

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

AUGUST  
1905



Vol. XXV

No. 4

PUBLISHED BY  
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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXV.

No. 4

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# SEPTEMBER CANADIAN MAGAZINE

**The Wear and Tear of Ages**, by Aubrey Fullerton, finely illustrated with photographs taken by the author, is an interesting description of the action of waves on rock formation and the illustrations are taken from scenes familiar to Canadian readers.

**Mollie in Moonland** is a unique story by G. P. Medley, the author of "A Birthday in Bogieland," which will be remembered by most readers of the **Canadian Magazine**. The illustrations are of a highly artistic order, decidedly in keeping with the quaint and mystical narrative, which is one of our most attractive features.

**Courting Among the Habitants**, by M. B. Parent, is an amusing and realistic study of scenes that are full of human interest. Readers of Drummond's "Habitant" poems will be delighted with the illustrations which are from photographs taken by a Knowlton lady who is much interested in her French-Canadian countrymen. The article portrays the gallant young "Jean" in the most lovable crisis of his life and should be eminently attractive to all readers.

**Halfyard's Mutiny**, by Norman Duncan, is one of the Labrador writer's best stories—humorous, vivid and picturesque. The description of the storm, of the burly Captain and the defiant "Halfyard" is one of Duncan's happiest efforts in story-telling.

**The Builders**, by Eric Bohn, is a serial of increasing interest and is strictly Canadian in scenes and character. Historic old "Penetang" in the days when officers' quarters and forts were being constructed is the scene of this month's instalment, which is a distinct contribution to the literature of the pioneer.

AN INDEX TO VOLUME 24 WILL BE MAILED ON APPLICATION.

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Mr. Crockett is certainly at his best, and undoubtedly most popular, in "Grey Galloway," which, for literary purposes, he has long ago conquered and annexed, and in his new novel, "Maid Margaret," this "land of brown bent and red heather" provides him not only with a background, but also with a heroine from its actual history. "Maid Margaret" is none other than the famous Fair Maid of Galloway, and a most charming addition she makes to Mr. Crockett's gallery of Galloway maidens. She is as fair of face, as impulsive of speech, as full of life and charm as any of her predecessors. You must not on any account miss "Maid Margaret." The volume may be easily recognized by the charming portrait of the heroine, the work of Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A., which appears on the cover.

## BROTHERS OF PERIL

By THEODORE ROBERTS, Author of "Hemming the Adventurer."  
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When "Hemming" appeared last year, its readers passed it on to their friends with the recommendation that it was "a rattling good story." "Hemming" was good, but "Brothers of Peril" is better. It has an unusual plot, dealing with a now extinct race, the Beothic Indians of the sixteenth century, who were the original inhabitants of Newfoundland when that island was merely a fishing-station for the cod-seeking fleets of the old world.

The story tells of the adventures of a young English cavalier, who, left behind by the fleet, finds another Englishman, with his daughter and servants, who is hiding from the law. A French adventurer and pirate, who is an unwelcome suitor for the daughter, plays an important part. Encounters between the Indians and the small colony of white men on shore, and perilous adventures at sea with a shipload of pirates led by the French buccaneer, make a story of breathless interest, but all ends well when the fishing fleet returns, and the lovers sail for home. All in all, "Brothers of Peril" is a story of swing and action, with good descriptions and charming love passages.

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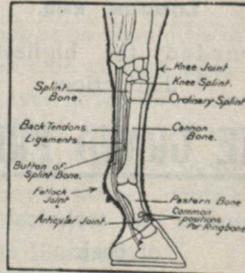


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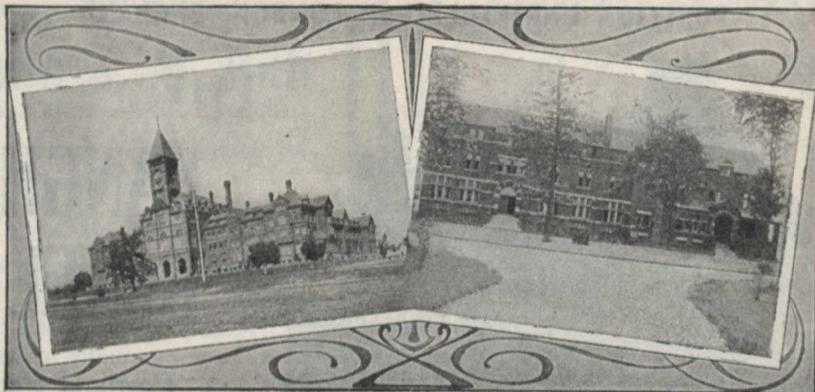
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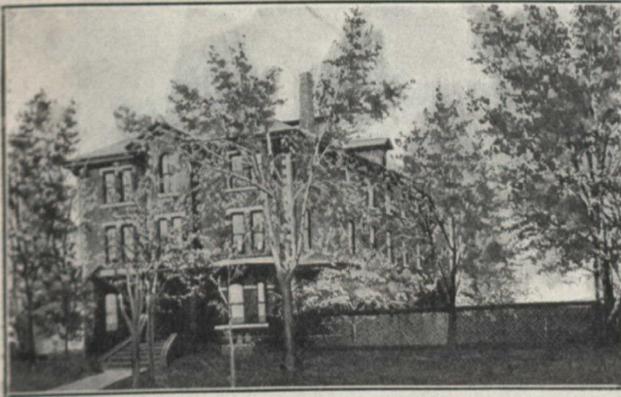
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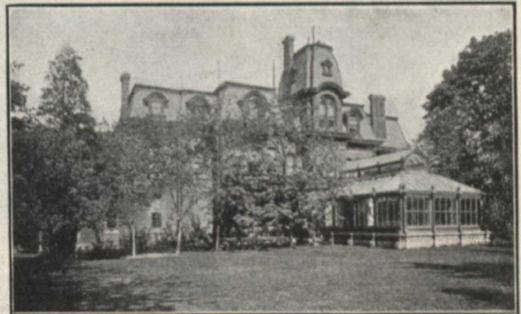
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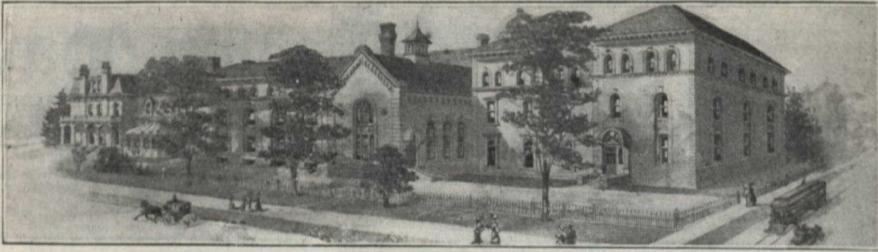
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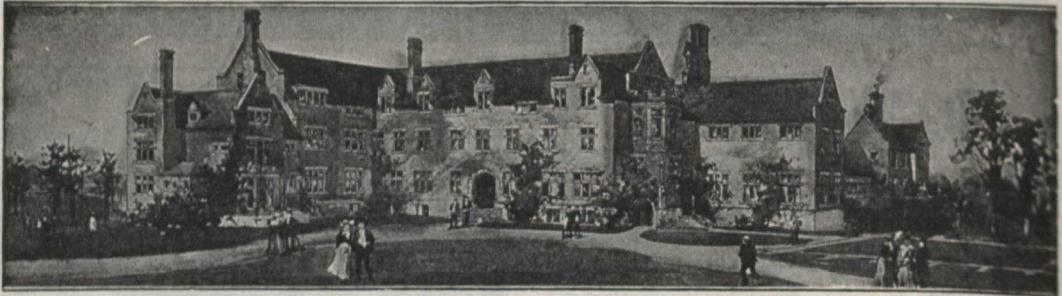


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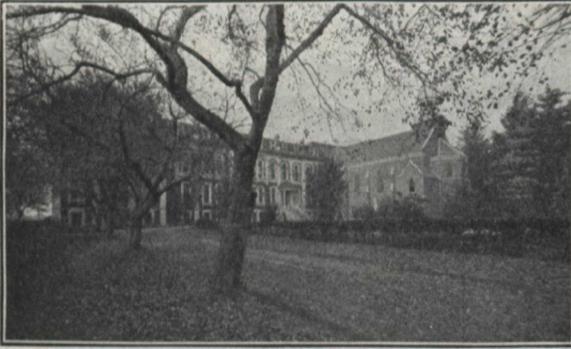
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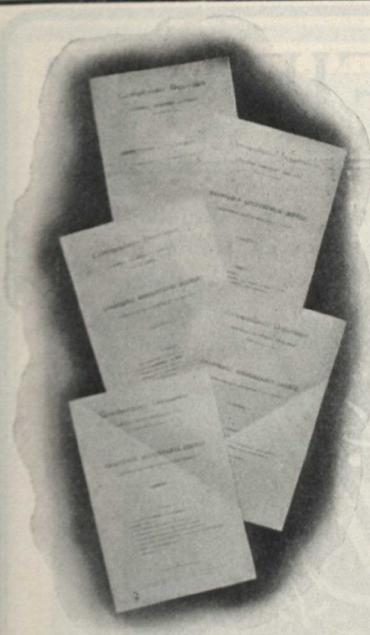
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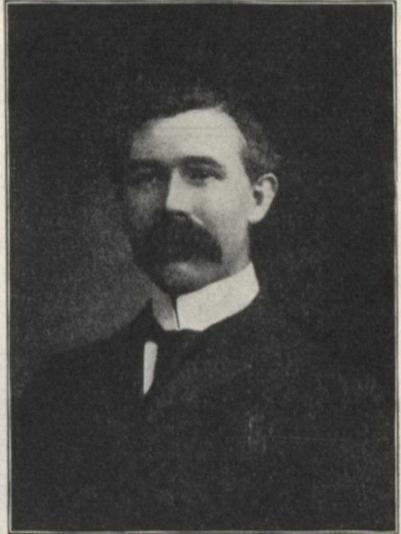
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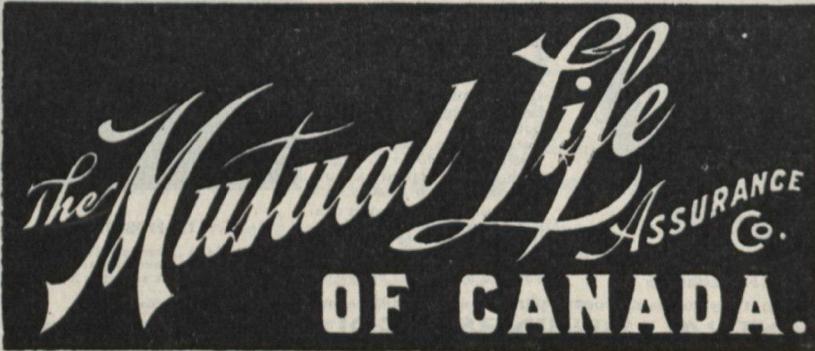
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in that it confines its business almost exclusively to Canada and invests all its assets therein, thus assisting in the development of the great natural resources of the country.

Our progress can perhaps best be seen by a comparison of the following figures for decennial periods:

Year.	Income.	Payment to Policy-holders.	Assets.	Surplus.	Assurance in Force.
1874	\$ 22,797	\$ 5,854	\$ 33,721	\$ 4,293	\$ 856,500
1884	250,939	66,073	652,661	47,223	7,835,900
1894	659,089	301,681	2,866,559	277,647	18,767,698
1904	1,725,308	524,615	8,220,530	772,072	40,476,970"

(Extract from the President's Annual Address, March 2, 1905.)

The business so far for this year is far in advance of that of any previous year at this date.

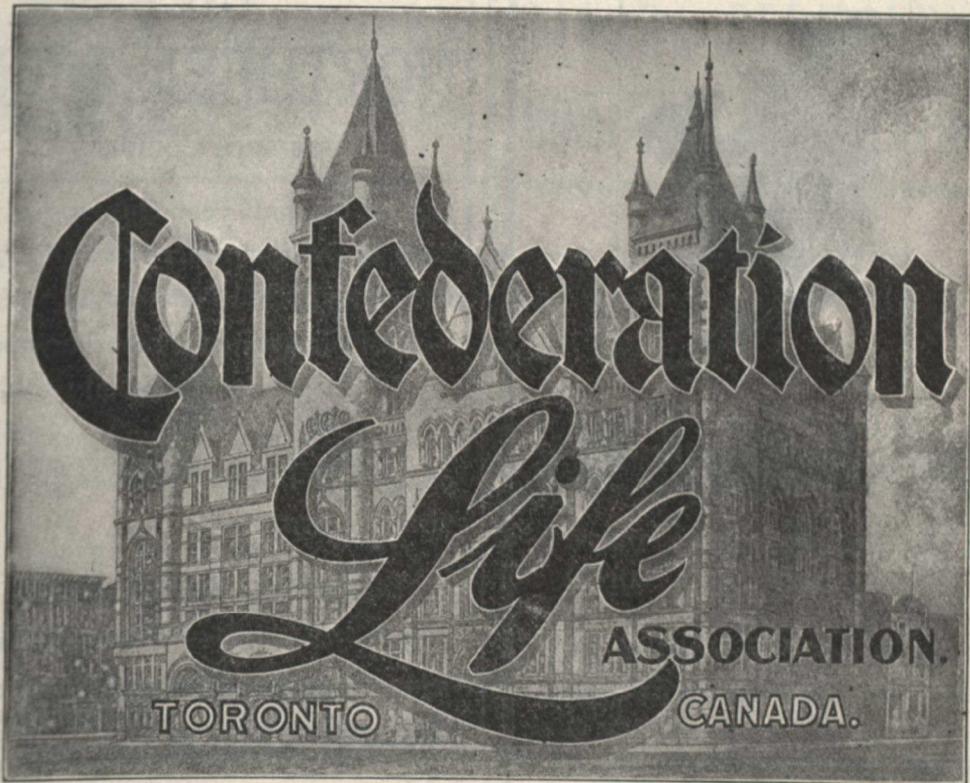
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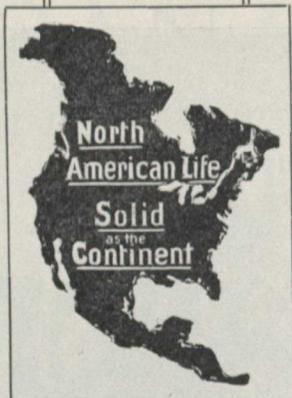
You will find it to your advantage to secure full particulars.

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HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO, CANADA



## Cents Produce Dollars

In life insurance more quickly and more surely than in any other form of investment, provided death occurs—and that is just the time when ready money is most needed.

Unexcelled security is obtained under a policy with the

## NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

and if on one of the Company's Investment plans an excellent return is made should the Insured survive the Investment Period.

Premium rates and full particulars of a policy at your age may be obtained from any of the Company's representatives or on application to the

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Closed the half-year showing over 25% more insurance issued than the same period last year.

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A few good producing agents can secure liberal contracts in desirable territory.

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that only one man in thirty possesses sufficient provision for Old Age.

There is no better safeguard against want in unproductive years than a Great-West Life Annuity Policy, affording, as it does, the maximum protection at the lowest premium cost.

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Surplus apportioned to with-profit  
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 Total Assets..... 26,500,000

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Issued in sums of \$100 and upwards, bearing interest at the rate of 4% per annum, payable half-yearly. 1st January and July principal of bonds repayable on 60 days' notice.

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# ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS

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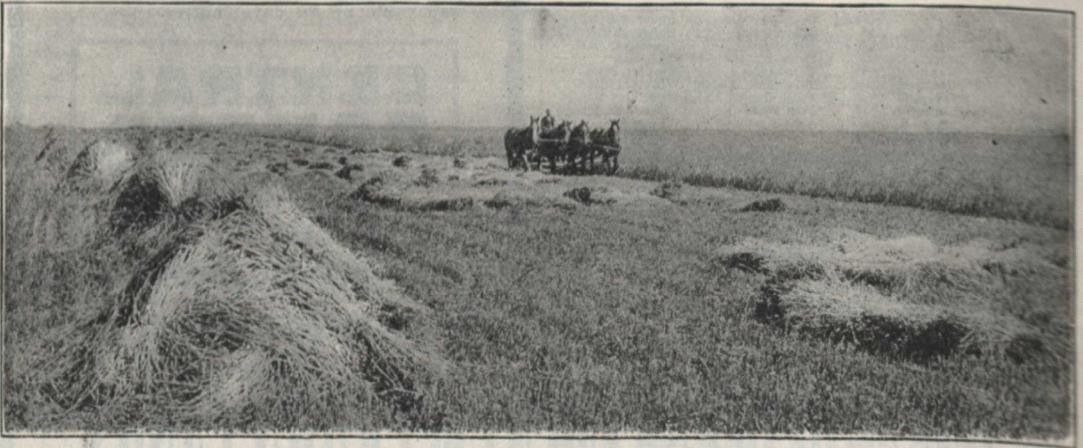
TORONTO, ONTARIO

# WESTERN CANADA

Produces the Most Remarkable Yields of

## GRAIN, ROOTS AND VEGETABLES

The productiveness of the rich loams and soils that are to be found almost everywhere throughout the Province of Manitoba and the territories of Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta, are now so well known that it is a subject of great interest throughout all the Western States, as well as in Great Britain and Ireland, and on the Continent.



CUTTING WHEAT IN THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

During the past seven years the immigration has been most phenomenal, and the prospects are that during the next few years this immigration will continue in largely increasing numbers. It is confidently assumed that the same degree of success that attended the work of the farmer during the past few years will be repeated in the future.

**FREE HOMESTEADS** may be had in almost all the land districts. Adjoining land may be purchased from the railway and land companies. Many cases have been recorded where the farmer has paid the entire purchase price of his land out of the first crop.

**The matter of climate** is one that demands the attention of those seeking a home. The climate of Western Canada is one that is highly spoken of by all who have made it their home, and requires no further comment. Hundreds of letters in the possession of the Department of the Interior give evidence of its healthfulness and its desirability when compared with that of other countries.

**Socially**, there is everything that is desired. There are to be found there the several fraternal societies, schools, churches and other organizations calculated to be to the upbuilding of a community, and are in evidence wherever there is a settlement.

**Markets** for the sale of grain and other produce of the farm are at every railway station, while elevators and mills make competition keen. The prices are always high and the railway rates are reasonable.

Nearly fifty thousand Americans took up land either in Manitoba or the Territories during the past year, and as fully as great a number is expected during the season of 1904. It is only a matter of computation how much the area which will be placed under cultivation will exceed the 4,687,583 acres of 1903. Besides the Americans spoken of, fully as large a number of British people became settlers. In addition to these the continentals added largely to the population.

**Ranching** is an important factor in the prosperity of Western Canada and the very best results follow. Leases may be had from the Government or lands may be purchased from Railways and Land Companies.

**Wheat Districts.** The wheat districts are located in a less elevated country than the ranching section, and where the snow lies on the ground during the winter months and where there is sufficient rainfall in summer to grow wheat. Generally speaking, the wheat districts now opened up comprise the greater part of Assiniboia lying east of Moose Jaw, where the Red River Valley extends its productive soil, renowned the world over as a famous wheat belt.

Over 240,000,000 acres of land in the above-mentioned districts are suitable for raising wheat. The wheat belts, although colder than the ranching country, are ideal countries for wheat-growing. The cool nights during the ripening period favour the production of firm grains, thus making the wheat grade high in the market. Wherever wheat is grown, oats and barley grow, producing large yields. Government statistics covering a period of twenty years show that the yield of wheat runs about 20 bushels to the acre, barley over 40, oats also yield splendidly.

In most cases the yields are regulated largely by the system of farming practised. The best farmers summer fallow a portion of their farms. Usually one-third of the acreage is worked as a summer fallow. On the large wheat farms the grain is threshed and run into small granaries having a capacity of 1,000 bushels. These are left in the field until time to haul the grain to market. The wheat zone of Canada is spreading farther north, and we doubt not that wheat will be grown much farther north than at present.

**Mixed Farming.** To-day mixed farming is adapted to the greater part of Manitoba, taking in all of Assiniboia not included in the wheat belt, the Saskatchewan Valley and southwestern Saskatchewan, extending into northern Alberta. In many districts stock raising, dairying and general farming crops go hand in hand. The pastures are good. Aside from the wild grasses, brome grass and western rye grass furnish good hay crops and are grown not only where mixed farming is in vogue, but in the wheat districts as well. Dairying is one of the growing industries. In many sections creameries have been started which are paying good profits to their patrons. Hog and poultry raising are profitable industries. Roots and vegetables thrive well. Wild fruits of many kinds testify to the possibilities in fruit-growing for home consumption at least.

**Large Tracts Open for Settlement.** New lines of railroads are being built into the new districts just opening up. The country may be said to have never had a "boom" familiar to many of our readers. The growth of Western Canada up to the present time has been slow, but we believe sure. The soil varies in different sections of the country, still it is more uniform than in many of the States. The general character of the soil is a dark loam underlaid with a clay subsoil. Good water abounds everywhere.

A letter addressed to the undersigned will secure a copy of the new Canadian Geography and all other information necessary.

W. T. R. PRESTON,

Canadian Commissioner of Emigration,  
11-12 Charing Cross, LONDON, W.C., ENGLAND.

W. D. SCOTT,

Superintendent of Immigration,  
OTTAWA, CANADA.



CANADIAN VISITORS TO ENGLAND

# HOTEL RUSSELL

LONDON

One of the stately of London's sumptuous hotel palaces and favourite Canadian rendezvous. Erected upon gravel soil, on high ground overlooking historical Russell Square Gardens, the situation is undoubtedly one of the most healthy and airy in town for Summer residence. Despite these exceptional surroundings, the position of the Russell is none the less particularly central, being equidistant from the principal railway termini, within a few yards of Oxford Street and the Tube or Metropolitan Railways, convenient for all the principal shopping thoroughfares and theaters, and but a stone's throw of the British Museum and other points of interest. Internally, the Russell is notable for its magnificent marble effects, and the airiness which is characteristic of the exterior also pervades the inner side of the hotel. The Public Rooms, each with an individuality of its own, are furnished with a careful regard to tasteful elegance and comfort, all converging on to the spacious Winter Garden, the focusing point, as it were, of the social life of the place. This Winter Garden, or Palmarium, is the largest of any hotel in London, and here a celebrated orchestra performs daily. The modernity of the hotel vouches for the fact that it is replete with every convenience that human ingenuity has devised, and it is no exaggeration to say that the Hotel Russell spells the very last word in hotel construction, arrangement, situation and management. The Russell is one of the Frederick group, and was fitted, decorated and furnished by Maple & Co., of London and Paris.

FIRST AND  
PARAMOUNT



ABSOLUTE SECURITY  
TO POLICYHOLDERS

The History of the

# IMPERIAL LIFE

Assurance Company of Canada

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## RECORD OF SUCCESS

The following figures, taken from the Company's last Annual Report, are an evidence of the substantial and rapid progress made by the Company :

DEC. 31ST.	TOTAL CASH INCOME.	RESERVES.	ASSETS.	INSURANCE IN FORCE.
1898	\$167,410.88	\$ 180,761	\$ 677,062	\$ 4,169,125
1900	294,852.04	597,488	1,102,092	9,226,350
1902	481,229.14	1,102,531	1,660,777	13,384,119
1904	696,885.25	1,768,706	2,404,941	17,672,050

In purchasing a policy you are buying something far more vital than wearing apparel. It will cover you in your old age, and clothe your family when you are gone.

HEAD OFFICE=====TORONTO, CANADA

# BEEF EXTRACT SATISFACTION

*Means Armour's  
Extract of Beef*

There is lots of difference in brands of Extract of Beef. Some contain a high percentage of moisture and salt, having but little flavor and body, which makes them very much cheaper in quality and price than a highly concentrated preparation like Armour's Extract of Beef.

The dealer that says the cheaper brand is just as good as Armour's is not consulting your interests but his own pocket. Can you trust such a dealer? Insist upon getting

## Armour's Extract of Beef

It not only supplies body, color, and flavor, but aids in the digestion of other food, and to get the full nourishment out of it without the help of drugs. It is a quieting cup for the invalid and convalescent. A healthful drink for children, particularly those that are physically weak.

### "Culinary Wrinkles"

tells how to use Armour's Extract of Beef in the kitchen, the sick room, and for chafing dish, etc. Sent postpaid, on receipt of metal cap from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef, or a 2-cent stamp.



**Armour Limited  
Toronto**



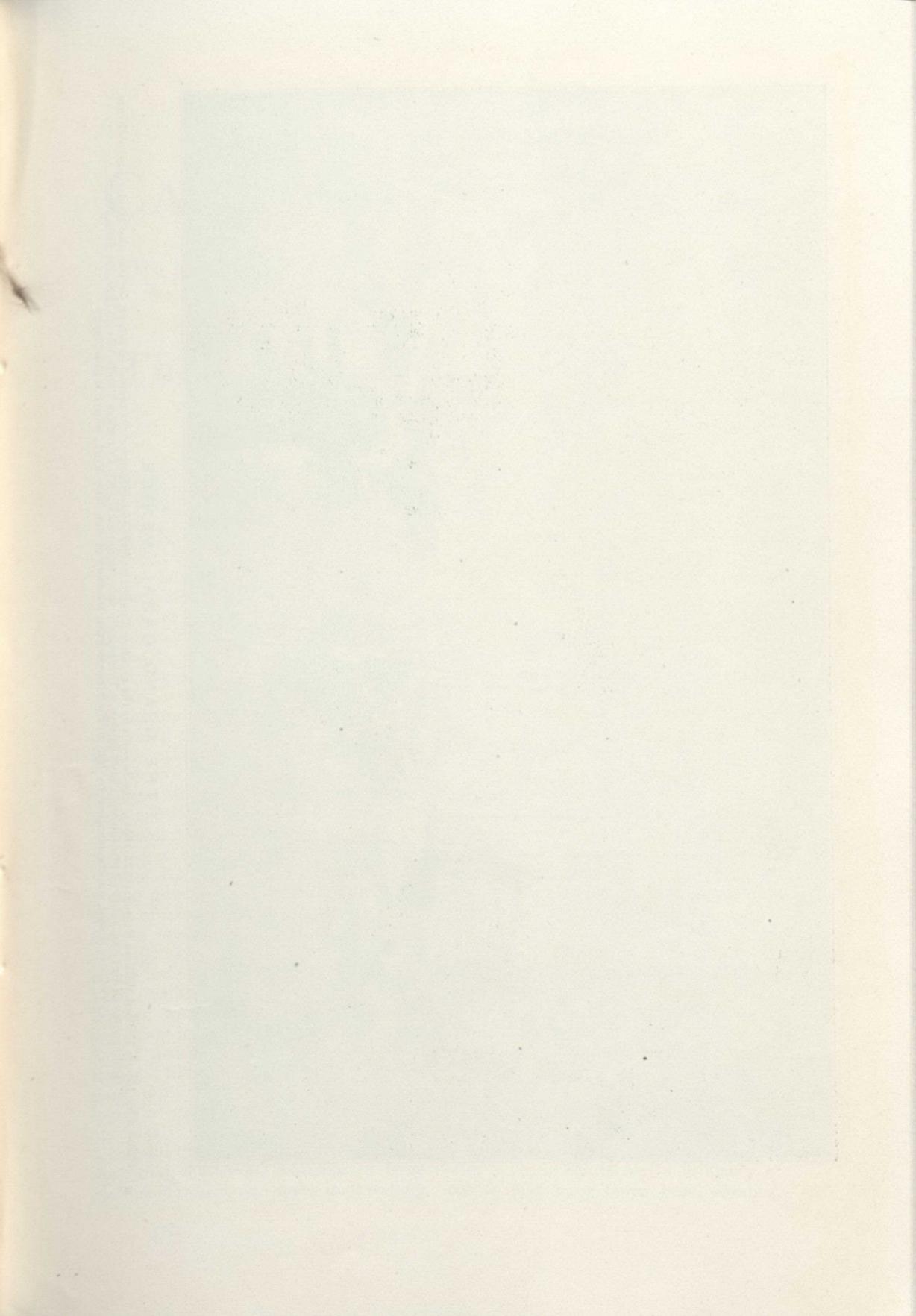
Here is what some constant users say about Armour's Extract of Beef:

From a Massachusetts lady:

*"I have kept house for over forty years, and in the homes of my three married daughters as well as in my own house there is always a supply of Armour's Extract of Beef."*

An Illinois lady:

*"Armour's Extract of Beef comes the nearest to being the most important household item to me. It saves much time and labor in the preparation of foods; it is palatable, healthful, and ready to use. To be served as a separate course at dinner or in gravies and sauces, or as a whole meal for the invalid, and makes a very refreshing hot drink for one who is tired. It has been one of the necessities in my housekeeping for the past fifteen years."*





### THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE

Painted by Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851), who is perhaps the greatest English painter of landscape. "Colossal in power, he was also tender and delicate in harmony of tint and subtlety of drawing," says Ruskin. This picture was purchased by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt in 1859, for \$100,000, it is said, and bequeathed by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, where it now hangs

THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXV

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1905

No. 4

The Life and Works of J. M. W.  
Turner, R.A.



E must indeed be either a dullard or a hopeless Philistine who can inspect the treasures of the Turner Room in the National Gallery of London without carrying away an unforgettable impression of marvellous genius, of exuberant fancy and of fairy-like colouring. That room, specially reserved by a grateful nation for Turner's masterpieces, is a veritable shrine of British art, so that it is with satisfaction we record the fact that within its four walls are daily to be seen numbers of appreciative visitors of every class in life.

Joseph Mallord William Turner, "whose life was in every sense a remarkable one for its humble origin and for its splendid results," was born in 1775, the son of a hair-dresser in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. From a very early age young Joseph Turner gave unmistakable signs of natural talent, becoming at fourteen a student of the Royal Academy, although as a boy he never received a single lesson from a drawing master. In 1800, whilst as yet only twenty-four, Turner was elected an Associate, and two years later a full Academician of the Royal Academy, where in the course of the next fifty years he exhibited no fewer than three hundred pictures. Possessing in a strongly-marked degree the genius that is near allied to madness, the successful painter led an eccentric and somewhat mysterious existence, a large portion of which was spent in travelling

amongst the most famous cities and scenery of France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany. Italy, of course, supplied the English artist with the most favourable material for his romantic imagination and his untiring brush, so that it is to his southern wanderings that we owe his magnificent pictures of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage in Italy," of "Crossing the Brook," of "The Bay of Baia near Naples," and of that truly gorgeous piece of colouring, "Ulysses Defying Polyphemus," of which we give a reproduction in these pages. Here the artist has chosen the moment when the Greek hero, standing on the poop of his galley, mocks the distant and helpless form of the one-eyed Cyclops, whilst fairy forms in the brilliantly-lit waves assist the Greek sailors in moving their vessels away from the rock-bound coast out to the open sea, all glittering in the sunrise. Somewhat similar in idea and treatment to the "Ulysses" is another very famous work—"The Sun of Venice"—wherein the historic city appears like some rainbow-hued and unsubstantial celestial vision hovering above the misty lagoon, upon whose waters are depicted innumerable picturesque fishing boats with brightly-coloured sails. In all these works we see the azure skies and seas, the soft golden atmosphere, the rich vegetation, the classic ruins and the merry peasants of the sunny South presented before us with a poetic charm and a brilliancy of colour that have never been equalled,

far less surpassed, by other landscape painters.

Nevertheless, neither the magic of Venetian sunsets and Roman ruins, nor the softer charms of the valleys of the Rhine and the Loire, could make this truly national painter indifferent to or contemptuous of the more sober beauties of his own native land, which he has depicted for us in a vast number of compositions, both in oils and water-colours. The quays and shipping of the River Thames and the neighbourhood of Chelsea seem to have had an especial attraction for this erratic artist, as numerous works testify; but Turner wandered far afield over different parts of the kingdom, and with ceaseless energy and unflinching skill painted the ruined castles of Wales and the grim cathedrals of the North and Midlands. Nor did Turner overlook the artistic elements to be found in the then newly-discovered powers of steam, as may be seen in his well-known picture, "The Great Western Railway," in which an express train is represented as tearing along a high embankment in a luminous mass of steam, mist and struggling sunlight. In fact, by his early perception of the beautiful that can be found in the prosaic and ordinary surroundings of modern life, Turner distinctly forestalled the ideas of a much later genius of our own age, the late John McNeil Whistler.

Though universally recognised as the leading landscape painter of his day, and consequently gaining large sums of money by his labours, Turner continued to prefer a life of squalor and strict retirement to the last, finally dying in December, 1851, at the age of seventy-six, under an assumed name and in humble lodgings at his favourite resort of Chelsea, then a quiet country village rather than a suburb of the great spreading city of London. The body of the eccentric artist was, however, buried beside that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, an honour that was highly deserved, both for Turner's wonderful merits as a painter and also for his unique generosity in bequeathing to the nation the set of superb masterpieces that now hang in the National Gallery.

As in the cases of Raphael, Titian and other world-famous painters, Turner's working life can be divided into three distinct periods, corresponding with his youth, his manhood, and his old age; whilst of these three his middle period exhibits by far the richest colouring and the freest execution. Although an original genius in the highest sense, the influence of two earlier artists is distinctly traceable in Turner's productions: that of the French painter, Claude Lorraine, in his earlier pictures; and of Richard Wilson in his later and inferior works. As a young man Turner had a boundless regard for the method and effects of the great French landscape painter, whom he tried to rival and surpass in various pictures, one of which, his "Dido Superintending the Building of Carthage"—an idea suggested by the well-known passages in Virgil's *Æneid*—gave him complete satisfaction. By a special request in the artist's will this grand picture now hangs beside a fine specimen by Claude Lorraine in the National Gallery, where any visitor, by comparing the two canvases, can at once perceive the inferiority of the English artist to his French model.

Turner's favourite and, perhaps, most characteristic painting is "The Fighting *Téméraire* Dragg'd to Her Last Berth." This work, which has long been one of the most popular pictures in the National Gallery, was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1839. The subject was suggested to the artist by the spectacle of the gallant old man-of-war being tugged out of Plymouth harbour in order to be broken up. The *Téméraire*, originally a French battleship captured in Aboukir Bay, had played a leading part under Captain Eliab Harvey in the Battle of Trafalgar, so that public sentiment was aroused by the decree of the Admiralty to destroy this historic but useless old servant of the British Navy. The splendid sunset on this occasion, of which Turner was an eye-witness, combined with a pathetic interest in the glorious old hulk, induced the artist to throw all his unrivalled powers into this particular work with a success that can only be fully



ULYSSES DERIVING POLYPHEMUS, THE CYCLOPS—BY TURNER  
From the picture in the National Gallery, London



THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE—BY TURNER

From the Oil Painting in the National Gallery, London. Exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1839

realised by those who have seen the rich but sombre colouring of the original painting.

The three works which have just been described serve admirably to illustrate Turner's marvellous and varied schemes of colour. In the "Dido at Carthage" we should note the perfect restraint used in the whole composition, where tender greys and browns predominate in the great buildings in the foreground, and the water is of a cool agate-green shade, whilst a pale yet mellow atmosphere is shed over the whole scene. It is very different with the "Ulysses Defying Polyphemus"—judged of some critics to be Turner's grandest conception—where the whole canvas appears one bewildering, yet exquisite riot of light and colour. The deep sapphire-blue sea is made to sparkle like jewels in the early sunbeams, which suffuse the savage rocks, the fleecy clouds and the Greek ships with deep, rosy tints. The three primaries of red, blue and yellow are lavishly used, whilst

the whole picture seems bathed in a golden glory, such as is sometimes to be observed in the works of the old Venetian masters, from whom Turner doubtless drew much of his inspiration. In strong contrast with this gorgeous piece of colouring is the sombre study of the "Fighting Téméraire," in which the inky-black forms of the grand old battleship and its attendant steam tug stand out distinct against leaden sea and sky, only faintly illumined by the expiring rays of a fast-sinking blood-red sun. But for the one lurid streak of reflection cast on the calm opaque waters, this picture may be termed a veritable Nocturne, of which the *motif* suggests the later art of Whistler.

Before concluding this little sketch, it is necessary to allude to the great art critic whose name is especially associated with Turner's pictures. John Ruskin, the great apostle of the beautiful, both in art and nature, whilst still a very young man, conceived an intense admiration for Turner's style and method of painting.



DIDO SUPERINTENDING THE BUILDING OF CARTHAGE—BY TURNER  
From the Picture in the National Gallery, London

The artist, who was then a very old man, seems to have shown himself more amused than flattered by such lavish praise from a youthful enthusiast; but the early judgment of Ruskin, though extravagantly

expressed, has rarely been disputed by public or by artists, who still regard Turner as the most brilliant and original landscape painter Britain—and perhaps Europe—has yet produced.

## The Turner Method

By THE EDITOR

IT is almost impossible, in a magazine, to bring home to those who have never seen a Turner picture any definite idea of the Turner method. The flat reproductions to which a magazine is limited fail to convey the beautiful blending of reds, blues and yellows which make his pictures a blaze of glorious colour. The accompanying reproductions of some of his famous oil paintings can give only an index to the magnificence of his conceptions and the ambition in his choice of subject.

There is one point which may be emphasised: that Turner is seldom true to nature. His picture of Venice is different from the real Venice; his picture of any particular scene is different from the scene itself. Further, his monochromes and water-colours are often of "a slight, allusive nature," because they are but sketches, not finished pictures. Only his later water-colours are real pictures. Turner is thus a complex subject for study or discussion.

Goethe pointed out that Rubens showed himself *above* nature, and proved that art is not entirely subject to natural necessities but has laws of its own. So with Turner. He was the first of the Impressionists. He sought to "paint the atmosphere, the envelopment of coloured objects seen at a distance, rather than the things enveloped." First he painted nature as the masters painted it; then he painted it as he saw it; finally, he painted it as he interpreted it. In the last stage he was *above* nature, using his intelligence to produce an art which might rival nature's glories. He was a genius in impressions. He created colour enigmas which only a sympathetic

student of his work may solve. No Venice, no Rome, no Carthage, no sea, no Alpine landscape, no Arundel Castle could be so suggestive as his pictures of these—because he added to and glorified what he saw. He exaggerated as the poet exaggerates—in order to deepen and magnify the impression which he desired to make. "He strives to do that which strikes him in what he sees, to see it more completely, to show it to others as the sole thing to be seen therein. . . . In a boat lashed by the tempest all that subsists is the impression of headlong flight before the wind, and a leaping over obstacles, the straining of masts, the letting loose of the atmosphere, the baffling of the sea."

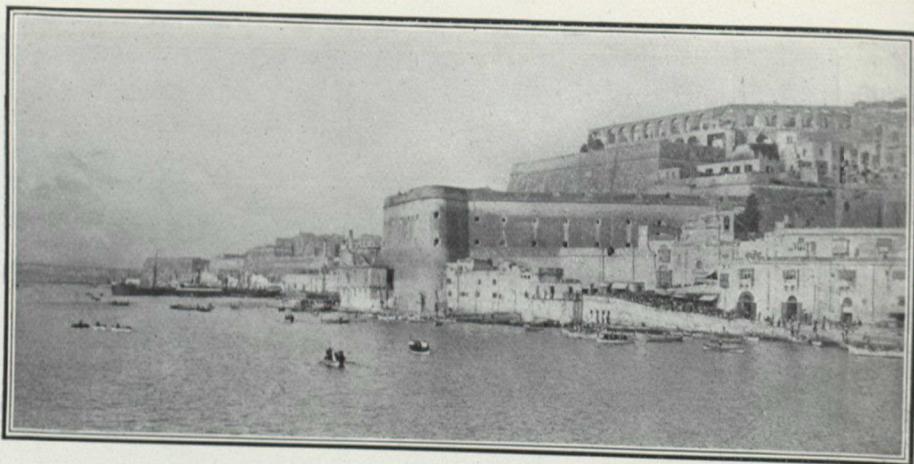
For the amateur the *Studio's* special Turner number will be found the most useful guide to his work. Here is a quotation from one of the articles:

"Withal, Turner is English—English in his subjects, English in his passion for nature, English in his colour. His foremost subject is the sea, not the mere grey or blue line of the horizon setting off a landscape, or some unused lagoon, wherein are generated and multiply the puny lives of an inferior animal existence; 'tis the open, redoubtable, ever-varying sea, at times under control although in motion, occasionally narrowed in the confines of a port but with an outlet on the infinite. He has gone in quest of the moments when the water is itself, when it possesses a physiognomy, is not a simple track cloven by ships, or a mirror into which one gazes; but when it is at one and the same time an obstacle and a help, akin to an uncertain character, and quivering with a passion that is unstable and restless, yet proper to it. It is, moreover, the great highway by which England communicates with the world's immensity, and through which the British Empire is in touch with its colonies."



AGRIPPINA BRINGING HOME THE ASHES OF GERMANICUS—BY TURNER

A Picture of Imperial Rome about the time of the Birth of Christ, the Palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine Hill in the distance



MALTA—THE HARBOUR AT VALETTA

## A Day in Malta

By JEAN TEMPLER



IN the early morning of March 23rd, 1904, the *Grosser Kurfurst*, of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, sailed into Valetta harbour, island of Malta. On board were eight hundred pilgrims from North America, bound for the Holy Land. The pilgrimage had been arranged by the World's Executive Committee of Sunday-school Workers, and the chief object was to attend the World's Fourth Sunday-school Convention in Jerusalem. A tour was also to be made to the chief ports around the Mediterranean. Madeira, Gibraltar, and Algiers had already been visited, and now we were to spend a day in Malta.

