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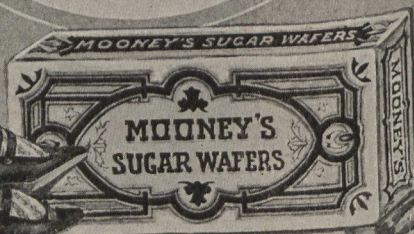


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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XXXIX. Contents, September, 1912

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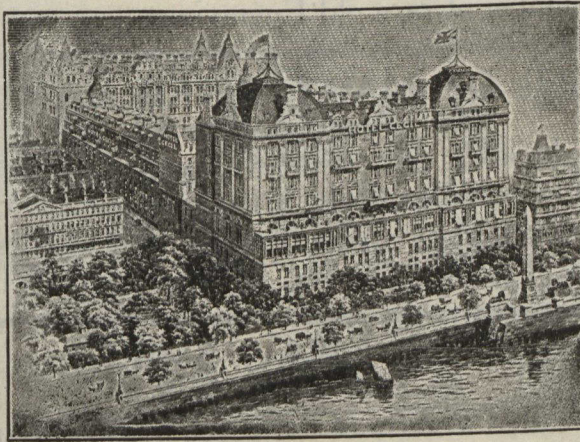
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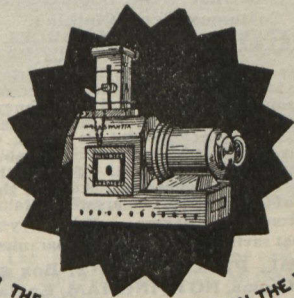
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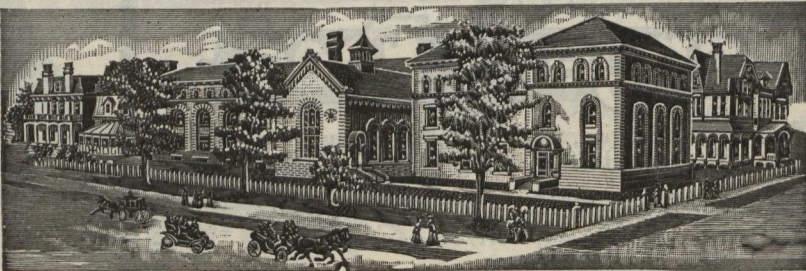
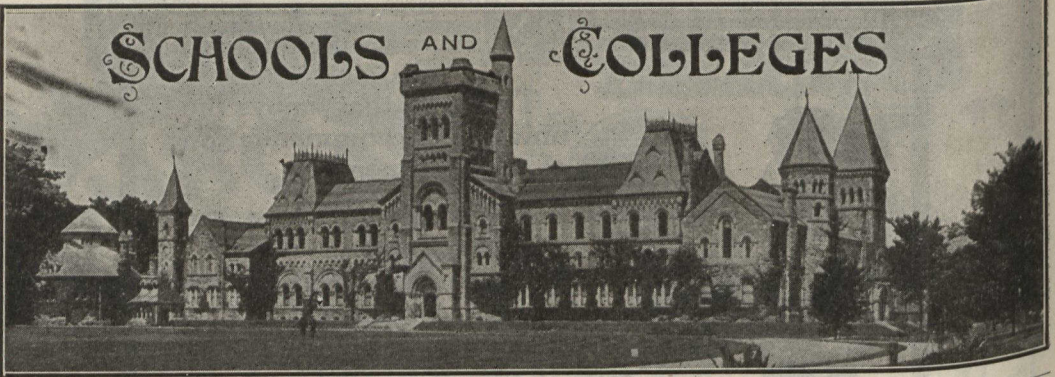
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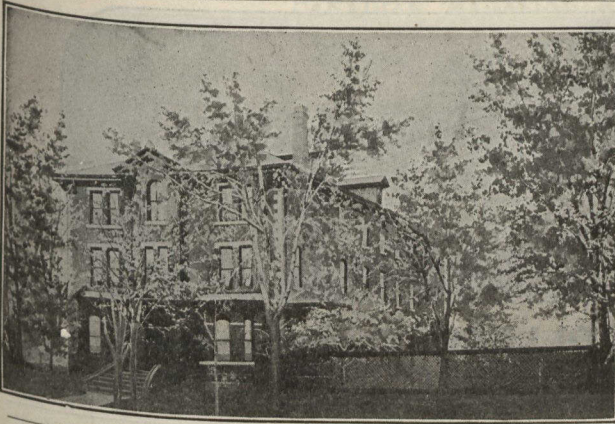
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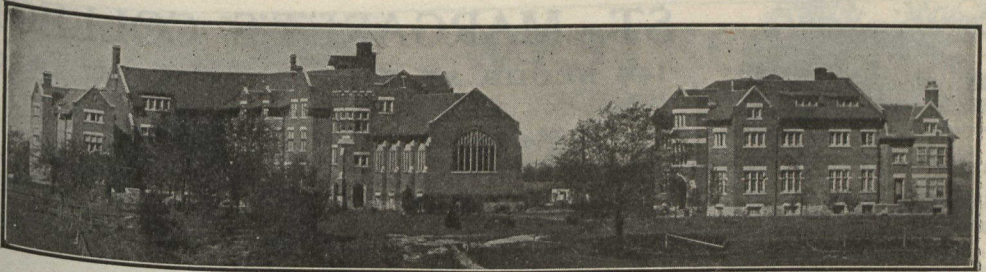
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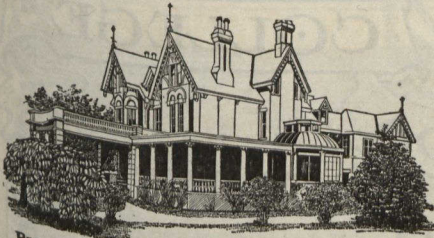
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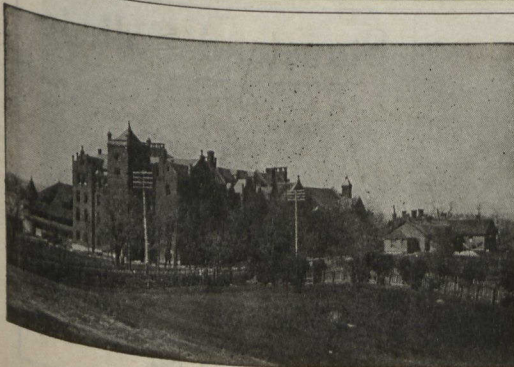
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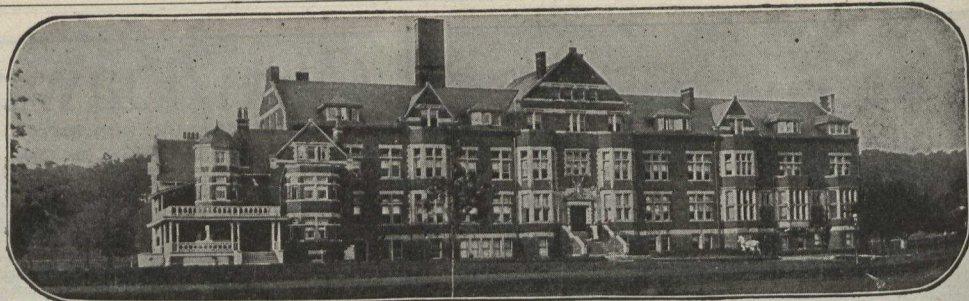
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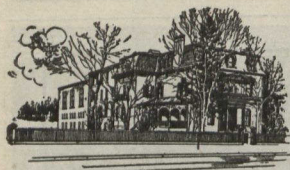
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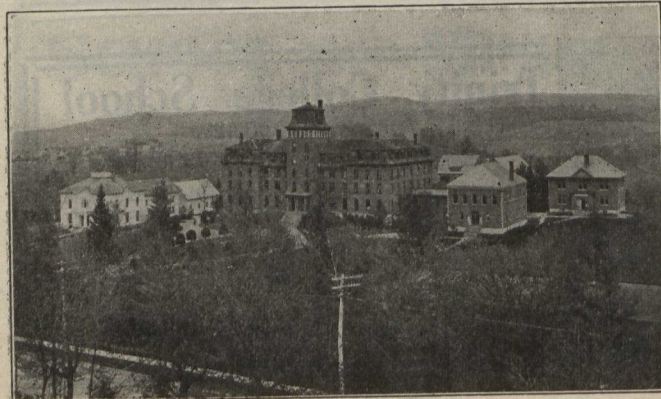
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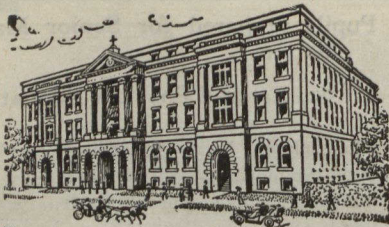
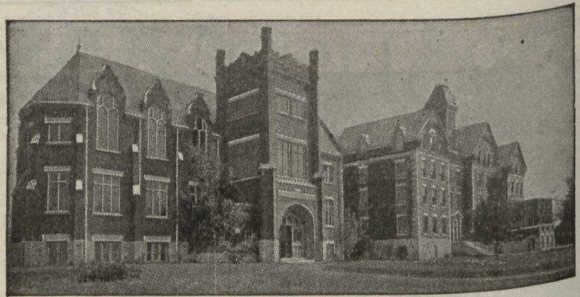
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LENNOXVILLE, P.Q.

Head Master: J. TYSON WILLIAMS, B.A., Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

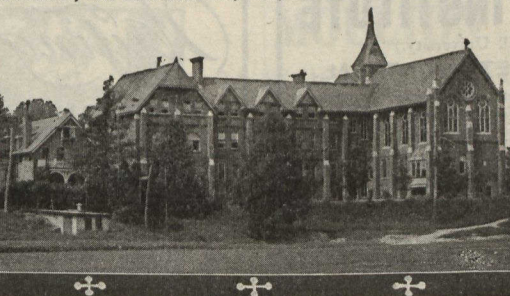
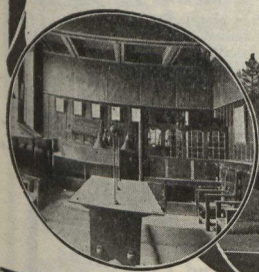
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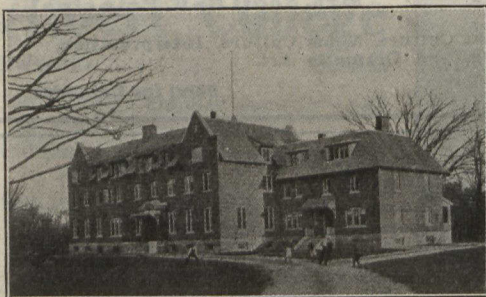
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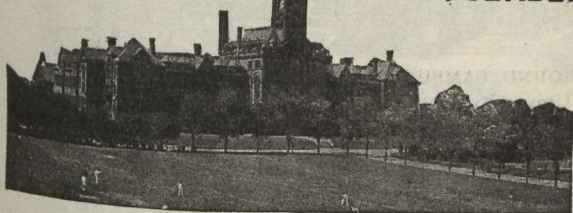
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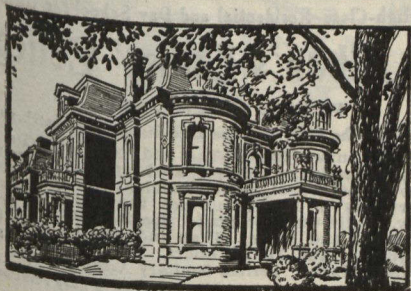
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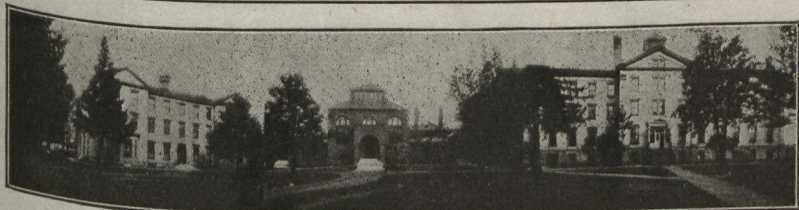
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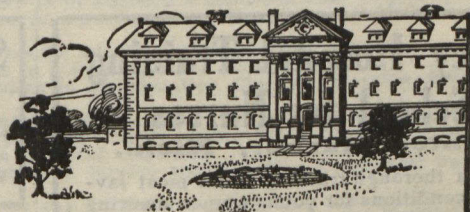
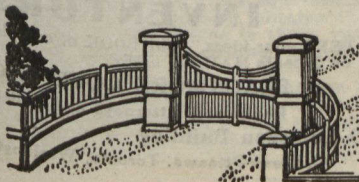
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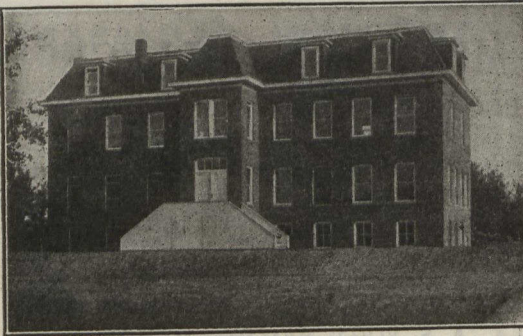
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Whilst the College is organised on a strictly military basis the Cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

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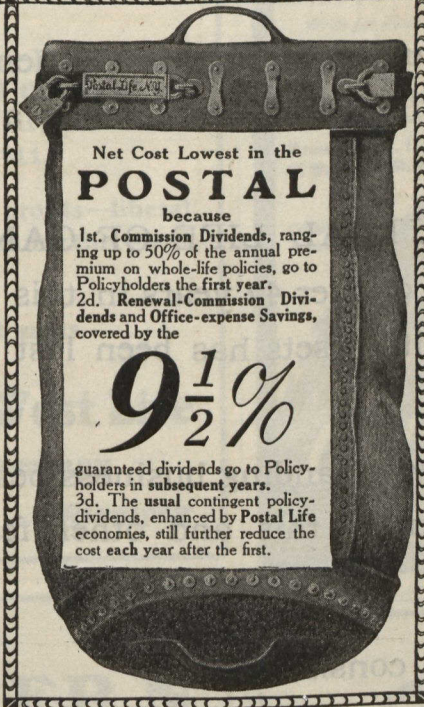
The welfare of the child is ever on the minds of most men and women—the thoughtful, unselfish ones.

This means not alone food and clothing, but *education*, for in these progressive days the young man or woman without a *good* education is handicapped, to say the least.

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It is another matter when high-school days are over and the next step—the *necessary* step—must be seminary or college.

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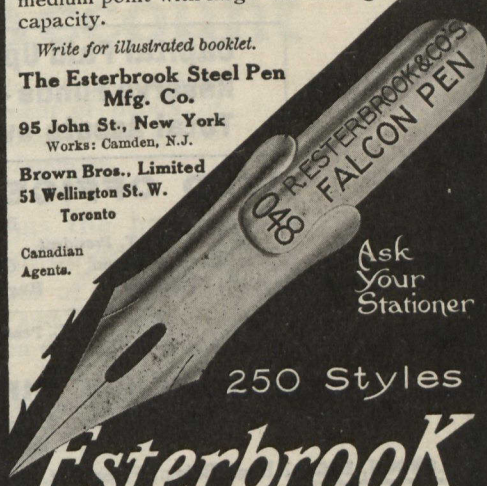
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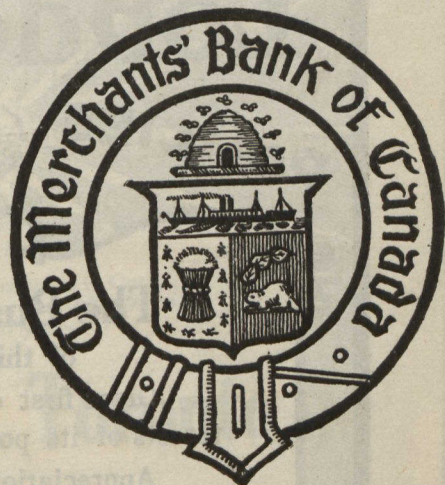
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Head Office:

TORONTO.

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Head Office: - Toronto

S. J. Moore, President.

W. D. Ross, General Manager

A General Banking Business Transacted.

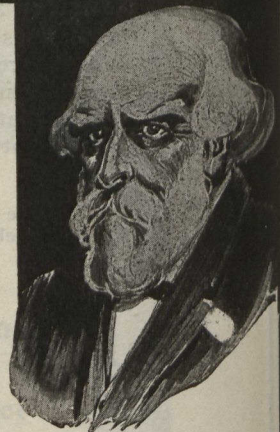
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Head Office: Toronto

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REST \$12,500,000

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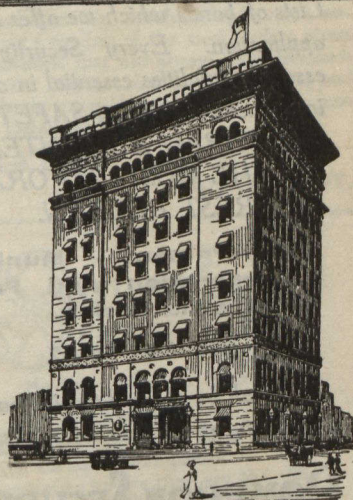
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VIDED PROFITS ... 3,500,000

\$6,370,000

TOTAL ASSETS OVER \$44,000,000

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT AT ALL
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Agents Wanted: to give either entire or spare time.

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1912

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HEAD OFFICE
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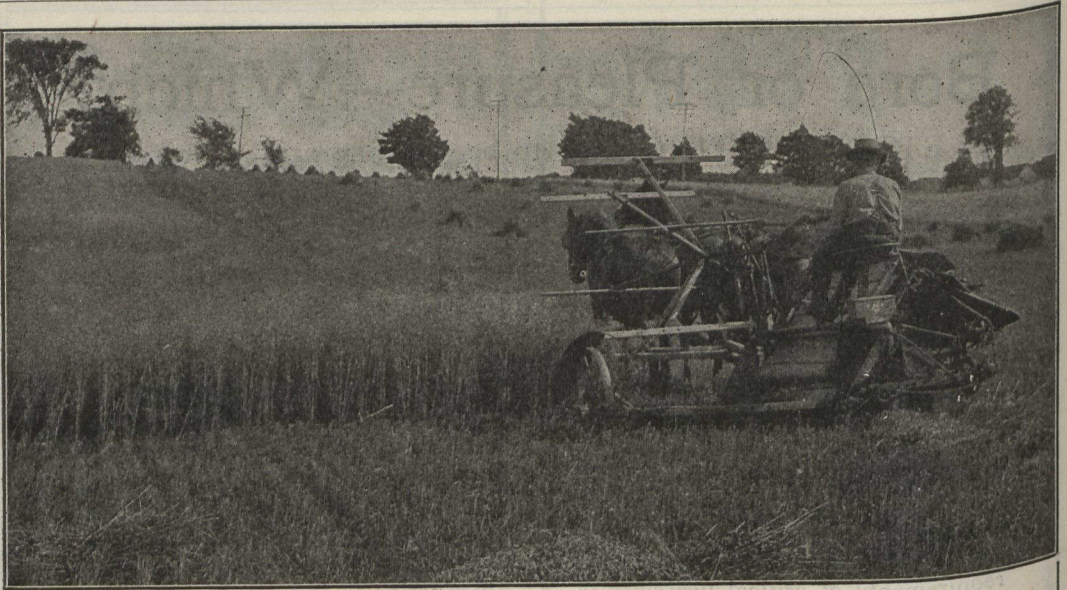
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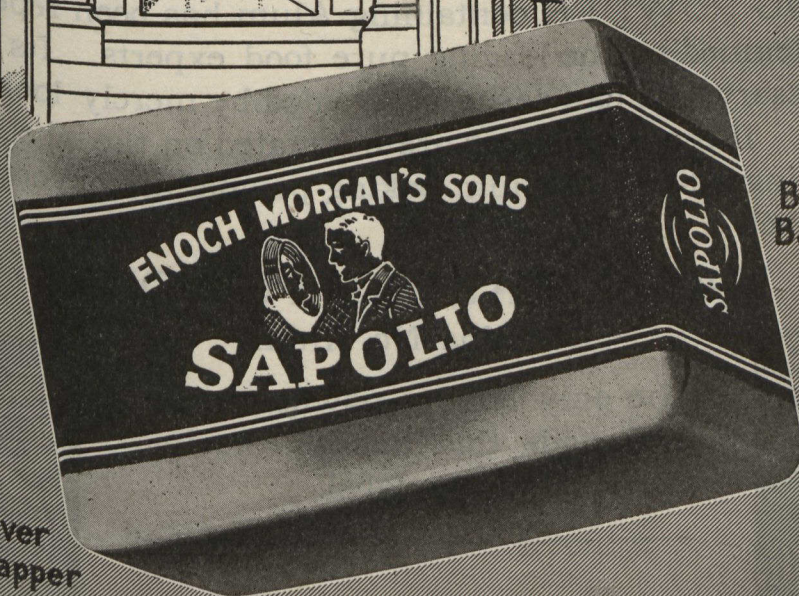
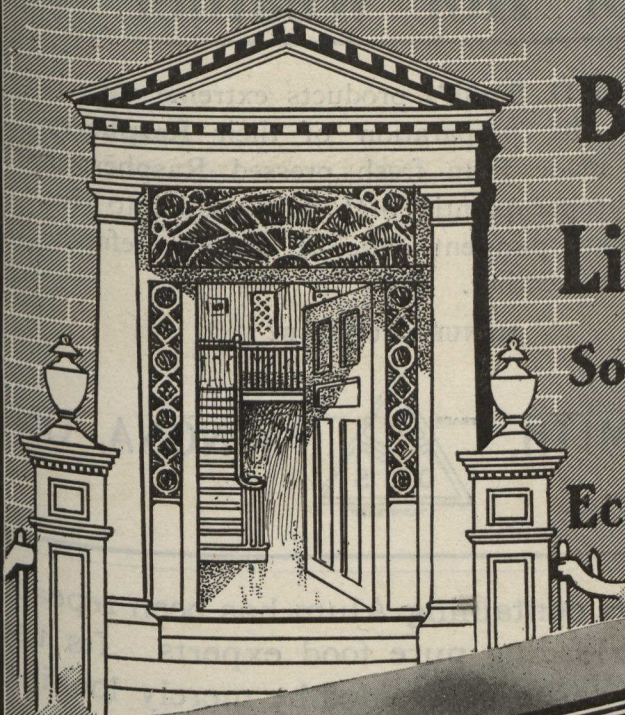
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THE STRIPED SHAWL



THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIX

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1912

No. 5

THE MYSTERY OF EDWARD
BLAKE

BY W. S. WALLACE

IT is not yet a year since the newspapers announced the death of Edward Blake, and in their usual opportune manner printed in many columns the story of his life. What here follows is not an attempt to rival these obituaries, or to dispute the judgments displayed in them. It is merely an attempt to point out that, although a number of years have elapsed since Edward Blake quitted the rostrum of public life, and fully twenty years since he mingled in Canadian politics, there are many passages in his career which still await an explanation; and the secret of his comparative ill-success in Canadian public life has yet to be unearthed.

Mr. Blake entered political life in Canada in 1867, just after Confederation. Few men have ever begun a political career under a more brilliant and auspicious star. The son of Vice-Chancellor Blake, the associate of Baldwin and Lafontaine in the struggle for full responsible government, Mr. Blake bore a name which was already famous. Although still a young man of thirty-four years of age, he had already acquired the reputation of being the fore-

most equity lawyer in Upper Canada, and the most effective cross-examiner. His income from his professional practice, he avowed in the elections of 1867, was greater than the combined salaries of the Prime Minister of Ontario and all his colleagues. It was rumoured, and apparently not without foundation, that he had set himself to accumulate a fortune of \$100,000 before he ventured to pay his addresses to the goddess of politics, and it was assumed in 1867 that he had achieved his ambition. Such, in fact, was his position at the bar that he felt constrained in 1866 to decline the Chancellorship of Ontario.

It is small wonder that the accession of such a man was welcomed by the Reformers of 1867 with enthusiasm. The followers of George Brown were not strong in the first elections which took place under the British North America Act, and Edward Blake proved for them a tower of strength. He ran not only for the local Legislature of Ontario, but also for the Dominion House of Commons (for those were the days of dual representation), and although in the elections even the redoubtable George

Brown went down to defeat, Edward Blake carried both his constituencies. The way in which he threw himself into the contest was amusingly depicted by *The Daily Leader*. "Mr. Blake," said *The Leader*, "is a man of business and infinite ambition. He publishes an address to the electors of South Bruce in the morning, declaring himself a candidate for the representation of that riding in the local Legislature, and on the same day jumps into his yacht and sets out for West Durham with the intention of wooing the electors of that riding, for the sake of their dowry in the shape of a seat in the House of Commons. . . . We expect to hear that West Durham was startled from its propriety on the arrival of the political wooer in his yacht. Accustomed to the severe simplicity of farmer Munroe, we very much fear that the yacht, the eye-glass, and a high style of convention eloquence will be too much for it." The fears of *The Leader* were ill-founded, and Mr. Blake's double victory was almost the only consolation in the elections which the Reformers received.

When the first Parliament of Ontario assembled there were those among the Reformers in the House who insisted that Mr. Blake should lead the opposition to John Sandfield Macdonald's "patent combination." Mr. Blake, however, had had no experience of parliamentary affairs, and he induced the party to appoint as leader of the Opposition Mr. Archibald McKellar, one of the old guard in the House. But so rapid was Mr. Blake's initiation into the mysteries of parliamentary life, and so adroit became his command of parliamentary tactics, that after three sessions Mr. McKellar insisted on his assuming the leadership of the party; and the feeling of the party was so strongly in his favour that Mr. Blake was impelled to accept the position. The result amply justified the change. This is not the place to tell the story of how Edward Blake drove John Sandfield Macdonald from power;

but no one who studies that most interesting passage in Canadian politics can fail to admire the skill and vigour with which the Reform leader pressed home the attack. Sandfield Macdonald was one of the oldest and shrewdest of Canadian politicians, and he was supported by the advice and assistance of Sir John Macdonald, yet he was outmanœuvred and outgeneralled at every turn by the young chancery lawyer who had begun his apprenticeship in politics only three years before. The dawn of 1872 saw Edward Blake Prime Minister of Ontario.

Those four years from 1867 to 1871 represent the high-water mark of Mr. Blake's achievement. They constitute a record which he never again equalled. No sooner had he driven Sandfield Macdonald from power than he gave the first evidence of the disregard, even the distaste, for the prizes of political life which marked his whole career. It was with difficulty that he was persuaded to head the new administration; and even when he did accept the responsibility of forming a cabinet, he refused to accept a portfolio, and served merely as President of the Council, without salary. Once the new ministers were installed in their departments, however, he went off to England for his health, and on his return in the autumn of 1872 he resigned the Premiership of Ontario in order to devote himself exclusively to Dominion politics. Doubtless it seemed to him that in the federal arena his abilities would have a larger scope; and certainly he bestrode the narrow world of provincial politics like a colossus. But even on these grounds it is difficult to understand the cavalier manner in which he cast aside the honours which the people of Ontario had placed upon him.

Nor was his course in the Dominion House more comprehensible. There were those there whose claims to leadership were greater than his. When Sir John Macdonald's star was eclipsed in 1873 by the Pacific Scan-



THE HONOURABLE EDWARD BLAKE

From a Cartoon in "Globe," October 18, 1884

dal, Mr. Blake, in spite of the support of a large wing of the Liberal party, was compelled to give precedence to the stone-mason who was Prime Minister of Canada from 1873 to 1878. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Blake was actuated in his course by jealousy; although nothing is more certain than that complete confidence did not exist between him and Mr. Mackenzie. At any rate, his support of the Mackenzie administration was intermittent and perfunctory. In 1873 he entered the administration as a minister without portfolio, but in 1874 he withdrew and took up a position which savoured of independence, if not of hostility to the Government. This was the occasion of his deliverance of the famous Aurora speech, in which he virtually placed himself at the head of the new "Canada First" movement. He founded, together with the Camerons of London, a new newspaper named *The Liberal*, which, during the five months of its existence, kept up a rapid cross-fire with the official organ of the Government, *The Globe*. The nationalists of "Canada First" hailed the accession of Mr. Blake to their ranks with delight, but their pleasure was short-lived. For shortly after *The Liberal* had suspended publication, Mr. Blake, acting apparently under the influence of pressure which had been brought to bear upon him, returned to the party fold, and in the spring of 1875 became Minister of Justice in the Mackenzie administration. Great was the disappointment of the "Canada First" men. There were those among them who did not hesitate to murmur:

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to stick on his coat."

And undoubtedly Mr. Blake's recantation did him no good. It disappointed those who had hailed him as the apostle of a new political evangel; and it did not entirely conciliate those whom he had appeared to oppose. Why he was betrayed into such a vacillating and inconstant

course is one of the mysteries which have yet to be explained.

Canada has had no greater Minister of Justice than Mr. Blake; his period of office was packed with significance for the constitutional history of the Dominion and the Empire. But although he applied himself unreservedly to the duties of his office, he did not throw himself unsparingly into politics; and although when he resigned from the administration of justice in 1877 he became President of the Council, he retained that position for a few months only, and early in 1878 he retired from the Cabinet altogether. During the elections which took place in 1878 and which ended so disastrously for the Mackenzie Government, Mr. Blake was absent from the country. The key to Mr. Blake's course from 1873 to 1878 is partly to be found in his health, which was not of the best, and partly in the lack of harmony between himself and Mr. Mackenzie, but a full explanation of his course will probably not be forthcoming until the *histoire intime* of Dominion politics under the Mackenzie régime has been written.

When, in the spring of 1880, Mr. Mackenzie, owing to failing health and insubordination among his followers, resigned the leadership of the Opposition, all eyes turned to Mr. Blake. Men remembered how in 1871 he had unhorsed John Sandfield Macdonald, and he seemed the most likely person to retrieve the shattered fortunes of the Liberal party. Once again, however, Mr. Blake showed himself reluctant to assume the responsibilities of leadership, and it was only when he was appealed to by the party managers that he consented to accept the position. He led the Liberal party through the wilderness of two general elections, that of 1882 and that of 1887. In the first of these it was confidently expected by the Liberals that Edward Blake would defeat Sir John Macdonald as he had defeated John Sandfield Macdonald



THE HONOURABLE EDWARD BLAKE

From a photograph taken in 1892

ten years before; and it was with something of a shock that they found Sir John come back from the polls with a scarcely impaired majority. Nor did Mr. Blake produce any greater impression on the Conservative phalanx in 1887. Discouraged by repeated failure, he resigned from the leadership of the party soon after the elections; and in 1891 he did not seek re-election to the House. At these latter elections he found himself out of harmony with the Liberal policy of unrestricted reciprocity with the United States, and he not

only held himself aloof from the election campaign, but wrote a letter after the election condemning the Liberal policy. In 1892, he entered Imperial politics by accepting a seat in the House of Commons at Westminster as the member for South Longford. In the House he allied himself with the Irish Nationalists and continued to fight the battles of Home Rule for Ireland until within a few years of his death. But he never took in the Imperial House the position to which his abilities entitled him, and he does not seem to have been rated

at his true value even by the Irish party in whose ranks he fought. In view of his gigantic abilities, Mr. Blake's ineffectiveness both as leader of the Opposition in the Dominion House of Commons and as member for South Longford in the House of Commons at Westminster is difficult to understand.

There were not wanting those in Canada during the later years of his life who said that Mr. Blake had been a failure. "From that day to this," wrote a Canadian journalist to him in an open letter before the elections of 1887, "you have played your old game of doing nothing. You have occasionally spoken a few of what Fluellen was wont to call 'brave 'orts,' but they have been *vox et præterea nihil*. You have been full of promise, but there has been no performance. . . . Like Thurio, you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure, to give your followers. You coin phrases and cut philological capers with some agility, but when the time comes for action you 'stand at gaze, like Joshua's moon in Ajalon.'" Duration of tenure of office is no criterion of statesmanship, but it is remarkable that with the possible exception of Charles James Fox, no English statesman of equal standing and reputation has spent fewer of his days in public office than Edward Blake.

There are some obvious reasons which may be offered for this comparative ill-success. For many years Mr. Blake's health was not of the best. Moreover, he was lacking in certain qualities which are essential to the politician. He had no humour, only a rather mordant wit. He had

none of the warm humanity that distinguished his great foe, Sir John Macdonald. His "repulsive nod" made enemies rather than friends; he was not able to conciliate the goodwill of the backwoodsmen in the House or the voters in the polling-booths. Like most people who lack in humour, he was hypersensitive to criticism. "For a successful minister," says the younger Pitt, in one of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, "three things are requisite on occasion: to speak like an honest man, to act like a dishonest one, and to be indifferent which you are called." Edward Blake could speak like an honest man, none better; but he could not act like a dishonest man, and he could not be indifferent which he was called. The politician's box of tricks he deemed beneath him, and the very consciousness of rectitude made him impatient of abuse. A man of the type of Sir John Macdonald was much better fitted in those days to rule the Canadian people.

But when all this has been said, there yet remains much to be explained. Whence arose, for instance, Mr. Blake's unwillingness to cut and hew with the party axemen? Why did he stand for so long with one foot in the party and the other out of it? Why did he dissociate himself from the official party in so marked a manner in 1874 and again in 1891? Why did he abandon provincial politics for federal and federal for imperial? Why was he always so loath to accept the duties and responsibilities of public office? These and a dozen other questions might be asked, and beg for an answer. They constitute the mystery of Edward Blake.



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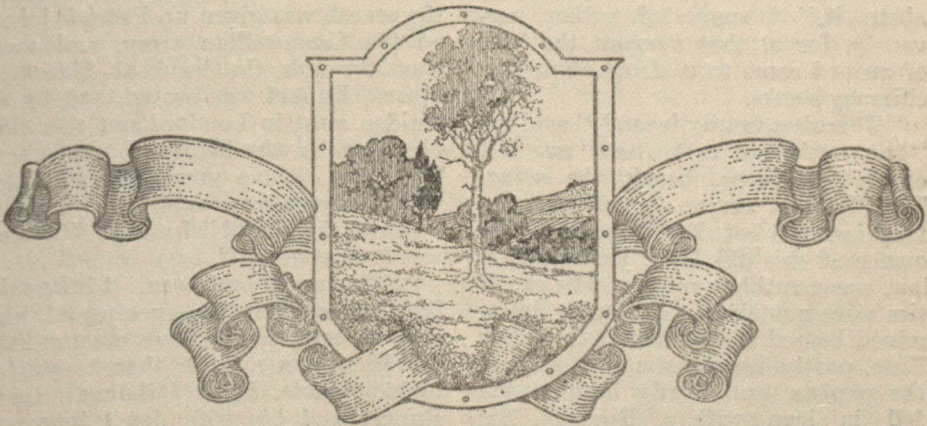
MEMORY PICTURES

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

A WIDE spring meadow in a rosy dawn
Bedropt with virgin buds; an orient sky
Fleeced with a dappled cloud but half withdrawn;
A mad wind blowing by,
O'er slopes of rippling grass and glens apart;
A brackened path to a wild woodland place;
A limpid pool with a fair, laughing face
Mirrored within its heart.

An ancient garden brimmed with summer sun
Upon a still and slumberous afternoon;
Old walks and pleasaunces with shadows spun
Where honeyed odours swoon;
A velvet turf with blossoms garlanded;
A hedge of Mary-lilies white and tall;
And, shining out against a lichened wall,
A stately golden head.

An autumn hilltop in the sunset hue;
Pine boughs uptossed against the crystal west;
And girdled with the twilight dim and blue,
A valley peace-possessed;
A high-sprung heaven stained with colours rare,
A sheen of moonrise on the sea afar,
And, bright and soft as any glimmering star,
Eyes holy as a prayer.



THE INVISIBLE NUN

BY W. SHAW SPARROW

"WE shall be comfortable here till midnight," said Kellow, as we settled ourselves in a large bay-window of the long gallery. He spoke in awed tones.

"What comfort after midnight?" I asked.

"None." His manner was suddenly abrupt and impatient.

"Well, then, Kellow, we have about twenty minutes of enjoyment, and I wish to make the most of it. At present I don't believe in ghosts."

"Lucky for you! My family has lived with one here in this Jacobean long gallery since the Commonwealth times."

"What happened then?" I demanded, and our eyes met across the narrow table in our bay-window.

"Heaven knows! A tragedy of some kind, but that is all I can tell you. He spoke uneasily, and then switched on another bulb of electric light.

"You might tell me what you know about it," I suggested rather nervously, for at that moment the hoot of an owl came to us from above the chimney-stacks.

"There's a family legend," said he, "but you'd not make head nor tail of it. However, here's the story. The Kellaws, under Cromwell, were fanatics, red-hot Puritans, and the owner of this old Hall, Patrick Kellow, was a ruthless savage. His cruelties were notorious. He had a determined hatred for his eldest daughter Kate, partly because she went over to the papists, and partly because she fell in love with a Royalist, Sir Charles Carew. This man Carew

died of fever in 1640, when the king advanced from York to Berwick with his ragged army; and poor Kate took her sorrow so much to heart that she went mad. She dressed herself up as a nun, and wandered about this house at all hours of the day and night chanting prayers. Patrick Kellow tried to lock her up in her own room; but some servant or other always opened the door, and this rebellion in his own household enraged the savage fool. Servant after servant was sent away, till at last only four persons remained in the Hall; an old cook, Patrick himself, poor mad Kate, and the son and heir, Rupert, a lad of ten, who never left his father's side. One morning it was rumoured that Kate had run away, and the whole country-side went out for days in aimless and useless pursuit, led always by Patrick Kellow, who swore that his tenants and neighbours were leagued against him and were determined to hide his daughter. After the search was given up Patrick joined the Cromwellian army, and was shot through the head at Marston Moor. Rupert was brought up by a maiden aunt in London, and this old place was in the hands of caretakers for about twelve years. Poor Kate was forgotten meantime."

"And the ghost?" I asked. "When was it first seen?"

