general subject. Over-emphasis of points, however, and the general obviousness of Mr. Hackett's acting methods marred the presentation greatly.

Miss Barrymore's new offering, *Her Sister*, by Clyde Fitch, does not reveal this interesting actress in any new charms, nor does it add the figurative cubit to her artistic stature. The old charms are there, it is true, undiminished and apparently undiminishable, and with these an admiring public seems content. One cannot help recalling, however, a portrait

from last season's gallery, that of the simple charwoman in *The Silver Box*, which Miss Barrymore drew with such sympathetic insight, and in which she touched a note of pathos that was tragic in its quiet depth. The skill and refinement of acting that went into this characterisation were far beyond the ordinary, and led us to hope that the newly-discovered vein might be worked for more of its rich treasure. The new Fitch play itself is altogether of the workshop order.

* * *

Someone has made the observation that after Ibsen, all other art seems dead. The truth of this remark was forced upon us at least twice this season: once after the presentation of *The Master Builder*, by Mme. Nazimova and Mr. Walter Hampden, and still more forcibly after the presentation of *Rosmersholm* by Mrs. Fiske and her superb company, including Mr. Arliss. (And if anyone should find in the chronological arrangement of this narrative a further tacit acknowledgment of the truth, we shall not protest.) These two plays represent the highest intellectual efforts of the season, and an entire article would be needed to do either performance justice.

Rosmersholm alone among Ibsen's modern dramas owes its direct origin to the political conditions of Norway at that time. In 1885, a year after the close of the long and bitter struggle between the Storting and the Crown, Ibsen returned to Norway to find that the great political conflict had left behind it a trail of fanaticism and deep-rooted hatred. The bitterness of the vanquished is well expressed in *Rector Kroll*, and the extreme of radicalism in the opportunist *Mortgengard*.

It is against this background of political strife, the old order against the new, that the spiritual tragedy of *John Rosmer* and *Rebecca West* is woven. The importance which Ibsen

attaches to woman's part in the social evolution, first suggested in *The Master Builder*, becomes a dominating note in *Rosmersholm*, where it is struck with full force. In each we find a woman struggling for the supremacy of a man's soul, or should we say struggling to give man his soul's freedom. In *Rosmersholm*, through the influence of *Rebecca West*, *John Rosmer*, a traditional conservative in religion and politics, has become a warm-hearted reformer and free-thinker. Poor *Beate*, brooding over the apostasy and tortured in secret by the merciless *Rebecca*, has taken the way of the mill-race, leaving her husband free to *Rebecca's* influence. This is the situation developed in the first act. *Beate* has been dead for a year, we learn, and life at *Rosmersholm* has settled down to a sombre, platonic calm. But, through the shadows that flit and allusions to white horses that come and go, we see the dead woman's hands still clutching *Rosmer's* soul in a fatal clasp. *Beate* dead is more potent than *Beate* living, *Rebecca* finds.

"You know you never dare go out on the foot-bridge," *Rebecca* observes later.

Rosmer: "Have you noticed that?"

Rebecca: "Yes, it was that made my love hopeless."

But the psychological moment for *Rosmer* to speak and throw off the *Rosmersholm* yoke, comes, notwithstanding. Superstition and a natural shrinking of the recluse from publicity are gone. At last *Rosmer* is free, and above the political storm that wages outside and the hate of friends turned foes within, we hear the first cry of freedom—love. Then follows the exposure of *Rebecca's* part in the tragedy of *Beate*, and the shadow deepens again, deepens forever by a law of life beyond their control, beyond even *Rebecca's* lifting. "*Rosmersholm* has sapped my strength," she pleads. "My old, undaunted will has had its wings clipped here. It is

crippled. The time is past when I had courage for anything in the world. I have lost the power of action, Rosmer." . . . And together they seek *Beate's* way. It is a spectral, shadowy, haunting play, with the hand of fatality over it all, a fatality that has its roots deep planted in tradition, that follows us with a scourge of unreason and drives us, shrinking, back into the night.

In a performance of such exquisite poise, where the artistic values are all so perfectly adjusted as in this, it is difficult to particularise. Fuller Mellich, as *Rector Kroll*, could hardly be improved on, and in *Rebecca West* Mrs. Fiske, the artist *par excellence* of the American stage, has given us one of her most finished, fascinating portraits. Perhaps the highest single note was struck by Mr. Arliss in the

fantastic character of Ulric Brendel, one time tutor, and now a sort of vagrant, homeless dreamer—"deposed monarch on his ash heap," he styles himself—who wanders in and out of the picture like a lost spirit.

Here the note is unmistakably Ibsen in its power to transcend mundane things and suggest the "vision." As it rises, the scene fills with a strange, indefinable rapture, leaving behind it one of those complete moments we cherish indefinitely. If Mr. Arliss' performance in this is not genius it is as near an approach to that commodity as we can reasonably hope for. Ibsen, too, has put some of his most beautiful lines into the mouth of this apparently sympathetic character, and a more beautiful rendering of them than Mr. Arliss gave we can hardly imagine.

"I am going homeward, my beloved pupil," he says to *Rosmer*. "I am homesick for the mighty nothingness . . . For five and twenty years I have sat like a miser on his double-locked treasure-chest. And then yesterday when I opened it and went to display the treasure, there's none there! The teeth of time have ground it into dust."

In his description of *Mortensgard*, he unlocks another treasure chest that possibly holds an Ibsen secret of omnipotence," he says; "he never wills more than he can do. . . He is capable of living his life without ideals. And that, do you see, is just the mighty secret of action and victory. It is the sum of the whole world's wisdom."

If the *Rosmersholm* yoke is superstition, the *Master Builder* yoke is sentimentalism. *Rosmer* went down with the millstone of the one around his neck, and



Mr. Frederick Dorr Steele's conception of Madame Nazimova in the title role of "The Comet" by Mr. Owen Johnson

Solness, the morbid, brooding slave of the other, falls from his high tower, a victim of moral and spiritual vertigo.

In each of the Ibsen dramas woman plays the dominant part, *Rebecca's* heroic efforts to rid *Rosmer* of the yoke finding a counterpart in *Hilda's* struggle to resurrect old ideals in *Solness*, to cure his sickly conscience and make him stand once more on a tower of his own building, where she had seen him ten years before. *Solness's* spiritual obsession dates, it appears, from this time. He had climbed to the top of his own tower for the first time, and from its height had hurled defiance to high heaven for a cruel calamity that had befallen his home. "And when I stood there, high over everything and was hanging the wreath over the vane, I said to him: Hear me now, thou Mighty One. From this day forward I will be a free builder; I too in my sphere just as thou art in thine. I will never build any more churches for thee—only homes for human beings. . . ."

Hilda: "That was the song that I heard through the air."

Ten years later, when the play opens, we find *Solness* at the head of his profession, outwardly prosperous, even affluent, famed as the "Master Builder"; but, inwardly, we know him to be the victim of morbid self-reproach, sickly sentimentality, and living in constant dread of the younger generations. Rough, but generous at heart, as shown in his misplaced sympathy for poor *Aline* (*Aline*, who sorrows only for her dolls and gowns, not the children), this gnawing fear has made him heartlessly selfish to the extent of denying his apprentice, *Ragnar*, even a small boon of recognition, lest he may supplant him. This is the situation when *Hilda* enters, fresh as the morning, with the fine, healthful glow of mountain life on her young cheeks; *Hilda*, who, as a little girl, ten years before, had seen the "Master Builder" high up on his

tower, received his playful promise afterward of a kingdom, and keeping both the vision and the promise clear, has come to claim both at his hands.

Hilda thus becomes the custodian of the *Solness* ideal, holding up to the man *Solness* the image of the artist *Solness*—*Solness* at his best and highest, daring the impossible. And toward this ideal she impells him until he makes the attempt that results so fatally. "The longing to see you great; to see you with a wreath in your hand high, high up upon your church tower. . . . Is it so or is it not that my master builder dares not, cannot climb as high as he builds?"

Mme. Nazimova brought to the interpretation of *Hilda* the same high intelligence and deep understanding of the great dramatist which have characterised her other Ibsen portraits, *Nora* and *Hilda*, reviewed last season. Her acting, too, has the same illuminating qualities, doing much to amplify what is often more or less ambiguous in the text. Some of the moments might be charged with more beauty, perhaps, more of spiritual beauty, that is, but it would be difficult to charge any with more real, thrilling intensity than she has done. The vital spark is always there.

While *Hilda* is the torch (and in Nazimova's hand she becomes a most illuminating torch) that guides us through the darkened chambers of Ibsen's thought, the great physical burden of the play rests on *Solness*. And for just such a burden Mr. Walter Hampden is endowed as few actors are. Magnificent in physique, beautiful in every feature, and with a voice of deep, resonant quality, he realised the visual image to perfection. He will appear shortly with Miss Edith Wynne Mathison in her husband's (Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy's) plays, *The Servant in the House*, and *The Winter Feast*, both to be produced under Mr. Henry Miller's management.

Champlain's Last Journal

By IDA BURWASH

ON a Canadian bookshelf stands a little old book, very precious though small. Its original covers are gone—worn away or lost long ago, for this book was published in Paris in the year 1620. Time has not dimmed its pages; for while its spelling and lettering are quaint, its illustrations, though curious, are clear, the ink as black as that of prints produced but yesterday. Its title speaks for itself:

The Travels of the Sieur de Champlain, Captain in Ordinary to the King, for New France, in the years 1615 and 1616.

This little volume contains the last journal of Champlain, which was kept by him while in Canada and later was published in book form. To Canadians, a glance through its pages may be of special interest this year — the year that marks the tercentenary of the founding of Quebec.

The publication of his journal was not a light matter to Champlain. The winter of 1619 he spent in Paris; and there during that season he might often have been seen climbing the steps of the *Palais de Justice* on his way to the quaint *Galerie des Prisonniers*, where the publishing houses of the time were lodged.

His was probably a well-known figure in the *Galerie des Prisonniers*. The Journal of 1620 was not his first book. In the autumn of 1603, on his return from his first trip to Canada, he made from his notes a report for the King, and with the King's permission this report was published in

Paris in the year 1604 under the title "*Des Sauvages*." So Champlain's first book came into being. It was largely read, greatly to his satisfaction, for from the first he had dreams of colonising Canada. For English readers a quaint translation of this little book exists. It was put into English as long ago as the year 1625 by Purchas, in London; and it describes very briefly Champlain's voyage from Honfleur to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and up the river to La-chine.

It is the description of the man of science rather than the man of letters, for it dwells little on the dream of empire simmering within the writer's soul, little on the beauty of the country with which his eyes were filled. True to his promise to bring back "a faithful report," his first care was to see exactly what lay before him in this new land. Not until later did the benevolent wish arise within him, "to tame the brute beast in these savages," to humanise them, at least, if he could not make them Christians.

So direct is his first account of the Indians, the scene stands out as if painted on a canvas.

On landing at Tadousac he was plunged at once into an encampment of the Montagnais, and every incident of that experience is clearly stated—his visit to the camp of their Chief Anadabijou with his admission to the strange council going on within it; the dark warriors seated in rows down the sides of the council lodge; the

speech made at once by the Indian whom Champlain had just brought back from France, telling of the people he had seen, their manner of living and the wish of the French King to aid the Montagnais against their enemy the Iroquois. Even the silence in which this speech was received is noted down, also the strange thick gutturals, the Hoh! Hoh! Hoh! by which the red man signified assent. Then their barbarous feast, with its many kettles bubbling over the long row of fires down the centre of the lodge; the wild faces gleaming over the bark basins; the wilder dance of a savage round the kettles with a dog in his arms; wildest of all, the united howl of the assembled savages as the dancer cast the dog down at the feet of the Great Sagamo or Chief, all the while the dusky scalps of their enemies swaying behind them on the smoked walls. Later a scalp-dance was given to celebrate a recent victory. Yet, savage as it all was, Champlain was surprised at the oratory of the Indians; at their distinct speech, as at their clear answers; and later, in the face of all, even of their "naughtie qualitie" that "they were given to revenge and great lyars," he saw great hope of their being civilised and of being brought to be Christians if only their country "were planted."

There follows a discussion between Champlain and Anadabijou regarding religion. But like or unlike, the creeds of white man and red man show best in Champlain's words:

"Then," runs Purchas' translation, "I said unto him, since they believe in one God onely, How is it that he sent them into the world and from whence came they?"

"He answered me that after God made all things He tooke a number of arrowes and stuck them in the ground from whence men and women grew, which had multiplied in the world until this present, and had their originall on this fashion.

"I replied unto him that this which

he said was false; but that indeede there was one God onely which had created all things in the earth and in the heavens: seeing all these things so perfect without anybody to governe this world beneath, He tooke of the slime of the earth and thereof made Adam our first father: as Adam slept God took a rib of the side of Adam and thereof made Eve, whom He gave him for his companion: and that this was the truth and that they and we had our originall after this manner and not of arrowes as they believed."

Then comes a quaint sermon by Champlain on the time-honoured creed of his church, ending with the question "What ceremony used they in praying to their god?"

"None," was the answer, but that every one praised in his heart as he thought good.

In person Champlain admired these natives much, both men and women, "being well-made and of a tawnie colour." In summer they went about partly naked, but he learned later that in winter they wrapped themselves in good furs of beaver, otter, bear, deer and moose.

On June the 11th record was made of a short trip up the Saguenay. Questioning the Indians on its banks about its source, he placed even then with fair correctness both Lake St. John and Hudson Bay. "The said savages of the North," he writes, "say that they see a sea which is salt. I hold if this be so that it is some gulfe of this our sea which disgorgeth itselfe by the North Part between the lands: and in very deede it can be nothing else." So again, before the eyes of Champlain, as before the eyes of Columbus in the long ago, quivered the golden roofs of the phantom city of Cathay.

Leaving Tadousac, he continued up the river, describing all with the same accuracy—"a faire and levell country, the rivers pleasant, the North Coast delectable, the islands fertile,

Three Rivers a fit place to inhabit; and it might be quickly fortified, for the situation is good of itselfe and neere unto a lake." Already in imagination he pictured himself a peacemaker between the warring tribes of the New World, bringing Iroquois and Algonquin to meet in amity with the white man at Three Rivers, and a marvellous trade for France growing up thereby. Later in passing the mouth of the Richelieu he gained from his guides a fair idea also of this southern waterway through the Lakes Champlain, George and Hudson River. But, keeping at the time to the main stream of the St. Lawrence, on July 3rd, he reached the rapids of Lachine. Of this wild spot, named by him St. Louis Rapids, his own plain words best give his first impressions:

"At our coming neere to the said Sault with our Skiffe and Canoa, I assure you I never saw any streame of water to fall downe with such force as this doth; although it be not very high. It falleth as it were steppe by steppe: and in every place where it hath some small heighth, it maketh a strong boyling with the force and strength of the running of the water. In its breadth are many Rockes, and almost in the middest thereof are very narrow and long Ilands, where it is so dangerous that it is not possible for any man to passe with any Boat, how small soever that may be. But he that would passe must first fit himself with the Canoas of the Savages, which one may easily carrie. With the Canoas of the Savages a man may travell freely and readily unto all countries as well in the small as in the great rivers: so that directing himself by the means of the said Savages and their Canoas, a man may see all that is to be seene, good and bad, within the space of a year or two."

When penning those words he little dreamed of the western plains and towering mountains that space

included. From a band of wandering Hurons at Lachine, he gleaned some idea of the rapids farther on and of the Great Lakes, but from their assurance that the lakes were salt he formed the wrong impression that he was near the Pacific Sea. So by Friday, July 11th, he was back at Tadousac, brimful of the news that from the rapids of St. Louis to the China Sea was but 400 leagues. He had now done what he could. Time was precious, and the few remaining chapters of the journal note his homeward trip. They end with a brief allusion to the copper mines of Nova Scotia and to a frightful monster—the *Gou Gou*—said to inhabit those shores. This woman-monster was so terrible in size the ship's mast could not even reach her waist; not only was she cannibal—but worse—for she was provided with a huge pouch into which she thrust her victims, there to reflect in misery upon their coming fate, while so horrible were the noises and hissings of her voice, at the merest mention of them the savage quailed with fear.

Nine years after this Champlain's second book appeared. In 1613 it too was published in the *Galerie des Prisonniers*—brought out by Jean Bergon, an enterprising publisher, the proprietor of a shop in the Rue St. Jean, distinguished by its startling sign—a flying horse. Original copies of this second book are very rare; but the odes and stanzas that introduce it, as well as its dedication to the Queen Regent and the King, give it a more finished air. Its appearance roused fresh interest in the New World, for, in addition to its better maps, it gave for the first time a description of the plants and animals of the coast of North America. This little book is full of incident. Beginning with the founding of Quebec, it records Champlain's first battle with the Iroquois, his discovery of Lake Champlain, his first running of the rapids of Lachine, and his explora-

tion of the Ottawa. At the same time, here and there, throughout its pages is woven in fantastic pattern his strange experience of Indian life.

On July 3rd, 1608, he landed at Quebec. Much has been written and imagined of that interesting fact. Yet Champlain puts it very simply. It was the beginning of a city that was to be richer in history than any spot in Canada. Yet at the moment it probably appealed to its founder largely as a central and convenient stopping place. He writes: "Arrived there on July 3rd, I looked about for a suitable place for our buildings, but I could not find any more convenient or better situated than the point of Quebec (so-called by the natives) which was covered by walnut trees (sic). I at once set part of my workmen at cutting them down in order to make a dwelling; others I set at sawing plank, others at digging a cellar and making ditches, while the rest I sent back with the boat to Tadoussac for our supplies. The first thing that we made was a storehouse to shelter our provisions, which was soon built, owing to the diligence of all and to my personal attention to it

While the carpenters, sawyers and other labourers worked at our lodging, I put all the rest at clearing the ground round our dwelling in order to make garden plots in which to sow grain and seeds to see how they would all turn out, as the soil seemed very good." Such, written with the plainness of Defoe himself, is the first account of the founding of Quebec.

Again, by virtue of its simplicity we have a very real picture of that first winter at Quebec. An unconscious picture first of Champlain himself as he studied the natives fishing for eels, their winter provender. Winter meant hardship to the Indians, and vividly he paints the frightful condition of a tribe that, maddened by starvation, dashed across the river on the floating ice to be cast on shore like a band

of wandering skeletons, rejected by the grave itself. Horrible as were their ghoulish appetites, their filthiness and treachery, his ever-ready pity welled up strong within him at their miserable state. But with regard to his own affairs all is told as simply as if he were a comfortable farmer. "Oct. 1: Wheat planted. Oct. 15: Rye. Oct. 23: White frost and leaves beginning to fall. Oct. 24: Native vines planted, coming on finely. Nov. 18: Great snowfall, but snow melted in two days. Feb. 5: Snowed hard—the snow lasting in all from December to April in this latitude."

Immediately, however, that navigation opened, Champlain hurried up the river. Fortune went with him this time, for hoping to find the Indians who had told him of the Richelieu, he came upon a party of them camping at Ste. Anne. Headed by their Chief, Iroquet, they were on their way to see the white man's fort. Delighted at the meeting, they begged Champlain to take them to Quebec, promising in turn to guide him up the Richelieu if he would help them to fight their enemy the Iroquois. To this Champlain readily agreed. He was most anxious to see these southern waters, for who knew, indeed, in what direction lay the way to China.

A little later he was disappointed to find the Chambly rapids impassable by boat. But still undaunted he sent back his shallops with such of his men as feared to face the trip. Then with the two men who begged to follow him, and with the sixty Indians in their twenty-four canoes, he continued on his way. The woods, rich in game, and the lovely shores charmed him more and more; but the crowning beauty was not reached till he saw the lake to which he gave his name gleaming like a jewel in the hollow of the hills. Still no fine writing mars his page. So simple is the narrative, one can almost see his quiet smile and hear the voice in which he tried to persuade the superstitious In-

dians that their *Pilotois*, or Prophet, was a trickster, that despite the conjurer's whirling wigwam and the squeaking voice in which he gave the message of the "evil spirit," the fire he promised never issued from the tent. But, with all his effort to rid their minds of "such folly," it was constantly repeated.

As they neared the enemy, however, the experience grew thrilling. Travel was kept up mysteriously at night, till at last, July 29th, when creeping on in darkness, about ten o'clock they sighted the enemy off Point Ticonderoga. The Iroquois, too, had started on the war trail.

Loud yells at once broke the stillness of the night. Arms were hurriedly made ready by both sides, while the Iroquois, retreating to the shore, made a hasty barricade. But the French and their allies spent the night in their canoes, lashed close together, within range of the enemy. An odd embassy of two canoes was then sent over to the Iroquois to know if they wanted to fight. The odder message was returned that as there was not much light just then they would wait for daybreak, but that at sunrise they would open battle. So arranged, the night was passed in dancing, songs, and endless taunts hurled from one party to the other.

"Then," writes Champlain, "daylight being come — my companions and I kept under cover for fear the enemy should see us, preparing our arms as best we could, being separated from each other, each in one of the canoes of the Montagnais Indians. After arming ourselves with light armour, we each took an arquebus and landed. I could see the enemy come out from behind their barricade, nearly 200 men, strong and robust to look at, marching slowly towards us with a gravity and boldness that pleased me greatly. Leading them were three chiefs. Our Indians advanced in the same order. They told me that those who wore the three great plumes

were the chiefs, that there were only three of them, easily recognised by their feathers, which were much larger than those of their companions, and that I should do my best to kill these three. I promised them to do all that lay in my power, and I was truly sorry they could not understand me well enough to receive orders as to the manner of attacking the enemy; but as there was no help for this I was glad to make proof before them of my own zeal and courage when we joined in battle.

"Immediately on landing they began to run about 200 paces towards their enemies, who stood firm and had not noticed my companions, who had gone into the woods with some of the Indians. Our side began to call me with great shouting, and to make way for me they divided into two lines and put me in front, marching some twenty paces forward until I was about thirty paces from the enemy. As soon as they saw me they halted, looking at me and I at them. Seeing them moving to shoot at us, I laid my arquebus ready and aimed at one of the three chiefs. To this shot, two fell to the ground, and another man was wounded, who shortly after died. I had put four balls in my arquebus. When our men saw this shot so favourable for them they commenced to yell so loud one could scarcely have heard it thunder, the arrows meanwhile flying on both sides. The Iroquois were much astonished that two men should have been killed so promptly though protected by armour woven of cotton and twigs, proof against their arrows. As I reloaded, one of my companions fired a shot from the woods, which astonished them again to such an extent that seeing their chiefs dead they lost courage and fled, abandoning the field and their fort, flying into the depths of the woods, where following them I killed some more of them. Our Indians also killed a good many of them and took about ten or twelve prison-

ers. The rest fled with their wounded. About fifteen or sixteen of our men were wounded by arrows, but were soon healed. The battle won, our victorious Indians amused themselves by taking much of the Indian corn and meal left by the enemy, and their arms which they had thrown away in order to run the faster."

A horrible scene followed—one not soon to be forgotten—when for the first time Champlain saw the torture of an Indian prisoner. It roused him to such a pitch of anger and horror that the astonished Indians allowed him finally to shoot their last prisoner and so to end his agony.