There are three islands in the Maltese group. Malta, the largest, is  $17\frac{1}{2}$  miles long and  $9\frac{1}{4}$  miles wide, and together with Gozo and Comino, form a crown colony of Great Britain. Naturally barren and rocky, they have been rendered fertile by industry and toil. About one-third of Malta is still unfit for cultivation and very sparsely inhabited; consequently the people are crowded into villages and towns in the eastern part. The population is rapidly increasing, and at the present numbers over 2,500 to the square

mile, making it one of the most densely populated districts in Europe. The British Mediterranean fleet spends the winters in her harbours, and a large naval and military force is stationed in the place. The military garrison is said to be the strongest in any of the British colonies. History records very little previous to the Christian era, but since that time Malta has held an important place in the records of the races that have dominated the Mediterranean. Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans and Arabs in turn held sway; but by far the most interesting period in its history was from 1522, when the famous Knights of St. John secured a charter of the island from the Spanish House of Aragon. They held it until 1798, when Bonaparte, on his way to Egypt with his fleet, dropped anchor in Valetta and compelled the brave knights to surrender. In the wonderful fortifications built on every available position the name of the knights has been perpetuated.

Long before dawn the island was sighted, and an eager, expectant company had gathered on the upper deck and the forward part of the vessel. We could make out the indentations in the northern

shore, and there were many speculations as to which was St. Paul's Bay. One smart fellow, an American preacher, announced confidently that he could point it out for he knew exactly what it looked like, having seen some recent photographs. Ten minutes later we heard him exultantly exclaim:

"There, that's it! Don't you see St. Paul's statue on that little island in the bay?"

Some were convinced, and were quite

rather barren appearance. At irregular intervals were low stone fences terracing the sides of the hills, and enclosing any areas of land fit for cultivation. Very little foliage could be seen, but to relieve the monotony of the landscape was an occasional carob tree and some straggling masses of the prickly pear.

As we approached our destination, the city of Valetta could be seen on Mount Scerberras, the rocky ridge which runs out from the land into the middle of the



MALTA—ANOTHER VIEW OF VALETTA HARBOUR

sure they could see the statue. Others were doubtful. All felt much disappointed and the preacher decidedly crestfallen when a messenger from the captain informed us that we had passed St. Paul's Bay long before dawn. The disappointment was so keen that the captain promised us we should see the bay before the day closed.

The outlines of the island began to stand out distinctly. The reddish grey soil covering the hillsides, which sloped upward from the shore, presented a

bay like a tongue and forms the two harbours, Marsamusceit on the west and Valetta on the east. Standing on the point of the ridge was Fort St. Elmo, one of the first strongholds built by the famous knights. Many changes have doubtless been wrought and the whole modernised and materially strengthened. As we studied the details of the almost impregnable fortifications, we began to understand why Malta was first called the "key to the eastern Mediterranean."

As we passed the point, other fortifi-

cations loomed up before us, and we felt as if running the gauntlet when we passed, between rows of bristling guns, through the narrow entrance into the land-locked harbour of Valetta. We cast anchor several yards from the quay, and the small boats were kept busy for nearly two hours landing the pilgrims. Carriages awaited us and we were soon driven to the station, where we were to take the train to Cetta Vecchia, the ancient capital of the island.

Securing our tickets we passed through a sloping cement tunnel. Brass hand-rails ran along each side and a double row of electric bulbs studded the ceiling. The railroad coaches stood in readiness, and we were carried through another tunnel 1,800 feet long, hewn from the solid rock. A dimly burning oil lamp at each end of the coach was our only light, and we were glad when we emerged into the light of day. From our car windows could be seen, stretching miles away to the right and to the left, the stone fences, some loosely, some compactly built. In the plots thus enclosed were potatoes and corn, well cultivated and looking as if an abundant harvest might be gathered. Women were assisting the men. Here and there were larger fields of sulla, a beautiful red clover, which was raised for the winter feeding of the goats and donkeys. These were about the only domestic animals we saw in any great number.

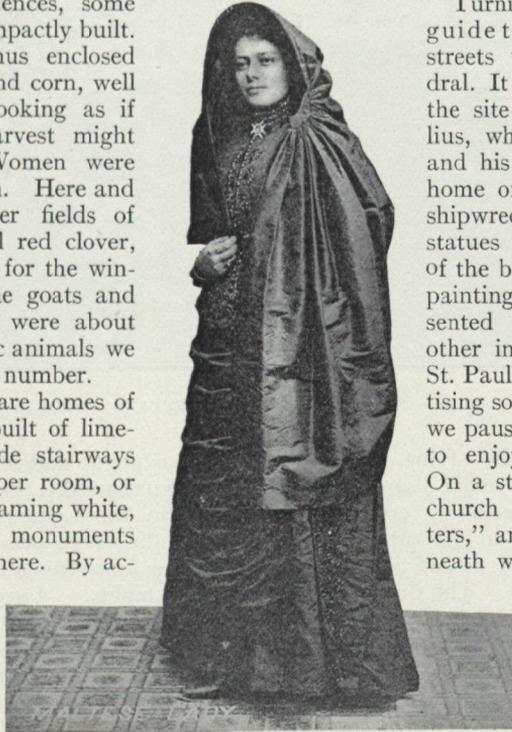
The small, square homes of the natives are built of limestone with outside stairways leading to an upper room, or the flat roof. Gleaming white, they looked like monuments scattered everywhere. By actual measurement many of the houses were found to be not more than ten or twelve feet square, and in the one room

ate and slept large families. As one might suppose, the sanitary condition was much below the average. When about two miles out from Valetta we saw to our right the handsome country residence of General Sir C. Mansfield Clarke, the present governor of the island.

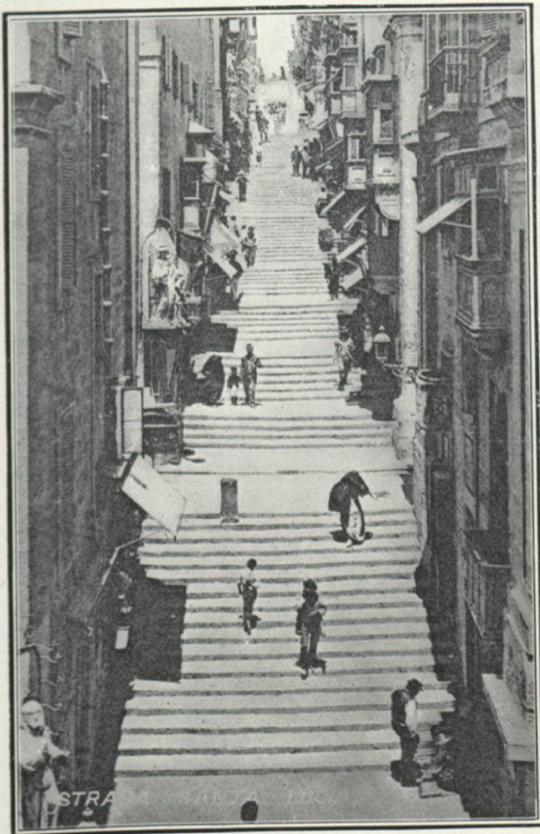
After a ride of seven miles we reached the station. A steep climb brought us to Cetta Vecchia, the ancient capital, overlooking a small fertile valley. Many of the native gentry and some of the British officers reside here, in comfortable homes, which are surrounded by beautiful gardens of rare flowers and tropical plants. Snow and frost are unknown. Commodious barracks for the British soldiers topped the opposite ridge. Looking southward we could see Casal Dingli, while just beyond it the highest peak on the island rose 750 feet above sea-level. Over the steep cliffs that rise almost perpendicular from the southern shore, could be seen glimpses of the Mediterranean waters.

Turning, we followed our guide through the narrow streets to St. Paul's Cathedral. It is supposed to occupy the site of the house of Publius, who had received Paul and his companions into his home on the occasion of their shipwreck. Paintings and statues adorned the interior of the building. Some of the paintings on the ceiling represented the shipwreck and other incidents in the life of St. Paul. The choir was practising some Easter music, and we paused for a few moments to enjoy the sweet melody. On a street near by was the church of "The Little Sisters," and in a grotto underneath we saw a statue of St. Paul and one of St. Luke.

Few of us had known anything of the catacombs that undermined the old city, and it was with new in-



A MALTESE WOMAN WITH "FALDETTA" OR HEAD-COVERING



A CROSS STREET SCENE IN VALETTA

terest that we accepted the lighted tapers and entered the chambers of death. On we went through the winding rock tunnels, stopping here and there to note in the walls, niches and cavities where had once rested human remains.

"Sometime Christian hide here," our guide informed us. "They make writin'," and he pointed to some inscriptions on the walls. We were unable to decipher them, and he, evidently not wishing to spoil his credit, hurried on and left our

questions unanswered. Many of the passages were so narrow that we carried off on our clothing some of the damp mould that covered the walls. Half an hour's tramp through this musty, deserted underground city of the dead was quite enough, and we were glad to get out again into the bright sunlight and balmy air of the delightful March morning.

Standing on the station platform when we arrived, were a number of British redcoats, waiting to take the train to Valetta. I was soon engaged in conversation with one who was a teacher in gymnastics. Taciturn and uncommunicative as Englishmen usually are, the Canadian flag had proved an excellent talisman on this occasion, and I learned many things of interest.

"What is the principal religion on the island?" was one of my first questions.

"Well," he answered, "most of the natives and some of the soldiers are Roman Catholics, and the festivals and ceremonies of their church keep them busy."

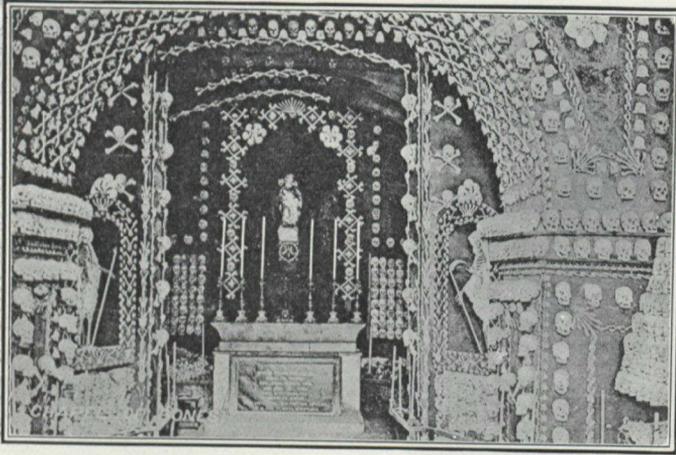
"And the rest?" I ventured.

"English Church mostly," was the answer.

"What about your schools?" I queried. "Have you good schools?"



MALTA—A TYPICAL STREET IN VALETTA



MALTA—INTERIOR OF CHAPEL OF BONES IN THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN, VALETTA

"Fairly good," he replied. "They are conducted after the manner of the board schools in England, but are not so well equipped."

"What language do you teach?"

"The Arabic was almost the only language used," he answered, "until last year, when a law was passed making English compulsory. In fifteen years English alone must be the language of school and court."

The whistle of the approaching train warned us to be in readiness. As soon as the passengers were seated and the train had moved out towards Valetta, I again began my catechism.

"What do you consider the main characteristics of the natives?"

"Quick temper," he replied. "You see, they are an admixture of Spaniards, Italians, and Arabic blood."

"What language do they speak?"

"Mostly Arabic, with a number of corrupt Italian words."

"Are they industrious?"

"Fairly so," was the answer, "but the men see to it that the women are always on hand to do their share of the work." "Speaking of the women," I said, "What a peculiar head-dress they wear! What do they call it?"

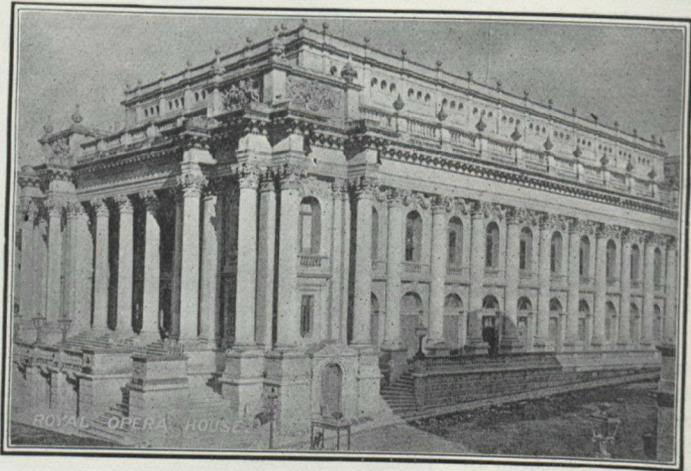
He smiled. "Faldetta, I believe. When I return to England I shall take one to my sister."

"When the women are not working

in the fields how do they busy themselves?" I asked.

"Have you not seen them making lace?" he asked. "If I had known you were interested I could have shown you some lace-makers in Cetta Vecchia quite near the station. However," he added, "they are to be seen in Valetta too. I am quite sorry," looking at his watch, "that I cannot take you to see the women at their homes. I must go to my class as soon as I arrive, and we are almost there."

I was anxious to gain as much information as possible, and hurried the next



MALTA—ROYAL OPERA HOUSE IN VALETTA

question: "For what is the island principally noted?"

"Honey and fruits are the principal exports."

"Is the soil good?"

"Yes, it is very rich, although quite thin. You may know that much of the soil was brought here in ship-loads by the Knights of St. John. Have you heard of them?" he asked.

"Yes; but I do not know much about them."

"Well, you see they built wonderful fortifications in many parts of Malta. Some are now in use, but many have fallen into ruins."

But further speech was impossible, as we had entered the tunnel. When we drew up at the station the soldier asked me for my Canadian flag, and in exchange offered me a badge which he had worn through the South African war. The exchange was made and, touching his cap, he stepped quickly from the car and was lost in the crowd, while I rejoined my companions.

Valetta proved even more interesting than the old capital. The main street runs along the ridge of the rocky prominence on which the city is built. The cross streets descend on each side by steep flights of stone steps to the water's edge. The houses are built of stone, and for the most part have flat roofs, while from many of the windows project wooden balconies. The public buildings are large, substantial structures, among which is the finest naval hospital in Europe. We saw several very large and handsome Roman Catholic churches, the most interesting of which was the Cathedral of St. John, another monument to the memory of the famous knights. The floors were inlaid with rich and many-coloured marbles, and before statue altar on pillars memorial tablets had been placed to commemorate the lives of some of the Grand Masters.

The Governor's Palace, once the residence of the Grand Masters, contains a large hall used as an armoury. Two rows of pillars run the full length of the room, and from each column hangs a suit of mail once worn by these stalwart knights of the seventeenth century. Enclosed in a cabinet hangs the trumpet that

had sounded their retreat from the island of Rhodes in December, 1522. The carriage in which Napoleon had ridden was pointed out. Near by stood several cannon that had been used by the knights when he attacked their forts.

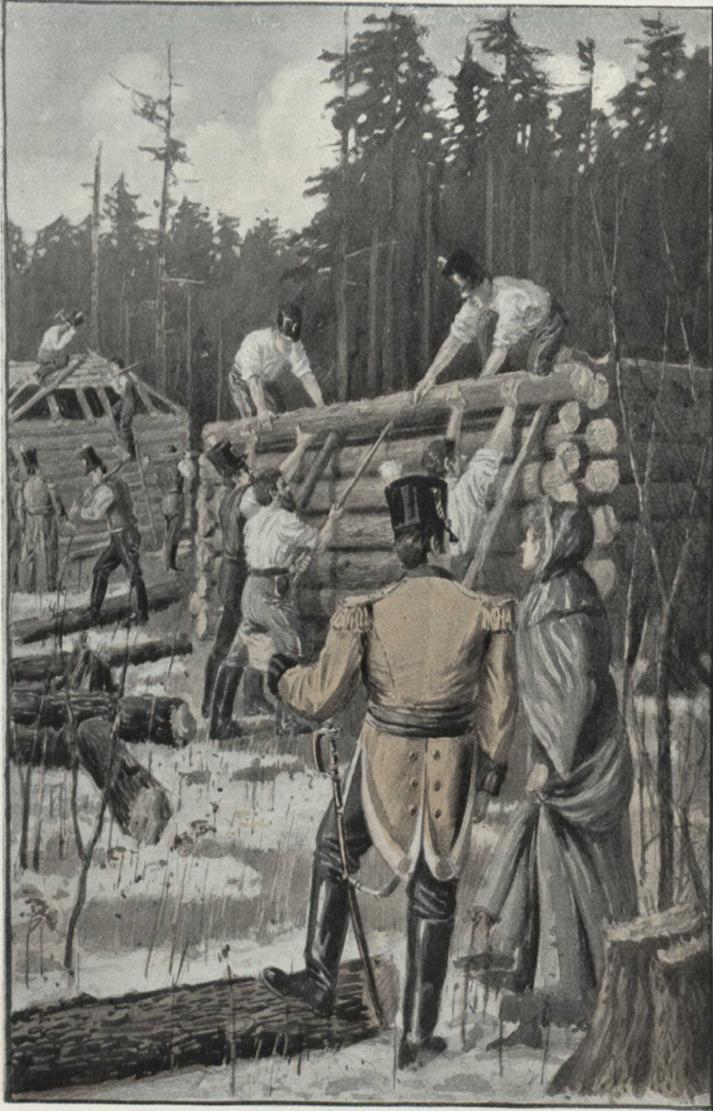
The picture gallery of the palace contains many beautiful and costly paintings. One of the finest represents the assassination of Dragut, the noted Turkish naval commander who had conducted one of the most famous sieges recorded in history. At the end of the gallery a door opened into the Council Chamber, and we had a glimpse of the elegant upholstery and the beautiful tapestry draped around the walls. The members of the council were gathering for the afternoon session, and we were permitted only a momentary glance before the doors were closed.

As we were leaving the main street to return to the boat the milk vendors were driving in their flocks of goats; and it caused much merriment among the pilgrims to see the housewife appear at the door with her pitcher. The little milkmaid would squat behind the goat and secure the desired pint or quart of milk, and then follow on to stop in answer to the next call.

When the great ship swung out of the harbour and headed westward we knew that our good captain had not forgotten his promise. We were yet to see that bay celebrated in Bible story.\* Just before the sun went down we looked into the placid waters of St. Paul's Bay. Our imaginations were busy as we leaned over the railing of the *Grosser Kurfurst* that afternoon. Every detail of that tragic scene that had been enacted upon these waters more than nineteen hundred years ago, stood out vividly before us. The shadows of evening began to fall, and once more our good ship was bearing us eastward.

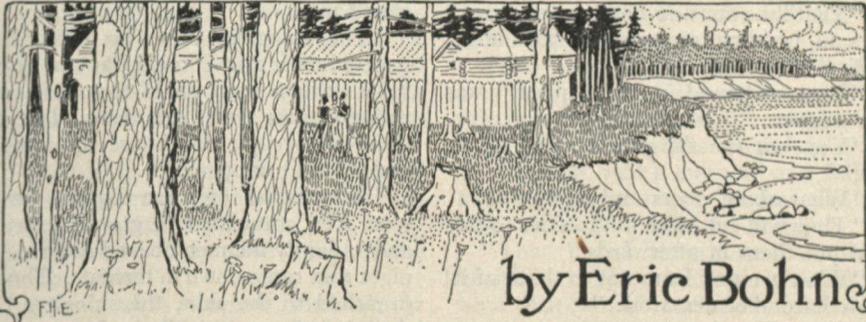
That night as we were borne onward to the shores of Greece, we dreamed of the mail-clad knights in battle array, captained by the brave Tarsian soldier, whose names will ever be inseparably connected in our minds with the far-famed island of Malta.

\*Acts, chapters xxvii and xxviii.



"Some men were splitting pine logs into slabs and hewing them down for roof planks . . ."—*The Builders*

# THE BUILDERS



by Eric Bohné

Author of "How Hartman Won."

RESUME—Harold Manning, an officer in the 100th Regiment, which is ordered to Canada for service in the War of 1812, has just been married in London. He secures the consent of the Colonel to take his wife to Halifax, and on the overland trip to Georgian Bay. They sail for Halifax on H.M.S. *North King*, arriving safely after a six weeks' voyage. Preparations are at once made for the rest of the trip. In the meantime Mrs. Manning becomes acquainted with Mrs. Mason, wife of the commandant of the Citadel, and other persons. The annual military ball is about to take place. At it, Mrs. Manning meets Maud Maxwell and the two become great friends. Miss Maxwell would like to try the overland trip, but it is impossible. A few days afterwards, the two companies lined up in the Citadel square, and the bugles sounded for the long march. The long procession of sleighs and men moved off. The first night was spent in a lumber camp. Many of the following nights were spent in roughly-made camps, and strange were the experiences of the pilgrims in an almost uninhabited region. Mrs. Manning conceives a dislike for Captain Cummings who is too attentive and decidedly insinuating. After but one skirmish with the enemy, the troops arrive safely at Quebec, having made a record march. After a few days' rest they proceed to Montreal and thence westerly along the Ottawa and Madawaska Rivers. Penetanguishene is reached. The erection of buildings begins, Helen finding refuge on the schooner *Bumble-bee* and discovering in Mrs. Latimer a nurse-maid known long ago.

## CHAPTER XXV

THE woman went out to interrogate her husband and Helen returned to her writing, but in a few minutes Latimer came in again.

"Is them letters you are at?" he asked, as she folded a sheet and slipped it into her reticule.

"Yes," she replied, "I hope to send them away when the lake opens."

"Your post will be long in going," he said, wagging his head. "It may take a month to clear the ice off the bay; and there ain't a single post-office anywheres this side o' Little York, and being as the Yankees fight well on the lakes, it might be dangerous to send letters that way, even if they was open."

"Letters will keep," replied Helen,

serenely. "And the Americans cannot always have it their own way."

"I didn't say they could, only what you have writ down will be an old story before you get it off your hands."

"Old stories are said to be the best, you know."

"So I've heered. It's none of my business anyhow, an' as I tell my old woman, you can do as you durned please."

He threw back his head and cackled in apology for his rudeness, while Helen folded her tablets and put on her wraps to go out. The hazy sun was still an hour high. On the hill she could see her future home with walls up and rafter poles in place, and not far from it sounded the "yo-heave" of the men, who with long pikes were raising the logs of the larger house.

Gathering up her skirts to keep them out of the melting snow, Helen hastened over to the scene. Harold was superintending the men on one side of the building as she joined him.

"That'll be our new home, sweetheart," he said, nodding toward the first building. "How do you like it?"

"Logs all round, it looks queer," was her answer.

"Yes, but the shingles have to go on yet."

"What about doors and windows?"

"They will cut holes in the sides to-day and put them in afterwards."

"What a ninny I am not to think of it! How hard the men work!"

"Yes. This house, too, has to be up to-night, and made ready for shingles as well."

"Oh! if the rain would only keep off."

"Yes, that would be grand. In the meantime we are all doing our best."

Some men were splitting pine logs into slabs and hewing them down for roof planks; and already some were being laid on the rafters of Helen's house. Others were preparing shingles for it, climbing walls and cutting apertures. Doorways, jamways, chimneys, were all being made. Every one was busy.

By the next afternoon, much had been accomplished. Each man's coat was off—work was unabated—no rain had fallen—but heavy clouds covered the sky—and Bateese's prediction seemed likely of fulfilment.

The shingling of Helen's house had been finished. A log fire was burning on the andirons, while men were doing their best in many ways to make it habitable.

"Can I have my boxes brought in now?" Helen asked of Harold. "There's the first drop of rain."

"Yes, if the rubbish can be cleaned out of the way."

"Emmeline and I will see to that."

Then Bateese and the soldiers brought over what was personal for Helen's cottage; while she, Harold and Emmeline did the rest.

In the preparations of the officer's house, progress had been slower; but as it was evident that rain would be upon

them by night, the energies of the men had been taxed to their utmost. Bit by bit the place was put in order, and load after load of goods was brought in and piled at random even before the roof was closed in.

"The shingling must be finished no matter how it rains," cried Captain Payne. "And every man shall have an extra ration of grog when it is done. The officers will occupy this house to-night, no matter what happens."

The promise of extra liquor, for all were wet, stimulated to greater exertion, and valiantly the men obeyed orders. By night rain came down in torrents. Though drenched to the skin, the shinglers continued their work until the last one was laid, and beneath the sheltering roof of their new cottage, Sir George and his officers gathered together before the night closed in.

Still the walls of the barracks were only partly up, and for that night the men, notwithstanding the rain, were obliged to return to their old quarters. So with the women in the *Bumble-bee*, Harold and Helen in their new cottage, the officers in their house and the men in their old camp, the night wore on.

By-and-bye the east wind veered to the south. With warmer air and rain the snow and ice melted rapidly away. But toward morning another change came. The wind swept to the west and increased to a hurricane. Savagely the frozen surface of the bay broke up, toppling huge waves over each other in fury, and forcing the ice blocks out to the freer space along the eastern shore. So mad was the wind, so wild the elements, bursting free from the icy grip of winter—that the lake at Beausoliel tossed mountains high in a white-capped sea of foam. The trouble, however, was not in the distance, but at hand.

During the earlier hours of the night, tired out by their day's work, the men slept soundly, notwithstanding the tempest. The pine-needle padding of the roofs of the camp in some measure protected the bunks from leakage, and as the soldier heeds not the storm, save when summoned to duty, on they slept. By-and-bye the wind increased in savage

fury. Stakes loosened, camp poles swayed, and at the earliest dawn the sentry sounded the alarm. But it was none too soon. The men had scarcely time to spring to their feet and don their jackets before the crash came. There were oaths and yells and confusion; clashing of timbers and popping of heads through the debris; while not a few derisive laughs rang out above the sound of the slashing wind.

"What a devilish row!" cried Corporal Bond to Hardman as they fell over each other in making their exit. "A complete flattener. Pray God none o' the boys are killed!"

"It beats all," returned Hardman, as a flying stick struck him on the head and knocked him over. But he was up in a moment vigorously rubbing the place. "Jimminy, Isaacs! Lucky the women are in the boat!" he yelled out.

"Is it though?" cried the Corporal, as a wild shout came from the stormy bay beneath them.

"Ba Gosh, vat's de matter wid de *Bumble-bee*?" yelled Bateese, who, after crawling from beneath a stack of pine poles rushed to their side. There was commotion down there, no doubt, though what it was the darkness hid from view. Away went Bateese running with tremendous strides and followed by the others, realising that possibly the women might be in danger.

Protected from wind and wave by the island already mentioned, the ice between the latter and the shore withstood the force of the tempest the longest. At the northern end of the protected channel lay the *Bumble-bee*, and while stationary in the ice the storm failed to rouse the occupants. The sudden veering of the wind, however, changed the flattened surface into a boiling cauldron. Tumultuously the ice was broken into fragments, and the little ship frozen solid at her moorings for the whole of the winter, was suddenly tossed like a toy upon the seething waters.

Latimer and his wife were both roused by the lurch of the boat. As an old seaman, he knew at once what had happened, and rushing for his cable-ropes called loudly for assistance. At the same moment the terrified women screamed for help,

feeling the boat tossed like a cockle-shell beneath them.

"Shut up!" cried Latimer. "Don't make fools of yourselves! This ain't the first sail the *Bumble-bee* ever made."

"If it ain't the first, it's the last," retorted his wife, fiercely.

"Bet your bottom dollar she'll make many another yet. Hello, Bateese! Ketch this rope when I throw it."

But the distance was too great.

"Hold on, wait a meenit," and Bateese ran to a pile of young beeches that had been cut as pike poles for building.

"That tarnal Frenchman," muttered Latimer. "The rudder's broken and we'll drift out of reach before he's back again."

But Bateese knew better.

"Tie loop on rope," he yelled, as he hurried back. "Den we catch heem wid pole."

"Here's one for ye," and with tremendous effort Latimer threw out the line again. As it uncoiled, the end fell between blocks of ice some feet from the shore.

"Dere, I tole you him no reach de bank, but nevare min' we catch heem all de same." And stretching out to his utmost he hooked the fork of the beech into the open end of the cable and drew it in. Being tense there was barely enough to reach the shore.

"Give us more rope," shouted Bond. Another yard was paid out.

"Not another inch to spare," cried Latimer.

But the men had hold of it and were pulling with all their might. Still the force of the current and the blocks of ice were a match for them, and it was not until reinforced that they succeeded in drawing the boat in and lashing it to a tree.

Necessity for self-control was now over, and Bateese sprang excitedly on to the *Bumble-bee*.

"Oh, ma Emmeline. Mon chere ami! Throwing his arms about his wife, "mine sweetheart—vive ma reine."

"Oui, Oui, Bateese!" she replied, the tears running on each side down her face, "but don't be so foolesh!"

The Englishmen were less demonstra-

tive. Hardman extended his hand to help his wife to terra firma—she vowing, hysterically, that she would never sleep on that old thing again; while Bond chaffed his wife good-naturedly for "raisin' such a din in the fo'castle of the bloomin' boat."

By this time it was daylight. The bugle sounded the men to mess, and the day promising to be fine, orders were given to push the barracks for the men, and to occupy them the coming night.

Having followed our heroine and the officers and soldiers of the two companies of the 100th through their long and arduous march, locating them finally at Penetang; and watching with interest their efforts at the establishment of a fort, we must bid them adieu for a time and return to the east, in order to record other incidents, which have an important bearing upon our story.

#### CHAPTER XXVI

ONLY twice did Maud Maxwell receive letters from Dr. Beaumont during the three months that followed that memorable morning when the companies started out on their long march. One was from Quebec, in which he gave details of the journey and an account of the dance at the citadel; but he made no mention of his flirtation, or of his meeting with the beautiful Louise de Rochefort. On the whole the letter to Maud's mind seemed cool. At this she felt piqued, more than she cared to acknowledge to herself. The devotion declared by the ardent lover on leaving, notwithstanding the coolness with which she had received it, seemed scarcely sustained. Why so sudden a change? Had he forgotten her already? Was he contented to woo nature in the wild woods of the west in place of the maiden to whom he had so recently declared his passion?

But the next letter from Montreal was more cheering; for although the canny Scotch inherited from his mother seemed, in the first part of the letter, to have thrown a damper upon his passion, the conclusion was in much better form. There was a warmer ring in it—a plea for the future—a touch of genuine sentiment.

"You may not think of me," he said, "or if you do, only as one whose presence is not missed; but I think of you as my guiding star, my beacon light, beckoning me onward through the forest—over ice and snow—along river and lake—to a little spot in the west which is to be my home, and please God, *yours also*." Then he signed himself, "By all that is holy," as one "who will ever be true."

The coolness of the one letter followed by the renewed passion in the other had a good effect upon Maud. Although she read the latter a little indignantly and laid it aside, before long she took it up and read it again.

"He has no business to write me in that strain," she commented to herself. "So cool at first, and then almost as if we were betrothed; when there is really nothing between us. Still I do not dislike him. He is such an independent fellow and so strong and true." And although her eye flashed, she heaved a little sigh.

It was the beginning of April—the very time that the men were pitching their first camp on the bay of Penetang. She knew it not but speculated much about them. How the doctor looked and how Mrs. Manning had stood the journey?

"If he had only remained in Halifax," she soliloquised, "I would have done my best to be her companion. I am sure I am strong enough." And seizing hold of a horizontal bar, placed at the end of her room for gymnastic purposes, she drew up with both her hands and placed her chin above it, repeating the exercise until she was tired. "Colonel Mason says I am a good shot, too."

"At it again," exclaimed her sister Eugenia, who at this moment entered the room. "I consider such exercises exceedingly indelicate for a young lady. To think of a daughter of Judge Maxwell gesticulating and throwing her limbs about in such a wild way is simply shocking."

"You are about the only person who has the opportunity of being shocked by my gymnastics," said Maud, elevating her eyebrows. "It cannot be such a dreadful thing or Dad would never have had the bar put up for me."

"You were a spoilt child, and he just humoured you."

"Bless the dear man for doing it. Come now, Eugenia, just try it once. You've no idea how delightful it is to pull yourself up on this cross-bar."

"How dare you ask me? I couldn't think of such a thing." And the large blonde tried ineffectually to look severe.

"Oh, yes you could; and what's more, I've something interesting to tell you. Still I shan't say a word unless you try my cross-bar."

"What impudence!"

"You know the conditions," said Maud, tossing her head and commencing to put on her hat. "It's quite easy to try. You can keep your feet so close together that a cat couldn't see between them. All you have to do is to hold on, and pull yourself up. See, even with my coat on I can chin the bar with one hand. You surely can with two."

"Don't be silly!"

"Bah! it's just the finest exercise."

"But what's your secret, Maud, without this silly nonsense?"

"If you try my bar, I'll tell you."

"And won't you if I don't?"

"Not while water runs nor grass grows," said Maud, in mock solemnity, buttoning on her gloves.

With an air of resignation, Eugenia walked up to the pole. She was taller and heavier than Maud. Consequently, when she stretched out her long arms and took hold, her knees bent ungracefully a foot above the floor. Maud slipped behind her sister to hide her amusement.

"Now draw yourself up with all your might," she cried. "You must put your chin on top of the pole."

"I can't," exclaimed Eugenia, who, with all her tugging could only raise herself a few inches and then let herself suddenly down again.

"You must," said Maud. "Any child could do better than that."

After another strenuous effort Eugenia stopped in disgust.

"There," she exclaimed, sitting down to rest. "I have humoured you in your childish folly, what have you to say to repay me for my trouble?"

"Well," returned Maud, unbuttoning

her coat and taking a seat opposite her sister; "it's about Captain Morris. When I was at Pennington's last night he was there. From pure accident we were alone in the library for a short time, and he proposed to me."

"Humph! that's the third young man who has been silly enough to do it already this year."

"I can't help that," said Maud, gravely. "If they have no better sense than to be enamoured with my poor face, I am sure I am not responsible."

"You are not, eh? And what was your decision this time?"

"Just what you might expect. After declaring the grand passion, instead of asking for a return of his love, he requested permission to at once ask father for my hand. I suppose that's the English way of doing it."

"And what did you say to that?"

"That my surprise was very great, I couldn't think of such a thing, and that I was too young and inexperienced even to dream of falling in love."

"Captain Morris is of good family and very wealthy," said Eugenia, reflectively. His father left a fine estate in the south of England, I understand, and the Captain is his eldest son and heir."

"I don't care what estates he has," was Maud's angry rejoinder. "If I ever marry a man it must be for what he is, not what he has."

"Very true, my dear," returned Eugenia who viewed things generally from a material standpoint. "Quite correct sentiments; but I have sometimes noticed that incidental fortunes are not necessarily a bar to matrimony. Usually they are the reverse. And Captain Morris himself is irreproachable."

"I know that he's nice and all that," said Maud, "and has charming manners. I expect his regiment will remain here for a long time yet, as all the other troops have been ordered to the front, so I shall have ample opportunities of seeing him again."

"Well, my impression is that he is the best of the lot; and when desirous of winning your hand, you should give him the chance—"

"Of winning my heart?"

"Certainly. Another thing, it is not a bit fair to entangle so many men, and then throw them overboard one after another."

"But, my dear, I don't wish to entangle them. If they cannot control themselves, but must needs fall in love, it is surely not my fault. Perhaps you would recommend me to cut off my hair, pull out my front teeth, and scratch my face, in order to avoid similar catastrophes in the future."

"Don't talk nonsense, Maud. You know very well it is not your face that does it."

"Pon my word, am I so ugly as all that?" interrupted Maud with seeming surprise.

"It is your manner, and what they call your character, as well as your face," said Eugenia, seriously.

"Well, Eugenia, I wish you'd leave me to myself. I really like them all. I can tell you candidly that I have not positively refused any of them and they are still my friends."

"And how long is this condition to last?"

"Ask me a year hence and I will tell you." And with a flushed face Maud left the room.



## CHAPTER XXVII

FROM the time he was stationed in Halifax, Captain Morris had always been a welcome visitor at Judge Maxwell's. The possibility of being a prospective suitor for the hand of one of the daughters, only increased the cordiality of the reception; and notwithstanding Maud's seeming refusal, he still availed himself of every opportunity to press his suit. Social functions of one sort or other were of frequent occurrence, and Maud accepted his attentions, although she effectually parried any direct renewal of the offer of marriage.

Captain Morris was about thirty years old, and had seen a good deal of life. Having abundance of means, as well as his commission, he had always been lionised on returning home from the wars. Yet each time he had gone away again heart free. Perhaps he was getting a little bit blasé. Possibly he overestimated

his importance in his own particular set, when he imagined that much of the kindness extended to him was with an ulterior object.

Be that as it may, the first look he had of Maud Maxwell was a beatific vision to him—a picture that would not be blotted out. It planted itself on his inner consciousness, leaving an impression that deepened each time they met.

There was a freshness, beauty and mental vigour in this young maiden that were new to him; and the fact that his personal influence over her matured so slowly, made him all the more desirous to win her love.

As May opened, Halifax became additionally alive from the arrival of more troops from England. It was but a little place in those days, not numbering more than eight thousand people. Consequently, what interested one interested all, and the whole place was astir to witness the landing.

Colonel Battersby, the commanding officer, was under orders to remain in the Lower Province, if necessary; but if not to push on by boat to Quebec, and from thence to Montreal. The first interview he had with Sir John Sherbrook and Colonel Mason settled the matter.

"We are well defended already," said Sir John. "War vessels command our harbour and coast line, and the regiments stationed here are all the Citadel needs. No, my dear Colonel, I am glad to say that in the east we do not require your services; but in the west, particularly in the Upper Province, we do. That part of the country has a good future before it; and we must stick to it, for, when settled and developed, it is destined to become the garden of Canada."

"One of the chief reasons why the Yankees want it and why we are bound to keep it," returned Battersby. "Will the St. Lawrence be clear of ice now?"

"Yes," replied Colonel Mason. "The season is early and the river is open already. Molson's steamers can tug you as far as Montreal. If not wanted there, you can march overland to Kingston."

"Sir James Yeo has had two new vessels built this winter," said Sir John. "This will help our Ontario fleet; and

when you arrive he will be able to transfer you to any point along the lake shore that may be necessary."

"I am glad of that," replied Colonel Battersby. "I have always had a desire to go west. At home we are just beginning to realise what Canada is, but before this war commenced, you might go from January to December without hearing the name even mentioned."

"What you say is true enough," was Mason's comment. "They send us poor devils out here and then forget us. We might almost thank the Americans for bringing on the war, and opening the eyes of Englishmen to the fact that we have half a continent here, still under the old flag."

"Is now and ever shall be," said the Governor.

"To that I say Amen," said Battersby. "But we must not forget that the fight is not over. The Americans are a strong people—like ourselves, of Anglo-Saxon blood—and they are making a stiff fight to enlarge their territory. They have not forgotten their victories of '76."

"I grant that, Colonel, but they will never succeed in this northern region, whatever they did in the south."

"Not while England can send out her continental regiments," said Mason. "So far this year our men have done well. Witness the defeat of Wilkinson at the famous old mill of Lacolle."

"Yes," said Sir John, "but that would not have happened, if Major Hancock had not received timely reinforcements from the Fencibles and Voltigeurs."

"What is Sir James Yeo likely to do on the lakes this year?" Colonel Battersby asked, looking alternately from one to the other.

"We are too far off the scene of action to know exactly," said Sir John, "though I believe he intends with his raw recruits, aided by a force under General Drummond, to attack Oswego as soon as the lake opens. By-the-way, Mason," he continued, turning to that officer, "could you not spare Battersby a company out of your own regiment?"

"If he has room on his troop ship to take them we could," was the answer.

"Thank you; the more we have the

merrier. You know we had several hundred emigrants in our voyage out. They land here, so we can easily take your men."

In the afternoon of the next day, in a field above the town, a review of all the troops was held, and it was decided to close by selecting from the garrison brigade the company which was to go west. The day was bright and warm, and the news having got abroad that a division from the Citadel was to accompany Colonel Battersby's regiment up the St. Lawrence, many of the townspeople hastened to the commons to witness the parade; and among them the Misses Maxwell.

"There is room, young ladies, in our carriage," said Mrs. Mason, who drove up with another lady, "and with us you will have a better view."

The offer was a welcome one, and they drove to the top of a little crescent, commanding a full view of the parade ground. Colonels Mason and Battersby stood a short distance away, watching the evolutions which had already commenced.

"Your men have lost nothing of precision by their four weeks at sea," said Colonel Mason.

"No," responded Battersby, drily, "they seem to hold their own even with troops accustomed to discipline on land?"

"Our garrison men are always well drilled," said Mason.

"Of course! Only I'm astonished that soldiers fresh from the ocean should lose their sea legs so soon."

"Well," said Mason, as his own regiment swung round, and marched past over the smooth green sod on the double-quick, "your men are a credit to their Colonel, and I don't see why you should not select the company you want to take, yourself. Have you a choice?"

"Pon my word, of the men, no. They all look like well-drilled fellows, with clean jibs, straight backs and honest mugs. It would be hard to make one."

"Of the officers have you?"

"Not from the way in which they command their companies. Still, you have one man I should like to have on my staff if you can spare him, and taking him, I would expect to take his company also."

"Who is that, pray?"

"Captain Morris. He made a record for himself in Spain and would do excellent service out west if he had the chance."

"By George, you have touched the apple of my eye," exclaimed Mason, who in making his offer had in mind the efficiency of the companies themselves, with-out reference to the officers who led them. Captain Morris is the best officer we've got. He has seen the enemy's guns in many a campaign; and between ourselves is recommended for promotion."

"Promotion will come quicker if taken out west than here at the Citadel," said Battersby.

"Sure enough. I gave my word and will stand by it. If you will form the squares I will speak to Morris now."

The ladies in the carriage had not been inattentive listeners. The unexpected announcement startled the Misses Maxwell. By-and-bye, while the final manoeuvres were being accomplished, Colonel Mason joined them.

"So you are going to send some of our brave boys away?" said Mrs. Mason.

"Yes, a few of them. It will prevent the fellows from rusting, and give those that remain a little more to do."

"Unfortunately, our brightest man is in command of the company you are sending off," said Mrs. Mason.