"It has never been seen. It is *heard*. Rupert heard it the evening of his arrival here, for I have among the family papers a letter that he wrote to his *fiancée*, Mary Lilburne. But Rupert and his wife don't interest me at all. It is Kate that sticks

in my mind; she seems very near to me, and I have a very real and curious affection for her. Can you understand that?"

"Perfectly," I answered.

"It happened so long ago," he continued, "and yet it seems but yesterday."

"What happened?" I asked quickly. "Have you any guess?"

"I feel—yes, I feel that she was killed, murdered somehow, any how," he replied, looking towards the window. "And yet I've nothing to go upon."

"You think about her too much perhaps," I suggested in a low voice.

"I began to think of her when I was a small boy, and now I wouldn't get rid of that habit if I could. Sometimes I awake suddenly in the night, and believe I hear a voice outside my door chanting the *Libera me, Domine*. Then the voice goes downstairs, and presently it comes to me in faint, sweet tones from the great hall. That voice, d'you understand, is my Ophelia—"

Was he mad? Yet something in his tone as he said the last words turned me cold.

"The big clock will strike in a minute," he went on quickly; "the boom of it from the great hall is heard here quite distinctly."

We turned towards the long gallery and listened.

"There it is!" I whispered.

"That clock was made for Patrick Kellaw." My friend spoke with a vehemence that showed how much he hated Patrick.

"What shall we do now?" I asked, rising from my chair.

"We'll go into the gallery. I'll stand at one side, and you at the other, facing me. It's well to have company."

We chose a position in the middle of the gallery. Between us was a polished floor about eighteen feet wide; and to the right and left of us the gallery stretched in a dim perspective for more than forty yards.

The walls, panelled in oak, were hung her and there with old portraits in black frames; and from the ceiling of modelled plaster hung little pendants of electric light just strong enough to illumine everything vaguely.

"A time and place for conspirators!" I suggested.

Tom Kellaw frowned. "Patrick Kellaw hangs behind you!" he exclaimed harshly, and I jumped around to the panelled wall, startled and dismayed. A portrait met my eyes. It represented a clean-shaven face, with a long, thin mouth, slanting eyes set very wide apart, a broad nose having very large, round nostrils, iron-gray hair closely cropped, and a chin angular and ruthless.

"Hush! Here it is!"

Kellaw's words came in the silence almost like a pistol-shot. In an instant I turned about and looked at my friend.

"You hear it?" he asked, pointing down the gallery.

I listened, and at once distant footfalls were heard, very soft and even-stepped, as if some one walked lightly and thoughtfully. They came nearer and nearer, till at last I could detect the rustling of a dress of some heavy and soft material.

The footfalls passed between us and went on and on; but all at once they became hurried, and a wail of song broke upon the ear, and the words of a Latin prayer trembled in the soprano of a girl's voice. How long it lasted I do not know, but the voice grew fainter and fainter till at a feeling that the prayer was still chanted in some hidden retreat unknown to us.

For a moment I leaned against the wall-panelling with my eyes shut, and a wish not to open them. I dreaded to meet the eyes of Kellaw.

"You lean against Patrick!" he cried suddenly, and I sprang forward to his side. "Come to our bay-window," he continued, turning from me and leading the way there.

In the recess we sat for several minutes without speaking. Then he said, "Did you see anything?"

"No."

"But you heard her steps and voice?"

"Oh yes. Very wonderful!"

"Terrible too," said he; "for it happens every night, yet I know nothing."

"Do the footfalls always begin at the same place in the gallery?" I asked.

"Always," he replied.

"Do they return during the night?"

Kellaw looked at me in surprise. "What do you mean?" he asked eagerly.

"Why this. Perhaps the footsteps do return night after night, since they start always from the north end and go to the south."

"I've never tested that point," he answered excitedly. "Shall we do so now, this very night?"

"Of course, old man; and let me suggest another thing. You are more harassed than you like to own by this old family trouble. Why not try to solve the mystery? Something terrible occurred to that unhappy girl, who went mad with sorrow and fancied herself a nun. What that something was may be found out perhaps."

Kellaw shook his head. "Not possible," said he.

"We can try," I persisted.

"Oh yes, we can try," said Kellaw wearily.

"My plan is quite simple," I continued. "To-morrow night I'll stand at the far north end of the gallery quite close to the panelled wall, and try to find out precisely where the footsteps begin. If you take up your position at the far south end, near the wainscotting, you'll see at which point or place the footfalls cease to sound on the oak flooring."

"What then?" he asked abruptly.

"We'll strip down the panelling and see what lies behind."

"I never thought of that," he said reflectively. "But the work will be difficult, because at each end of the gallery an old picture is let into the oak panels. They were there in Patrick Kellaw's time."

"These pictures, Kellaw, were then contemporary with the girl's unhappy life, and from the first they hung in a very bad light."

"True; and I can't say that I've looked much at the pictures, though they are said to be portraits by Van Dyck."

"Family portraits?" I asked.

"Yes; one of Patrick, the other of his wife. Both look black and dim. Perhaps they want cleaning and varnishing."

"It's light they need, Kellaw—direct light and air. It will be a good action to take them down."

Kellaw nodded assent, and then asked abruptly, "Why wait till to-morrow night? Why not begin at once? Unless you've had enough."

"As to that," said I, "you can trust me to go on. What do you suggest?"

"Listen. If the footsteps return, as you think they may, they'll start from the south end. There I'll take my stand, leaving the north end to you. And each of us will take a chair so that we may wait sitting down. Nerves are apt to be very freakish and uncertain if one stands up to this kind of experience." He laughed uneasily and stretched himself. The next moment he jerked his head upwards, and glanced at me with whimsical shrewdness. "If we start at once," he added, "we shan't have pluck enough to draw gack. So come along."

A few minutes later we had taken up our positions. At any end I could see very dimly the portrait framed in the panelling—an equestrian portrait, with Patrick Kellaw seated on a black charger. I sat sideways, my chair touching the wainscot, and behind me the door into the library. Thence the ticking of a clock came

to me, and from time to time the old furniture in the gallery creaked as if to remind me that good timber is always alive and active. Outside, a summer wind played in the ivy and jostled the leaves against window-panes. Then two owls began to hoot questions at each other, and a great longing for the dawn caused me to move restlessly in my chair.

An instant later I started to my feet. What was that? Down the gallery I peered and listened. Yes, from the far end came the sound of a girl's voice singing; it grew nearer and sweeter. The Latin words rang out in full, rich notes; then the voice broke in a wail and stopped suddenly. At that moment it appeared to come from the middle of the gallery, and something—I know not what—set me thinking of Patrick Kellaw's portrait on the inner side-wall.

After the singing ceased I heard the patter of footsteps, and presently I saw that my friend was following them at a distance, and bending forward with one hand raised above his forehead.

Step by step the unseen drew near to me till I could hear the soft rustling of the dress; and there I waited spell-bound, leaning with my shoulder against the portrait. One footfall was muffled, as if constantly in touch with the floor; and, as I wondered over this, the steps came up to the wainscot and stopped dead within a yard or two of my feet. I gave a sharp cry.

"Don't lose the place," said Kellaw huskily. "Mark it carefully. I seem nearer to the mystery," he cried. "Where did the footfalls seem to stop?"

"There," and I pointed out the place.

He fell on his knees and lit a match, and by its flame began to examine the wainscot below the portrait. His hand trembled with agitation, and his face looked ghastly. "Nothing unusual here," he muttered.

"Kellaw, old man," I said, "we've

had enough of this for one night."

"Too much," he admitted, pressing his hands to his forehead. "Never mind, though," he went on. "Come, I'll tell you my experience as we go down the gallery."

He got up from his knees and put his arm in mine. We walked slowly, and stopped here and there to switch off the electric lights.

"When the singing began," said he, "the voice seemed to penetrate a great thickness of wall. But it came closer and closer till it appeared very near to me and immediately behind the portrait. Then the footfalls began, as if a door had been opened unknown to me and some one had stepped out into the gallery. Anything more uncanny than that can't be imagined, and I was too afraid to move. The rest you know. The voice stopped singing—"

"Near Patrick Kellaw's portrait?" I interrupted.

"Just so," he said, and pressed my arm nervously.

"Let's go to bed now," said I. "Better discuss the next move by daylight."

Kellaw accompanied me to my bedroom door.

"If you can't sleep," said he, "just think over that next move. Eh—what?"

He was clearly suffering from nervous exhaustion. At breakfast he confessed that he had not slept a wink. "Poor Kate was in my mind all the time. So I came down at six o'clock and went to the village and engaged two good carpenters. They started work at seven, and will be hard at it all day long. That old woodwork is not an easy thing to displace."

"You've lost no time, Kellaw. Are we to watch the men at the job?"

He shook his head decisively. "No; I couldn't stand it. The slow work would annoy me beyond endurance. Let's kill time pleasantly, old man."

"How?" I asked.

"On the golf-links, eh?" Some crack players will be there this morning. Shall we go? That's worth seeing—a tiptop man."

So we spent the day on the links, and walked up the drive to the hall, returning home at seven o'clock, when we met the carpenters.

"You've finished, then?" inquired Kellaw.

The picters are down, sir," replied one man; "and as much paneling as we can get in a day's job."

Kellaw looked keenly disappointed.

"Enough may be down," I suggested, "and the men can call in the morning for instructions."

"True," said Kellaw. "Well, good-evening."

The carpenters touched their caps and moved on, after taking a quick glance at Kellaw's excited face.

"We'll have dinner first," said he to me. "If we go now we sha'n't be able to tear ourselves away, and we need food. There's work to be done, old man."

During dinner many orders were given that astonished the butler. Lamps were to be put in the bay-windows of the long gallery, a chest of carpenter's tools was to be taken there, and a good pick from the coal-cellar, and no one was to enter the gallery without Kellaw's leave.

Then, turning to me, he said, "We may need plenty of tools and plenty of patience and plenty of light. Which wall shall we attack first—the north one?"

"Yes."

"Then come along!" he cried, rising quickly from his chair.

It was a quarter to nine when we entered the long gallery, and the twilight of early June filtered through the blinds in the bay-windows. Everything had been prepared for us.

"Get a lamp," said Kellaw, "and let us examine the north wall."

I did as he wished.

"See," he cried, "the only paneling which is down is that in which the portrait was recessed! Odd!"

"Why is it odd?" he asked.

"Because the other panels were more firmly fixed. The carpenters did the easier job first."

"You think, then, that a part of this wall has been down before?"

Kellaw nodded. "Cock-sure of it. See here, for instance; just examine this hard plaster." He tapped the wall with his hand, and his eyes sparkled when he looked at me.

"Yes, yes!" I cried, becoming excited. "A large hole has been made at one time through this plaster, and when the hole was closed up the workman did his job roughly and badly. The cement is uneven, ragged; it makes an ugly patch that bulges out a little beyond the rest of the wall."

"Of course it does," said Kellaw. "Patrick had a hand in this, I wager," he continued, hitting the plaster angrily.

"Here's the pick."

He took it from me and began to strike vigorously. At the end of an hour's hard work we came to a very thick oak door put lengthways into the plaster, and heavily clamped with iron hinge-straps. Behind this wooden defence was a surface of cement, and I tapped it here and there.

"It sounds hollow," said Kellaw.

"Hollow in places," I replied, putting my hand on his arm.

For a moment his eyes searched mine; then he said, "Can't we outline in pencil the space that rings hollow? It will save time. See?"

"Yes;" and we soon fixed the limits of an empty-sounding area of cement that measured about six feet long by four and a half wide.

"It's shaped like a tomb," Kellaw muttered from behind my shoulder, and his voice and words unnerved me.

"Let's go; we've had enough," I exclaimed; and I wished to move away; but Kellaw caught me roughly by the shoulder and pulled me towards him, saying in a hot, fierce whisper, "We must go on. It's duty."

We went back to our work without another word.

This time the cement was about two inches thick, and we found under it a coarse ground of thick carpet nailed firmly across an opening. It was hard to unfasten this textile fabric; and when at last it fell to the floor, wrenched nail by nail from the firm cement, we turned our backs to the mystery which had been sealed up behind it for many generations.

We were afraid to look; but inaction became worse than action, more unnerving, less bearable, and presently an irritable feeling of shame flamed up in my mind. Then I turned, went forward, and saw before me in the wall a long and shallow recess. On a couch a body lay face downwards. It was dressed in a nun's robe, and I saw that a strong rope was coiled over it and around the couch. All this was indistinct, for my eyes were fascinated by long waves of auburn hair that gleamed dimly in the light; and through this bright covering of beautiful hair I could see, clenched together, the skeleton fingers of one little hand.

A moment later Kellaw looked over my shoulder. His breathing startled me, for he gasped like a spent runner. In his left hand he carried the lamp unsteadily, and with his right hand he gripped my right shoulder. Then came a sudden cry, thick and hoarse, and the next instant the lamp fell crashing into the debris of cement. I expected an explosion, but the lamp went out, and I think the incident was good for both of us.

"Come," I said to Kellaw, taking him by the arm; and with difficulty I led him to the bay-window where we had talked on the previous night. He fell into a chair, and then across the narrow table, and for several minutes I watched his hands as they twitched convulsively.

Then, with a quick movement, he pulled himself together and looked up. "I'm cold," he said. "But—we—know now, old man; and that

—that poor murdered girl"— Suddenly he hesitated, faltered, broke off.

"Yes, Kellaw?"

"She shall be buried now." And once more he hid his face from me.

I looked at my watch. In a few seconds it would be midnight, and I should hear again the distant boom from the old clock in the great hall downstairs. Kellaw made no sign that he heard the hour strike, but I believe he listened.

"You notice that?" he exclaimed a moment later, raising his head from the table. "Hush!"

Through the silence came the pattering of feet, soft and even, and soon, as on the previous night, the Latin prayer trilled through the gallery, clear, sweet, and infinitely sorrowful. Breathless, we listened till the voice trembled out of hearing.

Then Kellaw got up from his chair and cried with energy, "Come, our work's not finished yet. Bring that candle; it will do. A lamp's too dangerous."

On arriving at the south end of the gallery we found that there was very little to be done, for the carpenters had uncovered a narrow doorway which the portrait and wainscot had masked. The door was one of oak, and two steps led up to it. Kellaw turned the handle with difficulty, then pushed, and the door opened an inch or two.

"It's not even locked."

"There was no need," I replied.

Bit by bit the door opened, the old hinges making a great noise; and at last we were able to enter a narrow passage about four feet wide. On each side I could feel unplastered wall, and by candle-light we could see that it was about six feet long. Then it turned at a sharp angle to the right.

From the passage the singing voice could be heard indistinctly, but when we reached the bend it sounded much louder and clearer. Before us was another passage, and at the end of it

a small window blocked up with entangled ivy stems and leaves. About four feet from the end, on the left-hand side, we found an open doorway, and there we stopped dead.

The voice now rang out quite near to us, and wondrously sweet. I held the candle at arm's length into an open space of darkness filled with the music of a chanted prayer. Little by little the rays of light penetrated the darkness, and I saw dimly a little chapel with an altar, and upon the altar stood a tall crucifix of wood. It was there that the voice sang the

Ave Maria, but I could not see the singer.

We stood there spell-bound. But all at once we shrank backwards into the passage till we touched the wall under the little window, for the song came towards us, and the Unseen moved slowly down the passage and vanished from our hearing.

"Will she ever rest?" I whispered to Kellaw.

"Will the daybreak come?" he replied under his breath.

Kellaw shuddered, and a great silence fell upon us both.

CHESS

By J. D. LOGAN

WHAT boots thy vaunted Science when the Game
 Thou playest, skilled Physician, is with Death,
 Whose eye is ware, nor ever wearieth,
 While o'er the earth-form of the mortal frame
 Ye two deploy, with subtlest strategy,
 Your fateful forces in malign array—
 Thou pledged to checkmate Death, and he to stay
 Life's pulses with insidious atrophy?

Unseen butshrewd, thy grim antagonist
 Employeth all the Game's unchartered laws;
 Nor hasteth he the end, for long he wist
 Thy finite vision had foredoomed thy cause.
 Yet this thy Hope and Triumph: Day by day
 Death yieldeth more to thee his ancient sway.

MARITIME PROVINCIALISMS AND CONTRASTS

BY F. A. WIGHTMAN

CONCLUDING ARTICLE—FLORA, FAUNA, AND PHYSICAL FEATURES

IT is doubtful whether stronger contrasts in flora, fauna, and general physical features could be found in any area of equal extent than is to be found in the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Here the forces which have determined the character of the soil, the contour of the hills, and the trend of the rivers and their valleys in their courses toward the sea are as divergent as time itself and widely varied as to results. Here, too, because of the close and peculiar relations sustained to some of the world's great ocean and air currents, the continental isotherms are most irregular and erratic. It is significant that this comparatively small area is divided into three meteorological districts, and, as might be expected, the effects of these differences upon the flora and the fauna is noticeable in several rather peculiar instances. But of this later on.

As to the physical contrasts, they are considerable and, of course, are not the consequence of climate, but, to some extent, they modify it. Nova Scotia, for instance, rises gradually toward the interior, having its highest land along the central watershed, throughout the whole length of the Province. From this rather moderate elevation short and rapid streams soon reach the sea, only a few of which assume the real significance of rivers, and none are navigable, except for the smallest of crafts, above the

ebb and flow of the tide. On the other hand, New Brunswick probably has her lowest lands in the central part of the Province, where exists an extensive interior basin with much of the country only slightly elevated above ocean level. The rivers, of which there are many, are as a rule, long and of easy flow and in some cases navigable for considerable distances into the interior. In this we notice a striking contrast between these two Provinces.

Still another contrast exists, in the matter of lakes. Nova Scotia is almost everywhere dotted with lakes of all shapes and sizes up to twenty miles long, apart from the famous Bras d'Or lakes of Cape Breton, which, of course, are of salt water. New Brunswick, in contrast to this, is singularly exempt from lakes except in a small area in the southwestern corner. This is the more remarkable because of the fact of its having such a wealth of rivers both great and small. Grand and Washdemoak lakes, the largest in the Province are, of course, but expansions of the river systems in the flat central basin. In the north are those of the Tobique only.

Prince Edward Island differs from both of its sister Provinces, in that it has neither lakes or rivers in the true sense of these terms. Neither has it any great elevations or valleys. The surface is rather a continuation,

for the most part, of gentle undulations unbroken by rock and presenting few steep hills. The rivers are so designated by courtesy only. In reality they are but tidal estuaries. At their mouths they have the appearance of rivers that might extend hundreds of miles inland, but after a course of a few miles they abruptly terminate where some rippling brook begins. Some scientific men have advanced the idea that these large and beautiful estuaries might have been, in some instances, the remnants of the valleys of real and extensive rivers in some pre-historic age when the Island may have formed a part of the mainland. Who knows? There are a few blind ponds of fresh water, and a few lagoons of salt water spoken of as lakes, but the term is a misnomer. The contrast here is striking.

In geological formation the contrasts are equally striking. Here in different provinces we have represented both extreme age and tender youth as geological ages go. In Prince Edward Island the whole formation is of the unaltered new-red sandstone period and of the latest formation known to science. This land which is but of yesterday, as it were, and which seems to have risen by gradual emergence, like some great monster of the deep to bask in the sunshine, has never been scorched by fire, rent by earthquake, or scathed by ancient glacial ice. Its Indian name suggests its tranquillity: "Abegiveit"—boating on the wave.

All this is in sharp contrast to her nearby sisters. In them titanic forces have raged and fought awful battles in volcanic eruption, rending earthquakes, and ploughing glaciers. The imprint of the fern on the coal shales hundreds of feet below the surface, beach stones on the tops of the mountains, the vertical strata and altered water courses, split through chasms of gaping rock, all bear testimony to the awful cataclysms which have played a part in the present contour of the land.

It is not uncommon to notice the earliest formations upturned to the elements of to-day. Here, if they do not walk together, "crabbed age and tender youth" lie side by side in contrast and in peace. These physical contrasts, while more spectacular, are scarcely more marked than those which occur in the flora and fauna. As to the former it is interesting to note the well-defined limits of a number of well-known forest trees and a considerable list of other botanical specimens. Only a few of these need be mentioned since they are somewhat notable and anomalous. The anomaly exists in the fact that though the centre of New Brunswick is over two hundred miles north of southern Nova Scotia, there are a number of important forest and wild fruit trees besides various smaller plants of southern growth, which are found only in New Brunswick so far as these provinces are concerned. At least if they appear in either Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island it is more as a curiosity than as being indigenous to the soil. Among these are the butternut, basswood, wild grape, wild plum, high bush cranberry and red and white cedar, though the latter flourishes in the western part of Prince Edward Island.

This may be accounted for by the somewhat curious fact that though one travels northward from Nova Scotia one travels toward a land of higher summer temperature. The low central basin of New Brunswick seems to draw in a great circle, the summer isotherms around the larger part of the Province, giving to its central portion a summer climate similar to that of Massachusetts and central New York, while Nova Scotia corresponds more nearly with northern New Brunswick and adjoining territory. There are of course varieties of trees and fruits which are hardy in Nova Scotia which do not succeed in New Brunswick by reason of more favourable winter conditions, but this only adds to the striking character of

the contrast. The flora of Prince Edward Island resembles closely that of eastern Nova Scotia though in marine specimens, it excels both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The shallow waters of the sheltered bays, and the very slight ebb and flow of the gulf waters contribute greatly to comparatively high sea temperatures. About these shores the famous Irish moss grows to great perfection, miniature sponges are uncommon, and the best oysters in the world are found.

In the matter of fauna there are also some contrasts quite as interesting, though not arising from the same causes. These we do not propose to fully describe, but rather to point out some of the chief examples. All three Provinces have a number of their birds and animals in common, especially of the smaller varieties, but in other respects the differences are striking. A notable example of this is in the distribution of the deer family. In New Brunswick all three varieties common to eastern Canada, namely, moose, caribou, and red deer, are numerous and apparently increasing. In Nova Scotia, however, there is an entire absence of the red deer, which seems the more strange since both moose and caribou have always been plentiful and widely distributed. Probably the red deer have migrated later from some western point, and have not as yet found their way across the narrow isthmus of Chignecto, now fully occupied by human habitations and consequently not an inviting field for so shy an animal to explore. Whatever the cause, such is the fact, and the omission is rather striking.

In Prince Edward Island the contrast in the fauna is still greater. No members of the deer family have ever inhabited this Province. Neither has it ever been the abode, so far as known, of the wolf, racoon, hedge-hog, skunk or porcupine, all of which are numerous across the narrow strait, both in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, except the first, which is now

everywhere extinct in the east. These omissions from the fauna of Prince Edward Island, since the fox and the bear have both been numerous and the former still plentiful, are also striking. One would suppose that even the haphazard means of transportation available to the fox and bear would have been discovered by the others, but by some means they seem to have failed to make connections, even at the "Capes." It is claimed by some that the members of the wild-cat family, numerous on the mainland, should be included in this list of exceptions, but this is a disputed point. If either members of the wild-cat tribe ever existed on the Island the occurrence must have been rare and all traces of it have now disappeared. On the other hand, evidence seems to show that the rare and beautiful black fox has been relatively more numerous than on the mainland. The habits which govern these animals and the laws which determine their varieties are not easy to understand, but are of interest to the student of nature. The contrast here presented affords an inviting field for research.

It remains only to say a word concerning the finny tribe; for similar contrasts are to be found in this important department of life, and this is true to some extent both of the salt and fresh water species. It is of the latter only of which we will speak. The fresh water lakes and rivers of the mainland Provinces abound in a large variety of fish, both commercial and otherwise, each Province having some species common to itself. The famous *ounachi*, or *touladi*, the fresh water salmon, touches New Brunswick in the extreme north-west in the waters of *Temiscouata*, while a species of whitefish or "land locked salmon," as they are called, are found in a few lakes in the southern part of the Province. The pickerel, in recent years, have become numerous in the *St. John River* and some of its tributaries. These and a few

other varieties seem to be peculiar to New Brunswick so far as these eastern Provinces are concerned.

Prince Edward Island in this respect is in striking contrast to her sister Provinces. Here the only fish found in the ponds and streams of the country, so far as I am aware, is the trout. Should a Prince Edward Islander catch any other variety except about the wharves and harbours it would be a matter of astonishment. This, however, is a distinct advantage, and the angler is not pestered with a half a dozen inferior varieties competing for his fly or bait. Here the

trout is monarch of all he surveys. And, be it said, that Prince Edward Island trout are both plentiful and of excellent quality. Their monopoly of the streams and ponds is certainly in contrast to mainland conditions, and no attempt at explanation is here made.

These somewhat striking contrasts are in some cases deep and ineradicable; in others they are the result of peculiar circumstances. Their existence is a matter of common interest, the further investigation and explanation of which is now left for others to pursue.

WHEN MAISIE MILKS THE COO

By CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

SAYS sonsie Meggie McAdoo:
 "O Brither Tam, ye're sic a sump
 Ye dinna ken the where, the hoo,
 Nor e'en the when a lass to woo,
 But blurt your luve intil her lug,
 When Maisie milks the coo.

"A lassie's hands of bus'ness fou'
 Ye canna tak, to send the bluid
 To throbbin' breast an' blushin' broo;
 She'll say 'Ye're in the way the noo!'
 Ye suldna coort your Maisie then,
 When Maisie milks the coo.

"Aye kiss upon her rosy mou'
 Whiles baith are comin' frae the byre
 Were far the fitter thing to do,
 But no to stand an' strut an' coo
 Like turtle dove beside the lass,
 When Maisie milks the coo."

Says crafty Tammie McAdoo:
 "Ye're clever, but wi' a' your wut
 Ye haena hit the hidden clue:
 I ken the when an' where to woo,
 For Maisie canna rin awa'
 When Maisie milks the coo!"

LOVE AND LABOUR

BY HILDA RIDLEY

AMONG the many books published of late years on the Woman Question two stand out with the clearness due to distinction. I refer to Ellen Key's "Love and Marriage," and "Woman and Labour" by Olive Schreiner.

These books deal with problems which arise from different aspects of the same question. Until recently, woman's rights as a human being have been emphasised, but now a movement is developing which lays stress upon her specific rights as a mother. Ellen Key is in sympathy with the last movement, while Olive Schreiner continues to assert the general human rights of woman.

I wish in this paper to show how different the points of view of these two writers are, and how their sympathies help to explain their attitudes. Before doing this, however, it might not be amiss to say a few words regarding them personally. Ellen Key, at least, is not widely known, for it is only recently that she has come into prominence in her own country and her chief sphere of influence is Germany, where she has especially appealed to the women. In this country, she is known best through the translations of two of her books, "The Century of the Child," published in 1909, and "Love and Marriage" published in the early part of this year. She was born in the southern part of Sweden in 1849. Always of rather a shy and retiring nature, the area to which she confined her influence was for many years a small one, but it was gradually extended

and when she reached middle age she came into full possession of herself and began to lecture and write on the subjects with which her name is associated. In her development, she was helped by a lifelong friendship with Björnson, the great Norwegian writer, and by her attraction to such authors as Ibsen, Elizabeth B. Browning, George Eliot, John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and John Ruskin. Her affinity to these authors shows where her interests lie. From her early youth the problems of society have attracted her.

Olive Schreiner, the English South African writer, is well known as the author of "The Story of an African Farm," but her book "Woman and Labour" was written under such interesting circumstances that the temptation to refer to them is irresistible. In the introduction to "Woman and Labour" she tells us that in her early youth she began to write a book on Woman and that the writing of the book extended over many years and was not completed until 1899. She was preparing to revise the book and write a preface for it when she was suddenly ordered by her physician to leave Johannesburg, where she was at that time living, and pass some time on a lower level. Just two months later, the Boer war broke out. Soon after, she attempted to return to the Transvaal, but was prevented from doing so by the military authorities, who even refused to let her communicate with anyone in her old home. Eight months later, after the British troops

had captured Johannesburg, she heard from a friend that her home had been looted and that everything of value, including her desk and its contents, had been destroyed—and in the desk she had left the manuscript of the book over which she had spent so many years. Shortly after, she found herself in a small “up-country hamlet” in the very heart of the conflict. She was living at that time in a single room “with a stretcher and two packing cases as furniture,” and with “only a little dog as company.” She was allowed to go out only during certain hours each day and newspapers and magazines were forbidden her. Under the circumstances, she felt the necessity of some “abstract work” to keep her mind from dwelling on the horrors of war around her. In this way she began the book “Woman and Labour,” which she calls only a “fragment” and a “remembrance” of the book which was destroyed.

The point I wish to bring out in discussing the opinions of these interesting women is that they regard the position of woman at the present time from entirely different points of view. Thus Ellen Key sees danger in a movement which she believes has already gone too far, while it is Olive Schreiner's opinion that it has gone not far enough. The one would cry “Halt” to the women in the vanguard, the other would urge that they press forward with even more ardour.

How can we account for the different attitudes of these two thoughtful women? If we remember the causes to which they have given their sympathy, some light will be thrown upon the subject. To Ellen Key, woman is primarily a mother or a sexual being; to Olive Schreiner, she is primarily a human being. Through all the ages of the past, Ellen Key sees in the woman with the child at her breast the one refining influence in hostile times. Through all the ages of the past, Olive

Schreiner sees in her the toiler, she who shared equally with man the labour of the day. To Ellen Key, the work she performed was but an indirect expression of her “maternal instinct.” To Olive Schreiner, it was a direct expression of her ability to cope with man in the field of human endeavour. While Ellen Key apparently cannot detach the work she performed from the woman, Olive Schreiner can and does detach it and holds it up for what it is worth as a contribution to human labour.

Now in the world around us at the present time, Ellen Key does not find a fitting place for motherhood. She hears the loud claims of woman for human rights. She sees her knocking at the door of the professions and entering; she listens to her glorying in the fact that she has demonstrated that as a butcher or carpenter or undertaker she can hold her own with man, but amid all the clamour, few and faint are the voices she hears raised in behalf of what is, to her, the *raison d'être* of a woman's existence. Naturally, she glances wistfully back to a time when in her estimation, motherhood played a preëminent part in the life of woman. And out of the glamour of the past, one institution, which was indissolubly associated with her, arises—the home. When all women were in the home, motherhood was the supreme fact of their lives. It is Ellen Key's conviction that “woman must be won back to the home.” Thus she has come to identify woman inextricably with the home, and she finds a peculiar fitness in the work which woman performed in the home which she does not often find in the work which she performs in the world. In other words, there was what she calls an “organic connection” between woman and her work in the home. That multitudes of women at the present day are not engaged in the work which devolves upon wives and mothers is, to her, a cause of alarm. What she fears for woman is the loss of the “maternal

instinct." This is why she cries "Halt" to the women in the vanguard of the woman's rights movement, for it seems to her that they are not intent upon asserting rights pertaining to their "feminine nature," but are claiming the right to share labour in which the lines of sex are completely obliterated. She deeply deplors this tendency, and she urges the leaders of the movement to pause and consider their sex.

"Woman must be more eager," she says, "to discover or invent for themselves departments of work which will give them an opportunity of expressing something of their feminine nature."

The work upon which she lays most emphasis, and the work which she believes was preëminently hers in the home, is the care of children. Thus she urges women to seek work pertaining to the interests of children—work which shall be a training for prospective duties as a mother. Her conception of motherhood is a high one. She believes that woman should prepare for motherhood with the same care as for a profession, acquainting herself with eugenic laws and studying child life. This renewed concentration upon sex will result, she believes, in the revival of the "maternal instinct," which will inevitably guide woman back to the home and bring about a broad division of labour in the present work of the world, which shall be preliminary to the restoration of that "old division of labour . . . that by which the majority of women not only bear, but also bring up the new generation within the home."

It is remarkable to what different conclusions a different point of view may lead one. Olive Schreiner sees in the work which woman performed in the past chiefly the human element, that which serves as an index to what she is capable of performing in the future. The bearing and rearing of children even in the past, formed but a part of the duties of women.

"We wove the garments of our race—the tapestries that covered them were the work of our hands; we brewed the ale and the simples which were used as medicines we distilled and prescribed . . . at the doors of our houses we sat with our spinning wheels."

The rearing of children Olive Schreiner views in its purely human aspect, and for her present purpose separates it from the "passive function" of child-bearing. She does not in any sense underrate that function, but she maintains that, irrespective of that, woman's labour in the past was equivalent to man's. She urges that the leaders of the woman's movement press forward, because she sees that the work which was once equivalent to man's has been taken from her and that she is not being given an absolutely fair chance to find new work, with the consequences that she is not employing her full energies. What she fears is that unless woman is given a fair opportunity to find new work, she will become eventually a parasite. She does not urge, like Ellen Key, a return to the home, for to her it is impossible that the "wheels of time should reverse themselves or the stream of life flow backwards." The causes which took away from woman so large a proportion of her traditional labor are still operative. The demands of a society, which is becoming more and more complex, necessitate technical and manual training, and this must result in taking the children at an early age from the home.

"The woman who should at the present day," she says, "insist on entirely educating her own offspring would, in nine cases out of ten, inflict an irreparable injury on them."

Long ago, woman's special work, that of spinning, weaving, brewing and baking, was relegated, under changed forms, to the factories—and the demand for machine work is still in the ascendant. Even the "passive act" of child-bearing has become restricted, being closely bound up with the conditions above mentioned.

"Every mechanical invention which lessens the necessity for rough, muscular, human labour, diminishes also the social demand upon woman as the producers of large masses of such labourers." And—

"So difficult and expensive has become in the modern world the rearing and training of even one individual, in a manner suited to fit it for coping with the complexities and difficulties of civilised life, that, to the family as well as to the state, unlimited fecundity on the part of the female has already in most cases become an irremediable evil."

Whereas, also, in the past, war and ignorance of hygiene made vast inroads upon human life and the necessity for constant child-bearing on the part of woman was apparent, improved methods have now greatly diminished human mortality.

"Not now merely for men, but rather for few men, and those few, well born and well instructed, is the modern demand."

What work, then, worthy of the name remains for woman in the home? The work of woman in the past was productive. By clothing and feeding her own, she clothed and fed the community. The work which women have followed into the factories bears but a faint resemblance to their creative labour in the past. What Olive Schriener demands for woman is new work which shall fill fully the gap left by the old labour. And she believes that she can find this work only through being permitted to enter untrammelled into the full field of human endeavour. With John Stuart Mill, she declares:

"The proper sphere for any human

being is the highest sphere that being is capable of attaining; and this cannot be ascertained without complete liberty of choice."

To Olive Schriener, therefore, a division of labour such as Ellen Kay advocates is meaningless, because she has never regarded the bulk of woman's work in the past as a manifestation of the "maternal instinct." She asks for woman a fair opportunity to seek for work which shall fill the gap left by the old. Unless woman can find for herself, through liberty of choice, work calculated to make her life once more full and useful, she fears that she will be thrown back upon her mere sexual attributes and become a parasite, with all the parasite's capacity for working social evil.

Which of these women is right? Has woman already gone too far? Or has she not gone far enough? If there is danger in her present position, is it the danger of her becoming unsexed or the danger of her becoming a parasite? These are questions which the reader must determine. It is pertinent, however, to ask whither do the tendencies of the present day point? Is there a decrease in the demand for technical education or an increase? Is science helping to diminish human mortality? Is a larger or a smaller birth-rate, on the whole, desirable? An elaborate preparation for motherhood, under conditions which must render it, in many cases, nugatory, would be hardly practical.





HOWTH CASTLE.

Seat of the Earl of Howth, with Ireland's Eye (the island) in the Distance.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF DUBLIN

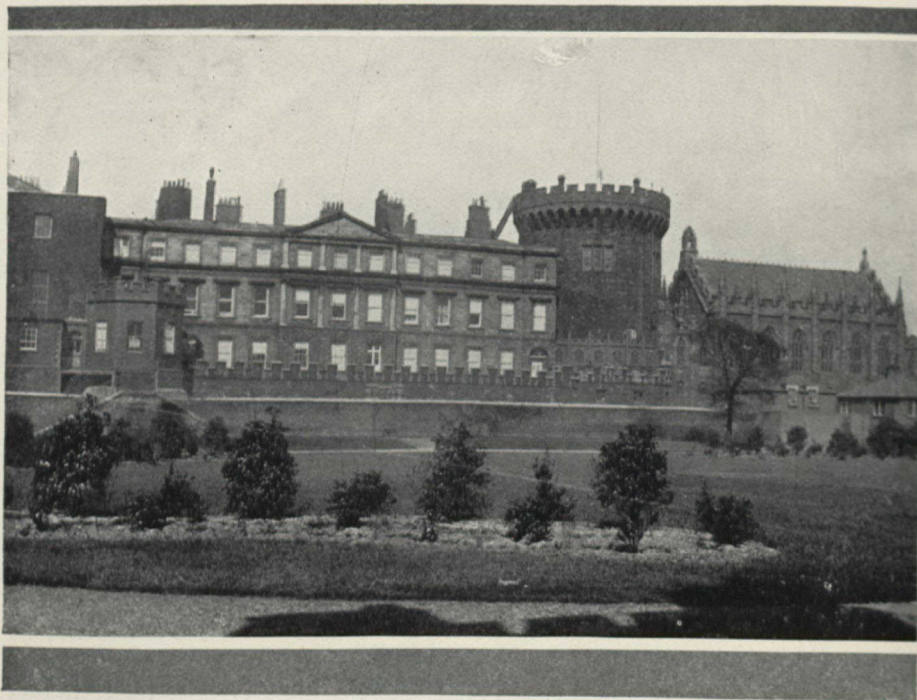
BY LINDSAY CRAWFORD

THE royal road to Ireland's capital is that which the Iberians and Gaels took as their plunging keels, cresting the white-maned waves, nosed their way with angry insistence into the calmer waters of Dublin Bay, revealing to the anxious gaze of the sea-rovers a coast-line whose emerald green sward stretched back to where the purple heather and golden gorse and primeval forest reached up in silent adoration to the eternal hills that still keep watch

and ward over the gateway of fair Innisfail; back to Slieve Cullan—

“Where the Sugarloaf, with bare and ruinous wedge,
Cleaves the gray air to view the dark'ning sea.”

