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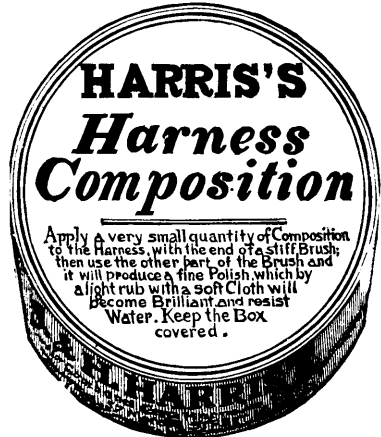
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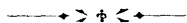
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In Defence of Millionaires, by Professor Adam Shortt, of Queen's University, will be an article worth considerable attention. Much has been said about the rapacity, the greed and the selfishness of the great capitalists, and in some cases there has been some justification for the condemnation. There is, however, something to be said on the other side. The millionaire serves an economic purpose of great importance, and Professor Shortt will offer some explanation of this. His judicial attitude makes his arguments worth considering.

The West Indies will receive considerable attention in October. There will be articles on Jamaica, the Bahamas and Bermuda. The photographs of West Indian Scenes will be found very attractive. These British colonies may, sometime, be a part of the Canadian Confederation, and Canadians should be well informed as to the history, the people, and the trade possibilities of these islands.

The People of Parliament Hill, a series of three political sketches by Charles Lewis Shaw, is attracting much attention in all quarters of Canada. The third and strongest article will appear in October.

Stories of the North-West are being published in every volume of "The Canadian Magazine." The October number will contain one or two more of exceptional merit. Others will appear in subsequent issues.

Robert Barr will contribute two articles to the November and December numbers on the literary weakness of Canada. Mr. Barr will deal with his subject in a very frank manner, and will say some very strong things. These articles will be two of the most important of the year, and should be read by every citizen who is aiming to assist in the intellectual development of the Dominion.

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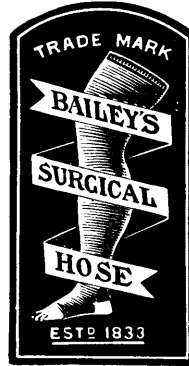
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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PLACE-NAMES OF CANADA: SELKIRK.*

By George Johnson, Dominion Statistician.

TAKE a bit of twine and stretch it on a map of the Dominion from Cape North, in the Island of Cape Breton, to the Arctic Ocean near the Alaskan boundary. You will find that you have measured the greatest length of the country that you can measure, excepting that from our well-equipped naval arsenal on the Pacific Ocean—Esquimalt on Vancouver Island—to Cape Hecla, the most northerly point of the District of Franklin. At the Cape Breton end of the twine is Inverness County; at the Arctic Ocean end is Cape Selkirk, so named by Deese and Simpson in the course of their exploratory expedition of 1837. Between these two places, "like Orient pearls at random strung," are place-names dotting the map here and there, now to the north and now to the south of the stretched bit of twine. In Prince Edward Island there are Port Selkirk, Selkirk Road Settlement, Point Prim, Fort Selkirk, Rona, Mount Buchanan, Orwell, Kinross, Montague, Culloden, Gairloch, Uigg, Dundee, Portree† and Caledonia. Passing over New Brunswick and the Province of Quebec, the eye finds, after a little search, the place-name of Baldoon, in the re-

gion lying between Lakes Erie and Huron, and flanked on the west by Lake St. Clair. To the north, in the region known of late as "New Ontario," and west of Lake Superior, is Point de Meuron. Beyond that, one does not need a magnifying glass of exceptionally high power to find, in Manitoba, Kildonan, Point Douglas, St. Boniface, Selkirk East and West, and the great electoral District of Selkirk, and Fort Daer; though possibly a map of a somewhat ancient date may be needed to give one a sight of the place-name of "German Creek," modern map makers, and, likely enough, the settlers immediately along its banks, having discarded the early history-suggesting place-name for that of the Seine—the Seine River—which has no new-world environment of a storied past to attract.

Look to the north and you will find Colony Creek, not far from the mouth of Churchill River, and still further north, Point Selkirk on the banks of the Thlew-ee-choh-desseth, or Great Fish, or Back, River—the first, the Indian name; the second, the English translation of the Indian name, and the third given to honour Sir George Back, its discoverer.

* In the February number, Mr. Johnson dealt with the place-names connected with The Carletons. (Vol. XII., No. 4.)

† In 1540 James V., of Scotland, visited the Isle of Skye. He landed at a place which has ever since been known as Port Rìgh (Portus Regis), the port or harbour of the king. "Rìgh" is pronounced *Ree*, and is the genitive case after *Portus*. Many of Lord Selkirk's first ship-load of immigrants were from Skye, and they transferred the name Portree, with its treasured association, to their new island home in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Look westward and beyond the great lakes and plains of Athabasca and Alberta, you will see the Selkirk Mountain range almost encircled by the Columbia and the Kootenay Rivers, and their lacustrine expansions, Kootenay and Arrow Lakes.

Now glance northward almost under our twine, in far-famed Yukon, where Canada's marvellous treasure-house, the Klondike, is the centre of attraction, and you will see Fort Selkirk and the Anglican Diocese of Selkirk (200,000 square miles in extent) over which Bishop Bompas exercises a wide and beneficent control.

Go still further north, and right under the thumb which holds our twine in position, Cape Selkirk will appear as the place-name of one of the bold promontories which thrust their heads far into the Arctic Ocean between Behring Strait and Mackenzie River.

Capes, forts, mountains, points, creeks, towns, ports, settlements, villages, rivers, electoral districts, and spiritual sees, about thirty in all, scattered over 85 degrees of longitude and 30 degrees of latitude—these widely separated place-names do not seem, as they lie spread around "promiscuous-like," to have much in common any more than a score of other place-names taken, hap-hazard, from the map of Canada, beyond the fact that they are all, or nearly all, Scotch names, and that "Selkirks"* are abundant. Yet they are all closely connected. They commemorate in one way and another, directly or indirectly, one man, the most daring emigration agent in Canada's history, not even excepting the promoters of the Doukhobortsi movement, the difference in transportation between the end and the beginning of the century being taken into consideration. He was also the greatest individual land-owner this country ever had within its borders, if we except De Monts and Sir William Alexander, to whom rival monarchs—French and English—following a policy

of sword-thrusts, not of "pin-pricks," gave grants of each other's possessions with finely irregular generosity.

How these place-names came to be on the map of our country is the purpose of the present paper to tell.

In the earlier history of the Dominion, the fur trade occupies a prominent place, as a great source of wealth and a powerful moulder of public policy. Very early in our history the search for furs led men far afield. De Monts' commission gave him authority to secure furs from the forest as well as fish from the sea, and on his arrival in 1604 he found, as he coasted along the Atlantic shores of Acadie, European vessels trading with the Souriquois.

When Sir James Balfour, "Lyon King of Armes," was instructed, in 1632, by Charles I. to "Marshall a coate of armour" for "Alexander, Viscount of Stirling, Lord Alexander of Cannada," he showed keen appreciation of the fitness of things by providing "for his creist, on a wreath arg, sable, a *bever* proper." The "beaver" for Canada was the right animal in the right place.

In New France the central idea of the 100 Associates (1627) and the Habitants' Company (1645) was the prosecution of the fur trade. The priest and the *gentilhomme*, animated by different motives, explored the country and developed the fur trade. Nicolet and Pere Raymbault, and the officers of the Carignan Regiment, and Jolliet and Marquette, and La Salle and Perrot, and Duluth and others, contributed to the extension of the fur trade area to the regions of the great lakes of the St. Lawrence River.

For the sake of the fur trade the Iroquois, between 1637 and 1650, with their rendezvous at Fort Orange, now Albany, N. Y., ruined every village, and annihilated every tribe of Indians (besides massacring the French) in what is now the province of Ontario; and by burning at the stake, tomahawking and other violent methods, secured for themselves, through the aid of the Dutch and other Europeans, the

* The word "Selkirk" was originally Scheleschyrche, meaning a collection of forest shiels (sheds) around a church.

profits of the great trade in beaver skins.*

Jean Bourdon was sent to Hudson Bay by the French in Canada in 1656 to push the fur trade. The New Englanders found their way to the Bay half a dozen years later, in the same year in which des Groseilliers and Radisson, his brother-in-law, visited it, going by Lake Superior, up the Kaministiquia† River, through Lake of the Woods, Winnipeg River and Lake, and Nelson River, to the shores of the Hudson Bay.

The Colony of Quebec was stirred to its profoundest depths by the reports that crowded into the Citadel on Cape Diamond. The *habitants*, moved by the fact that Nicolet, the trader of Three Rivers, had proved himself a match for the *gentilhomme*, took the craze and, following the example of the first of the *Coureurs des bois*, and taking heart of courage from the success of the Habitants' Company, abandoned their farms to adopt the hunter's roving life. They made extended journeys among the Indians, and scoured the country far and wide for otter, sable, beaver and other skins. The census of 1667 and that of 1668 showed great fecundity from the marriages, but in spite of that the population in New France underwent in the next few years a marked retardation, owing largely to the development of the *Coureurs des bois*.‡ The young fellows had taken to the forest, getting furs and Indian wives, and begetting half-breeds.

The Jesuit Albanel in 1672 penetrated, by the way of the Saguenay, the unknown hinterland east of the upper waters of the St. Maurice River, cross-

* Cf. B. Sulte, "The Valley of Grand River." Tr. Royal Soc. Can., vol. iv. (1898).

† "River of difficult entrance." So John Johnstone wrote to Rod McKenzie in 1809. Miss Kate Hughes writes me as follows: "It has three mouths and hence some derive the word from *ga-mano-tia-wee-ag* meaning 'many or numerous mouths or places for flowing out.' The Indian word in another dialect means 'great depth of water in the river.'"