The following year, 1610, a second battle with the Iroquois took place. This happened near the mouth of the Richelieu, after which Etienne Brulé, a young Frenchman, begged to be allowed to go back with the Hurons to their country, in order, writes Champlain, "to see the great lake, to observe the rivers and people, and also explore the mines, so that on his return he could give us information regarding these things."

Chief Iroquet, who was now devoted to Champlain, offered to take the lad and treat him like a son. In return, a young Indian was given to the French, to accompany them to France that he, too, might report the white man's ways. Baptised at once, this youth was named Savignon, "and we parted," notes the journalist, "promising to meet one another again at the Sault St. Louis next June." When the season opened the French were first at the *rendezvous*. Feeling anxious about Brulé, Champlain sent Savignon at once up the Ottawa to reconnoitre. Then, while waiting for the canoes, he began a small clearing on the spot now occupied by the custom house at Montreal. Two gardens were made, and a wall of clay built about four feet thick. It was at this time that he named Ste. Helen's Island. In a few days Savignon returned to report that there were no canoes

in sight; but he brought a graphic story of an island above the rapids where the "very air" was thick with herons. One of Champlain's youths, an enthusiastic hunter by name of Louis, was so excited by this tale that he begged Savignon to take him to the island. Joined by a Montagnais chief, the little party of three set off in a canoe in highest spirits. The story was not much exaggerated, and all went excellently till they turned for home. Then the chief, a pompous Indian, proposed to run the rapids at a dangerous place. Though the others objected, the chief persisted, with the result that the canoe at once upset and both Louis and the Montagnais were drowned. Savignon escaped, it is true, but only by his marvellous skill and courage.

"The next day," writes Champlain, "I went in another canoe to the rapids with the Indian and another of our men to see the place where they were lost, and also to see if we could find their bodies. I assure you when he showed me the spot my hair stood on end. It was a frightful place and I was astonished that the men lost had been so lacking in judgment as to choose so fearful a passage when they might have gone elsewhere. For to pass here was impossible, there being seven or eight descending pitches or steps, the least three feet high, where the water in turmoil boiled fiercely; in places it was white with foam, and the noise like thunder, as the air resounded with the roar of the rapids." The bodies were not recovered.

A little later, June 13th, came the Hurons and, with them, Brulé, hale and hearty, dressed like an Indian but well pleased with his experiment, of which he gave a most careful and interesting account. By help of his interpretation, Champlain seized the opportunity to gain such light as he could concerning the source of the St. Lawrence.

"Four of them assured me," he

writes, "that they had seen a sea very far from their country, but that the way to it was very difficult, not only because of the wars, but also because of the wilderness that must be crossed to reach it. They gave me very exact descriptions, showing me by signs all the places they had visited, taking great pleasure in relating all these things to me, of which I never tired of hearing." Altogether the talk was quite exhaustive.

The following night, then, Champlain was much surprised to be called secretly to a midnight council. For while he knew the Indians trusted him entirely, he was unaware as yet that they were afraid of his companions and their guns. They excused themselves, however, by the politic remark, "that when assembling to discuss action it was their custom to hold their meetings by night, in order that their attention should not be diverted by looking at things about them; that they should think but of listening, and that in daylight the mind was distracted by attention to surrounding objects."

Much talk followed, with exchange of handsome presents, among them collars of wampum and fifty beaver skins, all ending well, with the understanding that when Champlain was ready they would guide him to their country and allow him to make a settlement there. So at daybreak, with handshakes and good feeling, the council broke up. Next day Savignon went back to his people, but not without regretful memories of the luxuries left behind in distant Paris. Before the final start, however, Champlain was once more summoned to the rapids, that the Indians might express their good-will for the last time. This happily over, he begged them to take him down the rapids, and for a man who could not swim that was a daring act.

"In order to do this," he writes, "they made ready eight canoes and stripped themselves of their clothing

making me also take off everything but my shirt: for it often happens that some are lost in running this rapid, so on starting they keep close together in order to help each other promptly should any canoe upset. They said to me, 'if by accident yours should happen to turn over, as you do not know how to swim, do not let go on any account, but hold fast to the little bars fastened in the middle of it and we will save you easily.' I assure you that those who have neither seen nor passed this place in the little boats that they use could not do it without great apprehension—not even the boldest in the world. But these natives are so skilful in running rapids it is easy to them. I ran it with them, a thing I had never done before, nor any Christian, except my lad" (the Louis who was drowned).

Next day came a band of Algonquins from the Ottawa. While trading beaver skins, they said they also would like to take a Frenchman home with them, and would treat him well. So Nicolas de Vignau was sent by Champlain, with careful directions as to the things to be observed among them. This was in the summer of 1611.

The winter of 1612 Champlain spent in Paris; and it was there he received the strange intelligence that fired his brain. Early that winter Nicolas de Vignau, whom he had sent back with the Ottawas, arrived in Paris. And he arrived with a story to tell. He assured Champlain that he had seen the Northern Sea; that the Ottawa came from a lake that emptied into this sea; and that in seventeen days' journey one could go and come between the rapids of St. Louis and the Pacific waters; that he had seen the wreck of an English ship, whose crew had been scalped by Indians, and that they had an English boy, whom they were keeping as a gift for Champlain.

"This news," writes Champlain,

"pleased me very much. For I thought that I was about to find what I had been searching for, for so long a time." Still scarce daring to hope that the dream of his life was practically realised, he hesitated. He discussed the matter over and over with his friends, till, finally convinced, he sailed for Canada, the dastardly Vignau accompanying him as guide.

The winter had been mild, and as spring was far advanced, Champlain hurried on to Montreal. On May 26th he left Ste. Helen's Island, and soon his canoes were skimming the unknown waters of the Ottawa. It was not an easy journey, as mile by mile, day after day, they paddled on, shouldering their canoes past rapid after rapid, camping wherever night found them. Yet doubtless in the flicker of his camp fire golden visions leaped before the eyes of the leader of the party.

At Allumette Island they found a large encampment of the Ottawas. Here they landed; yet, impatient though he was, the careful explorer did not fail to note the landmarks. With courtesy he accompanied the Indians to inspect their burial places, sympathised with them in their persecution by the Iroquois, and offered to help them if they would settle at St. Louis rapid. This done, he arranged to meet with them the next day that they might hear his plans.

The day began with the usual *taba-gie*, or feast—each guest cross-legged on the floor, with his bark bowl and spoon. The feast despatched, the council-pipe was smoked in silence, Champlain smoking with the rest. Then, through his interpreter, his wishes were made known. First he gave the reason why he had not come the year before, as promised (he had been kept in France by the King's affairs); then, the point that he wished to visit the Nipissings on his way to the North Sea, and for this he wished them to give him four canoes and eight Indian guides.

This was promptly objected to. But Champlain was not lightly discouraged. Intent on reaching that sea, so clear in his imagination, he persevered, winning finally a reluctant promise, but informed later that the promise would not be kept, wily reasons being given. Disappointed, he tried again. This time the request was more modest. Would they give him two canoes and four guides? No, the difficulties were only multiplied. Angry then, he accused them of being "false and unfaithful," for had not his own man Vignau been in this country and had found none of these things urged by them? Then the storm burst.

Tessouat, their chief, in a rage turned to Vignau. "You are a bold liar!" he shouted, "you know very well that every night you slept here beside me with my children and every morning rose with them; if you have been to the country of this people you have been there in your dreams. How have you been so brazen as to make your chief believe such lies, and so wicked as to wish to risk his life amid such dangers!"

Champlain was thunderstruck. That was a terrible moment as he turned to question Vignau, who still stuck to his story. But when Champlain repeated to Tessouat the story of the English boy and the scalps of the Englishmen, they shouted more than ever that Vignau was a liar and should be tortured. Even yet the disturbed explorer could not face the bald horror of such failure. He strode off by himself to wrestle the matter out. After all, he asked himself uneasily, if the North Sea were so near as Vignau said, why had not these Indians seen it? Racked with doubt, he decided to settle the matter once for all. Striding back he demanded the truth from Vignau under penalty of death. Then the confession blubbed forth. Yes, he had invented all, partly for the importance it gave him in Paris, but chiefly for the sake of a free trip back to Canada and in

hope of a reward, for he felt sure the trip would be put off and his story believed.

For once the bounds of Champlain's anger burst. Ordering the craven from his sight, and being again by himself, he went over and over his disappointment in detail. But on regaining self-control, he went at once to the Indians to inform them of his mistake. They had resented his distrust, but they sympathised with him in his misfortune, and, still hot with rage at Vignau, shouted: "Give him to us and we promise you that he will never lie again." Angry as he was, Champlain was too humane for that. But it was with heavy heart he prepared to make the journey home, chafing at the thought of the precious summer wasted, and at the bitter downfall of his still more precious hope.

By June 17th he was once more at St. Louis. Here his sailors waiting with the ships received the news so different from the glowing tale expected, and here before them all Vignau was brought to the bar of justice. Confessing all, the wretched creature begged for pardon, pleading that if they would but spare his life he would seek this sea and report it positively next year. So with this understanding, Champlain pardoned him; after which, sailing for home, he reached St. Malo August 26th.

Two years later his final book appeared. It was caught up so quickly by a hungry public that its first edition was exhausted in a year. To meet this demand, in 1620, a second edition was issued from the *Galerie des Prisonniers*, and it is to this edition that the little copy described at the beginning of this article belongs. This last journal recounts Champlain's travels in the West; his bold march with the Hurons into the country of the Iroquois, and his winter with the Indians in Ontario.

At the beginning of this book he clearly states his case. His great aim

now was to convert the natives, both for the glory of God and the renown of France. In dealing with the Indians he was most successful, yet patience, he quaintly says, with his single method, patience, was needed in exploring their country, in winning their friendship and in studying their ways.

As a means to this end, he brought out four priests to Canada. Though they were members of the gentle order of the Recollets, they were eager to begin their work. On May 5th they sighted Tadousac, but Father Joseph le Caron, the most zealous of the group, would not linger. Leaving Tadousac, he went direct to Lachine, returning to Quebec on June 20th. There he found Champlain struggling bravely on in his little settlement, trying to lodge the new fathers, to build a chapel for their altar fittings, and to stir up the settlers to cultivate the land. To the priests it was a new world indeed, one whose wild and savage shores and still more savage tribes amazed them. Yet fearless though they were, Champlain knew better than his missionaries the misery that lay before them. If he could he would have spared them that first winter with the Hurons. He begged Father Joseph at least to wait till he could make the journey with him. But yoked to poverty, seeking only heaven for himself and his followers, the priest pushed on. At *Rivière des Prairies* he held his first mass; and there Champlain, a month later, learned that the Hurons whom he expected to find waiting for him at the rapids had changed their minds. They had gone back home, and taken Father Joseph with them.

Anxious as to his fate, Champlain hurried after him. He was keen now, too, to follow up his daunted hope, to solve once and finally the haunting mystery of this Northern Sea. This time, he started well equipped, for in his own canoe went the daring Brulé and a brother Frenchman,

while in a second canoe a party of Indians accompanied him as guides. As they paddled up the Ottawa, he noted carefully its rich pine forests, but it was not till he entered the country of the Nipissings that he made the first of the sketches that give such interest to his little book. As they paddled on, he remarked also the great variety of woods, as of the game and fish, and marvelled at the chain of rapids that carried him down French river to the new and greater waters of Lake Huron, waters so impressive in their vastness he named them "*La Mer Douce*," or the Fresh-Water Sea." There again careful notes were taken. Trout, pike and sturgeon abounded in these new waters, while the beauty of the country with its "strong hills and many streams" charmed his wondering eyes.

Striking inland he was welcomed everywhere. Wigwams were placed politely at his service; but to escape the fleas, "which amounted to a plague," he was obliged to refuse this hospitality. It was finally the month of August when in golden weather he arrived at Penetanguishene; but not to rest, for his heart was set on reaching Father Joseph. At last a triple palisade loomed dark before him—most welcome sight—for behind those walls he knew the unsuspecting priest was hard at work. Dim as are the fading centuries, their mist of years cannot hide the light that must have leaped in the eyes of those travel-worn men—priest and explorer—"breakers of the trail" in Western Canada—when in the heart of the wilderness they met again to realise within the shelter of a Huron village their great brotherhood of race and hope.

On August 12th, in honour of this privilege, mass was celebrated, while after mass a cross was planted near the little cabin built by the natives for the fearless priest. Here for two days Champlain rested and they were days

no doubt that counted golden hours.

But the Hurons had an object in guiding the white man to their country. Roused at last to united effort, they were now but awaiting their allies to advance in a body into the country of the Iroquois. Helped by the white man's guns, they hoped at last to strike a deadly blow, as their ally Champlain was ready for the fight. But while waiting for the friendly tribes who had not yet come in, he set off eagerly to see the country. With ten companions, he went from town to town, receiving courtesy from all; till finally at Cahiagué, the place of muster, he reached a village of 200 lodges. The beauty of the land delighted him. The freedom, and especially the "room of the wild woods," was an inspiration. On all sides vines and fruit abounded, while in the great forests of oak and elm, partridges and rabbits multiplied in numbers most enticing to the hunter.

At Cahiagué he was hailed with special joy; for he had been so long in coming the Hurons had begun to think he had been taken by the Iroquois. As the tribes kept coming in, dancing and feasting filled the days, and as they feasted their fervour grew. Finally it reached its climax when news was brought in that 500 allies from a country south of the Iroquois wished to join the battle. To get a message back to these allies was a dangerous mission. There was no time to circle round the enemy. Nothing remained then but a bold dash through the very stronghold of the Iroquois. But danger did not daunt the savage. Two canoes were got ready, and Brulé, bold and eager, little dreaming of what lay before him ere he saw Champlain again, begged to go, and was permitted.

Scarcely were they two days gone when the wild army grew impatient. In their fickle way, a start was made, September 12th. Brulé, with the others, they argued, could find the way. A heavy white frost marked

the morning of the start, as down Lakes Couchiching and Simcoe went the reckless army, on past the shores of lovely Trent, which, though richest land of all, was yet forbidden ground through horror of the Iroquois.

Their war parties travelled usually in three divisions. The scouts in front, then the main body of the army, and then the hunters. Champlain this time was placed among the last. It was his first experience of hunting deer, and in the keen air his fingers tingled with excitement as the Indians hounded the swift deer down to the water where, with other hunters, he lay dark in his canoe. Great surprise was felt at the power of the white man's guns, and some anger at his share of the spoils. But, soon appeased, they paddled out into Lake Ontario, and, once over this, so eager was the march that in four days they were afloat on Lake Oneida. There a few straggling prisoners were captured, and, led by them, on October 10th, the fort of the Iroquois appeared in sight. A plan had been agreed on that all should keep in hiding for a time. But to the impetuous savages the sight of the enemy was overpowering, and like a pack of schoolboys they dashed into the fray.

For a moment the Iroquois were disconcerted. Such an attack as this by the hunted Hurons, whom they openly despised, as a race of "weak women," was unparalleled. But at sight of the white men they huddled back behind their palisade. Their fort was strongly planned and built, and in despair Champlain tried to reason with his mad allies. He begged them at least to help him to build a "cavalier," a sort of movable fort high enough to overlook the palisades and from which his gunners could shoot protected. It was useless—orderly they could not be. So he urged on the attack, but with little headway, for the palisades, four deep, were lined with sheltered galleries from which the defenders could throw

down stones and water on to the invaders. In Champlain's picture not an Iroquois is seen above the walls, though Champlain appears in the foreground, directing the moving of the cavalier, protected by his flashing guns. But the picture fails to show the flying stones, or to repeat the ear-splitting war-whoops that fell from either side.

Discipline the savage could not understand. Every mad man did as he thought best, some running with torches to fire the walls, but all in such scattered hubbub that Champlain's orders fell unheard. From the galleries came streams of water and showers of arrows. Chiefs and men lay wounded on all sides. No allies appeared with Brulé, and in a panic the Hurons soon backed out. All were wild with fury and excitement. Fickle and impetuous, they followed the merest whim. Two wounds in the leg disabled Champlain; still he tried to rally his foolish pack, though vainly. Next day a fierce wind added to their misery. It gave a good chance of firing the walls; but suggestion was useless, and when several days went by and no Brulé came with help their flight began. The wounded, bound up like Indian papooses, were carried on their comrades' backs. But the agony caused by this reckless flight through the forest was worse than the wounds themselves. On October 18th came snow and hail, with rushing wind, but no halt was made till Lake Ontario was crossed, and once more they breathed more freely on their own ground.

Here Champlain asked for a canoe and guides to take him to Quebec, as promised. To his surprise, they were refused. Though he did not know it at the time, the Hurons wished to keep him to protect them from the Iroquois. Altogether it was trying; but, though ill equipped for it, he was obliged to make the best of his position and settle with them for the winter. Their chief, D'Aronal, recognis-

ed the hero in this strange white man, and shortly after, when leaving on a hunting journey, he offered his lodge and outfit to Champlain. His hospitality was gratefully accepted, and later was returned in double measure at Quebec.

On October 28th the autumn hunt began, and it was therefore not until December 23rd that they reached Cahiagué once more. There Champlain rested for two weeks. But with the coming of the New Year he felt an unconquerable longing to see the priest again. So on January 4th, with a grateful farewell to D'Arontal, he started forth, and on January 5th was once more seated comfortably in the little cabin of Father Joseph. The two friends talked long into the night. A few days later they set off together to visit the tribes of the surrounding country. From many of the Huron villages, as also from the Tobacco Nation and from the Cheveux-Relevés or "high-haired" people, a rich trade was promised for the spring. So, travelling on in company, priest and explorer soon grew familiar with the Indian life, as night after night they lodged in the tunnel-shaped wigwams, squatted before the fires, slept on the wooden platforms, and did their best to swallow Indian food. A form of "Migan" (a stew of parched corn and fish) was the best, according to Champlain's taste, but their thin "Migan" he likens, with evident disgust, to the bran mash prepared as food for pigs in France.

On state occasions the strangers admired the Indian dress—the deer skin clothes of the warriors gay with embroidery of scarlet quills, with the squaws glorious in chains of wampum. But if life in the dusky lodges was strange and wild, to these civilised white men the burial customs of the Indians were still stranger and more barbarous.

Once every ten years or so it was the custom to collect the bones of the

dead of all the tribes. Carried in bundles to the camp, these bones were then polished white. A meeting place was chosen, and beside huge fires that lit up the sombre forest a feast was made. Finally, when the tribes were maddened with excitement, they rose and, amid the most unearthly yells, tossed the bones with wampum and other treasures into a deep pit prepared before and covered them over with earth and logs.

Their beliefs were equally singular. "Lawless and quarrelsome," writes Champlain, "they did not recognise any one divinity, but lived like brute beasts." Yet they believed in spirits—Okies they called them in the Huron tongue—and it was to appease these spirits or to frighten them that their "Medicine-Feasts" arose—feasts resulting in such orgies that they are described in the journal as "the antics and writhings of madmen."

At the beginning of this journal Champlain records his hope of making Christians of the Indians, and so he ends it with his opinion of his chances of success. After his winter's experience among the Hurons, he writes: "Their life is very wretched in comparison with ours, but a happy one for them who have not tasted better and believe that there is none more excellent." Yet as they were less malicious than the Iroquois and the fiercer western tribes, he asserts his belief that they would be converted to the knowledge of God if their country were inhabited by settlers who took care to teach them by examples of good living.

The journalist then records his trip back to Quebec. At the rapids of St. Louis he was welcomed joyfully by priests and settlers, and there farewell was said to all the Hurons who had brought him but D'Arontal. This chief, at Champlain's request, went with him to Quebec, "where," he writes, "I made it my duty to entertain my host. He admired our build-ings, behaviour and manner of living,

and having considered all carefully, said to me privately that he should never die happy unless he could see all his friends, or at least a good many of them, make their abode with us, in order to learn to serve God and to live like us, as he felt our life to be an infinitely happy one in comparison with theirs; and that by observation they would learn more in one year than in twenty listening to spoken descriptions; and that if their older minds failed to understand us, we should take their children and make them as ours.

"After he had spent four or five days with me I gave him a few presents, which pleased him very much, and at parting I begged him to love us always and to come back again to see our settlement with his companions. So he returned satisfied to the Saint Louis, where his companions awaited him."

The little garden at Quebec was now quite flourishing. Both the corn and trees brought out from France were doing well. So leaving all in good condition, Champlain sailed for Tadousac, where Pontgravé was waiting for him patiently. No time was lost in setting forth, and with sails unfurled before a "good wind," they arrived at Honfleur, Sept. 10th, 1616.

The journal has a final chapter which recounts Champlain's return to Canada in 1618. In the spring of that year the fishing off the Grand Banks proved tempting sport. But Champlain was too concerned about a quarrel that had arisen between his settlers and the Indians to linger for amusement. From Quebec he hasten-

ed to Three Rivers. There, on landing, to his great surprise, he was greeted by Brulé, his interpreter. It was their first meeting since they had parted at Cahiagué in the Huron wilderness. The young *voyageur* had much to relate. As he told in his graphic way of his capture by the Iroquois, and of his hairbreadth escape from torture at their hands, the story thrilled his sympathising listeners.

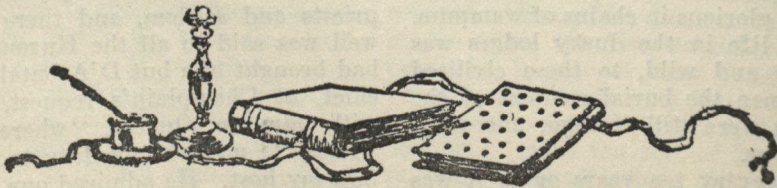
The quarrel happily was settled promptly, for on July 15th Champlain was at Quebec again, and from Quebec, on July 28th, he set sail for Tadousac.

"And from Tadousac," he writes in the concluding words of his journal, "we set out for France, July 30th, 1618; and arrived at Honfleur the 28th of August, with fair winds and all content."

On such an anniversary as is this year being celebrated, it is hard to realise that while to-day the dust of Champlain mingles with the dust of Quebec, the spot where his body lies buried remains unmarked and unknown. Canadians would fain commemorate that spot—but could better monument commemorate the man than the one fashioned so unconsciously by his faithful pen—the embodiment of his work and spirit in his book?

For such a monument, better epitaph perhaps could not be written than the words of an English writer of the long-ago, simple-minded as Champlain himself:

"Live then ever sweete booke:
The simple image of his gentle witt;
The golden pillar of his noble courage."



Northern Types

By CLIFFORD H. EASTON



Primitive Men

Such are the Nascaupes of Labrador. Living close to the ground and dependent upon the hunt for mere existence, theirs is a constant, unremitting struggle against starvation. The stranger who ventures into the Northland is well repaid for the hardships of the trip by the glimpses of a life so totally different from his own.

Tall, wiry men, dressed in the skins of the deer, wolf and fox, they present a picturesque sight as they swing along on snow-shoes. Many a time has it been the lot of the young men to tramp hundreds of miles to Chimo in search of relief for friends and relatives starving in the interior camps.