The traveller who would profit by first impressions and who would really know Dark Rosaleen must remember that the fair goddess is to the poetic Celt an uncrowned queen who sits on the rocks looking out to the sea “with the sorrow of a thousand



DUBLIN CASTLE

Showing the Birmingham Tower and Chapel Royal, to the right

years welling up in her dark and beautiful and ever youthful eyes." It is thus he imagines his Kathleen ni Houlahan as he soliloquises:—

"And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source?"

Dark Rosaleen must be wooed from the sea. The machinations of the turbulent waters that war between the shores of Gael and Saxon—"as if the Devil had melted down Hell and was stirrin' it up wid a stick"—must be overcome and the terrors of *mal de mer* strangled in the birth. What more glorious memory than that recalled of a bright summer morning on deck as the throbbing mail packet, passing Inis MacNessin, or Ireland's Eye, on the starboard, runs under the lee of Ben Edar—now known as Howth Hill—with its towering cliffs rising sheer out of the limpid water like the envenomed fangs of a sea monster that is robbed

of its prey. Howth harbour, now a sand-silted tidal refuge for a rapidly diminishing fishing fleet, was in early Victorian days the port of call for the mail packet. Here Queen Victoria landed on her first visit to the country. The Hill of Howth is rich with legends and stories of heroic days. In a sleepy hollow that nestles close to the purple and gold that lend colour to the Hill that stands sentry over the waterway to the Capital, is the castle of the St. Lawrences, Earls of Howth—who came to Ireland with Strongbow over seven centuries ago—the doors of which, with characteristic Irish hospitality, are ceremoniously thrown wide open at the dinner hour, in fulfilment of a promise made to the celebrated Grace O'Malley, or Gaun Uaile, the Queen of Connacht, on her return from the court of Queen Elizabeth.

Here also is a famous tree, a branch of which is said to fall before



BRAY ESPLANADE AND HEAD

A Holiday suburb of Dublin.

the death of a Lawrence. The coming of the Norman invaders is still perpetuated in the names of the neighbouring villages.

Dublin Bay rivals the Bay of Naples in the richness and breadth of its scenic grandeur. On the southern coast-line Wicklow Head, Bray Head, Dalkey, Kingstown and Blackrock come into view. On Dalkey Island, off the mainland, the famous Monks of the Screw used to hold annual revel in the wild uproarious days of Curran. Reaching out to Dalkey on the one side and to the Wicklow mountains on the other, Greater Dublin is pushing back its boundaries to where the homes of its wealthy citizens, dotting the landscape, evade municipal rates and taxes.

From dome and spire the rays of the sun are reflected from the metropolis as the steamer enters the mouth of Anna Liffey leading

“To the city that lies in a shroud as of ashes under the steep;
To the south are the hills everlasting,
eastward the sea-capes and isles;
Inland, the levels of emerald stretch for a hundred miles.”

To approach Dublin by rail from north or south, to miss the opportunity of seeing it in its natural setting of sea and mountain, is to commit the unpardonable crime of climbing over the back fence instead of entering by the front door. As the vessel slows down in the river a glimpse may be had of Clontarf, where on a Good Friday, in 1014, Brian Boru drove the Danes into the sea. Slowly the vessel passes between towering merchantmen from the Baltic and American ports discharging lumber and grain, up past the coasting freighters that supply the British market with beef and mutton and which carry the agricultural products for which Ireland is famous.



THE CUSTOM HOUSE, DUBLIN

From here, two thousand years ago, Irish merchants, in trading vessels with high poops and leathern sails, carried on a brisk trade with Italy and Spain. In their fragile vessels tourists, scholars, and pilgrims braved the Atlantic gales bringing back with them from foreign lands the Latin alphabet, a knowledge of Greek and, later, the first inspired impulses of the Christian religion. Here the merchant princes of the Baltic, of Iceland and Norway, landed with their wares or their plunder.

As the vessel comes alongside, the visitor catches a glimpse of the handsome facade of the Custom House and on the southern quays the famous Conciliation Hall of Dan O'Connell's day, now the Grain Exchange. The numerous bridges spanning the rivers remind one somewhat of the quays of Paris.

There is something depressing about the quays of most old cities.

Dublin is no exception to the general rule. But there is no time to reflect on the tatterdemalion appearance of the city's skirts. A flourish of whips and a Wagnerian chorus of "Car, sir; this way, ma'am," introduces the visitor for the first time to a national institution which is retreating slowly and sullenly before the horseless car. The greatest "car-drivingist" city in the world, in a country that is famous for its horses, no one has "done" Dublin who has shirked the seemingly perilous journey on a jaunting car—the gondola of the Dublin streets. The side-car is always well horsed with young bloods from the racing stables of Kildare, combining speed with staying power, and astonishing those who sit behind these wiry hacks on a thirty-mile run. The cab—the "four-wheeler" or "growler"—is a sort of reserve force associated with wet days, railway journeys and funerals.



ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN

In the Heart of Dublin.

The Irish jarvey never fails to impress the visitor as well by the amount of the fare as by his never-failing resourcefulness as a purveyor of wit and humour and ready-made repartee. It is part of his stock-in-trade to crack jokes and provoke laughter by his hoary witticisms. Even when he changes his occupation, by driving the dead instead of the living, the Hibernian son of Jehu can't forbear to have his little joke. Two jarveys once met in a bar to discuss the trade outlook over a "pint o' Guinness' porter"—the Dublin "beefsteak without bones." "An' how are things doin' wid ye?" inquired Mike. "Sure," responded Pat, the hearse driver, "I haven't buried a livin' sowl this week. Av course," he confided to Mike, as he blew back the obtrusive froth from his creamy pint, "we can't very well push business in our perfeshin', ye know." The Dublin jarvey, "in wit

a man, simplicity a child," is a Celtic product which, it is lamentable to contemplate, seems destined to become a mere cog in this onrushing mechanical age.

Sackville, or O'Connell, street—in the first flight of the streets of the world—lands the visitor in the heart of the city. Statues of Irish patriots and Saxon aliens jostle each other in this noble thoroughfare.

Many great men have visited Dublin and left on record their first impressions. Thackeray was charmed with the Irish metropolis and declared that "a handsomer town it is impossible to see on a summer's day." Carlyle on the other hand referred contemptuously to its "vapid, inane streets, full of side-cars and trashery." Dean Swift, to whom the prospect was pleasing, and man alone was vile, poured out the vials of his wrath on the "fools, fops and rakes" who paraded its streets



SACKVILLE STREET.

Looking north from O'Connell Bridge, showing the O'Connell Monument in the centre and the Nelson pillar in the distance.

in his time. Sir Walter Scott was most impressed in his day by "the dark, saturnine face" that looked down at him from a bust near Swift's tomb. Ruskin was struck by "the ensemble and detail" of Dublin's classic architecture.

Even to-day Dublin wears a foreign aspect. In its æsthetic and architectural beauty, so Venetian-like in its magnificent temples and imposing buildings, it is still in the front rank of European cities. To the materialist, whose soul is wrapped in begrimed dollar bills, the Irish Capital may appear a dull, if historic wilderness. To the artistic eye of a Ruskin it is otherwise. To the Irishman it is a beautiful body from which the spirit has departed. The traveller, fresh from the bustle of Chicago or London, is struck by the pathetic quietude of its streets and squares. There is a singular absence of commercial bustle and activity.

The buildings do not flaunt their roofs against the sky-line. There is an air of repose in the architect's designs. The elevator is still a luxury. It is the church spire not the chimney stack that catches the eye. The atmosphere is that of the cathedral town and the court. Walking through its spacious squares, congested slums, and forbidding tenements, every stone tells of bygone days. From this doorway, now the entrance to a convent, once emerged the angular form of Henry Grattan—who "stood by the cradle of Irish liberty, and followed it to its grave"—a striking figure as, with reflective mien and irregular footsteps, he passed down the street to the Irish House. Here, where Curran's eagle eye caught the greeting of some perfumed dandy, all is now silence and solitude. These old-fashioned doors, once opened by powdered flunkeys as My Lady ascended the steps from her



THE QUAYS

From O'Connell Bridge. The Custom House in the background.

sedan chair, now open to the employees of a dry-goods warehouse. In this palatial mansion at the north of Rutland Square (where fashionable Dublin once thronged in the salons of a belted earl) clerks now keep Civil Service hours and draw Government pay. There, where the doorway and portico still make a brave show in spite of a century of grime, the city's vagrants find a night's shelter. Grass and moss are eating the mortar of the stone facades of the mansions of pre-Union days, where

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away."

The noblemen who built and dwelt in these magnificent houses were epicures with Oriental tastes. In the neighbourhood of Rutland Square, Mountjoy Square, St. Stephen's Green, Merrion Square, and Fitzwilliam Square, one can still find traces of the elaborate decorations

that were executed a century ago, decorations that recall the beauties of the palaces of Venice and Milan. Globe-trotting plutocrats from the stockyards of Chicago, or from Wall street, have despoiled many of these old homes of the Irish aristocracy of the beautiful Carrara marble mantel-pieces, unique examples of Italian art. Angelica Kauffmann and Marinari left wonderful specimens of their work on ceilings and panels in family mansions whose glory has long since departed. The inlaid mantel-pieces of Bossi may yet be seen, but these relics of a lost art are few in number. Wealthy collectors have robbed the city of these art treasures. Into the marble Bossi introduced the most delicate designs in flowers, exhibiting a marvellous fidelity to nature in colour and texture. Bossi died, and with him died the secret regarding the cement and colouring used. Repeated efforts have been



THE OLD HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT,

Now the Bank of Ireland (on left). Trinity College (on right).

made to analyse and reproduce the composition, but the imitations bear but a feeble resemblance to Bossi's finished work. One of Bossi's mantel-pieces was sold a few years ago for five hundred dollars—a mere bagatelle when compared with sums paid for other *objets d'art*. Lord Charlemont, whose town house in Rutland Square is now the headquarters of the Valuation Commissioners was the first to bring over Italian workmen to decorate the interior of his mansion. His example was quickly followed by other Irish peers. With the Union, and the destruction of the Irish Parliament, all these noblemen transferred their town residences to London. Dublin—whose Vice Regal court outshone in hospitality and brilliancy that of the British Sovereign, whose streets were gay with the concourse of belles and swells, witty fops, and charming society dames, and where the Beaux Walk of St. Stephen's

Green outrivalled Rotten Row—passed in a single decade from the proud position of the second city in the Empire to a dishevelled relic of faded glories, sitting in melancholy solitude brooding “o'er the deep damnation of her taking off.”

The homes of the Irish patricians of pre-Union days have now to be sought in byways that tell their own tale of the rapid descent. Aldborough House, now a barracks, stands in the midst of slumland, near Amiens street. Belvidere House still stands at the head of George's street, while close by is the former residence of the famous Countess of Blessington. The obtrusive spirit of commercialism has, with flaunting irreverence, pushed back old Dublin into the slums and side-streets.

A few relics of the past still struggle to maintain appearances and make a brave show in houses that seem too big for the present occu-

pants. A semblance of the Court society of former days still survives, but there is little of the prodigality and lavish display that distinguished the impecunious bucks who once, in these same Queen Anne mansions, closed the shutters at noonday that they might play faro, and *rouge et noir* by candlelight. No bewigged or powdered footman now opens the door. The wire of the visitor's bell is a broken, rusted, and twisted memory of days that were.

At this corner, within sight of St. Patrick's Cathedral, is a shop the front of which is stuck on to the portico of a nobleman's former town residence—the grocer plying his trade where the blue-blooded spendthrift of the eighteenth century would not have permitted him to come between the air and his nobility.

Dublin is not to be wooed by the purchaser of a day return excursion ticket.

Who can feel unmoved in Old Glasnevin, by the banks of the Tolka, when he remembers that here Prior, Parnell and Addison were wont to meet, and that in the cool shade of the trees overhanging this gurgling stream the famous Dean Swift enjoyed the society of Bishop Delaney, whose episcopal residence still tops the neighbouring hill. Or, nearer the city, what thoughts are conjured up in Glasnevin cemetery where O'Connell, the Liberator, Parnell, the Nationalist leader, Barry Sullivan, the great tragedian, and many others "after life's fitful fever sleep well." The statue over Barry Sullivan represents him with the skull of Yorick. Of him, whom Irishmen regard as the greatest of all Shakespearean actors, the *Toronto Globe* once wrote: "If Barry Sullivan's Hamlet is not what Shakespeare intended—which we by no means assert—then we wish that Shakespeare's Hamlet was what Barry Sullivan makes him."

And with what emotions we stand by the tomb of Swift and Stella in St. Patrick's Cathedral; Strongbow's

recumbent figure in Christ Church Cathedral; or gaze at the skull of Swift in Dublin University Museum—"a terrible memento," exclaims Carlyle, "of senile decay, with the hideous smile on the cavernous mouth."

In St. Patrick's Cathedral—the Westminster Abbey of Ireland—is a bust of that sweet singer, Balfe, and the tattered, shot-torn flags of hardly-earned victory in many a bloody fight, with many other episodes recorded in stone and brass.

But the greatest glory of Dublin is the old House of Parliament, now the Bank of Ireland, in College Green. It is no borrowed or reflected glory. It is the only original piece of architecture in the world, it has been said, save Guarini's Santo Saudario at Turin, and the Ducal palace at Venice. Up those steps, once trod by statesmen, warriors and orators, now passes the stream of commerce and exchange. Money changers now sit where Grattan, Curran, Flood and Plunkett once held oratorical sway. Bank governors and directors occupy the seats around the table at which the Irish peers once mustered. On the walls hang two fine examples of tapestry representing the Siege of Derry and the Battle of the Boyne, executed in the Liberties in the days when Dublin employed five thousand hands in the silk industry. On the steps outside can be recalled the face of Lord Castlereagh, flinging looks of scorn at the irate mob that threw dead cats and hurled red-hot imprecations at the man who conspired with Pitt against the liberties of the Irish people. Oposite is Trinity College, where Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke stand in statuesque repose in front of the Elizabethan building which has given so many great men to the service of the Empire and so few to the cause of Irish nationality. Priceless relics—including the famous Book of Kells and the last roll of the Irish Parliament—are stored in its library and museum.

The statues of Henry Grattan and William III. are encountered on the way up College Green, which leads to Ireland's Gethsemane, Dublin Castle. The architecture of Dublin Castle is plain and unpretentious. Over all is the odour of bureaucracy, of the jail, of the scaffold. St. Patrick's Hall, where state functions are held, is a brilliant spectacle when lit up and thronged with Irish youth and beauty at the picturesque ceremonials attending the installation of a Knight of St. Patrick. Around its walls are the banners and coats-of-arms of the Knights, and from Waldre's beautifully designed ceiling looks down a magnificent painting representing the coming of Strongbow. Birmingham Tower is the only relic old stained glass window of mediæval holed walls of massive thickness are stored the ancient muniments. Up till recently Irish Viceroys enjoyed the enviable prerogative of kissing the debutantes appearing at Court.

In the Chapel Royal, close by, is some exquisite oak carving and a rare old stained glass window of mediæval times. The building is one of the most perfect types of Gothic architecture in existence. Adjacent is St. Werburg's Church, with the organ on which Handel once played. St. Michan's, in Church street, is famous for the antiseptic properties of its vaults, in which lie in a wonderful state of preservation the bodies deposited there throughout several centuries. In this church the funeral service was held over all that was mortal of Charles Stuart Parnell. In its graveyard lie several '98 leaders. Mr. Gladstone visited St. Michan's in 1877, and the late rector recalls how the great statesman "trembled like an aspen leaf" as he looked on the mummified remains so wondrously preserved.

Among the historic streets is Fishamble street, sacred to the memory of Handel. Here was the music hall where the great master sat at his chamber organ. He came to Dublin, it was said, in a fit of pique and re-

mained five months as the guest of the Duke of Devonshire, who was Viceroy. During the visit he produced for the first time his "Messiah," in Christ Church Cathedral.

In High street may be seen the house where Sarsfield was born and where Wolfe Tone was waked. In Thomas street the house where Lord Edward Fitzgerald was taken, and St. Catharine's Church, in front of which Robert Emmett was executed.

One famous spot, now occupied by the Church of Ireland Synod Hall, connected by an archway with Christ Church Cathedral, is almost forgotten. It was known as "Hell." The law courts were in close proximity, and "Hell" was where the legal fraternity had their chambers. "Lodgings in Hell, suitable for a lawyer," was a not uncommon form of advertisement in olden times. A statue of the Devil in this abode of the law drew from Bobby Burns the lines:

"But this I'm gaun to tell,
Which lately of a night befell,
Is just as true as the Deil's in Hell,
In Dublin City."

Up on the Dublin mountains, visible for many miles around, are the ruins of the notorious "Hell Fire Club," a famous resort of the wild, card-playing young bucks over a century ago. One of its leading members was Buck Whaley who occupied the house on St. Stephen's Green now the abode of the Catholic College. Whaley once jumped his favourite Arabian horse from a second storey window in Nassau street, landing safely on straw and winning a large wager. He also made a trip to Jerusalem as the result of a wager.

Young Whaley had a large circle of friends, including Lord Marcus Beresford. He played and lost at cards to Charles James Fox and won a royal mistress which the gay Prince of Wales staked against Whaley's gold in a famous gambling resort at Brighton. It is typical of the generosity of the Irish mind that on Whaley's death *The Freemans*

Journal threw over his wasted life the ample folds of the cloak of charity when it alluded to his wild career as "the improvident feature of greatness." Buck Whaley, when forced to fly from the writ server and debtors' jail, after squandering several fortunes, built a house at Douglas in the Isle of Man, the foundations of which were laid on clay shipped from Ireland. For, although unable to reside in Ireland, he would live on Irish soil.

The character of Ireland in the days of Dublin's glory was an anomaly in the moral world. Any approach to the habits of the industrious classes by an application to trade or business, or even a profession, was considered a degradation to a gentleman, and the upper orders of society afforded a most rigid exclusiveness. The Dublin of to-day reflects much of the false pride and gay recklessness and devil-may-care spirit of former times. Society in Dublin, it is true, is no longer composed of aristocrats. The mimic Court that is held in Dublin Castle is regarded by the blue bloods as a back entrance to Society. It is chiefly composed of professional classes, with a sprinkling of the aristocracy, officials, and military exiles acting as aides de camp to the Viceroy, or as members of the staff of the Commander-in-Chief.

The upper crust in Ireland is not satisfied with reflected royalty. It prefers to clank its toy court sword in St. James Palace and to see the Sovereign face to face. It is hard to realise now that the Irish Court once outshone that of George III. The struggle to keep up appearances is one of the most pathetic and tragic sides to present-day Dublin. One characteristic tradition survives. The Dublin man works to live. He does not, like his Ulster confrere, live to work. Business is sluggish at the best in Dublin and where possible it is never allowed to interfere with pleasure. Dublin jealously maintains the café form of transacting business, where the dull, prosaic routine is

swallowed in sugar-coated capsules, and the commercial deal is clinched to the fraternal clink of glasses.

To see Dublin at its best one must meet it at the famous Horse Show or on the race-course, or at some of the theatres. A Dublin audience is the most critical in the world. Praise from the "gods" of a Dublin theatre is praise indeed, and actors and singers know that a successful first night in the Gaiety or Theatre Royal is a precursor to a remunerative season.

One of the most important of the old societies in the Irish metropolis is the Royal Dublin Society, founded by charter from George II., established for the promotion of husbandry and useful arts, and famous for its great annual Horse Show. It is the father of all existing societies with similar aims. The first Dublin Horse Show was held in 1868. To-day it attracts to its extensive permanent quarters at Balls Bridge visitors from every quarter of the world. Buyers representing the great powers come to it to purchase mounts and stud animals for their respective governments. It is more of a fair than a show to the farmers and breeders of Ireland. The wonderful jumping records of foreign officers at the International Horse Show at London recently were largely due to the Irish blood that carried them to victory. The Irish hunter is par excellence the finest ditcher and fencer in the world. He is the king of beasts. Dublin during Horse Show week—the latter end of August—approaches nearest to the gaiety of olden times than at any other period of year. In the jumping enclosure one meets the handsomest and best dressed women in the world. Horse-races and theatres round off one of the gayest seasons to be found in any European city.

Entering the spacious grounds of the Royal Dublin Society at Balls Bridge the magnitude of the Horse Show and the clock-like regularity with which everything is carried out compel admiration and astonish many

who come with peculiar prejudices regarding everything Irish. "The Irish," as a fair Yankee once petulantly exclaimed, "are the most charming and the most aggravating people in the world." But the Horse Show—the biggest thing of the kind in the world—is a striking example of the administrative capacity of Irishmen. With a trotting track, five rings, and a racing enclosure, Balls Bridge during this glorious week—when the poorest Irishman endeavours to live at the rate of ten thousand a year—is a veritable Cosmopolis. Sibilant hostlers putting the finishing touches on the shining coats of blood exhibits recall Dickensian scenes. Seated at the rings the well-dressed crowds—mostly family parties—take a real and lively interest in the horse-flesh. In the rings, showing their paces to prospective buyers, high-class matrons, with foals that may one day challenge the field at Punchestown or the Grand National—animals with plenty of bone, weight carriers with ragged hips and plenty of power behind the saddle—move across the green turf with the grace of well-bred aristocrats. And there is the gambler's chance of picking up an Ard Patrick or a Galtee More among these hundreds of thoroughbreds. But there are other attractions as well as the horses and jumping. Nowhere in the world can there be found in the same space so many handsome women. The *cailin deas*—she of the mystic race, "with tragedy lurking out of her gray eyes," shares the honours with man's noblest friend during the Show.

"Look at her there—
Night in her hair,
The blue ray of day from her eye laughin'
out on us;
Faix an' a foot,
Perfect of cut,
Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us."

The grace and the charm of the Dublin girl are enhanced by an undefinable air of distinction, and a seductive musical voice that interprets the English language with a purity

of intonation and a refinement of expression not to be heard in any other part of the United Kingdom.

One may also hear in Dublin all the brogues from Cork to Fair Head. The clash of wits between the female prisoner at the bar and the Dublin bobby at the morning sessions at the back of the Four Courts is an experience not to be missed. The female resident of Church street or the Liberties—especially when her education has been rounded off by the wide experience gained as an auctioneer of old clothes in Patrick's Close, or as a street purveyor of apples and oranges—is a dangerous opponent to encounter in a battle of wits. Dan O'Connell once wagered he would get the better of an old apple woman who frequented the precincts of the Law Courts, and only succeeded in silencing the voluble dame by calling her "an ould isosceles triangle."

"Mrs. McGovern," said the magistrate to the prisoner, "don't imagine for one moment that you can continue to drink, as you have done, with impunity."

"Beggin' yer pardin, yer worship, I always drink wid Mrs. O'Brien," replied the unperturbed Mrs. McGovern.

Sitting in a street car one day, one of these itinerant apple merchants was next to some rather loud and disparaging Yankee visitors, who were decrying the Capital as a "dirty city." As the old dame rose to leave the car she turned and said: "I beg pardin, ladies, I was much interested in the account of yer travels all over the world. I have heard all ye have to say about the dhirty Oirish. When ye nixt take yer thravels abroad I'd advise ye to go to Hell; ye'll find no dhirty Oirish there."

Dublin has improved in cleanliness in common with most large cities since the times when a landlady deprecatingly reminded her prospective lodger that "a little clane, Irish dirt niver did any one any harm."

The Phoenix Park, where Fitzgerald's ghost appears every morning

challenging for a duel, and where the Viceroy, Chief Secretary, and Under Secretary for Ireland reside, is one of the largest and most picturesque parks in the world. The Zoological Gardens, and the headquarters of the Royal Irish Constabulary are also situated within the park. It is a glorious scene at any time of year, but more particularly when the thousands of hawthorne trees are in bloom. Opposite the Vice Regal Lodge itinerant merchants and importunate apple-women keep alive the dark memories of the Invincibles of 1882 by marking with deep crosses the spots where Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were foully murdered. Taking advantage of the morbidly curious, these open-air merchants traffick in bog oak and other curios. Looking from his window Earl Spencer saw the tragedy in May, 1882, but thought it was only a drunken row. A seat is pointed out as the spot where the informer Carey sat and gave the signal to the murderers of the approach of the Chief Secretary and Under Secretary. A few paces off "Skin the Goat," on his ear tightened his reins and flicked his little brown mare, getting her blood warmed up for the desperate ride of the assassins from the scene of a crime that put back the home rule cause a quarter of a century. On this famous drive the assassins must have caught a glimpse of Kilmainham jail where some of them later paid the extreme penalty.

There is a new Dublin springing phoenix-like from the ashes of the dead past. Life may never again be restored to the dry bones that moulder in the slums and side streets. The glories of the dead past may never be recalled in the deserted homes of a once resident nobility. Duibh-Linn, the city of the Black Pool, seems destined to reflect in the future the more prosaic virtues of a Democracy. In the Dublin of to-day one feels the throbbing of a new and a better life. A noble band of intellectuals is hammering out the destiny of the

country. Poets, dramatists, actors, politicians, social reformers—they can be met in cosy tea-rooms and other haunts, living the simple life and given seriously to think over national problems. With a Parliament in College Green the spirit will return to the still beautiful and inanimate clay. National poetry—"the poetry of the sword, of the famine and of the pestilence"—native music, and the Irish drama, long marred by the too deep intensity of the insistent note of sadness reflected in the decadent glories of the metropolis, will take on a more joyous expression and preach a more optimistic and lively faith.

The architectural beauties of Dublin, its extended vistas and classic atmosphere, break like a revelation on the visitor who is attuned in reverence and sympathy. He indeed must be destitute of imagination and sympathy who cannot once more people these stately homes and noble streets with a new, a richer, and a more abundant life.

Leaving Kingstown Harbour as the ruddy sun sinks slowly behind the mountains, bringing the giant Sugar Loaf once more into bold relief, a fleeting vision of loneliness opens out as the green shore recedes from view. Kingstown is fast supplanting the North Wall on the Liffey as the port of call and departure for Dublin. Southwards from the metropolis for twelve miles are now to be found the homes of wealthy merchants, retired landed gentry, Government officials and pensioners, and the families possessed of independent means that recruit the population of Dublin from the Irish provinces from year to year. For Dublin is not an industrial but a residential city. Much of the wealth of Ireland is to be found concentrated within its boundaries including its suburbs.

As the steamer, threading its way through the fleet of yachts cruising in the Bay, heads once more for the British coast the memory of "dear old dirty Dublin"—no longer dirty

and unkempt but leading in the van in the provision of better housing and healthier surroundings for the masses of its people—brings many sweet reflections. Its magnificent picture gallery, museums and art treasures, its quiet retreats far from the maddening crowd, its atmosphere of refinement, culture and repose, and its many-sided appeals to the craving desires of a wearied humanity in this bustling age—all crowd fast upon the memory as the golden disc behind a bank of clouds throws ghost-like shadows over hill and valley. As the evening mist casts a gray mantle over the waters shutting out the thousands of twinkling, dancing lights ashore we think of Dublin as *triste*.

It is the memory of other days that haunts its stately homes and clings to its handsome architecture. He who would hold converse with its familiar spirits must approach with the reverent awe of the antiquarian. Its streets are the hallowed aisles of a national sarcophagus. It is the past not the present that everywhere obtrudes. Dublin—whose history stretches back through the mists of two thousand years, whose architec-

ture and customs owe so much to the stranger within its gates—is an epitome in sculptured stone of the tragic history of Erin. The daily press, the speeches of the politicians, the table conversation in the hotel or restaurant—all conjure up the past. This tendency of the Irish people to brood over the past, to the neglect of the present, is one of the most notable characteristics of the race. And the reason is not far to seek. The Irish people is divorced from the present. The continuity of national life has been snapped. The destruction of the Irish Parliament and the ruthless policy of Anglicisation and denationalisation have diverted the broad streams of national life into new and unnatural channels and dried up the well-springs of incentive and individuality.

As the myriad lights of the great city vanish behind the horizon the imagination conjures up once more the pathetic figure of Erin sitting on the storm-swept rocks looking out over the sea, waiting for the day when the angel shall roll away the stone, and when the spirit of the Past shall once more be incarnated in the Present.



THE CLIMBER OF THE HEIGHTS

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

DIMLY to be seen, and dreamlike in their intangibility, were the vast heights upflung above the timber line of Lost Men Mountain. A wan light presaged the dawn, but the stars still glimmered faintly. Silence, tingling and austere, brooded upon this upper world.

Already in the little alpine meadow on the shoulder of the mountain, between scraggy clumps of jackpine and the lofty precipices that supported the last peaks, a small flock of sheep was feeding on the bunch grass.

There were six of them—two ewes, with short, bowie-knife horns, three lambs, and the leader of the flock, a magnificent ram. He was one of the most kingly beasts of the kingly tribe of Big Horns. He stood a foot higher than either of the ewes. His body was massive, close-knit and muscular. His head, crowned with huge horn scrolls, was on a truly heroic scale. His movements were quick and springy, and whenever he raised his head his pose was strikingly statuesque.

The faint violet tints in the sky turned to crimson as the stars faded out. Then the red lid of the sun peeped over the edge of the world.

Instantly fire gleamed on the taller peaks, and the mountains loomed clear and tremendous. From the meadow where the sheep were browsing the vast billowy sea of the Rockies unrolled itself to the view. Ranges of tall peaks capped with the eternal snows faded away into the infinity of the azure sky. Beneath were black forest depths, misty chasms, bleak

and solemn rock walls still in shadow.

Coming from out the mists of the valleys, passing through the deep solemn notes of the forests, and rising in harmonies of grays and greens and purples to the piercing, exquisite fire of gleaming, ice-crowned spires, a triumphal pæon of colour welcomed the new day.

Into view of this pomp and pageantry of Nature came three men. They silently stole out from the edge of the timber belt and into the shelter of a clump of jackpine. They were a white hunter and two Indian guides. A rock boulder hid the sheep from them. The Indians seemed to suspect the presence of game, for they crouched low under the trees, and one of them waved a deprecating hand to the white man, who so far followed their example as to drop to one knee.

But the scene obliterated thoughts of hunting from the white man's mind. The overpowering bulk of the mountains, the stateliness of the cathedral spires, the vastness of the panorama, and the exquisite loveliness of colouring in which all was bathed gripped his imagination.

To this city-bred man it seemed a miracle that such beauty could be wrought without the aid of man. To come into these remote heights, where perhaps from the beginning of the world man had never been before, and to discover himself in the presence of such a triumphal welcome to another day, was suddenly to find his perspective altered—to realise that man, and civilisation, and kingdoms, and empires were but incidents in some vast, incomprehensible scheme

of nature altogether beyond his understanding.

It seemed to him that the utter silence in which this scene was unrolled must be filled with music to which his ear was not attuned; that the mountains, instead of being lonely, must be peopled with hosts of beings whom he could not see.

It gave him no start, caused not a single muscle of his to quiver, when from behind the huge boulder in the alpine meadow in the foreground, the little flock of Big Horn sheep came picking their way and browsing. They came quietly into the picture—that was all.

Mechanically he noted the magnificent proportions of the ram, mechanically he counted the ewes and lambs, but his mind was enthralled with the whole vast scene, and not with its details.

One of the Indians touched his foot, and when he looked round pointed at the sheep.

He nodded quickly, and took the rifle the Indian offered him. But now, as he gazed with a hunter's eye on the sheep, they too fascinated him, and instead of raising his rifle he waited and watched.

Unsuspecting as the sheep were, and therefore natural and easy in their movements, the little flock somehow had about it an air of domesticity.

Only the ewes were feeding. They moved energetically from bunch to bunch of grass, nibbling quickly. One lamb was following its mother, and with awkward baby movements was trying to get its mother to allow it to nurse. But the moment the lamb dropped on its knees under its mother's udder and began to shake its tail in an ecstasy of anticipation, the mother would move on, leaving the lamb a pathetic little figure of disappointment behind her.

The other two lambs were trying their strength in mimic battle, rearing and butting at each other with great vigour.

The Big Horn ram stood watching

the battling two with fatherly indulgence. Then he walked up to them, lowered his massive scroll-crowned head, and playfully joined in the fight. Immediately the lambs turned on him. One butted at his flanks, running back and launching his puny blows with all his might. The other began a bold frontal attack, rearing and butting downwards at the lowered head of the ram and in the approved fighting style.

Down among the jackpines a bird began to sing. Now and then some of the shale, loosened by the sheep, went clattering down the mountain side.

Nothing else broke the stillness.

Suddenly the Big Horn ram flung up his head; the man-tainted air had reached him. Almost with the same movement he sprang sideways to the top of a boulder and swung round on his forelegs as on a pivot. With his head flung back, his big golden eyes searching the edge of the timber line, and his sensitive nostrils sniffing at the air, he presented a noble sight.

The ewes looked at him nonchalantly, still chewing. The lambs took no notice at all.

Big Horn stamped his forefeet, shook his head, and snorted, as though the tainted air were an abomination in his nostrils.

Instantly every one of the flock sprang to attention and ran towards him with frightened movements and quivering nostrils. Instantly, too, the white man raised his rifle. But he never sighted it.

At that moment the silent forces of Nature intervened. With the speed of light itself fog dropped down upon the alpine meadow, and in an instant the vision was blotted out from the hunter's eyes.

It was a phenomenon well known to the Indians, but it amazed the white man. He had seen clouds wreathing the mountain sides, but he never imagined they dropped with such imperceptible swiftness.

One of the Indians pulled out his pipe and lit it. The other smiled in.

scrutably. The smile might have meant pleasure at the thought that the white man had lost his opportunity because he had ignored the first signal of the Indian. It might have meant contempt.

"What a magnificent head!" whispered the white man, looking back again instantly to see if the fog were thinning.

"Biggest horns in all the Rockies," said the Indian. "Biggest I ever saw."

"Never dreamt the fog was going to drop like that," said the white man apologetically. "What a fool I was not to shoot on sight! How long will the fog last?"

The Indian shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps five minutes. Perhaps all day," he said.

"Well, we'll wait," said the hunter, also lighting his pipe.

But it was an hour before the fog lifted, and then the sheep were gone.

The Indians took up the trail. They soon told the white man the pursuit of this great ram was hopeless. The trail, they said, showed that the flock had got their scent—perhaps had seen them—and that the sheep had retreated at great speed. They were extremely wild and would probably travel on and on in this vast sea of mountains for days before they again felt secure.

The hunter did not believe the Indians. Now that he had lost his chance, he hungered and thirsted for just one more. He saw no more the beauty of the mountains. He was a hunter pure and simple. And greedily did he covet the magnificent trophy that the Big Horn carried. To take back this trophy to his friends, to keep it forever as a proud possession and to be able to say "I shot that animal in the Rockies"—this was his one ambition.

For three days did he hunt. But he saw no more of the sheep. Then the city called the white man away. Only one of the Indians went back over the mountains with him. The other stayed behind and hunted. For

the white man wanted the Big Horn's head, and \$250 was the price he was ready to pay for it.

*

When the fog shut down upon the little flock, Big Horn already knew the enemy that menaced him. The tainted air told him that it was man; his keen eyes caught the figure of the white man as the latter raised his rifle at the very instant that the fog came.

Bounding swiftly from the boulder, the ram snorted alarm at his family and led the flock rapidly up the slopes.

He came of a much-hunted race and he knew that of all the enemies he had to fear man was the worst. He knew the terrible power of man to hurl death from tremendous distances. He had heard the crackling roar by which men strike down the creatures of the wild. He had seen members of the flock slain instantly by the death men hurl from afar. His horror of man was such that the sight or smell of a human being drove him into a frenzy of fear.

The movements of the flock first partook of the nature of stampede. Then they slowed down into a rapid trot, the ram leading the way with steady purpose. Behind him followed the three lambs, and in the rear were the ewes, who butted the lambs whenever they showed a disposition to slacken their speed. Far away across the ravine, high up in the heart of a mountain range twenty miles to the north, were the breeding grounds where the ram was born, and it was to this place that he now led the flock.

At first the flock climbed up and up the face of the mountain to the spires. Then they wound around to the north and by precipitous passes found their way down to the timber. Once in the forest they travelled at a steady jog trot wherever the trail was smooth, while over the boulders they skipped and leaped with an ease that was almost birdlike in its lightness and abandon. The lambs in particular showed amazing agility.

Late that same afternoon they were breasting the wooded slopes on the far side of a tremendous valley. Not without adventure had the journey been, but then their lives were one long adventure. They had to jump or ford several mountain torrents, and in the bed of the valley had had to cross, by leaps from rock to rock, a great, roaring, swirling, glacier-fed river.

In the valley a couple of coyotes hung upon their trail for some time, despite repeated flank attacks by the ewes. When the coyotes became bolder and tried to cut in by a cross trail upon the lambs, Big Horn wheeled round in a perfect blaze of passion and charged upon the tormentors. He did not catch either of them. But they gave up hope and went off in search of easier quarry.

Occasionally a rabbit would sit upon his hind quarters and stare questioningly at the hurrying sheep. Canada jays sometimes inferred the worst from the rapid movements of the flock and screamed alarms that brought squirrels shrilling on overhanging branches and sent blue grouse whirring through the pinion pines.

Stopping neither to rest nor to feed, the ram brought his charges before nightfall to one of the lesser peaks. There, in a retreat among the rocks that commanded far-stretching views, they rested for the night. Late the next day they reached the object of their journey—an alpine meadow overhanging a vast gorge. There they settled down once more to a period of placid order and contentment, of eating and resting and gambolling.

But the Indian, too, knew of that meadow, for his tribe had hunted in these mountains from time immemorial. He hardly expected to find the big ram there, but he knew that somewhere in that neighbourhood he was likely to find sheep—and probably, he argued to himself, one head would earn the \$250 as well as another.

The Indian reached this high retreat three days after the arrival of the sheep, on a day when wind roared through the mountain passes, and the drifting snow swirled into fantastic shapes.

He camped in a cave for two days until the storm had passed. Then he made for the heights above the meadow, where he crept cautiously from rock to rock, taking advantage of each new view of the meadow to look for sheep. He knew that when alarmed the sheep would look to the timber on the far side of the meadow for the danger, and would seek safety in retreat to the rocks above.