‡ See Census of Canada, 1871, vol. iv, page 8.

ed the "divide," near Lake Mistassini, and reached east side James Bay, making the long and perilous journey to plant the cross, to meet the representatives of Indian tribes, to take formal possession for France, and to carry letters to des Groseilliers to win him from the English whom he had taken up in a spirit of revenge (for having been fined by the French-Canadian authorities because he had traded in furs without license), and had guided by water to Hudson Bay and to the Indians with whom he had established friendly relations.*

The English in 1664 had resolved upon the conquest of New Netherlands. A patent was issued to the Duke of York by Charles II. In September of that year New Amsterdam surrendered to the Duke's Deputy and became New York. The new government made a treaty with the Iroquois and then, as Chas. G. D. Roberts, in his delightfully written history of Canada, says, "with the presence of the new power on the Hudson there grew up a bitter rivalry between the English and the French over the fur trade"; with perhaps a scarcely warrantable depreciation of the value of the fur trade he adds, "The great duel for New World empire took the ignoble disguise of a quarrel about beaver skins."

While the English and the French were seeking to win the Five Nations to the south of the great lakes for the sake of the fur trade, Prince Rupert was listening to the representations of des Groseilliers and Radisson who so impressed their views upon the Prince and his associates that they sent Captain Gillam to Hudson Bay with the result that the famous Hudson's Bay Company of Rupert Land was formed in 1670. This Company, for the sake of the fur trade, planted its establishments on the bleak shores of the Canadian Mediterranean. For the sake of furs those shores, during two score years, resounded with the clash of arms, the combatants being rival fur companies.

* Can. Archives 1895, State Papers, Hudson Bay, page 1.

The Chevalier de Troyes in 1686, acting under authority of Governor Denonville (remembered in Canadian history from his connection with the Lachine massacre), led an expedition overland and captured Forts Albany, Rupert and Moose River, carrying off prisoner the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Co. The brothers Le Moynes in 1694 captured Fort Nelson (previously captured in 1682), which was re-taken by the English two years later (1696), to be again captured by the French in the following year. For a good many years the command of Hudson Bay, and with it the control of the forts, was in French and in English hands alternately, and it was not till the Peace of Utrecht (1713) that the Hudson's Bay Company found themselves in peaceable possession of their vast property, so far as regarded foes external to the country.

For the sake of the fur trade, internal foes attacked the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the North-West Company was formed and after it, springing from its loins, came the X. Y. Company, so called because X. and Y. are the letters of the alphabet following immediately after the "W" of the older company.

For the sake of furs, these companies sent their explorers north, east, south and west; among them Samuel Hearne, of the Hudson's Bay Company, to the Coppermine River to be the first white man (1769) to look upon the Arctic Ocean from the shores of what is now Northern Canada; and Alexander Mackenzie to the Mackenzie River and the Rocky Mountains to be the first explorer to cross the Northern Continent; and Simon Fraser to be the first to explore the British Columbian River called after him; and Dease and Simpson to be the first to establish beyond question the fact of a north-west passage after two centuries of effort to solve the problem had proved futile.*

Everywhere the companies sent their men, daring, resolute men, who quailed not in the hour of trial, nor grew faint-hearted in the time of peril. It is related of McKay, one of George Back's men, who also was guide for Dease and Simpson, that on one occasion in an awful moment of suspense when a second's hesitation would hurl the boat's company to swift destruction, one of the crew lost nerve and began to call on heaven for aid. McKay fairly drove fear out of the oarsman's soul by yelling to him "Is this a time for prayer? Pull your starboard oar, you rascal." Such were the men who were the first empire-builders in Rupert Land. McKay's memorials are McKay's Inlet, so named by Dease and Simpson, and McKay's Peak of the Great Fish River, given by Sir George Back.

Forts Simpson, Liard, Yukon, Rae, Resolution, Good Hope, Comfort, Reliance on the Mackenzie and other rivers in what are now the Provisional Districts of Mackenzie, Yukon and Keewatin; Forts Edmonton, Carlton, Pitt; Rocky Mountain House, Cumberland House, Forts Pelly, Elice, York, Churchill, etc., etc., in all over 190 forts † established at convenient centres, attest the energy and activity with which the fur com-

now known as the Provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, Assiniboia, Keewatin, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia in the Dominion of Canada, and in the United States, through Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Idaho, Oregon and Washington Territory. In the region of the Red River his dealings were with Ojibways and other Indians of Algonquin lineage, while his warrings were with the Sioux. Along the Saskatchewan he trafficked with Crees, with Assiniboines, with Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans, Atsinas and some of the Athapascan tribes, especially with the Sarcees. On Columbian waters his commerce was with Chinooks, Clatsops and many other aborigines of the Pacific Slope." —*Coues*. All this by canoe or on foot and horseback.

† Robt. M. Ballantine enumerates (1848) 108 forts and says: "Owing to the great number in the country, the constant abandonment of old and establishing of new forts, it is difficult to get a perfectly correct knowledge of their numbers."

* "The mere area over which these fur traders travelled is wonderful. Alexander Henry the younger (1799-1814) in pursuing his commercial ventures, travelled through what are

panies sought the development of the trade.*

For the sake of the fur trade the early struggles between French and English became, later on, fierce campaigns between Montreal and Forts Nelson, Albany and Churchill, the prize being the carrying trade that originated with the furs. The Hudson's Bay Company with all its vast business centering on the shores of the Hudson Bay; the Montreal companies with all their large interests centering on the St. Lawrence River route, all of them planned campaigns with the ardour and skill of war-scarred veterans. The Montreal companies warred with each other and strained every nerve to secure the Sault Ste. Marie portage exclusively, believing that the one which secured that obtained a position of great strategic importance in the struggle for life going on.

When the Hudson's Bay Co. realized that their Montreal rivals—the N.W. Company (formed in 1782) and the X. Y. Co. (formed 1796-7)—were alert, nothing daunted by difficulties, able to

* To illustrate the way in which place-names are coined I give the following statements:—

FORT COMFORT. "Having fasted for 24 hours and being, moreover, benumbed with cold, it will readily be believed that we eagerly set about collecting wood and making a fire to cook our supper, to which of course we did ample justice. In gratitude for these seasonable enjoyments this spot was named *Point Comfort*."—Simpson & Dease, July 24th, '37.

FORT CONFIDENCE. "On 25th. (Sept. 1838) made for mouth of Dease River, and three miles to westward found our future residence and had the satisfaction of finding our comrades safe and well. Our greetings were cordial indeed, and with feelings of gratitude to an almighty Protector we bestowed on our infant establishment the name of *Fort Confidence*." They spent three winters there.—Simpson & Dease.

FORT ENTERPRISE. Named by John Franklin in 1820 to indicate the quality needed by him and his men in their efforts.

FORT RELIANCE. "As every post in this country is distinguished by a name, I gave to ours that of *Fort Reliance* in token of our trust in that merciful Providence whose protection we humbly hoped would be extended to us in the many difficulties and dangers to which these services are exposed."—George Back.

hold their own in the fiercest struggle, they began to consider what strategy could be resorted to that would place their foes at the greatest disadvantage. They saw, as the years rolled on, that the necessities of the case forced the N.W. Co. and the X.Y. Co. to amalgamate (1804) in order to present the strongest possible front to the common enemy; and that the new N.W. Company, reinforced by the daring and vigorous spirits who had controlled the X.Y. Company, was no mean opponent, but active and capable, ready at all times with the word and the blow and careless which was given first.

Just as in the struggles between the N.W. Company and the X.Y. Company, the key to the position was the possession of the Sault Ste. Marie—the "coign of vantage" which gave its possessor the best chances for success in the business manoeuvres which were the presage of success—so in the struggle for supremacy between the Hudson's Bay Co. and the new N.W. Company, in the strategic moves that were the harbingers of a prosperous issue, the great checkmate on the commercial chessboard was wise selection of position. The Hudson's Bay Company realized that more was needed by them than a monopoly of the Hudson Bay route. The Red River, Lake Superior, and Montreal route was longer in distance but it had advantages, and these made it dangerous. The way must be blocked.

A keen-eyed man who had exceptional opportunities for the study of the whole situation made the most of his opportunities. The keen-eyed man was the Earl of Selkirk. He was a Scotchman, lean and tall, over six feet high. He had in the later years of the last century observed with profound interest the changes that had been wrought in the Highlands of Scotland by the battle of Culloden, after which regular government had exercised an authority it never before had possessed in that part of the kingdom. He wrote a book entitled "Observations of the present state of the Highlands of Scotland with a view of the causes and probable consequences of Emigra-

tion ;" (a copy of the work is in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, and written on the fly leaf is "To Miles McDonel, from the author.") He had witnessed the eviction from the Scotch estates that were the consequence of the new order of things. He was a firm believer in what in these days is known as "Greater Britain." He was no "little Englander." His sympathy with the distress of the evicted tenants and with an enlarged empire led him to put the two together. Given the man who wanted a home and the home that wanted a man, why should not the sufferings of the evicted families be relieved and our empire built up at one and the same time? He opened a correspondence with the British Government and at length secured their assent to a plan for the deportation of 800 Highlanders to Prince Edward Island. These Selkirk despatched in three vessels to a large estate, which he had secured in that Island, and hurried himself to Charlottetown hoping to be on hand to receive them with plans already matured for a successful transplanting. The settlers were chiefly from the Isle of Skye. A few were from Ross-shire, the north part of Argyleshire, the interior of Inverness-shire and the Isle of Uist. When they arrived at Port Selkirk, the Earl was not there to receive them. They had to build wigwams such as they saw the Indians use, and August melted into September before the immigrants could secure their individual allotments. A contagious fever broke out. Food ran short. They had to send to Nova Scotia for flour. Some died; others left for the near-by Provinces and the United States. Some crossed over to the famous Island of Cape Breton and settled along the adjacent coast where, by natural growth and by accretions from Scotland, the Scotch population increased, and in time received representation, the county being called Inverness. Of the total population of Inverness, over 75 per cent. is Scotch stock, while of the population of the whole of the Island nearly two-thirds is Scotch—an early direc-

tion of the movement of Scotch people to the Island being due to Earl Selkirk's action in 1803. But the greater proportion remained in Prince Edward Island; built them houses in such a manner that there were generally four or more families in a little knot together; cultivated the soil; married and were given in marriage; and now, as the result of the Earl Selkirk's attempt to solve two problems at the same time, not less than one-seventh of the population of the "Garden of the Gulf," as P.E.I. is fittingly called, are descendants of the evicted Highlanders of 1803. The fifteen or twenty place-names already mentioned as included in the Earl of Selkirk's estate sufficiently attest the influence of the Scotch colony on the eastern part of the Dominion.*

A year later (1804) when Selkirk visited the colony he had planted he found the individual families in a flourishing state.