"That's usually the case. The office seeks the man and not the man the office," returned the Colonel, with a glance at the occupants of the rear seat. "And men of promise are always favourites with the ladies."

"If I were a man I'd like to go, too," said Maud. "I only wish I were one."

"I'm afraid you are not tall enough, my dear," said the Colonel, looking gravely into the flashing eyes of the girl. "Five feet five inches is the lowest height at which I would enlist a soldier."

"I would put on high-heeled boots."

"No use, Miss Maud. Recruits are always measured in their stocking feet."

And he went away laughing.

The troops were formed in lines four deep, facing the crescent; and on a signal from the Colonel, Captain Morris approached. For a few minutes the two were in earnest conversation. Then with

a salute, Morris returned to the head of his column, and attention was called.

"Men of the garrison corps," said Colonel Mason in ringing tones. "We welcome to our midst the officers and men of Colonel Battersby's column. We are always glad to see comrades from over the sea. Their stay with us, however, will be short. To-morrow they sail for the St. Lawrence River. But they will not go alone. Our garrison is a strong one and much as we dislike to part with our men, we can spare some. So I have to tell you that the officers and men of Company C will go with them to help to fight the battles of our country and our King. Three cheers for Company C."

Loud hurrahs followed, and with cheers for the visiting and garrison corps, the review ended.

The ladies drove back in the carriage together—Mrs. Mason having invited the Misses Maxwell to a cup of tea before walking home. The consequence was that on leaving the Citadel near six o'clock they were overtaken by Captain Morris and Dr. Fairchilds. The latter already had been captivated by the blonde, and availed himself of the opportunity of leading the way with her.

"Were you surprised at the Colonel's announcement?" Maud asked of the Captain as they dropped into line behind the other two.

"A soldier learns never to be surprised," was his answer. "We expected some would be ordered west for the garrison is full; but who would be chosen was an enigma."

He looked straight into Maud's face.

"I heard Colonel Battersby give you great praise," she said, "but perhaps it is a military secret?"

"Not necessarily, if said in public," was his answer. "Still I may not specially deserve it. The army is full of brave men."

"Your name would not have been mentioned unless there had been good reason."

"Well, even granting that, what good can come of it, when the maid I adore cares neither jot nor tittle?"

"Much good," was her answer, but she did not return his look. "A larger

life and promotion would be sure—the very things I would want if I were a man.”

“Do you wish you were?”

“What is the use?”

“Your words should stimulate one, anyway, but can you say nothing more, Miss Maud? We leave so soon—to-morrow—a soldier’s life is in his hand. Give him something to hope for and fight for as well.”

“Am I not trying?” she replied, with one of those bright flashes which did such havoc among the men. “Higher rank and future glory!”

“Fudge!” he exclaimed, impatiently. “I could buy a colonelcy if I wanted it, without drawing a sword or leading a man to battle, if that is all.”

“The Captain Morris Colonel Battersby was talking about, could not,” said Maud, contracting her eyebrows and looking grave again. “He was a genuine man and every inch a soldier.”

“Thank you for your approval,” and notwithstanding his effort at self-control, Morris’ face flushed with pleasure.

Dr. Fairchilds and Eugenia had paused at the door-step. For a moment the four chatted on.

“Will you call again, Captain Morris, before you leave?” Maud asked.

“I have only to-night, and it may be late, but I shall be very glad to come.”

The door opened and in another minute, returning the bows of the gentlemen, the ladies entered.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

“ARE you playing fast and loose with Captain Morris?” Eugenia asked, as she and her sister were dressing for dinner.

“I never play fast and loose with anyone,” was Maud’s answer. “I explained everything to him a month ago, why repeat it again now?”

“He is still devoted to you, surely you must have a preference.”

“Not necessarily, my dear, but that reminds me. This will give me a good opportunity to send a letter to Mrs. Manning. I promised to write her. They say the troop ships will carry the mail

with them; and taking mine as far as Montreal, perhaps Little York, it can be forwarded overland to Penetang.”

“Have you written your letter already?”

“No, but I shall have time immediately after dinner—Captain Morris does not come until nine.”

The meal over, she repaired to her room and took out her tablet, quill-pen and horn ink-stand. For weeks she had been hoping for a letter from Helen, but none had come. Still she had much to tell, and the hour was nearly gone by the time her letter was finished and the envelope addressed.

She did not, however, seal it at once. Alone in her room she sat for a moment tapping her forehead. Then she took out another sheet and commenced writing again. This time it was to Dr. Beaumont in reply to the two she had already received.

While writing she was in deep thought, carefully weighing her words. She put them down more slowly than in her longer letter to Helen. As she finished, the big bell in the church tower struck nine. For another moment she paused. Then placing the letter in a small envelope, and addressing it, she put it in the larger one to Mrs. Manning, and sealed the letter in three places after the manner of the time. As she finished a message came that Captain Morris had arrived.

“Montreal will be your headquarters, no doubt,” she heard her father say as she entered the room.

“It will be farther west than that, I hope,” was his answer. “Still, we are willing to go anywhere. My men are quite excited over it. Being veterans, one would think they would be indifferent; but it is so long since they were in battle, that they are just itching for a fight.”

“Human depravity—human depravity!” exclaimed the Judge. “It can’t be over a year since you left Europe. Surely they had enough of it then.”

“You forget, sir,” said Morris, “that it is the soldier’s life, his daily occupation—his meat and drink—and that a long interruption from everyday occurrences only gives zest to a return to old conditions.”

“Still it is lamentable! however essen-

tial to our glory," said the Judge, shaking his head.

"It should not be lamentable when the cause is just. Empire was always maintained by the sword and always will be."

"No, no," said the Judge. "The arts of peace are winning their way now. We may not do without the cannon yet, but please God, the time will come when 'the lion shall eat straw like the ox, the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and a little child shall lead them.'"

"Will that time ever come?" said Maud, her brows contracting. "I suppose it would be grand if it did."

"Not in our time," said Morris. "But if we prove the strength of our sword we may hasten it on."

"The inevitable paradox."

"Paradoxes are the truest lessons of life."

"The soldier's life is an instance. He fights that peace may reign."

"He is an enigma," said Maud.

"No, he is the most human of men," said the Captain. "Being true-hearted, he can love as well as hate. He can face the cannon's mouth without flinching an inch, and the next moment shed tears over a comrade's grave. When storming a stronghold, he can see his best friend shot down by his side, and step over his body without giving him a look, even though it wrings his heart to do so."

"I can understand that," said Maud, gravely, "and a woman could do it, too, if it had to be."

"I know one woman who could," said Morris, and Maud's face flushed as she turned it away.

At this moment the knocker sounded, and Miss Maxwell ushered in Dr. Fairchilds.

"Knowing how fond you are of whist, Captain," she said, "I asked the Doctor over for another rubber before you go. I hope you and Maud are both agreeable."

"Eugenia is fond of surprises," said Maud with a sharp glance at her sister; "but I shall be glad to have you for my partner, Captain, if you can spare the time."

"Thank you, but our game must be short. I am due at the Citadel at eleven,

and a soldier has to obey orders to the minute you know."

Soon the table was arranged and the four sat down to play.

In cutting for deal the choice fell to Maud; and when she turned up queen of hearts for trump, Eugenia smiled significantly. By-and-bye the first two games were over, each side scoring one.

"Now for the rubber," said the Captain. Again it was Maud's deal and again she turned up the queen of hearts.

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Fairchilds. "Your hands have been red all evening."

"Not only that," said Morris, smiling across the table, "but my partner's have always been hearts."

"Peculiar," said the doctor.

"Very," said Eugenia.

Maud bit her lip.

For a while the game was played in silence, she and the Captain gradually winning. Finally his deal came, and cutting, the king of hearts turned up.

"I score you one better," he exclaimed to Maud. Their eyes met and a ripple went round the table. The game was soon finished. They had won the rubber.

Refreshments were served and half an hour later the gentlemen rose to go.

"My queen of hearts," said the Captain to Maud in a low voice, as she accompanied him to the hall.

"To-night you were my king," she replied, with a little laugh. "King of hearts in our little game."

"And what is life but a game," he answered, "with hearts for trumps, which we all try to win?"

"Oh, Maud!" exclaimed Eugenia, who was coming out of the drawing-room with Dr. Fairchilds. "Could not Captain Morris take your letter for Mrs. Manning? He could put it in with the rest of the mail."

"I shall be delighted," said the Captain, turning again to Maud, "and for that matter will post it at Montreal instead of here."

"Really I wouldn't put you to that trouble for anything," said Maud, casting a glance of annoyance at her sister. "The post will go by the same boat as you do, and if I take it to the office in the morning it will be sure to be in time."

"I am not certain of that," said Fairchilds. "It takes twice as long to send a letter to Quebec or Montreal by mail as it does to go in person. Putting it in the office will not guarantee a quick delivery, I assure you."

"Still it is unimportant," persisted Maud, who shrank from making the Captain the unconscious bearer of a message to Beaumont. "I am sure Captain Morris will have quite enough to attend to without burdening himself with my paltry dispatch."

"No trouble at all," reiterated the Captain. "I have a number of documents to take care of anyway, and I will just put yours with the others in safe-keeping."

While the rest were discussing, Eugenia had gone for the letter, and now handed it to Morris. Maud saw that further resistance was useless, without being disagreeable. The address ran:

"Mrs. Manning,  
Wife of Lieutenant Manning,  
Under command of Sir George Head,  
Harbour of Penetanguishene,  
Georgian Bay,  
Upper Canada."

In those days letters were matters of

importance even to persons unconcerned, and outer wrappings were the public property of all. Hence the reading aloud of the address caused no comment.

"Yes, Miss Maud, I am delighted to take charge of it, and shall forward it to the end of its journey as soon as I possibly can. While in my possession it will be a reminder of the one who wrote it; and the moment it leaves my hands, I will send you word, telling how soon I expect it to reach its destination."

Maud with throbbing heart murmured her thanks.

The Captain tried unavailingly to secure another minute to themselves, and with an indefinite understanding that they might speak with each other the next day, he took his leave.

But circumstances were not favourable. Every moment of his time was occupied, and it was from the deck of the ship that he again saw Maud in the distance. The vessel had parted from her moorings and was floating out into the harbour, when he discovered her among the crowd on the wharf. Instantly his helmet was raised—a little handkerchief fluttered for a moment in the breeze, and gradually the distance widened between them.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Tusitala

BY J. G.

A POET, with lips set in lines of pain,  
So sang, amidst the dreariness of life,  
Of comradeship, of fortitude and strife,  
Of children's joys, as brief as April rain,  
That we can feel the manhood of the strain  
Thrill thro' our days, like call of Scottish fife,  
Until, with bravest thought, the world seems rife,  
And winds of fresh sea-healing sweep the brain.  
That sleeper 'mong the far Vailima hills  
Who told us wondrous tales of land and sea,  
And found a Treasure Island in his art,  
Showed in the smile with which he braved life's ills  
The strength that lifts the world eternally—  
The ever-boyish, manly hero heart.

# Electoral Management

(A Reply to Mr. Ames)

By A CANDIDATE IN THE LATE ELECTIONS



AN elections be run without corruption? Can the great political evil of our day be eradicated? Is it possible for clean men to engage in politics and win elections by the same honourable means that they win success in business? Many clean men answer "No" and will have nothing to do with politics. Many practical politicians answer "Yes," but with a hypocrisy the brazenness of which only those on the inside can appreciate.

In the May number of *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* a man who has proven his ability to win answers "Yes," and outlines the methods by which it can be done.

There is a great deal of strength and force in his points. I have shared in the management of more than one campaign that has been won by the same kind of thorough organisation without resort to corrupt methods and a few months ago I warmly agreed with just such contentions as are made by Mr. Ames. But there is one radical omission in Mr. Ames' argument. I want to make that omission clear and ask if there is any other solution to the problem it raises than the one I point out.

An organisation such as was used in Montreal and, in a less thorough manner, in many cities and by both political parties, requires a large corps of workers. How many of these men are paid for their services? I do not mean that they are bribed. The men whose votes or support have to be bought, are not the men wanted for such work. They must be men whose honest support can be depended upon, but they must also be men in the same grade of life as the men they canvass, and not one in ten of such men can afford to take the time from daily work unless they are paid what they otherwise would be earning and perhaps a little more. It is easy to stretch such payments to the point where

they become bribes to the men themselves, or provide funds for bribing others, but it is also obvious that up to a certain point there is nothing in the nature of a bribe about them. Where does the money to pay all these men and the other legitimate expenses of a campaign come from? Does it come out of the pocket of the candidate or are there others whose public spirit is so great as to lead them to contribute large sums to what they have no private interest in?

Let us see what it means to run an election in the manner outlined. I will take the St. Antoine election, where Mr. Ames was the successful candidate, as an example of one conducted with the most thorough organisation, yet without any resort to bribery or worse methods. I will agree that no election could be run in a cleaner manner. Let us see where that lands us.

There were in that constituency eleven divisions, each with a chairman, secretary, telephone man, clerks, caretaker of rooms, messengers, etc., say at least ten. In each division there were six to eight polls, and at each was a captain, scrutineer, special constable, telephone man and from four to ten "hustlers." Striking an average that means seventy-seven men employed in each division, or 847 in the constituency. How much would it cost to pay those men a reasonable wage for a day's work? The usual tariff on both sides in Toronto is \$4.00 a day, and I doubt if Montreal is any cheaper, which means \$3,388 for part of the work on election day. But that is not all. The four to ten hustlers did not go after their men on "shanks' mare." They had at least six carriages, single or double, at each division and these cost at the lowest average \$5.00 each, which in the eleven divisions, each with six to eight polls, means a cost for livery alone of \$2,310. I pass over Mr. Ames' implication that the rigs were "loaned." It is the one false

note in his article. Nobody believes that liverymen are filled with such generous public spirit that they will empty their stables for a killing day for love or glory. They are not in business for their health. In every city and town in Canada where there is a real contest every rig that can be had is engaged long before election day, and there are few of them not paid for. Thus the one final day of the election must with incidentals added have cost at least \$6,000.

But that is only a fraction of the work or expense. Firstly, there is the maintenance of a political club, with rent, fuel, caretaking and a dozen other expenses to be provided for. Then there is a thorough, systematic canvass for "eligible" manhood suffrage voters in which volunteers can give substantial assistance, but only paid workers will do thoroughly. Then there is another canvass for the revision of these lists, with detailed evidence to be collected and sifted. Then the keeping of the lists up to date, with every change of residence or employment or death for 8,000 voters kept track of. Then comes the preparation of hundreds of letters, pamphlets, circulars, editorials, identification cards, notices of meetings; and the addressing, sorting and delivery of thousands of letters. Mr. Ames says 20,000, but I sent out nearly that many with an organisation not to be compared in thoroughness to his. Double that number or five to each elector on the average would not be overdoing the work. Then comes the heaviest work of all—the personal canvassing of a score of "friends" who could not begin to do the work without devoting their whole time to it. Keep that pace up for two months and he will be a clever financier indeed who keeps within \$10,000.

I am not guessing when I state these figures. I know what it costs to do this work for I have had to pay for it. In the late Provincial elections I determined that while I would put up the hardest fight I was capable of, have the most complete organisation, permit the paying of men who worked for me their fair pay for the work done, as for any other work, I would not, on the other hand, allow any paying for votes directly or by any subterfuge, and of course, no resort to personation or any

other such means. I did everything that lay in the power of a candidate to do to stop every form of bribery, and I am quite certain that not \$100 went in paying for doubtful votes. Yet in spite of that policy, honestly and effectively carried out, it cost over \$4,000 to run my election. Comparing the organisation which I had with that which elected Mr. Ames, I have not the shadow of a doubt that his cost at least \$15,000. Who paid for it?

But some one will say, "Yours must be a very corrupt constituency." It unquestionably is. In the last Dominion election the successful candidate simply bought his way into the House. His opponent's failure was due to his unwillingness, or inability to spend as much money, not to any scruples of conscience. I have learned from reliable sources of so many individual instances of bribery and payment for services, that I have no hesitation in saying that that election cost the present member and his party from \$15,000 to \$20,000. I know that in a previous election the cost to one candidate outside of any party funds exceeded \$6,000. I know that in another election the successful candidate spent \$9,000, according to his own statement to me. In still another election two wealthy men contested the riding and their agents openly bid for votes in front of the polls. With a single exception, when the candidate was poor and his chance hopeless, there has not been a contest in this riding in the last twenty years in which the cost on each side did not exceed the amount mentioned for my own election. Nor is the riding an abnormal one. I remarked to a man of Cabinet rank, a member of either the present or the late Government of this Province—I will not say which—that my riding was an exceptionally corrupt one. He looked at me with a funny smile and replied:—"There are just about seventy such ridings in this Province."

But that is somewhat aside from my point. Briefly, I say that in no close city constituency accustomed to hard-fought contests can an organisation at all complete be run through an election at a cost of less than \$3,000 to \$4,000; and that the man who attempts to follow Mr. Ames' advice will find himself \$10,000 poorer when he has squared up accounts a month

after the polling, or rather after the time for filing protests has expired.

But there are more serious features than the money cost. Payments made for work done in an election are, in most instances, illegal though not morally corrupt. The consequence is that every candidate is forced to have an organisation to run his election which is unofficial, which makes these illegal expenditures in such a way that they cannot be fastened on him, while he shuts his eyes until such time as they are opened by the necessity of redeeming the promises made by his too zealous workers. That organisation is primarily for legitimate, though illegal, expenditures; but being thus formed in secret to evade the letter of the law, it is not to be wondered at, that it usually develops into wholesale evasion of the spirit as well. The law in its present form forces every live candidate to be a hypocrite on pain of having his election voided and himself held up to opprobrium, when in reality he is no worse than most of his fellows. I say every "live" candidate. I have known some who were as innocent as a babe of the manner in which their election was won.

Yet another and the most important of the results of these facts. If elections must under the present system cost several thousand dollars, where does the money come from? It may come in two ways—from the candidate, or from party funds which are largely from headquarters. If from the first, the necessary consequence is that the privilege of sitting in Parliament or even the Legislature is the prerogative of the rich only. We will be but a degree different from the state of decaying Rome when the wealthy distribute their money to buy the suffrages of a free people. Will the men who thus buy their way into Parliament be scrupulous guardians of the public monies, or will they be on the lookout for a chance to reimburse themselves out of the public funds? But, it will be said, most of our representatives are not wealthy men. Quite true, but what is the alternative? Omitting safe seats in which there is no real contest, the only other alternative is that the necessary funds are supplied from party headquarters. And that is, in fact, where most of the money comes from. The calculations of the

headquarters' managers are based on a scale that the ordinary close constituency will require about \$2,000 assistance; but varying from \$1,000 in good country constituencies where the people have not been educated to the use of money, up to \$5,000 in hard-fought, important city constituencies, and occasionally that amount is greatly exceeded. An average of \$2,000 in each constituency on each side may be an over statement as to the late Provincial elections, but it certainly is not as to the late Dominion elections. That would mean a total in the Province of Ontario alone of \$400,000 in each election, and I do not believe I am at all overstating the figures. It is, of course, impossible for any one to get such figures accurately, but I have been sufficiently interested to get all the information possible from many and varied sources.

From what sources do such enormous funds come? For what purposes do the men who contribute to these amounts spend their money? Does a man, for example, who contributes \$15,000 to one party do it for love of the cause, or does he expect to get it back in a railway subsidy, or a Government contract, or a more favourable tariff? It must be obvious to any man that the men who do contribute large sums to the election funds are the very men who are looking to get it back in some form with generous interest. And in the end, who pays the piper? *There is one possible, ultimate source, and one only. The people of the country foot the bills of both parties—the honest and thrifty provide the funds that are scattered among the dishonest.*

I am not a pessimist but neither do I believe in shirking the task of following unpleasant facts to their logical conclusion. I agree that there is a vital difference between the wholesale bribery which so often prevails, and the payment of the necessary expenses of a thorough organisation. But yet both lead to the same end—the alternative of making the Houses which represent the people the preserve of the rich or of providing enormous party campaign funds. So long as it is necessary to conduct a system of canvassing, and to organise the getting out of the vote, so long will the necessity for such campaign funds con-

tinue, and with the necessity the fact. Nor will legal prohibitions of these acts have any other effect than the organisation of secret forces without either legal or moral responsibility.

Is there any possible remedy? I can, for my part, see but one—compulsory voting. The citizen who will not take the trouble to go to the polls, cannot complain if he forfeits the privilege on the next occasion. If no candidate is satisfactory, he may put in a blank ballot; if he cannot

for good cause be present, he may have the penalty removed at the time. But if he must wait to be dragged or bribed to the polls, the country will be the better without his assistance till he has learned better. With such a rule no organisation to get the vote out is needed or excusable. If there is any other way in which the curse of corruption can be rooted out I shall be glad to learn of it, but for my own part I fail to see any remedy less drastic than that of the compulsory vote.

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## To a Poet

BY KATHERINE HALE

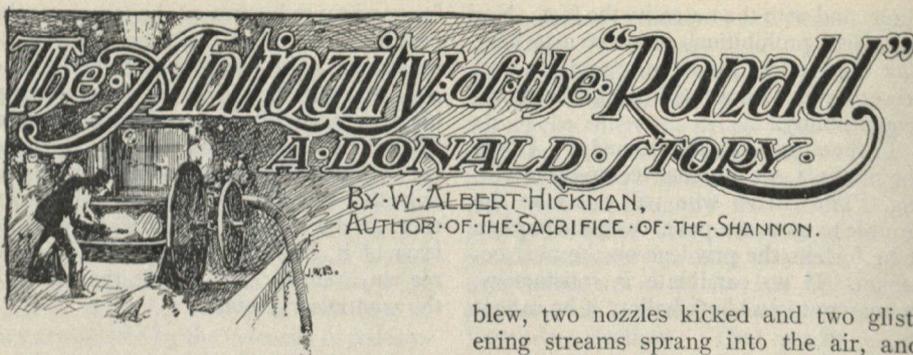
HE brings the careful flower who has had time  
 To pick and choose and loiter by the way,  
 Who, drugged with ease, can claim the Sweet and say  
 "This flowery mead I love: so hear I stay."

But you, my poet, who have ridden hard,  
 And lost a dozen ways and courted strife,  
 What have you brought for me, in living leaves,  
 Out of the strange gold forest we call Life?

You have journeyed fast! Scarce time to break  
 This rosy branch, through which old life runs new,  
 What care I if 'tis bourgeoning or bare?  
 It shows you have passed through.

It means that you, too, know those awful aisles,  
 Those tangled verdures, joy and passion-rife  
 Through which we have to ride so fast, so fast,  
 There is no time to pluck a branch of life.

Yet, you have brought to me this dewy branch—  
 The greatest conquest of the greatest art—  
 A fast-torn, living, breathing piece of life  
 Out of the wondrous forest of the Heart.



## PART II.

RESUMÉ OF PART I.—Caribou, in Nova Scotia had two Canadian fire-engines, the Caribou and the Ronald, the latter being presided over by Donald McDonald. A third engine was purchased from the United States and arrived the day before the big fire at the Academy. The three engines were called out, and as there was considerable rivalry between Donald and Mr. Ezekiel Smith, the engineer of the new engine, an interesting test followed.

THE new Academy was a high brick building well up on the hill, and plainly in sight of the central wharf. Its museum contained scientific collections worth as much as the building itself, collections of which the loss would be irreparable. They must be saved at whatever cost. But independent of this the Academy was Caribou's pride. The institution was a hundred years old, and the new building had drawn heavily on the town treasury. Within twenty minutes after the alarm the word had gone from mouth to mouth, "It's the New Academy!" and nearly every man, woman and child in Caribou had gathered on the hill where the great building towered above them, indistinct through the smoke. The lower windows on the south side glared red, and there came the sound of cracking glass. The fire had started in the furnace room and was working through to the ground floor. There was an air shaft that ran from the basement to the roof, and Kerr felt that if he could keep the fire away from this he had a chance of saving the building.

The men worked hard, and a few minutes saw the lines of hose coupled all the way down to the water. Then a whistle

blew, two nozzles kicked and two glistening streams sprang into the air, and with a tearing up of gravel and the crash of breaking glass, went roaring into the smoke to try to save the Academy. "It's the new engine!" the word came up, and the crowd cheered. Then above the shouts and the noise there came on the night air the throbbing whirr of the "Caribou," and two more streams hissed up and battered their way into the furnace room. A moment later and the "Ronald's" nozzles spat viciously, and one of them so unexpectedly jerked the men who were holding it that it swerved, and the stream removed a spectator and a flower bed before it could be controlled.

It was hard to tell which engine was doing the best work. The fire was so far confined to the ground floor and the basement, and as the water poured in Kerr got more and more hopeful. Finally there could be no doubt about it; the blaze at the windows was blackening down. At last, where the flames had been roaring white ten minutes before, there was nothing but a sullen crimson glare, and the smoke was more than half steam. The fire was under, and the lower floor could be controlled by a single stream. In ten minutes more they would be able to get inside the building and finish the work. The crowd was preparing to go home to bed when a single voice shouted:

"Look at the roof!"

Kerr ran back until he could see. From a skylight in the centre of the sloping roof came a thin stream of fiery smoke. The worst had happened.

"Good heavens!" he said, "it's the air shaft. Here, boys!" he roared, "fetch up the extension." The big extension ladder, the only one they had that would

reach to the roof of the Academy, was backed up and the cranks manned. Slowly it worked its way upward until it reached the third story windows. Then came two or three sharp cracks and the ladder swayed, buckled and crashed down, the men jumping for their lives. Two of the guides were broken and could not be repaired in time to be of any use. Kerr stood speechless for a moment. Now there was but one chance.

"Fenton," he thundered, "go and tell them at the engines that we've got to get water into that hole from the ground or it's all up—and go like the devil!" And Fenton went.

When they heard the news Jimmy said: "Well, well! so they've broke th' extension; Mye!" and he went back and tried to coax on the "Caribou." Mr. Ezekial Smith said something to the effect that he guessed the "Dewey" could do it if it could be done. Donald said nothing, but he took off his cap and scratched his head for possibly ten seconds while he gazed absently at the reflection of the engine torch in the pool of water under the "Ronald's" boiler. Then he called Jim McIntyre, who was standing in the edge of the ring of spectators, and made a remark that caused that individual to forcibly annex a horse and express wagon that had been hauling water for the engine and disappear up the wharf in the darkness, standing up and lashing the horse with the reins. Mr. Smith came over from the "Dewey."

"Your friend left in a sort of a hurry!" he ventured affably.

"Aye!" said Donald, "he's breengin' a leetle more coal. A wiz theenkin' a might need a leetle more." Now this was the truth, but not the whole truth. Donald remembered the Alvertite, remembered how it had burned with a white flame that made the stove-pipe of the white-washed stove crack with the heat. He had told McIntyre to drive for his life, to bring down the three sacks and to say nothing to anyone. Then he turned on the "Ronald's" blower, and as it trembled and roared he glanced into the fire-box. It was clear that with that coal the "Ronald" could do no more than she was doing. He listened to the grind of the "Caribou" and looked at the whirl-

ing wheels and glinting cranks of the "Dewey," with the two figures standing over her. A vision of the old *Dungeness* came up. "An' they tried t' make her do twelve after I left her!" he grinned.

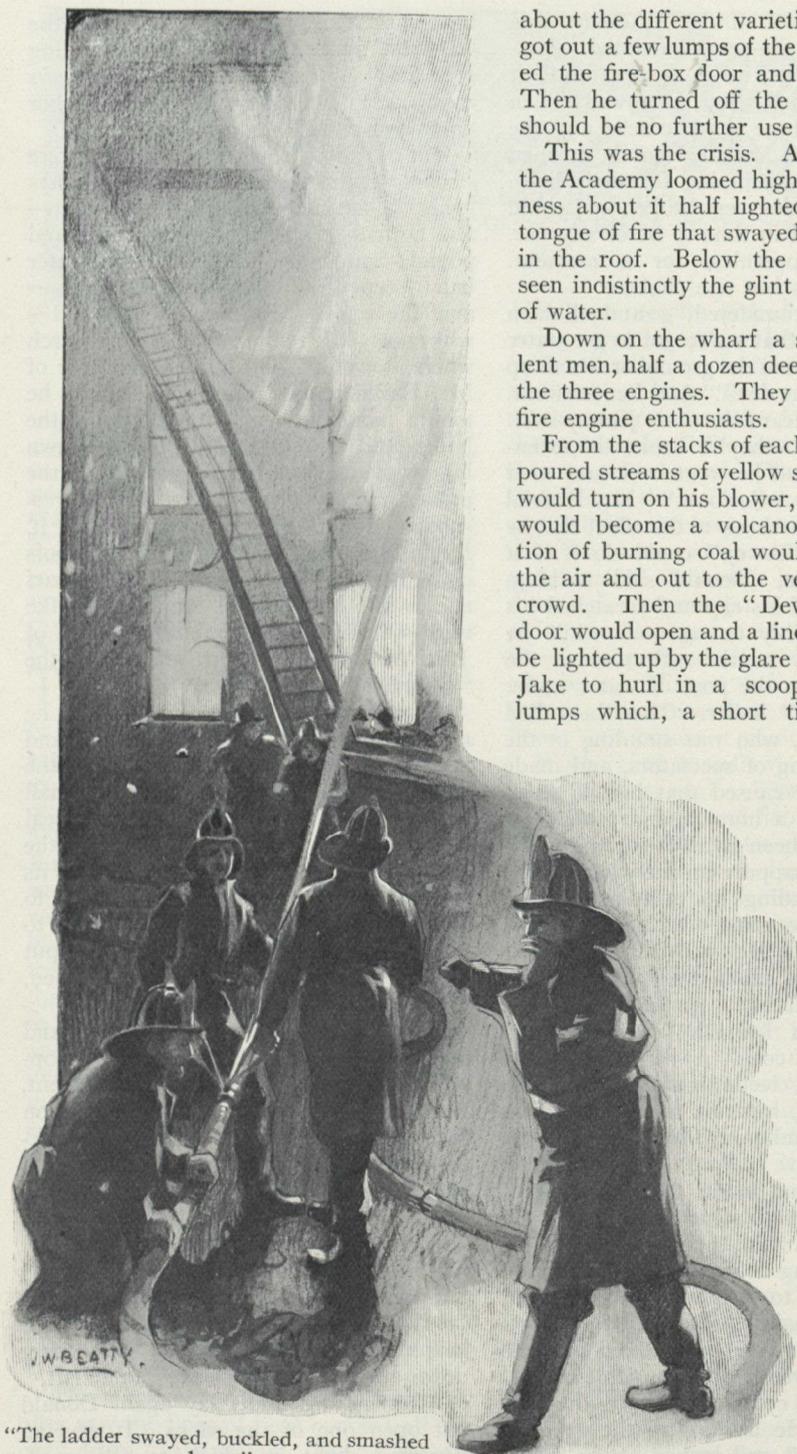
The "Ronald"—her cylinders were stronger than they build them these days—her boiler, he knew all about that—and he had tested it up to eight hundred pounds water pressure—until the water had "seeped" through between rivets—and the main steam pipe was grand—why not! He stuck the engine torch where it would shine full in the face of Mr. Ezekial Smith and Jake. Then he took a monkey-wrench round behind the boiler and surreptitiously screwed down his pop-valve until that protector of the public wouldn't have moved with a pressure of 600 pounds of steam under it. By this time the pounding of horses' hoofs could be heard at the head of the wharf and, while Mr. Ezekial Smith and Jake were watching the precipitate arrival of Jim McIntyre, Donald examined the "Ronald's" steam gauge.

"A hoondred 'n' eighty poon'," he murmured; "fery good pressure!" and he closed the connection between the gauge and the boiler and hung a small bunch of waste on the cock to conceal the fact. As McIntyre heaved off the coal sacks and restored the team to its rightful owner, the order came down to stop the engines. They were going to use one stream from each engine and put on the big nozzles. When they stopped, the "Dewey" and the "Caribou" each began to blow off vigorously. Mr. Ezekial Smith examined the "Ronald's" pop-valve. There was no sign of a movement.

"Yer hippopotamus ain't much on the steam!" he said. Donald was poking around with a long-nosed oil can, and glancing at the flames that were coming out of the hole in the Academy roof. The reply was more suave than usual.

"She's fery even—extraordinar' even," and with the nose of the oil can he indicated the steam gauge, at which Mr. Smith looked. Then the signal to start came down and Mr. Smith snorted as he left.

After getting underway again Donald cut open one of the sacks. It was an uncertain light in which to tell much



"The ladder swayed, buckled, and smashed down."

*Drawn by J. W. Beatty*

about the different varieties of coal. He got out a few lumps of the Albertite, opened the fire-box door and threw them in. Then he turned off the blower. There should be no further use for that.

This was the crisis. Away up the hill the Academy loomed high, with the darkness about it half lighted by the single tongue of fire that swayed above the hole in the roof. Below the flame could be seen indistinctly the glint of flying clouds of water.

Down on the wharf a solid ring of silent men, half a dozen deep, stood around the three engines. They were Caribou's fire engine enthusiasts.

From the stacks of each of the engines poured streams of yellow sparks. Jimmy would turn on his blower, the "Caribou" would become a volcano and an eruption of burning coal would be fired into the air and out to the very edge of the crowd. Then the "Dewey's" fire-box door would open and a line of faces would be lighted up by the glare long enough for Jake to hurl in a scoopful of selected lumps which, a short time afterward,

Mr. Ezekial Smith, with the aid of the blower, would hurl out again through the stack; and then the "Dewey" would justify Mr. Smith's assertions as to her steaming powers, by enthusiastically blowing off. Jimmy McKenzie had looked at the fire on the Academy roof—and it didn't seem to lessen. He worked at

the "Caribou" until the sweat was running down his nose and ears and into his beard, and she was blowing off as often as the "Dewey." She made noise enough at any time, but under Jimmy's persistent efforts her whirr increased until she literally howled, with a great vibrating howl, and the howl came echoing back from the walls of Carlton House, over on the point.

Mr. Ezekial Smith had also, in his leisure seconds, studied the tongue of fire on the Academy roof, and had gradually become worked up. He left Jake to stoke while he attended to other things. Apparently without particular reference to the "Dewey" or to any individual, his language took on elements of picturesqueness until his efforts of the morning by comparison sank into insignificance. He swore subconsciously and continuously, and in any particular five minutes seldom repeated himself, until Jake, telling about it afterwards, said that three times he drove the water out of the glass. This may have been a superstition. During the whole of this performance he kept mopping the moustache into a vast variety of shapes. His work on the "Dewey" had its effect. Her persistent tuck-a-tuck-a-tuck could seldom be heard. It was drowned either in the stuttering thunder of her blower or the scream of escaping steam from her pop-valve. The vibration from her flying pumps was so great that, in spite of Jake's and Mr. Smith's efforts, she had danced her fore wheels around the eighth of a circle, and was churning them up and down and plastering her attendants with mud. It was the "Dewey's" climax, her ultimate; she was doing magnificently, there was no doubt about that; Mr. Smith would "be blank damned if any—man alive could make her do more." Just at that moment Mr. Smith's glance wandered and fell on the "Ronald." His eyes became fixed and he gazed at her in half-paralysed amazement. He walked over.

Donald had stuck the engine torch in its socket and was sitting on the quivering coal box, smoking vigorously, and every few seconds opening the door to throw in a few handfuls of Albertite. This was the old engineer's absolute element. A great impregnable peace had settled down on his soul, and he luxuri-

ated in the presence of an infinite inward calm. To make absolute the enjoyment of most of us the outward as well as the inward conditions must be perfect. For Donald's particular, though somewhat anomalous, constitution they were perfect now. The black spaniel was lying on a folded sack within five feet of the coal box. The three inch black pipe, of memorable history, was drawing magnificently. From the old "Ronald's" shaking stack, which was patently red hot, proceeded a column of white flame that looked as though it might come from a blast furnace. The big seething boiler, with its safety valve screwed down, held Heaven knows how many pounds of steam, and, according to all the canons of engineering precaution, there was no reason why it might not explode at any moment and scatter the resulting remnants of Donald and the black spaniel and Mr. Ezekial Smith to the winds of the deep. The ponderous athwartship fly-wheel, on which Donald had used up limitless emery cloth, was just a great glittering halo, and the rods were dancing up and down as though they were running direct-connected to a dynamo. In fact, the "Ronald," as Jake commented later, "was goin' more like a sewin' machine than a fire engine."

Mr. Smith looked from the pump to the column of white flame and from the column of white flame back to the pump. And she was doing it so quietly. The blower wasn't on! He walked round and looked at the pop-valve. Not a wisp of steam! He walked back and looked at the steam gauge. A hundred and eighty pounds! Was it a nightmare? Was he the Smith that knew as much about fire engines as any man in the United States, or if he wasn't, who was he? Could this old-fashioned, single-pumped monstrosity do better than the "Dewey" ever had done or ever could do? Donald was still heaving Albertite into the fire-box. Out of the corner of his eye he noted Mr. Smith's peregrinations, and once his lip trembled. Then his face resumed its normal inscrutability. At last Mr. Smith found his voice:

"Gentle Jehoshaphat!" he murmured. Donald arose wearing a smile like that of a little child.

"A joost been openin' her oop a bit, y' see," he ventured in explanation.

"I guess you have," said Mr. Smith. "By the livin' jumped up, but you can stew me if she ain't makin' more turns to the minute than the "Dewey" is now, an' with them big cylinders too! An' she ain't even blowin' off!"

"No," said Donald, meditatively, with an expression leading to the inference that up to that moment the fact had escaped his notice, "thut's unusual. She usually blows off, but—weel, to-night she hasn' got the coal she's been accoostomed to." Mr. Ezekial Smith gasped, and swallowed three or four times in rapid succession.

Bang! There was a report like that of an eight bore gun. Mr. Smith jumped violently. It was the "Ronald's" water glass that had burst, and Donald disappeared into the steam and shut the valves. He had to use the try-cocks after that. As he skirmished around with the engine torch, hunting for little pieces of glass, which he put in his pocket, he grinned covertly as the fancy passed through his mind that the "Ronald" had probably burst her water glass after hearing the conversation that had passed between Mr. Ezekial Smith and himself.

The expositor of the virtues of "Dewey's" stood for a full five minutes longer and glared, half stupefied, at the white column of flame and the beating pump of the "Ronald," stood until Jimmy came over from the "Caribou" and joined him, and gazed also in speechless amazement. Donald, in the meantime, had gone back to firing with Albertite, and was explaining in detail to the interested ones in the crowd how water glasses frequently burst from not being properly annealed.

Then as the minutes passed, the crowd silently, one by one, ranged up beside Jimmy and Mr. Smith, and gazed at the "Ronald's" whirling machinery, and at Donald, the wizard of the *Dungeness*, who was walking from the coal box to the try-cocks, and from the try-cocks to the coal box, and leaving a trail of smoke like a fresh-fired steamer. Jimmy studied the steam gauge and tapped it vigorously. A hundred and eighty pounds; that was all.

"A ken't she wiz a gran' guid engine,"

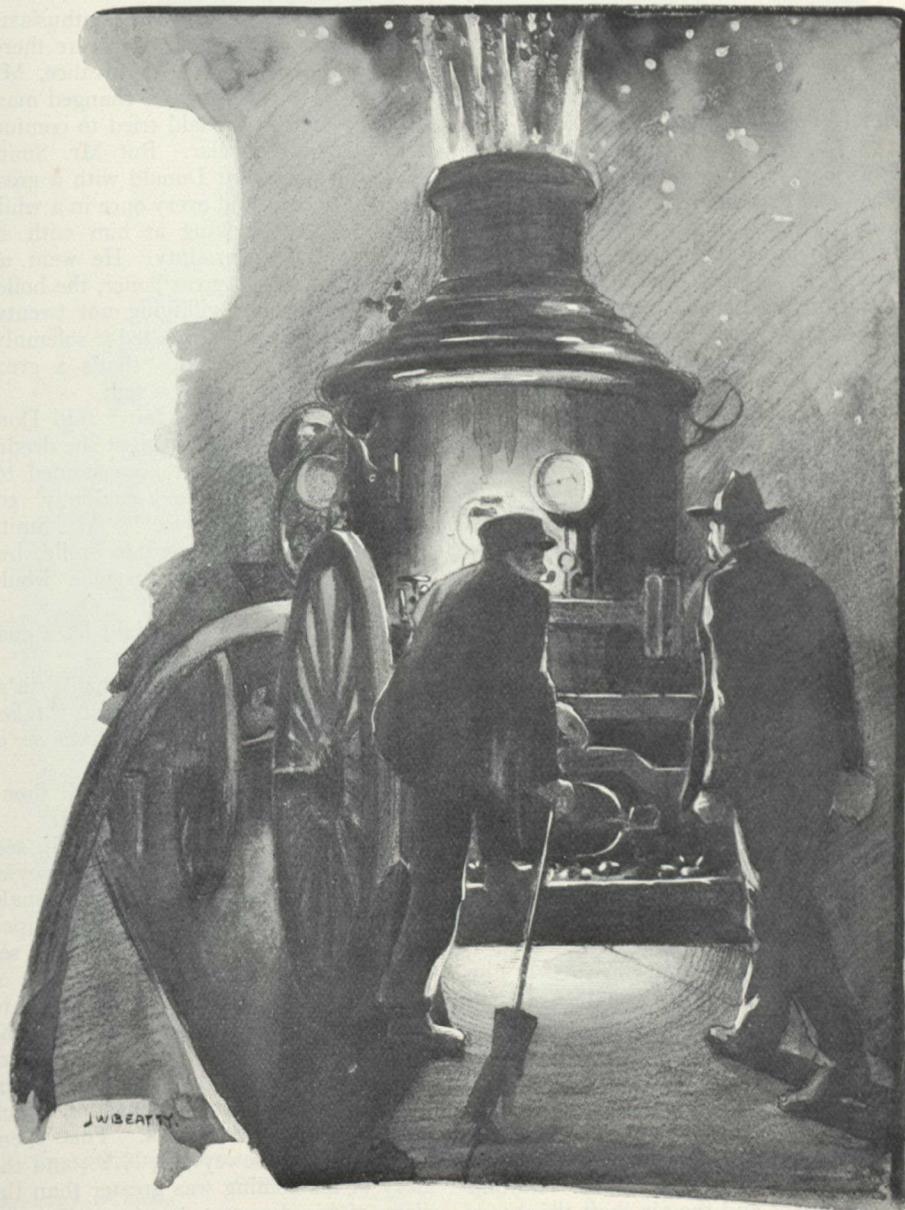
he said, as he went back to the neglected "Caribou," "but a deedna ken she c'd do thut. Eef a deedna' see th' gauge mysel' a wud ha' sayed thut Tonal' wiz twistin' her tail soomway—he's a queer Tonal'!" And so thought Mr. Smith, as he returned to the dancing "Dewey" and Jake Anderson. From that time on the attraction of the "Ronald" was too much for him, and every few moments he would stare in her direction, and then mop his moustache and stare again.