Thus, by approaching the meadow from above, if he missed the ram on the first shot he would probably get him on the second.

An hour after he had reached the heights commanding the meadow he sighted the sheep. But the ridge from which he gazed was too high for effective shooting. Far below, tiny specks on the boulder-strewn and snow-swept field, the sheep were feeding, all unsuspecting of danger.

Carefully he made his way down the steep side of the mountain. He was almost within rifle shot when a loose rock, dislodged under his weight, went crashing down the mountain side.

He saw the sheep start to attention; saw the very Big Horn ram he was after leading them off at great speed towards the upper heights.

He crouched and waited.

For five minutes the sheep were lost to view behind boulders. When they reappeared they were far away to the left. The Indian hastened by an easy path up and across the mountain to intercept them. In the next half hour he never got a glimpse of the sheep.

Then, without noise of footfall or premonitory suspicion, the paths of hunter and hunted met. Their paths converged at right angles around a huge pyramid of rock—the sheep on the outward side, on the edge of a precipice.

The great ram fell back on his haunches for a second. Then, realising the impossibility of turning back, like an arrow he bounded forward, making for the safety of a narrow defile that wound sharply through the rocks a dozen yards ahead.

In the same instant the Indian made a movement to raise his rifle.

On the edge of the rise between the sheep and the defile the snow of the day before had drifted until it hung like the comb of a great wave high out over the valley. That comb was in the direct path of the sheep.

In the excitement of the moment, the big ram sprang on to the snow wave. He crouched as he realised his position, but before he could retreat the others had joined him.

With a rush and amid a huge cloud of flying snow, the bank gave way, and the whole flock disappeared in a miniature avalanche that went sweeping with a muffled roar down the face of the precipice.

The Indian peered over. Except for flying snow, nothing could be seen. The Big Horn, he felt sure, and all his flock lay dead at the bottom without a shot having been fired.

He made his way to the bottom of the precipice after a toilsome journey and began searching amid the snow and rocks for the sheep. He found one ewe with a broken neck—then one of the lambs.

The legs of another of the lambs stuck out from a snow drift. He began pulling at them.

And then something struck him behind, something that hit him like a blow from an oak plank. He fell

forward awkwardly into the snow.

By some miracle the ram alone had survived the fall uninjured. The animal, keeping lonely guard by the dead body of one of his ewes, had seen the Indian approach and had connected the man with the tragedy that had occurred.

No longer a timid wildling, but a rage-possessed demon, the infuriated animal rushed upon the man, struck him over and brought his huge horns crashing down upon the man's head. Beneath there was a rock, and the impact of the tremendous blow delivered by the ram smashed the man's skull. The ram rained crashing blows upon the man, smashing ribs and cutting into the flesh of head and neck with his sharp forefeet. Again and again he charged; again and again the great horns crashed upon the limp body of the Indian, who was dead long before the infuriated animal left him.

At length Big Horn's fury died out. Then the horror of his sudden loneliness in the midst of death oppressed him. He turned away from this valley of horror and roamed high into the mountain ridges. At dusk he stood on a huge pyramid of rock, his silhouette showing up sharply against the sky.

In an agony of loneliness he bleated for his flock. His voice, in which was a pathetic note of anguish, floated out over an ocean of peaks lifting white fingers to the stars. It floated out and died away.

There was not a single sound in answer. Not a single answering voice to break the aching silence of all the wild chaos of cloud and rock.



REMINISCENCES OF A COLONIAL JUDGE

BY D. W. PROWSE

WHEN I tell my readers about my adventures and the diversified and multifarious offices that I have filled in the course of a long life (now verging on to eighty years) I am sure that they will at least give me credit for variety. As a young fellow I was a lawyer, estate agent, representative of a great English fire insurance office, and member of the Legislature.

My functions, titles and occupations were so varied, so incongruous, that they will appear to the reader more like Gilbertian comic opera than ordinary prosaic official life. I was the midshipmite and the boatswain bight and the crew of the captain's gig—all kinds of functions rolled into one. Besides being District Judge, Police Magistrate, Chairman of Quarter Sessions, Chairman of the Board of Health, I was inspector, with full control, of the police. One morning I woke up to find myself suddenly transformed from a peaceful district judge into a fighting admiral with four ships. I had been appointed Commander of the Bait Squadron to prevent the sale of bait by our fishermen to our rivals and opponents, the French. It recalled Sidney Smith's immortal joke about Lord John Russel's daring and self reliance, "that with twenty-four hours notice he would take command of the Channel Fleet." Incongruous and absurd as the appointment would appear, it was not so in reality; like all

Islanders I was more or less of a sailor and came of old Devon seaman stock. A Prowse commanded the fire-ships in Calais roads and destroyed the invincible armada. Another Prowse, with Blackwood, received Nelson's last orders at Trafalgar. As Commander of the Bait Squadron I destroyed the French fishery and saved the country from ruin. Both Government and the public deemed the exploit impossible, but I won.

I hope my readers will thoroughly understand that the stories I am about to relate happened long ago. They are the reminiscences of a garrulous old man relating incidents of the past. Dear, delightful days of Arcadian simplicity, when port wine was a shilling a bottle, and we had no debt.

In 1861 I was unopposed, and my course was easy. In 1865 I had two opponents. How to get rid of them quickly and bring myself and the steamer back to Burin to aid in my leader's election was a puzzle. I found both my antagonists staying with my special friend and staunch supporter the Jersey agent. These were convivial times, and my rivals were put to bed in a very moist condition, both having declared solemnly before the agent that they had no intention of opposing my election.

Just before dawn our steamer came in. Both my opponents were carried aboard, dead drunk, and when they woke they were over one hundred

miles to leeward of the district, with my nomination the only one in the returning officer's hands. They stormed and swore at me, but I produced in presence of the captain their written resignation in my favour.

When I got to Burin I found my leader in bed sick and nervous. There was a report of boats with fire-arms and all sorts of threats from our opponents. I saw at once what to do; we must keep the people quiet and amused until nomination was over. I had both a fiddler and a bugler. The unfinished court-house had a fine floor. Our outharbour people are very fond of music and dancing, so I passed the word round amongst all my friends to copy my example—get hold of a girl, jump through the window and begin dancing.

It acted like a charm. Instead of the expected row, we had a most enjoyable time. Conservatives and Liberals alike dancing like mad. Four o'clock came, our members alone were nominated. Our leader arose from his bed and won nearly all our money at cards that evening.

When I was first appointed to my judicial office forty-one years ago the Capital was in a very bad condition. There were 500 robberies in the winter of 1869, and any number of unlicensed houses, thieves and loose women. One of my predecessors was with Sir John Moore at Corunna; another was a magistrate in 1813. A Norwegian sailor told us about various places where he had bought drink. For a fortnight we kept him supplied with cash and followed by a policeman in plain clothes. In a week we gathered in all the sheebeneers and convicted them in batches and brought over £5,000 into our treasury.

A deputation headed by Sir Ambrose Shea petitioned the Governor to have me dismissed for punishing a lot of respectable tradesmen in a most disgraceful way. The old Governor, Sir Stephen Hill, told Sir Ambrase that when he was magistrate at Maur-

itius he had adopted the very same plan in dealing with a great public evil, the unlicensed grogshop, and that he would thoroughly support me in my endeavours to keep order in St. John's.

My most amusing adventures happened in very out of the way places, when I was after wreckers, and I also enjoyed the very best grouse shooting. I killed a whole covey of thirteen one morning with the police, prisoners and witnesses acting as spectators and retrievers.

Sea-faring people look upon wrecks as special dispensations of Providence for their personal benefit. Deep down in their hearts they re-echo the old Cornish parson's prayer:

"Oh Lord, protect and defend those who go down to the sea in ships and do their business in the great waters, and if it be so, Lord, that in Thy unspeakable Providence Thou shouldst cause any of the stately ships to be cast away, grant, Lord, of Thy abundant mercy that a goodly portion of the wrecks may be bestowed upon the poor, sinful inhabitants of this small haven."

Crossing the Atlantic one summer in a Dundee steam-whaler, as we were passing the Orkney Islands, I remarked to the blue-eyed giant, our pilot, "This must be a great place for wrecks." "Wracks, mon," he replied, "there's many a braw hoose in Orkney and many a braw farm cut out o' wracks, but the dom Breetish Government has put a leet-hoose here and a leet-hoose there, and yon, mon, is twa. There is no chance for a pair fisher body noo."

In some wild parts of our Newfoundland coast everything specially good about the fishermen's houses has been got out of wrecks. One of our clergy was once stopping in an outharbour home. The master sat by him and began touching the sleeve of his coat.

"That's a mighty fine piece of cloth, sir," he said. "Never seed better in my life. Get 'ee out of a wrack, sir?"

The great preventative of crime is the certainty of punishment. When

an offence is committed no stone should be left unturned to detect and punish the criminal. Judges of the superior courts are often hard on the police. One of our judges, a brilliant Irishman, had a special habit of cross-hackling our officers. I remember one extraordinary case of arson. Coming home from a party late one evening, I met our inspector. Passing along a back street, we noticed gleams of light through the windows of a little house. Entering we found sixteen different fires in the various rooms, and the windows all darkened with bread bags. At the trial the judge cross-examined the inspector very severely.

"You arrested the prisoner?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Was he very much frightened?"

"Terribly scared, my lord."

"You searched the prisoner; what did you find, sir?"

"I found, my lord, the 'Key of Heaven' (a Catholic prayer-book) in one pocket and his insurance policy in the other. He was prepared for both worlds, my lord."

Even the judge had to laugh.

In the course of a long experience I never failed in the detection of crime, though sometimes the juries let off the prisoner. The most remarkable case I ever handled was a bank note forgery. In the whole annals of crime there is only one case like it—the robbery of £60,000 worth of Indian stamps lost through the wrecking of a mail steamer in the Red Sea. The boxes were stolen and the stamps circulated in India, but the criminals were never caught.

In my case the steamer *Gaspé*, on a voyage from Halifax, Nova Scotia, to St. John's, Newfoundland, went ashore on the French island of Miquelon. She was smashed to matchwood. Her crew was saved, but the whole cargo was lost.

The cargo contained a strongly-bound box of stationery and 2,000 five-pound notes consigned to one of our local banks. The insurance was

paid on the box. Several years after this loss a man named Miller came into the bank and presented an unsigned five-pound note. The bank officials laughed at him. He was on his way home. Returning from a shooting expedition, I was met by the telegraph boy with a message from the bank to bring back Miller. After a great deal of trouble, I persuaded him to return with me. The bank officials had a great fright. They found quite a number of the notes supposed to be lost in the *Gaspé* and, worst of all, very cleverly forged. They had been paid at the bank without the slightest suspicion that there was anything wrong. They put the case in my hands. In a couple of days I wrote out for them a very full statement of the case. I described how the box had come ashore intact; how it had been found by one fisherman, who had shown it to another, and how they had carried up the box and concealed it in the woods; how they then had taken some of the notes to an old junk dealer in St. Pierre, and he employed a better educated man to forge the names of the manager and accountant, copied of course from genuine notes.

I gave a detailed description of the four persons concerned in the crime. The directors did not believe one word of my statement. How did I know the forgery was done in St. Pierre? Very simply. I said that the ink was French and all the forged notes had come from places trading with St. Pierre. The criminals, I told them, were very cautious, for only about fifty notes had so far been forged. Every word I had said proved to be literally true. However, nothing would have been done only for J. W. Smith, manager of the Union Bank. He pointed out to the Governor the dangers of the situation. "If," he said, "it comes to be known or is suspected that there are £40,000 of forged notes afloat, no fisherman will look at a bank note. Our

circulation will be ruined. He prevailed, and at an hour's notice I was sent off to St. Pierre in a little beast of a steamer. For several days I was the laughing-stock of the island. All declared that the Pierros were too stupid to carry out such a clever trick. It was all done in the States. My only allies were the Governor's wife, whom I had met at our Government House, and my host of *Le Leon d'Or*, Hackela, *Capitaine des Sapeurs Pompiers*. Jacquard and Roblot, the two Miquelon fishermen, had been seen several times in the shop of old Roblot, the junk dealer. They were brought over. The authorities were all unbelievers until the girl who received the note from Jacquard gave her evidence. He denied most positively that he had ever given her the unsigned note. This put the Procureur on his mettle. The denial of such an obvious fact made him at once suspicious, and Jacquard was kept in jail. The rest went back. The prisoner, Jacquard, got frightened and told the judge the whole story.

Now arose a new danger. Would Roblot in Miquelon destroy the rest of the notes? I felt sure that from

his Norman avarice he would not do so. Fortunately, just at that time, a little English steamer put into the harbour, and I persuaded the Governor to let the head of the police go over in her and capture Roblot and the notes. Cantaloupe, head of the police, nick-named "*Tete de melon*," was very stupid but very determined. Hackela told me how to drive it into his head. So over a bottle of brandy he and I rehearsed the scene. I told him to go to Roblot, pistol in hand, and say, "Show me the notes, Roblot, or you are a dead man." Roblot was found hidden in the woods, but he showed the notes.

Bunot, the junk dealer, was sentenced to twenty-one years; Roblot, fifteen, and Jacquard, ten. The St. Pierre authorities got all the credit, and I was most shabbily treated by the bank. On behalf of the bank I made handsome presents to all the St. Pierre authorities and brought back with me a good stock of claret and burgundy. I have often been asked how I came to know all about this crime and actually to see and describe the criminals. I have no explanation to give, except possibly clairvoyance.



*Leaves from the Sketch-
Book of Mr. George
Chavignaud ∴ ∴ ∴*

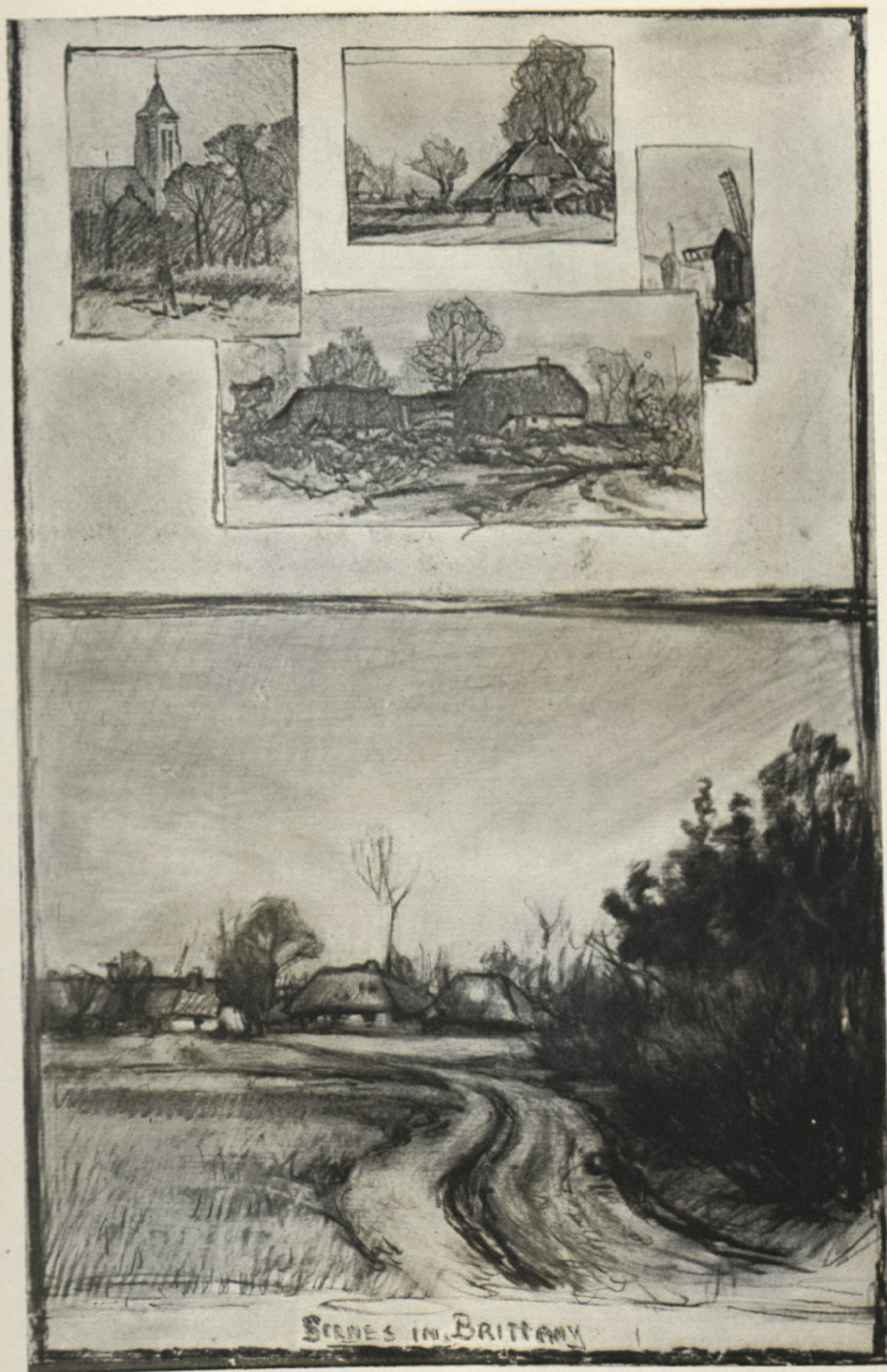






LANDSCAPE SKETCHES AT MEADOWVALE, ONTARIO

Drawings by George Chavignaud



SCENES IN BRITTANY

Drawings by George Chavignaud

CAPTAIN WILLIAM KENNEDY

SKETCH OF A CANADIAN WHO COMMANDED
TWO EXPEDITIONS SENT IN SEARCH OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN

BY A. J. CLARK

HOWEVER diverse may be the opinions held as to the value or necessity for much of the Arctic exploration of the past several centuries, there can be no question as to the splendid heroism displayed in the long search for the members of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated force.

It seems strange, therefore, that but little is known about the man who headed two of the relief expeditions and was asked to undertake a third—Captain William Kennedy.

In happy contrast to the claims, counter-claims, charges, denials and retractions put forward by some recent explorers, that long-continued quest resolved itself into a crusade of generous impulses, in which nations put aside national considerations and individual men gave of their chivalry for a common cause.

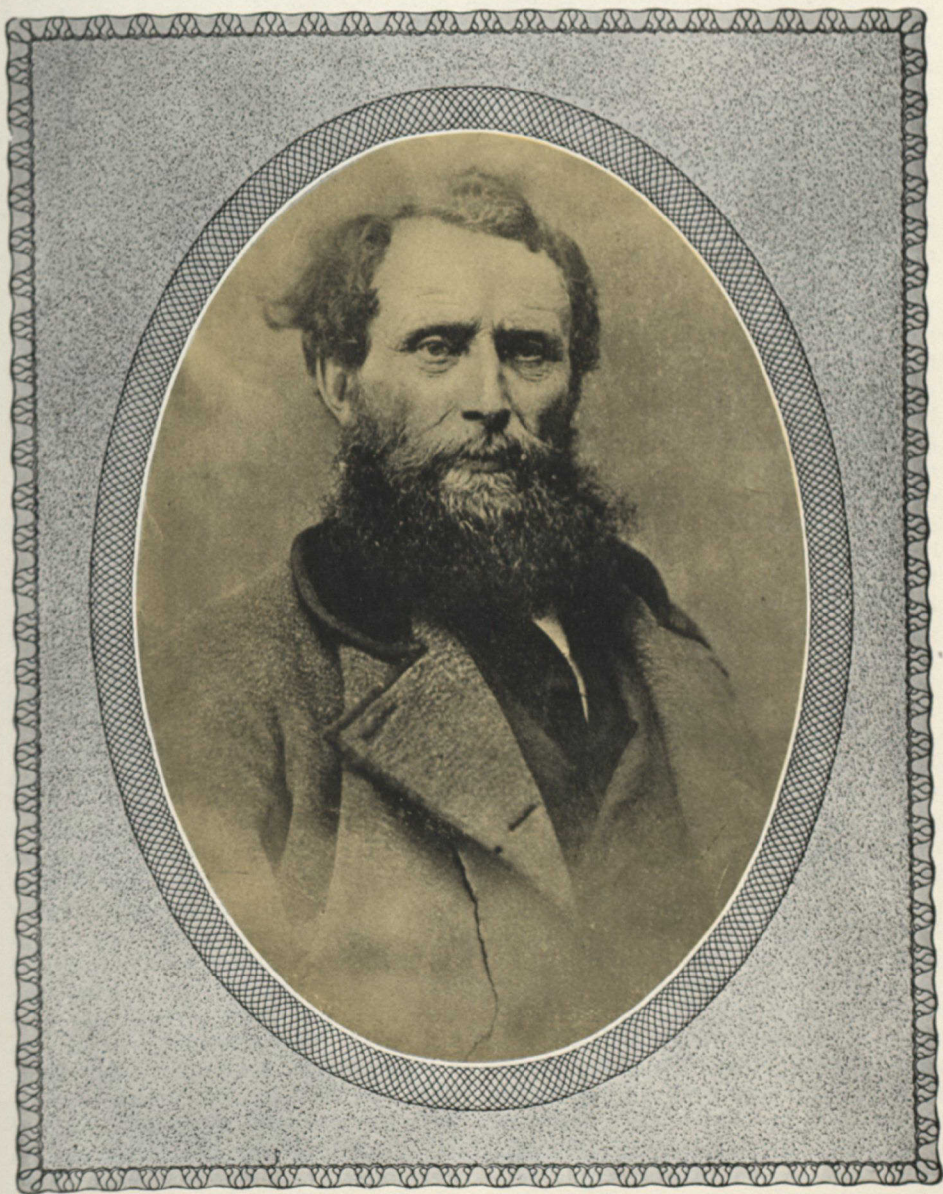
The records of those oft-repeated attempts at succour glow with all that is best and noblest in human nature, and not until humanity has ceased to admire the deeds of men cast in heroic mold will the memories of those searchers be forgotten.

It is a matter for pride consequently to Canadians to know that to a fellow-countryman belongs the honour of having played an important rôle in that intensely human drama, for in the person of Captain Kennedy Canada had a representative in the long catalogue of intrepid commanders in charge of the various relief expeditions. For Lady Franklin he under-
took the direction of her second at-

tempt to find some trace of her lamented husband, and on this voyage, unsuccessful in its main object, he won the lasting distinction of becoming the discoverer of the most northerly point of the North American mainland. For three centuries this had been an objective of previous explorers. They had each in turn failed, and it remained—and but fittingly—for a son of Canada's great northern hinterland to first stand at its most northerly limit.

Honour and to spare, one might unthinkingly say, but when we look deeper we discover that counterbalancing disappointments in later years and the forgetfulness of those who might have, and should have, remembered drew their seamy lines across a life strangely free from the inflicting of such marks on the lives of others.

Not from this must it be inferred that William Kennedy was a disappointed self-seeker. In the most positive sense he was the reverse. Perhaps he even carried this phase of character beyond what was necessary. Who shall judge? Men of his vision, of his iron will and unimpeachable integrity are none too numerous and that, in some things, they keep counsel with themselves alone is to their glory and not to their shame. When men look into nature with that clearness of sight of which Carlyle so pithily writes it is not necessary that material gain should be an accompaniment in order to fix their gaze.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM KENNEDY

A Canadian who twice attempted to discover the fate of Sir John Franklin

It was so with this "Man of the North." He had journeyed far through the great fur regions; had penetrated the vast sub-Arctic territory and knew it intimately and with the affection of the voyageur at a time when many of his countrymen regarded it only as a frozen and valueless waste. He knew that at many points great potential wealth lay stored for future generations. He told of these. Some heeded; many smiled with the complacency of ignorance.

The man who had depended on the canoe, the dog-sleigh and the snow-shoeing pack carrier knew both the need for and the value of dependable transportation facilities. Schooled in all the pioneer methods, he saw the necessity for more modern means of communication over an area of imperial proportions, and again his voice was raised. When it came he welcomed the Canadian Pacific Railway as the Western passage and looked forward to the shorter and more northerly route by Hudson's Bay as the true "Northwest Passage."

In this connection he was the first man to urge the feasibility of a railroad from the interior to Hudson's Bay, a project which to-day has passed into the realm of a national undertaking. In fact, it was owing to his insistent advocacy of the scheme that the late Honourable John Norquay appointed a commission to inquire into the possibilities of the route, as a result of which investigation a beginning was even made on the work of construction. It was his expressed hope that Franklin would be the name bestowed on the future seaport and he, like the Government surveyors and hydrographers who visited the bay in 1910, strongly favoured Churchill as the best location for such a terminal. Prophetically voicing the aspirations of modern Manitoba, he once said:

"We are the children of a maritime nation, and can ill brook being

excluded from the element whence we derive our grandest traditions."

Captain Kennedy had, in short, when few saw eye to eye with him, a vision of our now partly realised and fast developing West, and yet, withal, he saw only with the eyes of the poet and patriot and not with those of the capitalist and manipulator. Hence to many he was and to many he remains almost unknown. The last forty years of his life were spent on the banks of the Red River and there, at his home at St. Andrew's, Manitoba, he passed away and was laid to rest in 1890.

For twenty years no monument bore testimony to his memory. Then the Women's Canadian Club of Winnipeg took note of the oversight, and by the successful conclusion of their labour of love placed a debt of gratitude on all Canadians and especially those of the West. A brass memorial tablet was erected in the pioneer Anglican Church, "St. Andrew's-at-the-Rapids," at St. Andrew's, Manitoba. By a happy coincidence of dates it was made possible for Lieutenant Sir Ernest Shackleton, of Antarctic fame, to perform the unveiling ceremony during his visit to the Manitoba metropolis, and this he did on May 21st, 1910.

The man to whom this memorial was raised by daughters of the Northwest was himself truly a son of that great region. His father was a chief factor in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, and at Cumberland House, on the Saskatchewan, the future explorer was born in the year 1813. On the paternal side he was a direct descendant of a noble Scottish Jacobite family, whose estates were expropriated after the downfall of Prince Charlie. His earliest years were spent amidst the crude surroundings and still cruder society which the far-away wilderness post alone afforded. It was not an exciting existence, and it is not difficult to suppose that the boyish imagination often reached out beyond the every-



"MAPLE GROVE." CAPTAIN KENNEDY'S HOME

The house stood on a bank of the Red River, at St. Andrew's, Manitoba

day, humdrum routine of the isolated settlement in a craving to know more about the great world from which came the stores over which his father presided and to which the trappers' furs were finally consigned.

While yet quite young the first real glimpse of that great unknown world came to satisfy the longing which had so often thrilled the youthful fancy. Sir John Franklin, then on his first overland journey in search of the "Northwest Passage," left his fleet in Hudson's Bay and spent the winter at Cumberland House. The kindly navigator took a great interest in the factor's little son, and during the slow-passing winter taught him the rudiments of reading, the Catechism and some hymns. Little did the teacher dream that his eager pupil would be one of those who, at a later day, were to battle with privation and suffering to reach him in his distress. It was the inception of a romance of the North, with the final chapters still unwritten.

In an address delivered in later life Captain Kennedy credited Sir John with having conducted the first public worship at Cumberland House. "It was," said he, "from that good man I received my first impression of what a Christian Sabbath and worship should be." Throughout a long life, marked by strictest piety and integrity, this was but one of the many occasions on which he adverted to the lessons of that winter.

Educated later in the Orkney Islands, young Kennedy, at the age of eighteen, followed his father into the service of the great company. He was stationed on the Labrador coast and rose to a trusted position at Ungava, where he was associated with Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona. The fur trade was not destined, however, to retain its hold upon him, for, in 1848, he left the Company's service and came to Ontario. Four years later arose the opportunity which was to take the erstwhile trader back to his beloved

Northland, but on a mission in which the whole world was interested.

Lady Franklin was seeking a commander for a renewed expedition in search of her husband. Kennedy offered his services and was chosen. His knowledge of life and the exigencies of travel in the barren North were factors in his favour, and that the confidence reposed in him was not misplaced is amply proved by the fact that Arctic historians have pronounced the expedition which he headed one of the best conducted and most successful of its time.

When it became known that a fellow-countryman had volunteered and had been accepted to lead the latest Franklin expedition kindly assistance was not wanting. Mr. Fisher, then Mayor of Hamilton, supplied free transportation from Buffalo to New York, where Kennedy met the American Arctic enthusiast Grinnell, who, in turn, provided a free passage to England on a Cunard steamship. Still, as if pursued by a good fortune, not to be denied, he found that Sir Edward Belcher, a warm friend of Arctic research, happened to be a fellow-passenger. Sir Edward's was a name to conjure with in his day, and a letter which he gladly signed opened railway coach doors and lowered steamship gangways from one end of Britain to the other. Hotel proprietors waived aside the suggestion of payment for entertainment, and the Admiralty and others came forward with advice, assistance and gifts of winter clothing. The thoughtful Prince Consort gave an organ to while away the tedium of winter quarters. In a word, the public pulse beat in splendid unison with the impulse back of the enterprise.

The history of the expedition, entitled "A Short Narrative of the Second Voyage of the *Prince Albert* in Search of Sir John Franklin," was written by Captain Kennedy and published in London in 1853. Typi-

cal of the man who penned it, a more unassuming story it would be difficult to find. Couched in a clear and agreeable style, it nevertheless gives a succinct and interesting account of both the outfitting and conduct of a daring Arctic dash; for daring it indeed was, when it is remembered that the little *Prince Albert* was of but ninety tons burden and boasted the meagre complement of eighteen officers and men.

Under the direction of her new commander, the little ship was made ready at Aberdeen, defects revealed by a previous voyage having been remedied as far as possible. While these preparations were in progress Captain Kennedy received a chivalrous letter from Lieutenant J. Bellot, of the French Navy, and a knight of the Legion of Honour, tendering his services. The noble offer was gracefully accepted.

When work on the vessel was completed, supplies sufficient for two years, including a ton and a half of pemmican given by the Admiralty, were put aboard, and on May 22, 1851, the tiny brig passed out of Aberdeen harbour with the Union Jack at the peak—the French flag at the fore in honour of the gallant Bellot.

The commander, with Lady Franklin and her niece, went overland by rail, and joined the vessel again at Stromness, from which point the expedition finally set sail on June 3rd. The pen-picture of this departure given by Kennedy in his little history is worthy of repetition:

"There, in our little cabin with her estimable niece, sat the truly feminine yet heroic spirit who presided over our gallant little enterprise; one whose name—if her husband's is already associated with the highest honours of geographical discovery—will not be less so hereafter in the hearts of Englishmen, with honours of another kind—the most noble and devoted efforts to rescue or solve the fate of our missing countrymen.

The Cylinder containing this paper, was left here by a party from HMS *Enterprise* & *Investigator* under the command of Capt-Sir J. Ross & Capt E. Bick on the 23rd June 1849 - To inform Sir John Franklin or any of his party that those ships wintered in Port Leopold & have formed a depot of provisions on the low south pt (Whaler point) of that harbour for their use.

J. Ross
Capt

CAPTAIN ROSS'S MESSAGE

As found in a cylinder on the Shores of North Somerset Island

"One by one each of our little party was introduced, and cheered by her words of wise, affectionate counsel. If ever three English cheers were given with the heart's best feeling of a British sailor, they were given when, stepping over the vessel's side, our noble patroness waved us her last adieu and God's blessing on our voyage."

With such a benison the brave little company set sail on their trying enterprise; the region assigned to them being "Prince Regent Inlet and passages connecting it with the Western Sea south-west of Cape Walker." The record of the events of the months spent in the North makes thrilling reading, for it abounds in real adventure. A landing party of four, led by Kennedy himself, having climbed a promontory on the coast of North Somerset, was, at the very outset, cut off from the ship by a sudden shifting of the great ice floes, and night came upon them with nothing but their upturned boat for shelter. Fortunately they were able to fall back on the depot of supplies deposited two years before by Sir James Ross at Whaler Point. These,

except for some minor attentions from bears and foxes, were found in fairly good condition, and on them the lost party subsisted until a relief force headed by Lieutenant Bellot effected their rescue five weeks later.

The ship had meantime been safely moored at Batty Bay, farther up the coast, and the plucky Frenchman had made two gallant attempts at rescue before a third was successful. Once back aboard the *Prince Albert* preparations for winter journeys inland were promptly commenced, and in most methodic fashion. Eight hours each day were so occupied and, as the commander records with perhaps an unintentional touch of Scottish humour, there was no time "for balls or theatrical representations" such as had been indulged in by other expeditions. As a substitute one member would read aloud while the others continued their tasks, and each day closed with a short religious service.

The first of the inland trips, undertaken at the beginning of 1852, was one to Fury Beach, which revealed that it had not been visited by any of Franklin's party since Lieutenant Robinson of the *Enterprise* left there

in 1849. Tattered Somerset House stood amidst utter desolation, and a fire was lighted in the stove which had heated the portion occupied by Sir John Ross's crew during their dreary winter of 1832-33. The provisions left by Ross, including preserved vegetable soup, were found in good condition; an early example of cold storage efficiency, but perhaps an equal testimony to the excellence of the tins used.

Almost two months of enforced inactivity followed before the grand inland journey, the main object of the expedition, could be undertaken. Escorted part of the way by fatigue parties and after free use had been made of the twenty-year-old Fury Beach provisions, Kennedy, Bellot and four others, with five dogs and bare necessaries, started on the final advance on the 29th of March. Continuing westward, Bellot Strait and the top of the continent were first discovered. Next a wide sweep was made, still to the west, over the desolate, flat expanse of Prince of Wales Land and then north to Cape Walker, the point of departure of Franklin for either the south-west or north. An exhaustive search around Cape Walker revealed nothing. Scurvy had broken out, and supplies were at so low an ebb as to necessitate an immediate return to the ship. This was made around the north coast of North Somerset Island. Rounding Cape McClintock the foot-sore searchers found and made use of a small cache of supplies placed there, also by Sir James Ross, in 1849. Captain Kennedy made a copy of the note left in a tin cylinder with these stores and inserted it in place of the original, which he took away with him. This interesting bit of Arctic documentary history is still in the possession of the Captain's aged widow, now residing with her daughter at Virden, Manitoba.

The forlorn party reached the *Prince Albert* on May 30th, having been absent ninety-seven days and

having covered 1,100 miles under most trying conditions. Before reaching the ship Captain Kennedy wrote that the examination of the bottom of the inlet west of North Somerset would be his next undertaking. Later circumstances prevented his carrying out this plan, but it was subsequently followed with what success, in the finding of the Franklin relics, the world well knows, by Lieutenant Hobson and Sir Leopold McClintock. The voyage in all occupied sixteen months.

Undaunted by her previous reverses, Lady Franklin soon determined upon a renewed effort to penetrate the mystery which had shrouded her life. In 1853, she equipped another expedition, and again Captain Kennedy received the command. The vessel provided was the *Isabel*, but an entirely new set of plans were outlined. Instead of entering the frozen seas from the North Atlantic, the searchers were to round Cape Horn, proceed along the western coast of the Americas to Behring Straits, and, having passed these, to press eastward as far as possible. In this way it was hoped that some traces might be found, if Franklin had succeeded in reaching a point westward of his last known advance.

The facts connected with the failure of this enterprise are now, probably, for the first time made public. The *Isabel*, after rounding the "Horn," put into Valparaiso to procure fresh water and provisions. The Chilean seaport was alive with reports of gold discoveries, and the entire crew deserted to go in search of the precious metal. To save Lady Franklin the inevitable expense of dock dues, the resourceful captain got a few men to work the ship, which he temporarily converted into a coastwise trader. After considerable delay, Admiral Scoresby, then in command of the Pacific station, furnished a "scratch" crew, with which the *Isabel* returned to England.

In 1857 Lady Franklin once more

undertook to send out an expeditionary force, and Captain Kennedy was for the third time chosen to take command. When he found, however, that the old *Isabel*, which he deemed unseaworthy, was to be the ship provided he reluctantly declined the post. Sir Leopold (then Captain McClintock) was next asked, and he, too, raised the same objection, with the result that the *Isabel* was sold and the screw-steamer *Fox* substituted. In the latter, McClintock availing himself of Kennedy's unexecuted plan, sailed direct through Bellot Strait and southward on his successful voyage.

Having thus bidden farewell to Arctic endeavour, Captain Kennedy took as his life partner an English lady, and with her came, shortly after, to the Red River settlement. Once located among the hardy pioneers of that frontier community, he was not slow in grasping their problems. He was the first to advocate union between Rupert's Land and older Canada, and in the early sixties he held meetings in all the settlements in advocacy of that project. He also took an active part in the establishment of an all-Canadian route from Toronto to Fort Garry; so much so that he was really the forerunner of the famous "Dawson Route." When the first Riel Rebellion for a time cast its sinister shadow it was he who reasoned against the belligerent plans proposed by some of the opponents of the "Dictator," and by his timely intervention on the side of peace was largely instrumental in the avoidance of general bloodshed. When feeling was at the highest pitch he unfortunately was confined to his home, crippled by rheumatism. He, however, determined upon an endeavour to get word to Riel, proposing more pacific terms, and, as time was precious, Mrs. Kennedy bravely undertook the hazardous task of carrying the message in mid-winter from St. Andrew's to Upper Fort Garry. Only part of the trip had been accomplished when she learned that Riel, at the risk of his

life, was on his way to confer with her husband. The result of this meeting was the issuance of a letter signed by Riel and addressed to his "Fellow-countrymen," in which he announced the release of his prisoners—among them Commissioners Donald A. Smith and Colonel de Salaberry—and in which he stated that he fully understood that, "war, horrible civil war, is the destruction of this country." It is a little-known episode of the rebellion and but further serves to display the confidence reposed by all classes in a man who, in some ways, was more in touch with the needs and temper of the Northwest in 1870 than any of his contemporaries.

As late as 1884, before the Manitoba Historical Society, Captain Kennedy gave an address, marked by all his earlier enthusiasm, in which he renewed his plea for the Hudson's Bay Railway, foresaw the American "invasion" and eloquently pleaded the cause of Manitoba in her boundary claims. To him the West was ever the "Great West," an empire of untold possibilities, always to remain under the British flag, and to this end he laboured on without seeking personal reward.