Pleased with the success of his experiment he resolved to carry out his original scheme of which the Prince Edward Island settlement was a part.

In September, 1802, in response to a representation from Lord Selkirk, respecting land at the Sault Ste. Marie, Lord Hobart, then Secretary of State in charge of the Colonies, wrote to Lieut.-General Hunter, at the time administering the affairs of Upper Canada, that Lord Selkirk proposed to settle a number of families in the Province provided he received a grant of land. "The district near the Falls of St. Mary," wrote the Colonial Secretary, "seems to be the spot he has

*The Earl of Selkirk's was not the first shipment of Scotchmen to Prince Edward Island. Capt. John McDonald in 1772 took a ship-load to his estate in the Island and founded the Scotch settlements of Tracadie, Scotchford, Glenfinnin and Fort Augustus. The Prince Edward Island Estates became a bar to development and measures were adopted to dispose of them satisfactorily to the settlers. Final disposition was made of them under the Act of Union (1873) by which Prince Edward Island joined the Dominion, the Federal Government agreeing to advance an amount not to exceed \$800,000 for the purchase of lands then held by large proprietors. Capt. McDonald was grandfather of Sir William C. McDonald, noted and knighted for his large contributions to McGill University, Montreal.

selected." Lord Hobart gave directions that the officers commanding the military posts at Niagara, Fort Malden, etc., and particularly at the Island of St. Joseph, were "to give his agent every assistance in the execution of the commission with which he is entrusted by Lord Selkirk, whose plans if attended with success may prove of great advantage to the country." In the event of the "Sault" project not proving feasible, Lord Selkirk was to have a grant of 1,200 acres of land in any township of Upper Canada not already appropriated, the remainder of the township to be reserved for five years during which term he would have the right to claim an additional 200 acres for each family of settlers he brought in, 50 of which were to go to the settler and 150 to himself as a bonus.

In 1799 a vigorous struggle for possession of the Sault Ste. Marie between the North-West Company and its offshoot, the "X. Y." Company, resulted in the former securing a lease of the land on which they had constructed a canal (the survey for which had been made by them, in the season of 1797) for the purpose of taking supplies up and bringing furs down. The influence of the North-West Company prevented the projected transfer to Lord Selkirk.

Foiled in his effort to secure the valuable tract of land he sought at the Sault (whether with ulterior aims not disclosed to the Colonial Secretary, or with a genuine desire to promote colonization cannot be stated with any degree of positiveness), Earl Selkirk changed the scene of his operations to the region lying between Lakes Erie and Huron and flanked on the west by Lake St. Clair. He proposed to the Government of the province to construct a highway from Baldoon*—the

name he gave to the seat of his operations as Immigrant Agent—to York (now Toronto) at a cost of £40,000, provided he received grants of land at different points along the road. For some reason the Government declined to entertain his overtures. Baldoon proved a most unhealthy spot, the situation being then very malarious in common with much of the land in that vicinity when first settled. It is stated that in the first year no less than 42 of his 111 settlers died. His colony broke up and all that remains to commemorate Selkirk's Western Ontario scheme of colonization is the village and post office of Baldoon in Dover Township, County of Kent.*

After this failure he returned to another scheme which may have suggested itself to his active mind in connection with his inquiry about the Sault Ste. Marie, or may have been a change in his original plans caused by the tenancy of the North-West Company.

Possibly the fact that his wife was Jean Colville of Ochiltree, daughter of a prominent member of the Hudson's Bay Company, had its influence upon his later plans and purposes.

He saw that the rival fur companies—the one championing the St. Lawrence route and known as the North-West Company, and the other with its interests all bound up in the Hudson Bay route—were becoming keener and keener in their antagonism to each other. For a time he studied closely their relative strength and prospects. The North-West Company's representatives in Montreal dined and wined him and set their advantages before him in their most alluring colours. But just when they thought they had

* Name given by Selkirk, from Baldoon, a town not far from the Cree River, near Wigton, Scotland. The fourth Earl of Selkirk was Dunbar Hamilton, Esq., of Baldoon. He succeeded to the title in 1744 and assumed the additional surname of Douglas. The fifth Earl, the one who had to do with Canada, was born in 1771 and married Jean, the daughter of James Wedderburn Colville, Esq., of Ochiltree. His titles were Earl of Selkirk and Baron Daer and Shortleuch.

* Earl Selkirk had property in Moulton at the mouth of Grand River, having purchased it from Mr. W. Jarvis. Mr. Alexander Macdonell acted as the Earl's agent for his Baldoon estate and Mr. Douglas undertook the care of the settlement established at Moulton. The Moulton property, consisting of 30,800 acres, was sold to Henry J. Boulton, sometime Attorney-General of Upper Canada. Earl Selkirk did not bestow the place-name, which comes from the family seat of the Boultons in Lancashire, England.

secured him he returned to England and in 1805 published a book of over 200 pages, setting forth the success of his P. E. Island project and urging an enlarged scheme of emigration, with the Red River region as the area to be settled. He bought up two-fifths of the whole amount of the Hudson Bay Company's stock; put friends and relatives on the directorate and in due time propounded his scheme, which was no less than the transfer to himself of 116,000 square miles of territory (within 5,000 square miles of the area of the whole United Kingdom and 52,000 square miles larger than the present Manitoba), the eastern face of which stretched from Lake of the Woods to about the middle of Lake Winnipeg. He could not get the few acres of the Sault Ste. Marie; he would try to get enough of the Red River region to block the way for the Montreal Fur Powers. This territory included the rivers and lakes by means of which the North-West Company's employes reached the fur countries of the Saskatchewan and Athabasca Rivers. The North-West Company were quick to see the danger that threatened them, with the gateway to the fur-bearing regions in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, and administered by a man so deeply interested in the Hudson Bay Company's welfare as the Earl of Selkirk.

But though some of the North-West Company shareholders bought stock in the Hudson's Bay Company in order to be present at the meeting, and though a strong protest was made, the Hudson's Bay Company conveyed to the Earl all their right, title and interest in the 116,000 square miles and christened the territory *Ossinaboia*. This was in 1811. The Earl, in accordance with the contract he had made with the Hudson's Bay Company, began at once to collect Highlanders and others for the colony he purposed to settle upon the banks of the Red River. This colony had from the first a military tinge. It seemed to be modelled after the military colonies of the old Romans. The first body of colonists

of about 105 persons was sent in three vessels from Stornoway, Scotland, in July, 1811. The voyage to York Factory occupied 61 days, the time being spent, among other ways, in military drill with arms. The colonists wintered on the banks of the Nelson River and left for the Red River in July, 1812, via the Hayes River. After a couple of months of hard labour, the harder because the men were unaccustomed to rowing and poling, they arrived at their destination in September. Their arrival was the signal for determined opposition to the colonizing plans of the Earl of Selkirk, by the North-West Company. Sir Alexander Mackenzie did his utmost from the start at Stornoway to oppose the establishment of the colony, persuading, through his friends and relatives there, intending colonists to withdraw, even after they had gone on board the vessel. When they neared the Red River they were met by North-West Company employes disguised as Indians, who threatened them with dire calamities if they dared to settle. Thus intimidated the colonists resolved to go to Pembina, where they passed the winter in wigwams after the Indian fashion. In the spring, plucking up courage with the warmer weather, they returned to the place set aside for settlement and began operations. They were reinforced by another band who, leaving the mother-land in 1813, found their way to the promised land in the autumn of 1814, after experiences similar to those of the pioneer band. On arriving they found that Lord Selkirk's deputy had begun a series of aggressive movements against the North-West Company. The canoes of the North-West Company were fired on as they passed the colonial fort. Batteries were improvised to prevent employes of the North-West Company from passing down the river. Brandon House was seized, and an order issued by the Governor, Miles McDonell, that no person trading in furs or provisions within the Earl's territory should take out provisions except on license ob-

tained from the Governor. These and other acts of seeming hostility aroused the North-West Company and at the annual meeting held in Fort William (name coming from Mr. McGillivray's Christian name), presided over by Mr. McGillivray, it was decided to resist all further "encroachments" by force of arms. Quarrels became frequent. Altercations intensified into melees. Blood was shed. In the midst of these stormy preliminaries a third body of emigrants, which had left Stromness in 1815, arrived in the Red River Settlement in August, 1816. These were sent to Pembina for the winter to be near the buffalo. On their way south the river froze over. Provisions gave out. Pembina was forty miles distant. "Fathers and mothers had to bind their children on their backs, Indian fashion, leave the boats and trudge through the long grass covered with snow till they reached Fort Daer" (name coming from one of Lord Selkirk's titles, and given by the second batch of colonists in 1814). "Here they erected huts. Soon the scarcity of food compelled them to go 150 miles further south to the place in which the hunters, half-breeds and Indians were encamped. The suffering of these poor people on this weary journey, ill-protected with clothing from the pitiless wind sweeping over the bleak and treeless plains, was such that in after years they could not narrate the story without feelings of horror."*

With this last body of colonists had come Robert Semple, who had been appointed Governor-in-Chief by the Hudson's Bay Co. Some time previous arrived Colin Robertson who had been commissioned by Earl Selkirk to proceed to Montreal and organize an expedition to the Athabasca region for the purpose of competing with the North-West Company in the fur trade of that region. Robertson, finding at Lake Winnipeg a body of colonists who had been driven from their homes by the agents of the North-West Company, left

the Athabasca expedition and returned to Red River, taking the colonists with him. In the spring of 1816 Governor Semple, whose presence had led to a cessation of hostilities, went west to inspect trading posts. Soon after he had left, Robertson attacked Fort Gibraltar, the chief North-West Company's post, took prisoner Cameron* who had evicted the colonists, and removed everything to Fort Douglas. Robertson then attacked the North-West Company's post on the Pembina River, took several prisoners and everything else he could find. The North-West Company's post at Qu'Appelle was under charge of Alexander McDonell, and when Robertson attacked that post, the resistance he encountered forced him to abandon the attempt to get possession. McDonell (known as "white-headed Mac," to distinguish him from Miles McDonell) † sent swift runners to the agents of the North-West Company in the Swan and Saskatchewan regions, urging the necessity for assistance, his purpose being to collect a force sufficient to enable him to carry his furs, *vi et armis*, through Earl Selkirk's territory to Fort William. His first act on receiving the men asked for was to capture five flat-bottomed boats laden with furs on their way to Fort Douglas. Robertson retaliated by destroying Fort Gibraltar and rafting all the serviceable timber and other material to Fort Douglas to build new erections within that fort and to strengthen it in every way.