An Eskimo Whose Work is Done

She tells you, through the interpreter, that she is no longer of use to her people: her teeth are gone and with them her usefulness, for the Eskimo woman must chew the seal skins to the proper softness for sewing. She may, in the ripeness of her eighty odd years, tell stories of dark

deeds done by her people in times of starvation, of strange superstitions which were interwoven with their lives, of the cruelty of the conjurers who took advantage of every incident to increase their power. Now she looks calmly forward to the Great Beyond of which the missionary has told her.



An Old Body of the Silent Places

The Ancient and Honourable Hudson's Bay Company care for the old people who year after year have brought into the posts their quota of furs. No longer able to stand the privations of wilderness, camp and travel, they are left behind when sons and daughters return to the interior.

Here at the post they live out their last days, supplied with a daily ration, and dream of their youth, of years when the caribou were plenty and they lived sumptuously, or of other seasons when the young men failed in the hunt and starvation threatened. To them the Factor is a father.



A Voluntary Exile

Such a type is the northern Factor. Frequently a man of good family, education and training, his love of adventure takes him into the silent places of the North. Here the great white wilderness, with its virile life, strange people and constant dangers, claims him for its own. He will tell you that the first year was unendurable, then, for some reason unknown to himself, he stayed another year;

after that he became a part of the life unable to leave, dreaming sometimes of another world he had known, but powerless to break away from the fascinations of the Northland. After thirty years he may return home, a *Rip Van Winkle*, to find his old friends dead or scattered, his native place strange to his eyes. He is a judge of furs and a master of primitive men.



The Missionary

Verily he is obeying the Master's word, and has reached the uttermost parts of the earth. To such a man your advent is a godsend, for now he may renew old memories, listen with pathetic eagerness to news from "God's country" and, for a time at least, forget the dangers, hardships and disappointments of his task, a task which none but a hero of the strongest fibre may hope to carry out

successfully. You learn from the Factor that he holds the record of forty nights spent in the snow houses of the natives. Then follow tales of hair-breadth escapes among the ice floes and fierce blizzards where a man cannot see his hand before his face. Often he has struggled on and relieved sickness or soothed a death-bed in the face of difficulties which would have forced the natives to despair.

The Youngest Admiral

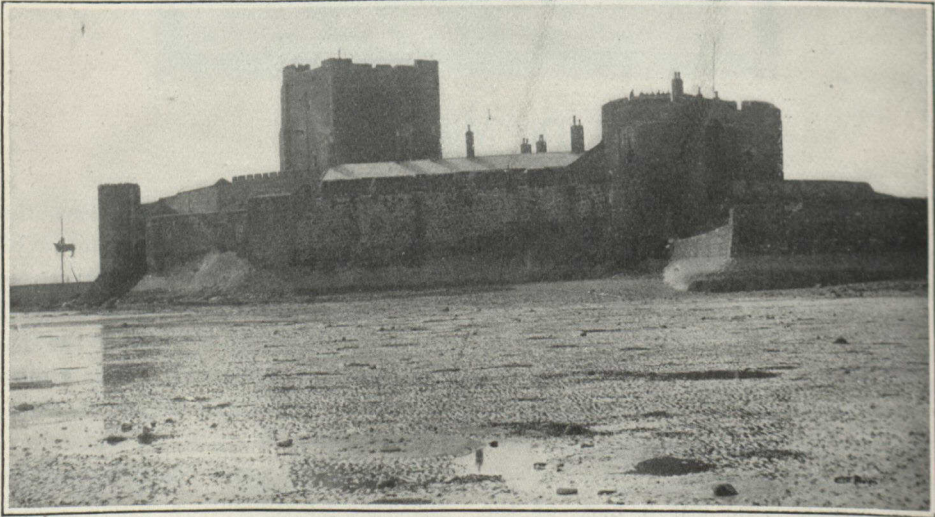
By MARGARET EADIE HENDERSON

EDWARD ARTHUR DONALD ST. GEORGE HAMILTON CHESTER, Earl of Belfast and sixth Marquis of Donegal, who was born on the seventh of October, 1903, enjoys the distinction not only of being the youngest marquis in the peerage, but also of holding a hereditary office which, fortunately for the happiness of the little peer, is not now fraught with the grave responsibilities which might be supposed to attach to so sonorous a title as Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh. The title and office were created in the doughty days of good Queen Bess, for at that period no part of the coast of either England or Ireland was safe from marauders.

Adventurous craft with piratical intentions sailed the high seas, while many of the vessels plying the English Channel and flying the flags of the sea powers of Europe flaunted the pennons of piracy when the hour seemed ripe for adventure.

The harbours and creeks of Ireland were the shelter of sea rovers whose predatory enterprises were a constant menace to the quiet stay-at-home islanders and the industrious fisherfolk.

The corsairs of Barbary and Algiers in a few years had captured as many as three hundred British vessels whose crews were forced into slavery to Mohammedan masters in North Africa.



CARRICKFERGUS CASTLE, OF WHICH THE YOUNG MARQUIS OF DONEGAL IS HEREDITARY GOVERNOR

The England of that day furnished no adequate protection for her shores and for her ships, as she possessed no navy, in the modern sense of the word. Whenever fighting had to be done, it was done by marine levies or by voluntary service.

Thus it was that when the Spanish Armada with "their high-built galleons came" to humble the pride of the stout little island, the loyal London merchants placed at the disposal of their Queen vessels, small and modestly low-built, but manned by English hearts of oak. The sequel needs no repetition.

To insure for the future security against invasion and to accomplish the suppression of piracy, the stout-hearted Elizabeth, ever zealous for the weal of her loving subjects, laid upon the defenders of her coasts stern duties and grave responsibilities, and by way of compensation endowed them with extraordinary privileges.

It was then that the head of the house of Donegal was created Lord High Admiral of Lough Neagh, the office to remain perpetually in the possession of the family.

The little peer was only seven months old when, at the death of his father, the fifth Marquis of Donegal, he succeeded to the Marquisate and to the office under the Admiralty which links him so uniquely with the Elizabethan names of Blake, Frobisher, Raleigh and Sir Francis Drake.

In the course of centuries the waters of Lough Neagh have become so shallow that projects for draining the lough have been discussed, the accomplishment of which scheme would add largely to the arable acreage of the north of Ireland.

But the little Lord High Admiral is interested neither in Admiralty matters or drainage schemes, finding endless delight in his rocking horse and in the cages of animals of his treasured toy menagerie.

His fondness for animals is no



Photograph by Lafagette, London

THE YOUNGEST ADMIRAL

The Marquis of Donegal three years old, with his Canadian mother, the Marchioness of Donegal

doubt inherited from his mother, for Lady Donegal is actively interested in the society known as "Our Dumb Friends' League," besides being president of an association which last year set up a hospital in London for sick and wounded animals.

The little fellow does credit to the Canadian influences which surround him, last Christmas being a

particularly happy time with him, as he busied himself in hanging up his friends' stockings, that Saint Nicholas might not overlook any one while distributing his bounties.

A sketch of the Marchioness of Donegal, who was Miss Violet Twinning, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, appeared in *The Canadian Magazine* of February, 1905.

Little Me

By MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

O little me, little me, come hither; art thou calling
From o'er the hills of far away and far and far away,
Through golden mists of mellowed tears,
Around the turning of the years
That lead to Here and There-about from only Yesterday

O little me, little me, I hear thy sad voice sighing,
Thy tiny lips atremble and the tear close to thine eye.
(Dost know I am a self of thee?)
Yes—I remember, little me,
And shall until the winds and stars have called to me good-bye.

O little me, little me, come let us go amaying;
I'll follow in the faintest track thy small bare feet have worn,
On violet-eyed, green banks to lie,
My little dream child, thou and I,
And list the little fairy hunter wind his magic horn.

O little me, little me, beside me weary lying
I smooth thy tangled golden hair and touch the curls a-gleam;
I kiss the small brown dusty feet,
And closer draw the warm heart-beat,
Then close my eyes and seem again to join thee in thy dream.

O little me, little me, the long white road is calling,
So I shall haste to weave me now a bud-strung laurel wreath,
And place it gently on thy brow;
For I would leave thee dreaming now,
Full of sweet sleep, the brown wood lore, and fairy-wand belief.

O little me, little me, I'll be with thee at waking;
I'll come to take thy hand again from far and far away,
Then o'er the hills of "used to be,"
Just thou and I, my little me,—
We'll up the hills and down the hills into the Yesterday.

The Narrative of Col. Fanning

Edited by A. W. SAVARY

Fifth Installment

ABOUT the 8th of April, a certain Capt. Williams came into the settlement and sent an old woman to me, to inform me that he had arrived from Governor Burke that instant, and had come in order to see me; by her description I and my little party immediately met him, and he informed me that he had come to know if I was willing to come upon those terms I had already presented; and requested to have from under my own hand a true copy of them, and that Governor Burke would do everything in his power to have the same agreed upon by his Council and Assembly; for which purpose the said Williams was sent from the Governor. He also told me that the Governor had said that anything I should do, or cause to be done, from the character he had heard from the British at Charleston, that he had not the least doubt they would assent to any proceedings I should undertake to do; he wished to make peace with me; and also saying if I was taken prisoner and killed, that 100 would certainly lose their lives for it, and he looked upon it much better to come upon terms of peace—that he heard in Charleston that I was killed, which occasioned him to run away from Charleston; upon which I gave him a copy of the articles which I wished to comply to; with which he ordered the Light Horse to depart to their different stations till they had received orders from the Governor and Council.

As I was obliged to lay neutral until I received their answer, which was to be upon terms of honour between both

sides, with which the different captains commanding the Light Horse wrote to me respecting the same; which appears by the following letters:

SIR,—I received a few lines this day from Capt. Edward Williams, informing me that you and he had come down yesterday, and signified that you and he are upon terms of compromising matters, on condition that I will stop the County Light Horse from pursuing you. You may rest assured that it is my desire to be at peace with all men. Capt. Riddle and his company are at the Court House. I have ordered him to stand there until further orders, and will send after Capt. Golston and desire him in also. I shall set off this morning to the Assembly, and if it is in my power to do or cause anything to be done that shall cause peace and harmony over the land, you may rest assured I will do my best, and second Capt. Williams, though he gave me no account of your proposals; and am

With respect your humble servant,
ROGER GRIFFITH, Major.

April 9th, 1782.

To Col. David Fanning.

CAMP AT MR. CARR'S, APR. 10, 1782.

SIR,—I received orders from Major Griffith concerning some terms between him and you and shall withdraw my men and Capt. Golston's as we are both together, and will not proceed any further after apprehending you or yours, unless you come into our county doing mischief, until further orders.

From your humble servant,
JOSEPH ROSUR.

To Col. David Fanning.

Hoping you nor yours will not interrupt any of the inhabitants of Chatham until matters are further settled.

WILLIAM GOLSTON.

SIR,—I received your letter, which gives me great satisfaction to hear that you and some of the officers have come upon terms of peace, which is all I would crave; but I should be glad with one of the officers in company to meet you and have some conversation together, and be upon honour, and if we can come upon terms agreeable to both, I should immediately march my company home; so I shall be at Mr. Mullins this evening at two o'clock; and if you can meet and converse across the river, or any other place you will choose.

I am, sir, your obedient

THOMAS DOUGAN,

Captain of Light Horse.

April 12th, 1782.

To Col. David Fanning.

April 17th, 1782.

SIR,—I, as an officer in behalf of the State of North Carolina, have turned out in order to suppress any persons disturbing the peace of said State; but when I arrived at Deep River, I understood that you and Capts. Williams and Dougan were about to make a treaty of peace (which I approved of very well), and withdrew my troop towards home. But to my surprise, on my way I understood that your men were robbing the peaceful and inoffensive people of Cane Creek and Rocky River, which wicked conduct, and the great desire I had for the welfare of my country, induced me to stay a little longer, and endeavour to stop such robbery. I therefore wish to inform you that I did not pretend with any view of making you any way dishonourable, but many persons not owing a true allegiance to the laws of this State are running at large and call you their officer. As I hope you are a gentleman, and will not protect any vagabond, I will thank you to let me know every particular of your treaty, or what bounds you have; and upon the honour of a gentleman I will not interrupt any person within said bounds that is of good character

with you. I would recommend that you order Joseph Currie and Blair to return the widow Dixon's property, which they robbed her of, and I will not write to the Governor concerning it, as you want peace. He would think very little of your honour if he heard that your men were robbing his people after you had petitioned to him.

I am, sir, in behalf of the State,

EDWARD GUIN, *Captain.*

To Col. David Fanning.

About the 18th of April Capt. Williams came to me again at Fort Creek, and informed me that the original articles of treaty had been laid before the Governor and Assembly, and they were upon a conclusion of granting me the terms I wanted; but were prevented by a Colonel who came from over the mountains and was one of the Assembly, who did everything against it. Their objections were the articles respecting the Continental soldiers to be taken off, and also that they could not think of allowing any passports for any of the friends of Government to have any correspondence or connections with the British. Every other article they were willing to grant. Their Assembly continued on the business for three days, as Mr. Williams informed me. My answer was that I would forfeit my life before I would withdraw any one of the articles that I had presented, as I still wished to hold the same connection with the British as formerly; I likewise told him, that I understood that they had picked out twenty-four of their best horses and men from Virginia in order to pursue me, and my answer to Mr. Williams was that they might do their best, and be damned, as I was fully determined to still support my integrity, and to exert myself in behalf of the King and country more severely than ever I did. With this Mr. Williams departed.

I then set out for Chatham, where I learned that a wedding was to be that day. On my way I took one prisoner before I came to the house. There being but five of us, we immediately surrounded the house in full charge. I ordered them immediately out of the

house. Three of my men went into the house and drove them all out one by one. I caused them all to stand in a row to examine them, to see if I knew any of them that were bad men.* I found one, by the name of William Doudy, concealed upstairs. One of my men fired at him as he was running from one house to the other; he received the ball in his shoulder. I then having my pistols in my hand, discharged them both at his breast, with which he fell, and that night expired. I then paroled the rest on the 25th.

I concluded within myself that it was better for me to try and settle myself, being weary of the disagreeable mode of living I had borne with for some considerable time; and for the many kindnesses and the civility of a gentleman who lived in the settlement of Deep River, I was induced to pay my *addresses* to his daughter, a young lady of sixteen years of age. The day of marriage being appointed, on making it known to my people, Capt. William Hooker and Captain William Carr agreed to be married with me. They both left me to make themselves and their intended wives ready, and the day before we were to be coupled, the rebels before mentioned, with those good horses, came upon them. Capt. Hooker's horse being tied so fast he could not get him loose, they caught him and murdered him on the spot. Myself and Capt. Carr were married and kept two days' merriment. The rebels thought they were sure of me then; however, I took my wife and concealed her in the woods with Capt. Carr's; and caused an oration to be put out that I was gone to Charleston. In order to be convinced, the rebels sent a man in as a spy, with two letters from Gen. Leslie with instructions for me to enlist men for the service, which I knew was forged, in order to betray me, and from the person or commanding officer

* This and the shooting of Capt. Doudy *supra*, appear unjustifiable; but by "bad men" Fanning evidently means men who had murdered Loyalists, and Doudy had broken his parole. Both occurred after Balfour's pronouncement in the negotiation for peace that "there was no resting place for a Tory's foot on the earth."

of the rebel Light Horse. The following is one of which I gave Gen. Leslie, that had his name signed to it:

CHARLESTON, 20th Jan., 1782.

DEAR COLONEL,—

Although I have not as yet the happiness of being acquainted with you, yet I can but applaud you very much for your spirited conduct and activity. The only objection I have to your conduct is your being too strenuous with those who have been subjects to his Majesty, and whom the rebels have overcome and forced them to comply with their laws. If you would let them alone, the severity of the rebels would cause them to return to their allegiance again. But, sir, since you have made so brave a stand already, pray stand steadfast to the end, and we shall be well rewarded at the last. Try to spirit up your men, and enlist, if possible, three hundred men this spring, ready to join three hundred more; which shall be put under your command, and you be Brigadier-General of them, and as many more as you can get. We shall, I hope, in the month of May land 1,300 troops in North Carolina, 300 for you to join your corps, 1,600 in the whole, to act upon the defensive until you are reinforced.

Keep good discipline among your troops, and keep out fellows who will do nothing but plunder from amongst your people. They are but false dependence, and will not fight, but only corrupt good men. Every man you enlist for twelve months shall receive ten guineas and a full suit of clothes as soon as we land our troops, and they appear under your command ready for action. I can assure you, 'tis your fame and worthy actions has, through and by Major Craig given, reached his Majesty's ears, and I expect perhaps by the next packet boat you will get a genteel present from our gracious Sovereign. So hoping that you will be in the way of your duty, I will take leave of you, without mentioning your name, or subscribing mine, lest this might miscarry—the man who is entrusted with the care of this dares not at present be seen in it,

but a friend, and send it to the man it is directed to.

Sir, yours,

To Col. Fanning in No. Ca.

A letter from the traitor who brought these two letters from Gen. Leslie:

DEAR SIR,—

I would come to see you myself, but am afraid of the rebel Light Horse. I have a great many things to acquaint you with and a good deal of good news, but dare not write for fear of miscarriage. If you have any desire of seeing me you must come soon, nay, instantly. Don't let the bearer know the contents of the letters—the fewer trusted the better. In the meantime,

I am your friend and servant,

JOSEPH WILSON.

April 29th, 1782.

To Col. Fanning.

My answer was in Major Rains' name as follows:

SIR,—I am very sorry to think that there is so many damned foolish rebels in the world, as to think Col. Fanning would be ever deceived by such damned infernal writing as I have received from you. Col. Fanning is gone to Charleston, and is not to return here till he comes with forces sufficient to defend this part of the country, and I would have you to disband, and be gone immediately; for if I ever hear of any of your people coming with anything of the sort, I will come and kill him myself. I am in behalf of his Majesty's armies,

JOHN RAINS,

Major of the Loyal Militia.

To Jos. Wilson.

On the 1st of May, 1782, I heard a waggon going in the road; I imagined she was going down to market, as I heard of a number of waggons which were to proceed down with liquors to the market. On the 2nd I mounted and pursued the waggon which I heard the day before, and as I was about setting out for Charleston I concluded to have a frolic with my old friends before we parted. After riding about ten miles I overtook the said waggon, which belonged to a certain man who had been

taken prisoner and paroled by the British, and had broken his parole. In the meantime, I was examining his papers I set a sentinel over him. He, knowing himself guilty, expected nothing but death. He took an opportunity and sprung upon my own riding mare, and went off with my saddle, holsters, pistols, and all my papers of any consequence to me. We fired two guns at him; he received two balls through his body, but it did not prevent him from sitting the saddle, and he made his escape. I took the other man and caused him to take me to the man's plantation, where I took his wife, and three negro boys, and eight head of horses. I kept his wife in the woods for three days, and sent the other man to see if he would deliver up my mare and property containing my papers, for which he wrote me the following answer or letter:

SIR,—Col. Fanning, I hope that you do not blame me for what I did. Hoping you will have mercy on me, as I am wounded, and let my wife come to me. Your mare shall be returned to you without fail. Your mare I don't crave, and I hope you don't covet mine. I beg that you will have pity on my wife and children. The negroes and horses I am willing you shall keep until you get your mare. I have sent to a doctor. But the mare will be back to-night. No more, but you may depend upon my word.

ANDREW HUNTER.

To Col. David Fanning.

I also received the following letter from Edward Williams on the subject of the mare:

SIR,—These few lines comes to let you know that I have this day seen Mr. Hunter, and he is badly wounded and desires you would let his wife come to him immediately. As to the rest of the property, you are welcome to keep until such time's you get your mare returned, which will be as soon as possible, as she has gone at this time after the doctor. But she shall be returned to you with all speed as soon as she returns. Mr. Hunter is also very ill.

I am your obedient humble servant,
EDWARD WILLIAMS.

Col. David Fanning.

On the 7th of May, finding I could see no opportunity of getting my mare, notwithstanding she was one of my principal creatures, and a mare I set great store by, and gave one hundred and ten guineas for, I was obliged to let loose all his horses except one, as they were of no account to me in the situation I was in; the negroes I kept. I then proceeded on to Major Gainer's truce land on Pedee in South Carolina, where he had made a truce with the rebels some time before, and I continued there until June, when I left my wife, horses and negroes, and then, as I was entirely a stranger to the situation of the country and roads, I was obliged to procure a pilot to proceed to Charleston; I could not get one for less than twenty guineas. After my departure I fell in with the rebel dragoons commanded by Col. Ballie, from Virginia. I was with them for about an hour; and informed them that we were some of the rebel party then on our way to General Marion's headquarters. They never discovered us as otherwise than such, it being in the dusk of the evening. We fell into the rear, and went into the woods and struck our camp and promised them we would see them next morning. However, we proceeded on that night and arrived at Herald's point on the 17th of June, and immediately procured a passage to Charleston, where I immediately applied for a flag to send after Mrs. Fanning and property. The flag had left Charleston two days, when she came in, as Major Gainer had applied to General Marion for a pass for her to proceed to Charleston, but would not let her have any of our property, or even a negro to wait on her.

In a short time loyalists that had got into Charleston from different parts of the world, hearing that the Southern Colonies were to be evacuated by the British forces, called a meeting to point out some measures to try to hold some foothold in the country, until we had got some part payment for our property which we were obliged to leave if we left the country. Handbills were struck and stuck up through the town for the loyalists to choose their representatives to represent

our situation and the desire we had to support ourselves and property. It was proposed that twenty-five gentlemen should be chosen a committee for that purpose. The days were appointed to take votes. I was chosen amongst others; and drew up a petition and sent to Sir Guy Carleton, Commander-in-Chief, praying the liberty of keeping the town and artillery, as they stood on the works, and despatched two gentlemen off with our petition; our request was not granted. I have hereunto set forth the names of the gentlemen representatives:

Col. Ballingall, Jas. Johnston, Esq.; Robert Williams, Esq.; Lt.-Col. Dupont, Col. Robt. Wm. Powell, Col. Gray, John Gailliard, Esq.; Col. Cassels, John Rose, Col. Pearson, Maj. Wm. Greenwood, Col. Philips, Maj. Gabriel Capers, Col. Hamilton, Lt.-Col. Thos. Inglis, Wm. Carson, John Hopton, Esq.; Dr. Wm. Charles Wells, Robt. Johnston, Esq.; Col. Thomas Edgehill, John Champniss, Andrew Millar, Esq.; Col. Samuel Bryan, Col. David Fanning, Doctor Baron.