For many years prior to his death the once vigorous frame was a prey to rheumatic affections, brought on by the Arctic exposure of former days, and during his declining years he lived a very retired life.

When the final call had summoned him hence it was Archbishop (then Canon) Matheson who said of him:

"He never got his due. While others received honour and emolument, he was passed over.

"His country never accorded him the acknowledgment which was his just due, but all his life he was in the service of another Master."

As a mark of recognition on the part of the homeland Captain Kennedy's portrait hangs in the National Portrait Gallery in London, but this and the tablet at St. Andrew's are his only public memorials.

THE OWNER OF IT ALL

BY WILLIAM J. PITTS

DO we ever stop to consider how little really belongs to the individual these days? In spite of wars and rumours of wars, which are ever-present disturbing sounds of strife, the world is getting to be more of a big corporation every day. Science and modern industry have caused such a condition to exist, a condition which would be subtly tantalising, yet at the same time wholly unremediable to the thoroughly selfish man, if he realised it. The tired clerk who works for ten dollars a week, with a rich stock-broker's air of importance, buys a paper while on his way home from the store, thinking that here at least is an article whose price will never grow prohibitive, whose ownership can never be disputed. Yet he does not own that paper any more than he owns the balcony seat in which he has sat and witnessed "Macbeth." Himself a wage-earner, he is really paying a daily wage to so many reporters, pressmen, compositors, news-agents, when he places a cent in the news-boy's hand. A theatre ticket is merely a purchased permission to see a performance, the purchaser's sole concrete possession being a slip of of pasteboard valued at what probably amounts to the thousandth part of a cent.

Buying a newspaper in reality consists of an indirect payment of a fee to the Associated Press for the privilege of reading their despatches, besides a few important incidentals such as the editor's salary. In olden times you could have learned at least

the local news from a sort of mediæval megaphone; even to-day it is possible to hear the football score gratis at a theatre, where it is shouted out from the stage by a super between the acts.

In spite of his twentieth century extravagances, man is the meanest thing on the globe. Everything belongs to us only for a time, even the expensive suit worn by De Willoughby Tompkins at the opening is at best only a loan from the commercial mart, for everything has its use, and some day that admirable broadcloth, the guise of "Irish linen," may bear an errand boy's misshapen scrawl. So we only have a share in the ownership of the clothes on our backs; the other shares being owned by the biggest co-operative firm in the world—mankind, or, rather, men and women. Egypt, the Egypt of the Pharaohs, seems to be a very long way back when seen in the historical perspective; yet our civilisation is really quite young compared to the Martians, if there are such beings; and, like children, we are wasteful. But if man is wasteful, science is economical, and it is possible that some enterprising chemist may yet find a use for discarded cigars and cigarettes. They may be utilised, as indeed may factory smoke, which is already paying large dividends to the beauty specialists.

The day of pessimistic philosophers, like Schopenhauer, is past. Ours is an optimistic age, when even prevarication, to be in good taste, must be done in a cheerful spirit.

We are waiting patiently for some merry old savant to deny poverty. However, apart from philosophy, it is surely evident that in these days a beggar, one of the prosperous, healthy kind of beggars, becomes only a beggar for purposes of comparison. His clothes may be threadbare and he may not own any real estate, yet he may walk into an art gallery unmolested and view a masterpiece of Rembrandt.

Triumphant Democracy? Alas! No. Democracy never was triumphant save among semi-barbarous ancestors. The mediæval baron seldom boasted of his pedigree, for the simple reason that the oldest inhabitant probably knew more about it than his lordship, and could ridicule it if he wished. Five or six centuries, however, have evolved the family tree, the possession of which joined to a reasonable income is a certificate of respectability. Lord Reginald Percy Dacre may have been a murderer and thief, but he ate with his help and consequently was not a snob. Thomas Higgins-Jones, Esquire, his accredited descendant, Director of that Museum of Art into which our worthy mendicant has strayed, lives in a mansion of twenty-five rooms in "an aristocratic neighbourhood," maintaining a school of etiquette for his servants. Yet Higgins-Jones is himself a servant of the public in almost a literal sense. Were the poorest and humblest citizen, one of course not necessarily and actually in want, to visit the great gallery under Higgins-Jones's superintendence, that great man himself, if asked, would be obliged to answer all inquiries concerning a Corot or Whistler. His ancestor, Lord Reginald, was a democrat, if in intimate association is meant democracy, yet the lord of the castle would likely have deemed a menial's questions concerning a suit of armour "misplaced" and would probably have responded with a lusty blow. Deep down under the skin our

natures are practically the same as were those of our thirteenth or fourteenth century ancestors. We sue our enemy at the present day instead of cracking his skull. Were the police force to disband, it is possible that we might revert to the club. Conditions have changed, not us; a cycle must elapse ere a millenium of kindness exists.

"The Brotherhood of Man" is a phrase that frequently enters as an embellishment into public speeches. The brotherhood of man is here, not far off, in a selfish sense; the kind of brotherhood that is witnessed when we see a shackled criminal seated between the law's officers in a flimsy, eggshell craft. With a quick, nervous movement he could and would send all to the bottom, if the act did not mean his own destruction.

Somehow or other we intermingle our labours so that it is difficult to determine what belongs to us or what is the property of some one else. The man who wages war against property as property would certainly lose his own in the great downfall. It is not well to be too brutally cynical, for though love influences but little the action of man to man in this world to-day, we are thousands of years nearer a real brotherhood of man than were our ancestors. In the past, the distant past, men laboured for themselves alone, weaving the clothes that they wore, making the shoes for their feet, preparing their letter parchment, and building the houses in which they lived. Deep down in his heart man felt that irrespective of friends or kin he was alone, an atom of a crude, loosely-scattered society which awaited the coming of a greater civilisation to bring its members together. He had no claim on any of the great houses of learning, nor they on him. It was an age of economic selfishness, "a time where there was enough and more than enough for all of what is generally called "raw materials." Electricity exhausted its forces all around him, spent itself im-

potently; generations and centuries were to come and go ere man should be bound to man by that subtle but ever truly marvellous chain.

Oh, the transformation! To-day a millionaire's art treasures, even though he may have paid thousands for them, are only a loan from the rest of us. Our joint labours aided by science have preserved these things; not only preserved but perpetuated the arts and letters of the ages that are dead. The photograver has made the name of Rembrandt a reality to us, and so progressive is photography that the illusion may one day be so complete that we will not envy Mr. Goldberg in his mere possession of the few yards of canvas over which Rembrandt swept his

brush. As it is, the art galleries and museums stand open to us; not owing to democracy, nor to what some people might loosely term Socialism, but to that spirit of coöperativeness which is breathed in with the air. Thanks to a beneficent system of education, man's intellect is capable of opinions, and no doubt many a person who does not pay any taxes uses a public library, not as a paternal gift of the civic authorities, but as the price of his silent but intelligent approval. We laugh at the poet who sings "the world is mine," and whose real estate is confined to a garden patch. Frequently, however, when lost in dreams of soothing nicotine our thoughts take shape in a similar vague philosophy. And then we think of the grocery bill.



THE LIKENESS

BY ALBERT ALEXANDRE METCALFE

DO you know what it is to have a child play around you every day and call you father? Do you know, I say, the happiness to be had caressing something of your own flesh and blood, a little one who laughs when you laugh and weeps when you weep, whose greatest glee is when you, its father, notices it? Have you ever had this joy?

Well, I had a child, a little boy, and, though I am now wretched, once I lived and was happy in the blindness of love.

We used to talk, my wife and I, about those who were burdened with sorrow and agree that we were indeed blessed. She used to say that our child looked like me, then, laughing, we went about our tasks; she to her house and chores and I to the quay to take out my sloop.

When my nets were cast far out at sea I would light my pipe and stretching myself out on a coil of tarred rope think what a grand thing it was to own a boat such as mine, with its great nets and spreading canvas that took it over the water like a bird. At night, when I returned, my supper of fresh herring, white bread and mulled ale would be spread on the little table, and I ate with much pleasure, for the sea makes men hungry.

During the long winter evenings we used to sit in front of a great fire, and I would watch my wife and boy as they played with the cat by dragging a piece of cord across the floor or waving it to and fro in the light of the glowing logs. Sometimes

friends dropped in to discuss the latest news of our province. Perhaps the fishing had been bad or a schooner had gone to pieces on the reefs. The rector of the parish, who was a very learned man would often call as he passed.

When our neighbours left and everything was quiet, I used to lie awake, thinking how I had been graced with such a good family and so many kind friends. Perhaps I would even wish the evening had just commenced, instead of ended, so pleasantly was it spent. Long after my wife and child had dropped off to sleep I would turn the different trades over in my mind to decide which was best for our boy. At last I would go to sleep with his future on my mind and listening to his gentle breathing.

One morning, while breakfasting, I said:

"Wife, we will make a minister of Jean."

So it was settled, and we felt better for having made up our minds. When my sloop was moored at night and my day's catch weighed and sold, I would say to myself:

"Now my savings are so much."

On meeting days we put on our best clothes and mingled with our neighbours, shaking hands and talking about the service. Jean would laugh as same one played with him or as he was being passed from one to another. There was goodwill everywhere, as those of the parish got together to talk over some charity or the lesson for the next Sunday. Very

often we would walk through the churchyard and speak of those who rested there. What a good thing it is to be at ease about your soul!

One day the weather had been ugly, a northeaster with rain. I remarked that we were going to have a blow and hauled in my nets. That night it turned very cold, and my wife became sick. I had the doctor, who looked at her and shook his head.

When she died, I remember that the people came to see her. Among them was the Rector, who seemed in a tremble and wept too. What a terrible thing it is to lose those you love! How it shatters your life! While my neighbours were standing around my wife's coffin, I was kissing her cold lips. Someone took my hand and led me away. When she was lowered in her grave and the funeral services were over, my friends returned to their homes.

I remember that after my child had fallen asleep that night I went out doors and sat down on the rocks facing the sea. I thought how I would like to see myself coming into port again to find my wife waiting for me as she had many times before, waving a welcome and holding Jean tightly by the hand. It would never be again. As I looked across the sea, I heard my boat pulling at its moorings.

After a while I saw a figure making its way along the beach, and as it came nearer me it seemed to be covered with a white mantle. I soon saw that it was an old man with a long white beard. He made no sound as he started to pass me.

"Where are you bound for, friend?" I asked, fearing he was a lonely wayfarer who had lost his way.

"I am Restitution," he replied. bound for the house of Master Cabaret, to restore his savings which were

stolen by a trusted friend. This is the day of judgment," and he continued on his silent way.

Master Cabaret was a kind, Christian man and a helper of the unfortunate, whose house was always open to the poor of our parish. I thought what a grand soul he was to have said nothing of his loss. That the good man should be robbed, what a wrong! There was indeed a great deal of wickedness and ingratitude in this world.

While I was thinking of this another figure came out of the shadow of a hill and like the first was an old man.

"Where are you going?" I asked as he came nearer me.

"I am going to the prison to release young Calderwit, who has been falsely charged with crime. I am Justice and this is the day of judgment.

Calderwit was a young man of our parish who was thought to have known something about the theft of a jug of rum. Though I was very sad, it was a relief to hear of his innocence, for I liked him well and had been saying that he was unjustly punished. He was the only support of a widowed mother, and I blessed the day for bringing joy to her sad heart.

Once more my thoughts were turned by the approach of a third figure. I soon saw that it was another old man in whose arms rested a large bundle. As I called to him he stopped.

"Who are you?" I cried.

"I am honour," came the answer. "This is the day of judgment, and I am taking to the Rector of your parish his motherless child."

It seems that, the next morning, I was found unconscious in my hut, lying beside an empty cradle.

THE RIVER

BY LOUISE HAYTER BIRCHALL

THE river? What river? What of the river?

There is only one river in all the world to him who knows his Thames.

"Sweet Themmes runne softly till I end my song."

And to know the Thames is to have lived upon it for days, weeks, months at a time; in a small boat for preference; on its banks at least; to have laved oneself in its history, which is the history of England under each successive conqueror, Celt, Roman, Dane, Saxon, and Norman, as one does in its none too clean waters; to have explored every reach (a reach being defined as the space between the locks) in its hundred and forty odd miles of navigable length; to have lingered in each backwater, so happily characterised as charming "interludes to travelling"; to have worshipped in its ancient churches; to have explored its ruined abbeys; to have visited in its houses; to have attended any one or more of its numerous regattas and Venetian fêtes; to have investigated the precise depth of every lock and learned the exact geographical position of every weir; and lastly, to have felt the potency of its multiplex, unwritten laws and been initiated into its complex etiquette.

"Twenty bridges from Tower to Kew
Wanted to know what the River knew,
For they were young and the Thames was old,
And this is the tale that the River told."

It is a curious thing how the atmosphere of certain centuries or periods of people clings to certain reaches of the river. Wallingford, with its ancient ford, takes one back to the

Roman Conquest. Abingdon, with its great Benedictine Abbey of early seventh century foundation, is impregnated with the atmosphere of Stephen and Matilda. It bears testimony to this day of the long strife between these two aspirants for the throne of England. The Windsor reach, centered by Runnymede and Magna Charta Island, is forever wedded to the memory of King John; while the Castle itself, in its very conformation is reminiscent of the Norman Conqueror.

The Tudor origin of Hampton Court is stamped upon its chimneys, its great Hall, and courtyards. The whole place reflects the personality of Henry VIII. and his immediate successors. Even the influence of each of his six wives is felt; while round about the adjacent riverside villages Elizabeth has left her mark in various ways. The Palace itself, as it stands to-day with its splendid facade, broad walk, and maze, is a perpetual memorial to William III., though the ghosts of James I., Charles II., and his light o' loves, and even of George II., flit here and there. But for all this the Hampton Court reach is as inalienably Tudor as Windsor is Norman.

Twickenham reflects the glories and the license of Regency days; whilst Richmond, although the home of English kings for five centuries after Edward I., will no doubt always be associated with foreign throneless kings and royal fugitives. It is not York House, the residence of James II. and the birthplace of Anne, which first claims the interest of the visitor,



A CRUSH IN MOLESEY LOCK, ON THE THAMES

though long after his occupancy of it James did lose his throne. Rather does the imagination play around Orleans House, where Louis Philippe, as Duc d'Orleans, found a refuge, and Don Carlos likewise. And now King Manuel of Portugal has brought his youthful disappointments and ambitions, and his romantic personality, to the neighbourhood, to tease the modern with haunting memories of our own Merry Monarch.

Lying in a punt of a Saturday afternoon, with the kettle singing merrily beside me and the tea things arranged upon the table, I am reminded of the pessimist's definition of life, that it is just one d—d thing after another, for the lock above empties itself, and a procession of excursion steamers and private launches float down stream, followed by their disturbing wash and the silent curses of all the tea-makers on the banks. No sooner do we all get settled, than the same thing happens over again, causing us every time to make wild grabs at the spirit lamp and cups.

In speaking of the River it is as well to mention this one and only qualifying element in its life. In the joy of recalling happy memories from the bountiful store which it has supplied me, I might forget those moments of annoyance. I might even be guilty of misrepresenting facts.

From the standpoint of the passengers in the aforesaid excursion craft, there is no jarring note given back by the boats moored on either side, or being propelled by man power, since they appear to be there for the scenic effect, and the sole benefit of the excursionist.

I have travelled up and down the Thames throughout its ninety-six miles of length between Oxford and Richmond Bridge, and can affirm I have seen little that did not seem to have belonged to it from the beginning, certainly nothing ancient or modern that did not enhance the value of the landscape. To say that it is picturesque, inadequately expresses its perfectly satisfying scenery. It is essentially English, as typically so as the pretty girls who



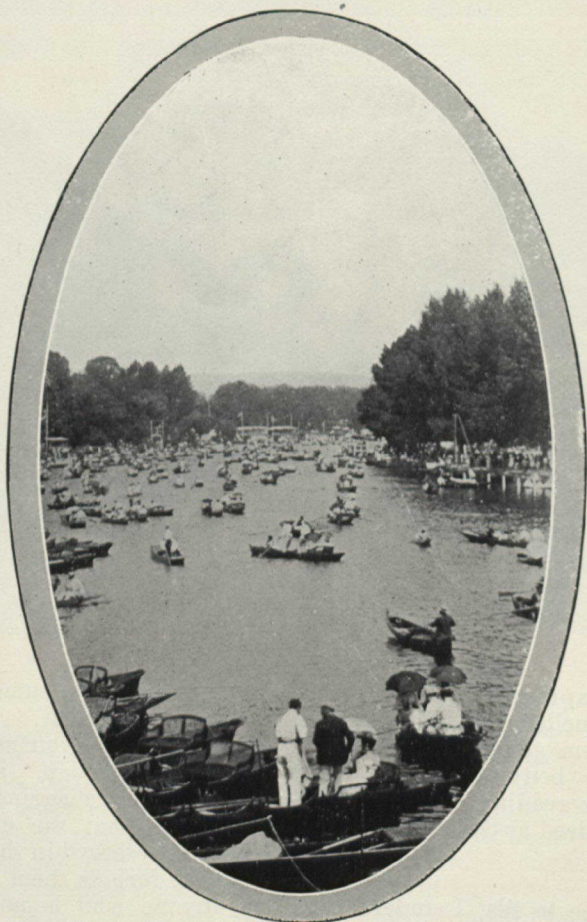
THE THAMES AT RICHMOND

lines and expressions before you as the beflannelled and hatless men who push them along with the easy swing of the body associated with punting or lie reading by their side; as English indeed as Spenser's poetry itself.

From source to sea, I understand, the course of the Thames is two hundred and fifty miles, and for the greater part the banks are within speaking distance of each other. To this curious disproportion of length and breadth no doubt is due that sense of sympathy and intimacy with its life and scenery of which one becomes sharply aware at the very outset of a down-stream excursion. The entire Nuneham reach breathes of it. The magnificent park and woods belonging to the Right Honorable Lewis Harcourt caress one with their silence and their stillness. The Hedsor woods of Lord Boston, at Cookham, and the Cliveden woods of Mr. Astor, farther down, do the same. The pretty girls and well-tubbed looking men at the locks and in the punts along the

route, begin to assume familiar outreach Pangbourne. If you could catch their eye you might even bow, but you never can. Soon you begin to feel almost chagrined at this, until you learn that the etiquette of the River, as observed in the upper reaches at least, forbids them to see anything or anyone who is not an acquaintance—except out of the corner of the eye. What one may see out of the corner of the eye on the river is wonderful and sometimes startling.

Above Goring and Streatley you are teased by a sense of familiarity with the scenery likewise, which is a continuous performance of what England can do with a few low hills, some woods and pleasing meadowland, threaded by a narrow, winding stream. Churches and bridges, residences and inns, locks and ferrys, mills and weirs, all man-made incidents to the scenery, pass before your eyes with a haunting, elusive sense of recognition. You drift past hamlets whose names have been household words with you: Sutton Courtenay, sit sewing in the punts; as English



THE HENLEY REGATTA

Culham, Burcot, Long Wittenham, Moulsoford, and you repeat them under your breath in an ecstasy of delight.

Approaching Pangbourne the river takes on a more human interest, with the increase of small craft and their plethora of pretty women with stalwart escorts. Here and there one sees them moored under a shady line of willows at the tea hour, or punting lazily up-stream in search of these inviting spots.

In the morning you may see parties of men taking down the awning of their randan and tidying up after the night's sleep. Coming out of Hambledon Lock just below Henley,

one morning, a little after ten o'clock, I very well remember two men I saw in a skiff. They had spent the night on the river, and one of them was shaving. He was sitting with his looking-glass propped up by his knees, and his face was lathered with soap. But he did not glance up or hesitate in the manipulation of the razor. As the excursion boat steamed past, the passengers stared frankly at him, smiling at his indifference.

"I walk my beat before London town,
Five hours up and seven down,
Up I go, and end my run
At the tide-end town which is Teddington."

Who that has read Jerome's amus-



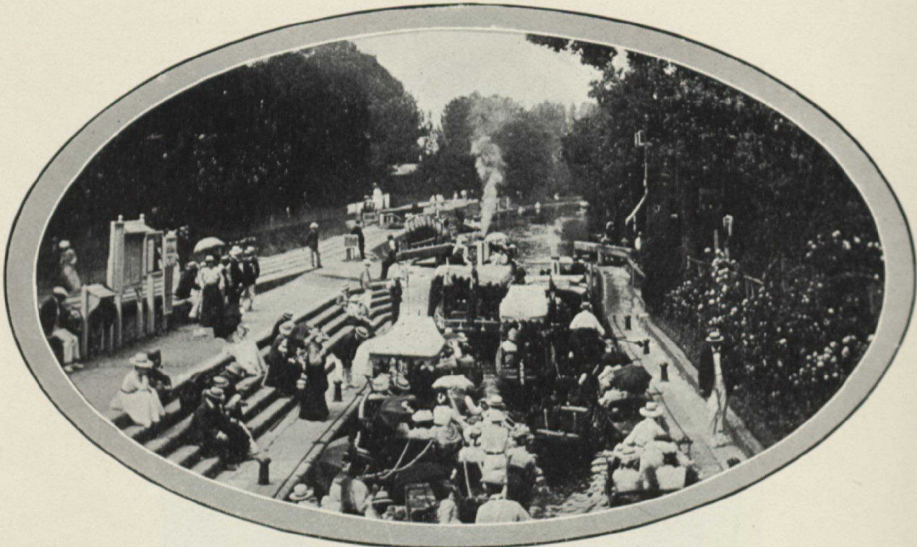
MAPLIDURHAM LOCK

ing story "Three Men in a Boat" can fail to remember the different locks he mentions. Each one puts a full stop as it were to a whole paragraph of experience.

The locks of the Thames, like the backwaters, are also pleasant "interludes." They are probably the most picturesque, as they certainly are the most entertaining, of all the man-made properties of the River. They extend from above Oxford, to Richmond, one hundred and twenty-four miles, and total forty-three in number. In a trip down the river by steamer one passes through a lock, on the average about every thirty-five minutes, the longest time between

any two being an hour and twenty minutes, and the shortest, ten minutes. These are dull facts, but they assume an importance disproportionate to their value on the aforementioned trip, and give no idea whatever of the throb of joy with which the artistic eye greets each successive lock as it looms in sight, with its rose-embowered lock-house, its pretty garden, and its polite keeper.

Cleeve and Day's linger longest in the memory, perhaps, for their flowers; Goring and Cookham for the beautiful reaches they reveal on emerging from them on the downstream journey; Boulter's and Molesey for their life and gaiety. But



BOULTER'S LOCK, ON THE THAMES

all, all are memorable, and each has a character of its own.

Why the Thames and other rivers in England are locked puzzles strangers at first. This is not the time or place for encyclopedic explanations. Suffice it to say that it has been locked as far back as history goes; that originally it was done by private enterprise, of which the names of Day's and Boulter's are a survival; and that without its present system of locks (for which Heaven be praised) it would not be navigable except in places.

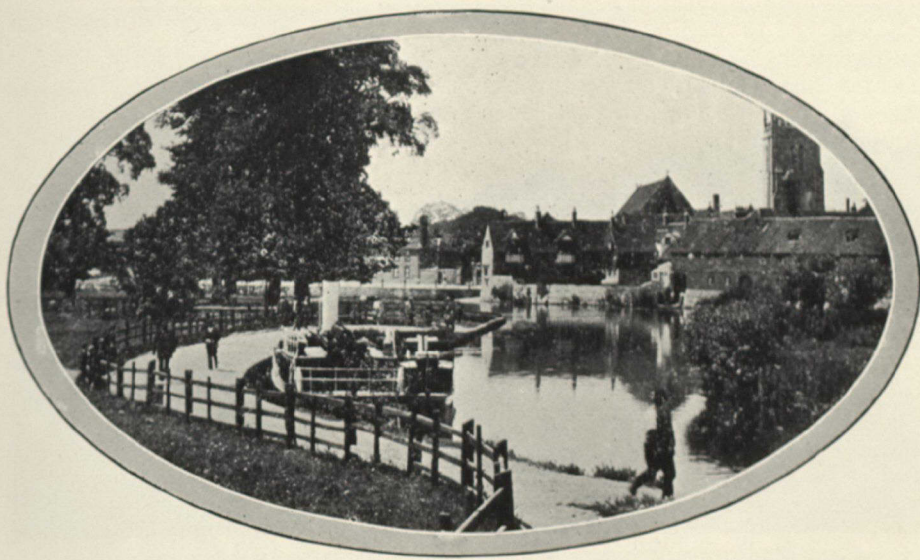
What a heritage it is with that system and under its present management, to wit, the Thames Conservancy. Every river man learns to respect that body in whom, under the chairmanship of Lord Desborough, is vested by Act of Parliament the absolute power to govern the river and everything relating to it above Richmond, or is it "Tide-end-Town"?

I have mentioned Boulter's lock for its gaiety. Always interesting and amusing, it is, on Ascot Sunday, as typical of modern English social life as Henley on a regatta day, or

Lord's during the annual Eton-Harrow match.

The main road runs along the river bank for some distance at Maidenhead. This on any Sunday in early summer is often lined from end to end with motor cars, while at the lock itself congregate hundreds of pretty women faultlessly dressed for the river and beflannelled, hatless men, minstrels with collecting pouches on long poles, Punch and Judy shows, character artists, vendors, and what not, while below them, inside the lock, the heavily laden boats are so crowded together that only the lock-keeper's clever generalship and use of the megaphone and pole could ever get them safely in on one side and out again on the other side. It all forms the most wonderful kaleidoscopic scene the imagination could conjure up.

From mid-April to mid-October, that is, for six months, the River is a gala sight anywhere on Saturdays or Sundays if the weather is fine. The upper reaches are crowded by residents with their guests, and other habitués, while the great army of the employed flock to the lower reaches,



ABINGDON

particularly in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court. One misses there the strict adherence to the rules of the River, and the many little polite expressions of reminder and protest, of deprecation and regret—the general good-breeding that is characteristic of the average educated Britisher.

In the management of one small boat amongst so large a number, especially coming into or out of a lock, one needs to have reserves of good temper. It is only, in fact, by the careful adherence to the unwritten laws and due regard for the other man's equal rights and equal difficulties, that you can escape without the maledictions, albeit unspoken or only politely hinted, of the majority.

"Look out, ahead!" "Sculls," in a warning tone, and "Sorry" are familiar words around Cookham, but are scarcely heard below Molesey, with a result that is apt to be chaotic in regard to navigation and explosive as regards temper.

Privacy, too, is almost out of the question. On such days one must start out early indeed to secure a boat's length of mooring along the

banks above Richmond. Once settled there, however, you are bound to be entertained, for the sights in a lower reach on a crowded day are never-ending, and everybody enjoys them quite frankly. For, apart from the other boats similarly moored, to say nothing of the people in them preparing or enjoying luncheon, tea, or supper, according to the time of day, there are the real travellers in randan or shallop, being towed upstream by man-power from the bank, at so much an hour; there are the motor boats and pleasure launches to an infinite number and variety, an endless procession of them in mid-stream; and, nearer you, the late-comers, looking anxiously for a mooring space; and others just lazily paddling about enjoying the fun in their own way. And the dogs, always the dogs! They sit up in the point of the bows in a dinghy, or a skiff, or on the forward shelf, if in a punt, alert, solent, observant.

The ease with which tea, or any meal, is prepared and eaten in a boat on the River is a never-ending joy to the uninitiated. All boats for hire



HOUSE-BOAT BEACH, HAMPTON COURT PALACE

have a hingeboard which fits cross-wise on the gunwale and forms a table. Private skiffs often have a fixture at the sides which raises the board higher than the gunwale, and permits of movement of the legs while sitting.

Everyone who goes much on the River has a tea or lunch basket. Most of these are fitted with the daintiest of china and cutlery, spirit lamp and receptacles for all necessary commodities. It is quite easy to have these filled at any riverside village. There are dozens of places in each where it may be done—tea, sugar, cream, bread and butter, cake, spirits (for the lamp), jam. Likewise with a lunch basket—cold meats, salad, condiments, cheese, fruit, wine—anything may be obtained without the slightest difficulty anywhere; and then, heigh-ho for a day in the punt!

If for any reason it is undesirable to eat in the boat, there is always the convenient ferry-house or lock-house or inn a little farther along. At either of the former, tea is served often in charming *al-fresco* surround-

ings, and at the latter a first-rate hot dinner may always be had inside half-an-hour.

I have in mind a ferryman in one of the upper reaches, whose pretty wife I christened Phoebe for her rustic charm and simplicity. They occupy a wee hut on the bank not near any place in particular. The tow path ends at this hut, on the edge of a large private property, and, crossing the river by the ferryman's scow, continues up the east bank. For a distance of a few dozen yards down the west bank from their hut Phoebe and her man have constructed four or more arbours, of which the backs are formed by the high bank behind, and the sides by creeper foliage. The fronts are open, and look directly out on the water, a few feet off.

A more idyllic spot could not be found or imagined in the whole world, and it was here I used to go daily, once upon a time, when staying in the neighbourhood, for tea.

I can see it now, the brown tea-pot surrounded by its family of thin china and knives, the thin bread and

butter, radishes, lettuce, and several varieties of homemade jams. Oh, Phoebe was generous in her supplies and, astonishing to record, modest in her charges. Those teas, served by Phoebe's deft hands and accompanied by Phoebe's all-welcoming, glad smile, and taken in conjunction with Phoebe's ruddy cheeks and bright eyes, constitute a memory no one who has experienced them would sacrifice for a year of life.

Another spot, scarcely less restful, if less secluded, is the old lock-house at Sunbury. Built in 1812, it was superseded about thirty years ago by the present actual lock-house, two or three hundred yards below. The lock-keeper of the day, seeing its possibilities as an attractive riverside tea-house, sought and obtained permission to rent it for his own use, and, gray-bearded to-day, he still supervises the tea arrangements, with the able assistance of his kindly-natured and wholesome wife. The house is embowered in creepers and stands a little high on the bank, access being gained by a flight of stone steps, which go up direct from the tiny landing.. At its base is a garden that certainly makes up in variety of colour what it might be

considered to lack in size. Tall hollyhocks reach almost to the first floor windows. Phlox, and geranium, and larkspur and gladioli, and petunias, and begonias, and what-not, are massed in varying heights with dazzling effect. Any artist who attempted to paint it would be accused of grossest exaggeration, if exhibiting in Canada. Such wealth of bloom is scarce conceivable to the Western mind. The house itself gives the effect of being literally buried under its creepers and its flowers.

The tea arbours are much larger than Phoebe's. They are constructed to accommodate large parties from Hampton Court, below, and Walton, Shepperton, Weybridge, Chertsey, and Staines above, for the old Lock-house at Sunbury is famous thereabouts. But the china, and the rabbit sort of tea, and the welcome are just the same, and even Phoebe cannot provide a setting more exquisite.

“But the Roman came with a heavy hand,
And bridged and roaded and ruled the land,
And the Romans left and the Danes blew in,
—And that's where your history books begin.”



HERBERT
1872

ONLY AN ENGLISHMAN

BY BERNARD MUDDIMAN

“OH, you’re English! Then you needn’t come here for a job, for father won’t take you. He’s got no use for Englishmen.”

The girl spoke almost vindictively, from the veranda while I stood below.

With her bitter words in my ears I turned wearily away, to begin once more my tramp for a job in Northern Ontario, where Scotch, Irish, French, even Dagos, were all welcome; but where there was no good word for the Englishman. I walked back to the railway track, almost dropping from fatigue, hunger and the heat of the early summer sun. For I was really in a bad way, partly through my own folly, of course; but fate was running hard against me. Six months before for a stupid prank Oxford had rusticated me, and I had returned home like the prodigal; but they had killed no fatted calf for me. My father, a North Country parson with a large family, could not afford it. Indeed he had chosen rather to take a very serious view of the whole matter, for which I do not blame him, because he was justified.

“My boy,” he said not unkindly, “you are making a mess of things. It is time you proved yourself a man. Go to Canada.”

So to Canada I came. As far as his small stipend would allow him, he helped me. Like so many young Englishmen who are similarly fooled, an arrangement was entered into with a Northern Ontario farmer to teach me farming for a considerable sum. I came; I saw; I was made into a slave. Raw, friendless and still very insular, they set about to crucify me,

if not bodily, at least, mentally. I slept in a barn; I fed with the farm men; I cleaned out the cowsheds, where through all the long winter the poor brutes were penned. I was required to do dirty housework, to do the chores, and, it goes without saying, I learnt no farming, but had some rough handling and much abuse because I was a gall darned Englishman.”

When the Spring came I had cleared out along the railway track to look for work. In many places they wanted men, but I had no knowledge of farmwork. Nowhere did they want an Englishman, the majority of the settlers being Scotch and particularly clannish, or else Canadian born.

The same answer the girl gave me had been hurled at me often. Now I was without one single cent of the five hundred dollars with which I had landed at Halifax. It seemed a very dark world, I remember, as I trudged along the track, and I could not help thinking of the girl who last of them all had driven me away.

She had been a fair girl to look upon and that made it the harder. With pale gold hair, in which there was a silver light, opaque blue eyes, and an unspoilt grace of youth, she was the typical farmer’s buxom daughter. As I recalled her, it was then I became conscious of how faint I felt. I had eaten nothing for hours. My clothes were still soaked from rain that had fallen at dawn.

Well, if the farmers would not take me, I would go back to the village I had passed through, about four miles down the track, and see what I could

get there. I plodded on, a ragged youngster sick and tired of life. At last I came to a spot where the road crossed the track and the usual cattle-guard or wooden rack was laid. I sat down on the wooden bars, and I must confess that I thought of home. The country around, still running with snow water and yellow from its long severance under the snow from sun and wind, looked alien and wild. It was a good two miles yet to the village. I sat and wondered dully how I should ever reach it.

After a while a man came driving down the road in a buggy with a shabby, broken-down horse. As he reached the crossing, he pulled up and regarded me. Country people in Canada always know one another. I supposed he wanted to take stock of the stranger.

"Say, you want a job, eh?" the man ventured, after a few minutes. By the sound of his voice I recognised him as French-Canadian.

"Yep," I replied, for like every Englishman who has been out for six months, I had acquired Canadian colloquialisms.

"Plentee jobs—bonne jobs, too, going around. There's Monsier Macnab's—"

"Been there and kicked out," I answered shortly.

"Anglais?"

"Yep."

He whistled. I began to pay more attention to him now. He was a dark, red-faced little man with a Kaiser moustache.

"She don't geev' no job to English. He have one once. That's enough for Monsier Macnab. English drink de w'iskey all day and play de hell."

"Guess I must get work. No money and nothing to eat since yesterday, you savez?"

"Yus, ba gosh I savez. I know too moche mese'f. Say, now, I keep hotel in the village."

"Yep."

"Funny feller's w'at day call me—

dat's me, Pierre Labelle. Wall, lessen; ma boy, I want mebbe a bartender, becoss dat maudit rheumateez ketch me. All de sam I don't say nothin'. Ev'rybody got hees fault, I t'ink. You drink, then bagoshi, you pass on de street right away. Jus' tak' your chance, an' try your luck."

So I was engaged at ten dollars a month and keep as bartender to old Labelle's *Windsor Hotel*. It was a dirty looking shanty, but in the bar-room we did a thriving trade. The place was infested with flies and bugs, but Labelle and Madame with their fourteen children did not mind that. As Labelle said:

"De ole place, I don't t'ink we'll never leave her."

They were a kindly lot, and I slept on the bar-room table on straw which was a good deal pleasanter than one of their few wood beds.

I got up about seven every morning, cleaned up the bar, polished the bottles and glasses, washed out the cuspidors and swept the floor clear of its litter of cigar ends. About ten the customers would begin to drop in, and I donned a white linen apron, which I had to wash myself.

Our customers were mostly farmers from the surrounding district, who came in for supplies and their mail. There was one remittance man, who every month went on a glorious drunk for a week, quoted scripture in Greek and confessed he was a Dean's son. I was the only gentleman, he once said, he had ever met in Canada; but, after a day, I fought shy of these advances of old Vernon. Indeed, he was none too popular with the other customers who used to make game of him, while the school children, when he was tipsy, mocked and poked fun at him in a heart-breaking way. From nine o'clock in the morning till often one the next morning, for we were too far away from established civilisation to care for the Ontario licensing laws. I mixed and served drinks, got my meals, and fed horses. Then when the last man had

reeled home in his buggy I closed up, got out my straw, laid down and before going to sleep read a tattered paper copy of Molière that old Labelle had obtained by way of a bad debt.

It was at the end of my first month that I got a holiday and attended my first Canadian bee or country picnic. It was a gathering of the whole countryside and combined a Sunday-school treat of the united churches, a dance and the annual celebration of Dominion Day, the national festival.

For the second time I encountered my lady of the inhospitable words, to wit, Miss May Maenab. It goes without saying that she had no look to bestow on me, being the cynosure of a bevy of strapping young farmers, looking very handsome and gay. I doubt even if she recognised me, until a young farmer of the name of Muir, who had often made a butt of me as an Englishman, caught sight of me.

"Hallo, here is don't-ye-know-bally-rot turned up as large as life."

The remark raised an uproarious laugh, turned all eyes in my direction and sent me scarlet with annoyance at the absurdity of this young bumpkin.

"He's as red as a beet," he went on in an objectionable tone.

"Did I ever tell you," began another, "of that Cockney they had out at Johnson's, way back last fall, for a time. He knew the 'whole bally thing.' Land! he kept the whole bunch laughing all day! When they told him to hitch the horse in the plough strings, he went and hitched the horse in between the handle bars."

This joke seemed to tickle the group immensely. They were unable to understand, being country bred, that the poor little Cockney had probably never seen a plough before he came to Canada.

Miss May, now acting the part of dear Lady Disdain, cried out cruelly:

"My sakes, just look at that gawk's clothes."

My poor old Norfolk jacket and a good stout pair of English shooting boots, the last remnant of my pristine glory, had aroused this final sarcasm. The men I could stand, but the women! I turned away crestfallen. The disdain of a woman, especially when she is a pretty girl—how it debases a man!