On Governor Semple's return he expressed disapproval of Robertson's high-handed acts, and when "white-headed Mac" sent a body of 60 men

* Cameron's arrest in Fort Gibraltar, the indignities to which he was personally subjected, including his detention for more than a year in Fort York Factory and his forced voyage to England, became the subject of a legal inquiry that resulted in a verdict in his favour for £3,000. One of his sons is Sir Roderick Cameron, of New York.

† Miles McDonell, Earl Selkirk's Chief Agent, was nicknamed *chef des jardiniers*, "head gardener," and Alex. McDonnell was nicknamed the "grasshopper governor," by the Half-Breeds.

* E. Ermatinger's *Life of Talbot*. Hill's *History of Manitoba*.

to cross the Selkirk domain, Semple went out to meet them as they crossed from the Assiniboine to the Red River by land. Whether he went with hostile intent or in the interests of peace is difficult to determine. Any one who attempts to wade through the piles of affidavits on both sides that were subsequently gathered for use in the legal trials which ensued will conclude his wadings in as muddled a condition of brain as can be imagined. What happened, however, was that a collision took place near a spot called "Seven Oaks,"* resulting in the killing of Semple and twenty of his followers, only eight escaping. Fort Douglas (named after Earl Selkirk, his family name being Douglas) capitulated and its stores were taken over with inventory by Cuthbert Grant on account of the North-West Company. In two days the colonists to the number of nearly 200 were put into boats and started for Norway House, Jack River, near the north end of Lake Winnipeg, where they arrived safely.

While these attacks and reprisals were thus vigorously carried on Earl Selkirk had come out from Scotland to Montreal and had learned of the dispersion of his colonists by Cameron in the summer of 1815. His appeal to Sir Gordon Drummond, then acting Governor of Canada, to intervene proving unsuccessful, Selkirk proceeded to organize an expedition composed of men trained to arms, who would, he thought, add to the harassed colony that element of strength which, in the circumstances seemed needful for the continuance of the settlement he had planted with so great difficulty and with such an expenditure of means and accumulation of woes. There were at the time two regiments of soldiers just disbanded (May, 1816), one stationed in Montreal and the other in Kingston. The one in Montreal was known as the De Meuron Regiment

and the other as the De Watteville. The De Meuron Regiment had been raised in Spain and was composed of Germans, Swiss, Poles and men of other nationalities, principally deserters from Napoleon's army. After seeing service in Europe the regiment was sent to Canada to take part in the war with the United States and was present during the siege of Plattsburg under Prevost. The war ended, their services were no longer required. Selkirk engaged (June, 1816) about 80 of them with 4 officers, strengthening them with 20 of the De Watteville Regiment picked up as they passed through Kingston. In addition he had a sergeant and six men, granted him by the Governor of Canada as a personal protection. He also had 130 canoe men—in all a force of 237 men. The force went from Kingston to Toronto, then north to Simcoe Lake and the Georgian Bay, and along the northern shores of Lake Huron to the Sault Ste. Marie. Shortly after leaving the "Soo" Selkirk was met by Miles McDonell, his former deputy, who told the story of the death of Semple and his followers and of the second eviction of his unfortunate settlers. The Earl immediately changed his route, pushed on to Fort William, and arrived there about the middle of August, encamping half a mile above the fort. Here he landed his cannon and pointed them at the fort in which were some 500 men of the North-West Company waiting for supplies from Montreal preparatory to proceeding to the interior for the winter's trade. Selkirk's first demand was for the release of prisoners taken at the Red River and held in Fort William. With this demand McGillivray immediately complied. Selkirk, who had had himself appointed a Justice of the Peace before leaving Montreal, then issued a warrant for the arrest of McGillivray. When served with it McGillivray at once went over to the Selkirk encampment with two friends and was received by the squad of regulars who formed Selkirk's body-guard. Selkirk refused bail and arrested McGillivray,

* Through the generosity of the Countess Selkirk a memorial was erected in 1891 near where now stands St. John's College, and Governor Schultz delivered a speech.

his two friends and others, and sent them as prisoners to Toronto. One of the boats in which they were sent was swamped in a squall near Sault Ste. Marie and nine out of the twenty-one occupants were drowned. McGillivray, having secured bail on his arrival in Montreal, obtained warrants for the arrest of Selkirk and others, but these when served were resisted, Selkirk refusing to recognize them. The Earl seized all the posts of the North-West's around Lake Superior, went to Fond du Lac (now Duluth) on the United States side and took possession of goods and furs in the fort there. Another party went to Rainy Lake and attempted to seize the North-West post there, but, being driven off, they returned to Lord Selkirk, who at once sent a stronger force to which the fort capitulated, Selkirk thus obtaining possession of the key to the whole of the North-West Territories and depriving the North-West Co. of any chance to carry on their trade from Lake Superior.

In the early spring ensuing, Selkirk despatched the De Meuron men to the Red River. Arrived there, they carried by storm in a storm, Fort Douglas (which the North-West Companies had held from the time of their encounter with Semples) turned the occupants out and despatched runners to the evicted colonists in Norway House to bid them return to their homesteads. The main body of the evicted settlers arrived at the site of their former homes in June and were joined by Lord Selkirk. The De Meurons settled in their midst. The British Government intervened. Commissioners were sent to the scene. Orders were given for the restoration by both parties of all goods, etc., seized by either. Law suits came down upon Selkirk thicker than "leaves in Vallombrosa." He got out of the country by way of New York. His health breaking down he went to the south of France, where he died on the 8th April, 1820. The colonists took heart on the cessation of hostilities. The grasshopper plague of 1818 was, however, even worse than the rude alarms of war. Lord Selkirk's project had cost

him £200,000. His heirs received in 1835 the sum of £84,111 in extinguishment of his title, and all that now remain to tell of his connection with that part of Canada are the place-names of Point de Meuron, where his De Meurons encamped near Fort William; Kildonan, named by him in 1817 in commemoration of the Scotch Kildonan in Sutherlandshire, from whose neighbourhood many of the settlers had come; Selkirk town and electoral district; Point Douglas and Douglas municipality, where the De Meurons were settled, and possibly a few other place-names.

In 1818, while the Scotch settlement on the Red River was passing through these scenes of carnage and were suffering from the grasshopper plague, Rev. Joseph Provencher, with a few French Canadian families, arrived, being the pioneer missionary of the Roman Catholic Church in the North-West. He established his headquarters near the De Meuron settlement, and as these soldier-farmers were chiefly Roman Catholics and Germans, he gave the church he built the name of St. Boniface, the patron saint of Germany. In 1820, shortly before his death, the Earl of Selkirk sent Col. May, a native of Berne, to Switzerland to gather up emigrants for the Red River settlement. The Colonel succeeded in inducing a number of Swiss families to seek their fortunes in the Red River region, where they arrived in 1821. Their arrival was the cause of great excitement among the De Meurons. No sooner had the Swiss emigrants reached the settlement than many of the Germans and Swiss, who had houses, presented themselves as seekers for wives. Having fixed their attachment with acceptance, each of the new-made Benedicts received the family to which his choice belonged into his habitation. Those who had no daughters to secure for them this welcome reception were obliged to pitch their tents along the bank of the river outside the stockades of the fort.

The De Meuron colony with the Swiss addition gave rise to St. Boniface town

and parish. Hence it is that in the heart of this continent there is a place-name commemorative of Germany's patron saint.

The death of Simon McTavish in July, 1804, rendered the union of the North-West Company and the X. Y. Co. possible, as the principal object of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's jealousy and rivalry was thus removed from the scene of action.

In the same way the death of the Earl of Selkirk 16 years later rendered the union of the amalgamated North-west Company and the X. Y. Co. with the Hudson's Bay Company possible by removing the Earl, the bitterness of whose feeling against the leading men of the North-West Company was greater than his desire to profit by the simple and obvious expedient of consolidation. The union took place in 1821, the Hudson's Bay Company, like Aaron's rod, swallowing the other rods with a good grace and wholesome results.

While the Earl of Selkirk's ambitious project fell to pieces, we must not forget to credit him with the introduction into the North-West of a new centre of population which has given to Canada a good stock. Regarding his emigration plans alone, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal* says of Earl Selkirk: "He may have been somewhat in advance of the times in which he lived, but he had the courage of his convictions, and his efforts deserve the fullest recognition from those who believe in the great future in store for western Canada. The record of the real life of the Selkirk settlers will be especially interesting to the inhabitants of the various provinces of the Dominion, to the early settlers in Manitoba and the North-West, and to these millions who are destined to follow them in the future and establish for themselves happy homes on the grand western prairies; . . . in my judgment Manitoba owes more to their efforts and to their example than is generally admitted or can well be conceived by the present generation of Canadians."

*Preface to McBeth's "Selkirk Settlers in Real Life."

Ottawa.