In the meantime there had been great excitement on the hill. The Mayor and Garton were there when the extension ladder fell, and the latter, after a lightning calculation, said he didn't believe any engine, after pumping up that hill, could get water into the skylight. However, he said, as Mr. Smith was saying about the same time, that if it could be done the "Dewey" could do it. A few moments later Kerr stopped the engines, turned off one stream from each and put on the big nozzles. Then the stream from the "Caribou" was left to look after the lower part of the building, the other two nozzles were turned upward and the signal sent down to start again. The "Dewey's" stream started with a series of jumping spurts, smashed out the glass in a third story window, and a second later was washing the eaves. The stream from the "Ronald" arched up softly, came down in big spats, and then, within ten seconds, went hissing up even higher than the "Dewey's" while the crowd yelled. Within thirty seconds it began to lose ground, while that of the "Dewey" crept steadily upward until it was washing the slates eight or nine feet above the eaves and within twenty feet of the burning skylight. Garton was dancing around and rubbing his hands.

"Isn't that splendid work?" he said.

"Magnificent!" said the Mayor.

Now the "Ronald" was barely wetting the eaves while the "Dewey's" stream was still working up foot by foot. It reached to within fifteen feet of the skylight, and there it stayed. Then—from the point of view of Garton and the Mayor and the others who had never been really initiated into the peculiarities of Donald's internal construction—there



“Yer hippopotamus ain’t much on the steam,” he said  
*Drawn by J. W. Beatty*

happened a most extraordinary thing. The “Ronald’s” stream left the eaves and began to crawl slowly upward until it was about half way between the eaves and the slates that were being pounded by the “Dewey.” The uninitiated noted this phenomenon with some curiosity and

said nothing. With the others—those who had sat around the whitewashed stove with Donald and the black spaniel on winter evenings, or those who had known the Donald of the *Dungeness*—it was very different. When the “Ronald’s” stream began to crawl, which happened to

be coincident with Donald's slowly giving the throttle a quarter turn, they nudged each other in the ribs and grinned. Henry McNeil, who used to be in the *Dungeness* with Donald, was getting excited.

"I knowed that if somethin' like that didn't happen soon there was likely to be a hell of a bang down on the wharf," he said. Then for a little the "Ronald's" stream held steady. This corresponded with a period when Donald was putting in more Albertite and noting favourable symptoms. Then from overhead came a roar and the crash of more breaking glass. It was the fire bursting out the last of the glass in the skylight. Kerr looked, and his hope gave out. At this moment, down on the wharf, Donald gave the throttle one full turn to the left, and went back to sit on the coal box, and up on the hill Garton and the Mayor gasped in profound astonishment. The "Ronald's" nozzle quivered and kicked, the men holding it struggled and yelled for help, and then with a whistling, singing hiss, the great stream shook and danced up higher than the peak of the Academy roof, swung back and forward for a moment, as the men on the nozzle reeled with the strain, and then ton on ton of salt water from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, driven by the old "Ronald," roared down into the blazing air shaft, while the "Dewey" was washing the slates fifteen feet below.

For a few seconds there was silence, except for the hiss and thunders of the water striking the burning timbers. Then the crowd rocked in a long continuous cheer, which was rather for Donald and the "Ronald" than because the Academy was saved. Donald heard the cheer and smiled, while he remarked to the black spaniel that he hoped the Albertite would hold out. It did. Beyond the basement and the air shaft the Academy was injured but little, and the great collections were untouched.

The next morning, as usual, the black spaniel reposed in his particular end of the coal bin, but on one sack of Albertite instead of three. The engines were back in their places and, with the exception that some red paint was missing from the wheels of the "Dewey," looked

much as before. All the enthusiasts, with the Mayor and Garton, were there. Garton had no theories to advance. Mr. Ezekial Smith turned up a changed man, so much so that Donald tried to comfort him by being jocular. But Mr. Smith had come to regard Donald with a great reverential awe, and every once in a while could be seen looking at him with an expression of uncertainty. He went up to the "Ronald's" great boiler, the boiler that he had been villifying not twenty-four hours before, and patted it solemnly.

"Well, sir," he said, "that's a great engine!" and he heaved a sigh.

"Oo, she's fair, she's fair," said Donald, cautiously, "but last night she deedn' ha' th' coal she's been accoomed to. But thut's a gran' good engine y' got theyre, noo, thut 'Dewey.'" Mr. Smith shifted uneasily and tried to smile, but for some reason the moustache would not get properly bunched.

"Say!" he said, "you might let a cuss down a little easy."

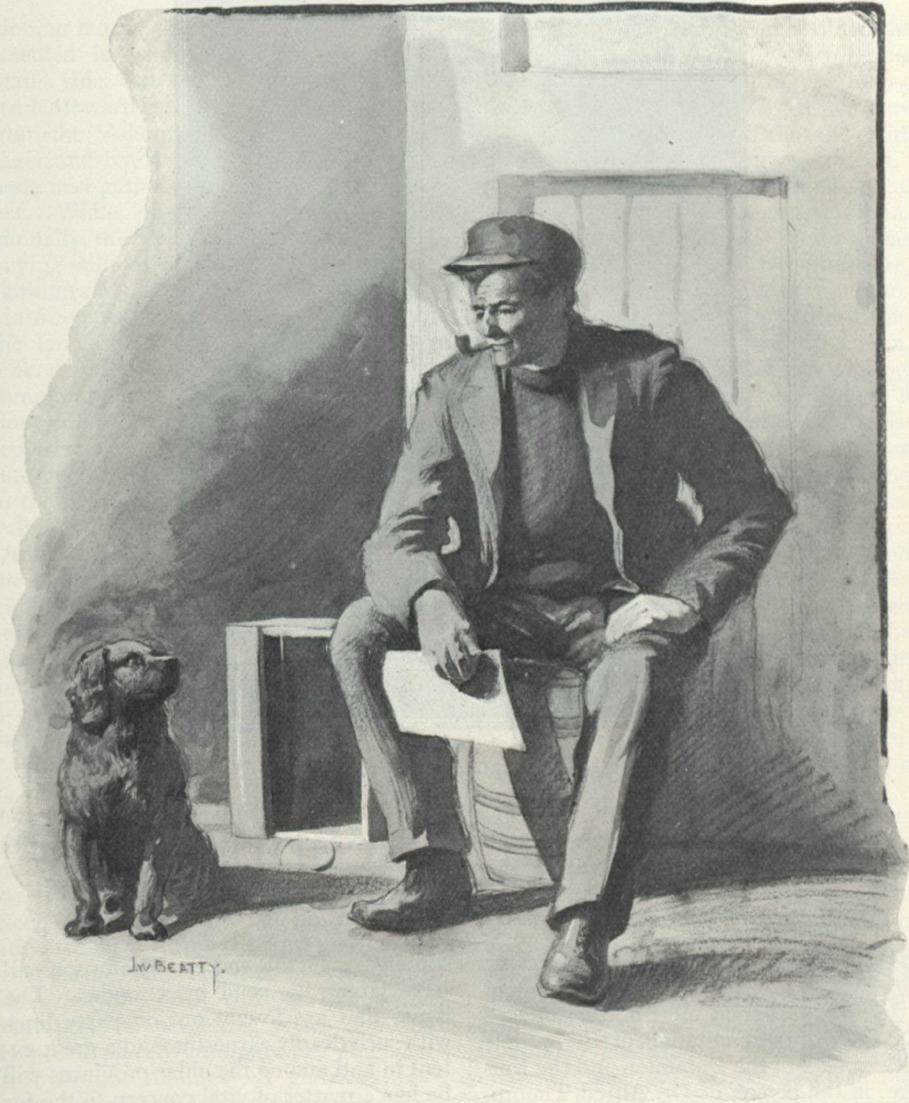
"Ma dear mon," said Donald, "a'm een airnest, pairfectly een airnest; 't takes a gran' good engine t' reach th' eaves o' th' Academy."

"Well, how about yer 'Ronald' then? I guess she reached 'em all right."

"Aye, but thut's defferent. Y' see, a leetle extra theeckness een a booyler aften cooms een handy," and Donald smiled benevolently. Mr. Smith wiped his moustache solemnly. He could see no connection between the thickness of a boiler and the things that had come to pass. Later, when the rest had left, he and Donald sat down and talked fire engines and engines in general, and Mr. Ezekial Smith learned things of which his philosophy wotted not. That evening he left for Deweyville, N.Y., and the glory of his coming was greater than the glory of his departure.

Sometime later, owing to some secret information obtained from Jim McIntyre by Dr. Sanderson, the Town Council presented Donald with an S. Smith & Sons gold R.G.S. watch. Inside the back of the case was engraved:

"Donald McDonald, Esq., from the Caribou Town Council, in recognition of his services in saving the New Academy



"Conoondrum," he said between puffs, "d' y' know, a believe 't took near on to fower hoondred poons t' bur-rst thut water glass"

*Drawn by J. W. Beatty*

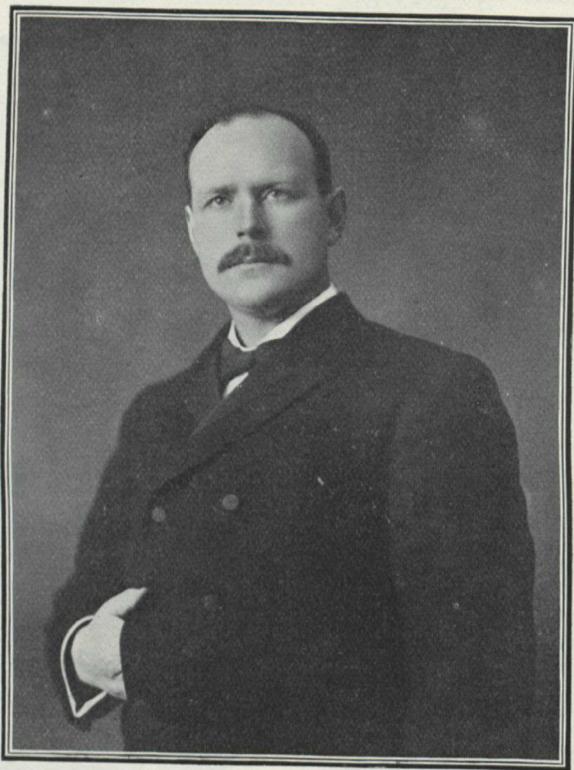
at Caribou at the risk of his own life, and incidentally of the lives of several of his fellow men."

One evening in December, when the last of the copper-red sunlight was glinting on the first skim of young ice up in the mouth of the West River, Donald sat out by the door of the engine house

and figured on a shingle. On a box beside him were some pieces of broken glass and a pair of callipers. At last he finished and refilled the black pipe.

"Conoondrum," he said between puffs, "d' y' know, a believe 't took near on to fower hoondred poons t' bur-rst thut water glass."

THE END



DR. ALFRED THOMPSON, M.P.

## Canadian Celebrities

NO. 63.—DR. ALFRED THOMPSON, M.P.



UNTIL of the Yukon there came to the present Parliament of Canada the "northernmost" representative of the people of the Dominion and the Empire, in the person of Dr. Alfred Thompson. This representative of the gold territory is the successful candidate of the Independent Yukon party, in which Liberals and Conservatives were combined for a common cause in the late election.

The fact that the Yukon is thousands of miles from the chief supply centres of Canada makes this far northern child of the Dominion like a distant possession seeking to acquaint itself with the affairs of the home land, and endeavouring to get the older relation to learn more exactly what the new land wants and how it should be

supplied. To this end Dr. Thompson will have largely to bend his energies. The issues that are fought out on party lines with such deadly earnestness to a great extent in and among the older provinces will be less a matter of vital concern to the far northern member and his constituency.

Coming from the richest placer district on the continent, if not in the world, Dr. Thompson represents a people who produce millions in virgin gold annually to enrich the Dominion. The Yukon Territory has produced since 1896 over 120 millions in gold, which, reduced to Avoirdupois, is over 242 tons. This gold is scattered with free hand through the avenues and channels of Canadian trade each year. Since 1896 it has averaged from ten to twenty million dollars a year. In the be-

ginning much of this vast output was represented in trade going to the United States side, but Canada has made rapid strides toward gathering in what is her own from the Yukon. Dr. Thompson comes eager and ready to demonstrate how Canada may gather more of this trade to herself. While producing millions in gold annually, the Yukon cannot do so without buying millions of dollars worth of foods, clothing and machinery, and the major part of this comes from the older provinces of the land of the maple leaf. In this the Yukon and the older provinces find their common bond, and Dr. Thompson's mission will be largely educative as well as representative. He will endeavour to educate the commercial centres of Canada as to the needs of the Yukon.

Before Dr. Thompson left Dawson for Ottawa he had a convention called to get the opinions of the miners on a proposed mining code for the Yukon, and gathered opinions direct from the Yukon importers and traders as to what to lay before the manufacturers and before Parliament relative to strengthening Canadian trade in the north.

The heaviest work Dr. Thompson has in hand, perhaps, just for the present, is the attempt to crystallise the present unstable *mining regulations* of the Yukon into a permanent set of *mining laws* passed by Parliament and unchangeable except by Parliament. The present regulations may be changed any time by an order-in-council. Another heavy project which may be dealt with by him is the great problem of getting water into the Klondike placers in quantities sufficient for hydraulic mining. A giant government system has been proposed for furnishing hydraulic properties. Fuel is becoming far too scarce and costly and the cream of the gold is fast disappearing, so that the water question becomes rapidly a great problem involving the life of the camp. Water at low cost will enable the operators to work low grade properties profitably, and this must be done to maintain the camp.

Dr. Alfred Thompson is a man thirty-six years of age, and full of vigour and action. He came to the Yukon in 1900 from Hants County, Nova Scotia, and after

practising medicine and saving \$1,800 the first few months, he made a lucky mining investment in a claim on an old moose pasture on Dominion Creek. "It was pure bull luck," says the Doctor, "that the claim turned out well, and I was given a start."

The Doctor now is a heavy Dawson real estate and property owner, and vitally interested in his constituency. While he has practised medicine ever since coming here, he always was active in politics in a manner that won him the respect of the Klondike. He ran once for mayor of Dawson, and was unsuccessful in bucking a whiskey ring, but soon afterwards was elected a member of the Yukon Council, the legislature of the territory. He resigned from the Council to run for Parliament, and after a hard-fought battle of six weeks' campaigning on the famous Yukon creeks, often riding twenty miles a night to and from meetings with the temperature fifteen to thirty degrees below zero, he was elected by a splendid majority as candidate of the Independent Yukon party. He sits in Parliament as an absolute Independent, although in principle a protectionist and Conservative. He was opposed by Fred. T. Congdon, former Governor of Yukon Territory.

Dr. Thompson was born in Hants County, Nova Scotia, in 1869. He was educated in the common schools of the county, meanwhile working hard much of the time to give himself his own education. After serving as a clerk in a store with his uncle, and gaining a little pecuniary footing, young Thompson pluckily undertook to become a professional man, and succeeded. He studied medicine in Dalhousie University, Halifax, and in 1869 received the degree of Doctor of Medicine and Master of Surgery. For a time he was house surgeon in the Victoria General Hospital, then practised in his native county, and in 1899 joined the great rush to the Klondike. In the Klondike he always has been an active man, and is highly esteemed in every walk of life. The Doctor is Past Master of the Yukon Lodge, No. 79, of the Masonic Order. On the whole the Yukon has a young, vigorous and able representative, and a man from whom the Dominion may expect to hear something while in Parliament.

Charles Reed Settlementier.

# The Wreck of the "Will o' the Wisp"

By NORMAN DUNCAN, Author of "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," etc.



WHEN first I fell into chance talk with him on Castle Hill, I made eager use of my opportunity, for his seemed indeed to be an acquaintance worth the cultivating. Nowhere in Newfoundland, from the ports of the West coast 'round Cape Ray and Cape Race to the northernmost harbours of the shore and the straits, nor yet in the water-side drinking-places of St. John's, where odd folk congregate for a yarn and a nip of caustic rum, had I come upon a figure so invitingly grotesque.

He was stubby and exceeding fat, with a leg lacking and two thumbs too many. and though he managed to hop hither and yon in a fashion surprisingly light, his manner of getting about had a hint too much of the furtive and fearful to escape remark. One instinctively suspected him of crime—wondered what manner of pursuit he feared; and there was this about it, too—that one hoped he would never be taken.

The impression of the first glance was somewhat deepened in disfavour by the nearer sight of his countenance, wherein there lay an expression of evil cunning, at once indubitable and impossible of exact description. There were three thick rolls of flabby flesh under his chin, and a puff of fat under each of his quick little eyes; and from the puffs to the lowest chin, which was half submerged in the folds of a black cravat, the broad, mottled expanse was covered by a stubble of gray beard, save where a ragged scar on the left cheek kept it bare and livid.

There were other scars; the one ran from the angle of his left ear over the crown of his head in the shape of a thin crescent, cutting a wide, ghastly swath in his wiry gray hair; a second lay on his forehead, over the right eyebrow, to which, though by nature drooping to a glower, it gave a sharp upward twist, so that the old fellow was in good humour or bad according to the side of the face presented at the moment.

But never before, I fancy, did a man's eyes so bluntly give the lie to his every feature. Albeit of an occasion the old dog drank to excess, they were clear blue; and they were steady, deep and mild—altogether incompatible with the hang-dog attitude, the sharp, sidelong glance, the leer of cunning. They presented a singular puzzle. How it came that eyes so unsuited to that fantastic countenance yet benevolently beamed from it was quite past the guessing.

There were two circumstances of a significance so peculiar, so mystifying, that even the town gossips had long ago abandoned all effort to explain them. My good friend (as he soon became)—he was of the name of Nicholas Top—never failed to break into muttered imprecations when in the course of his peregrinations he came to the crossing of King Street with Water. In so far as one might discern, there was nothing in that busy neighbourhood to excite the ill-temper of any man; but at such times, as though courting the curious remark he attracted, his crutch would strike the pavement with an angry pat, his head wag and nod, his eyes malevolently flash; and he would so hasten his steps that it was no easy matter to keep pace with him, until once past, he would again turn placid and slow.

Nathaniel, the foster son, was a mystery yet more obscure; and I am sure that the poor lad himself, brood as he might—and doubtless did—could never contrive to solve the puzzle of his life. He was a merry, well-favoured boy of fifteen or thereabouts, the son of Nick's old skipper, Tom Calloway, who was lost with the *Will o' the Wisp* on the Devil's Reef, off the Labrador coast, when Nathaniel was a lisping child. It was not strange that he should abide with his dead father's mate, the town gossips could account for that. The marvel was that rough old Nick Top, whose coat was never but of the shabbiest, should deck out the son of Tom Calloway, who was drowned without a dollar to his credit, in a manner so preposterously extravagant

that the beholder was moved to stop short and wonder.

Nicholas Top was desperately poor; but there was no end to that lad's apparel—to his tweeds and overcoats and topcoats, to furs and his shoes, to his cravats and what-not; and each single item of that vast wardrobe must be speckless and in the fashion, else Nick would make fuming haste to provide another. But it was in the matter of ornament, so to speak, that the lad was the more extraordinarily conspicuous. He was a mighty temptation to highwaymen; he had a great diamond in his shirt bosom, diamonds on his fingers (there were seven rings in all, which were frequently changed for seven yet more brilliant), diamonds on his cravat; a massive gold chain lay across his waistcoat, like a cable, and bulging the pocket, which must surely have been enlarged to contain it, was the most profusely bejewelled and most gigantic gold time-piece I have ever beheld. Thus to the astonishment of the town they went abroad—old Nicholas Top, hopping along in a threadbare blue coat, and Nathaniel Callaway, all unconscious of the incongruity, parading like a prince.

The mystery went a deal further. When first I dined at the little cottage—it was Nick Top who gave the invitation—I was utterly bewildered by the strange circumstances of the occasion. At one end of the table sat Nathaniel, cheery, precise in speech, exquisite in manner; and there was spread before him, laid on delicate china and silver and glass, all the delicacies that St. John's might have offered a nabob at that season. At the other sat the grotesque, scarred, shabby old foster-father, with manners and speech of the fore-castle, dining heartily on salt-junk and cabbage and hard biscuit, laid upon coarse ware, with but a bottle of rum to grace it all. The third chair was set at Nicholas's end of the table; and the guest, to his chagrin, was invited to partake of Nicholas's fare of salt-junk and cabbage, without so much as passing mention of the toothsome food laid out for the lad.

"How d'ye like that fresh beef, b'y?" asked Nicholas, abruptly of the boy.

Nathaniel laughed pleasantly. "It's very good, sir," said he.

"He likes it!" cried Nicholas, fetching the table a hearty slap, and turning to beam on me.

It seemed to me that Nicholas might have liked it too; at any rate, his eyes were greedily fixed upon the juicy roast and he was running his tongue over his lips.

"How d'ye like them greens?" he burst out. "Eh? How d'ye like them greens?"

"The greens," said Nathaniel, looking up with a jolly smile, "are very good."

"He likes 'em!" Nicholas cried, as before. "Cod, he likes 'em!"

"It pleases Uncle Nick," said the boy, turning to me, a tinge of sadness in his voice, "when I like these—these—good things."

"Good grub, that lad has, eh?" said Nicholas.

I nodded.

"None better, eh?" the old man went on. "You couldn't get no better, could you?"

I said that no man could.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, with vast satisfaction. "Not much!"

"Come, Uncle Nick," Nathaniel pleaded, laying a hand on the carving knife; "here's Mr. Cather come to dine with us. It's a great day. Won't you taste——"

The old man fairly jumped from his seat. "Not a bite!" he screamed. "Not a bite!"

Nathaniel withdrew his hand and sighed; and Nicholas sat down and fell sharply to work on the salt-junk.

"Mr. Cather——" Nathaniel began.

"Not a bite!" thundered Nicholas. "He'll not have a bite o' that fresh beef. Mr. Cather's t' dinner with *me*. Mr. Cather knows old Nicholas Top's too poor t' have fresh beef. Mr. Cather didn't come lookin' for fresh beef. He'll not have a bite of it—not a bite!"

Nor had I. That evening, I dined exclusively on salt-junk and cabbage and hard biscuit, with a glass of hard rum to top it off. But when next I sat at table with them it was as the guest of young Nathaniel; my place was at his side—within the glitter of his jewels—and my fare which was of the best, was topped off with a bottle of wine in place of the hard rum. As before, Nicholas partook of

cabbage and salt-junk, watching us the while with greedy, watery eyes.

"Like that fried chicken?" he asked me. "Well, I say! I take it you does. *He* feeds well," with a nod toward the lad; "don't he, eh?"

We both laughed heartily.

"Don't you spare it!" cried Nicholas. "Eat hearty. They's more where that come from."

"May the supply never run short!" said I.

He looked me fair in the eye with an air of deepest cunning and mystery. Then he pointed down—whether to the cellar or to the bowels of the earth there was no telling—and nodded in a way most knowing.

"It's paid for," said he, hoarsely. "Never you fear—it's all paid for."

There was no making head or tail of the puzzle. Men might wonder where the money came from, as they would. As for me, then and there I gave up guessing and thereafter I was content to enjoy the company of the grotesque old sailor and of the light-hearted lad as it came. I perceived however, as time went on, that Nicholas was indeed poor; and that this strange indulgence of his foster son was not to be accounted for on the score of a weak, misguided affection, though affection there was on both sides, and that of the strongest. Nicholas Top was firm as a rock in this—that the lad should be bred a gentleman of good parts, whatever the sacrifice involved. Neglect of school duty, departure from mannerly conduct, dawdling with the music or dancing masters, failure to be exactly truthful—such unhappy mistakes brought swift and severe punishment. Indeed, when once I begged for mitigation of the punishment he denied me in warm terms.

"I'm makin' a good man o' that b'y," said he. "Would you try t' stop me?"

My purpose was very far from that, as you may be sure; and so I meddled no more.

## II

It was not long before I perceived that I was no longer cultivating the friendship of Nicholas Top—that he, indeed, was cultivating mine, and most assiduously. What his object might be was part of the whole mystery; it did not concern me at all, for

I made sure that it would be disclosed in good time. The old man made up to me with all the wiles at his command; he took my arm in public places, bought me rum with a free hand at the *Anchor and Chain*, most heartily commended me to his intimates among the waterside characters, flattered me broadly and to my face; and from time to time he hinted that some surprising revelation was to be made concerning one for whom we had both conceived a strong affection.

"Fine lad, that young Nat. Callaway," said he. "Eh? Ain't he a fine lad?"

I agreed.

"He's a gentleman, *he* is—that young lad. Eh? Ain't he a gentleman? Come now, speak fair! Did you ever know a finer one? Eh? Did you?"

I admitted that he was as fine a lad as ever I knew, which so pleased the old fellow that nothing would content him but that he should buy me a second glass of rum.

"Won-der-ful privilege t' bring up a lad like that," said he, with a wag of the head.

I had no doubt of it.

"Hist!" he whispered, bending close. "It turns a man's heart to stone."

I was incredulous.

"Ah, well," said he, "you'll come t' my way o' thinkin' afore long."

All this was coincident with a sudden development of some mortal affection of the heart. The surgeons had told him (as he confided to me at the *Anchor and Chain*) that he was "like t' go t' Kingdom Come afore he knowed it." It took no extraordinary perspicacity to discover that he had chosen me as a prospective guardian for the lad, concerning whose future he was evidently much troubled. With this plan, when it was at last frankly stated, I readily fell in; for I was fond of the lad, and had no son of my own.

"Don't you be afraid," said Nicholas. "You won't get in no trouble. They can't touch *you*."

He was much relieved; he patted me on the arm; devoutly thanked God for the boon of my friendship, and led me to a secluded corner of the tap-room, whereupon and most solemnly he called for a bottle of rum.

"They's something you must be told,"



“‘It’s all paid for,’ said he, hoarsely. ‘Never you fear—it’s all paid for.’”

said he, when the maid had set bottle and glasses before us.

“Yes,” said I; “there’s a deal I must know.”

“Ever hear o’ the *Will o’ the Wisp*?” he asked abruptly.

“She was a sealing schooner,” said I.

“She was,” said he. “Ever hear o’ the wreck o’ the *Will o’ the Wisp*?”

“She was skippered by Tom Callaway,” I replied, “and she was lost on the Devil’s Reef, with all hands but one, on a winter’s night. The survivor was——”

“Me,” said he. “That’s right.”

He tossed off his liquor, toyed absently with the glass, looked over his shoulder in fear, and poured out more rum.

“Yes,” I said; “it was you.”

“Who owned that there schooner?” he flashed.

I did not know.

“Don’t know who owned the *Will o’ the Wisp*?” he exclaimed.

“Who did?” I asked.

“That,” said he, with a cunning wink, “is the p’int!”

Then the habit of secrecy overcame him. The name of that man was surely on public record; but not another word would the old man utter. His talk veered from the *Will o’ the Wisp*; nor could I turn it again in that direction. He downed another glass of rum at a gulp, and rose to go.

“Sure,” he whispered, as he bade me

good-night, "I'm as like as not t' live two more year."

He stumped out backward, with a thick finger on his lips.

### III

I began to fear that Nicholas Top would take a sudden departure from this life without disclosing the secret which so deeply concerned the fortunes of his foster son. For a time, the old man fought shy of me; and when, at last, he resumed his intimacy he was close-mouthed as a clam. During this period, my own agony of curiosity and dread—and the sad mood of the lad—brought me sharply to the resolve, that whatever the event, Nathaniel Callaway should be apprised of the source of his luxury on the very day that old Nicholas Top passed beyond those places where the revelation could work him injury. But, subsequently, I changed my mind; when Nicholas did, at last, "slip his cable," as he put it, it was clear to me that so sensitive a lad as Nathaniel had much better be left mystified.

One night in early winter I was summoned in haste to Nicholas Top's bedside. There had been a seizure, and he was greatly alarmed for his life. I found him propped up in bed, purple and gasping, but yet with a fond look for his foster son and a hearty hand for me.

"Nat, b'y," he said, "you'll be goin' down t' your lib'ry," this with vast pride, "while I talks a spell with Mr. Cather."

Here again, I remarked the strange difference between the things that were Nathaniel's and the things that were Nicholas's. The "lib'ry" to which the lad went was a warm, cosy place, furnished with all that might contribute to the comfort of a boy and delight his heart; but Nicholas's sleeping-room was bare and cold—carpetless, ill-provided; in appointment it was not above the station of a fore-castle hand, such as he had once been.

"Mr. Cather, sir," Nicholas began, speaking in haste, "you'll take my lad? Fair an' square, sir, as between us, will you?"

He was eager for a positive answer.

"Yes," I replied. "You may depend upon me."

"Ah," he sighed, "he'll be made a gentleman of, will Nathaniel."

I expressed my intention to make a man of the lad—not only for the affection I bore him, but for the true worth that was in him.

"It's paid for!" Nicholas whispered hoarsely. He raised himself on his elbow; and, his eyes scared and staring, he repeated the gesture of pointing downward, which had previously so mystified me.

"Paid for?" I asked.

"Aye," he gasped, "it's paid for!"

For a time he lay quiet—exhausted, it may be, by the exertion of lifting himself, and by the emotion of horror into which some old event had cast him. I waited patiently for the story to come. That it would be one of bloodshed—of piracy on the high seas—I doubted; and I was right. That it would be one of wreck and wrong and low trickery, I was sure; and in this, too, I guessed to good purpose.

"She was a rotten old tub," he began, "that *Will o' the Wisp*—as rotten a craft as ever sailed a sealing v'y'ge. Tom Callaway was skipper, an' I was mate; an' we had a crew, all hands, o' sixty-three men. The gale cotched us off the Labrador, ten days out, somewheres handy to the Cape o' Winds. It came from the nor'east. Lor'! 'twas a hard gale, that—a wind full o' frost an' snow—the night black as a wolf's throat—the seas as high as the truck o' the foremast o' that old *Will o' the Wisp*. I knowed there was no gettin' out o' that there scrape. I knowed she'd wreck on that lee shore. It wasn't no s'prise t' me. When I seed the sky all blue-black t' win'ward with snow clouds, an' when the first puffs told me the sort o' wind we'd cotch, I knowed how 'twould be.

"Tom," says I, "we're gone."

"Never you fear," says he, "we'll come out o' *this*."

"Just afore night, nobody knowed where she was to. The rudder was smashed, the maintopmast carried away; an' she was drivin' blind with the wind. 'Twas so thick you couldn't see the tip of her jibboom from the windlass. When she struck, Tom an' me was for'ard. The big sea just lifted her up an' dropped her flat on the Devil's Reef. You ain't never seed that place? No? The big waves

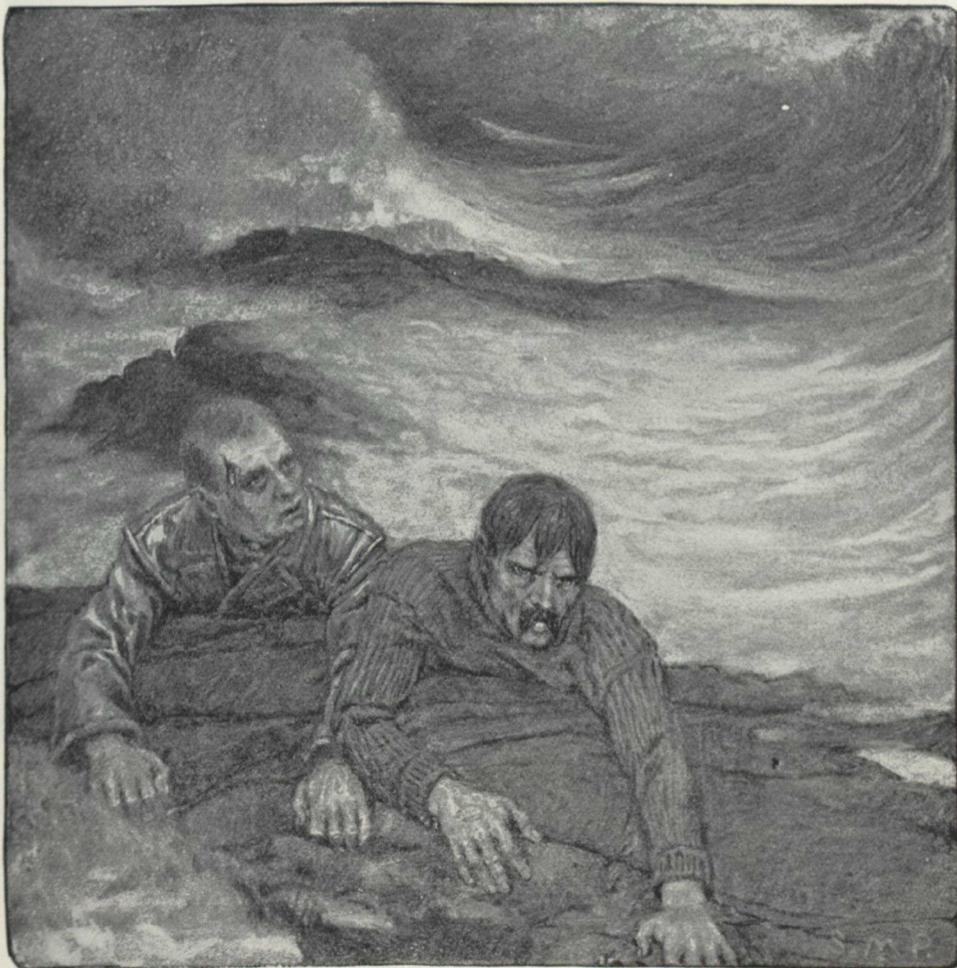
break right over it—*right over it, man!* They smashed the *Will o' the Wisp* t' kindlin' wood an' washed the splinters on. Don't ask *me* what happened. *I* don't know nothin' about it. Don't you go askin' *me!* I'm not saying I didn't hear them poor men screech. I'm not sayin'

“‘Nick!’ says he, ‘oh, Nick!’ says he, ‘where’s them sixty-one men?’”

“‘Where is they?’ says I. ‘They’re all dyin’ t’ leeward.’”

“‘Dyin?’ says he.!”

“‘Aye,’ says I, ‘drownin’ t’other side o’ the rocks.’”



“‘Nick!’ says he, ‘oh, Nick!’ says he, ‘where’s them sixty-one men?’ ‘Where is they?’ says I, ‘they’re all dyin’ t’ leeward.’”

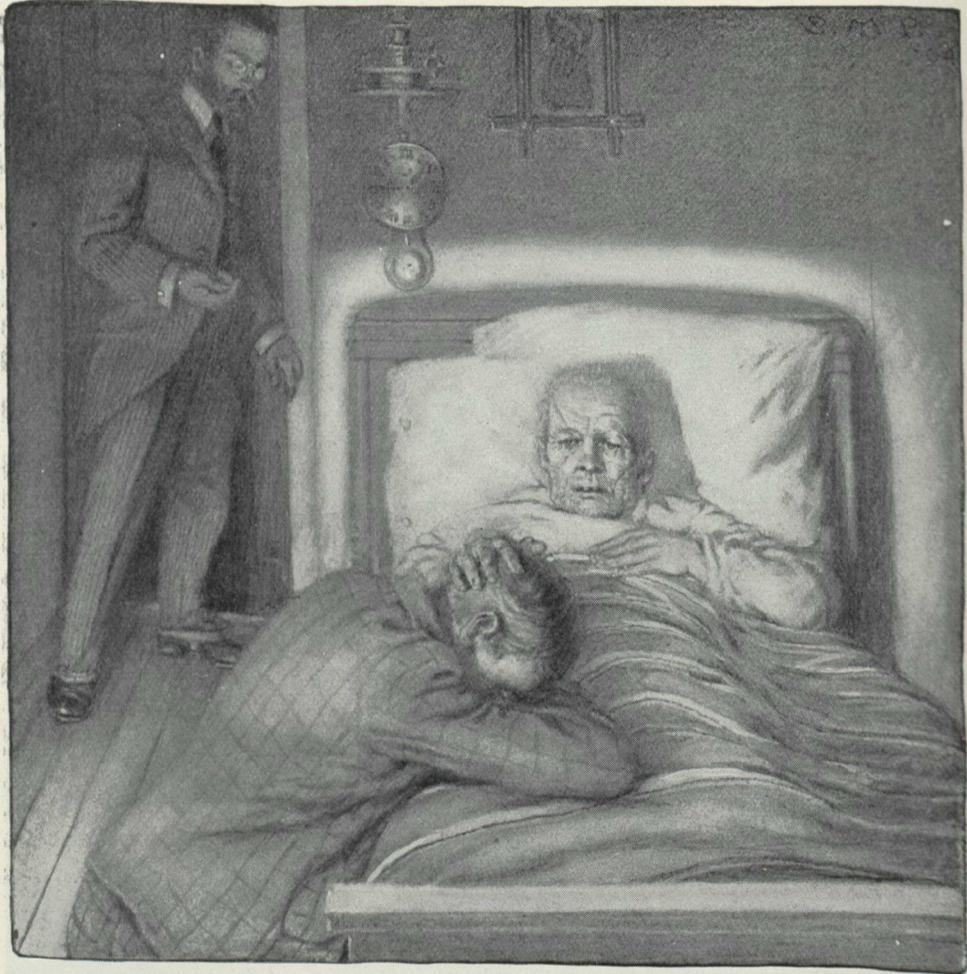
*that.* All I’m sayin’ is that when I come t’ my senses I had a grip o’ that there reef an’ was starin’ straight into the eyes o’ Tom Callaway.

“‘Is that you, Nick?’ says he.

“‘I don’t know,’ says I. ‘Is that you, Tom?’”

“‘Chokin’,’ says he, ‘in the cold water?’”

“‘The waves was breakin’ right over that reef. ’Twas hard enough t’ keep a grip o’ them slippery rocks with the water tuggin’ at your legs. There’d come a wave, smashin’ atop o’ you—Lor!’ twould knock you flat an’ grind your head agin the rocks.



“‘Hush!’ he said. ‘Don’t you cry no more, lad! Oh, don’t you cry no more!’ And so I left them”

Then there’d be a little spell when you could lie quiet and catch your breath. Don’t you go askin’ *me!*” he burst out. “I don’t know what them big waves was tryin’ t’ do! Don’t you go askin’ *me* no questions,” in a quieter voice.

“‘Nick,’ Tom whines, ‘I didn’t do it a purpose. No, I didn’t, Nick. You can’t say I done *that.*’

“‘A purpose!’ says I. *I’m* not sayin’ you did.’

“‘You can’t, Nick,’ says he. ‘No, you can’t! I didn’t mean to wreck her. I didn’t mean t’ wreck her *here!*’

“‘Tom,’ says I, ‘was you goin’ t’ wreck that ship?’

“‘Aye,’ says he, ‘I was goin’ t’ wreck

that ship. But not here,’ says he. ‘Oh, God! not *here!*’

“He talked most wonderful wild about the sixty-one men; but I didn’t hear no more for a bit, for a breaker hit me on the head, an’ down I went agin the rock; an’ when I got up”—he touched the long, ghastly scar on his scalp—“I had *this* split open.

“Well, Tom Callaway come crawlin’ back. ‘Nick,’ says he, ‘twas the owner tempted me. She was insured, was that *Will o’ the Wisp*; an’ ’twas t’ be share an’ share alike. That man,’ says he, ‘will get a pot o’ money out o’ this here wreck. There’ll be no one t’ claim poor Tom Callaway’s half. I ain’t goin’ t’ live through

this, Nick,' says he. 'Oh, no, Nick! I ain't so strong as you. One o' them big waves 'll carry me t' leeward.'

"'Tom Callaway,' says I, 'what was you goin' t' wreck this ship for? Eh?' says I. 'What was you?'

"'I got a son to home, a motherless son,' says he.

"'Have you?' says I.

"'I have,' says he; 'an' I wanted t' make a gentleman out o' the lad.'

"'Gentleman!' says I. 'Sure the money wouldn't make a *parson*.'

"'Come, now, Nick,' says he. 'I ain't goin' t' live through this. But you will, Nick. I knows you will. Won't you look after that lad, Nick? Come, now! Won't you look after my poor lad?'

"'Tom,' says I, 'did the owner o' the *Will o' the Wisp* give you more'n word o' mouth?'

"'He did,' says Tom. 'I'd have nothin' t' do with the job till he give me a paper.'

"'Tom,' says I, 'has you got that paper?'

"'Aye, Nick,' says he, takin' a little Bible from his breast pocket. 'Tis in there.'

"'Tom,' says I, 'you give me that paper. If I lives, I'll make a gentleman out o' that lad.'

"'Will you swear t' that?' says he.

"'I will,' says I; an' I did.

"'Poor Tom give out afore mornin'. He could stick on no longer. 'Twas wonderful cold, an' the seas knocked him about, an' his grip got weak.

"'Tom,' says I, 'what'd you go an' say you'd wreck that schooner for?'