I remained in Charleston until the 5th of September, and my horses having got recruited, and one of my negroes having made his way good through the country, came down to me; I then set out for the country again, on account of my misfortune of losing my mare, which was of great value to me. I went up to the settlement again, to the man I sent to Hunter before, and he informed me that Hunter refused five negroes for the mare and would not return her. He also went to where I left one of the negroes and took him and sent him over the mountains to keep him out of my way. I continued about in the settlement until the 22nd of the month, trying to get her, but was disappointed in my hopes. Knowing that Charleston was to be evacuated, I was obliged to return; and as I was on my way, I understood my mare was at a certain place, about 125 miles from Charleston, being about half the distance from where I then was toward Charleston. I instantly pursued on my journey to the place where she then was. I came within a mile of where I heard she was, and my riding horse was so particularly known,

I sent a man up to the house and he was known, and they directed us the wrong way, and immediately sent word to where my mare was. I found out we were wrong; and took through the woods and to a house within a half a mile, where they had word of my coming and were making ready to go to their assistance, but seeing us come up, he immediately left his horse, and was running off through a field, and turned round and presented his piece and snapped, but she missed fire; with this, I ordered one of my men to fire at him, who shot him through the body, and despatched his presence from this world. The other two men that was at the house that did not run, informed me that they had received word of my coming a half an hour before I arrived, and also that there were men lying in ambush ready to attack me. With this, the man who had my mare went off with her, and having only two men and my negro that set out with me from Charleston, also two little negroes that I had for my mare, I thought it was my best way to proceed to Charleston, and on the 28th September I arrived at Charleston, where the shipping was ready for me to embark for St. Augustine.

The following is a Proclamation which I got when I was out in the country, nailed to Coxe's Mill:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA:

By his Excellency Alexander Martin, Esq., Governor, Captain-General and Commander-in-Chief in and over the said State.

A PROCLAMATION

Whereas divers citizens of this State have withdrawn themselves from their allegiance and joined the enemy of this and the United States, seduced by their wicked artifices, now find their hopes, supported by deceit, totally blasted and left unprotected to the Justice of their country ready to inflict those just punishments due to their crimes. But in compassion to such who are truly penitent and to stop the further effusion of the blood of citizens who may be reclaimed, by and with the advice and consent of the Council of State I have thought proper to issue this

my proclamation of pardon to all such of the above persons who shall within ten days after the date hereof surrender themselves to any commanding officer of any troops of the State or any of the United States acting in conjunction with the same, on this express condition that they renew the oath of allegiance and enter into one of the Continental battalions of this State and there serve twelve months after the time of their rendezvous, which service being faithfully performed shall expiate their offences and entitle them to the restoration of their property and every other privilege of a citizen, precluding all those guilty of murder, robbing, house-breaking and crimes not justifiable by the laws of war from the above pardon, notwithstanding notifying all such persons that unless they surrender at the time aforesaid, those taken prisoners shall be deemed prisoners of war, and liable to exchange except as above provided. The enemy will exchange the same, otherwise they shall be subjected to the penalties of the said law which will be inflicted upon them.

By Order of his Excellency ALEXANDER MARTIN, ESQ.,

BENNETT CROFTON, Major,
States Legion.

June the 15th, 1782.

During my absence from Charleston, the loyalists were signing to go under my directions to East Florida, and as soon as I came to town I ordered them all to get on board, and on the 6th of November I went on board the transport ship, the *New Blessing*, commanded by Thomas Craven, where I continued on board the said transport for eight days before she set out for St. Augustine. Arrived the 17th said month, where we came to anchor, and there laid eight days more; at the expiration of that time I went on shore and three days after had my property landed, about twenty-seven miles distance from St. Augustine, upon the Matanzeys, where I had some thought of settling. I continued there for some time and from thence proceeded to Halifax River, being about fifty-five miles from St. Augustine. There I undertook to settle myself and to

make a crop, thinking to begin the world anew, being tolerably well provided for with negroes.

In the last of February I met Major Andrew Deavoce, who was beating up for volunteers to go to take New Providence. I also agreed to join him and took a copy of the Articles and went home and raised thirty young men for that expedition, and had them in readiness to embark and waited for Major Deavoce arrival at the inlet of Halifax, until I heard he was gone. A true copy of the original is hereunto set forth:

Articles of Agreement between Major Deavoce and the Volunteers, for an expedition immediately against New Providence:

Article 1st. I do engage on my part to furnish the men with provisions, arms and ammunition for the expedition.

2nd. That the men shall be altogether under my command and not to be transferred to any other after the expedition, and that they rendezvous on the fifteenth of this month in town, and be ready to go on board on three hours' notice being given them.

3rd. That all or any of the men who shall desire to settle in that country after the reduction of it shall be provided with land.

4th. That all prizes taken by land or sea shall be equally divided among the officers and men according to their respective ranks, first deducting the expense of the expedition.

5th. That in case of mutiny or disobedience of orders the man or party concerned shall forfeit the whole of their prize money and be subject to confinement for the offence according to the nature of the crime.

6th. That a certain number of dead shares shall be reserved for the support of all wounded men, widows and orphans of men that may unfortunately fall on this expedition. Ten dead shares shall be at the disposal of Capt. Wheeler and myself for deserving men.

7th. That the person who raises the most men shall be second in command, and I do engage if any person or persons should not be willing to remain in the

Bahamas to furnish them with a passage to Jamaica or back to St. Augustine.

St. AUGUSTINE, 3rd of March, 1783.

We who have subscribed our names as under, do hereby agree to go with Major Andrew Deavoce on the within expedition as volunteers, complying with the within rules and to hold ourselves in readiness for embarking on said expedition on the fifteenth of this inst. Either of us refusing to comply with the above and within rules and articles shall forfeit to Major Andrew Deavoce, his heirs or assigns, the sum of ten pounds sterling money of Great Britain.

After this I began to notice my negroes beginning to get sick and six of them died. Some time after I went to St. Augustine I was taken sick and lay at the point of death for three weeks. I then began at last to walk, and one day I went to my field to where I had a young negro about twenty years of age at work. I took my rifle with me as usual; I set her down by a tree. I felt very sick and weak; I laid myself down on some grass and my negro took up my rifle and came within ten yards and set himself down and took aim at my head, but luckily the ball missed my head about one inch, but it split my hat. I then got up and went towards him, when he ran at me with the gun and struck at my head. But I fended it off with my arms. He however broke the stock, forward of the lock. I knowing myself weak, I turned and ran sixty yards, but found myself not able to run. I got my feet entangled in some vines and unfortunately fell, and he came to me and with the barrel of my rifle he struck at me many times. I lay on my back and fended his strokes with my heels until he had knocked all the bottoms of my feet to blisters. His great eagerness to kill me put him much out of wind. I accidentally got hold of the gun barrel and he tried to bite my hand for some time. During the time of his trying to bite me, I knocked all his fore teeth out. At last he run for his hoe and made one stroke at me and broke one of the bones of my left arm. But I took the opportunity of giving him a stroke on his temple with which I brought him down. I then mended my blows until he appeared to be

dead. As I had got him down my wife came in sight of me, and he lay for some time to appearance dead, until two men came to me as they had heard me hollowing. He at length come to and walked home. I confined him to take him to justice. He lived till the next day, and at the same hour the next he was sitting, eating, and all of a sudden he fell dead.

In a short time after I heard peace was proclaimed and for the loyalists to send an estimation of their losses and services; also, that the Province of East Florida was to be immediately evacuated, and the ships came to take all the provincial troops to Nova Scotia; the officers that were acquainted with me insisted for me to go with them, but I had not time to get my family and property to town in time, and as it was uncertain where I should go to, some of the gentlemen officers desired to give me a certificate to let my services be known, let me go where I would—a true copy of which is hereunto set forth:

EAST FLORIDA.

We whose names are hereunto subscribed, do hereby certify that Col. David Fanning, late of the Province of No. Ca., acted in the station of Colonel of Militia of that Province, and was of the greatest service to his Majesty in suppressing the rebels during the late rebellion in North America, and that he is worthy of every loyal subject both for his valour and good conduct; that after he with his men took the town of Hillsborough, dispersed the rebel council, and took a great number of prisoners, he was on that day wounded in the left arm—that finding the town of Wilmington evacuated by the British troops, and his wound not yet well, he, for the safety of his people, divided them into small parties, and continued a long time in the back woods; that after many skirmishes in North Carolina, in the month of June, 1782, he with the utmost difficulty made his way through many interruptions of the enemy to the Province of South Carolina, where his Majesty's troops then lay; and that he was obliged to leave the province where he lived, and his property, which we are informed was considerable; and that he is

now without the means of subsistence, having lost his all for and on account of his services and attachment to his Majesty's person and government.

JOHN HAMILTON,

Lt.-Col. Com. R. N. C. Regt.

JOHN LEGETT, *Capt. R. N. C. Regt.*

ALEX. CAMPBELL, *Capt. S. C. Regt.*

GEO. DAWKINS, *Capt. S. C. Regt.*

DANIEL MCNEIL,* *Capt. R.N.C. Regt.*

MOSES WHITLEY, *Lieut. S. C. Regt.*

St. Augustine, 20th September, 1783.

On the 25th November following, I drew up an estimate of the loss I had sustained during the late war in America, a true copy of which I hereto set forth:

Schedule of the property of Col. David Fanning, late resident of the Province of North Carolina, but now of the Province of East Florida, lost to him on account of his zeal and attachment to the British Government, and never received any part or parcel thereof, or any restoration of the same, viz:

550 acres of land in Amelia County in the Province of Virginia, with a dwelling house and other necessary buildings, a large apple and peach orchard, and large enclosed improvements.....	£ s 687.10
550 acres of land near said plantation, as heir to the estate of my father, and some improvement with a dwelling house.....	412.00
3 saddle horses.....	41.00
12 plantation do., three unbroke do.	96.00
2 negro slaves.....	100.
Debts in notes, bonds, etc.....	289.

£1,625.10

Personally appeared before me, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, St. Augustine and Province of East Florida, the above-mentioned Col. David Fanning, who, being duly sworn and maketh oath on the Holy Evangelist of Almighty God, that he lost all and every part of the above-mentioned property on account of his zeal and attachment to his Majesty's cause during the late war against the revolted colonies in North America, and

* This was the grandfather of the recently deceased eminent physician and public man, Hon. Daniel McNeill Parker, M.D., of Nova Scotia.

that he has not let, sold, bargained, bartered or disposed or impowered any person or persons to let, sell, bargain, barter or dispose of any part or parcel of the same in any manner whatsoever, nor received any restitution for the same. Sworn at St. Augustine, the 25th November, 1783, before me.

JOHN MILLS, J.P.

DAVID FANNING.

Personally appeared before me, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace in St. Augustine, Province of East Florida, Lieutenant Charles Robertson, Neill McInnis, and Philip Whisenhunt, refugees, of said East Florida, who being called upon by the within mentioned Col. David Fanning to value the within mentioned property, who being duly sworn, make oath upon the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God, that the within mentioned properties are well worth the sums affixed to each article, as near the value as possible if the same was to be sold, to their own knowledge and the best information they could get.

CHARLES ROBERTSON.

NEIL MCINNIS.

PHILIP WHISENHUNT

Sworn at St. Augustine, this 25th November, 1783, before me.

JOHN MILLS, J. P.

(Here follows notarial certificate by John Mills)

After my many scenes and passages through and during the late war, and often hearing the Americans had got their request, I never could put any faith in it until I saw the King's speech, of which I have hereunto set forth a true copy for the better satisfaction of those loyalists that perhaps have never seen it yet.

New York, February 9th, 1783.

By the brigantine *Peggy*, Capt. McNeil, in nineteen days from Tortola, we have received the following copy of his Majesty's most gracious speech to both houses of Parliament on Thursday, December 5th, 1782—which was brought to Tortola from Windward by Capt. Rodney, son of Lord Rodney:

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN:

Since the close of the last session, I

have employed my whole time in the care and attention which the important and critical conjuncture of public affairs required of me.

I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the further prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America, adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do with decision and effect, whatever I collect to be the sense of my Parliament and my people. I have pointed all my views and measures as well in Europe as in North America to an entire and cordial reconciliation with those colonies.

Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go the full length of the powers vested in me and offered to declare them free and independent States by an article to be inserted in the treaty of peace. Provisional articles are agreed upon to take effect whenever terms of peace shall be finally settled with the court of France. In thus admitting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinion of my people. I make it my humour and ever my prayers to Almighty God that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the Empire, and that America may be free from those calamities which have formerly proved in the mother country how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interest, affections, may and I hope will yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries—to this neither attention nor disposition shall be wanting on my part.

While I have carefully abstained from all offensive operations against America, I have directed my whole force by land and sea against the other powers at war with as much vigour as the situation of that force at the commencement of the campaign would permit. I trust that you must have seen with pride and satisfaction the gallant defence of the Governor and garrison of Gibraltar, and my fleet after having effected the object of their destination offering battle to the combined force of France and Spain on their own coasts; those of my

kingdom have remained at the same time perfectly secure, and your domestic tranquillity uninterrupted. This respectable state under the blessing of God I attribute to the entire confidence which subsists between me and my people, and to the readiness which has been shewn by my subjects in my city of London and in other parts of my kingdoms to stand forth in the general defence. Some proofs have lately been given of public spirit in private men which would do honour to any age and any country—having manifested to the whole world by the most lasting examples the signal spirit and bravery of my people. I conceived it a moment not unbecoming my dignity, and thought it a regard due to the lives and fortunes of such brave and gallant subjects to shew myself ready on my part to embrace fair and honourable terms of accommodation with all the powers at war.

I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that negotiations to this effect are considerably advanced, the result of which as soon as they are brought to a conclusion shall be immediately communicated to you. I have every reason to hope and believe that I shall have it in my power in a very short time to acquaint you that they have ended in terms of pacification which I trust you will see just cause to approve. I rely, however, with perfect confidence on the wisdom of my Parliament and the spirit of my people, that if any unforeseen change in the disposition of the belligerent powers

should frustrate my confident expectations they will approve of the preparations I have thought it advisable to make, and be ready to second the most vigorous efforts in the further prosecution of the war.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:

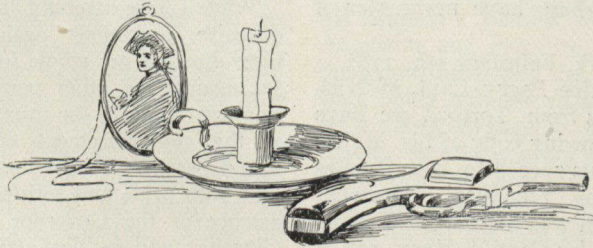
I have endeavoured by every measure in my power to diminish the burthens of my people. I lost no time taking the most decided measures for introducing a better economy in the expenditure of the army.

I have carried into strict execution the several reductions in my civil list expenses directed by an act of the last session. I have introduced a further reform into other departments and suppressed several sinecure places in them. I have by this means so regulated my establishments that my expense shall not in future exceed my income.

I have ordered the estimate of the civil list debt laid before you last session to be completed. The debt proving somewhat greater than could be then correctly stated and the proposed reduction not immediately taking place, I trust you will provide for deficiency, securing as before the repayment out of my annual income.

I have ordered enquiry to be made into the application of the sum voted in support of the American sufferers, and I trust you will agree with me that a due and generous attention ought to be shown to those who have relinquished their properties or professions from motives of loyalty to me and attachment to the mother country.

(To be continued).



The Duck Hunters

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

FRITZ arose like a swaying "Jack-in-the-box," as the swift team and light waggon dashed around the bend in the road.

"I see it! I see it!" he cried.

"I'll see you standin' on your head, youngster," said the driver, as he pulled up the leaping, startled team.

I had the same keen feeling on seeing the blue waters of Rice Lake gleaming through the pines for the first time, but the angling seat and sliding cameras kept me busy. So the lad had the exclamations all to himself. Spread beneath us, the island-studded lake, with its white sails and yellow rice beds, lay like a peaceful picture, but the steady, deep booming from the northern points told of a game that was not all peace for the web-footed ones. Even at that distance, the sudden darting out of a canoe, the stop, the bending over of the paddler, the swift turn and rapid paddling ashore, told of a dead bird quickly retrieved.

"He got one," sighed Fritz.

Although we begrudge no man his luck, we tell of it with a sigh. Why is it so?

There were ten miles to do—a fair wind, a fairly heavy swell and well-laden canoes. This running before the wind with lateen sails needs watchful eyes and strong, steady wrists. As we got farther out from land the swells ran higher and the sail pitched up and down with sickening regularity, threatening every moment to blow off. The farther we went, the worse it got. We were in for it, and we

used every trick, and safeguard to get through without swamping. The canoes mounted the rollers like great white-winged birds, and swept down the lea sides like coasting sleighs. Up, up again they struggled, shipping the foamy tops fore and aft. A glance behind showed a fore-reaching line of angry toppling waves. A call from Fritz made me turn; he had let his sail draw so far ahead that he perforce lost the sheet, and the lateen stood out over his bow in most dangerous shape. Luckily, as I darted down a surging hill I managed to knock it off with a swift paddle stroke, but the action unbalanced my craft and off blew my sail. Instantly boom and spar swept in against the sides of the bow, and the water mounted into the canvas trough thus formed and poured into the canoe. While I paddled might and main to back her, I saw the lad come darting down behind me. His wet paddle glistening in the bright light for a moment, curved like a sword and struck fair on the cord that held the ring, severing it instantly. Down fell the sail and my canoe passed over it. A knot in the sheet caught in the stern thwart, and the wet canvas and spars dragged safely behind. With much bailing and more awful coasting, we sped along before the heavy wind, and never was there more grateful sound in canoeman's ears than the grating of the sand beneath our bows at the camp-ground.

The tent was up, the ditch cut around

the back to run off any heavy rain, and the double top or cover stretched over the tent. This is an excellent device in wet weather, for then the campers can touch the tent inside without the usual stream following the fingers. The piece of sheet iron, with two pot holes cut in it, was laid over some flat rocks; many bits of dry

cedar were laid away in the canvas home for kindling future fires. Logs and poles and cedar boughs made an excellent bunk toward off rheumatism, the bane of the camper's life; for, remember, no matter how dry your tent may be above you, the dew arising from the grass inside will dampen any bed laid flat on the ground. All the curtains were closed down by four o'clock, so that the ever present mosquito could not intrude and sample the two newcomers. A hole was dug on the north side of a big rock for a miniature cellar, the spring cleared out, wood gathered. A happy, laughing hour was passed at lunch, and then—and only then, although the guns had been booming out in the

rice-bed enough to drive a fellow half wild—were the guns and shell boxes and cameras carried down to the canoe. We were using a twelve-bore, seven and a half pounds, and a ten-bore, weighing almost ten—too heavy a gun for anything but canoe or "blind" or "hide" work. Our load was three drams of smokeless and one ounce number six chilled shot

for the twelve-bore, and four drams and an ounce and a half number six for the ten. A card and two black edge wads were put over the powder, and well rammed home if black, lightly set if smokeless, and a card wad just firmly set over the shot. Personally, I prefer brass shells—a little more bother, but better killing

qualities. Three dozen decoys that did not roll or glitter with paint and varnish, twelve-foot anchor lines, and two-ounce lead anchors, were provided.

In the big canoe was the old telescope, a most successful thing if a bird fall a mile out in the lake, for it saves many a paddle after a wing-tipped bird. Fritz in the bow paddled with never a "tump" on the thwart—that tell-tale noise. The drumlike canoe resounds and spreads its deep, bumping paddle noise over fully two miles of calm water, carefully instructing every duck that you are coming. The guns were laid, ready cocked, or safety slide over, if hammerless; mine, in the stern, was prevented from



A HANDSOME PAIR OF MARSH BLUE-BILLS

pointing at the bowman by a folded oil-skin laid on the middle thwart, with the muzzle just at the gunwale, so that no brushing rice or weeds could push it in. Many an accident would be averted if minute and constant care were paid to those dangerous playthings, guns.

The sixteen-foot double cedar canoe swept almost noiselessly through the thin

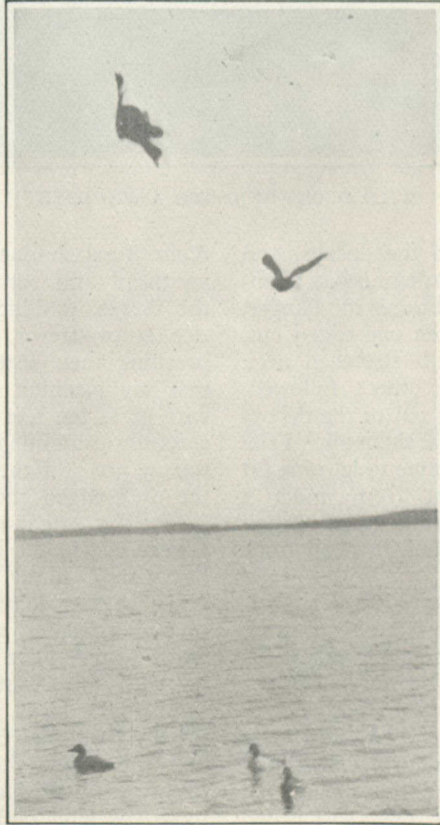
cover; but when the full standing rice was reached it rasped and screeched on the sides of the craft like fine nails on tin. Fritz, his second year out, incessantly grabbed his gun at every jumping coot, mudhen, rail or crake. Finally a bittern jumped from right under the bow. "Tack" sang his hammerless, and the bird sailed rapidly away in the chasm the lad had rent in the air. Very sheepishly Fritz looked back; but it was kinder not to look that way; he had had punishment enough for shooting at a poor, harmless bird.

As we neared the rice bed that I intended us to shoot from, we saw an Indian's canoe slowly emerge from the thick rice. The redman was bent so low that his chin touched the gunwale. Foot by foot the canoe crept ahead, the short paddle was worked almost altogether under water. Some hundred yards in front of the silently advancing craft I saw two black ducks, and made out through the glass that both were asleep. Then I saw a brown hand reach over the side of the canoe and grasp the rice stalks, the paddle was discarded, and foot by foot the crafty hunter drew his canoe ahead by underwater holds, then the brown hands stole aboard. The old gun was slowly grasped; the hunter gradually sat erect, a fearful rattling "bang" echoed over the great wild rice beds, and two poor black ducks passed out asleep.

Sitting in the canoe, hidden by the tall,

waving wild grain, we silently watched the flight. The black ducks were starting to come home to the feeding grounds. Two passed along the front of the bed a hundred yards out. I sounded the low nasal "quack." Instantly the two birds, evidently this year's young males, turned and swooped down to find the gossiping female in the rice. A low whisper warned

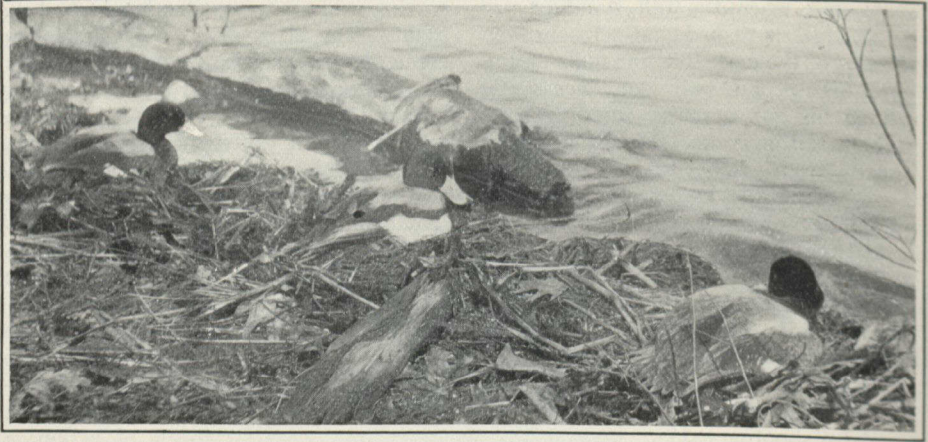
Fritz not to move. They passed over within ten yards, the big camera was ready. I saw them in the clear, full-size finder. A touch of action, a clang of the machine and the birds were mine photographically. I heard Fritz mutter something about leaving the bally camera at home and getting more ducks. Just then, splash, splash, quack, quack, and there sat two big pintails in the decoys. Up with an odd gabbling noise they jumped. My hands were full of cameras. Fritz hastened their flight by discharging both barrels without an aim, and then claimed he had hit them because one of the birds jumped at the report; so would you if an un-



BLACK DUCK FALLING DEAD INTO DECOYS

expected enemy popped up so unceremoniously and banged away at you.