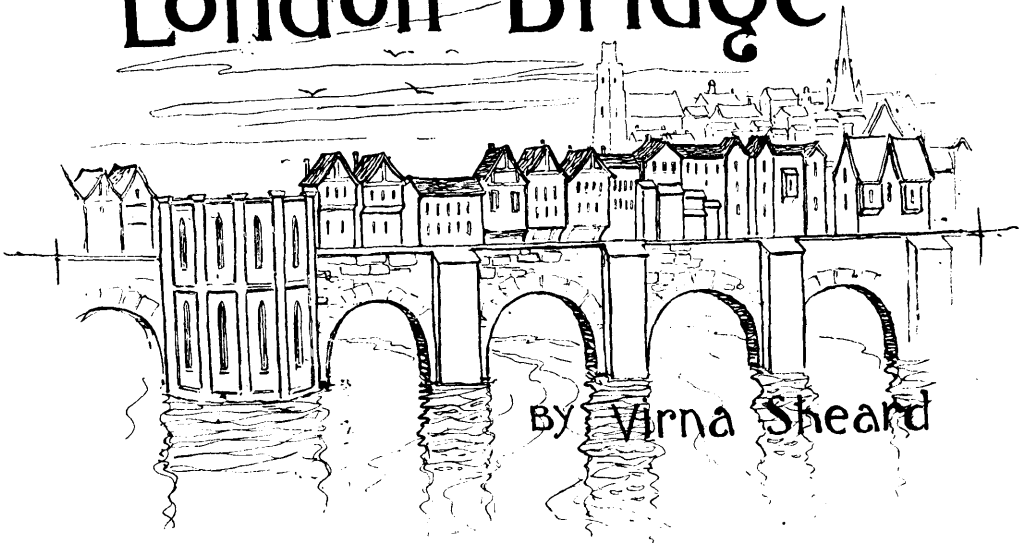
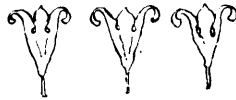
Thus has it been shown how one man profoundly influenced the settlement of this country; how from one end to the other his mark has been left broad and deep. The stalwart sons of Inverness County (General Laurie once told me that he was sure that the 25,000 inhabitants of Inverness County had a larger number of men over six feet in height than could be found among any other 25,000 in the Dominion, not even excepting Glengarry), with their high moral character; the sturdy settlers of the Red River; the thousands of emigrants and others who came under the influence of Lord Selkirk on account of his connection with the Hudson's Bay Company—these are memorials of the Earl's efforts, in the prosecution of which he spared neither time nor money—now expending means in erecting the first flour mill and in providing the first experimental farm in the North-West; and now fighting for his people with an earnestness of purpose that commands respect.

Probably 30,000 of our present population—a solid, enterprising, law-abiding stock—have sprung from the loins of those who were led to come to the Dominion through the inducements held out to them by the Earl of Selkirk. Lord Strathcona's estimate of the value of the Red River contingent has been given. Mr. E. Ermatinger, in his "Life of Talbot," says: "Among the most respectable portion of the Scotch settlers in Aldboro are those who had been tempted in earlier days to emigrate from Scotland to the inhospitable regions of Hudson Bay in order to form, under the auspices of Earl Selkirk, a colony at Red River." These settlers in Aldboro abandoned the Red River region, went to the United States and thence found their way to Upper Canada, where, adds Ermatinger, "they live in comfortable circumstances."

Of the Prince Edward Island and Inverness County stock, it may be said that they have sustained the deservedly high reputation the Scot in Canada has secured.

George Johnson.

A Lily of London Bridge



PART II.

JOYCE sat long at her window after her father had locked the outer door and gone to his favourite haunts.

Persuasions had failed to change the girl's mind. She would not go to the bear-baiting. Then had Davenport named other places of fashion and amusement where the crowd was mixed from all classes. Chief amongst them was the "Knave of Clubs," a popular inn on Bridge Street, which owned a ball-room waxed and polished till it mirrored the gay dancers. There might she learn to trip a coranto or Galliard with the best of them. But Joyce shook her head and would not listen. So he had gone out, muttering oaths between clenched teeth.

Now she was alone watching the moon rise. Up it came, softly luminous, almost as though it were a big golden bubble floating out of the water. It transfigured the dingy places by the river side, touched with silver the Tower turrets, and shone pityingly upon the sad burdens raised on the spiked gates.

The girl leaned out into the sweet,

dewy darkness, listening to a night-bird calling with mournful insistence. Now and again a little chill went over her; that was when she fancied she saw a knife fall with desperate swiftness!—down it came and glanced across a man's masked face turned towards her.

Life seemed to have come to a stop with Joyce Davenport. The past was nothing; the future less. To live was only to see again, if but for a moment, that gracious figure all in dusky brown; to hear him speak.

"Trouble not thy pretty head about me, little maid," he had said. O! vain warning! For what else was there in all the world to think or dream of?

She chided herself grievously for having been over-bold in giving him the kerchief, then smiled at the thought that he had it still.

By and by, as these things went through her mind, she suddenly remembered that there was the kerchief to be returned. 'Twas a dainty one, and brodered with little lilies. Then would she see him; or, no—peradven-

ture 'twould be the aged serving-man who would bring it. And her father might meet him and bid him about his business; or, worse still, might *he* not come himself—to-night—even while she was dreaming thus—and seeing none about the toll-house save old Silas, leave the kerchief with him, and so depart. 'Twas over late for that perchance, for the moon was now above the Tower; yet she would away to the bridge to speak with the old sailor.

Swiftly she slipped through the dark rooms; then, throwing back the window, called softly.

Silas was dozing against the gate, even, indeed, snoring unmelodiously from time to time; but he heard the girl's voice instantly, and started towards her, his peg-leg making an echoing thud at each step.

"How now, Mistress," he said, "is aught wrong?"

"No! no, nothing is amiss," she answered; "but pri'thee tell me, good Silas, hast seen to-night a tall man in high riding-boot with battlemented tops, brown jerkin, and hat with pheasant's feather? Think quickly, good Silas."

The sailor rubbed his eyes, yawned, and then pulled at his frowsy forelock.

"Art sure 'twas a pheasant's feather?" he asked.

"Yes! yes!" she said, leaning towards him, "an thou could'st not mistake him for another; he is vastly tall and most comely. He hath a clean-shaven chin with a dimple fair in the centre. Rememberest thou now, Silas?"

"Art sure of the dimple?" asked he laboriously.

"O! quite, quite sure, dear Silas. It is a dimple not to be forgotten. Pray thee tell me if he spoke to thee and what he said."

"I saw him not," answered the old man, smiling to himself in the dark, "An' thou'st best to bed, Madam Joyce. 'Tis not for thee to be thinking about dimples in a man's chin. Gadzooks! thy father'd make short work o' him an' he crossed *his* path. Know'st thou not why he keeps thee so close, sweeting?"

"Nay. Tell me then, Silas. I can

guess no good reason, though my head aches with thinking."

"Why, then, he'd marry thee to some fine gentleman. Thou art not for every market. Do'st never look in thy copper mirror, lass? I'faith, there are no such eyes as thine in England!"

"Thou art talking nonsense, good Silas! Where hast thou been to see the court beauties? Marry then, but the Queen herself—though she be not over young—is most marvellous fair. I'faith an' I had a few jewels and a silken gown I would pass; thinks't thou not so? But, alas! I have naught but one of russet an' one of white."

"Thou may'st have more yet. Ay! farthingales and fluted ruffs, and such fal-de-rols as the gentles wear, all when thy ship comes in. An' when thou be'est stiff with gold lace, an' be-decked so grandly, I warrant thou'l't forget Silas, who would give the last bit o' timber in his old hulk just to serve thee. Wilt forget him, lass?"

"Never! good Silas, never! should such time come."

"Well a-day! I trow thou wilt not. Hast heard of the great funeral on the morrow? 'Twill be the last of the old Earl of Oxford."

"Speak not of funerals to-night. I like not the subject."

"An' why not then? 'Tis to be a grand show, sweet Mistress. Seven score of nobles follow, all in black velvet! Ask thy father to let me take thee, for thou need'st some sight-seeing at thy time o' life. 'Twill run through Fleet Street to Westminster."

"Pri'thee be still, good Silas. See'st thou not a man yonder half in shadow? I fancy he weareth high boots with battlemented tops! Ah! he comest this way! And he asks aught, answer him civilly, an' thou desirest to please me."

Joyce drew back her flaxen head and held her breath to listen.

Presently she heard a voice, the voice of the one who had thrown the knives, speaking to the sailor. There was a tone in it that brought the old man to an attitude of attention. He feared

his master, but dare not disobey this stranger. They turned together to the window, and Silas looked within.

"Art there, Mistress Joyce?" he said half-sullenly. "Here be one who must have a word with thee, leastwise, would not be denied. Heaven send he be quick over it; thy father is not pleasant company when he returneth late."

The girl looked out and saw behind Silas the graceful figure of the juggler. He wore no mask, and in the moonlight his face was white like marble, and the long cut showed plainly from cheek to chin.

"Thou hast led me a dance little maid," he said, laughingly; "I hunted thee up hill and down dale! and by my faith thou art worth it all! Come, tell me why thou did'st gaze at me so today? Thine heart was looking through those wondrous blue eyes, and it set me a-tremble so that my knives went down like a shower of devils! Egad! I am not one to be so easily overset."

Leaning against the casement, he covered the girl's small hands with one of his. "Look not so at me, an' thou would'st have me keep a cool head little maid. I am but mortal."

"Who art thou?" she said, softly.

"Did I not tell thee then?" answered the man. "A ne'er-do-well. One who has sown as fine a crop of wild oats as any gentle—as any fellow in England.

"Hast done evil deeds?" she asked with a quiver in her voice. "Is it why thou wear'st the mask? If so Master Juggler, why come'st thou to me?"

"Ah!" he said, looking down at her, "I doubt not 'tis because thou art the very opposite of all I am, or ever will be. I believe not, that like attracts like, but rather the reverse. Moreover I could not banish thy face, little maid. I saw more than thine eyes looking at me through the yellow light. I saw thy soul. Peradventure 'tis but to ask for thy prayers, I came to-night. Think'st thou so?"

"Nay, I know not," she answered; then with a little sigh, "Has't been so very wicked? Has't ever *killed* a man?"

The juggler gave a **short** laugh, and his face bold, dare-devil, half tender, bent towards hers.

"Ay," he said, "that have I. Two of them. I would I could have answered thee differently. But 'twas done in fair duelling, mark you. Listen then. I am like the prodigal son, in this much, that I have journeyed into far countries and spent my substance in riotous living. 'A short life, and a merry one.' 'Tis the song of the green-coat in the grass, little maid, and I have joined him at it. As for my sins, put down all those thou can'st think of, save that of breaking faith and thou wilt have a fair sum of them."