"'I loved my son,' says he.

"'You loved him too much,' says I.

"'Aye,' says he. 'But I'll pay for all he gets,' says he, 'in hell!'

"'Tom,' says I, 'If I ever gets out o' this,' says I, 'I swear by the Book I hold t' see that your lad gets the worth o' all them pains!'

"'There was no helping him any longer. I done what I could; but he had t' go. 'Twas the next sea that carried him fair off the rock an' drowned him with the rest o' the crew t' leeward. How I stuck on I don't know. I got this,' again touching the scar on his scalp, "an' I got this," touching the scar on his cheek, "an' I got this," laying a finger on the scar on his

forehead, "an' I lost my leg three weeks later all on accounts of it. I don't *know* how I stuck on t' them rocks till the *Never Say Die* hove alongside an' picked me up. I can't tell you. Don't ask *me*. I don't know nothin' at all about it."

The old man was tired out. He fell back on the pillow, and there I let him lie, waiting his good time to speak again.

"Hist!" he said, of a sudden. "Lift me up! Lift me up! I'm not breathin' free. Come close, sir—come closer yet. Hist! I've done an evil thing since then. Afore I shipped along o' Tom Callaway on the *Will o' the Wisp* there wasn't a man on earth I couldn't look straight in the eye. But I been doin' a rascally thing since then—a rascally thing, Mr. Cather, for the sake o' Tom Callaway's son an' the oath I took. Week in an' week out, from year's end t' year's end, I been blackmailin' the owner o' that ship! Hist! Bend your ear, Mr. Cather. I'll whisper his name. Hist!"

He whispered the name of the man. "What!" I cried. "It was not the Honourable Mr. —"

"Hist!" he interrupted. "'Twas he. 'Twas that same Honourable Gentleman. He've growed into a big bug since the days o' the *Will o' the Wisp*. Feel under the pillow, Mr. Cather. Have you got Tom Callaway's Bible? Aye? The paper's within. Take the oath, Mr. Cather, that you'll make a gentleman o' Tom Callaway's son."

I did so without hesitation.

"'Twill be easy t' get the money," Nicholas went on. "He've a wonderful fear o' exposure, has that Honourable Gentleman. Tell him that old Nicholas Top left that paper t' *you*. *He'll* find a way t' put the money in your hand. Mark my words, Mr. Cather! Don't you never let him forget that you're hangin' about handy. Don't you *never* let him forget it! He've an office overlookin' the corner o' King Street an' Water. When you comes to that place, sir, do you swear aloud an' make believe that you're in a wonderful rage. *That* will fix him! 'There goes Johnston Cather, Esquire, an' he's wonderful mad,' they'll tell him; an' you'll soon see his white face at the window. Don't spare him. Make him pay. He've got it. Give the lad what's due him. Give him clothes, an'

grub, an' music, an' dancin' an' joolery. Make a gentleman of him, Mr. Cather—just like I done."

I was silent.

"It's paid for," Nicholas gasped, pointing downward. "It's all paid for by Tom Callaway."

He said no more for a long time.

"Shall I call Nathaniel?" I asked.

"I'm goin' somewheres soon," said Nicholas. "I don't know whether I'll report t' Tom Callaway or t' the good God Hissself. But I done my best. You'll bear me witness, Mr. Cather, that I didn't touch a penny o' that blood-money. You'll bear me witness, sir," he cried excitedly, "that I fared hard. You'll bear me witness that I never went above junk an' cabbage an' that I died in a room as rough as a fore-castle. You'll bear me witness that the money all went t' Nathaniel. 'Twas his by rights, Mr. Cather, an' he got it."

Weakness overcame him. "And Nathaniel?" I asked, softly.

"Call the lad," he gasped. "Call Tom Callaway's son—Tom Callaway's son—an' mine!"

Nathaniel flung himself on the old man's bed. He had been weeping bitterly.

"Hush, lad!" Nicholas crooned. "Don't you cry no more. You're gettin' past your

old Uncle Nick. *He ain't no gentleman. Mr. Cather will make a man o' you.*"

"But I want *you*," the poor lad moaned bitterly.

Nicholas laid a malformed hand on the boy's head—fondly, tenderly.

"Hush!" he said. "Don't you cry no more, lad! Oh, don't you cry no more!" And so I left them.

When Nicholas Top died I sought out the owner of the *Will o' the Wisp*; and I put in his hand the damning evidence by means of which the misguided old sailor-man had so long extorted money to lavish on Nathaniel. There would be no more of it, I told him; it was all past and forgotten. But I exacted a promise that the lad should never be apprised of Nicholas Top's dealings in blackmail; which, as you may be sure, was readily given.

That night I talked long with Nathaniel—long and intimately of his future and mine; but of nothing else.

"You must trust me, lad," I concluded. "I have nothing more to tell you."

He looked up quickly.

"Nothing more," I repeated.

"There is nothing more I wish to know, sir," he said. "I trust you to keep and to give as you think best."

Nathaniel *was* a gentleman.

## An Idyll of the Island

By T. W. KING



HE hotel was itself built upon made ground, and the wide verandah to the south projected over the lake. Near by, great steamers passed through the western gap as they slowly made their way to the harbour; but for their light—a sudden glare soon forgotten—this part of the verandah lay wrapped in the fog and the darkness of night.

"It's a shame to disturb this lovers' retreat,"—it was the voice of the lieutenant as he suddenly stepped from the drawing-

room into the shadow—"but I simply must have a smoke!

"What, Dillon! You here? And the pretty widow is not far away, I'll be bound"—then feigning surprise:

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Pendleton; I had no idea that you were so near! Near to me, I mean; I'm surprised you're so far from Dillon!"

"Oh, you can't tease me about Mr. Dillon," she answered merrily; "you see he has seated himself on the railing; if I venture too close, he will throw himself in the lagoon!"

"Dillon, do you hear what she's saying? I thought you Americans were more gallant!"

"What chance has a poor civilian to-night? This hotel is alive with epaulettes!"

"I don't like epaulettes!" said the feminine voice from the recesses of a steamer chair.

"Don't you believe a word of it, Dillon; she is holding my hand at this moment!"

"I'm not!"

"You are both gay deceivers," laughed Dillon; "but look; here comes the boat!"

In speaking, he swung himself fairly about; there was a light breeze stirring, and his hat blew off: in an effort to grasp it he lost his balance and fell headlong into the water! It was all over in a moment; the lieutenant threw off his coat and followed him; Helen alarmed the hotel, and a few moments later the rescuer and the rescued were in Dillon's apartment; all the men present insisting upon their immediate need of unlimited stimulant.

They descended to the drawing-room to find themselves at once surrounded by a bubbling sea of excited femininity; yet, through it all, Dillon was conscious that it was he, and not the lieutenant, who was causing the demonstration.

"Helen, what have I done?" he asked Mrs. Pendleton; she was seated at the piano, he was standing beside her, and the crowd had receded; "I seem to be quite a hero!"

"Don't you know?"

"No; will you tell me?"

"It's silly!"

"But I want to know!"

"You'll be angry!"

"I promise you that I will not."

"Well then, somebody started the foolish report that you had tried to commit—"

"Suicide?"

"Yes; because I refused you."

"But you didn't!"

"No, you didn't ask me."

"But I did!"

"Well then," she returned, with the smile that seemed to say so much, but which, at times, he knew meant so little; "I didn't refuse you!"

"The entire hotel is on tiptoe," said the lieutenant, approaching; "will you let me announce the engagement?"

"Jack," she remonstrated, "this joke

has been carried too far! I am sure that Mr. Dillon has a *fiancee* somewhere in the 'States,' and—"

"You have two or three in the hotel! And how many in Toronto?"

"Now Jack—lieutenant, I mean—that's too bad! Don't you believe a word that he says, Mr. Dillon! In the meantime, you gentlemen will excuse me, I know; the situation has become too romantic!"

"My flowers? Oh, yes, I am always forgetting them! Here's a rose for Mr. Dillon; and you want one too? Shall I give one to Jack, Mr. Dillon? Oh, yes, he saved your life; I will send him a whole bouquet to-morrow!"

"No, don't come with me; I'll slip through the little reception hall upstairs without further adieu. Good night!"

## II

In his room a few hours later Arthur Dillon struggled with conscience—or was it his heart's desire?—as he gazed upon the deserted bay and the great city beyond, now shrouded in shadow and silent in sleep. Helen's jesting reference to his "*fiancee* somewhere in the States," awakened memories, long dormant but far from dead! There was another girl—not his affianced wife indeed—but one who loved him far more dearly, he felt, than did the woman he hoped to wed.

Yes, he hoped to marry Helen; indeed, to-night he felt in his heart the sense of impending victory! Yet, with the prize within his grasp, there came a feeling of doubt and depression. Helen liked him of course; she would be loyal and true and affectionate always; but, after all, she had loved and suffered before he came into her life—she was no longer a girl—the first sweet passion of youth was spent!

"Had I gone to the bottom of the lake to-night," he reflected, "she would have been sorry, of course, but it wouldn't have killed her!"

"She would have recovered by Fall," he said grimly; "she wouldn't have missed the regatta!"

But Jessie—that dear little girl in his former home; her love, he felt, was eternal. There had been no formal engagement between them. At times he had neglected—almost forgotten her. For the past year he had not even written her, nor had she

known his address, although, no doubt, she believed him to be still in Australia, where he had gone two years before to claim and collect his inheritance. But now in a day he might see her; she would come with a cry of delight to his arms, his years of neglect forgotten! She would love him always, he felt; was it not his duty to marry her?

"I will leave this hotel to-morrow," he said to himself; "I know what is right, and I know what is best!"

In the morning he told the lieutenant that he was going for a week to Muskoka. He spoke to every one of it as a few days' trip, but, when Helen encountered him, as he was preparing to leave, she frankly assumed that he would not return; and he clearly discerned that she knew that he was leaving the Island upon her account.

At parting, he asked her:

"Why did you say that I had a *fiancée* somewhere in the 'States'?"

"Haven't you?"

"No; not exactly!"

"Is she a young girl?"

"Yes, she is under twenty!"

"Are you her first love?" she asked him curiously.

"First and only," he answered.

"Then, my dear friend, why don't you marry her?"

"Maybe I will," he said lightly; "if you insist!"

"Good-bye," she said, "and good luck!"

"I am not going very far," he suggested; "I will see you again before long!"

"But you will see the other girl first!"

"No, really; I am coming back here, before I go to Kentucky!"

She walked with him to the ferry.

"Good-bye," she repeated; "good luck!"

"I will see you again," he protested.

She held out both of her hands in frank good-fellowship, and her eyes met his proudly, yet tenderly, as she said:

"I know what it means, my dear friend; we are not children you know! From my heart, I wish you good luck; and now, and for always—good-bye!"

### III

He wrote to Jessie upon the following day from Penetanguishene as though their correspondence had not been interrupted, assuming, as a matter of course, her con-

tinued devotion—he promised to come at once to her upon hearing that she was still alive and well, and anxious for his return.

"I have no right to mar her life," he murmured. "This letter will make her happy!"

Yet in his longing to see Helen once again, he gave his address at the hotel on the Island.

"There will be a dozen letters from Jessie by the time I return," he thought with a smile; "but no matter!"

But upon his return to the Island he was startled to find only one letter awaiting him. His friends had crowded about the desk—Helen among the rest! In the midst of their talk and laughter he had nervously opened the letter. There were but a few lines and at a glance he had read them. He was stunned for a moment; then, with a sigh of relief, he exclaimed:

"Oh it is good to be back with you all again!"

"We are all glad to see you again"; it was Helen who answered.

"I have something to show you," he said to her.

Together they sauntered to the corner of the verandah.

"Don't fall overboard!" she said, smilingly.

"No," he replied; "I have my bearings at last."

Then he gave her the letter; it read as follows:—

"DEAR ARTHUR,

"Your letter received. I am to be married sometime the last of this month is why I did not answer it sooner.

"Please do not write me any more—it's too late. "JESSIE."

"Are you glad?" she asked him.

"Yes, indeed; are you?"

"I am sorry that you are disappointed," she said.

"For goodness sake!" The strident tones of the lieutenant once more interrupted them; "you two in this corner again? Now I *will* announce the engagement."

"Why not?" said Dillon.

"Oh I don't know," she began—

But every one knew what was coming, when, hand in hand, and laughing like children, the three of them came to dinner.

# By the Book

By ALBERT R. CARMAN



It was a path that was untrue to its name; for it never suggested going anywhere, but rather that one might tarry on it with tardy and retraced footsteps. Still that was not the reason why the girl in her flowered muslin dress and her wide hat went up it now with hesitant and reluctant feet. It was so familiar to her that she never thought of it. It ended before her at the bottom of the low steps that led up to the wide and vine-shaded verandah of her home—the home where she had been born, where she had always lived, from which she had never been away, except for a rare holiday. It had begun at the latchless wooden gate which had swung open before her when she came in from the village street. It ran through a wilderness of overgrown flower beds and madly luxuriant shrubberies and tall grasses which proclaimed with every shimmer of rank green and every flaunting mass of untamed colour that the gardener was gone.

From the village street still came the chatter of young voices, growing fainter as they obviously moved along toward the entrance to the monster summer hotel with its staring area of white paint broken by lines of shuttered windows and the level march of the brown verandah.

The eyes of the girl were turned wistfully through the masses of tangled shrubbery toward the direction whence the voices came. The indefinite weight of a formless *ennui* lay on her heart. Always—always she lived here. Always—always the same. The village was an unwholesome eddy on a forgotten shore of life. Here circled in hopeless, vacuous imprisonment the derelicts who only awaited engulfment, and the feeble and the poor-spirited who dare not try their arms against the currents outside.

But that gay party from the hotel!—young men in boating flannels, coquettish girls in the latest summer garb, a perpetual splash of jest and laughter between them, life always swift and sparkling. How the

empty heart of the girl envied them as she stood on the quiet path and caught the echo of their gaiety!

“If father had only lived!” she half sobbed aloud; and then looked fearfully up toward the sleepy old house with one of the upper shutters winking drowsily at passers-by, its lower hinge having given way. Bravely she forced the quiver out of her face; her mother must not see it there. With a morsel of a handkerchief she patted her eyelids to make sure that no moisture lingered. Then she practised a smile, but it could not quite conquer the sweet droop of her soft lips, though her eyes shone now with a light that was almost all love for her widowed mother, who “had only her” and who could not bear the uncaring world where her hero had fallen.

Just on the steps the girl stopped with a quick gesture of surprise. She had left her book by the bay shore where she had been reading that afternoon. Never mind. No one would take it. She would get it to-morrow.

## II

She had a habit of marking in her books passages that appealed to her; and as no one else ever read them, she marked with more revelation of her inmost thought than otherwise she might have done. The book she had been reading that afternoon in the shade of a clump of trees by the lispng bay, was Barrie’s “Tommy and Grizel”; passed—and condemned—long ago, no doubt, by the gay world at the hotel, but book fashions were as late as other fashions in reaching the somnolent village.

Early the next morning she hurried over to her little bower and found the volume high and dry, propped up against the bole of a tree. Surely she had not leaned it there! A piece of paper peeped from the end, marking her place neatly—a piece of note-paper—strange as Friday’s footstep on the sands of Crusoe’s Island. She picked it out of the opened book and turned it curiously over, and there was writing on it:—

“Greetings to You who marked this

book! For You were born twins with me into the rare country of good literature. This story has not been foolish to you, but infinitely deep and wise; so it has to me. Where it has caught the reflection of your inner self, it has of mine; where it baffles your eye, it baffles mine. We must have come together from the little Island in the Serpentine."

It was a masculine hand, firm and flowing, and yet a little difficult to read. Who could have left it? No one in the village, of course. It must be someone at the hotel. "The little Island in the Serpentine?" What did that mean? She had never heard of that. But at any rate it was clear that He liked "Tommy and Grizel"—that He felt the touches which had appealed to her—that—that she was in his world thus far, though the village did shut her in, and though he was of that gay flock that fluttered here for a few sunny weeks in summer and then winged back into that life whose shadows fell across her magic mirror.

### III

That afternoon she did not go back to her little nest by the bay. Some one else had found it out and she was shy of being caught there. Perhaps a laughing party of them would come to see the girl who had understood Grizel! Well, they would find no one. But the next morning early, while the dew was still on the grass, she hurried along the empty path by the water's side and up to her eyrie, hardly knowing why she came, except to see the spot again. She was a little breathless when she got there; and then she knew why she had come—she had thought that there might be another message. And, apparently, there was.

A book leaned against the bole of the tree as before. She eagerly picked it up and looked at the back; it was Barrie's "Little White Bird." In the title page lay another slip of the same note paper.

"I wonder if you will like this. Perhaps you have liked it already. I know now that you are not at the hotel, for there is no woman there who could have marked that book as you did; and I know that you are a woman, else you would have left a message for your twin.

"Will you mark with a cross such of my markings as you agree with, and leave me this book here again? We will make 5 p.m. 'the closing hour,' and you will not see Peter Pan unless you stay after the gates are closed. I hope you will stay—when you feel that you would like to."

That night and all the next day she read and read in this quaint portfolio of literary etchings, and learned about "the little Island in the Serpentine," and who Peter Pan was, and what it meant to stay after "the closing of the gates." And when she felt that the mind of the wizard who wrote it had so penetrated her's that she could hardly tell one from the other, she would look at the margin, and there would be the strong line of emphatic appreciation drawn by the stranger. With a timid pencil she marked her cross—though not infrequently she hastily rubbed it out again. Then after long thought she might mark it in again—or she might not. It seemed as if her mental privacy were gone. That this distant Barrie, who was more of a name than a man to her, should have passed its hidden portals, seemed not so bad. He would never know. But this nearer one—who was all man and no name—that he should know—that she should mark the very spot where the secret springs lay with her revealing crosses—this was far, far different! So in the end, when she took the book back to the little nest among the trees, there were few crosses on its margin, and these opposite the more superficial passages.

But there were blurs in other places where she had rubbed out tell-tale crosses which her maiden heart had prompted before her maiden reserve could speak.

### IV

When next she came back it was a magazine that lay against the tree, and in it was a gentleman's card. She turned it face upward and read:—

ROY L. FORREST

Boston, Mass.

On the back was pencilled in very small writing:—

"Oh! my twin, you were not honest. You dropped your veil. I know twenty women who might have marked what you

did; but not one who could have put down the crosses that you rubbed out.

"I set an example of frankness by leaving my card."

There was not a mark on the magazine, but it was cut and had been read. Not knowing quite what else to do, she took it home with her; and, sitting amidst the grass of the old garden, turned its pages. There were articles of various sorts to which she paid little attention, though one on an old Italian city, sketchily illustrated, awoke within her a momentary and hopeless longing. But the stories she read. One—a picture of rough life in the West—she lacked the interest to finish; another—a spattering of bright dialogue amidst the upholstery of dazzling wealth—she finished to the last heartless gibe, but it gave her a new contentment with her obscure life; still another—a pathetic character sketch—left her eyes wet; but the last it was that set her heart beating.

It was the story of a lonely musician who wandered the world over but could not find his mate. Again and again he thought that some fair woman, who was drawn to him by his marvellous playing, was she; but as often his heart turned from her with indifference. Then one weary night outside a great city, while moodily walking his loneliness into the dull apathy of exhaustion, he passed a way-side cottage and heard a girl's voice singing—and it was she at last.

Was it that she might read that story that the stranger had left the magazine?

So the next day she took the magazine and a book, and she did her hair in the way she thought the most becoming, and she put around her neck her mother's gold chain and in her belt her mother's watch that she might know the time to come home, and she went out by the quiet shore of the bay—and stayed until after five o'clock.

## V

Every minute after the magic hour had passed, she felt that she must arise and run; but she told herself that he would surely see her which would be worse than staying as if she had forgotten about him. And she might easily have forgotten; for she usually stayed here long after five—

and no one had ever before come to her bower.

Some one was now coming through the trees. Her heart, all unused to adventures, beat ridiculously. She nervously put the magazine in the grass under her skirt—he should not think she had expected to see him. Then she had it out again—he would think she was ashamed of bringing it—

A tall, shy-looking young man stood before her.

"My name is Roy L. Forrest," he said, tentatively.

She rose. "I enjoyed your magazine very much," she said in a stilted manner. It might have been stiff Miss Benson next door, thanking her mother for some early strawberries.

The lad hesitated; and then he faltered—"I am glad that you did."

She looked at him and saw that he was really embarrassed, at which she felt quite mistress of herself.

"You like Barrie?" she said enquiringly.

"Passionately!" A new light came into his eyes.

"I always have."

"Most people have—until these last things," he replied; "but the pure spirit of Barrie-ism was too much for them. I had begun to think that I was almost alone—and then I met you."

"You met me?"

"Well"—and he laughed a little in confession of his slip; then he suddenly went on—"Yes, I met you—met you more truly than I have since we began talking here."

The girl laughed now with an easy merriment. "We have not been getting acquainted very much, have we?"

"Not since we 'met'."

## VI

One evening a few weeks later, the two were walking down the hushed street together from the hotel to the old garden gate, Mrs. Forrest and her mother walking on ahead. They had been dining with the Forrests at the hotel. Mrs. Forrest was a woman of compelling hospitality; and they had been much in the whirl of the hotel gaiety since Roy had induced his indulgent mother to make the first advances

and call at the "sweet old house in the untamed garden."

"I could not believe you at first," said the girl, "when you used to say that you were lonely."

"No?"

"No. You were never alone. You were in the midst of things. While I—knew—no one."

"But now?" enquired the young man.

"But now I know that there is no place so lonely as where many people are and not a companion."

"Not a companion?" and the young man's eyebrows were lifted in mock protest.

She looked shyly up at him, and then the boldness of a security of understanding and being understood came into her deep eyes. "Not a companion," she repeated, "that I have not now away from the crowd."

His eyebrows relaxed to the calm of contentment.

"Yes," he said seriously. "I would be less lonely reading books that you had marked than in talking to any other person in all the world whom I have ever known."

"It is strange," she said musingly, "that we should have come together through the marking of a book."

"No, you don't mean that!" he answered quickly. "It may have been strange that I found the book; but surely it is better to come together through likeness of mind than because we dance nicely as partners—or—or because you dress well—or for any of the casual reasons which attract most couples to each other."

The girl was silent for a moment; then she said:—

"Yet Tommy did not love Grizel."

"That was Tommy's greatest misfortune," replied the young man soberly.

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## August Merging

BY DOUGLAS BLISS ROBERTS

WHEN mists hang low at sunrise,  
 Bathing all with doubled care,  
 Drifting in their autumn range,  
 Widely whispering of a change.

When the mowing leaves the land,  
 Labour leaving meadow hay,  
 Leaving insects sweltering drone,  
 Twilight and the frogs alone.

When the poles and paddles bend,  
 Bending to the forest's call,  
 Where the waters will allow  
 Whispers from the blade and bow.

When the rifles breathe in hate.  
 Then a dreamy, mystic change,  
 Harmonising autumn's call,  
 Merges summer into fall.

# Ontario School Life Sixty Years Ago

By REV. W. T. ALLISON



SIXTY years is a long time in the life of a country. "Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since," was the title of Sir Walter Scott's first novel. In reading that classic work to-day we can scarcely realise that the date of writing was separated from the romantic days of Charles Edward and the Rising of the year 1745 by an interval of only sixty years. The gay young Pretender and his chivalrous Highland chiefs seem to belong to mediæval times, while Sir Walter is a modern like the rest of us. And in a new country like Canada the passing of sixty years has brought changes and improvements that make the days of the early pioneer as remote and far away as were the days of cattle-lifting on the border to Sir Walter Scott. Ontario life, in all its aspects, has been wonderfully changed during the lives of our fathers and grandfathers. Since the year 1844 the conditions of school life have been well-nigh transformed, but a careful reading of an old school register, which has been handed down from those early days, reveals the fact that though conditions undergo constant change human nature remains ever the same.

Owing to the kindness of Mr. William McBeth of Stayner, the writer has had the pleasure of examining a time-stained, ink-bespattered old register which did duty in the first school opened in the township of West Gwillimbury. The school was located in Section No. 6, about three miles from Bond Head. The book passed through the hands of three teachers and covers a period of five years, the first date being September 9, 1844. Mr. R. McKee Moore was the pioneer teacher. Down the left-hand side of each page he wrote the days of the week, inscribing opposite each day the number of classes with the total enrolled in each class and the number absent and present. Opposite the figures for each school day of the month a generous space was re-

served for "Observations." The real interest of the old register lies in the fact that the various teachers who used it as a daily companion jotted down on its pages pertinent comments on the events taking place inside and outside of school. The trenchant observations which lie along the pages of this old book enable us to obtain a very interesting glimpse of life in the log-house school of Ontario sixty years ago. The first entry in the book is characteristic of the school teaching of sixty years ago. It was long before the days of the Ross Bible or of the Separate School Question, or the unending discussion as to whether the Bible ought to be taught in the schools or no. The old-time teacher was very careful to read a whole chapter of the Bible every day. Sometimes he read a chapter in the forenoon, and one in the afternoon as an evening lesson. This is the first entry in the book, "Read the second chapter of Saint Matthew." The teacher evidently passed by the first chapter on account of its wealth of genealogy. On the second day of school he read the third and fourth chapters, and thus every day the scholars were duly edified by the reading of the Scriptures. In an entry on May 7, 1845, we learn that Mr. Moore had read every chapter in the New Testament in thirty-three weeks of school. It is curious that none of these Gwillimbury teachers read from the Old Testament. The sentiment of the community was with the teacher in this reading of the Bible and inculcation of religious principles. There was a great deal of sturdy piety in the country places in those days. Sometimes the children of Presbyterian settlers were required to attend church services on week days. On Oct. 15, 1846, the teacher writes, approving or disapproving, we cannot say, "A sacramental preparation is going on in the Free Church which is keeping a good many of the children from school." Mr. Luke M. Dally, who followed Mr.

Moore as teacher in 1847, was a man of devout spirit, although it must be confessed he was rather weak in spelling. On a certain day he writes, "I presented William Ross and Sarah Harris with two Bibles at my own *expence* for their knowledge of spiritual things." On another day he chronicles a church event in the settlement, "Yesterday evening the Rev. Mr. Blackstock preached his farewell sermon before a large and respectable congregation, who all showed by their conduct that they regretted *loosing* his services in this part of the circuit." The New Year tempted the teacher to indulge in an exercise which allures many of us at certain seasons, the New Year and Spring particularly. On Jan. 1 his religious aspirations found expression in the following specimen of early Ontario verse—

Another year is gone  
And yet I'm still the same,  
A poor degraded sinner flown  
From Christ to Satan's train.  
But oh how long will I thus sleep  
In sin and error's ways?  
Bring me, O Lord, amongst Thy sheep  
And guard me all my days.

Amen. L.M.D.

A month later he was still under the spell of his good resolution, for on Feb. 1st he writes, "Lord carry us through this month to Thy honour and glory. One year in this school to-day, may I spend the next better."

The teachers in those days not only believed in instilling religious ideas into the minds of their scholars, but they also took a keen interest in the general religious welfare of the neighbourhood. Mr. Moore was the founder of the first Sabbath school in the vicinity. On April 21, 1846, he writes in an hour of discouragement and gloom, "Called a meeting to establish a Sunday school. Only Messrs. Murphy and Landerkin attended. Oh, the apathy and carelessness of the people!" But the people were not apathetic, they were only slow in rising to the new idea. On a Monday morning three weeks later the teacher makes the joyous entry, "Fifty-four children and fifteen grown persons attended our Sunday-school yesterday." This was certainly a very fair beginning for the

pioneer Sunday school in the township.

Nowadays a country school teacher has been known to close the school for an afternoon in order to attend a funeral or the township fair, but sixty years ago the arrival of a good preacher in the settlement was sufficient excuse for the master to liberate his charges for the day. On July 22, 1845, Mr. Moore records the advent of an eloquent Presbyterian divine, "Absent to-day hearing the celebrated Dr. Burns preach at opening of Presbyterian Free Church in this neighbourhood." The opening of a new church was a rare event in those days, and no doubt every settler within a distance of fifteen miles was present. We are indebted to Mr. Dally for notice of another mark of progress in the history of Presbyterianism in that part of Ontario. As early as 1848 the Presbyterians of West Gwillimbury had set their hearts on having an organ. They bought an instrument and thereby caused a wrathful pedagogue to pen a sarcastic item on the white page of his register on a Monday morning. On June 5, 1848, Mr. Dally writes, "Went yesterday to listen to a musical instrument in the Presbyterian church at Gwillimbury. The performance wretched, singing execrable, the whole proceedings a mixture of Heathen, Jewish and Popish Mummery." It is quite clear that Mr. Dally belonged to "the old school."

As might be expected the majority of observations in the book deal with the weather. After all, there is no topic so interesting. The general impression gathered from these pages leads one to believe that the weather in Ontario sixty years ago was much the same as it is to-day. The winters, if anything, were milder than those of recent years. It is enough to make us long for those winters of other days to read the following entry for Feb. 2, 1848, "A most beautiful day, more like a summer's day than one in February. No snow, no cold, no clouds, all nature lively, gay and beautiful." But this weather was too good to last long. They were subject to sudden changes then as we moderns are to-day. On Feb. 10 he writes, "A piercing cold

morning." And he adds rather sententiously, "Such a day as this proves the advantage of a good house." When the woods were still standing, the winter was apt to set in early. On Sept. 28, 1844, we read, "The cold weather has set in in good earnest. The morning was very cold, which prevented the children from coming out." It was not too cold on the next day, however, for the children to work in the fields. "School small to-day. A great many children engaged taking out potatoes. Some kept at home on account of frosty morning." On Oct. 28, 1844, sleighing came. A heavy snow-storm continuing for two days spoiled attendance at school. It was on an early date, Oct. 21, in 1845, that the first snow-storm interfered with attendance at school, and in the next year the first snow came on Oct. 17 with a severe cold snap, so cold, in fact, that on Oct. 23 the teacher is tempted to exclaim that it is "freezing great guns and snowing ammunition." There are frequent entries lamenting poor attendance on winter days owing to great snow-storms which blocked up all the roads; the school was often closed for a week at a time, the teacher himself being unable to make his way through the drifts. But if the snow lay deep in the forest, the roads and the clearings, the Spring usually came early, and it gives one a thrill of joy even at this remote date to read the entry for March 6, 1845, "A very fine day, a great many employed in sugar-making," or this entry for March 20, 1846, "A fine sugar day, ergo, so few in attendance. Sugar-making has taken every child able to carry a pail away from school." Perhaps the teacher himself was sighing that Spring day for the delights of the sugar-camp. That he had a heart which was amenable to the gentle influences of Spring we learn from this florid and exuberant welcome to the verdant goddess, "The copious showers of yesterday and last night have given Nature an animated, vigorous, fructifying and cheerful appearance." If the soaring fancy and fructifying genius of the teacher perpetrated any odes to Spring he failed to inscribe them in this *vade mecum* of his school life, but the fore-

going prose poem is proof positive that in the Spring of 1848 Mr. Dally was attuned to sing, even if he did not do so. The only verses which have any connection with Spring are inspired by the muddy roads over which the teacher journeyed to Toronto in March, 1847. He went down to the metropolis to buy books for the Sunday-school library. On opening the pages of his register once more he writes in Latin, for Mr. Dally was fond of describing himself as "a Classical Master," "Iter non bonum ad urbem." To this dog Latin he adds the following doggerel,

To Toronto I did go  
A library to buy.  
Walking bad, it rained so,  
The roads were far from dry.

On another pleasant Spring day in March he tells us how the sun's glare reveals every dingy hole and corner in the school,

Sun shining bright  
After a frosty night  
Makes our school quite bright  
Which is not a pleasant sight.

Various entries in the register have to do with the teacher's relations with the trustees, visitors to the school and parents of the pupils. The Government, through the Rev. William Fraser, Superintendent of Education, notified the teacher on Nov. 28, 1844, that the annual grant to the division would be £8 17s. 7d. The next day we find the report of the trustees' meeting, held on the previous evening, at which "William Sutherland, Alex. Gunn and William Fraser signed over their right and claim in this school-house, and delivered up the lease which they held of said house under the present trustees for the sum of £8 3s. 6d., being the claim against it for building, etc., by them." On Dec. 12 of the same year we read, "School was dismissed at 12 o'clock by order of the trustees, as they would plaster the ceiling of the school room." Improvements were made little by little in the old school-house. We read further that, "Mr. Edmunds came and glazed the window and brought two benches. It is impossible to get on with comfort, we are so badly supplied with benches." To make matters worse

some of the boys at the singing school, a popular institution in those days, passed a jovial but rough-and-tumble time one evening, for the teacher sadly chronicles the fact the next morning, "The singing scholars last night broke one of our new benches." A year later the old-fashioned desks were the cause of discord. In his best copper-plate hand Mr. Dally calmly indites the following, "Some of our children taken from school by the parents on account of the trustees getting the desks altered. Offended majesty!!!" It is to be presumed that the events on the next evening followed as a consequence. At that period the youth of the settlement not only gathered together in the evenings to learn to sing by note, but also to learn to wield the goose-quill. At these evening gatherings in the school-house, when no master was present to hold turbulent spirits in awe, disturbances frequently marred the harmony and the easy splash of the quills over the white copy-books. On Jan. 25, 1847, the teacher records, "An ugly quarrel occurred in the writing school last night between Pemill and Daniel Sutherland's family. They are all to-day before Andy!" "Andy" was the local magistrate, his name in full being Andrew Cunningham, Esq. Next morning we read the judgment in the register, "Daniel Sutherland was nonsuited yesterday before Cunningham and had to pay all the costs."

The spirit of contention slumbered for nearly a year, and then it was the teacher himself who became the storm centre. As already stated, Mr. Dally took considerable pride in his classical education. He burned with zeal to impart a knowledge of Greek and Latin to his older scholars and at last commenced teaching these erudite subjects. We hear the cries of conflict to-day between the utilitarians and the lovers of Greek and Latin. The same struggle was waged in the township of West Gwillimbury in the forties. With a fine indignation and a display of Spartan love for battle, which no doubt he inherited from his Irish forefathers, Mr. Dally writes, "Received a notice from my trustees this morning prohibiting me from teaching classics. It will cause a

considerable fuss in the Division. Let them go ahead. I care not. Hurrah for opposition!" A few days later he tells us that the older boys who were drinking with unslaked thirst at the rill of Helicon, have left school as a distinct protest against the action of the utilitarian and high-handed trustees; "Three boys who were reading Classics are coming no longer, as I am not permitted to give them instruction. "From a later observation we derive the inference that Mr. Dally in his Irish love for "opposition" continued to teach classics. On March 23, however, the battle royal commenced in good earnest. On that day the daring teacher received a note from "Andy," a magistrate and influential ratepayer, protesting vigorously against the teaching of classics. The teacher was greatly incensed at the contents of this letter, and he gives his opinion of the note and its writer, "Mr. Cunningham's note indicates the baseness of his disposition." He penned a stiff reply, and Mr. Cunningham returned to the charge with another intimation to the teacher that he was disobeying orders. This letter drove the master to use rough language concerning his opponent, "Received a second note in the miserable slang of the old serpent 'Andy.'" Several days later Mr. Cunningham adopted the last recourse left to offended parents; he removed his son William (who by the way is the present genial sheriff of Collingwood) from the tender care of this fire-eating classical master. We read the short and bitter note in the register, "'Andy' took 'Bill' away to-day." The echoes of the battle die away for the time being, but Mr. Cunningham was simply biding his time. Six months later he succeeded in having himself elected as a trustee, and forthwith the axe fell; the school that once shook beneath the lion-like tread of the man who hurrahed for opposition knew him no more.

There were not only opponents of the classics in this school section, but also certain settlers who could not see any benefit in the study of grammar. Mr. Dally tells us in a certain entry that he has "Received a letter from Daniel Sutherland enjoining me not to tease his

children with grammar." In dealing with this protest the teacher took high and dry ground, "Informed Daniel Sutherland that his child must conform with the rules of the school and go through the same form prescribed for the class to which she belongs." Next day the irate Daniel removed his children from school. It is evident that both Daniel and his wife continued to regard the teaching of grammar as a teasing process and an extravagant waste of time. When Mr. Dally had departed and a new teacher held the reins of power, they renewed their war against grammar. After much patient hearing of objections, Mr. Comerford, the new teacher, writes plaintively and in great weariness of spirit the following warning to the teacher who in the course of time may succeed him, "Bear in mind that Daniel Sutherland or his wife will not allow you to teach their children grammar. Dare you attempt to hear them a lesson with their class you will learn to your cost that she can scold grammatically and epistolary and spell correctly, and use her language fluently." From this it may be seen that in the good old times the pedagogue did not rule the school section with a rod of iron, nor have everything his own way. But if the teacher has a sense of humour, the difficulties and annoyances of school life are greatly ameliorated. The teachers who wielded the ferule in this old-time school must have derived great satisfaction from their practice of confiding their troubles to these yellow pages which then were fresh and fair. Imagine the sweep of joyful sarcasm with which Mr. Dally, born humorist that he was, penned the following observation, "Mr. William Philips complained to me last evening that some children at this school have lice in their heads (*i.e.* hair)! Resolved, that the Master do wash and comb 'each child' every morning, and also provide every family in the Division with soap, combs and brushes out of his salary of £60. Hear that, teachers!!"

Strange to tell there is very little information in this book as to the studies pursued in the school. Parents bought books for the children from the teacher. "Mr. Isaac Watts called to-day and

ordered some books for his children, viz., Geography and Arithmetic." Even at that early day Euclid had found his way to the back townships of Ontario; a certain entry tells us that, "Thomas Parker entered geometry to-day." We wonder how Thomas got along, whether he crawled over the *pons asinorum* or slipped through. Several entries disclose the fact that although the children did not have written examinations, as is the custom to-day, they were put through their facings orally, in the most approved style. Consider this bodeful announcement, "A repetition with general questions in geography ordered for to-morrow." The dreaded morrow came, and the teacher notes the result, "The questions in geography that were ordered yesterday were answered to-day and satisfactorily. And those more especially from the map of Europe by John Ross, Donald Fraser and Hannah Cunningham." On another day Mr. Dally writes in an egotistical vein, "This day I spent in examining all the children present. I congratulate myself exceedingly on their progress, and feel sorry that none of my employers attended to witness their cleverness." Still walking on the heights of self-satisfaction he exclaims on another day, "Emulation and improvement is quite perceptible. Thanks be to God!" Once more he writes in hopeful frame of mind, "Although the children are small, yet they are progressing in knowledge. May it bring forth fruit unto life everlasting." But in every school teacher's life some days must be dark and dreary. On June 4, 1846, there was gloom in this teacher's soul, "The children came very badly prepared as to their morning lesson. A dull, heavy day. No great progress." And the next day was not only dull but oppressive as well, for he makes a confession in Latin, "*Desidia non est felix.*" On a morning when the spelling was bad this Homer also nodded in his own spelling, for he writes, "Read *Mourning* lesson, 9th of Acts." Punishment may have been of daily occurrence in this old school, and therefore so commonplace that the master did not think it worth while to state that such a scholar had been chastised. Here is a typical

entry, however, which sounds strangely modern, "John Ross, William Ross and Donald Fraser punished for not having got their geography lesson—through indolence." Even those stirring grandfathers of ours were lazy once in a while. Again we read that certain children "Had not one word of their spellings; punished by standing against the wall until they got their lesson." When a boy was too sturdy for the teacher to take in hand in the good old-fashioned style, the fuming pedagogue poured out vials of wordy wrath upon him and then betook himself to his register for solace. The teacher must have found a comfort in easing his mind as follows, "William W— acted to-day at noon as a ruffian. No ill-bred person could act in a more saucy, ill-becoming manner. His general behaviour is anything but what is right and decent. Neither is it in my power to restrain him." We can understand from this pathetic entry what the teacher would have done had he been a heavier man.

A large number of the items in the book cannot be classified. Some of them are good specimens of early Ontario humour. The more interesting are as follows:—

July 12, 1848—"The anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, gained by William III, Prince of Orange, over Shamus Chacha, 1690. A great procession in Bond Head."

Nov. 27, 1848—"The Methodists, after holding their meeting here last night, left some dog belonging to their society locked up in the school, which dog eat the wood of four of the windows and broke some of the glass. All back-biters! All gain-sayers!"

Oct. 26, 1846—"Every child who can pick up potatoes is now engaged. I think I will follow the example set, and stop at home to-morrow and take up mine."

Dec. 9, 1846—"No school to-day. Master employed getting out wood."

Dec. 2, 1847—"Went to Barrie to hear Mr. Ryerson lecture on Education, but although the audience was large and respectable 'that Great Man' did not attend."

March 16, 1848—"Juvenis ad me nascitur hodie, 6 a.m."

March 22, 1849—"There are four children at school to-day whose heads are bandaged on account of the mumps." Two days later, effect following cause, "Fifteen children who were attending school are now sick with the mumps."

June 24, 1847—"St. John's Day. A holiday. Attended the Masonic Walk as a Mason."

July 12, 1847—"Camp meeting and Orange Walk keep some children away."

The official visitors who wrote commendatory words in this register were the Rev. W. Fraser, General Superintendent of Education; J. B. Ardagh, Esq., County Superintendent, and Herbert Mortimer, Esq., Township Superintendent. Among other callers at the school we note that the politician of the forties did not pass by without making his bow to the rising generation. The teacher records, no doubt with quiet satisfaction, "Wellesley Richey, Esq., the candidate in this district for the Provincial Parliament, called."