A flock of blue-bills came along in their steady, graceful flight. I tried the "purr-it" the Mississaugas had taught me—a purr of the tongue on the roof of the mouth. At the third call the bird nearest me left its position at the end of the line and swung in. One by one the other eight turned and looked and followed. Circling to the wind, they



WILD DUCKS ENJOYING A SUN BATH

dropped gracefully into the decoys, and sat there as still as if made of cedar themselves—scared, poor birds, in danger, and they knew it. Then one edged out, passing each decoy with stretched neck and startled eyes; the others followed, and just as they passed out of the decoys the good old camera took them all. Fritz said it was a hanged shame to let nine fat ducks swim out right from under a fellow's nose. But the rules are so written in this camp that a photographed duck is safe—with thanks.

"Here's your chance, Fritz," said I, as two big black ducks were heading up the beds. As they passed, I "quacked," beat my fingers lightly on the gunwale—the Indians' imitation of the duck stretching up its neck and calling, and then beating its wings. Again I called and tapped; they saw the decoys. I felt sure the lad would miss them, so I raised my camera for a picture. A fraction of time before I pressed the action, I heard the sharp report of his gun, and to my astonishment saw the reflected bird on the mirror in my camera start to fall. So I broke my word while it was still fresh on my lips and photographed it, saw it killed, and finally ate it.

Out behind the decoys before the sun rose, when the dim forms of the ducks swimming through the decoys were located only by the ripples; in fogs, when the birds loomed up as big as geese; when the

flight of marsh blue-bills was on and they swam in and sunned themselves along the shores, waddling out on to the wild rice straw-strewn edge and oiling and preening their feathers, all unconscious that my machine was concealed in the wire grass ten feet away and that I was carefully examining them from the bank top, a press of the bulb, and a part of the duck-edged shore was mine.

One day, late in the season, the lad and I were lost in the beds during an hour's heavy fog. Many odd things happened. Once we stopped and looked at a flock of blue-bills feeding apparently a hundred yards away. Fritz said in common tones, "I wish they were in range," and up jumped the birds. We paddled over to the lily roots they had been feeding near, and the entire flock had been within twenty yards all the time. Again the fog fooled us later on. We had thrown our decoys out of the rice, and had accepted one chance, killing a couple of black ducks. The lad grasped my arm and hoarsely whispered, "Two, swimmin' in." I could just make out their heads in the fog. We sat there, cramped, strained and uncomfortable, not daring to make a motion, hardly daring to breathe. For fully ten minutes those dark objects hovered on the edge of the decoys, then a wisp of air parted the fog for an instant and we saw that we had been intently watching the two wads of our charge from the last shot.

Thus does the fog fool the duck hunter. Many days of rare enjoyment the cameras and guns gave us, days when the air seemed alive with ducks, days when they were as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth; but we always managed to kill enough to keep the oven busy. Oh, the birds that boy missed! He wants me to add mine to the list, but there is no room. Day after day the migrating hosts arrived; night after night they took up their long journey, and the hours of darkness were filled with the rustling of wild ducks' wings.



BLUE-BILLS SWIMMING OUT OF DECOYS

At last, as a parting souvenir, they gave my hidden camera an excellent picture of a pair of handsome marsh blue-bills swimming along the marshy edge of a lonely island.

A Shore Twilight

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Lo, here we find when the ripe day is o'er
A kingdom of enchantment by the shore.

Behold the sky with early stars ashine,
A jewelled flagon brimmed with purple wine.

Like a dumb poet's soul the troubled sea
Moans of its joy and sorrow wordlessly.

But the glad winds that utter naught of grief
Make silver speech by headland and by reef.

Saving for such, there is no voice or call
To mar the gracious silence over all—

Silence so tender 'tis a sweet caress.
A most beguiling and dear loneliness:

The girdling mountains shut the world without
And hedge long valleys of fair dreams about.

Lo, here we find a beckoning solitude,
A winsome presence to be mutely wooed.

Which, being won, will teach us fabled lore,
The old, old gramarye of the sibyl shore.

Oh, what a poignant rapture thus to be
Lingering at twilight by the ancient sea!



March

By S. A. WHITE

*A bird note thrills the thickets thin and bare,
And lyric blood is warming yonder stream;
Hark! through the roughened whistling of
the air,
Spring's reed-pipes echo with a softer theme.*

*O hearts that loved this woodland path last
year!
O dear dead feet that went the way of
leaves!
Methinks thine echoes I can sometimes hear—
Or is it but Earth's loom as slow she weaves?*

The Disillusionment of Dodge

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

SALEM DODGE is a retired farmer now living in Toronto, late from a crossroads community known as Candid Corners. Salem was a member of the church; something of a revivalist; paid every man his due down to the last cent; met his promissory notes the exact day they came in; had not even guile enough to put big potatoes in the top of the bag when he went to market. But he has lately been disillusionised.

Verily there was a limpid rectitude about Salem which was the talk of a township. You knew it by the way he plowed in a back field; as straight as a sunbeam with not even a passing neighbour to notice it.

On one thing only had Salem any guile. A horse which periodically went blind, he sold between blind spells with never a word as to the blindness. On the eve of a "swap" he had even doped for the heavens and concealed a bad spavin. Salem was quite as much convinced as ever was *David Harum* that he knew no living man who would not do his neighbour on horses, even though he prayed next to him on the Sabbath.

This is cited merely to show that Salem Dodge is not a white-robed innocent whose observations are largely poetic.

Since Salem has come to Toronto he has learned many things. Having little to do but tend furnace in winter, mow the lawn in summer, and listen to his daughter

Dorothy practise on the "pyanner," he has a special aptitude for finding out how his neighbours live. His wife calls him a "snooper."

The grocer was the first man Salem "snooped" on. He had seen too many crossroads storekeepers to be euchred easily by this amiable gentleman who had set up a store in that part of the city where Salem had rented his house. Salem did most of the shopping, and as he now had to pay cash for eggs and butter which formerly he gave in barter for overalls and brown sugar, he became rather fastidious in the matter of quality. The first eggs Salem bought from his city grocer, though piously labelled "Strictly new laid," turned out to be stale eggs fit only for cake-making. Of the next dozen he bought, two were cracked, and four were picayune. Upbraiding the grocer about this Salem was told that it was a farmer who supplied the eggs. Farmers were sharpers nowadays.

"Hum—yaas," ventured Hiram, pulling his trowel-like little gray beard. "Seems like it."

He bought a basket of Northern Spy apples, and to save the grocer trouble of delivery lugged them home himself. Salem had never grown quite such splendid Spies as those, and he said so to the wife who for weeks had been complaining of the runts she had got. But when they unpacked the basket, Mrs.

Dodge called Salem a "punkinhead"; for he had bought seven fine Spies, and the rest of the basket were greenish wind-falls, bruised and full of worms.

"Haint fit to make a pie!" snapped Mrs. Dodge.

"By jing, that's so!" assented Salem; and he began to cast up on the new writing pad how many such baskets there were in a barrel, and at forty-five cents a peck what a barrel of grocery Spies was sold for as compared to the price which the farmer had received.

Then he wished he were back at Candid Corners.

Soon after the Dodges came to town some new neighbours moved in next door. The very first time Mrs. Dodge held a broom and dustpan parley on the verandah, she learned that the neighbours had skipped from the house they had formerly occupied and had left no trace of their going, because it was cheaper to hire a moving van than to pay store bills.

This information imparted to Salem quite filled the old gentleman with indignation; so that with much persuasion from his wife and daughter he was hindered from exposing his new neighbours to the corner storekeepers.

Chewing cloves over this revelation and one or two others of like complexion, Salem figured coldly that there was compensation in the thing somewhere; for, whereas he had been tricked by one storekeeper there were other merchants who had themselves been cheated. Moreover, why should he hand out *gratis* information of benefit to a storekeeper who had already hoodwinked him?

A winter in the new house made other exposures to Salem. The plaster over the doors and windows began to crack; the door-jambes were no longer horizontal to his shrewd eye that had squinted out many a geometrical furrow; the doors and windows shrank so that the wind whistled through and the floors began to warp.

"Sairy, this blame house is settlin'," he said abruptly. "By jingo!"

But Mrs. Dodge had worse revelations. The new gas fixtures, for which Salem had paid without scrutiny, were found to have no connection with the supply of

gas; the waste-pipe had sprung a leak, and the kitchen tap, repaired a week before by an industrious, silent man possessed of a blowpipe, was now dribbling worse than before.

"Hmh-hmh!" snarled Salem. "'Nother plumbers' combine, I guess. Dang sight wuss'n a labour union."

He remembered that the house which for thirty years he had lived in down at Candid Corners had been built jointly by himself and a neighbour, who was a farmer-carpenter, and in all those years had not begun to show even a symptom of falling away.

"Only hed a block foundation too!" he said dejectedly. "This here rigamajig's got a stun one. I bin lookin' at them stuns too, by jingo! down in the cellar. I c'n pull 'em out with my hand. Judas! Had a hull stun ridge 'v hardheads on the place better'n the best in this foundation."

Spring came on, and Salem took note of some doings at his landlord's across the way. Here was a rambling old house which for years had been neglected. Old Mr. Hood was the owner, whose wife had died years before and left him to the mercy of casual housekeepers. But now the old man had decided to renovate the place and put it in order; so that during a prolonged absence from home he had engaged to superintend the renovation a smooth-spoken, technical gentleman, who had for years been a close counsellor. This gentleman Salem often encountered that spring and summer while the carpenters and painters and masons and plumbers and fixture-fitters were working about the house.

"Sairy," he said to his wife, "that's a pretty slick coon over there bossin' that Hood show. His name's Smiley."

He told how Smiley had taken him into his confidence; even ventilating little secrets about old man Hood. This was pleasing to a man of Salem's humble, bucolic origin; all the more so as Smiley at first seemed to have such faith in his workers—for he saw them only twice a day.

Month after month the dawdlers came on the Hood premises, and week after week Smiley paid them the checks which

the old man Hood had signed in blank before leaving home. One gang did what another was hired to undo; carpentry went wrong; painting was badly done; rather than disappoint his patron, Smiley would have everything twice done; for as he told Salem—"Pshaw! it isn't the cost Mr. Hood cares about; it's the delivery of the goods. But say, my friend—*entre nous*—you really can't trust your own right hand these days on the clean labour question."

"Dang well right he is too!" declared Salem, with a spit over his lawn mower. "That man knows how c'rupt things is. He's a steel trap. Wish't he'd hed the buildin' o' this here house, I do."

By the end of October the Hood place was something new; the workers went; the last checks were paid, including several and sundry to Mr. Smiley.

But there was an almighty row when the old man Hood returned, for he found that his deputy had spent large moneys on a lot of changes which neither rhyme nor reason could justify; that even the necessary alterations had been skimped; the new roof leaked; the electric light fixtures were wrongly placed; the four coats of paint on the woodwork had quarrelled and blistered off; the furnace had contracted a smoke; and Mr. Smiley had got rake-offs. All this and much more he ventilated to Salem Dodge, his neighbour tenant, who reflected to his wife that evening—"Well, by jingo, Sairy, that slick Smiley was dead right to say you couldn't trust your right hand nowadays to do a clean job o' work. Gosh! can't even tell when y're nussin' a rattlesnake in a town like this."

Salem now pronounced his landlord the only other absolutely upright man on that street; for had not his landlord been buncoed, even as he himself had been?

This conviction lasted until, taking advantage of a slight boom in that part of the city, Mr. Hood raised Salem's rent five dollars a month.

Salem paid the advance without even asking to have the house papered and the foundation jacked up. For as far as he knew Toronto there was no vacant house anywhere with a reasonable rental.

He said not a word to Mr. Hood, not caring to make a display. But to Mrs. Dodge and Dorothy now there were times when he fervently thanked heaven that even a reptile like Smiley had risen to bite Mr. Hood.

Salem had now begun to realise that between the simplicity of Candid Corners, where every fellow knew every other fellow's hand and mind, and the complications of Toronto, where even a man's own mind scarcely knew what his hand was up to—there was a great gulf fixed, even in small things.

Prying about among the neighbours he heard many a conversation which revealed to him the decadence of the simple life. Many of these people had recently come from places similar to Candid Corners. They also were learning. Smithers the insurance agent blandly told Salem how he had "fixed" seven railway conductors running out of various towns in Ontario, whereby in five years he had not paid fifty per cent. of his requisite railway fares. Mrs. Smithers also had contracted the fixed habit; insomuch that she often went down town on the trolley without a ticket or a cent, and being a bit lame no conductor had ever been so unkind as to put her off.

Pickall, the builder one block down the street, went to the same church as Salem and furtively bragged how that any plugged coins which he was unable to work off on the street railway he put into the collection plate at church. Scripture the confectioner as an adherent of the church regularly got the catering to the sociables. He managed to dispose of large quantities of slightly sour cream which when frozen and flavoured was quite good enough for a church function; besides, he always tendered low, and as a matter of principle didn't believe in sanctified bun feeds anyway.

In that same church, too, Salem encountered a tailor, a species of craftsman for which he had never any use down at Candid Corners, where he had bought all his Sunday clothes readymade at the general store. But with his daughter now a leading "sopranner" in the choir, and his wife president of a woman's society

Salem was persuaded that he had need to discard his readymades and to find out what his real measure might be.

The tailor was an usher who, at the church door, often met Salem habitually there early for meditation. Although he did not hand the old gentleman his business card he made it quite plain both by his cut and his conversation that many of the best-dressed gentlemen in that congregation owed their Sabbath appearance to him. So that Salem straightway felt how baggy were his trousers and how crude the crinkles in his Candid Corners coat, even while he marvelled at the ease with which the tailor-wise usher had talked of clothes at the church door. This feeling was augmented when at dinner he heard Dorothy his daughter remark the number of frock coats she had counted in the congregation from her eyrie in the choir loft.

Wherefore it was decided that Salem must buy himself a new tailor-made suit. Being certain moreover that all ordinary tailors were not to be trusted, he betook himself to Markey the usher, where he got his measure, being complimented meanwhile on the rectitude of his spine, the evenness of his shoulders and his generous chest measurement, all very delightful to a man whose measure had never been taken before. The cloth on which—with the tailor's advice—he had decided, was ticketed in some sort of Assyriac characters at thirty-five dollars; but seeing that it was Mr. Dodge, the father of the understudy soprano in the church choir, Mr. Markey would be pleased to make the price an even thirty, with the very best trimmings.

To do Mr. Markey justice, it must be said that the suit admirably fitted the old gentleman, who speedily felt himself to be a new man in the sight of his family and of the congregation. None of them objected to the price. One Sabbath afternoon, however, a young gentleman named Todd strolled in with Dorothy from Sunday School. Mr. Todd wore a nobby new suit which he frankly told Mr. Dodge he had bought for twenty-five "bones" from a down-town tailor; a fashionable tailor who paid a high rent

and catered only to the most fastidious customers. Wherefore Salem's soul rose within him; so that soon after the hour of opening on Monday morning he walked highly into the store of Mr. Markey with the intelligence.

"Judas!" he concluded acidly, "I mighta known it—what's a tailor fer but to take a man's mayshur. Oh, I guess I'm easy all right."

"My dear sir," smiled the shrewd Mr. Markey, "the young gentleman of whom you speak is the worst clothes deadbeat in this town. He got a suit and a spring overcoat out of me without paying for either; and I'll guarantee that if you'll go to his last tailor inside of two months you'll find he's another victim."

Too dazed to look at a nice new overcoating held out by Mr. Markey, Salem left the store. By the time he had arrived home he had concluded two things: that a city tailor is a man who soaks Peter to make up for the shortcomings of Paul; and that the young gentleman Todd was too "slick" a character to associate with his daughter Dorothy.

Even Dorothy became a source of bewilderment to Salem. The choir-master, an ambitious man, had advised her to take singing lessons, as a result of which he might be able to get her a small salary as assistant to the regular soprano soloist. Dorothy was eager.

"Not on your tintype!" sulked Salem. "That choir man wants to soak you f'r a fat fee."

"Goodness, Salem!" exclaimed Mrs. Dodge, aghast at the old man's modern vocabulary.

"No such thing!" declared Dorothy. "Mr. Prout doesn't teach vocal."

With two women pestering him, Salem gave in that it might be a wise thing to give the girl a couple of terms with one Herr Jinglespiel, who had a studio down town. Herr said rosily that the young lady had a voice that would easily become a "coloratura" in the course of time. Terms. Fifty dollars a term—paid in advance.

"Hmh-hmh," cogitated Salem on the way home with Dorothy. "Sounds pretty good t' me. Wonder how much he'll

soak me to make a cholera toory out 'v you?"

"Paw!" gasped Dorothy. "Why Herr Jinglespiel doesn't care for the money. He's an artist."

"Yeh. Hmh-hmh. Check artist, I guess."

It became at once necessary to buy a piano for Dorothy, who could not dream of practising vocalises with a little reed organ. Salem's house soon became almost as promiscuous as an inn with piano drummers. In his bewilderment Salem referred the case to Herr Jinglespiel, who, after humming and hawing very discreetly, gave it as his opinion that of the three best pianos made in Toronto, the Orpheus was the very best. Salem bought an Orpheus and gave Herr Jinglespiel five dollars for his kindness in helping him out of a dilemma. And Dorothy had not got her first fifty dollars' worth out of the piano before the old gentleman discovered that a neighbour down street had bought an Apollo piano—on recommendation of the same Jinglespiel.

"Yeh," he said disgustedly at dinner, "I've been snoopin' round a leetle, an' I've found out that Jinglespiel gits twenty-five dollars fer ev'ry pyanner that gits sold on his recommend. Maw, pass the pickles. And I've hearn also as how the choirmaster gits ten dollars a term on

all pupils he places with that there same pesky vocal teacher."

Dorothy is still taking "vocal"; not from Herr Jinglespiel however. Salem discovered that Herr was a vacuum so far as money was concerned, whatever he might be on ideas. Having spent so much on Dorothy without her having developed into a "coloratura," he felt that it was now his duty to spend more in order some day to get back what he had lost on Jinglespiel. In so doing Salem is finding out that paying "vocal" for one's daughter in Toronto is sometimes a good deal like taking a rise out of Cobalt.

Now, we are grieved to relate, Salem has ceased to moralise over the gulf between Candid Corners and Toronto. He has concluded that city life is too complicated in its ethics for him to ravel out; furthermore he has no desire to pose as a Pharisee; begins to find it easy to laugh at the little dexterities of other people and once in a while takes a hand himself.

And there are times of an evening when his neighbours happen in and dilate upon the deals they have put through—Salem coughs and tells placidly how he used to dope a horse for the heaves, and sell a blind horse between blind spells. And if anybody pooh-poohs him he flares up and settles down again with difficulty.

Thinking

By E. MARGUERITE LAYTON

If I were to think as you think,
 And you were to think as I,
 I wonder would you think that I think
 As well as you would, were you I?
 You say that you love me so dearly—
 Do you think I think I love you?
 While, if I thought that you love as I do,
 You'd ne'er for my love have to sue.



Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

TO say that all the world was shocked at the cold-blooded and cowardly assassination of the King of Portugal and his eldest son is to utter a truism only. Humanity revolts at such crimes, yet the pages of history will apparently never cease to be disfigured with them. King Carlos was a lazy, good-natured monarch, who kept in the rear rather than in the front of the spirit of the times. He has paid a terrible penalty for any sloth or negligence of which he may have been guilty, but it is difficult to see how his subjects can be benefited by the murder of the King and of the King's son. Revolution had been expected and was already stalking abroad in the streets of Lisbon. Changes which would have removed from Portugal the stigma of being one of the most illiterate and unprogressive nations counted as civilised would have been welcomed by the world. The recorded deed simply makes mankind shudder. All Portugal will pay the penalty of chaos and reaction that will follow, though a few madmen alone are the criminals.

* * *

Despite the announcement on the floor of the House of Representatives that Mr. Bryan would certainly be the Democratic candidate at the approaching Presidential election, an announcement made by a Democratic member and cheered generally on the Democratic side of the House, there is a dark horse in the field, as usual, which has been urged well to the front

of late and will apparently be a strong rival for the nomination. The dark horse is John A. Johnson, Governor of Minnesota. Mr. Johnson carried Minnesota for the Democrats by a handsome majority in 1904, the same year in which the State declared for Roosevelt by a vote of four to one. Obviously party lines are not rigidly drawn in the Western State, and leading Republicans openly endorsed the candidature of the Democratic nominee for Governor. The State seemed to be as strongly Republican as ever two years later, when another gubernatorial contest came round, and the whole Republican ticket—save only the Governor—was elected by pluralities reaching up to 84,754 for the Attorney-General; Johnson, the Democrat, was elected to the executive by a vote of 168,480 to 96,162 for Cole, the Republican, a candidate who had been selected with the utmost care. Both legislatures with which Governor Johnson has had to do have been strongly Republican, but he succeeded in attracting a majority of the representatives and much strenuous legislation was enacted, having largely to do with the regulation of railways and other corporations.

* * *

Should it be decreed that Johnson shall follow Roosevelt at Washington the situation would represent a sudden reversion to the type of American Presidents from which Roosevelt is perhaps furthest removed. Roosevelt is an American aristocrat, well born,

well educated, well travelled; author, soldier, statesman, cattle puncher, sportsman, a strenuous and versatile man of the world. Johnson is of humble birth, self-educated, with experiences limited, before he plunged into politics, to clerking successively in a grocery store and a drug store, and editing a newspaper in a small western town. Yet his personal force is undoubted, and his strenuousness nothing short of that of the present President, if one may judge from the vehemence with which his two gubernatorial campaigns were conducted, and by his successful work as Governor for four years. Moreover, the fact that Johnson has succeeded in working so well with a majority politically opposed to him, suggests that the Minnesota Governor has perhaps some advantage of the aggressive President. Though a native of his State, Johnson is of foreign parentage, his father and mother having come from Sweden in the rush of immigration from Scandinavia that is largely settled in the Western States. The father deserted wife and family, and the children were brought up by the mother, John. A. starting work in a grocery store at the age of thirteen. The successful contest against a world of difficulties waged by this western waif who has mounted to the Governor's seat is one that will appeal to the American people with a peculiar force. The portrait of Governor Johnson shows intellectual mobile features, fully suggestive of the firmness, sagacity and capacity that have enabled him to accomplish so much and may yet carry him to the Presidential chair.