I had enough of the country's junketings after that, and, to the relief of old Labelle, stuck resolutely to my bar. Day followed day through the hot baking summer weather with the same round—opening up the bar, cleaning it, mixing the drinks, re-reading Molière. My life seemed to be measured by this monotonous round. In the evenings the farmers, particularly the younger set, would ride or drive in from miles around, through the moonlight summer nights, to play a game of pool on the district's solitary table. Others would lean over the bar, spit and yarn.

It was thus one evening in the pool-room that I first saw my *Lady Disdain's* father, old John Maenab, one of the wealthiest and best farmers round the neighbourhood. He was a big, tall, dark man, with shaggy eyebrows, sunken eyes, weather-beaten face and a square brush of a beard. Strangely enough, although he was said to hate Englishmen, the man took a fancy to me from the first.

"Ralph," he would cry, "you mix 'un—a good one, mind you."

He was the most prominent man in the district, where his word was law. His daughter was the local heiress, and every one agreed that old John Maenab was a bad one to cross.

Then a very sad thing happened in August. Besides his daughter, old Maenab had one son, who would have nothing to do with farming, and had become a Government engineer, much against the old man's will. In fact, for a long time all communication between them had ceased. The boy Maenab, as the village called him, was out surveying in the far North. He

had gone out one day alone, and as so often happens in the Northern world, where a man blazes away at anything and everything, a couple of Norwegian trappers, mistaking his rustling in the bush for that of an animal, had shot him dead.

The body was brought home, and there was a most pathetic burial. The old man seemed inconsolable. All his strong, sturdy frame crumpled up; his iron will bent. He took to drinking, and as his wife had been dead for years, all the management of the farm, just as the wheat harvest was falling due, weighed on the young shoulders of May, his sole remaining child. But she proved herself, from what I heard in the bar, quite capable, and, indeed, something of a local wonder in the way she dealt with the harvesting and the tough imported Eastern harvest hands.

The old man himself seemed reckless and lost to everything except his great grief. He hung round our bar all day, drinking heavily and seldom sober. His touchy temper in no wise improved, and by night, if he was not too drunk, he generally had a quarrel with somebody, which, the next day, was forgotten. However, for a long time, he managed always to take himself home in his buggy, driving furiously, cursing and lashing his horse. He never spoke of his daughter, and from all accounts when not sober he avoided her as much as possible. One afternoon, however, about four o'clock, he had fallen asleep over the bar in a helpless condition. Outside his buggy was waiting as usual. There was no one else in the bar except Vernon. So calling out to Labelle, I determined to drive him home. With the remittance man's help, I lifted him up into the buggy and drove off. As we approached the farm the jolting of the buggy, I suppose, woke him up and he began to mumble drunkenly. I hitched up in front of the veranda and began to help him out, when, as bad luck would have it, my dear *Lady*

Disdain rode up astride from her superintendence of the work on the farm. Perceiving at once her father's condition all her fury blazed out on me.

She rode straight up to me as I stood, cow-munch hat in hand, and, cutting me across the face with her whip in a paroxysm of anger, flamed at me:

"Get out of here, you Englishman you! Get out of here or I'll horse-whip the hide off you, if you dare to bring my father here. Get out!"

I remember dimly, as she lashed at me, that the old man drunkenly cried out:

"Thats' right, May, lash his face off."

With a weal across my face which if it had been a quarter of an inch higher would have had my left eye out I fled before her rage. Smarting with pain and indignation, I never even turned to see what treatment her father received.

Whatever happened, it stopped old Maenab all that fall and winter from showing his face inside the bar-room door. Men said he was going straight and under the thumb of his daughter. Some shook their heads and wondered how long it would last.

As the spring came round again and with repeated thaws began to unshackle the world from the frozen grip of winter, life out of doors began to grow pleasant again. The Massawippi, the local river flowing south to the lakes and here about half a mile wide, became a scene of renewed activity as the swollen stream swept down the blocks of the northern ice. The river men began to prepare for floating the lumber down the torrent in rafts. It was exciting work canoeing at such a time and I, who from my Oxford days have always had a passion for the river, used to revel in it. To handle the fragile canoe in choppy water, to avoid blocks of ice and to dig away up stream against the great current was amusing me one Sunday after-

noon, when opposite Cripple Creek, a tributary water of the Massawippi, I perceived May Macnab alone in a canoe coming down the "blind stream" and making for the main river.

Here at the junction of the waters it was very treacherous, as the two currents met in the teeth of an opposing wind which in blustering gusts ruffled back the waters in miniature white horses. In fact, quite a small sea was running. A few ice blocks too, caught in the eddy, were objects of danger. Occupied in contesting these elements, I paid little heed to the girl and her birch bark, as they approached the troubled waters, until I perceived her all of a sudden about a hundred yards away, at the verge of the main current, riding on the crest of the waves of the Creek. She was clearly in difficulties as the waves of the main stream were bound to strike her canoe at an oblique angle as they ran back before the wind. Her canoe was lurched up to where the contending waves met, gave a heavy pitch forward, and in so doing shipped a great green wave's white cap, and was lurched broadside into the runnel of the waves. All I remember is digging away to urge on my own canoe as I saw her plight, heedless that I ran the same risk. I had a fearful grip at my heart, an unaccountable anxiety for her. Fortunately her canoe had begun to be caught in the stream and was hurried towards me as she vainly tried to right it. But the inevitable was only delayed a little by her efforts. Her wrists, lacking the strength, were not given the time to nose the craft round. The waves broke in and slowly it sank, swamped by the caps, the girl struggling bravely. Leaning over within ten yards of her, I saw her go down into the ice-cold water. At the same moment my own canoe capsized, hurling me into the water. I sank. It seemed an hour before I re-emerged to find her struggling

beside me. Crying out to her to desist, I swung one arm round her waist, struck out with my legs, and hurried on by the current, was just in time to cling with my left arm to my upturned canoe, which had been checked for the moment by an ice junk.

How we clung on drifting down that ice-cold stream, while I edged the canoe nearer and nearer to the shore, I shall never know. Had it not been for the upturned canoe, we should have both been drowned. At last, where the bank ran out to a point, I managed to work our craft shoreward until I could touch bottom. As I trod forward to the bank, the girl played out beyond her endurance, released hold and flopped back into the water, while the canoe, lightened, went spinning away down stream. I did not care for this, as it was all I could do to drag her out of the water on to the bank, where the wind, after the bitter numbness of those waters, felt warm.

On the other side of the point out of the way of the ice floes a crocodile steamer employed on the river was anchored into the bank.

Afterwards the engineer, who was aboard, as I sat in the galley caboose drinking hot whiskey blanc, told me to thank my stars that they had happened to come aboard early in the afternoon to make all ready for the first trip on the morrow down stream. Opposite me, wrapt in a blanket beside the stove, with horrified eyes, pinched cheeks and lank hair, my *Lady Disdain* was gradually having life restored to her. When she was strong enough for them to drive her home, she was carried out. She neither looked nor spoke to me, and the horror of those ice-cold waters had not yet gone from her blue eyes.

The next day I was back in the bar, none the worse for my wetting. In the evening I heard that May Macnab was dangerously ill. The cold and

the exposure had given her a serious chill, resulting in pneumonia. Some women friends in the village went out to nurse her, and old Macnab, released from his supervision, came in again to drink. The long surcease from liquor seemed to have increased his thirst, and he began a frightful bout. It lasted for more than a month, when one day he fell off a stool and hit his head on a cuspidor. The doctor was summoned, and after doing what he could told me to drive the old man home and put him to bed.

"I am too busy myself, Ralph, got an emergency and two cases that look like smallpox. Must go now. You'll see to him."

With that he left, and for the second time I drove the old man back to his farm.

She was waiting. I knew she would be. This time she stood on the veranda, pale-faced and with dark rings round her sad eyes, which looked like faded forget-me-nots. The pathos of her moved me strangely. She said nothing, nor did her rage flame out and strike me this time. When I turned to walk away she called to me and told me to take the buggy, as it was too far to walk. She would send for the horse.

Thanking her, I said I preferred to walk. She did not reply, but went in and I suppose upstairs to her drunken father.

Perhaps she lost the courage and firmness to deal with him. I do not know. At any rate, within a few days old Macnab was back again, with a bandaged head and blood-shot eyes, drinking in the bar.

Drink had made the man a shadow of his former self. His great powerful hands shook like aspen leaves. He was all nerves. When any one banged his pannikin down, he turned and swore at him. For hours he would sit morosely drinking in a corner, heedless of others. His gray hair had blanched and he was careless of outward appearance, his

clothes being stained with drink and dirty with his repeated falls on the road and the floor. Even Labelle despaired of him and against his own interest tried to drive him away from the bar. But it was all to no purpose; he would always come back, and sometimes, when very drunk, he would talk about his son.

As Labelle said: "If he don't keep out of de booze, dat finish heem."

But he came again and again. Nothing held him back, not even the thought of his girl on the farm. His son was dead. That was all that mattered. He would sit there wrapped in his sorrow.

As he was sitting thus one hot afternoon, Vernon, the remittance man, came in on a spree. The month had come round again, and he began to quote St. Luke in Greek. It was a broken-down, drunken, soured remnant of what was once an English scholar and gentleman. And, as usual, he was not long before he started to abuse the new land that harboured him.

After a time Vernon was raving: "Curse the country. 'Oh, to be in England again,' as the poet says. I am sick and tired to death of these Canadians and their slipshod ways. There isn't a gentleman among them—not among the whole darned crowd. My boy, Ralph, they don't even know a word of Greek."

He looked at me owlishly drunk.

"They have nothing in common with you and me. What little they have here is all imitation, second-rate at that. You know," he waxed maudlin, "poor as I am; degraded as I am, for I am both I know; drunk as I am, for I am that too, I have seen the days, my boy. I know what I am talking about. Don't you know who I am? I am a dean's son, and know what I am saying. Don't you judge me just because I am a prodigal in a country of swine, feeding with the swine. Look at these Canadian papers, their cursed manners, the lingo the always talk. They seem to

have no ideas above a dollar bill."

"Then, what keeps you here, you old drunkard," cried a Scotsman who had just come in with his mail.

"What keeps me here," roared Vernon standing up shakily. "You want to know what keeps me here? I'll tell you what keeps me here in this hell of a country—if you must know, what keeps me here—it's my misfortune."

Old Macnab sprang up with a roar and made for him. No one had thought the old man had paid any heed to the wretched Vernon's futile curses. The Scotsman sprang in between them, but a little too late, for Vernon had flung at the other's head, with a terrified throw, an empty bottle. It struck old Macnab full between the temples and sent him reeling to the floor.

For the third time I drove the old man home. Once again on the veranda she awaited us. She was crying. She never even protested as I carried him into the house up to his room. Alone I put the old man to bed. The house was perfectly still, and the farm seemed deserted, going to ruin in the golden sunshine of the summer afternoon. When I came down into the sitting-room the girl was seated like a forlorn flower in a rocking chair, still silently crying. On seeing me, she stood up and tried to staunch her tears. But her girlish body never ceased the heavy, tired sobbing of a child. I pretended not to see her grief and silently took my hat to go. As I went out on the veranda, she followed me. I turned and waited her will—the will of the girl who had mocked and struck me.

"Once," she blurted out, "you sav-

ed my life. Can't—can't you help me now?"

"If you would only let me."

"Oh, keep him away from the bar," she wailed.

"I'll try."

"Oh, you can, you can and then I'll—"

She paused and looked at me with a sad, wistful little smile.

"I'll forgive you because you're an Englishman."

As she spoke, she lowered her eyes.

But she murmured: "But you—will you ever forgive me?"

My heart gave a wild throb. Turning towards her I said: "How can I forgive, when there is nothing to forgive?"

At that she burst out into a violent sobbing. Her words came brokenly.

"Oh, I know I've been shameful—shameful," she cried.

The violence of her tears alarmed me. I put my arms around her to soothe her. Moved at my daring, for had I not always loved her. Stamping her little foot with violence, she said:

"Don't touch me, don't touch me—do you hear! Until you have promised to forgive me."

"I promise, and now may I touch you?"

Very softly she murmured: "Perhaps you might if you liked."

And as I took her in my arms and kissed the hands that covered a tear-stained face, she gave a little sigh of content.

After a while, when I had to go, she said with a ghost of a moue and her old mocking laugh:

"Of course, I guess—you can't help being one of those funny Englishmen, can you?"

“WANGA NZAMBI, WANGA?”

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

(It is the custom of the Bakongo natives to end a speech by saying “Wanga,” a word signifying: “Do you understand?”)

A little African boy, brought up in a Mission, prayed that he might always have plenty to eat, that he might never have any work to do, that he might have fine clothes to wear, and when he grew up that he might attain the social standing of the white man. Then said he at the end of his heart-spoken prayer: “Wanga Nzambi, Wanga?” meaning: Do you understand, God—Do you understand? 8 SIGHED

—HERBERT WARD: *A voice from the Congo.*)

O WARM Upleaping, swift Flame-flowing,
That blesseth and banneth the eager hand,
Driving the dark, yet into darkness going—
Lord Fire, dost understand?

O radiant Lighter of the Life of Day,
Regally coursing it along the sky—
Sun-God, to Thee we lift our hearts and pray:
O hear us, or we die!

Great Father Zeus, mighty among the mighty,
Stern of Thy thought, severe of Thy command—
Tyrant of Cronos, Hera, Aphrodite—
Hearken and understand!

Hakeem! that vanished in the sunset glory,
When to Thy faithful shalt Thou reappear?
Long have we brooded Thy celestial story,
Waited Thee many a year.

Mary, immaculate, humanity's one Mother—
Thou in the Presence that dost intercede—
Minister Thou (nor have we any other)
To our so bitter need!

Centre of Cosmos, what Thou art who knoweth?
Whether the worlds and we are nobly planned,
Or whether ebbing tide and tide that floweth
Eterne shall change, and Being *never* groweth—
O who may understand?

MADÉLINE BOUVART

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF FAUCHER DE ST. MAURICE

BY JAMES ROY

SHE was called Madeline.

Perhaps the name had brought her misfortune, for in the town all the available gossip centred in her pretty person. Was this calumny or was it scandal? I do not know; and it would be difficult to arrive at the truth, since that would need the clearing of the road, the elbowing away of the ninety-six years that now separate me from the rumped beauty of Madeline Bouvart.

What is certain is this. In 1775 she was twenty-seven years of age. She was of slender form, with a well-shaped foot, beautiful teeth, an enticing smile, a delicate hand, a voluble tongue, and the piquant humour of old France.

Doubtless this was what two citizens must have been quietly saying to each other, as they moved slowly, whether they would or not, along the St. Louis road. The snow was soft and thick, and as they went on they withdrew their feet painfully from the white mass to plunge them into it again. Bad humour, fear and apoplexy weighed heavily on their honest faces, but all these gave place to disdain and irony when, right under their blooming noses, passed, drawn by an English thoroughbred, the pretty sleigh of the smiling Madeline Bouvart.

About that time the Cap Rouge road was the fashionable resort of the belles and swells of the day. Madeline was not the last who assembled at that steeplechase where he who wished it, or rather could do it, exhibited the elegance of his furs and

the brilliancy of his equipage, under the eyes of the everlasting loungers of my native city.

Every day, at a fixed hour, the graceful sleigh of Madeline was thus seen gliding noiselessly over the soft snow, leaving behind it only two delicate lines traced by its light runners and preceded by the silver tones of the tiny bells which her magnificent courser proudly shook. Then the envious said: "Is this pretty Bouvart happy?" The compassionate murmured: "What a misfortune she had to lose her father! And he such an honest man!"

Madeline did not hold her reigns the less proudly, however. Her conveyance threaded its way, then disappeared in the distance along the whitened road, and the sound of its tinkling bells died on the wind that covered its traces in the snow.

That day she went faster than usual. Her head bent forward, her body gracefully resting on the warm, black bearskin which kept the December wind from her little feet, Madeline gave the reign and spirit to her horse.

Satan must have been at her heels, for, otherwise, Miss Bouvart certainly would not have forgotten to give a sharp rebuke to John, her coachman, who, with eye on the watch and ear pricked, irreverently forgot for a quarter of a league to cross his arms, as is the custom with liveried servants in all well-ordered houses.

You see, the enemy had been signalled near Gomin's woods, and General Montgomery was coming, carry-

ing all before him, and preceded by the terrible news that he had made but one mouthful of St. John's, Montreal, Sorel and Three Rivers.

They had braved Arnold, but before the terrible General everybody was thrown into a panic.

Far off in the country, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was seen but townspeople, grave as became persons of such importance, buried up in their little carioles and grumbling about the prospect of being deprived for a time of their favourite drive; peasants painfully drawing behind them their small sleighs loaded with their possessions, linen and poor furniture, almost all heir-looms of the family; fops forgetful, for that day, of their attitudes and the cut of their clothes; officers and soldiers falling back on the outposts.

All these people were crying out, swearing, overturning one another and spreading before them fright and alarm.

Alone, Madeline's horse, cleverly managed, passed through this chaos, "formless and void," without striking anything and advanced in grand style toward the St. Louis gate. Already he had been caught in the fortified labyrinth which, until quite lately, defended the approaches to it, and now suddenly he was compelled to stop.

The crowd had become so dense that there was no longer any possibility of progress, and Madeline's courser, with fuming nostril and finely curved limb, set itself to await its turn in that human sea that kept on rising around it.

Under the gray and massive arch of the St. Louis gate two companies of English grenadiers were forming in line, their arms at the support. Between their silent lines passed, one by one, all who under the eyes of the commanding officer proved that they had provisions for eight months and promised to perform the duties of the place.

It was not a long examination, but

it was cold; and, while stamping their feet to become warm, each group fired off questions and remarks to another.

"Ha! Master Chabot, you are there. Tell us now, is it true that Governor Carleton has narrowly escaped being caught at Pointe-aux-Trembles by the Bostonnais?"

"Well, what if it is true, Father Lépine? But he went out at one end of the village while Montgomery went in at the other. The governor escaped quickly, it appears, be it said without my responsibility, for it was little Blanchet who brought us that news."

"Ah! All the same he must have swift legs, this Englishman of ours," said big Dionne, "for they tell us that you have to run briskly to escape the long paws of these Congress chaps."

"We shall see whether success will always follow our governor. In eight months all will be over, if we can trust the order that commands us to make provision for that holiday time. In eight months we shall know who has gained the day."

"Yes, I hope so, Mr. Laudry. As for me, I am all right in that matter. I shall quietly eat my provisions; for I think it is better not to be mixed up with that affair, but let these fellows settle it among themselves. If the English like to eat each other up, it is their own business. Since I left my leg at Dumont's Mill I don't let anyone tread on my feet on the one hand; on the other, I don't step on the toes of anybody else."

While these conversations ran on amidst the unrestricted laughter of the crowd, it passed slowly along under the scrutinising eyes of the English captain.

Already Madeline Bouvart's turn had come, and she had even inclined her head out of the sleigh, the better mincingly to utter a pretty speech in the ear of the officer, when he abruptly said:

"I am ordered not to let you enter the city, madam."

"Me, Captain?" said she with an astonished air. "Does the Governor fear my eyes more than Arnold's bullets?"

I cannot tell you, madam, which the Governor fears the more, but what I can do is to express the great regret with which I must execute a strict order. Here it is."

He drew from the lining of his tunic a paper sealed with the arms of Sir Guy Carlton and slowly read it, resting upon each word: "The Governor, desiring to shelter himself from treason, and to free himself from unnecessary consumers of food, forbids until further orders the following persons to enter the city."

The officer, placing his fingers on one line of the list, bowed slightly and said: "Well, madam?" Madeline did not reply. A tear glistened and slowly descended her flushed cheek, an event that had not happened for a long time; and, trying to restrain her mortification, she simply said: "John, turn the horse around."

The coachman did as Madeline commanded; then, putting the reins in her hands, he bowed, assumed a most gracious smile, and said:

"Madam, one is better within than without the walls in a time like this, and, as I am not embraced in his Excellency's list, I shall profit by it to enter the city."

Madeline remained unmoved under the blow of this new insult. With a firm hand she vigorously whipped her horse, and soon woman and courser were lost in the night that spread itself, dark and full of alarm, over the Canadian landscape.

Behind, proud and magnificent, arose old Quebec, once more face to face with the enemy of the country. Before ran the girdle of the watchfires of Montgomery and Arnold.

All was gloomy and sad between these two lines of fire where, side by side, after fifteen years, slept peacefully under the snow the grenadiers of Béarn and the Highlanders of Scotland.

Soon the ringing cry of a sentinel resounded amidst the ill-omened quiet, then all resumed its terrible silence.

It was the humiliated woman who arrived at the American camp, and Madeline Bouvart had passed over to the enemy.

For nearly a month the state of siege continued without leading to any definite result. Here and there a marauder was caught. From time to time a volley was fired on the walls of the city. Scouts hidden in "wolf-holes" threw on the ramparts arrows on the ends of which they had fastened letters to the inhabitants of the city. And that was all; the besieger limited himself to these démonstrations, more noisy than hostile.

To make up for it, Montgomery found the delights of Capua at Holland House, where reigned a long, sweet rest. Every evening they drank deep and ate well at the American headquarters, and, although the greater part of the "Bostonnais" would have had some difficulty in proving their title to sixteen quarterings of nobility, they put on the air of a Hercules and made a pitiless massacre of the King's English.

Madeline had greatly ingratiated herself with these gentlemen. She assumed the position of a victim, coquetted with this one, coaxed that, and smiled on everybody, all of which made her the favourite of the staff, the General included.

It was she who sat at Montgomery's right at mess; and he who, that evening, could have entered the great dining-room of Holland House would have seen the flash of her glass, full of Nereo wine, in the clear light of a chandelier, borrowed "without noise" from Colonel Caldwell's villa "*Sans Bruit*." Madeline, in a distracted way, heard the General say to her:

"Yes, madam, it is just as I have the honour to confide it to you. At Christmas, which will be the day after to-morrow, I invite you to dine with me at Carleton's headquarters."

"Excuse the interruption, General, but I believe the invitation is just a little premature. Arnold will not be ready. Smallpox has appeared in his camp, and the Canadians refuse to take Congress money, which makes provisions for the troops scarce. Would it not be better to delay a little?"

"You are a pessimist, Colonel Livingston, and everything looks black to you. I know that you hate Arnold, and you are not alone in that. This hinders you from seeing that his troops are in the best heart. Besides, all this must come to an end. I have formed a resolution, and, since you were absent from the council of war held this morning, I am happy to put you in a position to understand the situation. At the next fall of snow, Arnold, with his contingent, is to glide from St. Roch's side and to carry the barricades and the batteries of Sault-au-Matelot. You, Colonel, are to direct an attack against St. John's gate, as a feint; Major Brown is to do the same on the side of the Citadel; and I make my way under the Cape by Champlain street, and carry the Près-de-ville battery. Quebec is open on the lower-town side. Arnold and I join forces and arrive strong-handed in the middle of the square, while the garrison, drawn to the ramparts by your racket and Brown's, will be quite misled by it. Is that clear and definite?"

"Hold there, General," said an old surgeon-major, who passed for the most learned man in the army, "Quebec is neither St. John's, nor Montreal, nor Sorel, nor Three Rivers. You must masticate it slowly, for it is difficult to digest and Murray near had dyspepsia after it."

"Bah, Major! Attend to the making of your pills, as you well understand that, and leave cannon-balls and bullets to me. If that is not enough, I'll make old Carleton taste the Plains of Abraham. They know me, these Plains of Abraham. I have been there already.

"Why, do you know, General, you are not so young as I thought you were?" interrupted the tormenting Madeline.

"How could it be otherwise, madam? The harness soon whitens him who wears it. At that time I was only a captain. Since then, to climb the ladder, I have had something else to do."

"But, God forgive me, you are becoming a boaster and as vain as a little cock, General. What regiment was so happy as to contain such a captain, Don Juan?"

"The 43rd, madam. Ah! that was a proud regiment. It had but one fault to me, that of not having taken its place under the flag of Congress."

"But, General," replied the bold scholar, "it seems to me that that would have been difficult in 1759, Congress was sleeping peacefully in non-existence, while Washington, its father, was still benumbed from the consequences of the capitulation of Fort Necessity."

"You use to me the language of a Loyalist, Major; and, if you continue, that may end in a dose of close arrest. There is nothing like that for changing the course of one's ideas. For the rest of you, gentlemen, since the ball opens so soon, do not forget the instructions which Congress has given us. Respect the religious beliefs of the country, pay liberally for all victuals and indispensable objects, punish rigorously the soldiers who commit disorders, follow and harass the English troops; but avoid vexing the people or doing anything to make them hostile to the American cause."

"You are very kind, General," said Madeline. "and I wish that every French-Canadian heard you pronounce these words of conciliation."

"I accept your compliments, madam, though I do not deserve them, for I know but one thing, my orders. For a proof, in 1759, a time that begins to seem far off, I little thought of writing protestations of devotion to the French-Canadians. I was then

quartered in a little village on the north shore, at St. Joachim, and there—”

“How was it that you went to St. Joachim? But tell me about that, General. It must be curious,” said Madeline, in a somewhat trembling voice.

“Indeed, the story will not be a long one, and the little pleasure trip I then made can be reported as brief as Caesar’s tour in Gaul. On my way I burned, I pillaged, I stole. By thunder! it was my orders that would have it so, and they make me furious or sentimental as they will. For a proof, it was this that came near getting me into a row with a lieutenant of the 78th Highlanders. This young puppy had assumed to himself the right of pardon, and already two peasants, father and son, had put themselves under his high and mighty protection. I seem even now to see them, their hands in the pockets of their torn coats, the father with his long white hair fluttering in the wind; the son, with lowered head, wearing a red toque, and both gliding through a field of wheat that my men had forgotten to pillage.

“I was determined to make an example and to show Lieutenant Wolfe could not be broken with impunity. I caused the young man, therefore, to be taken by a sergeant whom I could trust, and killed with a tomahawk, under his father’s eyes. Then it was the old fellow’s turn. Ah! I pitied him. I contented myself with having him shot. My subaltern officer took the notion to scalp them both, notwithstanding. What a time it was! St. Joachim, Ste. Anne, Chateau-Richer, Ange-Gardien, Montmorency, all these villages burned as if they had been timber. They knew how to make war then! The cannon, the musket-shot, the torch, carried the day; while, now, one must go prudently about it by the grand effort of proclamations.”

Madeline had not heard the General’s last words. She had, on pre-

tence of fatigue, painfully glided from the table, and had reached the shelter of her own apartments. Yet, he who could have seen her drag herself along the corridor, her brow elevated, her eyes moist, yet flushed with strange light, would scarcely have perceived any want of nerve on that pale face.

In her thoughts Montgomery was but a vile murderer, and a shudder passed over that slender frame of a woman. Two mute corpses arose before her eyes. The two peasants who without tombs and without prayers lay buried beneath the ploughed fields of Joachim were the father and the brother of Madeline Bouvart! Sternly they showed her that, before all things, one owes oneself to one’s country.

The snow was falling in large and crowded flakes. A wind from the north-east, mournfully moaning, twisted the tops of the oaks and pines that arose long ago along the St. Louis road. Above all was dark and gloomy, and on the ground, as far as eye could reach, was seen only one immense white shroud. One would have said that the falling heavens were seeking a resting-place upon the earth. The bivouac fires were buried under the drapery of the storm. The farm-dogs howled at the desolation that seemed to surround them. All was sad and heart-piercing on that terrible northern night, yet, throughout the chaos, one woman was making her way. Alone, face to face with the tempest, she went. The wind froze her veil, her hair became rigid in the frost, her hands were blue and numb, her tiny foot drew itself painfully from one depth only to fall into another, and, careless of the hurricane, alone in nature’s loneliness, poor thing, she pushed ever on.

She must have had a will of steel to go out in such weather, and, now tottering, now recovering herself, she went straight forward, till suddenly she was stopped by a whirling squall.

An imperceptible challenge had striven to rise above the storm. Then, shadowy forms approached, a whispering was heard and groups were half-revealed, half-hidden amidst the immense spirals of snow chased by the frightful nor'easter.

It was a weary and monotonous life in besieged old Quebec; though, indeed, five sieges ought to have made the inhabitants familiar with it.

That evening, with his head bent over a mass of maps and papers, General Carleton scanned the reports of main guards and outposts. His brow showed care, his cheeks were furrowed, and, as he read, he appeared to be plunged into the most profound perplexity. The enemy made no movement. It was known in town that he lacked money, provisions and ammunition, that sickness and desertion were thinning his ranks, that the people generally remained neutral and undecided. Yet, in spite of this definite information, General Carleton, prudent man that he was, decided not to move.

In this moment of interest he asked himself whether his rival, Montgomery, could be of the same mind as himself.

Burdened with the weight of this dilemma, the English General had risen and had walked several times around the room, stirring his fire and doing all that an honest man could do when his mind is ill at ease, when a light knock sounded at the door.

An aid-de-camp entered.

"General," said he, "a woman wishes to speak to you."

"Confound it! It is late, Captain, to listen to more demands. The day was spent at that business, and now they want to use up my right. Do you know what this woman wants?"

"She says she has important revelations to make and begs you to admit her at once, General."

"That's another affair, then. Let her come up, Captain."

Madeline Bouvart, shivering with cold and desire for vengeance, ap-

peared at once on the threshold.

"What, madam," said Carleton, "you here? To what happy chance may I attribute this honour?"

"Not to your proclamation, General, you may be assured, but, as I am not going to trouble you with my own griefs, you will permit me to come at once to the object of my visit. To-night the enemy attempts the assault of the city. Even now his columns are on the march, and as time passes, I shall be brief, though that may surprise you in a woman."

Madeline then set herself to give him the detail of the plan that Montgomery had communicated to Colonel Livingston. While she spoke the General's brow became radiant.

If Carleton had the prudence, I will not say of Fabius, for that sounds somewhat ancient, but I will say of more than one minister of state I know, on the other hand when his time came he did not detest the fumes of powder. For three days already he had scented this attack, but his want of decision could find no certainty on which to act.

Madeline Bouvart had just brought it within his reach, and, putting on his fur-trimmed coat and fastening his sword, he prepared to set out.

"As for you, madam," said he, as he gallantly offered her his arm, "I am going to put you under the care of Mrs. Campbell, a kind woman who will put herself to any amount of trouble for you."

He felt Madeline's heart beat under the dolman and added with feeling:

"You have been so brave, do not allow yourself to be the least frightened by this night's noise. We shall keep good and loyal watch. Then, to-morrow, if it be fine weather, we shall take a walk and I will show you how we have been able to repel the traitors and deserters from the old flag of England."

"General," replied Madeline, "do not trouble on that account. A friend awaits me in that white house you see close to the castle of St. Louis."

"Good-night, madam; dream of our victory and peace."

Then the old General went his way.

Madeline drew from under her mantle a holster-pistol, and said to herself as she examined it:

"Go on, General. You have to do only with General Montgomery. I must seek justice for the invader of my country and the assassin of my family."

Then she descended the declivity toward Champlain street.

At four in the morning all the columns of the enemy had reached the appointed place. Nothing within the city showed that their presence had been noticed. Nothing without indicated that the alarm had been given and that everywhere the guards had been doubled.

Suddenly two rockets shot up against the dark sky. This was the signal. Then the city was encircled with steel and with flame. Cross-firing was heard everywhere.

The St. Louis gate trembled on its hinges. The Sault-au-Matelot poured hail on St. Roch. The St. John's gate was lit up with baleful fires. A rain of balls and bullets poured through Champlain street, and, striking the rocks and rough heights of Cape Diamond, made projectiles of the fragments.

Quebec, renewed in youth, felt its blood flow proudly through its large and generous veins, and rejoiced with its old, unconquerable military

ardour. The cannonade mingled its bass notes with the crackling of the muskets, and death seemed to hover on the wing of the raging tempest, bearing in the folds of its robe the passing year and mingled with its vanities the groans of the dying and the blood of the dead.

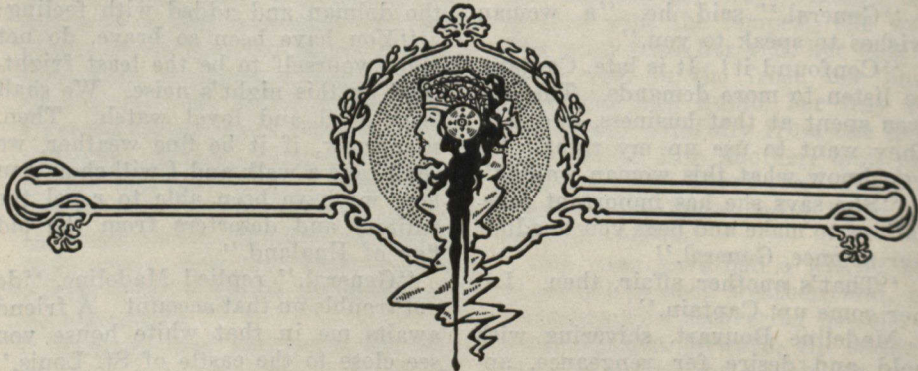
So it continued until morning, then all became peaceful and silent. Quebec had been saved from the horrors of pillage and sack.

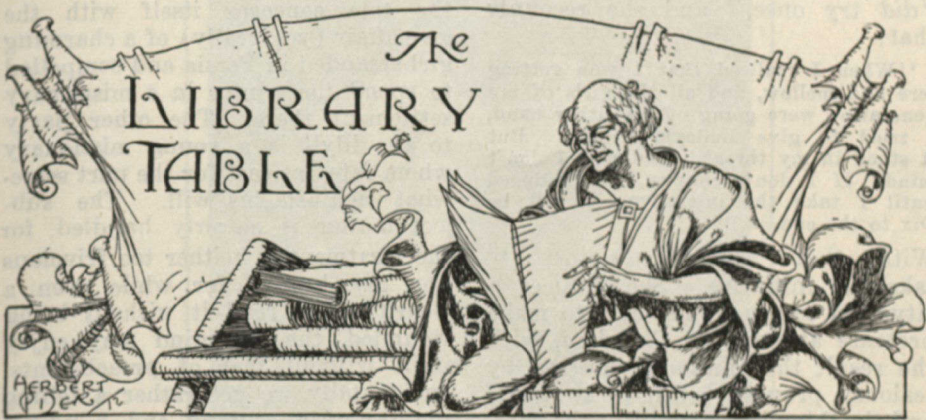
During the day they swept away the snow from around the dead. Near the foot of the Près-de-Ville barricade Montgomery was found, bloody and stiff with cold. At his feet lay eleven corpses, and amongst them a woman whose shoulder had been carried away by a bullet. It was Madeline Bouvart.

She died for a great cause, praying to Him who pardoned her sainted namesake the fair Madeline of the Thebais.

God has, doubtless, rendered her a nobler judgment than men; they have given her the forgetfulness of the living.

Carleton neglected the humble name in the despatches. Quebec was ungrateful, and history is dumb concerning the poor woman who, without guide, protection or advice, found before her only flattery, wickedness and falsehood here, and could truly give to the world only what she had in her heart, a last prayer and devotion to her country.





THE wholesome and naïve qualities that distinguish all of Miss L. M. Montgomery's essays in fiction are present to a marked degree in her volume of short stories entitled "Chronicles of Avonlea." The word "Avonlea" will resound in many responsive ears, because it is a word which, with Anne Shirley, has achieved international fame. These chronicles are of the best work that Miss Montgomery has done. The characters are real, living people, full of human weaknesses and homely virtues. Perhaps it is fortunate for Miss Montgomery that she has not found it necessary to go farther afield for her material, because by this time there has been established in Carmody and its people a bond of sympathy that will endure. Besides that, Miss Montgomery writes of these people with a sure pen, and one feels that she is drawing from life. *Old Lady Lloyd, Ludoric Speed, the Reverend Mr. Leonard, Naomi Clark, Prissy Strong* and most of the others are so much of the flesh that one hesitates before writing their names in italics. Anne Shirley herself has got beyond

that stage, and so we must respect her now as something more than a mere creation of imagination. She reappears in these pages, and indeed the first two words of the first story in the book compose her name. The sentence containing them is a good example of what one might expect to find in the book:

"Anne Shirley was curled up on the window-seat of Theodora Dix's sitting-room one Saturday evening, looking dreamily afar at some fair starland beyond the hills of sunset."

Then after a few other sentences, the story continues:

"She leaned her shapely head, with its braided coronet of dark red hair, against the window-casing, and her gray eyes were like the moonlight's gleam on shadowy pools."

This first story, which is called "The Hurrying of Ludovic," has to do with the courtship of *Theodora Dix* and *Ludovic Speed*. These two have been sweethearts of a kind for fifteen years but Ludovic, who has belied his name in showing less speed than inclination, has failed lamentably to see that he and *Theodora* are away past the grown-up stages; in

short that *Theodora* is almost passé. Anne soon discovers that *Ludovic* needs a little baiting and she openly charges *Theodora* with failure to arouse the lover to a sense of his responsibility. *Theodora* admits that she "did try once," and she recounts that:

"When I realised that I was getting sere and mellow, and all the girls of my generation were going off on either hand, I tried to give Ludovic a hint. But it stuck in my throat. And now I don't mind. If I don't change Dix to Speed until I take the initiative, it will be Dix to the end of life."