Two entries in the book are of more than passing interest. In this formal way the teacher of old was wont to say farewell to his book and desk, "School is dismissed to-day from under my superintendence, I having demitted the charge of free accord. Taught in this school since July 8, 1843, nearly two and a half years. Robert M. Moore." Mr. Moore gave up his school on Jan. 5, 1845, owing no doubt to ill-health, for in a subsequent entry we learn that he died on Oct. 6, 1847. Mr. Dally, his successor writes a note of eulogy on Oct. 7, "Mr. R. McKee Moore, formerly teacher in this division, died yester evening, and will be interred this afternoon. He was an excellent Scholar, a good Teacher, kind in disposition, honourable in conduct, a good Neighbour, a loyal Subject, and, I hope, a sincere Christian." On the last pages of the book are written several notices of general interest. There is a mutilated copy of an agreement between teacher and trustees engaging the former's services for one year at a salary of £55. This was no very large sum, for school was held every day in the week

except Sunday, the teacher being allowed an occasional Saturday, which was called "The Teacher's Saturday." The holidays consisted of a week between Christmas and New Year's and five weeks in mid-summer. A resolution on the last page binds parents to furnish for each child attending school one-quarter cord of wood, "Cut to fit the stove." A second resolution, which obtained the approval of the ratepayers, states that any religious

denomination may have the privilege of worshipping in the school-house on Sundays.

The old log school-house has disappeared to make way for the up-to-date, commodious structure of modern Ontario; the old masters are under the sod; but we are glad that the old register with its buoyant memories of those early days remains to impress upon us the fact that "The old order changeth, giving place to new."

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## The Happiness Maker

BY L. H. SCHRAM

IN a rose-bordered bower in a fair forest dell,  
 There lives a wise fairy, mid fern and bluebell,  
 The Happiness-Maker—of him I will tell  
 To you, dear child, to you.  
 The first golden gleam of the Sun's morning light,  
 The sheen of the stars in the dark of the night,  
 He gathers, and makes of them smiles, soft and bright  
 For you, dear child for you, fair child:  
 He garners the notes of the nightingale's lay,  
 The voice of the brook as it babbles away,  
 And turns them to laughter to give through the day  
 To you, dear child, to you.  
 The wee baby eddies that bubble and gleam  
 He plucks from the surface of silvery stream,  
 And makes of them dimples, of beauty supreme,  
 For you, dear child; for you, fair child.  
 The tear of the snowdrop, the breath of the rose,  
 Distilled in wild honey, where wild clover grows,  
 He turns into kisses, and airily blows  
 To you, dear child, to you.  
 The Happiness Maker, so old and so wise,  
 Will banish your sorrows, your sobs, and your sighs,  
 And chase with light laughter the tears from your eyes,  
 To you, dear child, for you.

# St. Columba's Spring

By MARIE DHU



IDDEN among the rocks, high up on a wind-swept peak of the Coolin Hills in the Isle of Skye, a narrow mountain stream has its rising. It bubbles up from the earth gamesomely and leaps, foaming, over the rocky ledges, curtaining itself with spray here and there where a granite boulder lies in its path, till, coming to a fair, smooth hillside, it races down madly toward the sea.

To a stranger's ears the stream sings merrily enough, but to those who dwell near it, and herd their sheep on the hills, it chants a weird song of ancient days, of mountain fastnesses and of the heart of the Coolins whence it springs. There is a fierce, wild, minor strain in its song as you hear it high up near its source where the whaups cry lonesomely; but when it loses itself in the heather as it winds down the slopes at Carrabaish, it has forgotten its eerie tales and all its past glories and sorrows and runs gently, crooning itself to sleep as it falls over a mossy ledge into a great rock basin, hewn out of the solid granite by some wise-hearted old Celt in the far-off years. Into this hollow the waters of the stream, worn to a thread with much branching and dividing of itself, trickles gently with a soft, constant, drip, drip, drip, crystal clear and cold as ice.

There is a legend that Skye mothers still tell to wondering bairns of good St. Columba, in the ancient days when he roamed the moors and mountains of the isle. A day of pitiless, scorching summer glare had left the saint sadly athirst. At sundown he came upon the bed of the stream near the hollowed rock where he hoped to quench his thirst, but found that its waters were dried away, licked up by the fiery-tongued sun rays. Then St. Columba, being bitterly athirst, cried to his Maker, and behold, there sprang up waters in the desert. There was a sudden rushing and murmur and splash of water down the mountain side, and the

rock basin was brimming over with the cold, clear treasure, so that the good saint drank his fill and blessed the spot with his name. So, at least, the old tale goes, and sure it is that to this day the water is there, pure and fresh as the mountain breezes and as never failing as the oil in the widow's cruse.

There was a day and a sunset hour when Katriona McLean, young and slender, knelt barefoot at the spring, to dip up a pailful of water for the evening meal at her mother's cot on the hill. The wooden pail was filled and the girl bent to lift it, when a strong voice rang out from the braeside above her.

"Haud still a minute, lassie! A'll be fillin' yer pail for ye, an' carry't up for ye too, gin ye will. It's no' for sma', slenner han's like them tae fash theirsels' wi' sich wark!"

Katriona looked up and saw brawny Allastair McDonnuil striding impatiently down the brae, as he called to her. There was a note of command in the voice which the high-spirited girl did not relish, and, drawing the dripping pail up with a swift, graceful motion, she set it down on the pebbly earth with decision.

The lad stood beside her in a moment, tall and very erect, his dark hair tossed back carelessly from a noble brow. He stooped to lift the pail for her, though her slim brown hand already grasped the handle.

"Awa' wi' ye, Allastair!"

There seemed to be laughter and tears in the voice. A pair of eyes, blue with the blue of the sea, looked up in friendly defiance straight into the dark, eager eyes of Allastair McDonnuil, and, finding there something strange and surprising, flinched and withdrew their gaze in a shyness hitherto unknown. "Katriona!"

The lad's vibrant tone smote the girl with an unreasoning joy and fear. An impulse to flee seized her.

"I canna bide ye, Allastair McDonnuil, an' ye may tak' the pail gin ye will!"

she cried, turning to flee swiftly up the hilly path that led to her home. Allastair watched her flight, a great amazement in his eyes.

"What's ta'en the lassie!" he exclaimed under his breath. "Hoo did she ken, an' no' a word oot o' ma heid?"

He picked the pail up and began a slow and thoughtful ascent of the pebbly path, for he was considering within himself in what manner he might best approach this saucy damsel. A ringing laugh, fresh and delicious, floated to his ears, interrupting his solemn meditations. He looked up and saw Katriona, who had turned as she reached her mother's door and was now regarding him with amusement.

"Puir lad," she was crying, "yon's a hard bit o' wark ye're at, is it no'?" She laughed softly, tantalisingly again, and, turning, disappeared within the dark doorway of the cottage, a loose strand of her fair, straight hair blowing across her face.

"My! but she's terrible bonny," sighed the lad, "an' she's richt enoo' that I'm at a hard bit o' wark. She'll be the deith o' me if she keeps on!" But he smiled to himself, nevertheless.

When Allastair set the brimming pail down on the cottage door sill, Sheila McLean, Katriona's mother, received him with the welcoming glance that waited for him at every house in the countryside. As for the girl, she was nowhere to be seen, and had probably disappeared into the second room which the little cottage boasted. Half an hour later, however, as Allastair took his way homeward, westward over the moor, he caught a glimpse of a blue homespun frock and white kerchief high up on a hill, which he knew adorned no other than Katriona McLean. Pursuit suggested itself, but, being wise for a youth, he did not follow her, setting his face, instead, resolutely toward his home over the moor.

And this was but the prelude to the wooing and winning of Katriona McLean. There were many long summer twilights to follow—the mystic twilights of May and June, about which St. Columba's Spring, had it been gossipingly inclined, could have told tales of words and glances which must remain unrecorded, save in

the hearts of the two they most concerned. They were happy days enough, brimful of life and heart's joy, but they came to an end.

A cloud blew up into their fair sky. The "government"—that strange, far-off, all-powerful leviathan had offered a free sea-passage to America to settlers from Skye and the neighbouring islands—a free passage and at the end of the journey a freehold in the new country. Whether the "government" were on this side of the sea or on that, the crofters were uncertain. They were not sure of the why and the wherefore of it all. One thing they knew, they were being given a chance to sail away to America, that land of dreams. They were poor in their dearly-loved island, earning a bare living, some by small sheep-farming, others, on the coast, by fishing. Most of them knew the pinch that poverty can bring, and, consequently, there was to be an exodus from Carrabaish. Scarcely half a dozen scattered families would remain in the parish. Other villages were sending a large proportion of their population. Katriona's brothers, Sandy and John, were going with the rest. Their mother wept bitter tears at the thought of the separation.

"Ye'll come wi' us, then, Mither,—yersel' an' Katriona, an' we'll mak' ye as gran' as queens."

"Dinna ask me, lads. I'll canna be leavin' yer feyther's grave, an' the ithers lyin' oot i' the grave-yard. Na, na! Gang yersel's."

As for Allastair McDonnuil, his heart beat high at the thought of going out into the great world. He had considered well. He had read enough, thought enough, to realise at least in part, what it meant to remain buried in the island in which he had been born and bred—a happy life enough, if one could earn a comfortable living which was not always, a happy and industrious life with a peaceful end at last, but nothing more. The lad's quenchless thirst for something wider, some hand-to-hand encounter in the battle of life, some larger outlook, urged him to go. His love for Katriona bid him stay.

"An' are ye gaun, Allastair?"

The two had climbed high up among

the hills searching for white heather, and were wandering hand-in-hand as children do. It was the evening before that exodus that emptied Skye of many a stalwart son.

"I winna gang, gin ye bid me stay," he said looking at the girl with earnest, questioning eyes.

Katriona's red lip quivered unsteadily and a darkness of foreboding shadowed her eyes.

"I winna bid ye!" She held her head proudly and smiled a little uncertainly.

"Then canna ye come yersel', lassie mine," he began, impetuously.

"Allastair," she said steadily, her heart looking out of her sea-blue eyes, whether she would or no, "a'body's gaun, I ken, but ye see there's ma mither. She'll never leave them 'ats sleepin' oot on the moor," and she pointed to the east where the little ancient graveyard lay.

"Katriona McLean," he cried, "ye dinna care for me ony mair. Ye telt me ae day 'at ye did, but ye dinna care the noo' I'm feared, when the kirkyard where yer forbears lie is mair to ye than Allastair McDonnuil!" He caught her hand passionately, but she withdrew herself from him with a little fierce gesture.

"Aye," she said huskily, with a sudden paleness about her lips, "aye, I think I dinna care ower much, Allastair!" There was a strained intensity in her voice. Her mind now was fully made up. Allastair must go and seek his fortune in the rich, new land. Was she going to be a millstone about his neck, holding him back from that success which she felt sure awaited him beyond the seas? She scorned herself, remembering how nearly she had held him back and threw her head up proudly, purposefully, but as she met the gaze of her lover the crimson dyed cheek and brow, and even the fair whiteness of her neck where the kerchief was knotted.

"Go, Allastair," she said, resolutely, "go if ye lo'e me. It is my wish."

There was the dignity of self-sacrifice in the words. Allastair looked out across the moor beneath them, as though searching for inspiration. His mind was torn between conflicting desires.

"I'll go, lassie mine," he said, "but

two years from now, Allastair McDonnuil will be comin' back to ye again, wi' gold an' learnin'. An' that day, *Moghaol*," he went on breaking into the Gaelic, "that day he'll wait at Columba's Spring for her that's to be his bride. Will she be comin' to him, Katriona?"

"Dinna fash me!" she said, turning from him impatiently and walking swiftly down the slope toward the cot on the brae. Allastair longed to follow her, but forbore, comforting himself with the thought of a long farewell, "the morn's morning."

As for Katriona, she saw nothing, heard nothing in her retreat. Earth and sky melted before her eyes into a vague mist. As she neared the cottage, however, her wandering thoughts were brought to earth again by the sound of several familiar voices within the cottage. Evidently some of the neighbours had come to say good-bye to her mother before their departure on the morrow.

"Sic' an a clack!" she exclaimed disgustedly to her mother when the last guest had gone. The mother sat looking out of the window, following with her eyes the little company of her friends as they departed. She was well past middle-age, wearing the white cap of an old woman, yet her perceptions were not too dim to see, as she turned to Katriona, something unusual in the girl's bearing which led her to remark with apparent indifference:

"Allastair has no' been to say guid-bye yet!"

"Has he no, Mither?"

"Has he no' bid *you* guid-bye, Katriona?"

"O aye, Mither, but there's some fowk sic' caufs that they maun say guid-bye twa-three times."

And she was right in her surmise. Allastair went that evening to bid farewell to Mrs. McLean, Katriona still remaining invisible, and the next morning, the sun's rays barely fell aslant the thatched roof of the cottage before he stood before its door, which stood wide open to the morning breeze.

Sheila McLean was stirring the porridge which bubbled and steamed cheerfully in the black iron pot hanging on

the crane of the ancient stone fireplace.

There was no sign of Katriona. She had gone out very early the mother said. The lad rejoiced inwardly. She had gone to await him at their old meeting place by the spring. He knew it, and marched eagerly down the hillpath, straining his eyes all the way for the sight of a golden head and the bright blue homespun dress. His spirits fell a little as he saw no trace of his sweetheart anywhere. He waited for some time, hopping for her coming. "Katriona! Katriona!" he called. His voice echoed among the hills, but there was no answer.

The girl has risen early and was roaming the moor before sunrise, a sick desolation at her heart, and in her mind a determination that she should in no wise stand in the light of the man she loved. To keep him in Skye! It was not to be thought of for a moment. And she knew that if she showed any sign of relenting, any strong desire that he should stay, that stay he would. He *MUST* go, though it was gall and bitterness to Katriona McLean. She had heard his call from the spring, and every fibre of her being yearning to answer it, had hardened her heart as best she could, holding one slim hand over her mouth in case an unwary cry should escape her. Another farewell might be more than heart and flesh could bear. Was it days or hours, she wondered, that she waited there on the moor to see the last of him—crouching at last in the heather that he might not catch the glint of her golden hair.

At last he came, striding along grimly, swiftly rather, for the rest of the company had started before him. He carried his bundle in his hand in simple shepherd and crofter fashion. How brave and stalwart, she thought. Nothing but the Gaelic would do to express her thought of him, and she whispered the words low that he might not hear half a mile away. Aye, there he was mounting a little hill that would hide him from her sight. She sprang to her feet and ran a few steps unconsciously. She kissed her two sun-browned hands and flung them out despairingly toward the retreating figure.

If Allastair McDonnuil could have seen his sweetheart at that moment, not America, nor all its boasted riches could have lured him from her side. As it was, he was going from her, miserably uncertain of her love, fearing greatly that she would not remain true to him for those two long years of absence.

He reached the top of the little heather-crowned hill and stood a moment there, his tall figure, diminished by the distance, black against the pink light of the sunrise. Would he turn? Everything in all the world seemed to hinge on that question. Yes, he was turning for a last look at his moors and hills, perhaps hoping for a last glimpse of her. She would look little more than a speck in the distance, she reflected. She *must* give him God speed.

Katriona tore the snowy kerchief from her throat and waved it eagerly. There was a pause of a moment, then the distant figure snatched off a Scotch bonnet and waved it over his head, waved it and waved it till at last the hill hid him from view.

"She doesna' care," Allastair muttered dismally to himself as he strode along; "she doesna' gie a brass farthen for me!" He sighed heavily, and "she's naught but a wilfu' bairn," he said; while far below him on the moor the wilful bairn lay among the broom sobbing as though her heart would break.

Then began long, long days in Skye. Katriona had never known a day to be too long before. The loneliness crept close to Sheila McLean and her daughter. Sandy and John, the brothers, had gone with the rest, and a silence settled over the cot on the hill where the two women dwelt alone. A crofter's lad from the next parish was hired to mind the sheep, but this soon appearing to be an extravagance, Katriona sent the boy away and herded them herself, leaving her mother to perform alone the lighter household tasks.

The girl loved the hills and dales where she tended the sheep. The pungent, swift-blowing air of the mountains braced her—body and soul—nerved her for her work. The colour of the moors in the light of sunrise and sunset filled her with

a joy which she could not explain, and the wide reaches of moorland to the west spurred her imagination till she lived in a land of dreams as much an enchanted princess as any maiden in song or story. The lonesomeness of the cottage when she returned to it at nightfall, smote her with fresh cruelty each evening, but once out with the sheep, the solitariness seemed not to touch her. It vexed her at times to think of what the long days must be to her mother in the empty little home, but she chased the thought away fearfully, especially on those days when no dreams came, and when time spun itself out unendingly. And this happened occasionally, even in those first months of separation, while summer still lingered and the heather-bloom was at its rosiest.

That year, the winter came early with bitter cold and howling winds. The snow already lay thick on the ground, when one day in December a wild snow-storm came, and some of the sheep were lost in it. Katriona was with the flock high up the mountain side, when suddenly a strange-sounding wind blew up from the west, drifting the snow into fantastic heaps, and swirling the falling flakes madly about, as they fell thickly from a grey, leaden sky. Two or three of the flock's yearlings had strayed higher still up the rocky incline, and the girl, drawing her shawl closely about her, set off in search of them, while "Bran," the old collie, was excitedly divided in his mind as to whether he should drive the rest of the huddling, stumbling flock home, or join in the search.

"Tak' them home, Bran, guid dog," called the girl imperatively, and Bran obeyed, while his mistress watched from an overhanging crag, cheering him to his work. The snow was drifting wildly on the peaks of the Coolins. Their old heads were crowned with white snow-wreaths. The air was blindingly filled with the falling flakes and the drifting snow, and Katriona, pluckily fighting the storm, in the end was beaten. The search was unavailing, and she descended the craggy slopes staggering with weariness and the uncertainty of foothold. The sheep were terrified, floundering about in the drifts and huddling together mis-

erably in spite of Bran's efforts. It was not an easy task to drive them home, and Katriona breathed a sigh of relief as at last the trembling, witless creatures were safely driven into the sheep shelter for the night.

That bitter, cold twilight, as Katriona McLean and her mother crouched over their peat fire talking together, a dread of something to come seized the girl. The family finances were at low ebb, indeed, but the fear of poverty had never entered the girl's mind before. There were always the sheep, she had reasoned with herself. But of these a few had already been sold to eke out their humble store, and now three more were lost in the storm. The helplessness, the utter loneliness of their position came to the girl for the first time with appalling clearness. She tried to comfort herself with the thought of the money Sandy and John would send to relieve them. Then, when all other comfort failed, she thought of Allastair McDonnuil. There had been occasional letters from the three wanderers; from the two brothers, the type of letter that is written by those to whom writing is untold labour, and lucid expression of thought an unknown quantity; from Allastair, messages roughly written, ill-spelt at times, yet breathing forth some of his own strong, free spirit, his high ambition and his love for Katriona McLean.

These were the girl's jewels. She carried them in the bosom of her blue homespun gown, and the memory of each word in her heart, bringing forth the hidden treasure, as she dreamed on the summer days, lying among the furze and broom on the sunny slopes, or as she sat by the fireside in chill, wintry evenings, when her mother had gone to rest. She built high, wondrous castles-in-the-air for Allastair as she sat with the firelight in her sea-blue eyes, grown wide with dreaming. She thought of him become rich and learned, a king among men, and did not see that in these prophetic musings she was only widening the distance between his life and hers. This knowledge also came to her in a flash, one night in January when everything was still in the little home but the ticking of the

clock on the chimney shelf or the occasional falling of a peat cinder. She was learning to read "the English" with a vague idea of keeping pace with her lover.

The schoolmaster who had taught the children of Carrabaish, when Katriona had been a school-child, and who now lived not in Skye at all, but in an Argyleshire hamlet, had passed one day through the parish, and finding the girl who had been his brightest pupil athirst for learning, had sent her by an Argyleshire shepherd, some books to read and ponder. She had made a fair beginning with her English reading in the old days at the little rough stone cottage which had been the school, and now one of the books had proved so interesting that she read with unrestrained eagerness. It was a tale of a peasant lad and lass, of the lad's ambition, of his finding his way to the university, of his exaltation to the high places of the earth, and his consequent forsaking of his little country sweetheart.

Katriona was reading eagerly, having reached the crux of the situation. When she came to the bitter ending, the book fell from her hands and she gazed unseeingly into the glowing coals, sitting there in a stunned preoccupation till, long after the peat embers had ceased to glow, she rose stiffly, and wearily went to her bed.

On the afternoon of the following day two letters came, by the hand of a Carrabaish boy who had met the carrier in the next parish. One of the letters was from "the lads," one from Allastair. Katriona took them hastily to the window, and, seating herself on the floor at her mother's feet, read them by the fading light. She opened Allastair's letter first, separating the seal carefully from the paper that nothing of it be spoiled.

"Katriona *Mo-ghaol*," ran the message, and the Gaelic word went to the girl's heart as she read, "The morn's mornin' we're for the West. We're no far enough that direction yet. The pot of gold, ye see, lassie mine, is where the gowden sun dips down ayont the hills. And we maun find the gold, ye ken, for when it's found, it's a' for you. There'll be no letters fra' there. Ye canna send them but twice, or

maybe twa-three times i' the year, but after a' what's letters tae you an' me? Mind ye dinna forget our tryst twa years fra' the day I left, at Columba's Spring (how I mind the soon' o' that water comin' doon the rocks!), and—*Mo-luidh*—dinna forget.

ALLASTAIR MCDONNUIL."

No more letters! What does one feel who is told of coming starvation? Katriona caught her breath piteously, then a glance at her mother made her hold her head bravely as she opened Sandy's letter to read to the mother, stifling her own grief as she thought of what the news would be to the older woman. From this second letter a three pound note fell out—a godsend. "It's fra' us all, Mither," explained Sandy honestly in his letter, "but chiefly fra' Allastair, but he winna' be pleased at me tellin' ye." The girl watched with concern the white face of her mother as she heard the news of this further separation. She was surprised at the calmness with which it was received, but from that day Katriona saw that her mother had lost her heart.

Sheila McLean, come of a sinewy Celtic stock, whose endurance of hardship was invincible, failed in health as the winter wore itself out, slowly but surely losing ground each day, till, in the early spring, when Katriona was busying herself with the care of the new-born lambs, the mother fell ill. The girl that summer was nurse as well as shepherdess. She would often sit at the cottage door in the long summer afternoons holding a little sick lamb on her lap, watching one moment the sheep straying on the moor, and the next looking anxiously within the cottage to the rudely carved wooden bed where her mother lay.

One warm evening, when the crickets were singing, loudly insistent, in the dry grass, Katriona knelt on the ground by the cottage door trying to revive one of the three fleecy lambs remaining to them. She noticed that the small flock of sheep had strayed far out of sight, and there was no sign even of Bran. She began to call the dog, holding one of her hands to her mouth trumpet-wise to carry the sound.

"Hi Bran! Bran! Here guid dog!"

She waited till she heard Bran's short, sharp bark of command, as he turned his charges homeward. Then, as she was seating herself on the turf, she heard her mother's voice calling her a little fretfully with that mournful intonation which belongs to the Celtic voice.

"Eh, bairn, but yon's a terrible far-away country whaur the lad's sailed to. It fair breaks ma heart tae think o' them!"

Katriona sat by her mother coaxing her, cheering her, then went back to her place at the doorstep, gaily singing a snatch of Gaelic song. Her voice was like a robin's clear piping. It soothed the mother, for the girl could hear her saying: "Aye, Aye," at the end of each verse as though satisfied. Then, gathering the little lambs in her strong young arms, Katriona reseated herself on the doorstep and began to hum, half unconsciously, a lullaby to the little creature.

"Bye, birdie crin,  
Bye, birdie crin;  
The kine are up on the mountain high,  
An' the sheep are in the broom!"

With the words and air of the old Scottish cradle song came to the girl the memory of the days when her mother had crooned it over her, as she lay a fair-haired child in a wooden cradle, while the warm fragrance of the broom was blown in at the window and the bees added their droning chorus to the lullaby.

Then, as she sang, she heard her mother talking to herself in her beloved Gaelic tongue, talking as though in haste with a strange intonation that brought Katriona to the bedside eagerly.

"Mither dear, what is't?" she cried, taking one of the thin work-worn hands in her own and stroking it tenderly.

"Bairn," said Sheila McLean, looking up as though freshly awakened, "if yer mither gangs awa' to a country that's far away, ye'll no leave them 'ats sleepin' oot on the moor? Ye'll bide an' mind yer feyther's grave, Katriona?"

The truth that her mother was leaving her flashed upon the girl with cruel suddenness. "Aye, Mither, I'll bide, never fear. I'll bide—Mither dear!"

That night Katriona knew that she was solitary indeed, and before daylight faded on the following day her mother was

among those she had spoken of—"sleepin' on the moor."

One grows accustomed to solitariness they tell us, as to other hardships. Katriona took up her life again the evening of the funeral. A warm-hearted cousin, come from the north coast of the island for the "burying," had offered to take the lonely girl home with her, had begged her even to go, but Katriona had refused with decision. Her love for her mother was a passion with her. She must at all hazards keep the promise made to that mother in her extremity.

The handful of people who had gathered for the humble funeral dispersed at sundown, leaving the girl standing in the dark doorway, the slanting sun rays touching into purest gold the glory of her hair, her figure proudly erect, her hands shading her eyes as she watched them depart. They had mostly come from the north and the girl felt that she did not know them. They were her mother's kin, however, and had been treated with the Highland hospitality that was due them. Nevertheless it was good to her to see them depart.

When the figures of her guests had faded into the gathering dusk, Katriona turned mechanically to the household tasks. She washed the coarse delft dishes with care and put them away in their accustomed place, made tidy the table, swept the hearth and went out to the sheep shelter, where the sheep had been left all day in the unwonted stir. The creatures welcomed her in their poor fashion, pattering over to her as she entered, with satisfied bleats as she brought them fodder. She picked up the sick lamb and carried it to the house with her. It would take the sharpest edge off her suffering to have some warm living thing beside her in the empty cottage. She bolted the door, and seating herself on a low bench near the chimney corner, held the lamb on her knee, stroking its soft wool with gentle absent-minded fingers.

The ceaseless singing of the crickets in the grass came in through the open window, intensifying the stillness and loneliness of the night, wearying the girl inexpressibly. A dozen times during the long hours of darkness she raised her head as she sat there, listening intently.

"Mither!" she would whisper passionately across the room, "Mither!"

And when no answer came, she only gathered the lamb closer to her with a little shiver, and sat very still again in the dark.

When that autumn, a few weeks later, the emptiness of the purse grew so apparent that Katriona drove to the nearest market, miles away, what was left of her flock, the crofter who bought the sheep remarked that the girl was "no canny." He had given her a paltry price.

"Is that a'?" demanded Katriona, fiercely. The man cowered a little before her blue gaze. He had expected a saint and found a young tigress, and much to his own surprise, he found himself adding to the price, excusing himself by the explanation that he was "a puir mon himsel'." As for the girl, she saw at once that the price of the little flock would not be sufficient for her support during the winter and spring to come, and her brave spirit wavered before the knowledge. The hardness of the winter was even greater than she had looked for. That fierce wolf, Poverty, prowled about her door. She had met his eye more than once and met it bravely, but the solitariness, the stillness, were killing her.

Many a mournful tale could St. Columba's Spring have told of a girl who came in the wintry weather and sat shivering by the hollowed rock, her chin in her hands, staring vacantly into the distance. No occupation was left her and she could seek none. She waited. The waiting was her life. Yet if asked what she waited for, she could hardly have told. She would seldom allow herself to think of Allastair McDonnuil, and the book in which she had read of the unfaithful swain seemed to frown down on her in timely warning from the chimney shelf. "Aye! Aye! I ken!" she would murmur sometimes as she looked at it. But occasionally its frown made her cry like a bairn.

It was in March that she herself grew ill and lay delirious for days alone and uncared for, before a passer-by discovered the fact, and a motherly crofter's wife from ten miles away went to nurse the girl through a tedious fever. When

the woman at last went home Katriona was convalescent, moving about feebly with the air of one

"In worlds not realised."

"She's no' a'thegither right in the heid," the kind woman had told her neighbours, "an' its sma' wonder that she's no'. It's na canny that she should bide by hersel' that gait, but she'll no' listen tae a word o' reason."

When Katriona came again to the spring, it was early summer once more. Poverty, hunger, illness had left their mark upon her. The roundness of her young cheek had given place to a pitiful hollow. She had lost all count of time, all care for anything. A proud, dumb misery had eaten into her consciousness till it was numbed. She did not know that involuntarily she was that day keeping her tryst with Allastair McDonnuil. She knew it was summer, and that it was more pleasant to be out in the warm sunshine than in the cottage.

Katriona McLean knelt low at the spring and dipped up a cup of the cool water. The pool was clear as glass, and bending over it she caught a glimpse of her own reflection in its surface.

"Wha is't?" she gasped in terror, "is't a ghaist—a ghaist?" She stared at it as though fascinated. Her image in the water, the pale, wraith-like face and the long hair hanging over her shoulders seemed a haunting vision.

"Wha is't?" she whispered eagerly.

A footfall on the gravel made her look up with fear in her eyes. A stranger stood there, tall, powerfully built, brown of cheek and hand. She regarded him with wondering, innocent eyes as a child might have done.

"Katriona," said a deep voice that seemed to make something stir in the girl's memory, "Katriona McLean, div' ye no' ken me?"

There was bitter disappointment, endless pity in the tone. The girl's look did not waver. "Na, I'll no ken ye," she replied indifferently, withdrawing her gaze.

The stranger came nearer to her and, seating himself beside her, spoke in a low tone, comforting her, soothing her as though she were indeed a child.

"Div ye no mind Allastair McDonnuil?" She started at the words and looked up at him keenly. One would have said that there was a flash of blue fire from her eyes.

"Aye, I kened *him*. Can ye tell me aught o' him?"

The colour swept across her fair cheek and brow.

"*Mo-ghaol!*" cried Allastair heart-brokenly. Katriona started afresh at the Gaelic word in the once known voice.

Her eyes met his and they looked all at once like the sea on an April day of sunshine and rain. She laughed softly—the very laugh of old.

"*Mo-luaidh!*" she cried, for the Gaelic itself was none too good for him.

## Poet and Publisher

By JEAN GRAHAM



THE modern magazine, in exposing various forms of sharp practice, has turned a literary searchlight upon the "co-operative publisher" and in the May number of *Pearson's Magazine* an article entitled "Bucket Shops of the Book World," dispels the "amazing hallucinations of authorship." The writer deals in stern realities regarding book sales and the aspiring author must have abiding faith in his own little book who will persist in negotiating with the "Sharpington Press" after he catches a glimpse of the literary bucket shop. Verily the path of most of these hopeful persons seems to become a *Via Dolorosa*, and the writer of this article confidently declares that the lure of authorship has caused greater ruin than "alchemy, air-ships, buried treasures, the perpetual motion, the Fountain of Youth, or the Western Passage."

Of the writers of verse this dismal conclusion is bitterly true. The poetic temperament is both sensitive and susceptible and the co-operative publisher brings a flutter of joy to the writer of sonnets and *ballades* when he answers with subtle flattery, concluding with the usual terms—"the author to pay half of the expenses of manufacturing and marketing the book, and to receive one-half the profits." Does the publisher mention the sums received as "profits" by other poets who have confided their funds and fancies to his care? He would not for worlds be so vulgarly concrete but prefers to dwell on the exquisite quality of Miss Blank's lyrics, and leaves the im-

pression upon the trusting poet that the head of the Parnassus Press dwells, like Milton's spirit, in regions—

"Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
Which men call Earth."

But how overwhelmed is the young writer when a letter comes from such a man, actually declaring that the poetry of the "Unknown" has attracted the great publisher's attention, and requesting the poet to send such manuscript as he may have stored away that the head of the Parnassus Press may be edified thereby. Be it remarked that the beguiling letter is irreproachable in style and stationery. In fact, these publishers are fastidious to a degree about such matters as engraving and "linen finish." The poet can hardly believe his eyes, which straightway brighten at the revelation of such unlooked-for sympathy and encouragement. He expresses his gratitude in a letter of incoherent prose and then the suggestion of publication follows. Will he send three hundred dollars? Verily, and be glad to mortgage the house, or pawn the piano, in order that his sonnets and odes may be given to a world that stones its prophets and ignores its poets. Sometimes, however, the poet's "first fine, careless rapture" is succeeded by a season of sordid calculation. He has been known to write stating that he cannot afford to spend more than two hundred dollars or even less on the volume so alluringly suggested. To his surprise, this sum is not regarded as altogether unworthy the consideration of the Parnassus Press, although, of course, the edition shrinks and also the "profits."

The Parnassus Press delights in publishing very small books—the head dwells upon the “quality” and insists upon having only the “cream” in the diminutive book, which is at length sent forth. What a thin little volume it is, to be sure! How wide the margins are, and how severely plain the linen cover is! But the writer of the lines that are spread so sparingly on the thick, cream pages believes every word that has been written on that delectable stationery and considers that his dearest achievement is bound within those dainty covers. But what does he “make” by the transaction, to come down to unpoetic facts? It is at this point that the sensitiveness of the author comes to the publisher’s timely aid. Will the writer of “Dreams and Dallyings” admit for a moment that his book has been a financial failure and has been purchased by only a few choice spirits? Will he publicly accuse the upright head of the Parnassus Press of having printed only two hundred copies when he had professed to print three hundred? The poet recalls the early words of praise from the discriminating critic and reminds him of his glowing encouragement. The publisher may reply, gently deploring the tastes of a public that craves fables according to George Ade and will have little of pure literature. Or he may suggest that the work was a trifle immature and that the next volume will probably show bolder imagination and wider grasp and, therefore, be more eagerly bought by those who read something more than the Sunday newspaper. Tennyson’s first volume was coldly received and the reviewers were shockingly rude to Keats in his early days. The aspiring poet may find comfort in the thought that his is unappreciated genius and may reflect with satisfaction upon the small “returns” from “Paradise Lost.”

But what is the publisher’s side of the poetry? Mr. Martin Foss, the writer of the “Bucket Shop” article, states that “only one book in fifteen out of all that are published pays a day labourer’s wages.” He also affirms that “when the publisher has finished his work he has a neat profit of from one hundred to two hundred dollars, and often much more.” The latter statement, of course, refers to the co-

operative press. The writer finds it difficult to discover what the “marketing” has cost, and indeed that process is cheap and easy to the publisher who has been at such pains to discover poetic genius. The advertising is conducted on a limited scale, as anything ostentatious would be out of keeping with the decorous ways of the Parnassus Press; a few copies are sent to the newspapers and in a very short time the volume has vanished and the world is none the sadder or wiser for its publication. It may be said that the profit to the publisher from a book of poems, the author of which has advanced only three or four hundred dollars, must be small. But the Parnassus Press issues many such little books and finds trade in the sensitiveness and ambition of the ingenuous poet a lucrative matter.

Advice is more blessed to give than to receive. But it may be of interest to Canadian authors to learn something of the ways of the wily publisher, and an occasional writer of verse may take heed to his pocketbook ere he signs the seductive contract. Of course, if the aspiring poet’s one desire is to have his poems in a nice thin little book, if he fears “to die with all his music in him,” let him send his few hundreds, and “take it out in fame.” But do not let him believe for one moment that the head of the Parnassus Press is actuated by the desire to be an unselfish purveyor of poetry. That sanguine and encouraging gentleman has been known to publish stuff dangerously resembling doggerel and the writer thereof no doubt received a most flattering epistle before he sent his “remittance” to New York or Boston.

The publisher to be trusted is he of the canny words who indulges in no eulogistic exaggeration and who warns the writer of the chances and risks of his undertaking. The perusal of such a startling article as that by Mr. Foss reminds one of the story that Lord Byron once sent his publisher a copy of the Bible. The worthy man was touched by this evidence of virtue in so wild a poet. But he discovered that a change had been made in one verse of the New Testament, the last words of the eighteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John being—“Now Barabbas was a publisher.”



# Current Events Abroad.

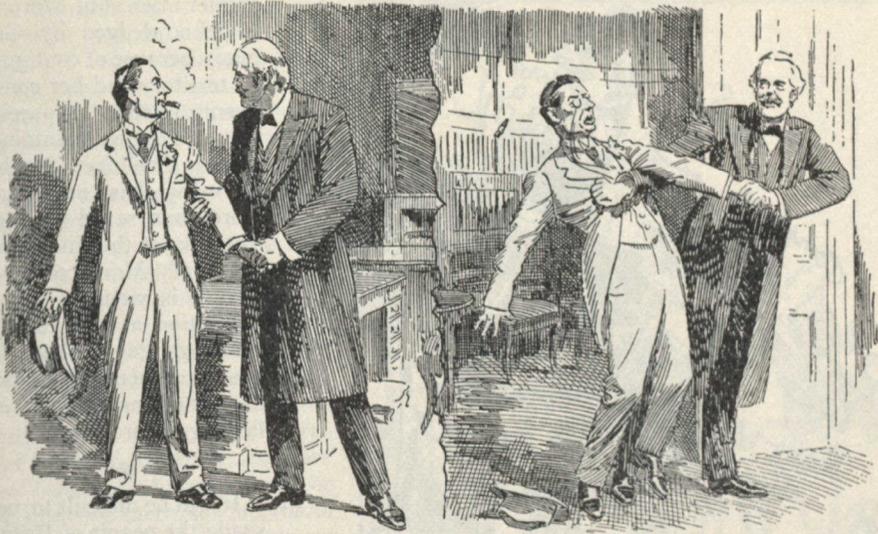
THE only satisfactory news during the month in the war situation is the news that the peace plenipotentiaries have been appointed, and that negotiations will begin in Washington in August. The Russian representatives are M. de Witte, the ambassador at Rome, and Baron Rosen, formerly stationed at Tokio and now at Washington. Japan's negotiators will be Baron Komura and Mr. Takabira, the Japanese minister at Washington. Russia strongly desires an armistice, pending the conclusion of the negotiations, but is too proud to ask it. Japan, therefore, goes on with her military plans, and in the meanwhile has enormously strengthened her position by capturing the island of Sakhalin.

The internal condition of Russia grows steadily worse. Sanguinary riots in Lodz and Warsaw, agrarian outrages in various parts of the country, murders of civil officials, soldiers shooting their commanders from the ranks, Persian bandits streaming into Russian territory over the south-east border, and finally a mutinous battleship sailing about the Black Sea like a derelict, the crew butchering the officers and threatening each other, while not a vessel of the rest of the fleet can be trusted to be put in motion against the mutineers—that is a picture of the condition of the vast inert mass which we know as the Russian Empire. Its vitality is like that of those creatures in nature whose organisation is so feeble and diffused that limbs and other portions of their bodies can be chopped away without quenching the spark of life that permeates the whole.

But the great fact that stands out above all other facts is that autocracy has been weighed in the balance and found want-

ing. The one thing for which it might be tolerated, it has abjectly failed to display. Efficiency, that was the quality which we were told the one-man power could most surely supply, and in which democracies were lamentably weak. An illuminating commentary on this theory is found in a passage of the despatch of the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *London Times* regarding the capture of the island of Sakhalin. "I doubt," he says, "if any disaster Russia has suffered, internally or externally, since the beginning of the war, so patently brings home to the nation the utter hopelessness of the struggle and the incapacity of the present government to assure the safety of the interests of the Empire." It is this feeling, that the nation is being constricted in the deadly coils of the serpents of shiftlessness and corruption that maddens the thoughtful classes of Russia. The whole situation is a testament for freedom. Democracy has been lectured so much of late in regard to its weaknesses and shortcomings, that it has actually had to become apologetic. It is doubtless like all human systems imperfect, but the opposite principle of absolutism does not appear to be any more exempt from human frailties. Democracy at least permits the people to choose the best ruler that can be found, and they are more likely to be successful in discovering one who is a natural ruler of men than can be supplied by the lottery of family and birth.

The death of John Hay, President Roosevelt's Secretary of State, must be regarded as a public misfortune by the whole English-speaking world. With Mr. Hay's incumbency of the position of American ambassador to St. James began an era of understanding between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family,



## FISCAL JIU-JITSU

**FIRST MOVEMENT—The Friendly Approach**  
Once you can persuade a man to take your hand,  
and let you slip your arm under his (Fig. 1)—

**SECOND MOVEMENT—The Chuck-out**  
It is quite easy, by a little adroit leverage,  
to remove him from the premises (Fig. 2)

an understanding which he was able happily to perpetuate while he occupied the position of American Foreign Minister under President McKinley and his successor. It may be urged that this understanding was not of much service to Canada when the Alaska boundary question came up for settlement. We doubtless had a grievance there, but no Secretary of State could maintain his influence who could be identified with an incident that alienated what was claimed to be United States territory. American statesmen are fonder of the mother country than they are of their immediate neighbour Canada, and the reason is not far to seek. It is our property that is generally the bone of contention. The British people are apt to think that our excitement has a very slender basis, while the United States people regard us as a lot of "kickers" who are always creating a scene just at the moment the chief personages in the play are about to arrange things.

Secretaries of State are in the habit of making a reputation off us. John Hay had already gained that advantage. That is

one good reason why we should regret his demise, looking at it from the selfish point of view. He could afford for the rest of his days to face a tide of unpopularity in the interest of broader-minded dealing with neighbours. A new man will not be in this position of accomplishment and authority. He will still have his reputation to win as a firm defender of national rights. The new chief of the cabinet is Hon. Elihu Root. Of Mr. Root President Roosevelt once said that he was capable of filling Mr. Hay's position, Mr. Knox's position, Mr. Toft's position, or any of the other great portfolios of the cabinet, as well as the then incumbents, but none of them could fill as efficiently as Mr. Root the position of Secretary of War. This was high praise. Mr. Root left the cabinet in order to bring order out of chaos in the vast affairs of the Equitable Life Company. He has, therefore, been making some quick changes.

The Panama canal construction is the biggest thing before the American people just now. The work of organisation and



"THE ATTITUDE OF EUROPE"

—Bradley in the *Chicago News*

execution is getting along disappointingly slow. It was the hope of the nation that the rest of the world would be afforded a chance to see how capable the Yankees were of doing things. It has sadly to be admitted that where the political brakes interfere nothing goes very fast. They will eventually, however, clear away the political impedimenta, and then we may expect them to recover the reputation they are now imperilling.