* * *

A most surprising feature of the discussion concerning the reported change of hands of the London *Times* has been the encomiums paid that journal by the American press, or at least by many of its best representatives. The *Outlook*, itself the organ of much of the highest thought and culture of



THE THIRD DOUMA

NICHOLAS—"They sing their 'God Save the Czar' in wonderful harmony."

STOLYPINE—"Yes, your Majesty, but if you only knew how much trouble I had in training them."
—*Wahre Jacob* (Stuttgart)

the United States, declares of the *Times* "that it has written the history of the British Empire and of the modern world with a breadth of view and a sense of perspective which its keenest critics must concede and admire," and the *Outlook* and the *New York Tribune* agree in admitting that it is the foremost newspaper of the world. Regarding the sale itself it may be frankly said to be a misfortune for journalism. To have the *Times* pass into the hands of Cyril Arthur Pearson, the man described by Mr. Chamberlain as "the greatest hustler I ever know outside of America," is much as if Westminster Abbey should begin printing half-page advertisements of its attractions.

* * *

Mr. Pearson is the youngest of the notable trio of ambitious newspaper iconoclasts, the other members being Sir George Newnes and Lord Northcliffe (formerly one of the Harmsworth Brothers), who had long since



A GERMAN CONCEPTION
The King as an international juggler

broken with English traditions of journalism, and in doing so had thrown to the winds the dignity, accuracy and wholesomeness which had on the whole been the distinguishing characteristic of the English press. Despite Mr. Pearson's protestations that no change will be made in the character of the paper, the sequel, there can be little doubt, will show the *Times* quickly degraded from the proud position it has so long held. Even without any active or conscious influence on Mr. Pearson's part over the policy or contents of the *Times*, the mere fact that it is under the control of a scheming, "hustling" modern man of business will take all the virtue out of its columns and reduce it to the level of the ordinary everyday newspaper.

* * *

It is impossible to suppose, however, that the purchase of the *Times* is not part of a vast campaign of the Unionist party for tariff reform, of which Mr. Pearson is chief journalistic manager. The *Times* has always

been the great national mouthpiece of England, and it may very well be argued that therefore by sounding the mouthpiece you utter the voice of England. But the *Times* has never previously been used in this arbitrary manner, has never been wedded absolutely to one political party. It can hardly retain its old rank under the new conditions, and without the unique prestige of the past it is doubtful if it will greatly strengthen the cause of the Tariff Reformers. It is more than likely that the *Times* had given evidence of its intentions to follow its long-established custom of supporting the constituted authorities, once they are in the saddle with a firm seat, and in the case of the present Government that would mean throwing over the tariff reformers. Some months ago, it will be remembered, the *Times* threw out the suggestion that it would be a fatal mistake to make the Unionist party a tariff reform party only, and this suggestion appears to have been taken as an ominous hint by the tariff reformers that they must choose between having the heavy independent influence of the *Times* thrown in the scale against them at the next election and buying the paper right out, so that its influence might be with them. At any rate this weakening of the *Times* on tariff reform was followed shortly by the announcement of its purchase by the tariff reformers.

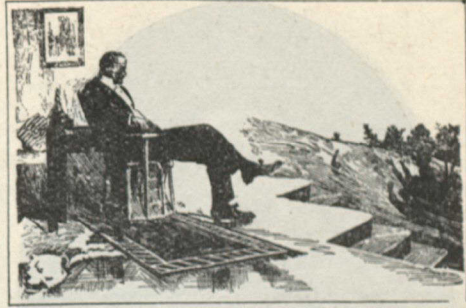
* * *

The Campbell-Bannerman Government is threatened with a more serious blow than the loss of a hypothetical support from the *Times*, in the continued illness of the Premier and increasing probability that he will be compelled shortly to retire. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is not in any way a brilliant man. He is probably the least shining among the British premiers since the days of Aberdeen, and the sixty-year interval including the scintillating names of Palmerston, Derby, Disraeli, Glad-

stone, Salisbury, Rosebery and Balfour. But Campbell-Bannerman is the instrument by which the Liberal party achieved a greater victory than fell to any of those, and since his success he has been valued accordingly. He took up the leadership of the party at a time when Rosebery, Harcourt and Morley each refused its responsibilities, so discordant were the notes sounded in its ranks, so hopeless the prospect of attaining power. He is little of an orator, and cannot be said to excel in tact, for his attitude during the Boer war was wavering and unpopular, while as an administrator he was responsible for deficiencies in the equipment of the War Department that caused the defeat of the Rosebery Government in 1895. But Sir Henry is bland and genial and conciliatory, and above all heartily radical, and was better able than any other man to mass under one banner the warring cohorts of the Liberal party. The great radical wing of the party particularly welcomed his chiefship, the more so that they had chafed bitterly at being led by a peer and from the House of Lords. Since he became Premier, Sir Henry seems to have gained greatly in personal popularity, though he has not developed any great qualities as leader or administrator.

* * *

The only possible successor to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in the leadership of the Commons is Mr. Herbert Asquith. The Premiership may possibly be retained for a while by the present leader from the calmer atmosphere of the Lords, though the arrangement would be distasteful to both chief and followers, but in any event Mr. Asquith must succeed immediately to all but the name of leader and eventually to the name itself. Mr. Asquith is rather more of an Imperialist than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and originally represented what may be styled the Rosebery school of politics in the Cabinet,



How the world looks on misery

—Le Rire

though the distinctions between the various shades of Liberalism included in the Government appear of late to have receded into the background. Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey were the two most indispensable members of the Cabinet at the time it was formed, and Sir Edward Grey, who is a yet more pronounced Imperialist than Mr. Asquith, has been favoured by a section of the party for the succession to the Premiership. Mr. Asquith is a Non-conformist by tradition, being the son of an English Congregational minister. Like Mr. Morley, the third great figure in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Government, Mr. Asquith was too radical for his countrymen south of the Tweed, and had to find a seat in Scotland, just as Sir William Harcourt, yet another great English Liberal, was driven in the later years of his life to a seat in radical little Wales.

* * *

There promises to be no lack of grave problems demanding urgent attention from the Government as soon as it has been reorganised, and there are to be found in the unrest of India and of Ireland, and in the capture of the English labour congress by the Socialists, portentous omens even of possible impending calamities. A strong Government is needed to cope with these and other vexatious matters, and the strongest government may well come to grief over them. The trouble in India seems



Happy King Carlos of Portugal, who died under the hand of an assassin

for the moment to offer the darkest prospect of all, fuel having been added to the fire already burning there by the irritating legislation of the Transvaal with regard to the Indians in that colony. Fortunately, at the last moment the legislature of the new colony has relented and consented to accept as proof of identity and safeguard against fraudulent immigration the signature rather than the fingerprint of the Indians already in the country—but it is by no means certain that incurable mischief has not been already wrought in India by legislation which appeared to put on a level with the criminal classes all Indians now in the new Boer-British colony.

* * *

This is another aspect of that hydra-headed race and colour question which seems likely to be the dominating political consideration of the twentieth century and which is rapidly approaching a crisis. Canada, South Africa and Australia, the three self-governing colonies, have each been

called upon to deal with the question in some form, and to choose between adopting a policy which is purely provincial and a policy which is moulded on Imperial lines. Canada has handled the question with tact and skill and has attained her wishes in the case of China and Japan without sacrificing Imperial interests. The Transvaal, as we have seen, has by rash legislation, gravely complicated an already difficult question, and, at the last moment only, has consented to take less than her pound of flesh in the way of self-governing rights. In Australia decisive action is yet to be taken, and the question is discussed in terms that bodes ill for Imperial interests where they may clash with those of the Commonwealth. "It might as well be plainly and definitely understood in England once for all," says the *Sydney Morning Herald*, "that, at whatever cost, the Commonwealth will determinedly adhere to the white ideal. If the Mother Country's protection were withdrawn Australia might or might not be able to assert herself, but we should make the attempt—there is no possibility of compromise." It is difficult for the empire to speak on these questions with a single voice.

* * *

It is on the Colonial Office that the burden of the problem will fall in the first place, and it is interesting therefore to note in this connection that one of the men mentioned as likely to be promoted in the coming reorganization of the Imperial Cabinet is Mr. Winston Churchill, the Under Secretary for the Colonies. That will take him out of the Colonial Office, for he could not presumably spring at once to the important portfolio of the Colonial Secretary. Lord Elgin, the present Colonial Secretary, has fully justified his reputation for being in no sense a brilliant statesman, but he has proceeded on safe lines, save in the case of his rash interference and quick surrender in the

case of Natal and the blacks. The final action of the Transvaal legislature, if due to Lord Elgin's efforts, may be set against the Natal failure. Mr. Hamar Greenwood, the Canadian who sits for old York, and who has been parliamentary secretary to Mr. Churchill, may possibly succeed him as Under Secretary. His Canadian experience and his travels in other parts of the Empire may fit him fairly well for the post, yet with Lord Elgin and Mr. Greenwood at the Colonial Office there would seem still to be a vacancy for the man fitted by destiny to cope with world-shaking problems. The suggestion recently that an Imperial conference should be summoned on this subject, at which the whole matter should be carefully sifted and debated, is not to be dismissed without reflection. It need not be a conference of premiers, but should consist of men who can speak with some general authority and with special authority on the question in hand. Each part of the Empire should learn in this all-important matter what are the interests and dangers of all other parts, and since it is impossible that this knowledge can be obtained by the public at large, the task of gaining it should be entrusted definitely to a selected few who will make themselves experts on the subject and qualify themselves to advise and instruct as to the handling of such momentous affairs. Canada is moving rapidly out of the provincial stage. New problems concerning her association with the outer world will come to her from year to year, and she can solve them only by equipping herself with all the appliances of good government.

* * *

The cartoons of the month reproduced in this department give some continental impressions of the dexterity with which King Edward has,



The Crown Prince of Portugal, assassinated recently at Lisbon

in the opinion of the European newspaper gossips, succeeded in treating with the various powers, so that instead of Great Britain being now able to boast of its "splendid isolation," it is the very heart of such a group of alliances, *ententes*, and friendships as the world has never previously seen. How long the beneficent work started by the King may continue it is impossible to forecast, but in the meantime it is certain at least that it makes all for peace and may prove to be the beginning of that era of rest from war for which all the world longs. The other continental cartoon is an ironical view of the struggle between the Czar and his third Duma, less bitter in its humour than the usual reference to the troubles of the unfortunate Russian potentate. The third is a biting comment on the placidity if not actual futility of the vaunted humanitarianism of the age.

WOMAN'S SPHERE



THE WOMEN WHO WAIT.

He went to the war in the morning—
The roll of the drums could be heard,
But he paused at the gate with his mother

For a kiss and a comforting word.
He was full of the dreams and ambitions

That youth is so ready to weave,
And proud of the clank of his sabre
And the chevrons of gold on his sleeve.

He came from the war in the evening—

The meadows were sprinkled with snow,
The drums and the bugles were silent,
And the steps of the soldiers were slow.

He was wrapped in the flag of his country

When they laid him away in the mold,
With the glittering stars of a captain
Replacing the chevrons of gold.

With the heroes who sleep on the hillside

He lies with a flag at his head,
But, blind with the years of her weeping,

His mother yet mourns for her

dead.

The soldiers who fall in the battle
May feel but a moment of pain,
But the women who wait in the homesteads
Must dwell with the ghosts of the slain.

—*Minna Irving, in Boston Pilot.*

* * *

ARE CANADIAN WOMEN EXTRAVAGANT?

THERE is no charge more thoughtlessly made than extravagance, but there is no charge more difficult to prove. The word itself means literally "going beyond," but there is no more indefinite region than that "beyond." In a recent issue of *Collier's*, a well-known New York weekly, a correspondent says:

"It seems to me that one-fourth of the business men I know are driven as by fiends, racing along to keep ahead of the all but infernal demands of amiable American women. Their extravagance is national in scope; it is squandering life, and will end in wreck.

"The fact of the matter is that our entire American notion of the status of woman needs revising. We are doing her a wrong by permitting her

to cultivate selfishness to the point of brutality.

"She sets the scale of living in this country. And she sets it one notch at least above her husband's purse.

"This is a standard topic for joke-makers, but it is joked about too much. To thousands of men it is a dire reality. I am not a misogynist. I am not voicing a personal grief. Not I! The chief points of light in the gray days that spread before me are memories of ten bright years, with a true comrade, a—well, I will not stop to search out words fine enough for her—the more I saw of some women, the more I thanked God for her! No, it is the troubles of my friends I am voicing, and there are thousands in bondage to American petticoat finance."

The editor of the weekly addressed does not commit himself to an opinion on the subject of feminine extravagance, and in his abstinence he is wise. It is far better to leave women to discuss and decide among themselves as to whether they are driving men to drink and debt by their magnificent demands.

It hardly seems woman's fault that the men of this northern half of the American continent work so strenuously. The American man (the adjective including Canada) loves business for its own sake, and will work hard in his bachelor days when he needs to take no thought for feminine tastes and the cost of gratifying them. The difficulty on this side of the Atlantic seems to be that there is not so much comradeship in matters of household and business expenditure as may be found in Great Britain and France. Women are frequently kept in ignorance of their husband's income and of impending financial disaster, and many of them are blamed for catastrophes of whose approach they could not dream. Of course there are utterly selfish and heartless women who would demand luxurious dress and diamonds though the heav-

ens were falling. But there are comparatively few women who would not respond to the right kind of appeal regarding domestic finance and who would not take an intelligent interest in their husbands' business demands if they were given the opportunity. In truth, the British or French householder pays woman a greater compliment than does the American, for the former assumes that his wife is capable of comprehending his affairs and governing the home expenses accordingly. But the Montrealer or New Yorker is too likely to think that his wife is not equal to the task of understanding the ebb and flow of his financial world, and if a crash comes partially in consequence of her ignorance, they are both to blame. No one thinks that a woman can manage a house and also be acquainted with all the details of her husband's office; but she ought to know of his success or impending failure and have a general knowledge of what is being lost or gained.

Canadian women of fifty years ago were too busy doing their own work, making their own gowns and, in many cases, teaching their own children, to consider the matter of extravagance. But in modern days many of these thoughtful men, who are so anxious that their sisters should always do the right thing, have arisen to ask in troubled accents if Canadian women are not spending too much. Perhaps we are; but it is so very lately that we have had much money to squander that we may be excused for not realising all at once the necessity for a bank account. The cure for the excesses of new freedom is more freedom, and the Canadian woman will soon be wise enough to acknowledge in a practical form the feasibility of economy. Already there is a marked change in the habits of Canadian business women, who at first were too much inclined to spend every dollar as it came. There is too much of the cautious blood of good old Scotland

in the veins of the Canadian woman for her to throw away recklessly the money which she or her husband has won by honest work.

* * *

THE PRESENT DISTRESS.

THE last month has been one of unusual suffering in Canadian cities, especially those of the East. We always look forward to February as the most trying month of the year, but in 1908 it has revealed a degree of poverty and affliction sufficient to startle the community.

The first and imperative duty was to feed these distressed human beings and keep them warm; but after they have had soup, flannels and coal, one naturally wonders why such distress should exist in a country with big, uninhabited spaces where there ought to be room for millions more to have comfortable homes. If the half that is told of Canada's resources be true, then it is utterly ridiculous for men, women and children to be cold and hungry in Montreal, Toronto, or any other Canadian town. But, we are told, these men cannot get work. We pick up a British Columbia paper and are informed that the one need is white workingmen. Then an authority says that these immigrants come at the wrong season and are not supplied with funds to reach the West, where their services may be in demand. It is a pitiful mess and someone has certainly blundered. If steamship agents are lying to innocent foreigners, telling men with families that they have only to come to Canada in the month of January and, however penniless they may be, fabulous positions will be theirs on landing, such mendacious gentlemen should be exposed and punished. The consequence of all this extensive immigration at an unseasonable time is misery for the men and worse than misery for the women and children. Whereupon the citizens of Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto or London are called

upon to clothe and feed newcomers who should not have crowded to the cities and who probably wish themselves back in Europe. There is room for all, but not in two or three cities. However, the modern world seems city-mad and would rather starve, freeze or suffocate in a crowded community than go to the God-made country.

* * *

A BRISK DEBATE.

THERE is nothing more truly joyous than a vigorous controversy as to the relative common-sense of the sexes. Such a diverting quarrel has been going on in the English *Outlook* and the end is not in sight. Dr. Alfred R. Wallace, an eminent scientist whose very initials inspire awe, wrote an article for the January *Fortnightly Review* which took a gloomy view of our mental and moral progress. Indeed, the learned author seemed to be of the opinion that there has been no appreciable advance in the moral nature of man since the earliest days of savagery. This is not cheering information. Just as we are congratulating ourselves on being so far ahead of our grand-parents, who had the bad taste to consider Shakespeare a great writer and who took time to be polite, a rude scientist arises to announce that we are no better than the cave-dwellers.

But Dr. Wallace went further and fared worse. He made remarks concerning woman's characteristics which aroused the wrath of those women who know how to "write to the editor about it," and a lady calling herself *Eve* has addressed a stormy letter to the *Outlook*, condemning the distinguished scientist for his infinite condescension towards women. The same old subject of woman's sense (or absence) of humour is dragged into the columns, and the man critic is sternly asked how he knows anything about "Mr. Meredith's masterly analysis of female character; Thackeray's intim-

ate knowledge of women," and so on. Why does not someone ask the women about Meredith or Thackeray? Men declare that Charlotte Brontë did not know a cad from a gentleman. Thackeray certainly often failed to distinguish between idiocy and amiability when depicting a heroine. All these and other weaknesses of mere men who have tried to write things are mentioned in passing by the scornful *Eve*, who will have none of Dr. Wallace's philosophy.

We have gone too far in classifying virtues and vices as masculine or feminine. Solomon seemed to have doubts about the existence of a really admirable woman, but Solomon cultivated an acquaintance with ladies of folly who probably laughed in their sleeves at his loads of proverbs. After all, the vanity, the heroism, the madness, the wisdom, the despair and the hope which keep the newspapers going belong to that bewildering common human nature which is the "glory, jest and riddle of the world."

* * *

ONE OF OUR SINGERS.

AMONG the singers of to-day whom Canadian audiences are glad to hear none is more welcome than Madame Le Grand Reed, whose present home is Toronto. After years of study under foreign masters, Madame Reed made her *début* last year with Victor Herbert's orchestra at Daly's Theatre, New York, afterwards giving a concert in Massey Hall, Toronto. This



Madame Le Grand Reed, a distinguished Canadian soprano

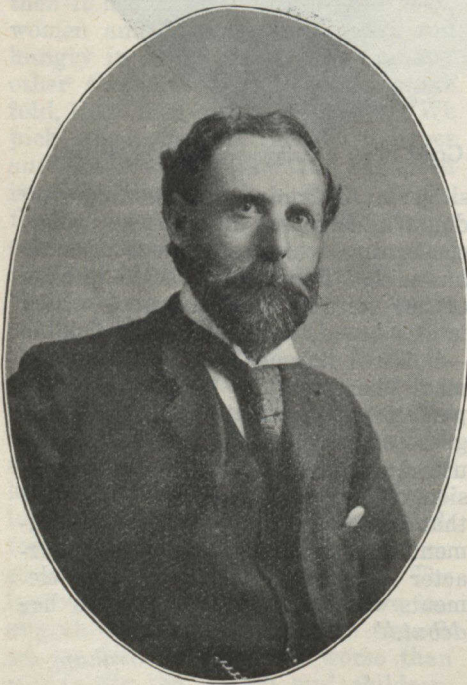
singer's charming personality no doubt adds to the effect of her voice, concerning which a Canadian critic has said: "Beautiful as is the quality of her voice—a high soprano—which is also broad, warm, true and flexible—it is not this noble gift alone which made her singing delightful. The perfect tone-production, the ease and grace of her phrasing, the full, noble utterance which left a definite impression of forces in reserve, in fact all that intelligent study can do to augment and preserve the natural character of a voice, these were the elements which gave distinction to her *début*."

Jean Graham.

The Front Window

THE LITTLE COMPANY OF EIGHT.

THE formation of the Canadian Art Club, whose first annual exhibition was held recently in Toronto, should mark an epoch in the acquirement of dignity in what might be regarded in its various aspects as distinctly Canadian art. There is in



Mr. Homer Watson, President, The Canadian Art Club

the painting of pictures, as well as in the writing of books, certain variations that must be observed when it comes to the point of defining what is or what is not an absolutely native product of any particular country. Could a book written by a Canadian, descriptive of the natives of Brazil and published in Paris, be classed as Canadian literature? Could a picture of a Dutch landscape, painted by a Canadian in Holland, be described as Canadian art? Could a novel based on Canadian social life and customs, with the scenes all laid in Canada, and written by a Frenchman in New York, be accepted as Canadian literature? Could a picture possessing a similar genesis have legitimate place in a collection of Canadian art? It can be seen at a glance how varied and embarrassing are the questions that would confront the enthusiast who might undertake to make a record of the art or literary productions of any country. But if a precise definition could be given and generally accepted, the task would be comparatively easy. If, for instance, no painting could be classed as Canadian unless the subject were Canadian and the painter a native of Canada, the way would be clear. It is not quite so clear, however, when we have to deal with a scene in France, painted by a man who was not born in Canada, but who has lived in Canada

most of his life and who is in all reason a real Canadian. It is perhaps clearer when we have a Dutch landscape by a born Canadian. But there is not much doubt about paintings of Canadian subjects that are painted by born or naturalised Canadians and set up for Canadians to look at. And if the members of the Canadian Art Club aim at anything, their chief aim seems to be to produce pictures whose classification will leave no room for doubt. They have started out well. It would be untrue to say that all of the paintings exhibited at their first exhibition were of Canadian subjects, but many of them were. Newfoundland subjects are, of course, included as Canadian.