With that Anne determines to take the initiative. She induces a city-bred cousin of her own to make pretence at courting *Theodora*, with the result that *Ludovic*, spurred by jealousy, proposes before he knows it, and the thing is settled. But the subtlest passage is the suggestion that the cousin in the end was not very sure that his own courtship of *Theodora* was only a sham. There is about the others of the set a wholesomeness and charm that attracts attention and merits admiration. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

*

THE vital interest of the missionary's life is, after all, poorly dealt with in an annual report! If one pauses to think of it, the facts and figures so obtained can represent but the merest shell of the enterprise—the things that matter, the real human appeal must lie behind and beyond the ken of any Board, however elect. That is why "The Goodly Fellowship" by Rachel C. Schaufler comes to us as something of a surprise. It is that almost unheard of thing—a missionary romance, and what makes it all the more striking is that both the missionaries and the romance ring true. We have known missionaries in the flesh, we have heard them address meetings upon their "experiences in the field" and we do not hesitate to say that their fictional brethren in "The

Goodly Fellowship" are quite natural. The author has the saving grace of humour and it is wonderful what light is shed upon the missionary problem by the application of that valuable quality. For the rest, the tale concerns itself with the love affair (yes, really) of a charming girl stranded in Persia and compelled to spend the winter in a missionary settlement there. The other party to the idyll is a young missionary whom fate has cast for the part somewhat against his will. The subject matter is cleverly handled, for the treatment is neither too frivolous nor too heavy, for while even a Board might read it without being wounded, the lay mind may enjoy itself without fear of preachments. Incidentally we get rather a telling picture of a country and a people little known and the knowledge is quite worth the while. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

"WOMAN and Social Progress," a recent work by Professor Scott Nearing and Nellie Nearing, sets out to establish the thesis that America is the home of a new type of woman, that this woman is not a mere adjunct of man, but a free individual with a distinct position and that she has capacity for achievement when face to face with opportunity. Part I. discusses this capacity from the biological and personal standpoints. Part II. shows the extensive environmental changes and influence upon American women. The industrial revolution has brought a new leisure; far-reaching social changes have lessened the "masculine dominance," while free educational schools and colleges and better home training have combined to produce astonishing independence and a wide range of opportunities. Part III. discusses, in an orderly way, the social choices of American women as compared, for example, with those of the Roman



MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

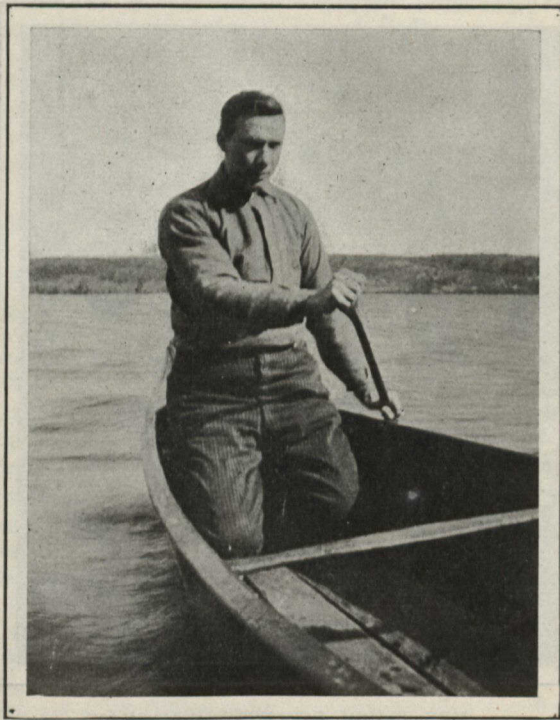
Author of "The House of Windows" enjoying an outing in a British Columbia wood.

women, and the opportunities, eugenic, domestic, educational, industrial, and civic which are before them. The argument on the science of human breeding is conclusive; the great authorities like Weismann and Galton are quoted and tables of statistics set down; the responsibility is thrust home, woman is again the selector. Part IV. discloses the possibilities of the future and answers the question of the dedication, "What shall I do?" in no uncertain terms. "Neither organisation, franchise, industrial position or constructive social life will be thrust upon women. If they want these things they must get them." The work is readable, profoundly suggestive, original in parts and prophetic. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

THE story of Carola Woerishoffer, as told in a book by that name, pictures another effort of the sympa-

thetic rich to break loose from the traditions and demands of high social position, and alleviate the sufferings of the defenceless poor. Miss Woerishoffer was a Bryn Mawr graduate, very rich, exceedingly independent, with an insatiable appetite for facts, who aided the shirt-waist strikers in New York in 1909, worked four months in laundries, inspected labour camps, and came to an untimely end, at the age of 26, in an automobile accident. In this little book, Miss Tarbell gives a brief account of Miss Woerishoffer's life and the remaining pages present a series of addresses by her teachers, associates and friends, together with newspaper editorials, minutes of directors' meetings of Bryn Mawr and memorial resolutions adopted by the various organisations with which this heroine of social service, this "dreamer without illusion," was connected. (Bryn Mawr College, Class 1907).



MR. S. A. WHITE

Whose new novel, "The Wildcatters" is being published this month.

"THE Health of the Nations" is the second book that has appeared at the instance of the International Council of Women. By request of the President, Lady Aberdeen, the affiliated National Councils in the various countries of the world have prepared respective reports on public health, special reference being made to the case of infants and children, the conditions under which women carry out industrial work, housing of the people, and measures in force against the disease of tuberculosis. Lady Aberdeen has by her brilliant example in Ireland provided the strongest stimulus of all, in influencing women in every country to give abundantly of their knowledge, their act, their experience and their womanly instincts to this great cause.

The work is under the direction of Lady Aberdeen and edited by Maria M. Ogilvie Gordon, M.D., D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S., of Aberdeen, Scotland. (Toronto, The National Council of Women).

*

SOMETHING was said last month in these columns that was not praise about a book of rhymes entitled "Canadian Heart Songs." The criticism may appear to be severe, but even if it is severe that part of it which deals with the material as poetry applies to two other recent volumes of verse from the presses of the same publisher: "Our Destiny and Other Poems," by Earnest J. Bowden, and "Poems," by F. H. B. The audacity of these titles is enormous. (Toronto: William Briggs).



SLOW

Nelle—"Is that fellow of yours ever going to get up the courage to propose?"

Belle—"I guess not. He's like an hour-glass."

Nelle—"An hour-glass?"

Belle—"Yes—the more time he gets, the less sand he has."—*Philadelphia Times.*

*

CONGRATULATED

Prize-fighter (entering school with his son)—"You give this boy o' mine a thrashin' yesterday, didn't yer?"

Schoolmaster (very nervous)—"Well—I—er—perhaps—"

Prize-fighter—"Well, give us your 'and; you're a champion. I can't do nothin' with 'im myself."—*Punch.*

*

HARD

Maud—"Beatrix has lost twenty pounds lately, her new gowns are perfect successes, her sweetheart proposed to her last night, her rich uncle died yesterday and left her a million, and now she has to go to his funeral to-day and try to look sad."—*Harp-er's Bazaar.*

IN PRACTICE

Husband—"Your extravagance is awful. When I die you'll probably have to beg."

Wife—"Well, I should be better off than some poor woman who never had and practice."—*London Opinion.*

*

STILL WITH US

A member of the firm that published the original edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has just died. But the girl who played Little Eva when the story was first staged is still playing the part.

*

MENTAL TREATMENT

"The cyclist who's just come in wants new-laid eggs with his tea. Cackle a bit while I run over to the store."—*P. I. P.*

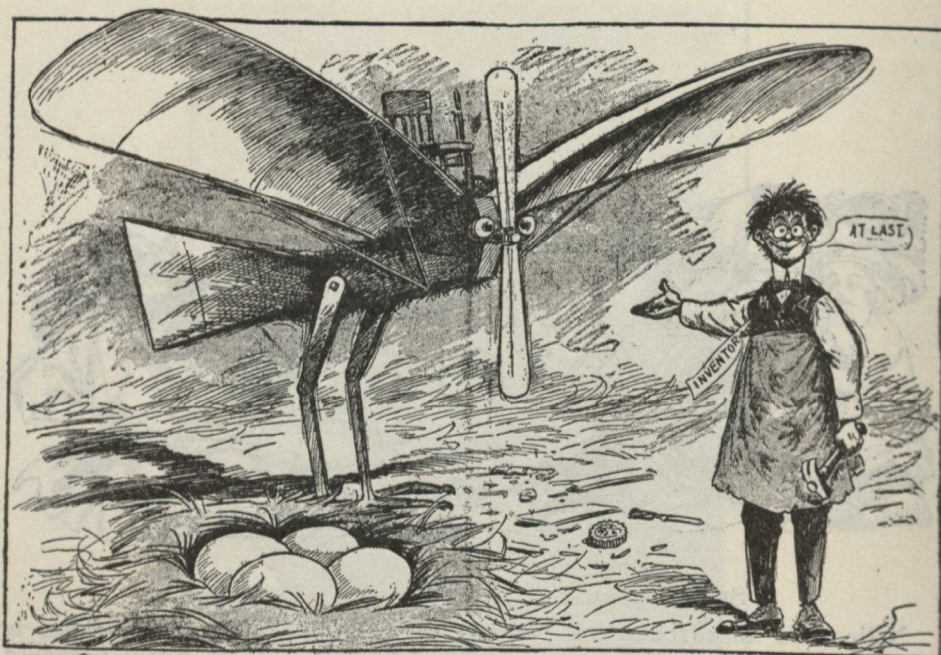
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COMPLETE REFORM

"My wife married me to reform me."

"Did she succeed?"

"Yes, thoroughly. I wouldn't marry again if I lived to be as old as Methuselah!"—*Puck.*



When some inventive genius produces a flying craft that will lay eggs, aviating may come to be regarded as a safe and pleasurable recreation. —*Montreal Star.*

MODEST

The Magistrate (about to commit for trial)—“You certainly effected the robbery in a remarkably ingenious way; in fact, with quite exceptional cunning—”

The Prisoner—“Now, yer Honour, no flattery, please; no flattery, I begs yer.”—*Sketch.*

*

PRE-NUPTIAL SACRIFICES

“And you are going to give up smoking?”

“Certainly.”

“And drinking?”

“Gladly.”

“And will you resign from all your clubs?”

“Willingly.”

“Think, dearest, if there is anything else you can give up.”

“Well, for one thing, I give up all idea of marrying you.”—*Soleil (Paris.)*

THE GREATER TRAGEDY

The man whose daughter had just been united to the husband of her choice looked a little sad.

“I tell you, squire,” he said to one of the wedding guests, a man of his own age, and himself the father of a number of unmarried girls, “I tell you, it is a solemn thing for us when our daughters marry and go away.”

The squire assented, not altogether heartily.

“I suppose it is,” he conceded; “but, I tell you, it is more solemn when they don’t.”—*Youth’s Companion.*

*

FOR ALL TIME

Mrs. Highupp—“The judge decreed that they should be separated, never to see each other again.”

Mrs. Blasé—“Are they?”

Mrs. Highupp—“Yes. They are living next door to each other in a New York apartment house now.”—*Puck.*



HOSTESS (after presenting fan to prize-winner at whist drive): "Really, I'm afraid it's hardly worth accepting!"

WINNER (appraising its worth): "Oh, thank you so much; it's just the kind of fan I wanted—one that I shouldn't mind losing."
—Punch.

THE GREAT DIVIDES

Reno.
The harem skirt.
The tariff wall.
The fool and his money.
Buda-Pest.
The pearly gates.
Mason and Dixon's line.
Jim Crow's laws
and
The Rio Grande River.
—Fort Worth Record.

*
WISE TOMMY

Teacher—"What change takes place when water freezes?"
Tommy (innocently)—"A change in price, I guess."—Harper's Weekly.

*
A LOVING CHILD

Pupil (to schoolmaster)—"Sir, would you mind taking great care how you draw up my report? My parents suffer dreadfully from nerves."—Fliegende Blaetter.

ECONOMY

The services in the chapel of a certain Western university are from time to time conducted by eminent clergymen of many denominations and from many cities.

On one occasion, when one of these visiting divines asked the president of the university how long he should speak, that witty officer replied:

"There is no limit, doctor, upon the time you may preach; but I may tell you that there is a tradition here that the most souls are saved during the first twenty-five minutes."—Lippincott's.

*
A SAD THOUGHT

"I think," said the astronomer, "that I have discovered a new canal on Mars."

"Is that so?" replied the New Orleans man, absent-mindedly, "I wonder what town's going to get the celebration?"—Washington Star.

A TRIUMPH

"Do you think it is becoming?" she asks, appearing in her newest gown.

"Don't bother about that!" gushes the friend. "It is perfect! It is simply delicious! My dear, it makes you look absolutely helpless."—*Judge.*

*

TRIUMPH OF REASON

Damocles saw the sword suspended by the hair.

"Since it can't cut the hair, I judge your wife has been sharpening her pencil," he remarked to the king.—*New York Sun.*

*

THE BLACK HAND

"Our whole neighbourhood has been stirred up," said the regular reader.

The editor of the country weekly seized his pen. "Tell me about it," he said. "What we want is news. What stirred it up?"

"Plowing," said the farmer.—*Driftwood.*



"Nice Doggie!"—*The Jersey Journal.*

EXPLAINED

Phrenologist—"Dear me, your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier?"

Customer—"No, I'm a chauffeur!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

*

REASON ENOUGH

Barber—"Did your mother say I was to give you a close crop?"

Boy—"No; but I got a teacher who pulls hair."—*London Opinion.*

*

THE WORST OF IT

Merchant—"It seems to me that you ask high wages considering that you have had no experience in this business."

Clerk—"Ah, but you forget that that's just what makes it all the harder for me."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

*

TOO MANY SPECTATORS

He (soulfully)—"There are thousands of stars to-night looking down upon you."

She—"Is my hat on straight?"—*Harper's Weekly.*

*

A CURE

"War with Japan seems imminent. These dreadful rumors alarm me," "Too bad."

"What would you do?"

"Well, I think I would switch magazines."—*Kansas City Journal.*

*

A SURE RETURN

"Out to luncheon—back in five minutes," read the sign on the door.

"Are you sure he will get back that soon?" asked the anxious caller.

"Yes'm," said the wise office boy. "He ain't got the price of a ten-minutes' lunch in his clothes."—*Toledo Blade.*

WATCH YOUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH

If any of your children seem to be pale and anaemic, growing too fast or too slowly, don't start doctoring them. Food is the keynote of a child's growth and health. Some children owing to constitutional weakness, or as a result of children's diseases, will not thrive on food from which stronger ones benefit. In such cases the addition of Bovril to the diet will produce marked results.

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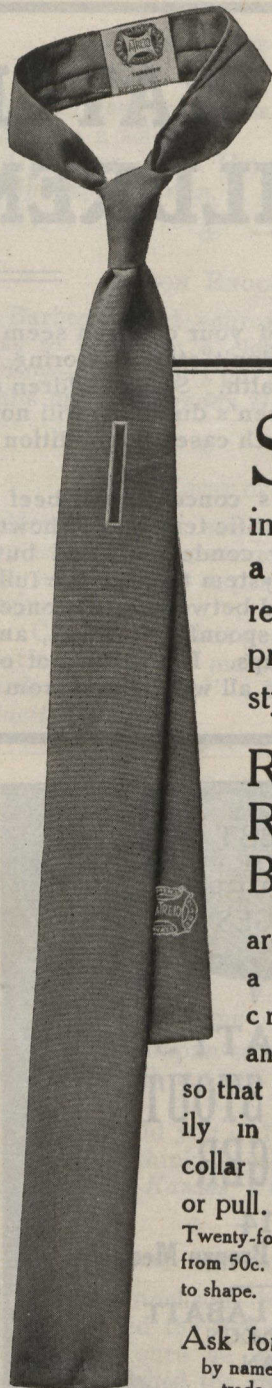
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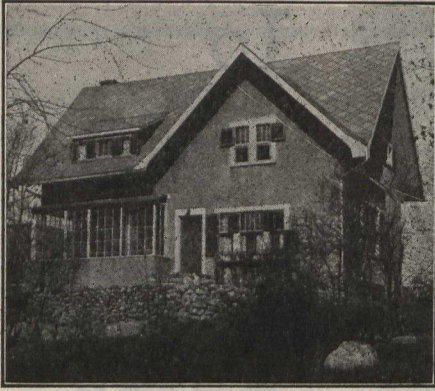
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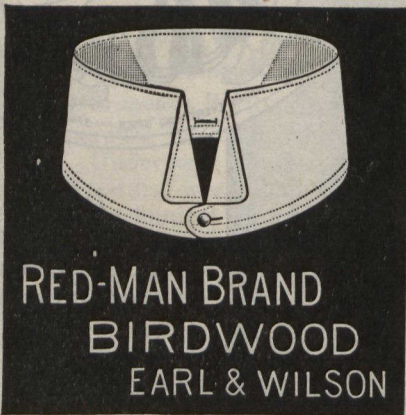
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For breakfast with cream and sugar, or mixed with fruit. For luncheons and suppers in bowls of milk. As crisps in soup for dinner, and as garnish for ice cream.

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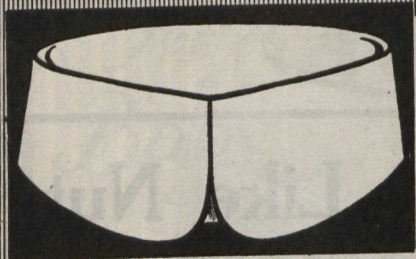
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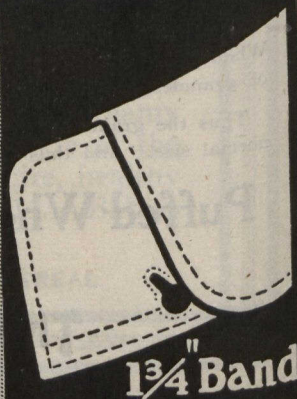
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A **MILLION PEOPLE** are wearing Holeproof Hose because of the wonderful service and comfort they give. These hose are so made that they wear longer than any other hose and yet they are soft and flexible. They are made in the lightest weights if you want light weights. No hose were ever more comfortable—yet they wear **SIX MONTHS**. That is guaranteed. Think what it means!

6 Pairs Wear 6 Months Or NEW HOSE FREE!

That's what we do. If they wear out (one pair or all pairs) we give you new hose free. 6,650,000 pairs *outlasted* the guarantee last year. But we replace every pair that *does* wear out without any question or quibble.

Here's how we get the "wear" and the softness that have made "Holeproof" famous—

We use a yarn that costs an average of 70c a pound, while common yarn sells for 30c a pound. It is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, 3-ply strands, the softest and strongest yarn that's produced.

We spend \$55,000 a year for inspection—just to see that each pair is perfection, capable of the guarantee.

Then we have had 39 years of hose making experience.

We know *how* to make hose wear, and how to make them *stylish, too*. These are the original guaranteed hose—the whirlwind success—the most popular hose in existence. You ought to try them.

Look
for this
Trademark



FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Send for Trial Box!
Stop Darning! End Discomfort!

Men need not any longer wear sock with holes in them. Children may now *always* wear neat-looking stockings. **WOMEN MAY SAVE ALL THE DARNING!** Think of the darning you do now; then order. Or send for the "Holeproof" list of sizes, colors and grades.

Don't pay out good money for hose that wear out in a week. Get this Trial Box of "Holeproof" and learn how hosiery should wear—even the lightest weights. Send the coupon with \$1.50, \$2 or \$3 (according to grade wanted) for six pairs of "Holeproof" (women's and children's \$2 and \$3 only). Remit in any convenient way.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.
3 Bond Street, London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured?

TRIAL BOX ORDER COUPON

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.
3 Bond Street, London, Can.

Gentlemen—I enclose \$.....for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for.....(state whether for men, women or children). Weight.....(medium or light). Size..... Color (check the color on list below). Any six colors in a box, but only one weight and one size.

Name

Street

City..... Province.....

List of Colors

For Men and Women—Black, Light Tan, Dark Tan, Pearl, Lavender, Navy Blue, Light Blue.
For Children—Black and tan only—medium weight only.



*Every Artistic Home
Should Contain a*

Gerhard
Heintzman
PIANO

because this instrument presents the
most up-to-date features and im-
provements; is in fact the

Ideal Piano

for the home. This reputation has
been gained entirely through merit
during the past half century of
honest endeavor. A demonstration
at our salesroom will convince you.
Descriptive literature sent free on
application.

Gerhard Heintzman, Ltd.

NEW SALESROOMS:
41-43 Queen St. W., (Opp. City Hall) Toronto

HAMILTON SALESROOMS:
King Street East (Next Post Office)



Connor Ball Bearing Washer

A washer guaranteed to take out all the dirt and leave the clothes snowy white.

Runs on ball bearings and driven by steel springs, with a little assistance from the operator. Perfected to the minutest detail. Can be supplied through our agents or direct to any address.

Write for booklet.

J. H. CONNOR & SONS Limited,
OTTAWA, CANADA.

LIVE in a mild warm climate. The Fraser Valley of British Columbia, near the big city of Vancouver. Grass keeps green all winter; fine class of farmers. Residents have running water, bathrooms, and telephones in their houses. Splendid high schools and churches. Fast electric tram service into Vancouver. Railroad station only a quarter of a mile away; splendid driving roads. Farmers with 5 acres make from \$1,500 to \$3,000 a year clear profit on berries, poultry and small fruits. I can sell you a 5 acre farm for from \$50 to \$200 down, the balance \$10 to \$20 a month. If you want to know just how they make big money there, write me.

W. J. KERR, LTD.

1723 Columbia Street, New Westminster, B.C.

WANTED :—Sign letter agents; painters; something new and better; Attracto Gold or Silver letters; anyone can apply them; big money lettering store windows; making plate glass signs; write to-day for free sample and catalogue.

ATTRACTO SIGN CO., 2645 North Clark St., Chicago.

Sick headaches—neuralgic headaches—splitting, blinding headaches—all vanish when you take
Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers
They do not contain phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug.
25c. a box at your Druggist's.

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.



A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever
**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM** OR MAGICAL
BEAUTIFIER

Purifies
as well as
Beautifies
the Skin
No other
cosmetic
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 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. Sayre 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.”

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

GOURAUD'S POUDDRE SUBTILE

Removes Superfluous Hair.

Price \$1.00 by Mail

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r 37 Great Jones St., New York City.

\$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.
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MARK YOUR LINEN WITH

**Cash's Woven
Names**



Neater and more durable than marking ink, on such Household Articles as “Dining Room,” “Guest Room,” “Servants’ Linen,” etc.

Your name can be interwoven on a fine Cambric Tape for
\$2.00 for 12 doz.
\$1.25 for 6 doz.
85c. for 3 doz.

A. Cashwoven

Samples Sent on Request

J. & J. CASH, LTD.

301 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.
Orders can be placed through your dealer.

“GURD’S” Ginger Ale “GURD’S” Caledonia Water

There is nothing quite like either, for both are “THE BEST”

CHARLES GURD & CO., Limited - - - MONTREAL

“Salvador”

CANADA'S MOST FAMOUS BEER



The Club Man's Choice
 A sparkling, delicious brew from selected malt and the finest hops.

Brewed and bottled in the most up-to-date and sanitary plant in Canada.

We use only perfectly sterilized water.

Reinhardts' of Toronto
 Inspection Invited.



“Love's Labor Lost”

Shakespeare Series A23

GANONG'S
 THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES



Cheerful Reflections

Every time you use LIQUID VENEER for cheering up the hardwood floors, furniture, woodwork and metalwork, everything *smiles back at you* with renewed beauty and lustre.

Try LIQUID VENEER on your hardwood floors. A bit of cheese cloth moistened with it and simply rubbed over the floors works wonders in removing dust, marks and scratches and in bringing out the beautiful grain and finish.

Dust Everything With LIQUID VENEER

—from kitchen chairs to the piano—from a brass candlestick to a hardwood floor—from a wainscoting to a dusty picture frame—all are beautified by simply going over them with a cheese cloth duster moistened with LIQUID VENEER. No more trouble than the usual dusting.

Trial Bottle Free

Send the coupon to-day for a free trial bottle and learn what a wonder-worker LIQUID VENEER is.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY

249-1 Liquid Veneer Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

"CHEER UP"
COUPON

**BUFFALO SPECIALTY
COMPANY**

249-1 Liquid Veneer Building,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Please send me free and without further obligation on my part, sample bottle of LIQUID VENEER.

Name.....

Street & No.....

City & State.....



Accept no substitute; insist on the yellow package with the black tilted letters—LIQUID VENEER.

HOME OIL, our new product, makes casters run easily and noiselessly.



WELLINGTON



Xtra Speedy Plates

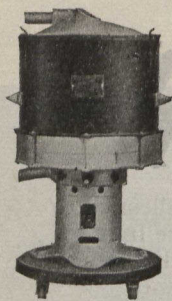


give you results like this—fine, brilliant, negatives full of detail.

Write for a set of Wellington booklets all about plates, papers and films and how to handle them. (Sent free if you mention this magazine.)

WELLINGTON @ WARD - MONTREAL

Western Agents: Shaw Bros., Limited, Vancouver.



A Vacuum Cleaner is like a Watch—the Works are most important.



SO in choosing a Vacuum Cleaner it isn't the appearance that counts—it is what is inside. The fundamental point about a Vacuum Cleaner is suction, and the power of the suction is wholly dependent upon the "works"—the mechanical parts that create the suction. "THE INVINCIBLE" stationary and portable machine is more than a powerful cleanser, it is a quiet, silent-running electric renovator. Its superiority rests chiefly upon its basic or working principle—the *centrifugal fan*. The suction power created by the centrifugal fan never fluctuates, never "jumps"; it is always strong enough to get all the dust and dirt. A striking advantage born of using the right principle—the *centrifugal fan*—is that there are no wearing parts, no gears, bumps or valves about the "Invincible."

If you are really interested in a cleaning machine let us give you all the facts and information about the "INVINCIBLE ELECTRIC RENOVATOR."

A Post Card will bring you our booklet "K" "How to buy a portable or stationary Air Cleaner." Write us to-day.

The Invincible Renovator Mfg. Co., Limited
81 Peter St., TORONTO

Good Cheert

THE FURNACE WITH A REAL WATER PAN

WARM
AIR

FURNACES

STAND FOR
QUALITY
& SATISFACTION

A
Winter Warmth
in the home like the breath
of a day in June, compared
to the July like dryness and
intensity of the furnace heat
with which you are familiar.
It's all in the big CIRCLE
WATERPAN with its adequate
provision for humidifying the
heated air, and a furnace con-
struction absolutely gas
and dust tight.

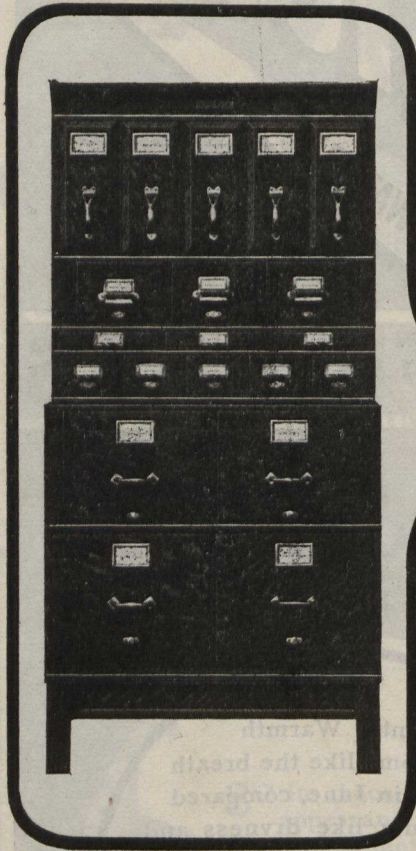
The James
Stewart
Manufacturing
Company, Limited

WOODSTOCK ONT
WINNIPEG MAN

FURNACE CATALOGUE
MAILED ON REQUEST

Office Specialty Saving Systems in Sectional Cabinets meet every Business Need

Buy as you need them, build as you want them.
Every section separate but fits perfectly with any number of others when stacked together.



YOU can't run an up-to-date business without proper means of letter filing and record keeping. Office Specialty Saving Systems include specific ways of handling every detail of your business, and leaves you time to give proper attention to larger problems. Our line comprises 117 different sectional Filing Cabinets to suit all kinds of business papers, and are the cleverest, handsomest and most value-for-the-money of any Office Equipment you can buy.

Ask for Catalogue 916.

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**REST AND HEALTH TO
BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD**

A Record of Over Sixty-Five Years.

For over sixty-five years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

**A Perfume for the
Most Refined Taste**



A leader amongst leaders.
After being in use for
NEARLY A CENTURY

**Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA
WATER**

is just as popular as ever

BECAUSE:

IT is a Floral Extract of absolute purity and enduring fragrance; it refreshes and revives as does no other Perfume; it is delightful in the Bath and the finest thing after Shaving: because it is, in fact, the most reliable and satisfactory Toilet Perfume made. :: :: ::

Ask your Druggist for it
Accept no Substitute!



GROCERS are firm friends of Windsor Table Salt. They like to sell it because it is pure and clean and good.

Ask any grocer for his best salt and he will give you Windsor Salt every time. Not because it costs more—it does not—but because the grocers know that Windsor Table Salt pleases their customers.

62

WINDSOR TABLE SALT



Shingles
Slate and Tile
become loose
and blow off—

Certain-teed Roofing

Quality Certified—Durability Guaranteed

Is tighter than tight—sold under a 15-year guarantee
—costs LESS money—put up in rolls or shingles

YOU know and we know that wood shingles warp in the sun and rain, become loose and blow off—that the quality of wood shingles is not what it used to be. While tile makes a handsome roof, it is heavy and expensive—it will not stand sudden changes in temperatures, and as a consequence the repair expense, on account of the cracking and breaking of the clay tiles, is something enormous. Tin roofing is expensive to apply, requires constant repairs of broken joints and rusts out completely in a short time. Corrugated metal roofing, because of the poor galvanizing used to-day, requires constant repainting, and in spite of this will soon rust out and go to pieces.

Certain-teed Roofing is put up in both rolls and shingles, and guaranteed for 15 years

Save money and get a better quality of roofing. Ready roofing—Rubber, Mica or Gravel finishes—on account of small expense of application, low cost, really wonderful durability (having been tested on the roof for twenty years) will save you money and insure you getting a better quality of roofing.

Millions of rolls of **Certain-teed Roofing** now giving satisfaction on the roof. Remember we are not coming to you with an untried, experimental roof covering—**Certain-teed Roofing** is waterproof—millions of rolls are in actual use on the roofs all over the world to-day. There was a time when ready roofing was an experiment—but that day was passed years ago with us.

When you buy ready roofing from your local dealer see that the **Certain-teed** label shown on the roll to the left is pasted on each roll and you will be protected from paying double what the roofing is worth and be assured of getting roofing of maximum durability.

Try **Certain-teed Roofing** at our risk. The fifteen-year guarantee protects you in every detail. **Certain-teed Roofing** means quality certified and durability guaranteed. So you really are trying it at our risk. See your local dealer to-day—insist on this guarantee on every roll.

At Least Investigate

Certain-teed Roofing is sold throughout the Provinces of Canada by local dealers and is distributed by wholesale jobbers in St. Johns, Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria. Send coupon for our free book B.J. 4. "How to Build for Less Money."



General Roofing,
U.S.A.'s
Largest Manufacturer
of Roofing and
Building Papers.

GENERAL ROOFING MFG. COMPANY
Largest Roofing and Building Paper
Manufacturer in the World
WINNIPEG - MANITOBA

Free Book Coupon



Without obligation on my part please send me your book, B.J. 4. "How to Build for Less Money," and I will read it. This book is to be sent to me post-paid and absolutely free.

Name.....
City.....
Province.....

The Finest Sweater Coat in Canada



With Shawl Collar Up.

This is a sweater coat demanded by those who want something really good.

Most people know the quality of "CEETEE" Underwear. The "CEETEE" Sweater Coat is made with the same care—same process—same quality of wool and workmanship.

Every join, seam, pocket, collar, etc. is KNIT, not sewn together. The new shawl collar is shaped and fits comfortably around the neck.

If your dealer does not carry these Sweater Coats, write us direct.

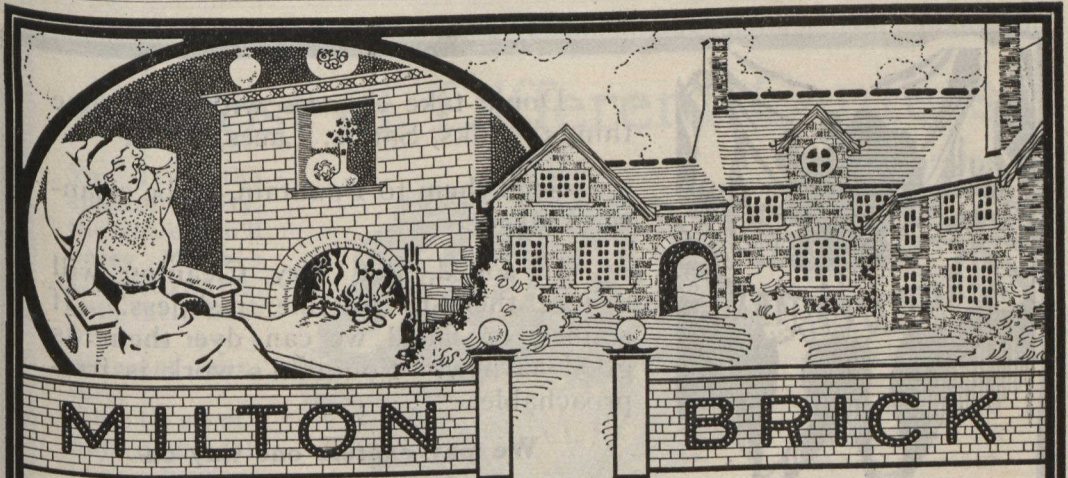


With Shawl Collar Down. 498

Manufactured by

THE C. TURNBULL CO. of Galt, Limited, GALT, ONT.

Also Manufacturers of Turnbull's High-Class Ribbed Underwear for Ladies and Children and Turnbull's "M" Bands for Infants.



Make your Home different

by utilizing the beauty and harmony of the "fire flashes" to be had in Milton Brick. The smooth texture and rich colors lend themselves to countless pleasing combinations.

A genuine Milton Brick has the name "Milton" on it.

Milton Brick in red, flash-red, flash-buff and brown, will make your home beautiful outside, as well as inside. **Milton Brick Fireplaces** from \$18. up. Write for our book.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK CO., LIMITED, Milton, Ont.—Toronto Office, Janes Building.—Agents for Fiske Tapestry Bricks

PEASE ECONOMY FURNACES

WHY WARM AIR HEATING IS BEST

"DEAD AIR IS BAD AIR"

There are comparatively few houses built with any provision for regular ventilation beyond that afforded by doors and windows, and these cannot be left open ALL the time during the winter. Yet the impure air in the different rooms must be constantly carried away. PEASE WARM AIR FURNACE properly installed, changes the air constantly. The warm, fresh air is forced up through every open register and the stale, cool air being drawn out by suction and natural gravitation through the cold air pipes.

*Our books "The Question of Heating,"
or "Boiler Information" sent free on
request.*

PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY,
LIMITED.

TORONTO, ONT.

*PAYS FOR
ITSELF BY
THE COAL
IT SAVES.*

*ASK THE
MAN WHO
HAS ONE.*



Don't take chances with your fine things—Silks, Satins, Laces, Suits.

Send them to Fountain, to be cleaned or dyed.

If soiled, our Dry Cleaning will restore them to pristine freshness. If stained or faded we can dye them as good as new. Fountain's work is irreplaceable.

**We pay express one way on
goods from out of town:**

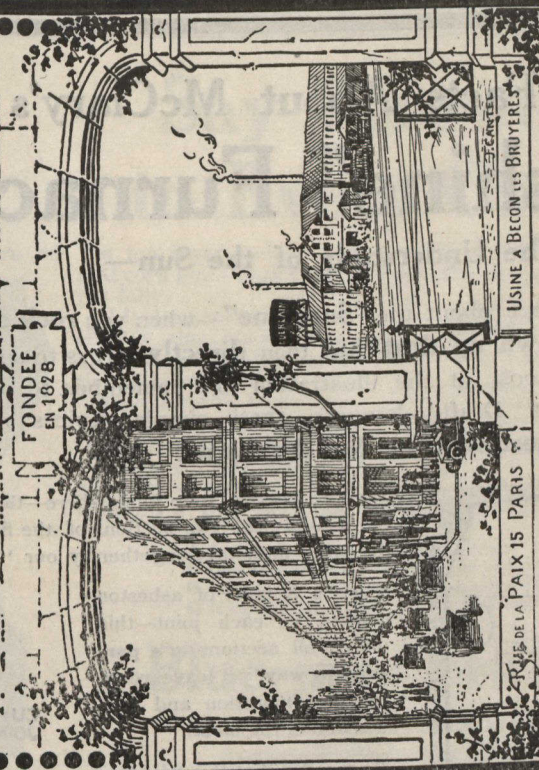
Write for free copy of our book, which tells all about our work and our prices.

Fountain "My Valet"

30 Adelaide Street W., Toronto.

GUERLAIN

FONDEE
EN 1828



RUE DE LA PAIX 15 PARIS

USINE A BECON LES BRUYERES

With his most respectful compliments Guerlain calls the attention of his fashionable customers to the following list of his productions :

Parfums pour le Vaporisateur.

Quand vient l'été.

Rue de la Paix.

Après l'Onnée.

Sillage.

Bon Vieux Temps.

Jicky.

Chypre de Paris.

Tsao-Ko.

Eau de Cologne Hébémonienne.

Eau de Cologne Impériale.

Eau de Toilette Gardénia.

Eau du Coq.

Sapoceti, savon pour la toilette.

Crème de fraises.

Crème Secret de Bonne Femme.

Poudre Ladies in all Climates.

Rose du Moulin (rouge pour le visage).

A Host of Different Centers

You like the spice of variety, therefore you'll enjoy Moir's Chocolates, with their hundred or more different centers.

Toothsome nuts, dainty jellies, luscious fruits, form



some of the centers, while others are of unique creamy confections. All are hidden in that wonderfully thick coating of smooth, rich chocolate that's being talked about so much today.

Chocolates

Enjoy a new Treat.

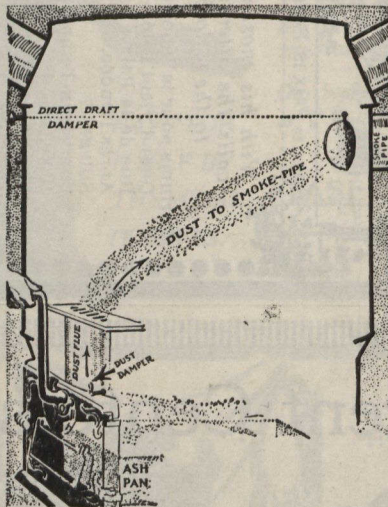
Try Moir's Chocolates.