"I will think no evil of thee," she said simply. "And dost not remember 'twas he who so journeyed into the far country that came home again, and was forgiven? Now go, my father wishes not to have me awake when he returns."

"Do'st fear what he will say and he find me by thy window?"

"Nay," answered Joyce, "I have done no wrong; why should I fear? But go thou quickly, for truly he is a dangerous man to meet at times, and I fear for thee."

"Thou art the sweetest maid in England," said the man passionately, "and I will surely see thee to-morrow."

"No! no!" she cried throwing out her hands in protest. "Indeed no, I am over-busy in the afternoon."

"Ay! so am I, for I ride to the Duke's funeral—

"Then thou art a noble," she said with quick thought.

"Do'st think so?" he answered, smiling. "After what I told thee? Why what is't to be noble then little maid? So—I will not tarry longer. Fare-thee-well, and dream not of falling daggers. Yes! yes thou may'st; for then, marry, thou'lt dream of me."

Down the bridge he went, with light buoyant step, and the girl watched him till he passed into the gloom beyond. Then sighed, and pressed her two hands against her heart.

"I wish not to have him return," she said, "an' yet I do; never have I

seen such another, for all he doth belittle himself. Twice have I heard of the Duke's funeral within an hour, and methinks 'twas a bat that flew above our heads as we talked. I like not such omens."

Then twelve struck, and as Joyce listened, three men came past the bridge-tower; arms locked to keep themselves upright.

Violently they lurched from right to left and occasionally the fellow in the centre crumpled down, and was carried onward by a series of jerks.

They sang in different key, but with apparent enjoyment an old hunting song—

"Come merry, merry, gentlemen
An, haste thee all away—
For we will hunt the jolly, jolly fox
At breaking o' the day."

The listener knew well whose high tenor it was that held the sweet top notes. She closed the window and waited.

Presently came the sound of Silas sleepily greeting the toll-taker.

"Is't thou good Master Davenport? Keep thee on thy legs then; I'faith thou hast no more stiffening in thee than a wet rag. Thou'll sleep in thy boots to-night. Nay, hang not so on my neck. Marry! thy doublet's in sorry plight, ne'er lace nor tag to't. Thou never wor'st that hat away, some knave hath thine I'll warrant an' the best o' the bargain. Steady then maister. Ste-ady then, breakers ahead! Mind thee, 'tis but a peg on my weatherside an' t'other one, starboard leg's a bit bowed out. Ste-ady then! Ste-ady!"

So they lumbered in, the door shut close and while the sailor latched it, the girl sought her room, with fast-beating heart, and misty eyes.

"I owe him naught," she thought bitterly, "neither respect nor obedience." "Yet I would 'twere possible to give him both."

Next night when the world grew quiet the juggler came to the little shadowy window, and again old Silas listened to voices fresh and sweet, and brimming over with a melody of youth.

Now and then he heard the man laugh a low, vibrant laugh that echoed down and away upon the water, or there reached him a soft word or two from Joyce.

So it went till two weeks had gone by. Ever the old sailor saw his little mistress come to the casement, after dark fell, and wait for one who never failed her.

Then came a night when, after the tall, brown figure had gone, another came—one bent and spare—yet nervously quick in movement. He glided from out the shadow and went stealthily towards the toll-house, and stopped, looking up and down. Seeing the sailor near by, he crossed to him, and touched him on the arm.

"I would speak with Mistress Joyce Davenport. She who talked with my master but lately."

"'Tis not an hour for any to speak with her," said Silas gruffly. "I like not these doings, neither thy master's nor thine. I know him for the thrower of balls and knives at bridge-foot. Marry! I would end it an' I had the heart; the little lass says naught, but she looketh at me with eyes that plead. Yet I would kill him, an' he played her false. 'Tis a very coil. Best get thee gone. See, an' the toll-man happens home early to-night, the devil's own temper'll bear him company."

"I fear not," answered the other, "an' indeed 'tis not near the stroke of eleven. I pray thee call thy mistress. Thou art no judge of my need to see her. Good master toll-man, I pray thee!"

Silas noted the trembling voice and saw by a flickering link at the gate that the old face was drawn and sharp with some intense feeling.

"Bide thee under yon gable, then, an' I will call the lass. But I be an old fool for my pains. An' thou make not short work, I will shut the casement."

"As short as I can, Heaven knows," answered the other, "but 'twill take a little time."

Then came Joyce again hastily,



“ . . . And a candle she held, shaded by one hand, threw shadows up and over her face.”

fearing she knew not what. From the velvet hood over her head, her face looked out white and flower-like, and a candle she held, shaded by one hand, threw shadows up and over it.

“This one also,” said the sailor, with a jerk of his thumb backward, “would have a word with thee. ’Tis coming to a pass! Bid him be quick. I want no broken heads to bind when thy father com’st back.”

Joyce saw a thin, dark form and a head of snowy hair worn in a queue; then she blew out the light.

“Thou art Mistress Joyce Davenport?”

“Ay!” she answered, “I am the toll-master’s daughter.”

“They call thee, hereabouts, ‘The Lily of the bridge,’ and by vastly good right.”

Joyce put her hands to her ears and laughed lightly.

“Go to! go to, good gentleman! Thou art surely past making pretty speeches. ’Tis late. I would be through an’ to my room. Hast any word of import? If not—Ah!—Is’t so then? I *do* remember now. Thou art he who stood by the table of knives—is’t not so? Speak on, quickly. Hast brought a message?”

“No message, sweet lady; but in truth a word of import. My master hath been here each night for two weeks, as I count; sometimes but for a little space, again for longer. He doth not befool old Michael. He hath made love to thee—thou canst not deny it.”

The beautiful face in the hood grew rosy. “Try not my patience,” she

said; "thy business had best not touch such matters."

"Nevertheless I spoke truth. He hath made love to thee, and thou—thou hast bewitched him till I know him not. Now hark 'e! Do'st know the name of him who stands on London Bridge at sundown and juggles for the people's sport?" A ring of suppressed wrath sounded in the words.

"Hath he acquainted thee with his name, good Mistress Davenport?"

The man could see two little hands cling to the wooden sill—tight—tight.

"Ay! I know his name," she answered, "though he told me not. Look you, I saw the passing of the great Duke's funeral, and the gentles who followed clothed in black velvet. Thy master rode with them, unmasked. One near me in the crowd pointed to him jestingly and said 'Yonder goes the young Lord of Yelverton, who hath squandered more gold crown pieces and rose-nobles than any dandy of them all, from London to Land's End.' 'Twas so I learned thy master's name, good sir."

"Do'st know then why he playeth by the South Tower?"

"Nay!" she cried, with soft eagerness. "Nay, tell me, I pray thee; 'tis best thou should'st."

"Listen then," answered the man with a quick glance around.

"He thou knowest as the juggler, is indeed the young Lord of Yelverton. Soft—I would not be overheard, and the watch cometh by. Now again. 'Tis also true he hath played fast and loose with two goodlie fortunes. See you—when he came of age there were none to advise or control. 'Twas in this wise: my Lord and my Lady, Heaven rest them, died within short space of each other leaving no lawful guardian for the lad. There was not one in England near of kin, therefore the Crown appointed Lord Dudley to the care of the young master and estates. My Lord troubled but little over the matter, and the lad grew up without control of any, a bit wild, yet sweet in temper. When at one-and-

twenty he came to his own (an' there were vast lands in France as well, for my Lady had been a Frenchwoman), he made short work of all the gold that had been storing up for his pleasure."

"I can'st not tell thee how it went, but, marry, 'twas like water through a sieve, or sand through the fingers. The whole world was his friend then, though none cared for him, for himself alone, but just old Michael.

"The lad had ever been ungovernable save by his mother's gentleness, and there were plenty to lead him from her memory. It went like a fairy tale, Mistress Davenport, for my master was as much at home in France as England, and everywhere had a gay company at his heels. He lived like a Prince of the blood, and when the foreign moneys were spent, saddled the home estates with grievous debt. When all went the same road he shipped to America with some of Sir Walter Raleigh's men,—I following ever."

"Say on, good Master Michael," said Joyce, as the man paused in his rapidly told story. "Thou art not finished?"

"'Twas upon that long voyage," he continued "that my Lord learned from a queer Indian fellow of the East, brown limbed and supple as willow, the curious tricks of throwing balls and knives—ay! an' many another folly which goeth for magic. 'Twas a pastime when the sea lay like a blue mirror and the sun warmed idle sails and a quiet deck."

The old fellow stopped breathlessly, and drew his hand across his eyes as though to dispel some vision.

"Tell me all and quickly," said the girl, "the hour flyeth."

"Yes, yes; have patience, sweet lady. The story is hard to unravel. We returned again to England after a year of wandering in the strange New World—an 'tis now thou needst listen. Not long since came word that an old friend of Lord Yelverton's father, one Frazer of Dundee (a dour man—an' o'er strange in many ways), was dead,

an' had bequeathed all his horde of wealth to my master. Ah! but there it did not end. There were conditions, mark you!"

The old voice stopped. And in the pause came the sound of Joyce Davenport's heart beating quick, quick, like a bird against cage bars.

"Full well did old Frazer of Dundee know my Lord Harry and his spend-thrift ways. The conditions were these, therefore, as the man of law read I listening also:

'When Lord Henry Yelverton, by the craft of his hand, earneth twenty golden guineas in the space of one month then shall he enter into full possession of all land and moneys mentioned in the said will; provided also that he wed upon the same day the niece of Donald Frazer, who was also his ward and rich in her own right.'

"This, sweet Mistress Davenport, read the man of law in my hearing—with much mouthing of words that have slipped my memory."

"O, hasten, hasten, good Master Michael," cried the girl. "Is there aught else?"

"I' faith just this much. My young Lord laughed long, and as at a jest when he heard. 'I have a craft, Sir lawyer,' he said, 'an honest one in sooth, whereby I can earn the gold right merrily—if so be Michael will but pass around his chapeau. But I doubt me 'tis such an one as would have pleased the sainted Scot.' 'No especial craft is specified in the document,' said the man of law. 'Then was I born under a lucky star! But the maid: Beshrew me! Why did he throw in the maid? Could'st not have put in a word to save a man? I beseech thee, sweet lawyer, draw me her picture. An' it be not to my liking, I'd let the King's crown go by before I'd wed her.' Those, fair lady, were his very words."