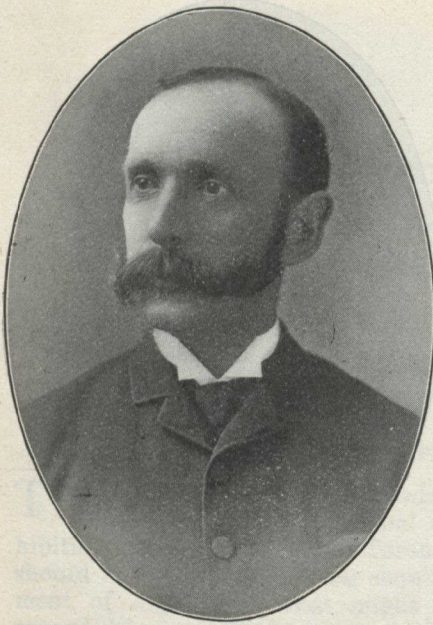
The Canadian Art Club is the result of a growing conviction that no country in the world offers better subjects for painting than Canada and that there are Canadian artists who are just as capable of rising to the opportunities as the artists of any other country. The members were not so sure, however, of the support that they would receive. The people of Holland think that no artists can paint their landscapes with the same deftness and fidelity as their own Dutch painters, and it is to be hoped that the people of Canada will soon have a similar respect for Canadian artists. We are prone to feel that Canadians have but little fondness for the work of native painters, but the lack of interest is perhaps, after all, due to an uncultivated appreciation of art and to the machinations of art dealers. But Canada is not the only country wherein the cry is heard of lack of loyalty to native art, for Mr. Arthur Hoeber, a well-known art critic and painter, writing in *The Forum*, laments the poverty of the esthetic household environment in the United States, and charges that the worst American picture-buyer is the one who "prefers anything to the product of his own countrymen, and,



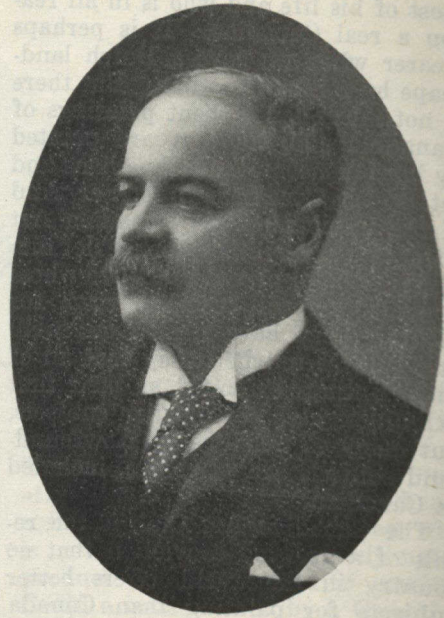
Mr. Curtis Williamson, Hon.-Secretary,
The Canadian Art Club

curiously enough, the more questionable his way of amassing wealth the less is he inclined to patronise art."

A significant feature of this first exhibition of the Canadian Art Club is the fact that there was not among the fifty-four pictures a single one that could fairly be marked bad. The quality all round was creditably high, while a few of the canvases would go in the front rank anywhere. Most of the subjects were picturesque, and it will be a good thing for art in Canada if for future exhibitions picturesqueness be almost rigidly demanded. It is difficult to conceive of anything being really artistic that is not picturesque. As the president of the club, Mr. Homer Watson, puts it, a house, a waggon, a man, or anything else, is not paintable until it becomes weather-beaten and ready to fall to pieces—until it gets back close to that from which it was evolved. It would seem, therefore, that nothing of an elaborate historical nature can be ex-



The late Frank Herbert Eaton, D.C.L., Superintendent of Education at Victoria, B.C., one of the most eminent of Canadian educationists, who died recently



The late Hon. Arthur Peters, Premier of Prince Edward Island, who for about six years served his Province with great influence and distinction

pected to come from the Canadian Art Club, unless, indeed, history can claim a place in the picturesque aspects or transformations of the country.

This little company of eight painters have an organisation that is distinct from most other organisations formed by painters in Canada: it is a club, and for that very reason the members should be mutually beneficial to one another. Mutual benefit has resulted from the formation of the Graphic Arts Club of Toronto, an organisation whose members are largely interested in commercial art. But the new club must be prepared to cheerfully give and accept either favourable or unfavourable criticism. It seems to be their intention not to confine their exhibitions to the members of the club, but to invite contributions from other Canadian artists whose work they deem worthy. They are fortunate in having as pre-

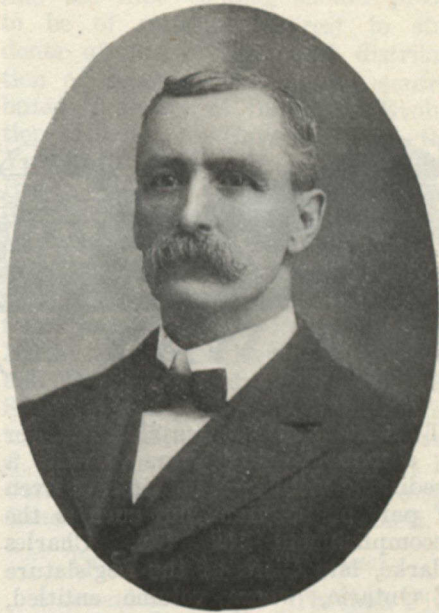
sident Mr. Homer Watson, and as honorary secretary Mr. Curtis Williamson, two artists of recognised distinction. So far the membership is composed of these two and W. Edwin Atkinson, Archibald Browne, Franklin Brownell, James Wilson Morris, Edmund Morris and Horatio Walker. That is a distinguished list, and it is to be hoped that they will keep ever before them the high ideals that gave birth to their club, and that by so doing they will be an inspiration to the many other Canadian artists who have undoubted talent and great possibilities.

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DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF REFORM.

There is no such thing as real law reform. It is possible to change the current of a stream, to direct it into other channels, but the substance of it cannot be changed. It is water,

and water it *will* be. So it is with law. The system or the practice of law may be changed, but the spirit or the genius of it will remain. So that when we speak of law reform we should keep in mind possible reformation within the scope of the practice of law. It is easy to imagine a limitation of the powers of a judge, but no one thinks it possible to get along without judgment. Perhaps it is not so easy to imagine a lawyer who would never yield to the temptation to badger a witness, but nevertheless no one thinks that we could protect society and insure the rights of individuals without examination under oath. While there is undoubtedly great opportunity for reform in the criminal courts and in the legal practices that have to do with punishment for crime, it is to the civil courts that most persons turn whenever the question of law reform is mooted. There seems to be no doubt in the world that our system of appeal is bad. Why a ridiculous minority of judges should finally prevail over the opinion of a majority is not readily understood, and why a trial judge should have the right to give or withhold the privilege of appeal seems, on the other hand, to be equally anomalous. In any event, the balance of power is certainly in favour of the judge, and that is one reason why we should have men of unimpeachable integrity on the bench. But who will reform the system of law? Parliament? Parliament is influenced by the Government. If the Government supports a measure, very good; if not, very bad. But the Government is in turn influenced by the cabinet minister who is the most concerned in any particular branch of legislation. In the case of law it is the Minister of Justice. The Minister of Justice is, in his turn, assailed by those who are directly interested in any proposed legislation affecting his department. If it be a proposed reform in the practice of law, the persons most directly concerned are law-



Mr. A. Knechtel, late Forester, the New York State Forest, Fish and Game Commission, a Canadian who has been brought back to Canada to act as Inspector of Forest Reserves

yers. It stands to reason that the law societies will do all in their power to prevent legislation that would be injurious to the legal profession. And unfortunately it happens that most legislation that would benefit lawyers would not similarly benefit those who engage the services of lawyers. Legislators have been prone to rely upon societies and fraternities for the framework of legislation affecting the interests of such bodies. Not until our legislators are sufficiently sympathetic to give ear to the voice crying in the wilderness, and independent enough not to accept as disinterested the counsel of highly-organised bodies, can we hope for those reforms that are needed but that are not actually crying out on all hands. At the same time, it is well for the voice in the wilderness to gain in strength in the hope of diffusing the spell of such societies as are controlled by lawyers, doctors, bankers, etc.



The WAY of LETTERS

IT is no small accomplishment for a man of eighty years to write a creditable history of his time, or even of part of his time, but such is the accomplishment of Col. Charles Clarke, late Clerk of the Legislature of Ontario, whose volume entitled, "Sixty Years in Upper Canada," has just been published (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.50 net.)

At the beginning of his preface Col. Clarke says: "The story to be related by me, at the request of various friends, is one marked by few uncommon incidents and fewer extraordinary events. It tells somewhat of the social advancement of Upper Canada, and much more of its political progress, and I have endeavored to portray, candidly and faithfully, some of the leading occurrences of the past sixty years in that direction. In that time I have witnessed the new growth of an old Province, now rejuvenated and well on its way to manhood and nationality." And in his closing words he frankly admits that "a mere sketch of the doings of the period which elapsed since Confederation was brought about is all that has been attempted by me, and I gladly make way for better pens to work out a complete story of the events of the last forty years."

To admirers and friends, this volume, too long deferred, will be joyfully received, and it will be read by

many others as a non-partisan record of events that came under the author's personal notice. Regret will perhaps be felt that Col. Clarke did not entitle his book "The Mowat Régime," and confine the work to that interesting and important period in the history of Ontario; but had that been done, the chief object, the production of a volume that could possess a personal and especial value to the friends of the author, would have been defeated. Nevertheless, the volume contains some reminiscences of general interest, while as a work of reference for biographical information respecting most of the important figures in the Ontario Legislature during its first forty years the work will have special value. Col. Clarke had exceptional opportunities for studying the members of the Legislature, and he has recorded his impressions in a brief and appreciative way.

CANADIAN WILD FLOWERS

The Canadian Rockies are now regarded as a most fertile and attractive field for botanists, particularly for those whose fancy is mostly for alpine flora. A manual, or, more strictly speaking, a guide book, has recently been prepared by Mr. Stewardson Brown, Curator of Herbarium Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, and illustrated with water colour drawings and photographs by

Mrs. Charles Schäffler (New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.) The volume is entitled, "Alpine Flora of the Canadian Rocky Mountains," and deals with the flora accessible by means of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Banff and Glacier. It is observed that the plants found in the Rockies are adapted to the withstanding of severe conditions of drouth or cold, being mostly low and tufted, with small surfaces of leaf exposure, either thick or leathery, or in many instances with an ample covering of protecting hairs; while those of the Selkirks, owing to more humid atmospheric conditions, are essentially moisture-loving forms, with a luxuriant growth of stems and leaves. It seems that only where the atmospheric conditions are the same in the two regions that the same or similar forms exist. By a contrast with the plants of the European Alps, it is shown that while most of the species are vastly different, there is close resemblance in the families that are represented in both countries. While the Canadian Rockies can boast of no such array of primroses and gentians as the European Alps can, they have, on the other hand, an incomparable showing of, for instance, the Indian paint brush. The volume contains thirty-one water colours and ninety-eight other illustrations.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT

The importance that many municipalities in Canada have attained, and that others are attaining, renders the study of municipal or local government particularly interesting, and it is safe to say that nowhere has the subject been treated in a comprehensive way. A creditable discussion of many of its most interesting aspects has nevertheless been brought about by the editor (Mr. S. Morley Wickett) of the *University of Toronto Studies: History and Economics*, in volumes I. and II. Volume II. appeared recently, and,

like the first volume, should prove to be of unusual interest to students of the division and distribution of powers. The papers contributed to it are as follows: "Evolution of Law and Government in the Yukon Territory," by J. N. Elliott Brown; "Local Government in British Columbia," by S. Morley Wickett; "Local Government in the Maritime Provinces," by Walter C. Murray; "Local Government in Newfoundland," by D. W. Prowse; "Some Notes on the Charters of Montreal and Related Statutes," by Hon. R. Stanley Weir; "The Civic Administration of Montreal," by Hon. Paul G. Martineau; "City Government in Ottawa," by Fred Cook; "Present Conditions," by S. Morley Wickett.

TRAVEL IN SOUTH AMERICA

A second edition of "Through Five Republics on Horseback," by G. Whitfield Ray, missionary and explorer, has been issued (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25 net.) This is a most absorbing book of travel, and at the same time it pretends to be more than a mere descriptive work. It deals with social, and particularly religious, conditions in South America, subjecting the Roman Catholic Church to a very severe arraignment for what the author characterises as demoralising practices. One of the first things he charges it with is the tolerance of a system of lotteries, from which the Church reaps bounteously. That is a charge that might be laid against the Roman Catholic Church in countries where it is subjected to what are oftentimes regarded as the counter-balancing influences of Protestantism, and, indeed, the same charge might be laid, and frequently is laid, against some of the Protestant denominations. Opinions differ as to whether it is wrong for a church to derive benefit from a lottery or right for another church to raise funds by means of an auction sale at which the buyers have no foreknowledge of what



Dr. Albert Shaw, author of "The Outlook for the Average Man"

they are buying. If it is wrong to do these things, Protestantism and Roman Catholicism are alike indictable. There may be a difference between an auction sale conducted in public by a branch of a denomination and a lottery conducted by the public for the benefit of a church, but the two things seem to have an affinity in spirit and object. However, the arraignment of the Roman Catholic Church is only a small part of Mr. Ray's extremely interesting volume.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY

During and following what some observers were pleased to call the "crisis" between England and Germany last April, and in view of the interesting attitude of the King and Kaiser towards each other, Mr. Austin Harrison wrote for *The Observer* a series of articles which have been republished under the general title of "England and Germany" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, 90 cents.) Mr. Harrison takes the stand that, notwithstanding every

indication to the contrary, there was a real crisis, and that at his time of writing it had not altogether passed away. Instead of animosity towards England, as a result of the South African war, having passed away with time, he had found that it had actually grown in volume and intensity. He provides suggestive opinion on the German appreciation of King Edward, and whether his observations are reliable or not, they are at least interesting.

THE AVERAGE MAN'S OUTLOOK

A most interesting and suggestive series of lectures delivered by Dr. Albert Shaw to young men in several universities in the United States have been published in book form under the general title of "The Outlook for the Average Man" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25.) Each lecture is distinct in itself, but each one has some relation to the main theme—the relation of individuals to the social, economic and political conditions of the present time. The first lecture gives title to the book. Dr. Shaw upsets many popular opinions; for instance, he insists that nowadays character and efficiency, rather than wealth, stand as man's best and safest asset, and that there has never been a time when the outlook was better for "the sane and wise dominance of the best average intelligence." He also says that wealth is not the degenerating thing that it is popularly supposed to be, but men in modern times have been far more likely to decay under conditions of wealth. He sees much good and beneficence in capitalised wealth, and has no fears about distribution, because "no railroad can grow rich unless it serves a rich and prosperous country," while no industrial trust can create multimillionaires "except under conditions which permit the division of an incalculably greater quantity of wealth among millions of people."

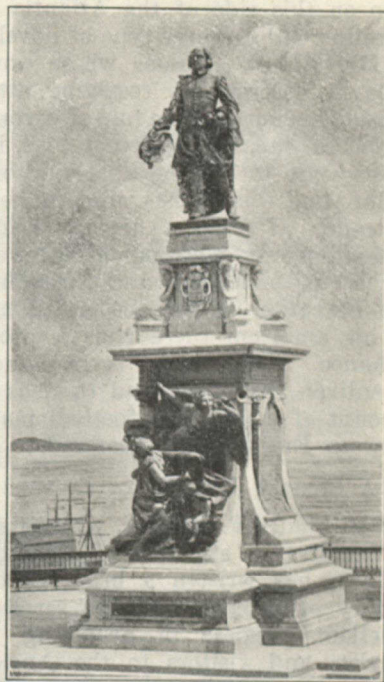
A MYSTERY STORY

Easy and agreeable reading may be found in George Burr McCutcheon's new book, "The Daughter of Anderson Crow" (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25), in which the author pleasingly handles phases of human nature in his characterisation of certain persons. He also has fiction throughout the narrative, which is not without more than one peculiar and improbable climax. Anderson Crow is the story's most striking individual, and is apt to make many see in him something akin to the town constable in the play "Way Down East." He is a quaint, good-hearted, simple-minded man, deeply absorbed in detective work, with opportunity to excel, but who always forms a valuable clew out of a single idea or suspicion, and then imagines the culprit "just as good as caught." Thus he is the direct cause of many serious, yet humorous, blunders.

Mystery surrounds the life of the heroine, known as Rosalie Gray. She lives with the Crow family, which is responsible for much dramatic incident, and which is used to keep the reader curiously interested till the mystery regarding the girl's birth is cleared.

A RESTAURANT HEROINE

"Sadie," by Karl Edwin Harri-man, is, as the title would suggest, a story which is nearly all heroine (Toronto: Henry Frowde. Cloth, \$1.25.) Sadie is a restaurant girl of the familiar type, extravagant as to pompadour and slangy as to speech, but possessed of that good heart which is supposed to cover a multitude of small transgressions. Sadie goes out to a dreary desert station to act as general manager of what is politely called the "lunch counter." Many and sensational adventures there befall the fair dispenser of dinners and destinies; but through them all Sadie proves herself to be a staunch friend to the unfortun-



Champlain's Monument at Quebec, from
"Quebec: the City of Champlain"
by Emily P. Weaver

ate and such a good comrade as it is cheering to meet in the waste of modern fiction. Of course Sadie marries, for such a combination of beauty and *esprit* would not be allowed to waste its sweetness on the desert lunch counter. But, what is more important, Sadie becomes the bride of the right man, although it looks at one time as if she were going to wed a picturesque young man from the East, who would be highly "incompatible." This is not hammock weather, but "Sadie" is a novel which would nicely fill in a lazy August afternoon and leave one with a good appetite for a non-restaurant meal.

INTRODUCING ENGLISH WRITERS

Among the many English writers which Cassell and Company, who now have a Canadian branch established at Toronto, are introducing to those

who on this side of the Atlantic admire the Old Country type of novelist, is Mr. Alfred Gibson, whose novel, "David Strong," is receiving attention. This novel is the tale of a youth, *David Strong*, who does not wish, like most boys, to become a soldier or a sailor, but who rather aims at being a leader of men—a modern leader. *David* possesses a strong character and much determination, and throughout the narration of the accomplishment of his ambition there runs a pretty romance. Some sport is introduced to enliven the pages, and there is an account of a first-rate football match between England and Scotland.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF QUEBEC

Miss Emily P. Weaver, whose name is familiar to students of Canadian history, has written a brief, concise history of Quebec that will serve an excellent purpose in providing for tourists and visitors to the Ancient

Capital an opportunity to observe with intelligence the many historical landmarks to be seen there, and to absorb with sensitiveness the charming atmosphere that still hovers over the place that has been made famous by Champlain and the great men who have followed him. The title of the book is "Old Quebec: The City of Champlain" (Toronto: William Briggs.) The pen and ink drawings used as illustrations are by Miss Anne E. Weaver, sister of the author.

NOTES

—With a view of stimulating an interest in song birds, Mr. Richard Kearton, F.Z.S., author of "Wild Nature's Ways," "The Adventures of Cock Robin and His Mate," has written a book entitled, "Nature's Carol Singers" (Toronto: Cassel and Company. Cloth, \$1.50 net.) The volume deals in a concise and popular manner with the appearance, haunts, habits, nests, eggs, songs and call notes of the winged melodists that breed in various parts of the British Isles. An attempt has been made by the author to describe these songsters in such a way that the reader may be able to identify them in wood or field.

—"Just One Blue Bonnet" is the somewhat curious title of a little volume that contains the life-story of Ada Florence Kinton, as told by her sister, Sara A. Randleson. (Toronto: William Briggs.) The book is full of human interest, telling in a simple, attractive style the characteristics of one whose life was devoted to Christian service.

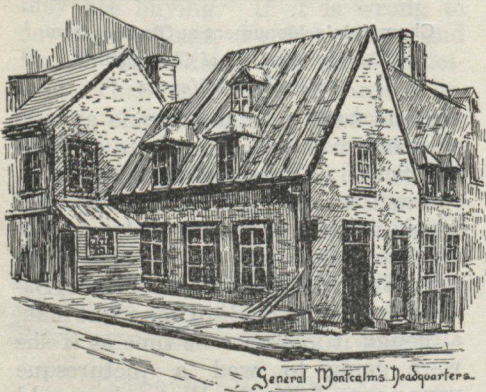


Illustration from "Quebec: the City of Champlain"

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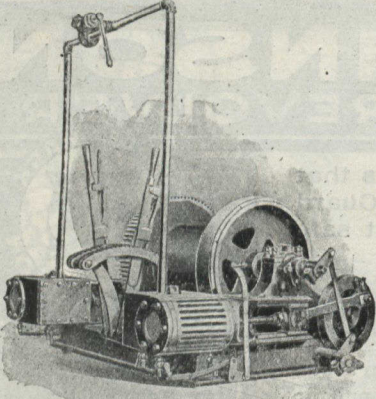
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ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE 93

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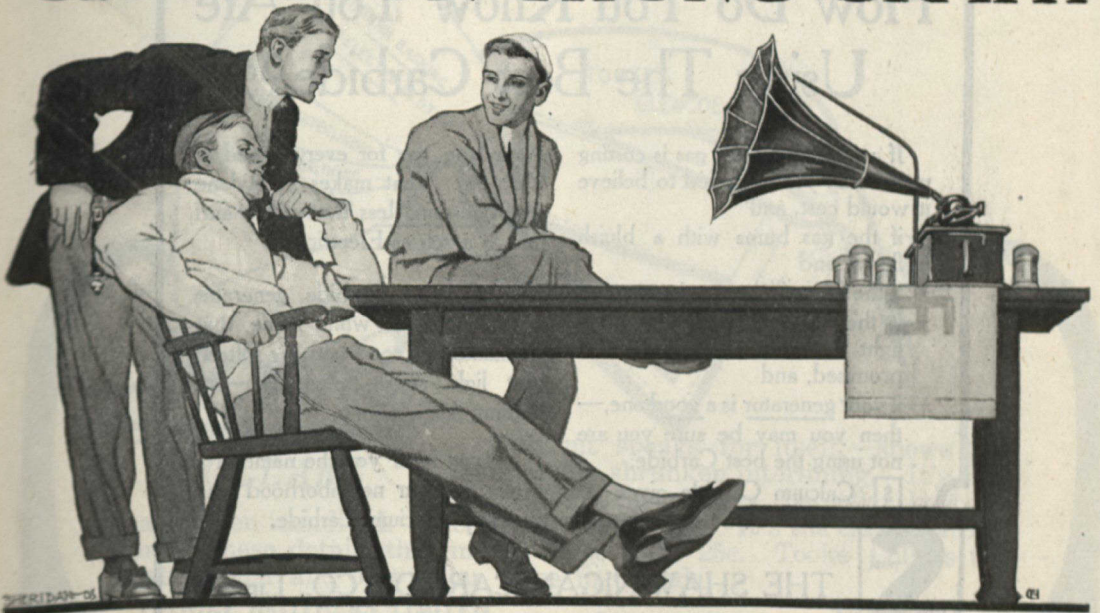
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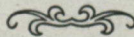


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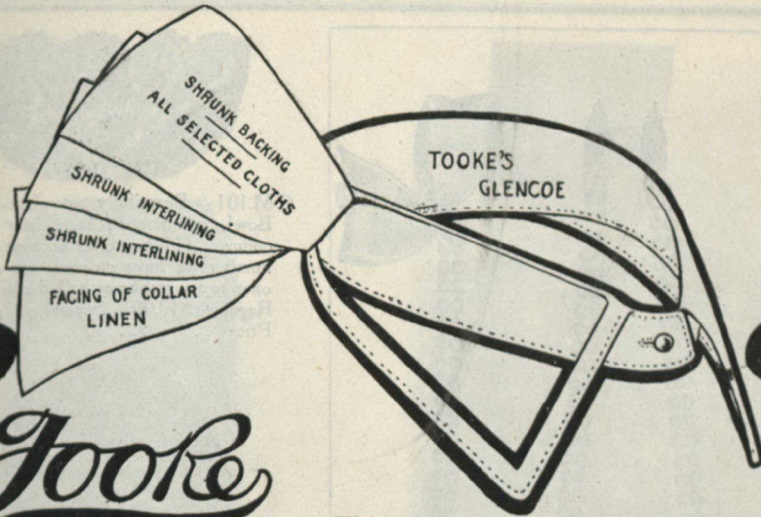