The strain between France and Germany over the Moroccan question has been happily removed. From the first France held firmly to the principle that in any conference on the question certain matters should not be proper subjects of discussion. She has been able to carry this point, with the consequence that the Anglo-French and Franco-Spanish accords are accepted by both powers as established things. The sovereignty of the Sultan, the independence of Morocco, the open door and equality of trading opportunities for all are recognised. On the other hand France's

greater interest in Morocco is acknowledged by Germany, because of contiguity of territory and her consequent interest in seeing law and order maintained there. The fact is that Germany has not much more than saved her face. To talk of the independence of Morocco when France is virtually put in a position at any time to challenge the Sultan for misgovernment is to talk of something of a very fleeting nature.

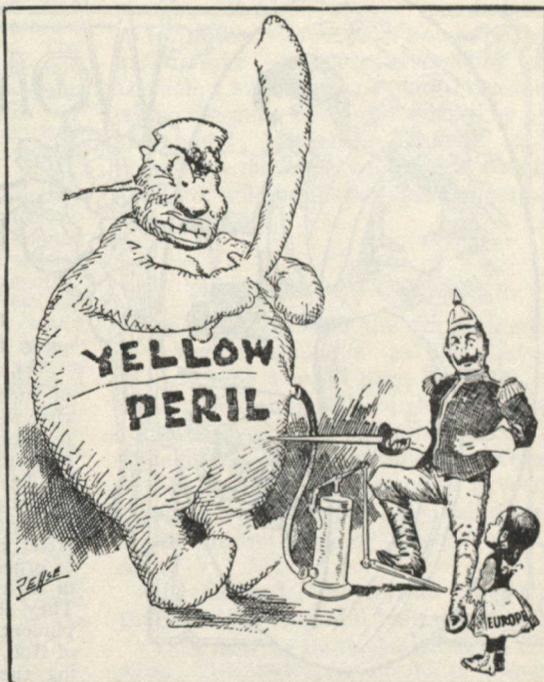
It will be difficult to persuade the people of Britain that the Kaiser's purpose was not to demonstrate to France that her new ally was a broken reed. He believed that by making a bluff France would be shown that Albion, whether

perfidious or not, was not prepared to back up her engagements with her sword. To his intense astonishment he found the press and people of the United Kingdom resentful and bellicose to a degree, and it was not long before the German newspapers were warning the French that it was the purpose of their old foes to drive them into war with Germany, from which the British alone would profit. This was rather a right-about-face from the first assumption that Britain would be found weak-kneed in maintaining the terms of the Anglo-French agreement. Disguise it as he may, the Emperor's shot has completely missed the mark.

Newfoundland is proceeding as if her rulers had finally made up their minds that it will be impossible to get the consent of Congress to a treaty that will be of any advantage to Newfoundland. A bait act similar in terms to that enforced against France will be directed against American fishermen. It will undoubtedly make it difficult for the latter to pursue their calling on the Grand Banks.

The Yankees are a shrewd and inventive people, however, and plans are being discussed whereby the loss now threatened can be supplied. The fishing schooners are being fitted up with their own bait-catching appliances, and a system of supply by means of steam tenders is being talked of. If the cost of catching the fish, however, is considerably increased the protection of three-quarters of a cent per pound might be more than cancelled and Newfoundland fishermen enabled to compete on somewhat more equal terms in American ports. The greatest friend of the Yankee fishermen, however, will be the needs of their Newfoundland brethren. The temptation to make good American money by selling bait will be great, and doubtless Uncle Sam's boys have hopes in the direction of this contraband traffic. It is to be hoped that the latter will play the game fair. Congress has the right to nominate the terms upon which trade shall be carried on at American ports. The Legislature of Newfoundland has equal right as to its ports and products. It is a pretty fight this, between the shark and the coplin.

Ambassador Whitelaw Reid has been formally introduced to the British public by a dinner given by the American Society, at which Lord Lansdowne was a guest. The Foreign Secretary and the American Minister dealt largely with the late Mr. Hay in their speeches. It is a somewhat curious thing that Mr. Hay and Mr. Reid were fellow-labourers in the earlier days on the staff of the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Reid up to the time of his appointment was responsible for the conduct of the *Tribune*, and the tone of extreme friendliness to Great Britain and Canada, which has latterly characterised its columns, augurs well for the maintenance of a sympathetic attitude on Mr. Reid's part towards the country to which he is accredited.



EMPEROR WILLIAM (to Europe). "Russia having failed, it may devolve upon Germany to resist his aggressions."

—From the *Pioneer Press* (St. Paul).

The members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association now touring the British Isles, are being feasted and feted up to the limits of human endurance. Mr. Chamberlain has spoken to the visitors with a vigour and lucidity that was very welcome to those who had been alarmed by the recent reports concerning his health. There are undoubtedly great difficulties in the way of attaining the objects Mr. Chamberlain has in view, but it is at least a matter for congratulation that both he who spoke and they who listened are equally solicitous to preserve and strengthen the tie that binds the mother country and colonies together, however they may differ as to methods. Many of us will rest in the calm assurance that if no better way is discovered than that which now exists, namely the light, impalpable and yet unbreakable ties of sentiment, admiration and affection, the connection will endure through the ages.

John A. Ewan.



"August is laughing across the sky,  
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I  
Drift, drift,  
Where the hills uplift  
On either side of the current swift.

And up on the hills against the sky,  
A fir tree rocking its lullaby  
Swings, swings  
Its emerald wings,  
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

—E. Pauline Johnson.

### THE GRADUATE

ABOUT ten years ago, papers and magazines were filled with advice and warning on the subject of the college girl. Men professed to be alarmed lest the university should spoil woman for domestic life, and they foresaw flabby omelettes and garments sans buttons for their own forlorn selves. But successive classes have come and gone and the world has settled down to the university girl, realising that the cap and gown have in no wise injured her femininity.

A professor of Bryn Mawr College, Dr. Albert Schinz, discourses in the June number of a Philadelphia magazine on "An Opening for Girl College Graduates

Who Need None." His criticism of the fashionable reception will appeal to all who have been bored thereby:

"How could we have come upon the idea of such an odd performance? The fact is that we are not wholly responsible for it. A reception is an old, old custom, a barbarous custom, having its origin, as Herbert Spencer has shown, in the dawn of society. It was at the time when fearful autocrats treated their vassals and subjects like slaves; the latter had to bring contributions in money or other presents and bow before the master of their lives and of those of their families. They showered upon him exaggerated compliments, calling him Sun, Moon, Oak, Son of God, and the like. He answered by calling them with a patronising air his dear children or his little birds. How can this old symbol of slavery fit in with our ideas of democracy?"

Professor Schinz is of the opinion that educated women of the leisure class could make society very different from the trivial performance it so often seems, if they would infuse an intellectual brightness into evenings that are too often devoted to petty affairs. This is to be done, not in priggish fashion, nor by subjecting an unfortunate guest to eternal hand-shaking and inanities about the weather. It is rather startling to read such declarations as the following:

"Never did woman, as woman, play such a small part in civilisation. The fact is striking for anyone who has the slightest gift for observation, if he compares the nineteenth and twentieth centuries with those that preceded them. The more rights women have obtained in the past sixty years, the smaller has grown their real influence in the world."

The conclusion of the plea for more brilliance and originality in what has been only conventional entertainment is addressed to those graduates who go to the university merely to get "what is somewhat ludicrously called 'an education'":

"The class-room turns out 'educated' men and women, but a little in the same sense as a tailor shop turns out garments. The value of the products can be realised only when it is put to the test in life. A woman gives value to a dress according to the way she wears it. Now do many of our lady graduates belonging to the second class mentioned ever even wear their college gowns—I mean figuratively—when once they have received their degree? They ought to assume the task of creating the old-fashioned 'salon' with distinguished men and women—artists, writers, scholars—and with no other purpose except the enjoyment of one another's company; salons where they would talk—not discuss—*de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis* (on all knowable things and on a few others too); salons where there need be no prearranged programme for the evening, but everything could be left to the inspiration of the hour, to the spontaneous wit of the cultivated company, to the delightful intoxication of emulation. America fulfils all the requirements for such an institution—a leisurely class, intelligent women, wealth and so forth. Why not take advantage of it? Is it not worth while to try to be the Vittoria Colonna or the Cecilia Gallerani, the Madame de Sévigné or the Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, of America?"

#### DISRAELI'S GALLANTRY

THE centenary of Disraeli's birth (December, 1804), has brought forth several interesting volumes on the great statesman whom Zangwill has called "The Primrose Sphinx." The best of these is "An Unconventional Biography," by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, who lets Disraeli "speak for himself" in a fashion unusual for the modern writer of biography. Disraeli's tact and his unflinching insight when dealing with women are aptly illustrated by several anecdotes. Queen Victoria's friendship was fairly won by his devotion to her service and by his never forgetting that his sovereign was a woman. In talking with the Queen, Disraeli—so he told Mr. Brett—had a simple rule: "I never deny, I never contradict; I sometimes forget"—and Mr. Meynell adds—"a rule, one may say, that clamours for very general application among the civilised."

Perhaps the difference in social intercourse between Mr. Gladstone and Disraeli was never more happily expressed than by a lady associated with political circles, who had been fortunate enough to meet both statesmen. "After my first

meeting with Mr. Gladstone," she declared, "I felt that he was the most wonderful man in the world. After my first meeting with Disraeli, I was convinced that he considered me the most wonderful woman he had ever met." Marvellous Disraeli! It is not strange that twenty-four years after his death we still find his monument wreathed with primroses.

#### THE DREADED CRINOLINE.

CRINOLINE is in the air and every woman shudders as she says—"Oh, I hope it won't come." Occasionally a woman is brave enough to declare—"I won't wear it if every other woman in Canada goes with the fashion." We are all afraid of it, but most of us have the sneaking dread that we also shall appear in the hideous garb of "hoops" dimensions.

The *Rational Dress Gazette* indulges in the following mournful reflections:

"Once more we are threatened by the crinoline. The newspapers are full of disquieting rumours; an Anti-Crinoline League has been formed. We would fain discredit these rumours; we would fain have faith in popular intelligence; we would fain believe that the crinoline is an extinct thing. It is so preposterous, so unjustifiable, so unaccountable. We know that hoops did once encumber the earth, but we find it hard to believe that these things can happen again. Possibly, probably, they will not happen again. But there are portents about."

#### MADAME

NO doubt the women of the United States and Canada have come to regard themselves as enlightened and "emancipated" above others of their sex. The women of Europe are frequently described by American writers as being destitute of the enterprise and independence supposed to distinguish the daughters of the West. But several modern observers are now rising to remark that the American woman knows less about politics and public affairs than does the English woman, while the keen little French dames are the best business women in the world. Conventionally we associate the French woman with frivolity and fashion; but closer observation

leads one to admire the sagacity and the shrewdness which make "Madame" her husband's trusted partner and frequent adviser.

The latest Academician, M. Etienne Lamy, in his well-named work "*La femme de demain*," shows a Frenchman's traditional gallantry in his treatment of the subject:

"If women do not sign many books, they prepare them by the thoughts which they communicate to their sons. The education of children—that is the great task, that is the permanent *chef-d'œuvre* of woman. When inquiring into a man's crimes we are accustomed to say: *Cherchez la femme*. When praising a man's virtues we should say: *Cherchez la mère*. The most pure, the most disinterested, the most profound tenderness cannot be barren of results. Into the thought and the heart of a child, a mother only allows that which is best of her to penetrate. For their children, the most egotistical forget themselves, the most frivolous become grave, the least virtuous are sanctified."

#### OTTAWA, THE PICTURESQUE

AN article bearing the above title in the *University of Ottawa Review*, is none too enthusiastic in describing the beauty of the Capital. "Dull must he be of soul" who can spend even a day in the city of hill and stream without catching some of its charm. One may forget all about the most noisy debate conducted by those who are raising "towers of talk" in the Hall of Assembly. But it is quite impossible to forget the view from "Parliament Hill" or the foaming beauty of the river as it sweeps beneath the cliffs for miles beyond the city. It is a comfort to those who are susceptible to word-music that the old name "Bytown" was changed to the melodious "Ottawa," which is decidedly more in keeping with the city's picturesqueness. It is not surprising that three such poets as Lampman, Campbell and Scott should have come out of a capital dowered so richly by Nature.

#### ILL-PAID TEACHERS

IN the report for 1904, made by Hon. Dr. Pyne, Minister of Education, reference is made to the scarcity of teachers, the conclusion of the matter being:

"It is clear that the teaching profession does not furnish inducements sufficiently tempting to warrant young persons in incurring the expense necessary to become qualified. The salaries paid, though slightly in advance of previous years, are exceedingly low, when compared with what is paid to persons in other callings in life. The salaries paid young women in our public schools have not at all advanced in proportion to the increased wages paid to persons in other occupations."

Except, perhaps, in the West, the Canadian teacher is paid a salary that would indicate a "certain condescension" on the part of the authorities, so far as education is concerned. Many blandly assume that in teaching the chief remuneration should be "all for the joy of the working," and talk hypocritical nonsense about the delight of watching young minds expand and the nobility of devoting one's time to instructing the "little ones." It may be quite true that teaching is the "noblest of professions and the sorriest of trades," but it should be regarded in a practical and business-like fashion. The best teachers love their work, but they feel that the dignity of the calling demands decent payment. No teacher can help feeling degraded when he realises that the trustees indulge in the screwing process to a painful degree. The attitude of many trustees towards the teacher, both in social and financial matters, is such as to arouse contempt in the children for instructors who are evidently insignificant creatures in the community. A miserly policy in education means a rising generation with beggarly ideas. Have a high standard for the teacher's equipment and then pay the teacher a salary that will provide not only "what he shall eat and wherewithal he shall be clothed," but also new books and a trip abroad that will mean more in stimulus and breadth than can be represented in dollars and cents. It is no doubt to be deplored that so few men are teaching in the public schools of the country, but the reason for such a state of affairs is not far to seek.

In an address delivered to the Canadian Club of Ottawa last February, Mr.



#### THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES

The fifth son of Their Royal Highnesses was born July 12, 1905

Byron Walker spoke emphatically of the danger of underestimating educational work:

"Nothing can, of course, be more important in the upbuilding of our intellectual and moral conditions than our educational system, but here, too, the inherent defects of democracy are most noticeable. That in a new country we should have badly equipped and badly paid teachers is perhaps inevitable,

and time will surely cure these evils . . . . Unfortunately in a democracy the idea of the average man seems to be to get as much as possible from the state without paying for it, and this is particularly noticeable in our educational system. As a natural result of this the politicians are willing to keep on enlarging the scope of national education until it is hard to guess what our system will lead to."

# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

## A NATION OF SOBERSIDES

IT has been said before—I have said it myself—that Canadians are a nation of sobersides. They have little sense of humour; they seldom or never play; they are seldom gay or witty; there is no humorous publication in the country. Even their sports and pastimes are strenuous and serious.

The late Alexander Pirie, a clever and capable journalist, was a notable exception. And yet Mr. Pirie suffered some cruel disappointments because of his peculiarities. People were so unaccustomed to meet a man who could make a joke, that they refused to ever take Mr. Pirie seriously; when he did desire to be serious, the people continued to laugh. He stood for member of Parliament and the people went to hear his speeches. When he grew eloquent they laughed. When he quoted statistics they laughed. When he asked for their votes they laughed, and his opponent was elected. They were not accustomed to meeting a man who could both joke and think.

A recent visitor to Berlin writes in London *Punch* as follows:

"All the Berliners drink beer. They drink it in gardens, in restaurants, in Kellers, in their homes—everywhere; and they are all as jolly about it as mice in a larder. I haven't seen an angry Berliner yet, not even a policeman, and I'm fairly certain that their perpetual good humour is due to their devotion to beer."

In Canada the beer is heavy and so is the whiskey. The tobacco we smoke is heavy. The air we breathe must be heavy. Otherwise why are we never jolly? Hadn't we better brew lighter beer, drink more wine and taboo whiskey? This national antipathy to a joke is really becoming serious. We speak of the Germans as phlegmatic, of the British as stolid, of the Yankee as strenuous—but Canadians are a distilled essence of all three.

There is no Canadian humour in literature. "Sam Slick" was our one and only humourist in the nineteenth century. There were one or two other writers of funny stories—I have two in mind, an elderly gentleman in the civil service, and an elderly lady who writes only for British journals—but these writers would not dare to publish their material over their own names. They issued their work anonymously. They were afraid of being considered lunatics. I have another man in mind. He held a position in a prominent educational institution in Ontario. He wrote a funny story which was published in *Scribner's*, and almost immediately was asked to hand in his resignation.

In fact the funniest feature of Canadian life is our attitude toward the humourist. We regard him as a mildly insane person whom it is not necessary to lock up in an asylum. That a humorist may be clever and have ideas is a possibility which apparently has never occurred to the people of this wonderful country.



## SELF IMPROVEMENT

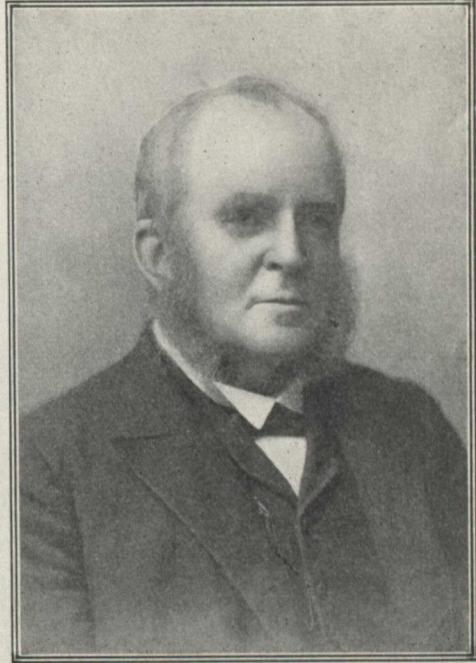
MOST curiously constant is the tendency among mankind to seek the higher society. The farmer and the farmer's son seek the brighter circles in the town; their wives and sisters are the envy of those who cannot follow. The men and youths of the town seek the broader circles in the cities; their wives and sisters are the envy of those less fortunate. The men and women in the middle grades in the city are trying to climb to the higher grade, some unwittingly, many with deliberate and determined intention. The great factors or ladders are education and wealth. The former produces gradual and understandable progress; the latter may mean reasonable improvement but often it

means only ignorant, inartistic domination.

The progress from one grade of society to another, assuming that it is progress, is sound only when based upon the improvement of self. The man, whether mechanic, farmer or merchant, who has ideals and pursues them unselfishly and persistently, will rise in his own self-respect and in the public esteem. He will pass upward from one grade of society to another, and every abiding place will be to him a sacred spot and a sacred memory. His life will be a sure and steady process of refinement.

Refinement does not necessarily accompany the acquisition of wealth, a fine house, an extensive library and an automobile. It lies rather in the individual's mastery of himself, in ability to withstand the temptations of life, in being innocent and lofty in his secret thoughts. Every man will be impure and vicious unless he obtains this mastery. His gain in knowledge, breadth of information and view, intimate acquaintance with men and affairs—all these will avail him little in the final struggle without that mastery. A man may become a Cabinet Minister and his wife may be numbered among the ladies of the land, but his success and prominence will not be permanent unless his thoughts and actions are pure and lofty. A man may become the head of a transcontinental railway and be known to three continents as a great financier and a master-builder, and yet he may still be regarded by his thinking contemporaries as an immoral and debasing force if his methods have been vicious. It is not the accomplishment itself which is to be judged, but the method.

Again, as Thoreau says, "May I dream not that I shunned vice; may I dream that I loved and practised virtue." It is not enough that a man should avoid the impurities which are his constant temptation. He must go farther. He must study virtue until he practises it for its own sake. It is only thus he can really fit himself for the higher society of this world and for the lofty existence of the future life. He must be positively, not negatively, virtuous.



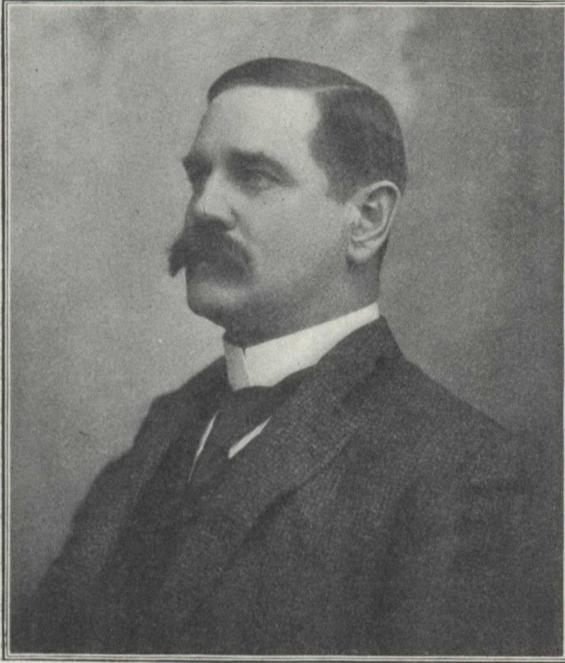
MR. J. HERBERT MASON

Chairman of Board of Directors Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

#### A CANADIAN FINANCIER

MR. J. HERBERT MASON, Managing Director of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation, has recently celebrated his jubilee and that of the company with which his successful business career has been so closely associated. On his retiring from the general management, he was appointed on May 31 Chairman of the Board of Directors, a position in which he will continue to exercise a general supervision of the affairs of the corporation, while relieved of its many and varied details.

During the half century Mr. Mason has been connected with the Canada Permanent, he has become widely known in the Dominion's financial life. Since the organisation of the Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Company in 1855, he has been the chief executive officer. He was one of the organisers of the Canada Land Law Amendment Association, and has been its President since its inception. He has also been yearly elected President



HON. CHARLES S. HYMAN  
Minister of Public Works

of the Ontario Land Mortgage Companies' Association. His sympathy with all wide imperial interests was recognised when he was elected chief officer of the Toronto branch of the Imperial Federation League.



#### BRITAIN'S GREAT LOSS

THE Government of Great Britain loses about \$700,000,000 a year by the emigration from the British Isles to foreign countries. At least that is how a writer in the London *Outlook* views it. He says:

"Year by year the virility of England is frittered away, the best of her sons—the young men with the will to adventure their lives in new countries—are replaced by the waste products of the ancient European Ghettos. And year after year more than half of the able-bodied, able-minded Englishmen, whose work and days should be stones in the fabric of empire, are compelled to expatriate themselves and assist in building up foreign polities. Last year the number of British emigrants settling in the United States was greater than that received by all the British possessions together. If we consider only the

amount spent out of the State and local revenues on the making of those men, the loss involved in this great gift to our chief commercial rival runs into seven figures. But if we capitalise the annual earnings of each of these expatriated citizens of the Empire and suppose each capable of drawing the dollar a day received by the Irish navy digging the foundations of the new 'white city' of New York, then the loss outruns the whole amount of the States' annual expenditure."

When Rider Haggard was in Toronto, he asked his Canadian audience why they did not advertise more in England and get a greater share of this emigration. This was a foolish question, and could have been based only on ignorance. Canada has advertised, has entered upon all forms of prayer and supplication in her anxiety to get British emigrants. What has the British nation, government and people done to help Canada to get what she desired? The people called this country a land of snow and ice; the school-teachers taught that idea; the legislators echoed it; the newspapers confirmed it. When did the British Government ever spend a dollar or lend a helping hand to turn the tide of emigration colonyward? Canada advertised until we came to be known as a nation of shouters, until many of us began to blush for the shame of our beseeching. It was not until the South African war showed the metal of Canadian manhood, that the British nation as a whole began to take any interest in this part of the North American continent.

Even to-day the British newspapers grudgingly tell of the attractions of the colonies. There is no serious attempt made to educate the people of Great Britain to the possibilities of Canada and Australia. There is no news-collecting agency sending regular despatches from Canada to Great Britain. The British post office did its best for years to keep colonial publications out of Great Britain, just as it is now trying to prevent British publications going to the colonies.



THE YOUNG SCHOLAR

# About New Books.

## THE VOYAGEUR\*



INCE the publication of "The Habitant," the verse of Dr. William Henry Drummond has held a peculiar place in the estimation of Canadian readers. He has accomplished what is a rare achievement—has taken his public so completely into his confidence and has made us feel so much at home with "Leetle Bateese" and his people, that it is impossible to do more or less than be on the friendliest terms with all of them. In homely phrase and naive dialect he has interpreted the Habitant life so humanly that the critic can only smile back at these simple, gay, industrious folk and forget about problem novels and magazine articles concerning graft and guile as he feels the

"Win' that blows  
Over God's own boulevard."

The most pleasing feature about his work is that Dr. Drummond is not "writing himself out." His verse is fresh and vigorous with a deepening note in such poems as "The Last Portage" and "Dieudonné."

The nearness to Nature as shown in the love of "reever" and lake appeals to every Canadian who has known his country's wealth of stream and forest. Who that has spent days in the great northern country where the lakes of cold steel-blue mirror a cloudless sky can fail to understand the old fisherman's joy in "Lac Souci":

"Happy to leev an' happy to die dere—  
But Heaven itself won't satisfy me  
Till I fin' leetle hole off on de sky dere  
W're I can be lookin' on Lac Souci!"

The first poem, "The Voyageur," from which the volume takes its title, is buoy-

ant and stirring as the Autumn breeze from a hill of pines and one almost hears the clink of glasses in the verse:

"I'm proud of de sam' blood in my vein,  
I'm a son of de Nort Win' wance again—  
So we'll fill her up till de bottle drain  
An' drink to de Voyageur."

There is red-veined humanity in the poems of the student of Habitant ways, and the reader is better and brighter for a glimpse of this simple, healthful life.

The illustrations for this volume, by Mr. Frederick Simpson Coburn, are artistic and sympathetic to a marked degree, and add materially to the charm of a delightful book.

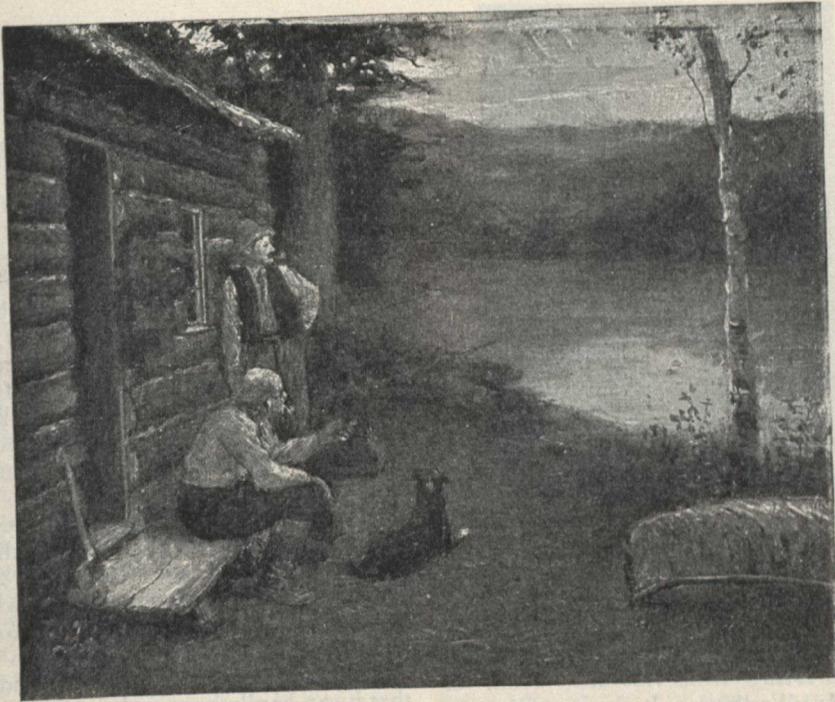


## A WESTERN BOOK

FROM the author of "The Selkirk Settlers in Real Life," Rev. R. G. MacBeth, comes another volume of Western life which, as the "Reminiscences of an Eye-Witness," has authority as well as interest. The title, "The Making of the Canadian West,"\* leads the reader to expect stories of strenuous days and sturdy men. The third chapter fairly introduces us to the rebellion of 1869-70, the news first coming to the churchyard which "was the modern representative of the Athenian market-place, so far as the giving and receiving of news was concerned." In the story of Manitoba's early government called "The Making of a Province," we have a concise and vivid account of the first years in the constitutional life of the western assembly. "The Farther West" briefly deals with British Columbia's development, and the last two chapters are devoted to the religious life and educational history of the country. It is impossible not to recognise

\*The Voyageur, by William Henry Drummond. Toronto: William Briggs. Illustrated, \$1.25.

\*The Making of the Canadian West, by Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs. Illustrated.



“You see dat lake? Wall! I always hate  
To brag—but she’s full of trout.”

“The Voyageur,” by W. H. Drummond, M.D.

New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons

Toronto: William Briggs

the great work done by the “pioneer preachers” in the North-West, from the Methodist missionary to the Archbishop of the Roman Catholic church. A deserved tribute is paid to the Mounted Police, whose uniform means “terror to the evildoers and a praise to them that do well.” The book is one which every Canadian should read and enjoy.



NEW NOVELS

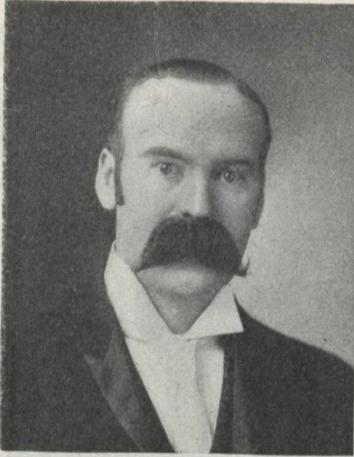
MR. HAMPDEN BURNHAM has written an interesting story of New France in “*Marcelle*.”\* The heroine is a daughter of Black John, a *coureur-de-bois*, and a Huron woman. From her mother she inherits litheness and grace of movement, from her father a love for freedom and forest life. She is taken away to Quebec and becomes for a time the ward of the Governor Frontenac. The romance is really more concerned

with the strife between Governor and Bishop than with the love affairs of Marcelle, although the heroine is attractively pictured as gentle and lovable, a veritable “sister to Evangeline,” even as to eyes—for Marcelle’s are described as “large, dark and lustrous.” The life at the Ancient Capital is reproduced in such a fashion that we see France working her own doom in the New World. The conflict between Huron and Iroquois occasionally is heard, but the dominant note is the division in France itself which was to end in the capture by England of the colonies in North America. The book “*Marcelle*,” as an historical romance of Canada, is fittingly inscribed to M. Benjamin Sulté, C.M.G.

A story of Old Newfoundland is told by Mr. Theodore Roberts in “*Brothers of Peril*.”\* The sense of the picturesque, the quick eye for colour and the love of forest and sea that make this writer’s

\**Marcelle*, by Hampden Burnham. Toronto: William Briggs.

\**Brothers of Peril*, by Theodore Roberts. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated.



REV. R. G. MACBETH, M.A.  
Author of "The Making of the Canadian West"

verse so exquisitely alluring, are felt in this tale of the Beothics' island. The romance follows conventional lines, a blonde English hero and a dark French villain being rivals for the favour of Beatrice Westleigh. It is surprising to find in the preface such crudities as "hustled" and "to resurrect," while Master Bernard Kingswell, who lived and loved three centuries ago, could hardly have been guilty of such an exclamation as—"We can't *enthuse* on empty stomachs." Such poetry as "A Vagrant's Epitaph" probably represents Mr. Roberts' finest work.

"For a Free Conscience,"\* by L. C. Wood, is a pleasing story of Quaker life in Seventeenth Century England. The days of persecution and oppression are not too gloomily dwelt upon, and the quaint fashions and stately manners of the time of William Penn form an attractive setting for a story of trial and devotion.

"The Game,"† by Jack London, is practically a description of a prize fight, and is written with the vigour and verve which made "The Sea Wolf" a novel of remarkable type. The plot of "The Game" is episodic and the style is the sporting column at its best. Mr. Lon-

\*For a Free Conscience, by L. C. Wood. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

†The Game, by Jack London. Toronto: Morang and Co. Illustrated. \$1.50.

don has yet to learn, however, that brute force is not the sum of manliness. The illustrations are spirited and clean in execution.

A new book entitled "Sandy,"\* by Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, is hardly as buoyant and amusing as the author's first work of fiction, the widely-read "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." The hero of the present volume is a happy-go-lucky Irish boy, who lands in New York with a purse as light as his heart. He is really Mrs. Wiggs "done over," and the bubbling optimism of that good lady comes convincingly from the lips of an Irish lad. It is a bright little story with the "human" interest strongly developed, and a certain obvious humour which the public appreciates. But the British reader will be either amused or irritated by a play to the literary gallery of the States in the incident of the first chapter, where the *America* wins such a decisive victory over her rival, the *Great Britain*. The intention to appeal to the "tail-twisters" of the Republic is so evident that it can hardly be regarded as anything but a cheap device, quite unworthy of a dignified writer. We are quite accustomed to the American heroine who is surpassingly beautiful, charming and possessed of many millions, but that the "Americanism" of the small hero should be thrust upon the reader of "Sandy" in the first chapter is somewhat fatiguing.

"The Heart of the World,"† by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, a story of Christian socialism, is poor stuff from a literary standpoint, as the writer's style is crude and amateurish to a painful degree. Mr. Sheldon's sentiments regarding Christian socialism are somewhat fanatical, as we should expect from his remarkable journalistic experiments. But he means well, and, although he will probably never learn to write, his books will be classed with the "edifying." The reader in search of literary bread will be saddened by such a stone as "the Rev. Fredrick Stanton . . . was handsome, intellectual and lovable. There was no reason why the

\*"Sandy," by Alice Hegan Rice. Toronto: William Briggs.

†"The Heart of the World," by Charles M. Sheldon. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.

brilliant preacher . . . did not marry one of the fair and rich members of his splendidly dressed congregation."

Those who enjoyed "Calmire" will probably be tempted to read "Sturmsee,"\* a companion volume to that unusual book. The sub-title of "Calmire" was "Man and Nature." The sub-title of the present publication is "Man and Man," and the book is practically a treatise on sociology, endeavouring "to attract the non-philosophical reader by a coating of fiction." That the author of "Sturmsee" is a profound thinker on subjects associated with the Philosophy of Evolution, especially as it regards "the whole duty of man," is impressed upon the reader; but that he can write a well-constructed work of fiction is doubtful. In plot and characterisation, the book is not to be admired; but as a disquisition on social progress and single tax, it is eminently worthy of serious consideration.

A novel of Washington life, "Mrs. Darrell,"† by Foxcroft Davis, appeared in a United States magazine some months ago as "Clavering and his Daughter." The reader is introduced to a charming old Southern general, his daughter Elizabeth and two British officers who straightway become Elizabeth's lovers. Clavering, a corrupt politician of extremely modern type, is a clever study, and his daughter Anne is a delightful and spirited woman. However, old Sara Luttrell who despises the new rich families and makes the social upstart extremely uncomfortable is the most piquant *grande dame* who has appeared in modern light fiction. The book is both readable and refreshingly sane and wholesome in its depiction of the social life of the American capital.

Lady Kitty Ashe was a rather trying young person, and she has a mate in Kitty Dereham, the heroine of Elizabeth Robins' latest book, "A Dark Lantern."‡

\*Sturmsee, by the author of "Calmire." Toronto: Morang & Co. Cloth, 682 pp., \$1.50.

†Mrs. Darrell, by Foxcroft Davis. Toronto: Morang and Co. Illustrated. \$1.50.

‡A Dark Lantern, by Elizabeth Robins. Toronto: Morang and Co. \$1.50.



LAC SOUCI

"The Voyageur," by W. H. Drummond, M.D.  
New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.  
Toronto: William Briggs

That the literary qualities of the novel are of a high order, the reader of "The Open Question" and "The Magnetic North" can readily believe. But the novel is unsavoury and nasty, belonging to the class which Mr. W. A. Fraser has recently characterised, "sin clothed in the apparel of desire," while there is not even "a pinch of weak denunciation." Kitty Dereham, described as a refined and delicate English woman, after recovering from an infatuation for a stupid Teutonic prince, begs, and not in vain, for her own degradation from Garth Vincent, a London doctor, who is the most hopeless cad ever depicted by a woman novelist. The book would be dangerous and repulsive to many people; but the mature reader with a sense of humour is moved to mirth by the impossible Vincent, who is more funny than fascinating. He bullies his patients, thrashes his dogs unmercifully, snubs the foolish creature who adores him, and concludes the "strange, eventful history" by smashing a door to pieces and "coming in, head lowered like a bull, red-eyed, maddened." He is truly an apostle of the strenuous life, but like Lady Clara Vere de Vere, he is not "one to be desired."

## NOTES

Boards of Trade publications may be attractive or the opposite. "Toronto," by the Board of Trade of that city, is a handsome, well-illustrated booklet; that from Lacombe, Alberta, is equally so, though less pretentious.

In "The Balanced Life," by Clarence Lathbury, we find an optimistic and philosophic discussion of those principles of symmetrical development which make life what the final quotation from Whitman declares it, "Joy! joy! all over joy!" The book is thoroughly sane and wholesome in its outlook, and worthy of a place beside the writings of Pastor Wagner. (Philadelphia: The Nunc Licet Press.)

Mr. Morang proposes to issue a series of low-priced collections of literary selections. These will be thirteen in number, and will be known as "Morang's Literature Series." No. 3, which is just ready, is "Poems of The Love of Country," selected and edited by J. E. Wetherell, B.A., principal of the Collegiate Institute, Strathroy. It contains the patriotic poems of England by Shakespeare, Thomson, Cowper, Campbell, Moore, Kipling and others; the patriotic poems of Canada by Sangster, McGee, Reade, Roberts, Campbell, Scott, Howe, Drummond and others; similar poems of the United States by Longfellow, Hopkinson and others; and the national hymns of the various nations. Although primarily intended for educational purposes, the volume is of interest to the general reader. The only notable omission is "The Men of the Northern Zone," by Robert Kernigan.

"The King's Scapegoat," by Hamilton Drummond, is a Weymanesque novel dealing with life in Paris in the time of Louis XI. It's a lively tale with plenty of throat-slitting and other dreadful happenings. It has redeeming features just as "The Prisoner of Zenda" had, but it certainly has not the cleverness of "A Gentleman of France"—nor the merit of breaking fresh ground in fiction. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

"How To Know Wild Fruits," by Maude Gridley Peterson, is a useful and attractive publication, arranged most

clearly and illustrated with taste and accuracy. (Toronto: Morang and Co.)

"The Newfoundland Guide Book, 1905," is a complete and picturesque publication, including such contributors as Dr. Grenfell, Sir William Macgregor and Sir Bryan Leighton. Published by Bradbury, Agnew and Co., London, E.C.

"The Ethics of Imperialism," by Albert R. Carman, author of "The Pensionnaires," will be issued shortly by Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston.

The June number of the *Monthly Review* contains an article, "An Emigration Experiment," which ought to be of interest to Canadian readers. "Idealism in Protection" has also colonial significance. Among the literary articles, that on "Lady Caroline Lamb" and "Quaint Memories" are noteworthy, while Sir Frank T. Marzial's sonnet "Psyche," is an exquisite interpretation of Watts' picture. (Toronto: Morang and Co.)

The "Annotated Time-Table," issued by the Grand Trunk Railway, is as complete in information, and as exquisite in coloured illustration, as any other publication of its class. It is, indeed, a timetable *de luxe*, but the reader finds it difficult to leave the contemplation of the "pretty vista" in the Temagami district and the foaming beauty of the Lachine Rapids for sober facts concerning the Grand Trunk Railway system, as set forth for the benefit of the delegates to the International Railway Congress. In every detail the little volume is a credit to the artistic enterprise of the authorities of the great Canadian line.

In Mr. Crockett's new book, to be published shortly by the Copp, Clark Company, the Scottish novelist returns to "Grey Galloway" and finds in the history of that county a heroine, "Maid Margaret," who is said to be as fair of face and as impulsive of speech as any of her predecessors—although it will be difficult to find another Winsome Charteris. A portrait of the charming heroine appears on the cover, and is the work of Mr. Seymour Lucas, R.A.



# Idle Moments.

## TO A BONNET

Ah, Grandmother's coal-scuttle bonnet,  
You carry our memories back;  
You held in your depths what was proper,  
For coals are but diamonds black.

And whether her bright eyes were glowing,  
Or blazing in glorious strife,  
One spark from those coals was sufficient  
To warm a man's heart for his life.

Then sometimes they strangely ignited,  
You heard a faint sibilant sound;  
A flame, as was natural, surely  
Inside of the scuttle was found.

And when for coals Grandfather hunted,  
No doubt he was wondering oft  
If anthracite hard he would find them,  
Or whether bituminous soft.

—McLanburgh Wilson.