Moirs, Limited, Halifax, Canada

More Facts About McClary's "Sunshine" Furnace

—The Understudy of the Sun—

There's no dust nuisance about the "Sunshine"—when you **rock down** the ashes the dust **is drawn up dust-flue** then **directly** across to smoke-pipe where it belongs. Look at the illustration and remember to open both "Dust" and "Direct Draft" dampers—these simple devices make the "Sunshine" **the cleanest furnace for the home.**



ashes are guided directly into the pan by ash-chutes. A minute or two performs the job. Yes, **the "Sunshine" is the clean furnace.**

The "Sunshine" Furnace burns either wood or coal. Coke, too, if you prefer it. The "Sunshine" distributes a greater **percentage of heat units**—the Baffle plates (a new McClary device) decidedly increase the heating efficiency of the furnace.

But—see the McClary agent of your locality. Ask him to **show you all the features** and **exclusive devices** which make the "Sunshine" Furnace worthy of the name—**The Understudy of the Sun.**

If you do not know the McClary Agent, write us at our nearest address and we'll forward you a letter of introduction by return.

LONDON
TORONTO
VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN, N.B.

McClary's

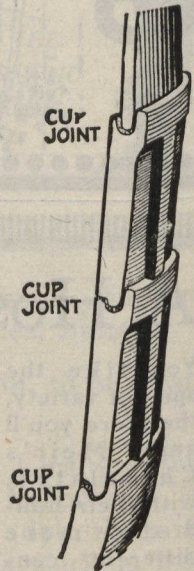
MONTREAL
WINNIPEG
HAMILTON
CALGARY

See the famous "cup joints" here—the frame of the ash-pit—the two sections of the fire-pot and the dome all jointed together by our "cup-joint."

There's a layer of asbestos cement in each joint—this unites all sections in a **permanent way**, yet leaves room for the expansion and contraction of the metal.

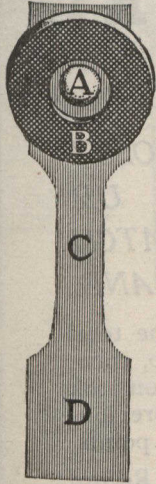
No wonder that this "Understudy of the Sun" is called the "Sunshine" furnace—since it **diffuses pure warm June air throughout the house.**

You don't have to wear overalls when attending to the "Sunshine" furnace—it has a big roomy ash-pan. All the



Say Farewell to Every Corn

Don't pare off the top layer and let the real corn go. That's simply folly.



It is dangerous, too. A slip of the blade often means an infection. Sometimes it means blood poison.

That form of home surgery doesn't belong to these intelligent times.

The treatment used by millions is this:

Apply a Blue-jay plas-

ter. It is done in a jiffy. The pain ends instantly—the corn is forgotten.

Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discomfort.

Fifty million corns have been ended in this way since this famous wax was invented.

Let it remove one for you. That will show you the end of corn troubles forever.

- A** in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

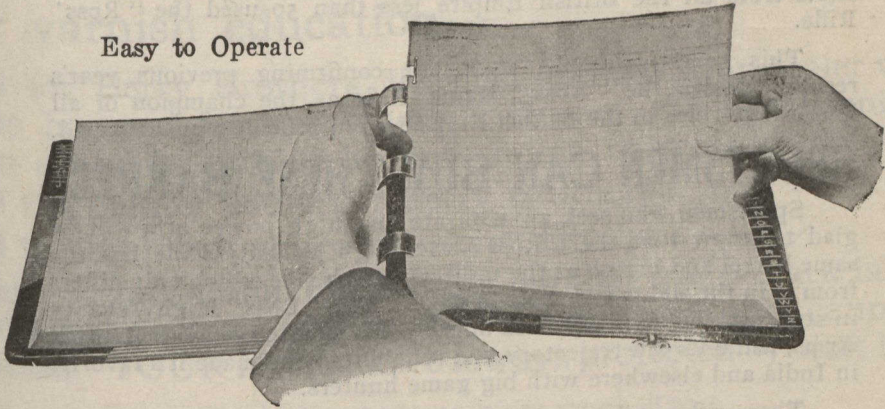
Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (155)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

P
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Easy to Operate



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ARE ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR

Current Ledgers, Transfer Ledgers, Price Books, Catalogues, Blue Prints, Register Books, Minute Books, Insurance Records, and for all purposes of binding loose leaf sheets, either hand or typewritten.

Write for sample on business stationery.

BUSINESS SYSTEMS, Limited

52 SPADINA AVENUE

TORONTO, CANADA



The Ross Rifle

NEW WORLD'S RECORDS AT BISLEY

*"ROSS" RIFLES AND "ROSS"
AMMUNITION CLEAN UP
EVERYTHING IN SIGHT IN THE MATCH
RIFLE COMPETITIONS AT BISLEY, ENGLAND.*

In the Hopton Grand Aggregate, which represents the total scores of the six big Bisley Match Shoots, at ranges of 900, 1000, and 1,100 yards, the "Ross" Rifle and "Ross" Ammunition took the first six places. Top score, 792 out of 825. The previous record, made last year, also with a "Ross" Rifle, was 785 points.

In the King's-Norton Match at 1,200 yards, a World's Record was made with "Ross" Rifle and "Ross" Ammunition. Score 73 out of 75.

These records are extraordinary, especially when one considers that out of many hundreds of competitors comprising the keenest shots from all the British Empire, less than 50 used the "Ross" Rifle.

This year's triumphs at Bisley, confirming previous year's results, classes the "Ross" Match Rifle as the champion of all long-range rifles in the British Empire—and probably in the world.

SPORTSMEN CAN BUY THESE BARRELS

Sportsmen who seek an accurate and high power arm will be glad to know that the "Ross" 280 High Velocity Rifle has the same barrel and breech as the military match rifle which only differs from it in the sights and style of stock. The "Ross" High Velocity in style and finish is equalled only by the most expensive English Arms, while its low trajectory and reliability have made it a favorite in India and elsewhere with big game hunters.

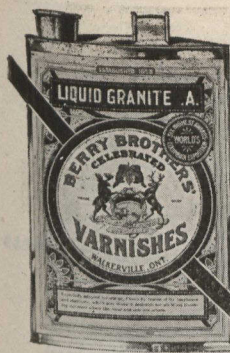
These rifles at \$75 each. Other models from \$25 and upwards.

Catalogues and full information sent on request.

ROSS RIFLE COMPANY - QUEBEC, CANADA.

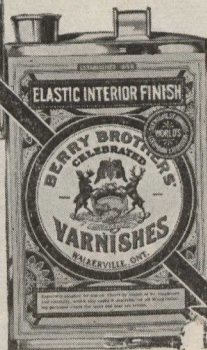


BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES



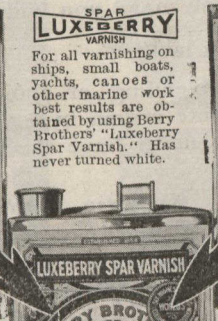
TRADE MARK
LIQUID GRANITE
MARK

If you have floors to finish the right varnish to use is Berry Brothers' "Liquid Granite"—the best-known and best wearing floor varnish ever made.



ELASTIC INTERIOR FINISH

For varnishing woodwork of bathrooms, window-sills and kitchens Berry Brothers' "Elastic Interior Finish" resists the action of hot water, soap and exposure.



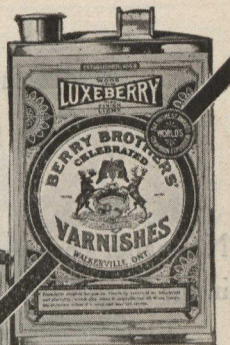
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VARNISH

For all varnishing on ships, small boats, yachts, canoes or other marine work best results are obtained by using Berry Brothers' "Luxeberry Spar Varnish." Has never turned white.



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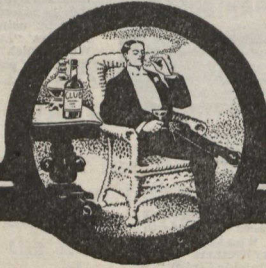
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Mix the best cocktail you know how—test it side by side with a

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No matter how good a Cocktail you make you will notice a smoothness and mellowness in the Club Cocktail that your own lacks.

Club Cocktails after accurate blending of choice liquors obtain their delicious flavor and delicate aroma by *aging in wood* before bottling. A new cocktail can never have the flavor of an aged cocktail.



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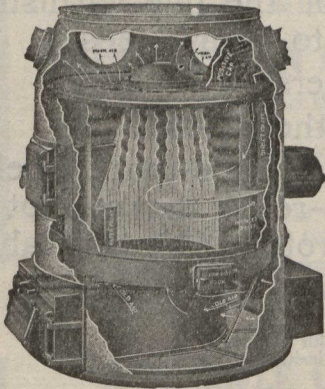
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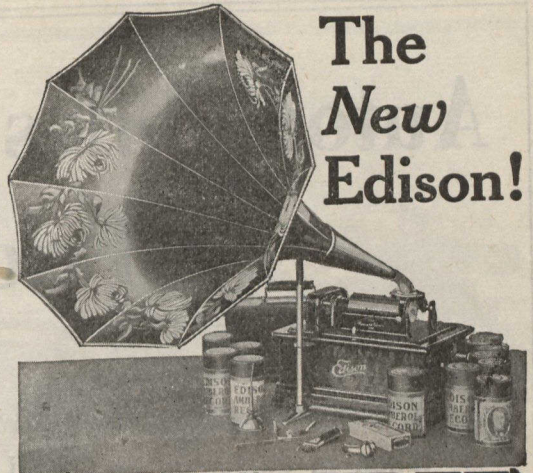
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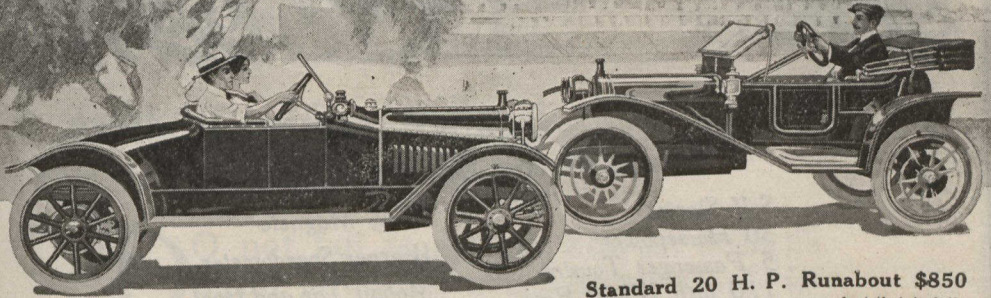
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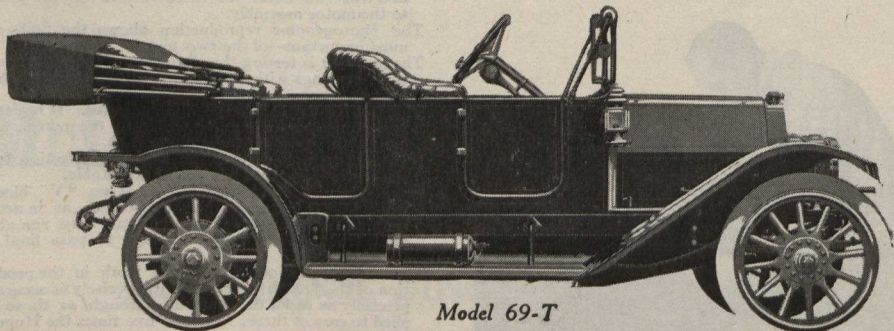
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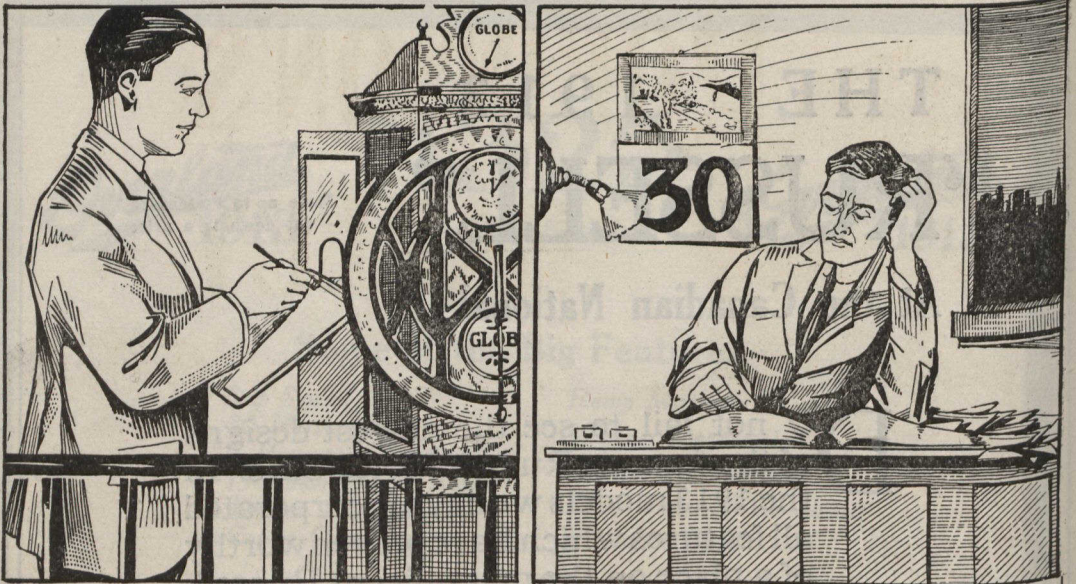
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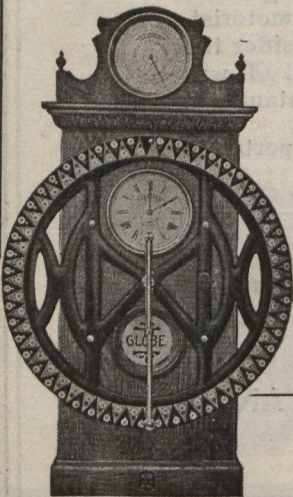
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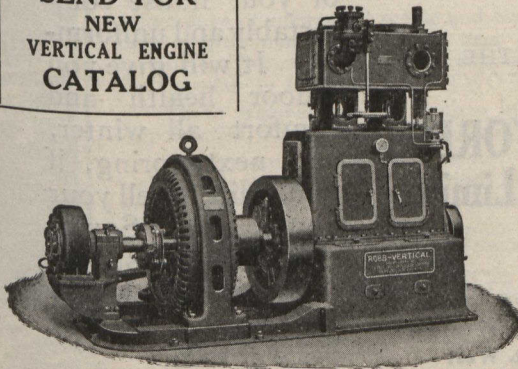
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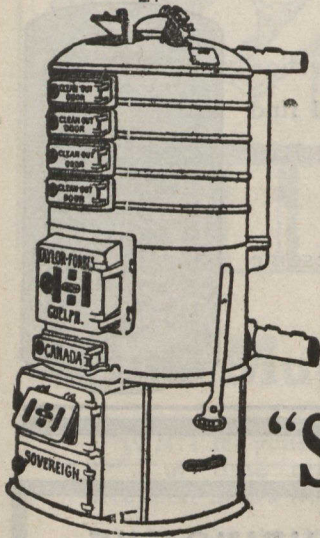
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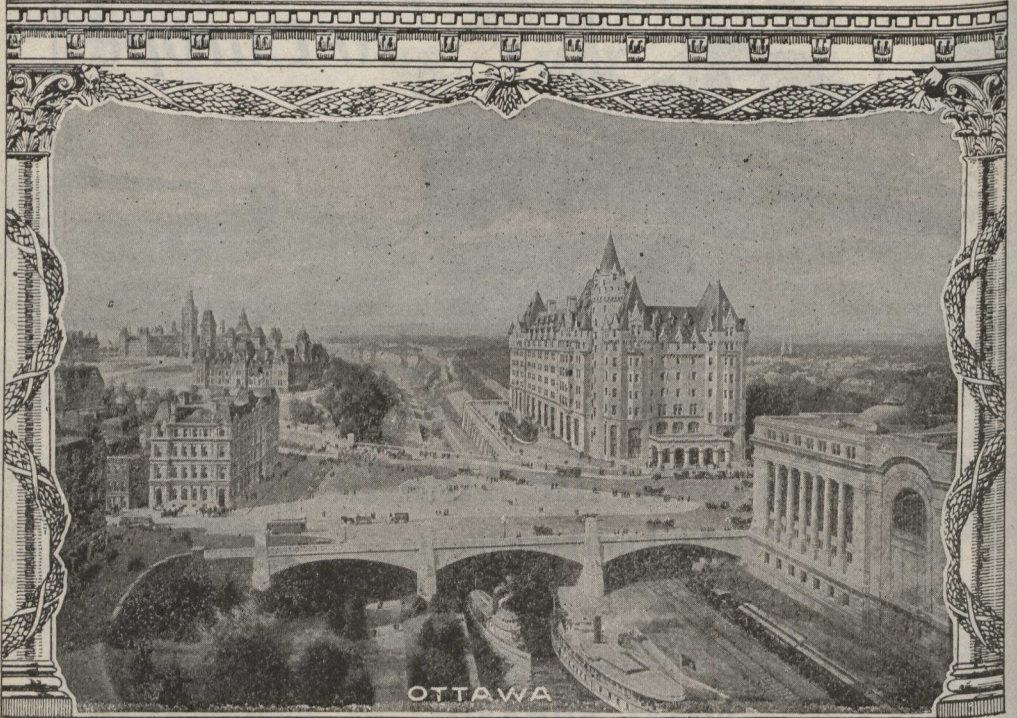
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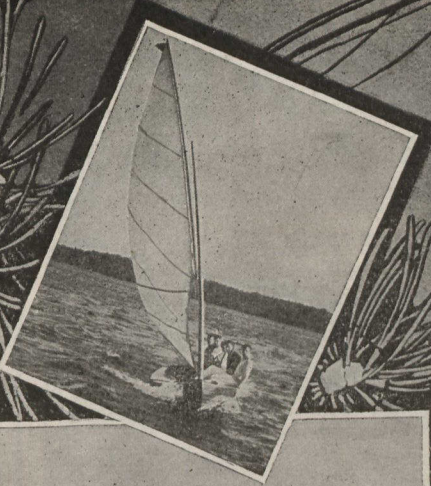
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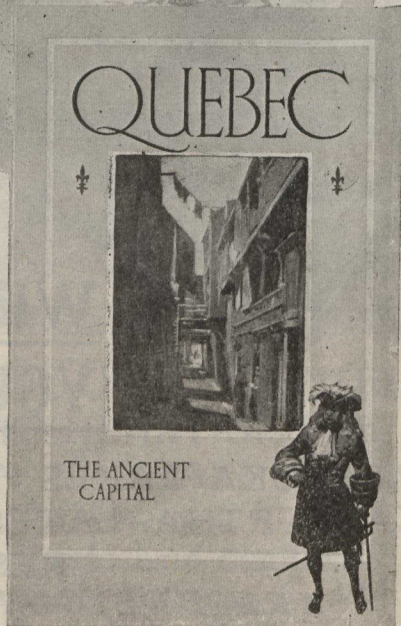
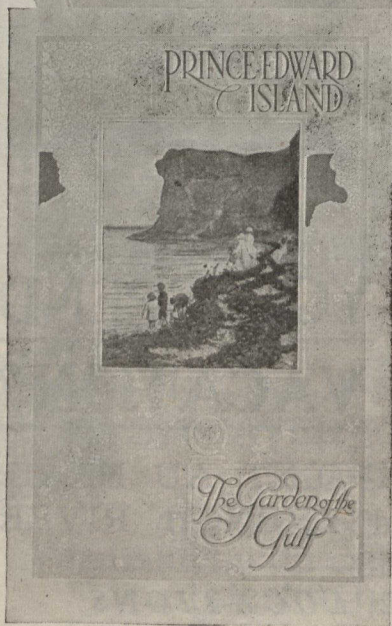
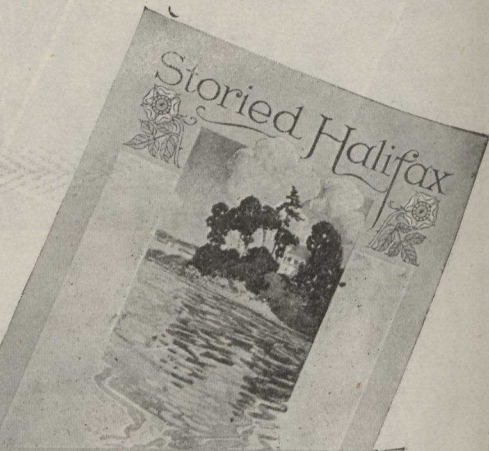
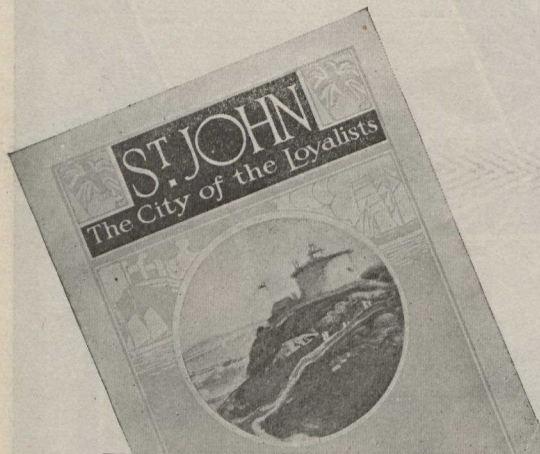
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MONTREAL TO GLASGOW

"HESPERIAN,"	-	-	-	-	-	August 3rd,	August 31st
"SCANDINAVIAN,"	-	-	-	-	-	" 10th,	September 7th
"GRAMPIAN,"	-	-	-	-	-	" 17th,	" 14th
"PRETORIAN,"	-	-	-	-	-	" 24th,	" 21st

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"SCOTIAN,"	-	-	-	-	-	August 4th,	September 8th
"IONIAN,"	-	-	-	-	-	" 11th,	" 15th
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"CORINTHIAN,"	-	-	-	-	-	" 25th,	" 29th

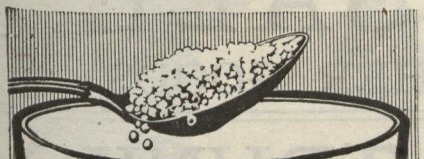
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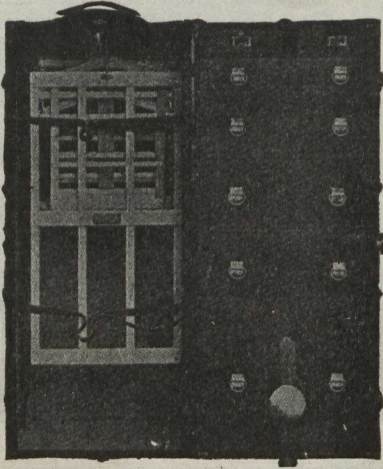

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In style, quality, workmanship, finish and fit, these hats are the highest embodiment of hat design and skill in manufacture. Ask your dealer to show you a **von Gal made Hat**. You are sure to find a style that suits your face and figure. He will guarantee you satisfaction in fit, material and style, and we stand behind his guarantee.

The new Fall styles include the smartest and latest rough, scratch and bright finish effects.

\$3, \$4 and \$5, at leading dealers.

Write for Fall and Winter Style Book B.

E. J. von Gal Co. Ltd.

BRANCH OF
Hawes von Gal
INCORPORATED

New York, U. S. A.

Canadian Factory, Niagara Falls, Ontario
American Factory, Danbury, Connecticut
Straw Hat Factory, Baltimore, Maryland



A SMOOTH EASY SHAVE

You can always depend on a clean comfortable shave if you have a Barrel Brand Razor. Extra fine double concaved blade tempered by special process.

Ask your dealer for Barrel Brand and insist on getting it. You will benefit by the result.

GREEFF-BREDT & CO.,

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Moist fingers, hot dishes, damp or hard substances, all take toll of the bright surfaces of your furniture. Dirt and grime gather from unknown surfaces. Get

ROYAL GEM VENEER

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IF you knew how often a perfectly "SUNDAY" cleaned house through lack of dust and dirt and microbes helped to fool the Doctor, you would not be without one for five times its value.

Microbes, moths and *other things* shiver when they hear that a SUNDAY VACUUM "CLEANER" with its 10 to 11 inches of vacuum is going to start looking them up.

The SUNDAY DOES what is claimed for it, sells on its merits not on its price. We cannot make it cheaper and maintain our FIXED STANDARD.

To agents. Our proposition is attractive, First Class machines and fair treatment.

The Ottawa Vacuum Cleaner

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Wig Makers to the Elite of Canada. For Ladies and Gentlemen.

BEST QUALITY IS OUR GUARANTEE.

We can suit you by mail as well as if you come to our store.



Bald Men
Our Toupees
and Wigs

Are a comfort to the
wearer.



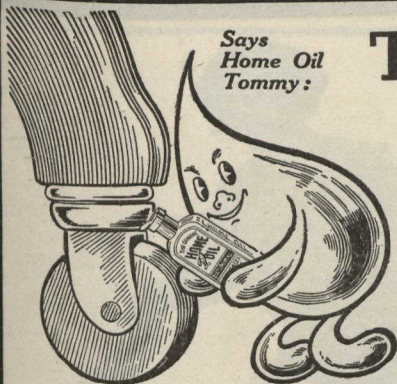
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A SPECIALTY.

They have no equal for Fit and Durability. PRICES MODERATE.

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A clean tooth never decays—the Pro-phy-lactic keeps teeth clean



Says
Home Oil
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The Best Caster Oil

When casters grow tired and stubborn, a drop or two of HOME OIL will quickly make them right. Or, if it's a clock, lock, hinge or sewing machine, HOME OIL will oil it just as quickly and effectively. No fussy directions—just go ahead and oil.

Made by the
LIQUID VENEER
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HOME OIL

is the safest and best all-round lubricant for indoor and outdoor use. Best every way. Most oil for your money. Greatest efficiency in every drop. Cannot gum, stick or turn rancid.

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Write today for a free trial bottle and learn what a really good oil HOME OIL is.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY,

337-I Liquid Veneer Building, Buffalo, N. Y.



Cleaning
Dyeing

LOOK AT IT FROM ANY SIDE

It will appeal to you as a new dress. This is the result of our French Dry Cleaning—the satisfactory method of cleaning fine costumes. You're sure of

the garment being well cleaned. What's more, the original shape and hang of the garment is preserved. Write us to-day for booklet that tells about the French Dry Cleaning Process.

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Canada's Greatest Cleaners & Dyers

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CANADA

Branches and Agencies in all parts of Canada.



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LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

GIVES PIQUANCY AND FLAVOR
TO MEAT, FISH, CURRIES, POULTRY,
SALAD AND CHEESE

THE ORIGINAL
AND GENUINE
WORCESTERSHIRE

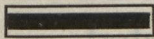
J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., MONTREAL, CANADIAN AGENTS.



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STAR BRAND
HAMS and BACON**

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but "Star Brand" Hams cured by F. W. Fearman Co. are worth it.

Made under Government Inspection.



**F. W. FEARMAN
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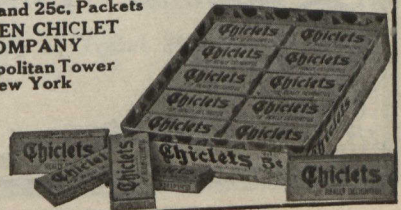


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REALLY DELIGHTFUL
**The Dainty Mint Covered
Candy Coated
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Just ask your doctor what he thinks of Chiclets. Doctors, dentists and trained nurses use and recommend Chiclets for their patients' use and use them themselves in the sick-room, the office or home. That exquisite peppermint, the true mint, makes Chiclets the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c. the Ounce and in 5c.,
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SEN-SEN CHICLET
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EVERY LOVER

of beautiful Silver Plate will appreciate the new styles and designs of our creations for 1912.

The Purity, the Style, the Goodness

of the Silver Plate which bears the brand of this factory entitles it to the name of

“Standard” Silver Plate

as distinctive and leading among all makers of High-class Goods.

PURITY marks the character of the designs, as it does of the material which enters into the manufacture of our goods.

DURABILITY is combined with purity always giving the shopper the assurance of a Silver Plate which will wear and wear and wear.

Wisdom says: “Let the reputation of the manufacturer be your guarantee. Ask for ‘Standard’ Silver Plate.”

SOLD BY RELIABLE DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

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La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

CORSET

Just a Wee Help to Nature

Such is the latest "Paris" idea of a proper corset, to suit the prevailing *corsetless* figure effect. And the latest La Diva and D & A creations have just hit this off.

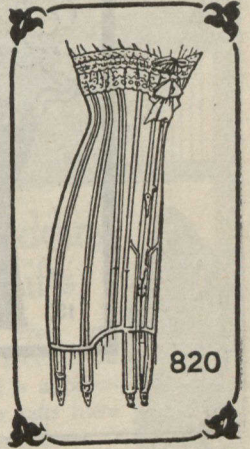
No distortion, no cramping, just the enhancing of the form divine according to the latest style of dress.

La Diva 820, shown in cut, is an entirely new Directoire Model combining all the newest ideas and avoiding all extreme features. It is finished in white English coutil, boned with "Wabone" and trimmed with valenciennes lace. Six suspenders, draw strings, hooks, etc. An imported corset of similar quality would cost \$7.00. Our price in all good stores is \$5.00. Other La Diva models, \$3.00 to \$5.00; every pair guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded.

THE DOMINION CORSET COMPANY
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Makers of the Celebrated D & A Corsets

LA DIVA 820 has medium high bust, very long hip, medium back, and is especially adapted to *full* or medium figures.



Eddy's Silent Matches

are made of thoroughly dried pine blocks.

The tips, when struck on any surface whatever, will light silently and burn steadily and smoothly without throwing off sparks.

Eddy's Matches are always full MM count—ask for them at all good dealers.

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Makers of Toilet Papers.

NO MATTER WHAT COFFEE YOU
 now drink, it can't cost over
 a cent a day extra to drink the
 finest coffee in the land. This is

Seal Brand
 grown from selected seed
 under the best agricul-
 tural conditions.

**CHASE
&
SANBORN**
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PACKED
 IN ONE
 AND TWO
 POUND CANS
 ONLY

130



O'Keefe's PILSENER LAGER



O'K for positive food value
 for aid to digestion
 for everyone at home

**THE LIGHT BEER
 IN THE
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Doctors could not prescribe a better tonic than this
 mild, health-giving food stimulant. Brewed from pure
 barley-malt, choicest hops and filtered water. Pure,
 sparkling, delicious—it perfectly meets the needs of a
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“THE BEER THAT IS ALWAYS O.K.”



ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE

The Children

always enjoy JAM and there is nothing more healthful than

UPTON'S

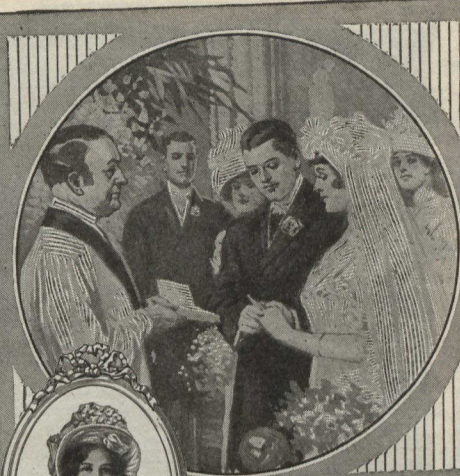
Pure Jam made from freshly picked ripe fruit and granulated sugar.

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We are one of the largest and oldest Jam and Jelly manufacturers in Canada.

At all first-class Stores in Canada.

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THE BEST GIRL

Wedding Gifts

Dear to the heart of every woman is the silver she receives on her wedding day. It is appreciated long after other gifts have lost their charm and usefulness.

The beauty and quality of

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

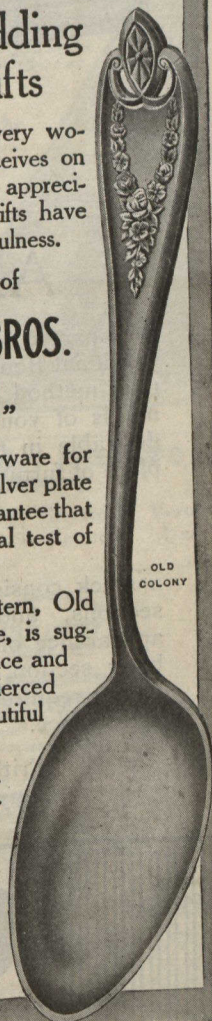
make it the ideal silverware for gifts. This is the only silver plate with an unqualified guarantee that is backed by the actual test of sixty-five years' wear.

Our beautiful new pattern, Old Colony, illustrated here, is suggestive of simplicity, grace and quality. Note the pierced handle and the beautiful decorative work.

For sale by all leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalog "T-21."

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HAMILTON, Canada.
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OLD COLONY



MADE IN CANADA

AN AIR OF ELEGANCE

is imparted to the home by a handsome piece of furniture, but the "Macey" Sectional Bookcases do more than that ; they provide the most perfect and practical method ever devised for the care of your books. They also instill in the minds of your family that love of good books and the proper care of them so desirable in the home of culture, and will prove to be the most satisfactory piece of furniture you ever bought.

THIS PICTURE SHOWS

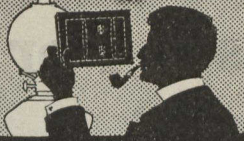
a stack consisting of twelve book sections, three top sections and three base sections, and clearly shows how beautifully they fit together, having the appearance of one solid piece of furniture. You can start, however, with one book section, one top section and one base section, and add to them as your needs require, and still at all times your bookcase will present a finished appearance.

Write us to-day for our **Catalogue C.**, it shows you the many beautiful styles in which these bookcases are made.

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS
LIMITED

GENERAL OFFICES :

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To get the most satisfactory prints from your Kodak negatives—clear, snappy, vigorous prints—insist on the only paper that is made with sole reference to the requirements of the amateur negative—Velox.

The best finishers of Kodak work use Velox exclusively.

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WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE.

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Established thirty-five years.

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SHADE ROLLERS
Original and unequalled. Wood or tin rollers. "Improved" requires no tacks. Inventor's signature on genuine:
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Habit or Efficiency?
One of the time-honored customs of many households is the sweeping of carpets and rugs with a primitive corn broom. That this is an absolute waste of energy, a ruthless destroyer of floor coverings and a preventable source of damaging clouds of dust, is vouched for by over twelve million satisfied women who are now using the BISSELL Sweeper.

BISSELL'S
"Cyco" BALL-BEARING
Carpet Sweeper

is the most efficient and highly improved carpet sweeper on the market. It brightens and preserves carpets and rugs, and will last for ten years or more, outwearing at least forty corn brooms that would cost from twelve to twenty dollars. Sold by the best dealers everywhere at \$3.00 to \$4.75.

Don't continue to sweep in the old, laborious way when at such a small cost you can make sweeping day a pleasant anticipation instead of a day to be dreaded.

Write for booklet, "Easy, Economical, Sanitary Sweeping."

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32-34 RUE BERGERE. Latest Comfort. Terms moderate. Centre of Business Section. Near Grands Boulevards and Bourse.

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Acknowledged to be the finest creation of Waterproof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

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No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine is compounded by our Oculists—not a "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the public and sold by Druggists at 25c-50c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve in aseptic tubes, 25c-50c. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

"Two Fall Dresses For My Daughters"

"Last spring I wrote to you about the trouble I had because I tried to dye a blue woollen skirt and some linen waists in the same dye bath. Thanks to your letter of advice, I have had splendid success since then. Now I want to show you the pictures of the two fall dresses for my daughters. I made these for Edna and Grace. I cut these from the _____ Magazine, bought the Patterns for each, and made Grace's (my youngest daughter) from an old white serge and Edna's from a pink voile party dress of my own. Grace's I dyed navy blue and trimmed it with dark red. Edna's I dyed a tan and used white ruching for the collar and cuffs. We are all delighted with them. They look even prettier than the pictures and now we understand Diamond Dyes."

MRS. R. B. KENDRICK

Learn the economy—the fascination—the magic of changing colors with

Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

Here's the Truth About Dyes for Home Use

Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye** will **successfully** color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—**animal fibre fabrics** and **vegetable fibre fabrics**.

Wool and **Silk** are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton** and **Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. "**Union**" or **Mixed** goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woollen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.



Made over from a pink voile, dyed tan



Made over from a white serge, dyed navy blue

Do Not Be Deceived

For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and **another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on **EVERY** fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods**.

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Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package.

VALUABLE BOOKS AND SAMPLES FREE. Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual, a copy of the Direction Book and 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

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“Look! here’s the best
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Libby’s
Olives and Pickles”

The choice of particular people



Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago-The worlds greatest caterers

It's a Fine Thing To Be Well

Coffee interferes with the comfort and vigor of many persons.

Thousands have won back health by quitting it and using

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Made by a perfect mechanical process from high grade cocoa beans, scientifically blended, it is of the

finest quality, full strength and absolutely pure and healthful.

Sold in 1/5 lb., 1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. cans, net weight.

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WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED
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INFANTS'

FOR MOTHER, **DELIGHT**

THE OTHERS

—AND ME

SOAP



You had to help soften the beard by rubbing in the lather. Naturally, your rubbing brought the blood to the surface, opened the pores and made the skin very sensitive. That helped the free caustic to get in its work and made the skin doubly sensitive. Under these conditions any

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dispenses with the "rubbing in," as it thoroughly softens the beard while the lather is worked up on the face. Reduces shaving to two operations—lathering and shaving— $\frac{1}{3}$ the time saved.

As it contains no free caustic, there is no smarting, and you get a delightful, cool shave.

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Sample Tube FREE

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