Joyce gave a little laugh and caught the old man's arm.

"Said he so?" she cried. "Art sure?"

"Ay!" an' that was a month back. He hath earned the gold—but—he hath also seen thee. An' but yestere'en said he thus to me, in all earnestness,

'The game is up, my trusty Michael, and I am where I was before.'

"Be quick," she said breathlessly. "I see a shadow yonder, perchance the watch returneth, or thou hast wearied Silas, or 'tis my father."

"Ay!" again he panted; "this said my master, 'There is no heart left in me to go to Scotland and wed old Frazer's ward. A plague on him for throwing in the maid. 'Twould plant a thorn in every golden rose-noble of them all. Nay then I will not wed her for my heart hath found its heritage here on London Bridge! A pearl washed up by old Father Thames that all the world passed unseeing. And 'tis the little maid of Davenport that may be my Lady of Yelverton an' she will—though there be not a groat behind the title—'

"See then, sweet mistress, 'tis on thy pity I throw myself. I doubt not he said all this to thee—but take him not at his word. Indeed 'twould be his undoing. Dost not understand 'tis the turn of the tide with him now? With the Scottish wealth all debts could be wiped away from the old castle, and the name kept pure in England. And thy father, knowest thou not he lived but by the grace of the Queen? 'Tis a marriage not to be entertained, though in truth my lord meant his words. Is it not enough that he play to the people, while I scorn the money I take? Have pity, sweet lady, for I know his moods. He is in deadly earnest, now, an' thou only canst save him. An' thou turn'st him off lightly, then perchance will he away to the north country and trouble be ended."

"Go," she said, looking out into the old white eager face. "I will not answer thee now—it need'th thought. Thy limbs tremble, good Sir. My father speaketh with Silas at the gate. Hasten, hasten!"

Soon Davenport came stumbling to the door. He called in quick, angry fashion for Joyce.

"Who is it that talk'st with thee after I am away Hark'e, make no excuse."

"It is my Lord of Yelverton. Hast aught against him? Thou knowst his name surely; 'tis an old one in the country," she answered.

"Lord Yelverton!" he said thickly. "Is't so? Dost mean it? How camest thou to meet one of title? Thou hast been a caged beauty of late, also," turning up her face with one hand, and looking down into it with angry blood-shot eyes.

"Thou know'st I never speak aught but truth," she said gravely.

"Ay! little one, thy word is thy bond always, but report said 'twas the brown juggler at bridge-foot, who had found thee out." Then his face changing: "In *any* case 'twill not do, Mistress Joyce; 'twill not do; Yelverton hath not a sou to his title. There is Ted Gillian. See thou turn'st him not away when he cometh on the morrow.

"He is a good fellow, though no gentle. Speak him fair I bid thee. He is rich—Ted Gillian—rich, rich. As for this young noble, hast made love to thee, sweetheart?"

"Ay!" answered the girl softly. "He spoke somewhat of love."

"An' asked thee to marry him, I'll swear? If I could afford time I could'st wed thee to the greatest of them all. He asked thee to marry him, then did he, lass?"

"Peradventure," she said with a laugh that ended in a sob. Then turning, she threw her arms about the man's throat, with a sudden soft violence that half sobered him. "O father," she cried, "I desire not to marry any one of them if thou wilt but be kind an' have me bide with thee. Let us away from London Bridge. I am overweary of the crowd ever going by, an' of the endless noise an' turmoil. The bridge is worn and breaking, soon will the Queen have it rebuilt grandly, so say the gossips. I am weary of it, of the sights of it, and the dreadful heads blackening in the sunlight. Thou may'st not *always* have the toll-house. Let us away then now to some quiet place; to the new country, dear father. The ships pass out at morning and evening. O, say

thou wilt go with thy little Joyce, an' speak no more of marrying."

Davenport shook her away, but half comprehending the drift of her words.

"This time thou art mad," he said. "Thou art surely mad; an' thou always wert a strange maid. To thy bed, and rest! To thy bed and rest."

The girl went slowly away to her room and stood looking out at the wide, dark river, dappled here and there with silver from the late rising moon. Down her face fell a rain of tears, unheeded.

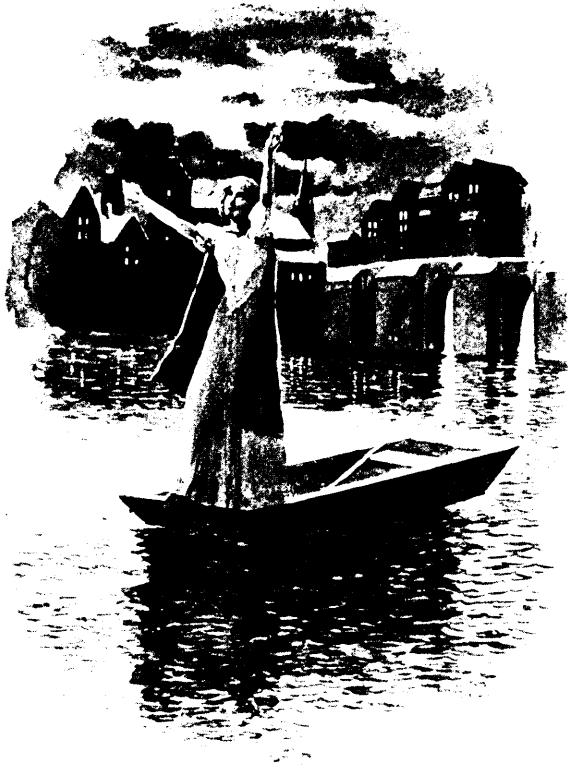
"There is no other way," she said half aloud. "Yet I would there were. 'Ted Gillian!' with a catch in her breath, 'Ted Gillian!' O, I needed not that. To-morrow night at nine o' the clock will he come again, my Lord of Yelverton, an' I might go with him an' I would. Nay, 'twould be but a selfish love an' I went. I can remember his words, though I understood them not: 'Two roads lie before me, little maid; one dark and tiresome—even monotonous to desperation; the other through a green country, where the air is golden an' the sky the shade of thine eyes. Thou wilt be by my side there, an' if joy comes t'will be greater with thee to share it; an' if sorrow, then I'll take thy part as well as my own. So, sweetheart, 'tis a fair journey lies in that direction. Would'st throw in thy lot with a strolling juggler who hath but love to give thee?'"

No, no! There was no time for thought, and 'twas needless, for her mind was firmly set. Love was not love to her—that harmed the thing it worshipped.

Yet all possibility of life in the old house by the north tower was over.

Tying the green cloak about her she went silently down the leaning stairs, through the quiet room and out into the darkness. One of the dogs followed, a small tangle-haired thing with eyes great and melancholy.

On the bridge towers flamed the dying links, and the moon was sinking. There was a mackerel sky that night, and little broken clouds tinted with violet floated now and then across the "silver shield of heaven."



“Then she stepped to the edge of the little craft.”

Joyce stood looking at it all, her hands clasped, her head thrown back.

“Tis a beautiful, beautiful world,” she said, as though to the tiny dog pressing his rough head against her white gown. “Methinks t’could not be fairer—even beyond—” Then stooping she patted the trembling animal. “Thou art a good little friend,” said the girl softly, “a good little friend in sooth. But thou canst not bear me company to-night. Nay, plead not. I will not let thee come. Away to thy corner, away, away!”

So she watched, till he turned towards the house in obedient sadness. Not far off there were some steps, unsteady with age and worn in hollows, that led to the water. These she ran down swiftly, and unfastened a shallow punt that lay moored to them.

An old waterman who had known her long, stood near by, having been late at

work. At first he thought it was a spirit, then chiding his fancies went nearer and saw Joyce Davenport untying the knotted rope. He called, and the girl answered nothing, but pushed off into the open river.

She stood quite still then and let the boat follow the tide. Out it went, out and out—below the arch—under the bridge—beyond. The old man saw her still standing, tall and white. He tried to call again but his heart beat hard and hard so that no sound would come.

Then she stepped to the edge of the little craft, and so into the river, with her arms out, and her face turned upward.

The water eddied and rippled, eddied and rippled, and was still. The punt tossed a moment; then floated slowly on alone.



DRAWN BY E. H. BRIDGEN.

"'Twas but a dream, good Michael," he said gently.

Years afterwards, away in Scotland, in one of the great houses rich with beauty two men were talking by an open fire. The wintry sun shone through glittering windows and the room was trimmed with holly, green and gay.

"The lads will be home for Christmas, master?" said the elder man, stooping to push back a heavy burning log and sending showers of sparks up the chimney.

"Ay!" answered the other, who was tall and straight, with a face good to look upon.

"Ay! the lads will be home, Michael. Their mother counteth much on it."

"Thou art a happy man, my Lord, with thy two sons, and all this of life's comfort."

"Happy of course, Michael; and who would not be? What have I missed of the best? Yet old fellow, seemeth it not wonderful that I am staid and sober-minded, and of a steady prosperity? Truly the gods seem to love me, although I die not young.

"But fancies, strange and outside of aught we do from day to day, come to the best and worst of us at times. Harken, I will tell thee somewhat.

"Last night I dreamed, and it went in this wise: One came to me, shining as the sun and grave of face—an angel perchance, though there be others better able to judge of that than I. Be that as it may, this shining one spoke in marvellous sweet manner and said,

'Don thou thy brown leathern suit and go out into the world, and look through the east and through the west for a flower. Somewhere it groweth for thee to pluck. None other may have it. White it is, and pure, and when thou seest it the earth will hold naught else for thee. In the golden heart of it lieth a potent of love that only thou may'st find.'

"So I went, good Michael, and long I searched. But not in the east, and not in the west was the flower I sought. Then as I grew over-weary of my quest I found it blowing upon the old bridge in London town.

"Of the sweetness of it, I cannot tell thee; but as I would have taken it to my heart there came a wind, strong and terrible, that broke the fragile stem, and drifted the lily away, across into the river—and so out to sea. And so—out to sea."