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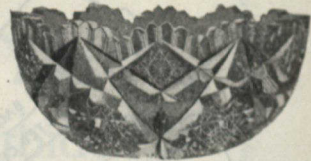




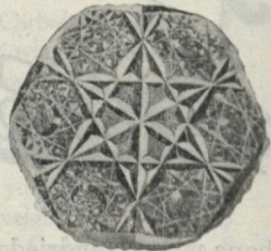
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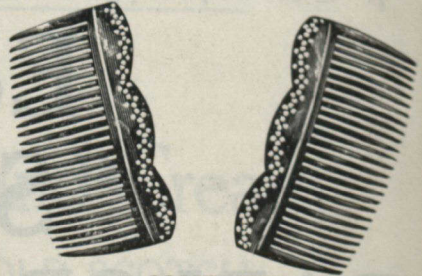
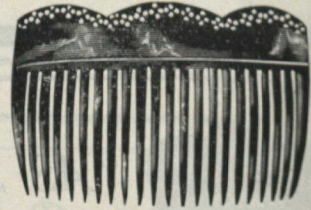
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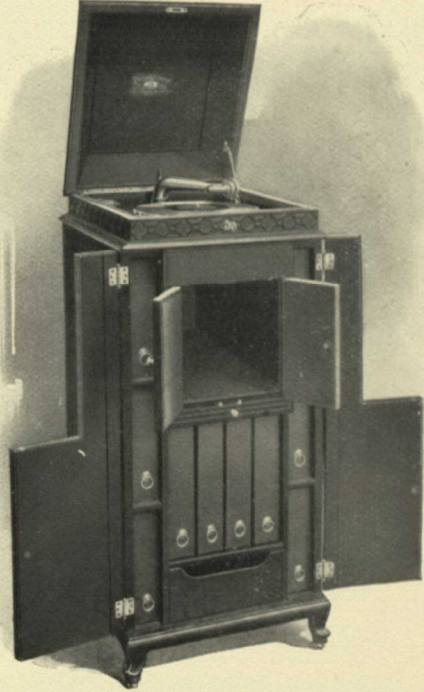
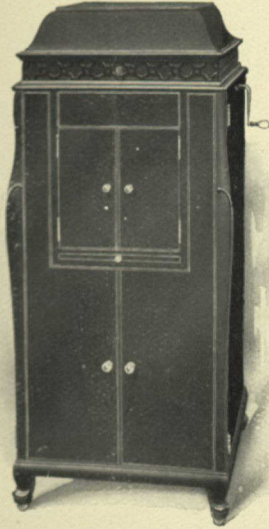


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C.M.103—The above Comb Set is an exact photo. The set consists of one back and one pair of sides, made of the best quality of heavy, highly polished celluloid and mounted with a very pretty border design of steel. Special Offer..... **.69**

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It Stretches



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SPRING NEEDLE
RIBBED
UNSHRINKABLE

**SPRING NEEDLE
RIBBED
UNDERWEAR**

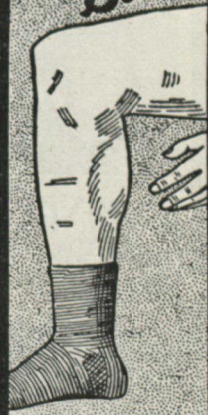
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"just as good" as this. No
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because no other Underwear is
made with the Spring Needle stitch
—which we control for Canada.
It gives the garments great elastic-
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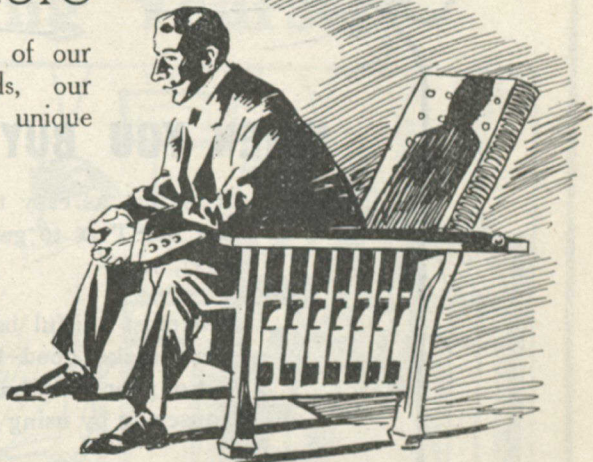
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The Pianola Piano Provides Everyone with the Ability to Play

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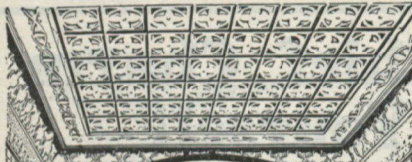
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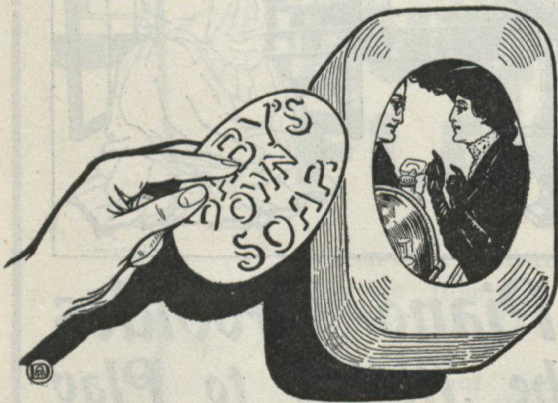
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is Best. Pure—fine—well-savoured.
Grocers'—everywhere.

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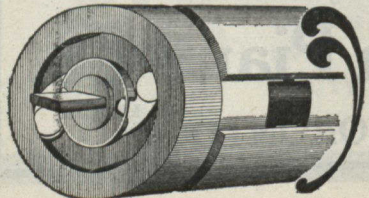


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Best for Baby
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The natural delicate fragrance and purity of Baby's Own Soap renders the use of expensive Toilet Waters unnecessary.

This fragrance permeates the whole cake of soap through and through. It pervades the creamy lather. It refreshes, heals and clings to the skin and makes every wash with "Baby's Own" a delight.

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Glycerin. Has marked healing and soothing properties; especially indicated for rashes, eruptions, and itching of the scalp. Also has great food value, aiding nature in producing a more luxuriant growth of hair.

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Water. Perfume.

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Hall's Hair Renewer promptly stops falling hair because it destroys the germs that produce this trouble. We certainly believe that the intelligent and faithful use of this remedy will prove eminently satisfactory in these cases. Hall's Hair Renewer at once removes all dandruff from the scalp, and completely destroys the dandruff germs. "To cure dandruff is to prevent baldness."

A splendid dressing. Does not interfere with curling or waving the hair.

Show this formula to your doctor.
Do as he says about using it.

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FRANK MAGOR & CO.
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Can You Use Food When You Get It?

Thousands of Stomachs Starving Where Mouths
Are Well Fed. Costs Nothing To Relieve
This Condition.

EATING is fast becoming too much a part of the daily routine, if not a mere tickling of the appetite—a thing to be gotten out of the way as quickly as possible. Little thought is given to “what kind of food,” its effect upon the system, and whether it will be of use in building up the tissues of the body.

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Three-fourths of all diseases originate with a breaking-down of the digestion and nine-tenths of all digestive troubles originate with one or more of the symptoms named above.

Beware, then, of Indigestion and Dyspepsia. If you find yourself aching, listless, lacking in ambition when you should be on the alert.

Do not doctor the stomach.

It needs a rest from food and drugs.

Do not flush out the bowels.

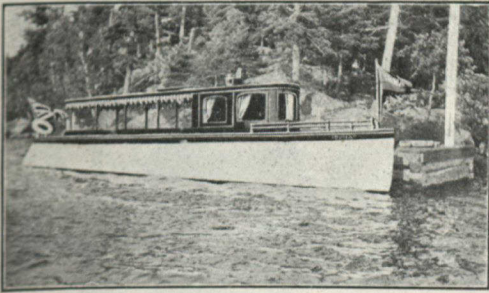
It takes more than forcing food through the passageway to make blood and tissue and nerve.

Do not starve your stomach.

Food is a thing to be worked for all there is in it and your stomach will do the work if you help it in Nature's way.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain nothing but the natural elements which enter into the healthy stomach and intestines to perform the function of digestion. Governmental tests and the investigations and sworn oaths of expert chemists attests this fact. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets go to the source of the trouble and positively restore the glands and fluids of the mucous membrane to their proper condition. They promptly relieve the distress of all troubles originating in the stomach or bowels (with the one exception of cancer).

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are recommended by physicians and all reliable pharmacists. If you are a sufferer from indigestion or dyspepsia, try a fifty cent package today. At all druggists', or if you prefer send us your name and address and we will gladly send you a trial package by mail free. F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.



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Copper-riveted, all woodwork counterbored and plugged, entire top and interior finished in mahogany

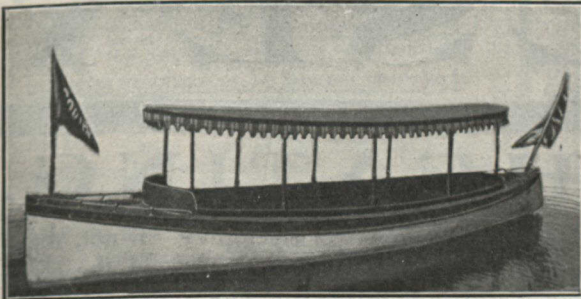
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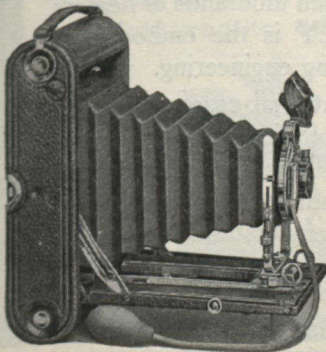
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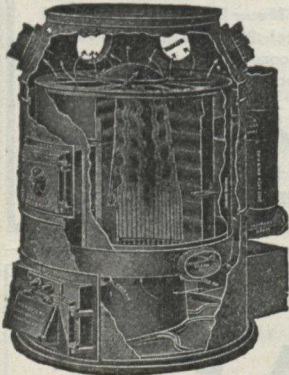
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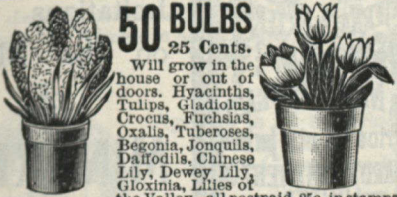
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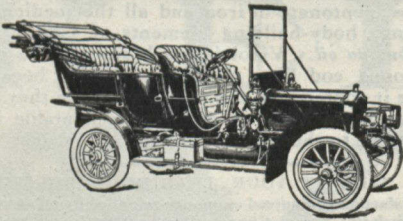
¶ The Motors are powerful, because they are designed along engineering lines that are right, made from carefully selected materials and then put together and thoroughly tested by skilled experts.

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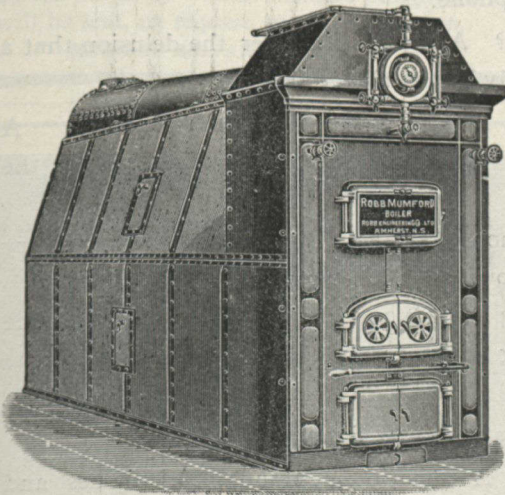
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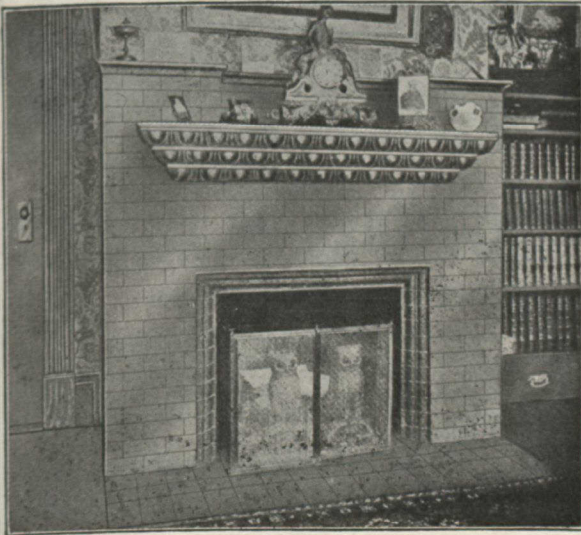
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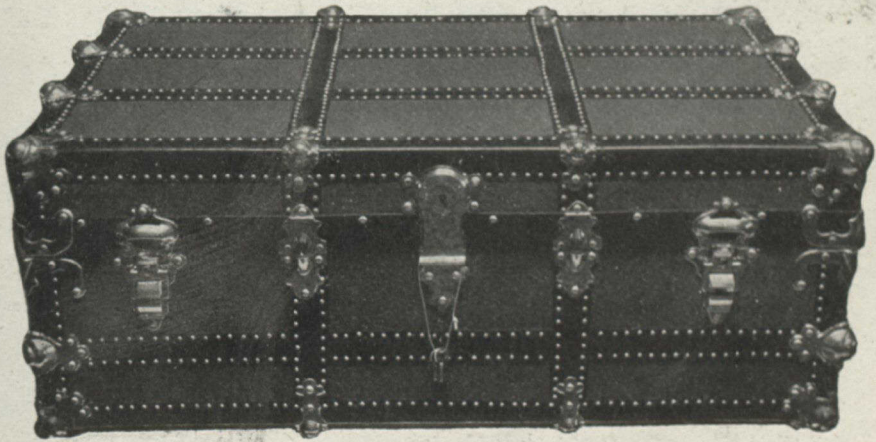
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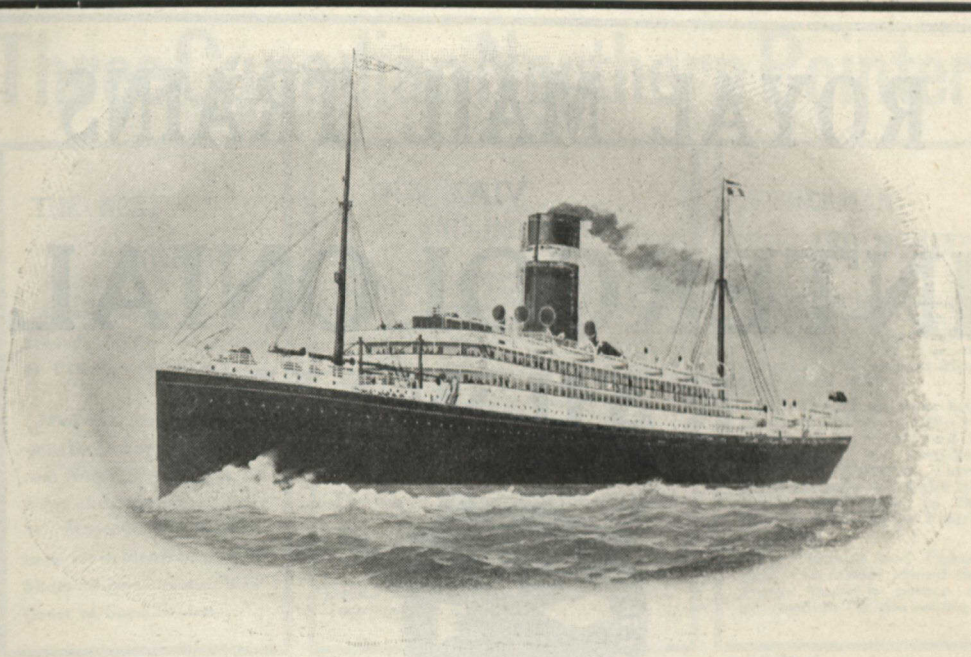
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Thurs. 30 "	Tunisian	" 15 "	" 15 "
Friday 8 May	xVirginian	" 22 "	" 22 "
Thurs. 14 "	Corsican	" 29 "	" 29 "
Friday 22 "	xVictorian	" 5 June	5 June
Thurs. 28 "	Tunisian	" 12 "	" 12 "
Friday 5 June	xVirginian	" 19 "	" 19 "
Thurs. 11 "	Corsican	" 26 "	" 26 "
Friday 19 "	xVictorian	" 3 July	3 July
Thurs. 25 "	Tunisian	" 10 "	" 10 "
Friday 3 July	xVirginian	" 17 "	" 17 "
Thurs. 9 "	Corsican	" 24 "	" 24 "
Friday 17 "	xVictorian	" 31 "	" 31 "
Thurs. 23 "	Tunisian	" 7 Aug.	7 Aug.

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" 27 "	Ionian
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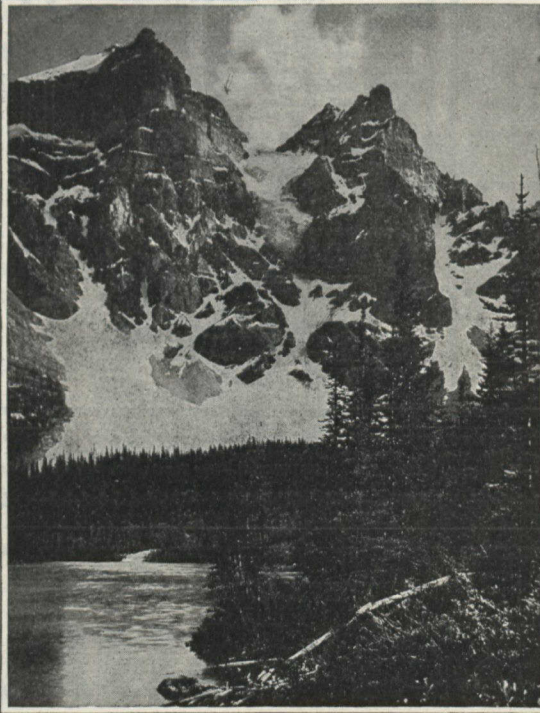
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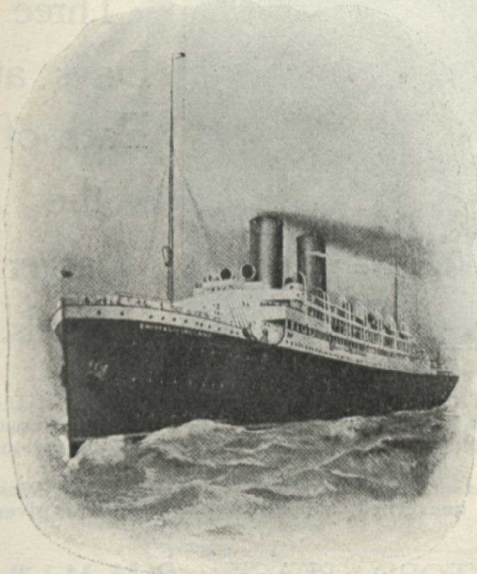
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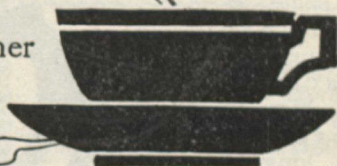
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All of them, because no other coffee suits them so well.

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But I'd stuff and I'd gorge Of the kind that they gaff!

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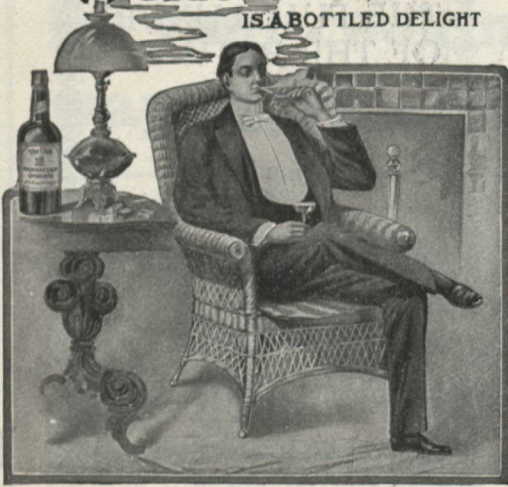
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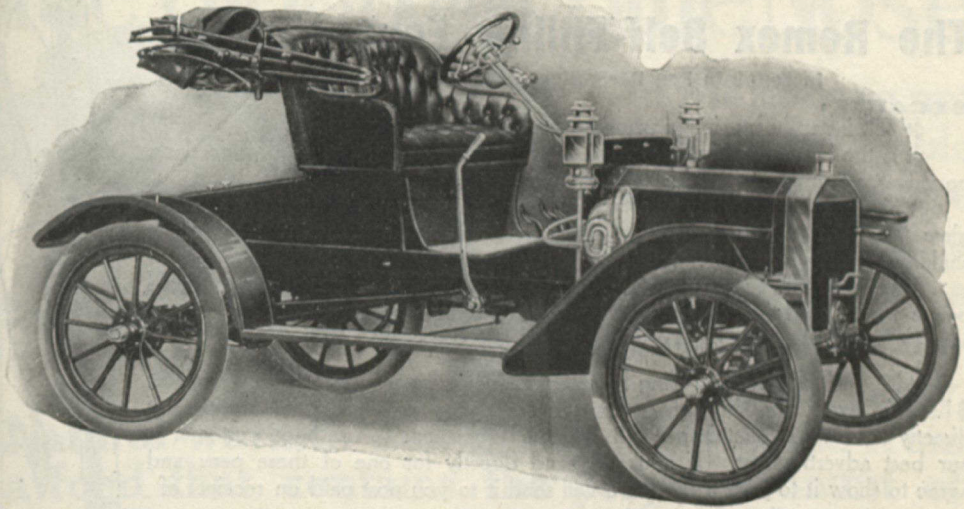


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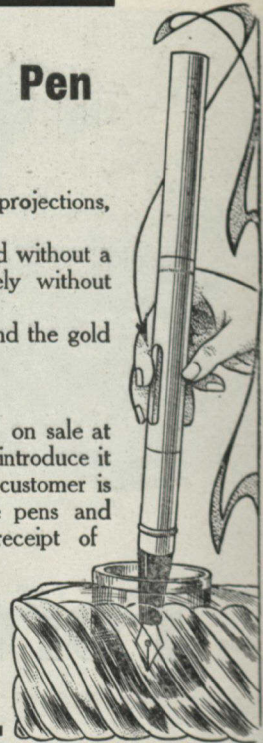
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