## ALL RIGHT

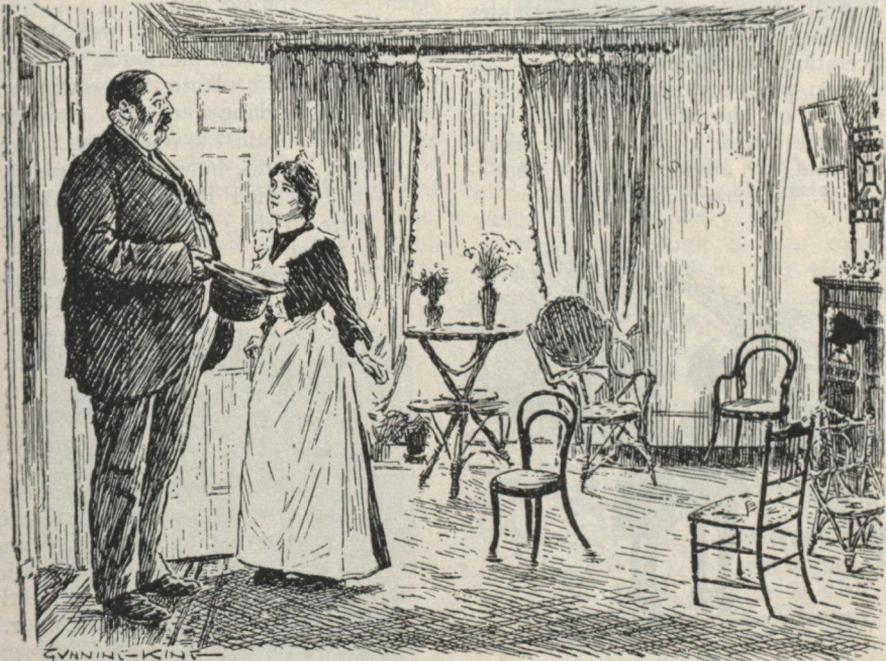
"It's a beautiful world!" exclaimed the caddie, enthusiastically.

"Yes," said Mr. Rockefeller, looking appreciatively about. "I don't know that I ever owned a better one."—*Life*.

## HOW TO BE HAPPY IN PRISON

A defendant in a case now before one of the metropolitan police courts has received the following letter:

"Dear Sir.—In case you are convicted and sentenced to imprisonment, you will be all the better off for entering upon your sentence knowing the ins and outs of prison treatment and discipline—know-



Farmer Twentystone, from Mudshire, visits his recently married niece at Lavender Villas, Brixton.

HOUSEMAID—"Will you sit down, if you please, Sir?"—*Punch*



## LOCAL NEWS FROM BILLVILLE

"Mr. Percy De Long, the popular drug drummer from New York, is in our midst."—C. A. David in *Baltimore American*.

ing what you have to expect, and what is expected of you.

"As I am dead broke, I will give you half a day for the purpose of explaining these matters to you in return for some of your cast-off clothes, boots, etc., and, if necessary, railway fare paid in advance.

"I shall give you one or two wrinkles that will add to your comfort during your incarceration. One tip, by means of which you will be able to obtain an improvement on the official dietary, you will, in due course, consider to be alone worth what my advice will cost you.—Yours, M."—*Overseas Daily Mail*.



## QUITE DIFFERENT

CISSY—"I thought you said you wasn't 'fraid o' spooks?"  
BILLY—"T-that was in the d-daytime."

—T. R. S. Haven in *Judge*

## BILL NYE'S COW

Bill Nye, the humorist, once had a cow to sell, and advertised her as follows: "Owing to ill-health I will sell at my residence, one plush raspberry cow aged 8 years. She is of undoubted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a chain, but she will be sold to any one who will treat her right. She is  $\frac{1}{4}$  shorthorn and  $\frac{3}{4}$  hyena. I will also throw in a double-barrel shotgun, which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall, red calf with wabby legs. Her name is Rose.

I would rather sell her to a non-resident."

## SUCCESSFUL PRACTITIONER

Dr. Osler told this story to a friend while in Ottawa recently:

"An old darkey quack, well known in a certain section of the South, was passing the house of a planter whose wife was reported to be dangerously ill. Stopping at the gate he called to one of the hands:

"I say, Rastus, how's the mussus?"

"Well," replied Rastus, 'the doctah done say dis mawning dat she convalescent.'

"Humph! Dat ain't nothing," said the old quack, with an air of superior wisdom. 'Why, I've done cured convalescence in twenty-foah hours.'"

## CUI BONO?

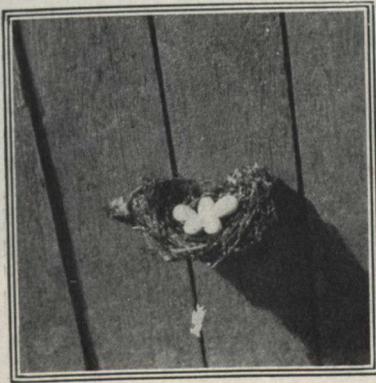
Up in Boston the other day a young lawyer who spends most of his time trying to seem busy and prosperous went out for a while, leaving on his door a card neatly marked, "Will be back in an hour." On his return he found that some envious rival had inscribed underneath "What for?"—*New York Tribune*.

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



## CURIOUS BIRD ARCHITECTURE

ONE of the most interesting examples of bird architecture is the nest of the common chimney swallow or chimney swift. The chief reason why these nests are not better known and more admired is that, being built on the inside walls of unused chimneys, it is only rarely that an opportunity presents itself for seeing them. The nest is composed of small pieces of dry twig glued together by the saliva of the bird, and forming a sort of platform, which in turn is glued firmly on to the wall. Of late years the swifts are apparently beginning to change the location of their nests, as they are reported as being found sometimes on the inside walls of boat-houses and other buildings. A year or two ago in an unused grain warehouse near Ridgetown I found scores of these nests fastened to the walls of the empty grain bins. The old birds were so tame that in many cases I was able to approach the nest and put my hand on the mother bird without difficulty.



A CHIMNEY SWALLOW'S NEST

As the chimneys in which the swifts generally nest are dark, the old birds, when returning with food, are guided to



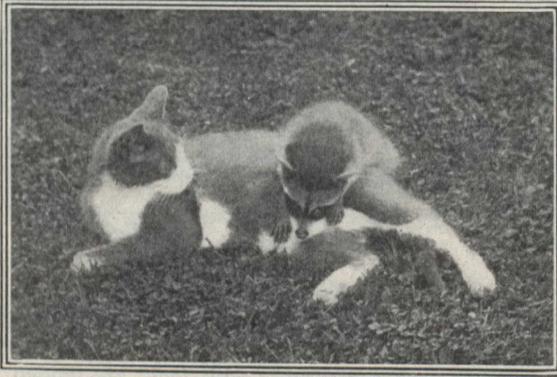
A YOUNG RACCOON DRINKING FROM A BABY'S BOTTLE

the nests by the clatter which the young birds set up on hearing the flutter of their wings in the chimney; and in the old warehouse, although it was comparatively light, I noticed that the young swifts, from the moment when they emerged from the shell, were still governed by the instincts of their species in this respect, for from time to time they set up a shrill clatter which echoed from one end of the building to the other.



## A STRANGE FOSTER-MOTHER

TWO years ago a raccoon hunter in Ridgetown found a young raccoon, a few days old, at the foot of a tree out of which it had evidently fallen. He took it home and gave it to the cat, who had lately been deprived of her kittens, to rear. The cat was at first suspicious of the strange "kitten" but finally adopt-



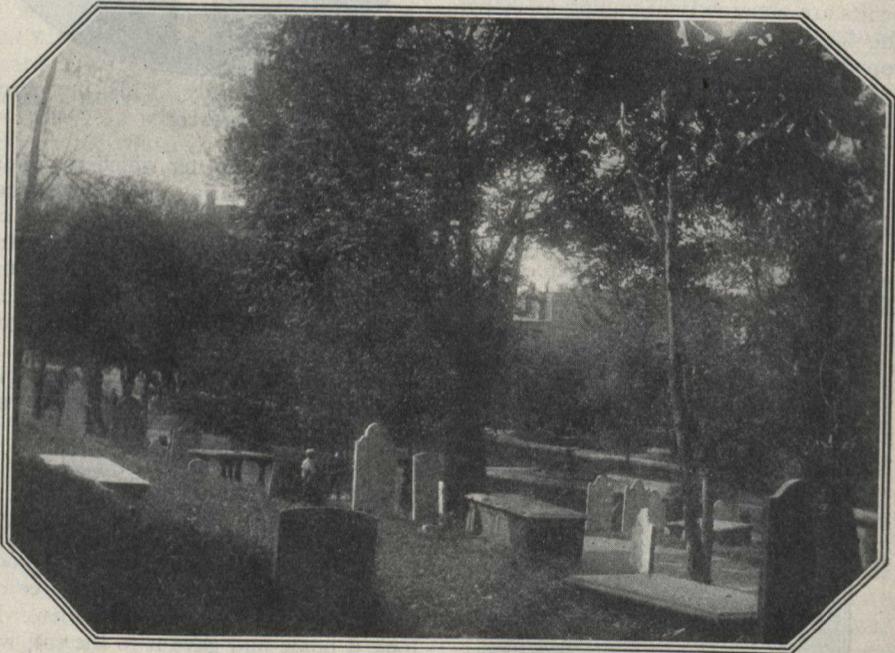
CAT AND YOUNG RACCOON

ed it and reared it as her own. Besides this, the raccoon took readily to the baby's bottle, and grew and thrived in its new surroundings. Needless to say, it became exceedingly tame, made friends with the dog, and was the delight of the

children in the neighbourhood who supplied it with a never-failing supply of apples, candy, nuts and all other good things.

Last year another young raccoon was captured, and was brought up under similar conditions, with the same cat as foster-mother. A farmer to whom I related this incident informed me that he had once given a cat a family of young foxes to rear. For some time everything went well, but one day when the foxes had developed consider-

ably, the cat, for no apparent reason, suddenly disowned them, and would not even permit them to remain in her presence without showing the usual signs of hostility generally reserved for dogs and other hereditary enemies.



THE LOYALIST BURYING GROUND AT ST. JOHN, N.B.

The condition of this plot, the use of which dates back to 1874, is a disgrace to a beautiful city and to its intelligent and patriotic inhabitants. Children picnic on tombstones a century old, and their parents wonder why this is an age of irreverence

# CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —  
Business Men.

## TIMBER VS. NATIONAL DEBT.

MR. E. E. STEWART, Superintendent of Forestry at Ottawa, claims that the National debt of Canada might with careful management be paid off from the sale of the timber on Dominion Crown Lands. These lands are quite distinct from the areas controlled by the Provinces. He says:

"It will be seen from the census of 1901, that an estimate is made of the area of forests and woodlands for each of the Provinces and also for the Territories. That of Manitoba and the Territories is placed at 722,578 square miles. Add to this 20,000 square miles of Dominion territory in the railway belt in British Columbia, and we have 742,578 square miles as the total on Dominion lands. Probably about one-fifth of this contains merchantable timber, or say 150,000 square miles, or 96,000,000 acres. After thus reducing the area, and remembering that in addition to the timber suitable for lumber, a large part of it is covered with spruce valuable for pulpwood, it can scarcely be considered an extravagant estimate to place the merchantable timber, including pulpwood, at 2,000 feet board measure per acre, or in all 192,000,000,000 feet. We have thus arrived at a very rough approximation of the quantity of timber now fit for use on the lands owned and controlled by the Dominion.

"At the lowest, the value of such timber standing in the tree may be put at \$1 per thousand feet board measure, that would amount to \$192,000,000. This represents only what might be collected by the Government as a royalty, and forms but a small part of its value to the country as a whole. Much of the timber is growing on land unsuitable for agriculture, but where water power is abundant, and with the power thus at hand this country should be without a rival in the manufacture of all articles in which timber forms the chief ingredient.

"It may be said that a very large percentage of this timber is not at present available, and that consequently its value is overestimated, but when we consider the great appreciation in the value of timber limits within the last ten or twenty years, and the scarcity of the world's supply for the future, it is almost certain that the enhanced value that will be

obtained in the future for what is now inaccessible will more than pay compound interest on the present estimated value.

"The above estimate takes no account of the younger growth. In considering the potentialities of our forest areas, their capability of affording a continuous crop should be kept clearly in view. Even under the discouraging conditions prevailing in our lumber regions after logging operations have ceased, it will be found in most cases that another crop, either of the original or other varieties, is fast springing up, and in my calculation of the value of a timbered territory, which is to remain permanently in forest, this growing crop should be taken into account,

"Without going too minutely into this phase of the subject, I am of the opinion that if we confine our cutting of saw logs to all trees above twelve inches at the butt and pulpwood to say seven inches, the annual increment of growth fit for use will be not less than 140 feet board measure to the acre, or an annual growth increment equalling 13,440,000,000 feet, which at the above rate of \$1 per thousand stumpage, would give a perpetual annual return equal to \$13,440,000."



## AN IMPERIAL ZEMSKI SOBOR.

### SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK'S SCHEME.

THE organ of the Royal Colonial Institute for May publishes the valuable paper read by Sir Frederick Pollock on Imperial Organisation. The gist of it was to recommend the constitution of a kind of Imperial Zemski Sobor for the British Empire, the outcome of more than three years' consideration and of active discussion extending over about a year and a half, in which about fifty persons, well acquainted with the conduct of public affairs—Parliamentary, departmental, and executive—took part:

"We had to look for some plan which would avoid elaborate legislation and formal change in the constitution. We must, it seemed, be content with a council of advice which would have only what was called 'persuasive' authority. A permanent secretary's office was re-

quired, and it must not be dependent on any existing department, but immediately under the President of the Imperial Council or Committee. They suggested a standing Imperial Commission to serve as a general intelligence department for matters outside the technical function of the Admiralty, the War Office, and the Committee of Imperial Defence. Such a Committee, which might be called the Imperial Committee, would be marked from the outset as being a dignified and important body not attached to any particular department, but concerned with the affairs of the Empire as a whole. Its province would be questions involving matters of Imperial interest not confined to one colony or dependency, and not capable of being disposed of by the action of the Colonial Office or any other single department of state. For dealing with such questions by way of information and advice a revival of the ancient functions of the King's Council in a form appropriate to modern requirements appeared preferable to any violent innovation. It must be clearly understood that no proposal was now made either to bind any Colonial Government beforehand to the acceptance of any decision which it had not specially approved or to interfere with the power and duty of the King's Ministers here to take prompt and decisive action, at need, on their own responsibility. As to the constitution of the Imperial Committee, the nucleus of it existed already in the Conference of Premiers which met in 1902, and was expected to meet again next year. The Premiers of the Dominion, of the Commonwealth, and of New Zealand were already Privy Councillors, and no good reason appeared why their successors the future Premiers of a confederated South Africa should not have the same rank as a matter of course. The Colonial Secretary would be a necessary member, and all the heads of the great departments would also be members of the Committee, though they would not all be summoned to every meeting. As in the case of the Judicial Committee, the selection of the persons to be convened out of the whole number would depend upon the nature of the business on each occasion. The President of the Imperial Committee would naturally be the Prime Minister, or some prominent member of the Government acting for the whole. How was the Committee to exist to any practical purpose when the Premiers were not here? In the first place, every member of an Imperial Committee would be entitled to communicate directly with the Prime Minister, as well as with his colleagues, and much useful communication could take place by letter or cable without any formal meeting at all.

"As to the second part of the scheme, an Imperial Secretariat and Intelligence Department, it was evident that if an Imperial Committee was to have a continuous existence, and the means of profiting by its own experience, it must have some one to keep its records. These records would be confidential for the

most part, and for this reason alone the secretary must be a person of considerable standing and well acquainted with public business. Under the ultimate direction of the Imperial Committee, it would be the secretary's province to organise inquiry and receive and arrange information for its use. The permanent secretary would, perhaps, not find himself so idle as might be thought at first sight, even if he confined himself to salving and digesting useful knowledge out of overlooked and forgotten publications. The best living information ought to be at the service of the Imperial Committee through its secretariat; and this could be most effectively done, without ostentation and with very little expense, by the constitution of a permanent Imperial Commission whose members would represent all branches of knowledge and research, outside the art of war, most likely to be profitable in Imperial affairs. The honorary title of Imperial Commissioner would be conferred on those selected persons on the recommendation of the Prime Minister. When the Commission was once in existence it might be well for it to hold occasional meetings to make its existence visible, and those meetings might usefully recommend other qualified persons. Every Imperial Commissioner would have access to the secretariat, and would be able to impart any special knowledge of his own, with the assurance that it was in safe hands and would not be neglected. He conceived that the business of an Imperial Commission would in ordinary course be mostly done by expert committees dealing with special subjects."

In conclusion Sir Frederick Pollock mentioned various examples of work upon which the Committee might at once be engaged, viz.: the question of a single final Court of Appeal for the Empire, copyright law, and "inter-State" commerce.



#### CANADA'S ECONOMIC INTERESTS

ALREADY Canada has economic interests in almost every part of the New World outside of the United States. The Montreal correspondent of the *Times* points out that "Canada is evidently a splendid training-school for financiers," and proceeds to show how the statesman-capitalist of the Dominion has extended his operations through the New World, which he hopes to conquer economically. Sir William Van Horne, with his Cuban railway project, was the pioneer in this field, and we could name a dozen Canadian generals of industry who have followed his example.—*The Outlook* (London).



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PEARLINE cleanses through  
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—WITHOUT RUBBING.

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*Dr. Walter H. Moorhouse, Dean Med. Faculty  
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physician can confidently recommend a  
certain brand, as one which possesses in  
so eminent a degree as your

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has, all the bracing tonic effects of good  
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# A FEW TIMELY HINTS

## ABOUT THE SUPERIORITY OF PURE GELATINE OVER MIXED OR FLAVORED GELATINE

BY CHARLES B. KNOX

I WAS the originator of the "sweet" package of Gelatine. I called it Knox's Crystallized Fruit Gelatine. I made it just as good as I knew how, but I found out, after six months, that I could not guarantee this package, so I stopped making it.

I had it in four flavors—Raspberry, Strawberry, Orange and Lemon. To these I added coloring, citric acid and sugar, so that all a housekeeper had to do was to dissolve it in one pint of boiling water and set it away to cool. It seemed as if it ought to be a good thing, but after the goods had been on the grocers' shelves for a time, a chemical action took place in the package, making these goods almost tasteless, and it was a case of taking that package back to the factory in order to keep the name of Knox's Gelatine good. Then I abandoned it, and made up my mind I would pay my strict attention to a pure Gelatine, for it seemed a shame for a woman to pay 10c for a pint of jelly against 12½c for two quarts. Or, in other words, she got a quart and a pint extra for 2½c, and added her own sugar and flavoring, and knew that she was putting in the best things of each kind.

Every housekeeper studies how to have a good but economical table. If you will figure that eight sweetened packages costing 80c. makes the same amount of jelly—and I am perfectly safe in saying not as good a jelly—as two packages of Knox's Gelatine that costs 25c, and 10c will buy the sugar and flavoring to put in Knox's Gelatine, there will be a saving to

the housekeeper of 45c, and this will allow you to have some nice dish extra. Can you afford to lose this 45c? But the main question is, can you afford to give your family a dessert in which you do not know every ingredient is pure?

### ICE CREAM

Ice cream is good at any time during the year, but especially good in the hot weather. Do you know that if you add one teaspoonful of Knox's Gelatine to your milk in making ice cream, that you use a smaller amount of cream and have the finest ice cream, and it will have the taste, appearance and consistency as if you had used all cream? I have eaten some mighty good ice cream in which there was not a bit of cream, but just the Gelatine added to the milk.

My booklet—"Dainty Desserts for Dainty People"—tells you how to do this, and I would like to send it to you for the name of your grocer. If he doesn't sell Knox's Gelatine, if you will send me 4c in stamps, I will send you a pint package for you to try the next time you make ice cream.

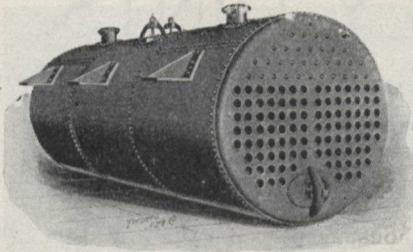


### Enter the 1905 Prize Contest

open to all. In 1904 I gave a Steinway Piano, a check for \$200, and a check for \$100.

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☐ With long experience, the best of shop facilities and trained workmen, we are in a position moreover to quote prices that make it doubly foolish to squander good money on Boilers built to sell only.

☐ Our Bulletin 112 gives a good deal of useful information about Boilers in general and our's in particular. We will gladly mail you a copy on request.

☐ We also build Vertical Tubular and Locomotive Type Boilers, as well as Steel Plate Work of every description.

☐ We contract for complete Steam Power Plants, including Engines.

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**IF  
I WERE  
A QUEEN**

I would eat gelatine,  
And I'd order it home  
by the car lot,  
By the Cross of St.  
George,

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

**"LADY CHARLOTTE"**

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is all salt. Every grain is  
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Wholesale Agents, **LYMAN BROS., Toronto**

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**CLOTH**

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Fabric  
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In Popular  
Shades of  
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We figure that every man who makes this test, means an average of three new customers—himself and at least two of his friends.

If you want a revolver that will not go off by accident, then get an

# IVER JOHNSON

**SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER**

**Bang it  
on a  
Table,  
Drop it,  
Kick it,  
Hammer  
it—**



**It Won't Go Off  
Unless You  
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Like all really great inventions, the **Iver Johnson Safety Principle** is very simple—the **safety lever** upon which the principle depends, is entirely inoperative **except when the trigger is pulled**—then it is raised and receives the revolver hammer's blow and transmits it to the firing pin. Simple, yet safe.

### Our Free Booklet, "Shots"

goes into every detail and explains why it is also accurate and reliable—gladly sent on request together with our handsome catalogue.

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# SAP-O-REN-O

(Reg. Trade Mark)

IT is claimed by medical men that carpets and rugs hold more disease germs than any other article in the home. The little children or baby creeping on the floor with its little face close to the carpet, breathing in all the impurities, is most dangerous, and the most unhealthy thing for a small child whose lungs are still in a weak condition. Fresh air is most essential, but a child cannot be out at all times. It is an acknowledged fact that it is an impossible thing for to remove dirt and germs from any fabric without the aid of some preparation that contains a certain amount of wash; why then should one imagine that dirt and germs can be removed from their carpets, rugs, etc., by a mere beating process. Beating will not remove grease and stains, nor will it kill the disease germs. Sap-o-ren-o has been a life-long study, and is manufactured by experts, and supervised and tested by a world-renowned chemist. Why should you still use the old method, when with Sap-o-ren-o you can do the work in one-half the time, and not only disinfect and remove the dirt, but restore your carpet to its original lustre, all in a few moments, for a few cents, and so easily to work that a six year old child can do it. Also a good cleaner for clothing.

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"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,  
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Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-  
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**ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER**

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**REMOVES** Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 56 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's

*Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations."* One bottle will last six months, using it every day.  
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After August 1st the monthly distribution of 2 per cent. per month payable in Dominion DeForest interest bearing shares will only be paid to shareholders of record of that date, but will be paid to them for a period of **2 Years**.

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Up to within the last ten days it was impossible for any new wireless company to put up a trans-atlantic station in Great Britain and Ireland. **The British Government** has just granted a license to the DeForest Company to build trans-atlantic stations, and sites are now being selected in Ireland and Scotland.

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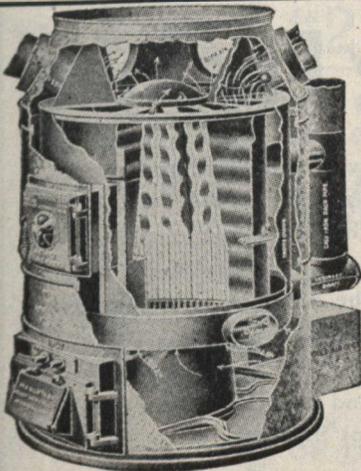
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A "MONEY-SAVER" IN MANITOBA

Elkhorn, Man., April 7th. 1904.

The James Smart Mfg. Co., Brockville, Ont

Gentlemen,—Yours of March 30th to hand regarding the Warm Air Generator in use in our church during the past cold winter. As to its particular features—

1. **Efficiency of warming.** I have no hesitation in saying it surpasses everything on the market.
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3. **Quality of warm air produced, Not dry,** like other furnaces, and burned, but always pure and free from gases.
4. **Freedom from escaping gas and dust.** We have not known the meaning of gas odor from our Generator thus far, and find it also absolutely free from dust.
5. **Non-radiating of heat in cellar.** The cellar has been perfectly cool when the hottest fires have been built.
6. **Coolness of smoke pipe.** This, above everything else, convinces one of the great perfection of the Generator and how all heat is forced up the registers.

To any person or Church Board needing a **money-saver**, so far as fuel and comfort are concerned, I heartily recommend the "**Kelsey**" Warm Air Generator above anything on the market.

Yours sincerely,

(REV.) R. A. SCARLETT, Pastor Methodist Church.

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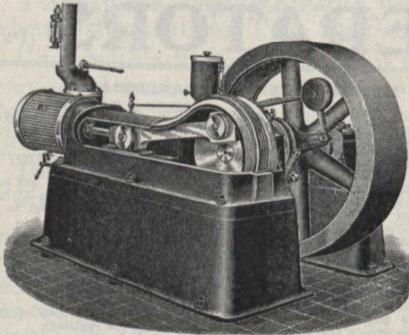
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# Robb-Armstrong Engines



are all fitted with automatic governors and run at regular speed, whether loaded or light.

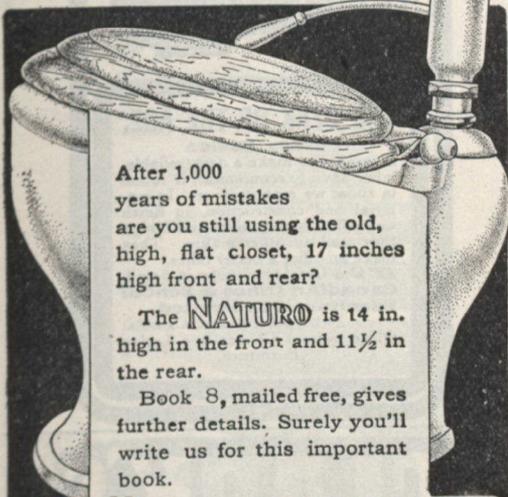
They use about 25 per cent. less steam than the best grade of engine with throttling governor.

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The **NATURO** is a Syphon Jet, also, the highest perfection in sanitary earthenware. But send for Book 8

The Naturo Co., Salem, N. J., U. S. A.



"IT'S JUST AS EASY"

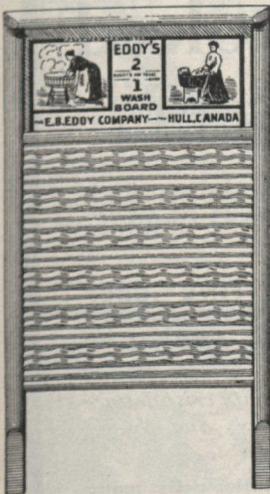
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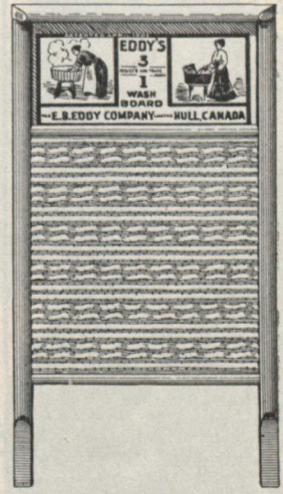
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They are scientifically constructed on a new basis. An examination of the crimping of the zinc will convince the most skeptical that in using these Washboards the **very best results** can be obtained with the **least possible labor**.

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Insure against the  
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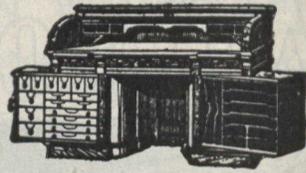
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A cool dainty dish  
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**JUST FINE BEEF  
SLICED AS THIN AS  
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*Serve with crisp lettuce  
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and butter.*

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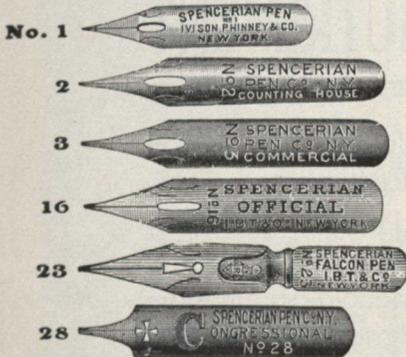
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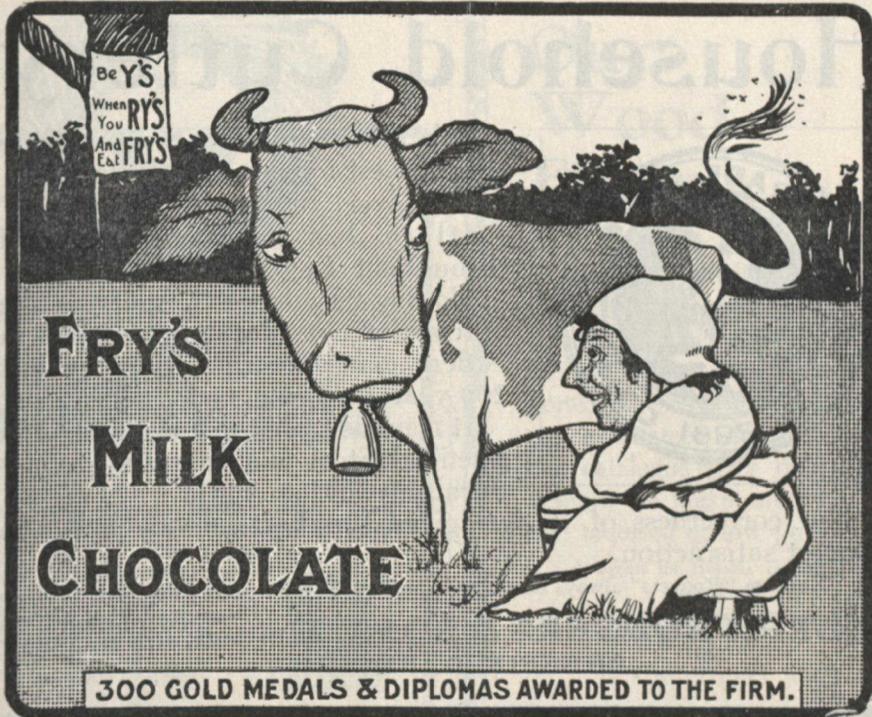
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## PERFECTION and SUPERIORITY

Nothing on earth is perfect; but The Hammond Typewriter comes as near perfection as a typewriter can be made.

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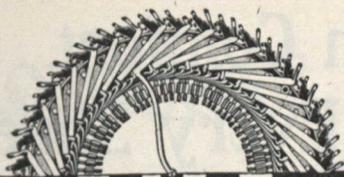
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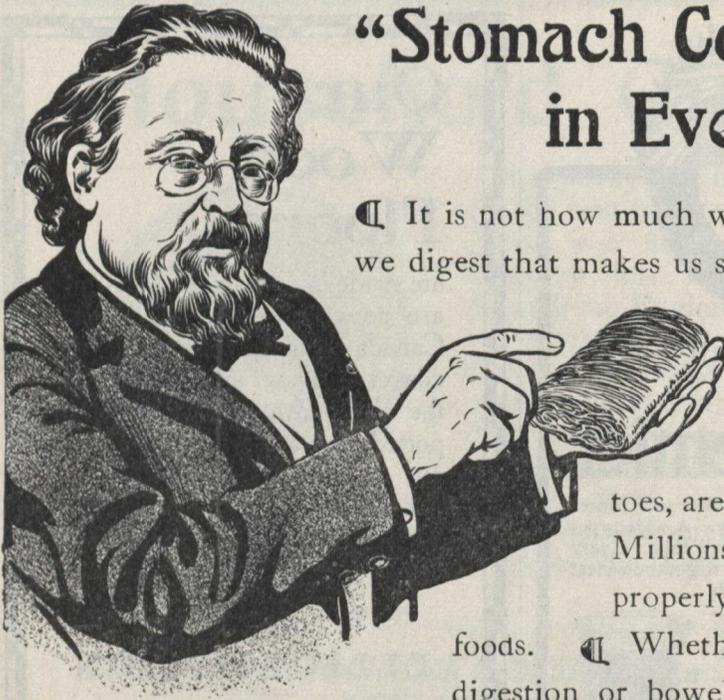
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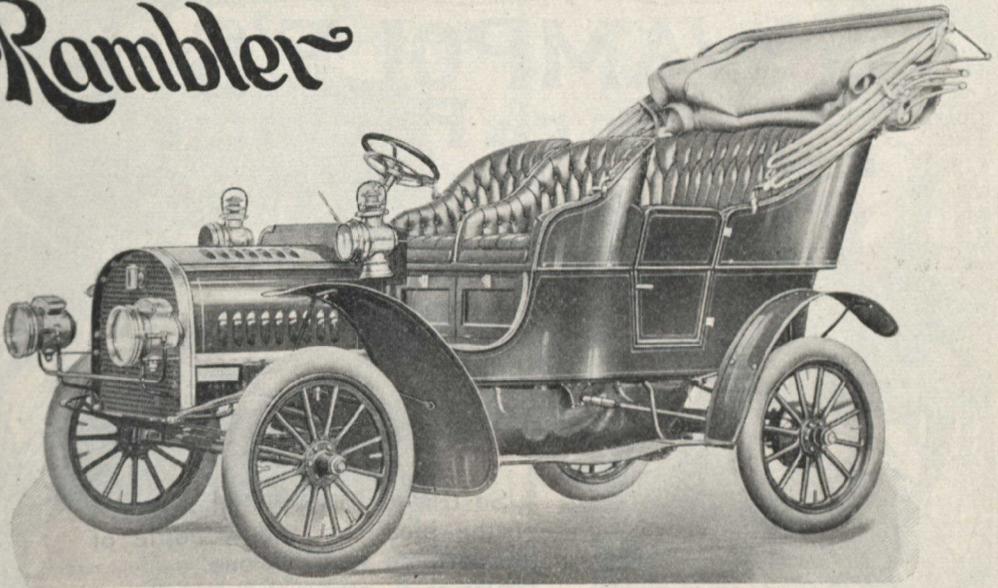
☐ It is made of the whole wheat, steam-cooked and drawn into fine porous shreds and baked. These delicate shreds are retained and assimilated when the stomach rejects all other foods. Thousands of persons—including many doctors—gratefully affirm this fact in letters to this Company.

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## The hand that steers also controls the power

The Rambler throttle is opened or closed by the fingers of the hand that rests on the steering wheel.

Every forward movement of the car, from top speed to a complete stop, can be regulated by this means alone.

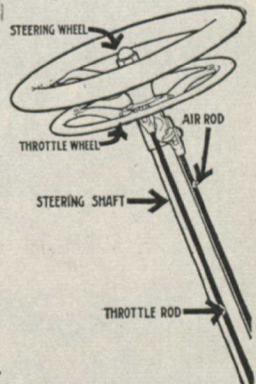
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of the blossoms and a bottle of  
the perfume seem as one.

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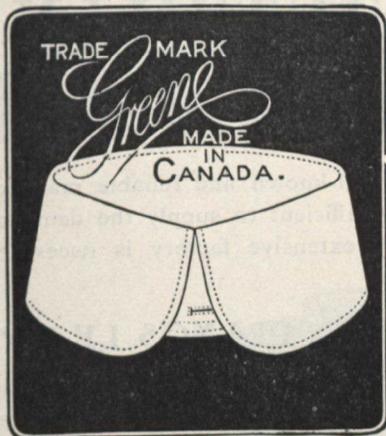
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is appetizing  
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BEST MEAT STEAKS CUTLETS  
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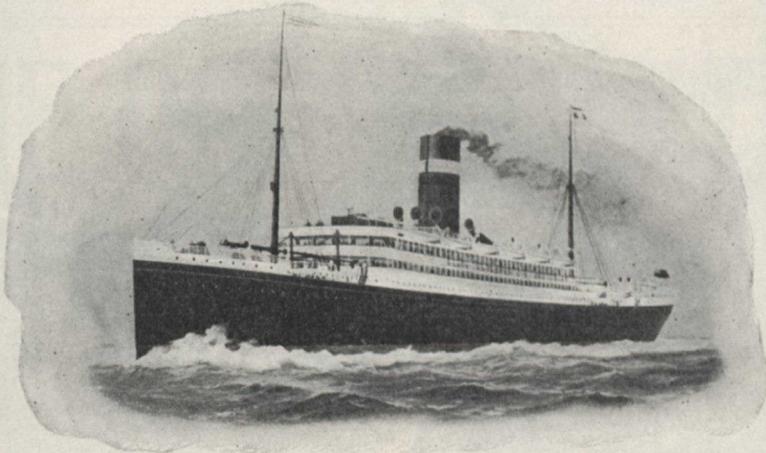
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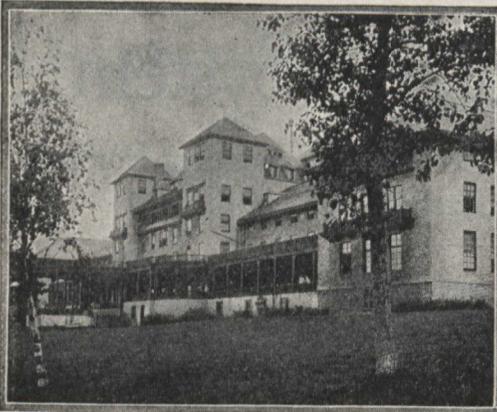
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"TORONTO" AND  
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The Niagara-Toronto Route Connecting  
**TORONTO, NIAGARA FALLS AND BUFFALO**  
 and all points South, East and West

	B	A	C	B	A	C	B
		A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lv. <b>TORONTO</b> .....		7.30	9.00	11.00	2.00	3.45	5.15
Ar. <b>NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE</b> .....		9.40	11.15	1.15	4.15	6.00	7.30
Ar. <b>QUEENSTON</b> .....		10.05	12.05 pm	2.00	4.45	6.45	8.15
Ar. <b>LEWISTON</b> .....		10.15	11.45	1.45	5.00	6.30	8.00
		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Lv. <b>LEWISTON</b> .....		7.55	10.30	12.15	2.00	6.00	7.45
Lv. <b>QUEENSTON</b> .....		7.35	10.05	12.00 n'n	1.45	5.30	7.30
Lv. <b>NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE</b> .....		8.15	11.00	12.45	2.25	6.20	8.10
Ar. <b>TORONTO</b> .....		10.30	1.15	3.00	4.45	8.30	10.30
		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.

Column **A**. In effect May 15th to October 14th, inclusive. (Sundays excepted).  
 Column **A, B**. In effect May 29th to September 23rd, inclusive. " "  
 Column **A, B, C**. In effect June 12th to September 9th, inclusive. " "  
**SEASON ENDS OCTOBER 14TH**

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At Lewiston, with New York Central and Hudson River Railroad and Great Gorge Route.  
 At Niagara-on-the-Lake, with Michigan Central Railroad.  
 At Queenston, with International Railroad Company.  
 At Toronto, from same wharf, with R. & O. Company's Steamers, Canadian Pacific Railway and Grand Trunk System.

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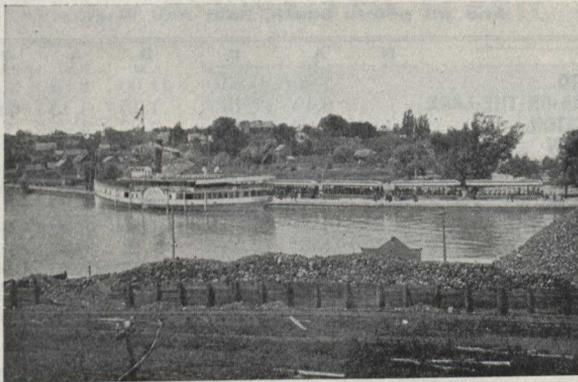
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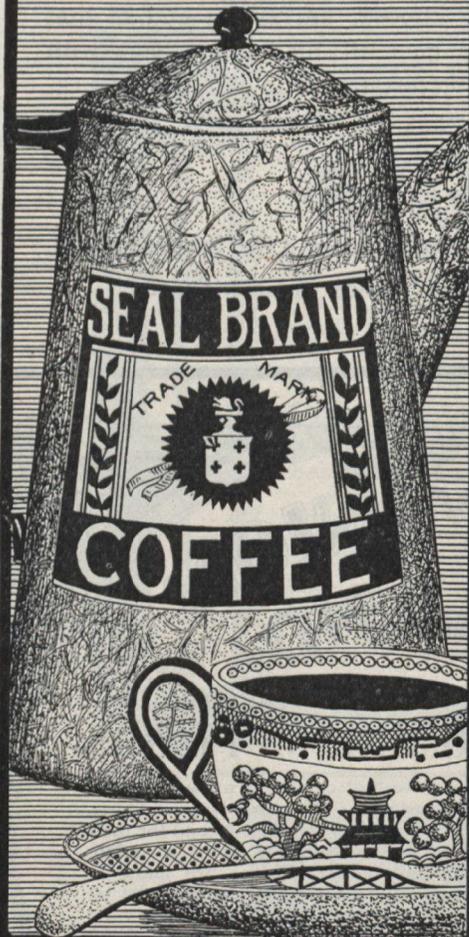
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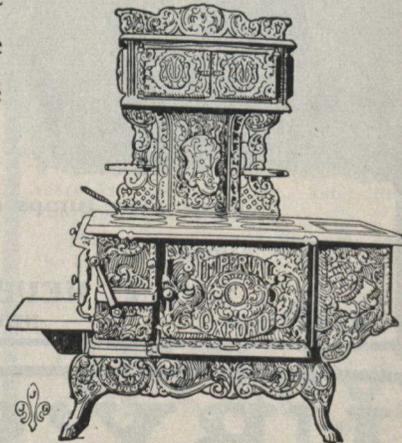
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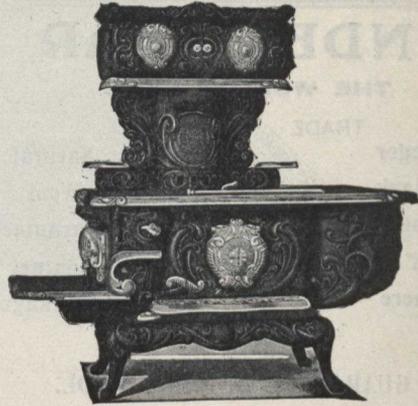
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