The man stopped speaking and gave a little laugh, half-bitter, half-sweet; then touched the old servant as he bent over the fire, his head far down, his silvery locks shading the sharp, worn face.

"'Twas but a dream, good Michael," he said gently; "'twas but a dream. And I am waking now. Dost hear the yeomen bringing in the yule-log? Marry! 'tis over-heavy by the noise they make! Haste thee away; they'll need thy wisdom to get it through the snow. Cheer up thine old heart then; cheer up thine old heart; to-morrow 'twill be Christmas."

THE END





JORDANS MEETING HOUSE.

WHERE WILLIAM PENN IS BURIED.

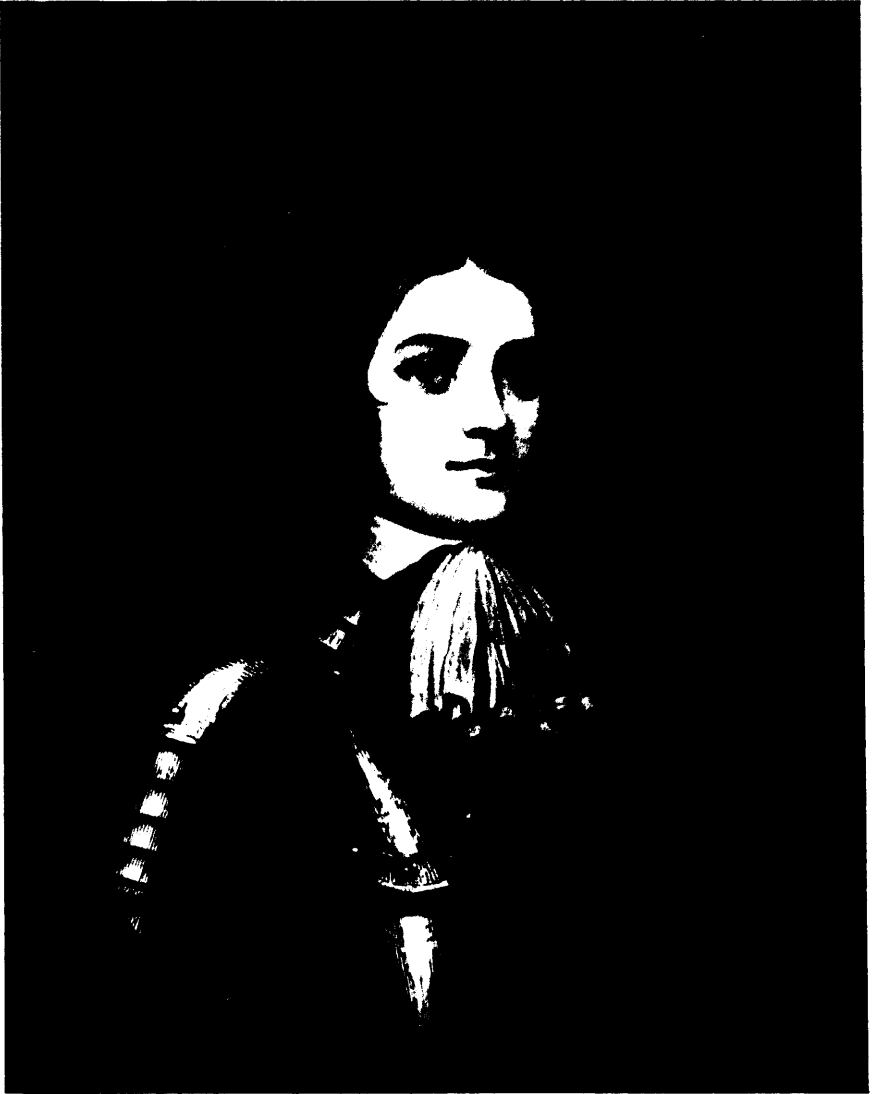
By H. C. Shelley.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

DEEP in a shady dell, about a mile and a half from that village of Chalfont St. Giles, in which Milton took refuge when the plague was raging in London, stands the Quaker meeting-house of Jordans. Living or dead, no member of the Society of Friends could wish to find himself in a spot more in harmony with the simple tenets of his creed. As the meeting-house breaks upon the vision through the stately trees by which it is surrounded, it seems as if one had been vouchsafed a glimpse of New England in Old England; it is just such a building as was common in the New World what time the religious refugees of Britain, late in the seventeenth century, crossed the seas in search of that liberty of conscience denied them in the old home. On such rude wooden benches as still remain under that red-tiled roof, no rule of life and faith would be more seemly than that preached by

George Fox; and than the simple God's acre which fronts the meeting-house there could be no fitter resting place in which to await in quiet confidence that Day which will prove how far that creed was in harmony with absolute truth.

For several miles around, this district is rich in memories of the early Quakers. Near by was the peaceful home of the Penningtons, in which Thomas Ellwood was living as tutor, and from which William Penn was to take his first and most beloved wife. General Fleetwood, too, had his residence in the neighborhood. The reason for this focussing of so many Friends within a small area was probably the same as that which drove the Covenanters of Scotland to seek refuge on the lonely moors; to-day Jordans is sufficiently inaccessible, and two centuries ago it must have been an ideal haven for suspected sectaries.



W Russell

From the original painting from life at the age of 22, in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

More than two hundred years have elapsed since Jordans passed into the possession of the Society of Friends. It owes its name probably to a forgotten owner of the property; for it was not from a Jordan, but from one William Russell that, in 1671, Thomas Ellwood and several others acquired the land on behalf of the Society. The

idea of a meeting-house seems to have been an afterthought; it was as a burial place simply that Jordans was originally purchased. But the meeting-house was not long in following, for seventeen years later there is authentic record of its existence. Probably some generations have passed since regular meetings were held in this rude

temple; but twice every year—on the fourth Sunday in May and the first Thursday in June—set gatherings are held to keep alive the continuity of Quaker teaching within these walls.

But it is because of its graves, and not on account of its meeting-house, that Jordans attracts so many pilgrims year by year. For a century and a half there was nothing to distinguish one mouldering heap from another. Here, for example, is the account which Mr. William Hepworth Dixon, one of Penn's most competent biographers, wrote of his visit to the place in 1851:

"Nothing could be less imposing than the graveyard at Jordans; the meeting-house is like an old barn in appearance, and the field in which the illustrious dead repose is not even decently smoothed. There are no gravel walks, no monuments, no mournful yews, no cheerful flowers; there is not even a stone to mark a spot or to record a name. When I visited it with my friend, Granville Penn, Esq., great-grandson of the State-Founder, on the 11th of January this year, we had some difficulty in determining the heap under which the great man's ashes lie. Mistakes have occurred before now; and for many years pilgrims were shown the wrong grave."

With the laudable desire of helping pilgrims to pay their devotions at the right shrine, Mr. Dixon prepared a simple ground plan of the graveyard, and the position of the small headstones which mark the graves to-day correspond with that plan to a large extent. But there is one important exception. It will be seen from one of the pictures given with this article that the stone nearest to the fence in the second row bears the name of "John Penn," whereas in Mr. Dixon's plan that position marks the grave of "John Pennington." It is not easy to throw any light on this mistake. For instance, it is difficult to see what John Penn could be buried under the date given, 1746; certainly not the grandson who occupied Stoke Park and was responsible, in 1799, for that ponder-

ous cenotaph to the memory of Gray. The grave is undoubtedly more likely to be that of a Pennington, a member of that family to which William Penn's first wife belonged. The mystery about this particular grave makes all the more unmeaning the recent attempt to desecrate it.

It lends a pathetic interest to this lonely graveyard to visit it fresh from a perusal of Thomas Ellwood's simple autobiography. All those who sleep so quietly under these modest headstones figure more or less in his pages; they become known to us in all their quaint Quaker habits and beliefs, and appeal to us with the tender sentiment of a bygone age. Penn had two wives and eleven children, of whom both wives and seven of the children keep him company here. Next to Penn himself, the memory which most dominates this burial place is that of Guli Penn, his first wife. Ellwood knew her in London as a child; became her play-fellow; used to "ride with her in her little coach, drawn by her footman about Lincoln's Inn Fields." She was the daughter of Sir William Springett, who fell in Cromwell's army, and her mother afterwards became the wife of Isaac Pennington. Other children were born to Isaac Pennington and Lady Springett, and as tutor to those children Ellwood was for many years in daily converse with Guli Springett. He had ample opportunity, then, to win her for his own; and he was not "so stupid nor so divested of all humanity as not to be sensible of the real and innate worth and virtue which adorned that excellent dame." Outsiders talked, of course. Ellwood had not joined the Quakers for nothing; his motive was the conquest of Guli and the annexation of her fortune; if he could not get her by fair means, why then, of course, he would run away with her and marry her. Such pleasant gossip reached the ears of the Penningtons and their tutor; but the former did not lose confidence and the latter did not pluck up courage to make the gossip true. For Guli Springett was worth winning. "In all respects,"



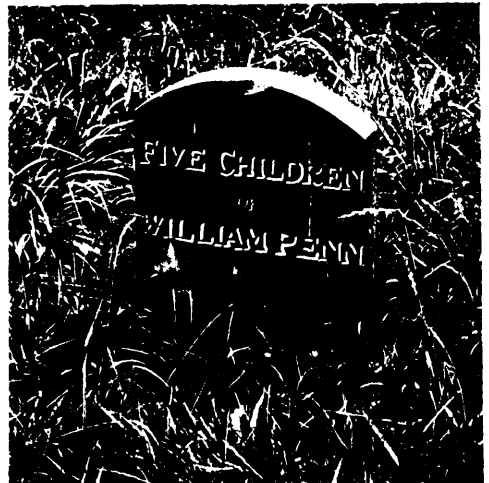
GRAVES OF WILLIAM PENN AND HIS TWO WIVES.

says the meek Ellwood, "a very desirable woman—whether regard was had to her outward person, which wanted nothing to render her completely comely; or to the endowments of her mind, which were every way extraordinary and highly obliging; or to her outward fortune, which was fair." Ellwood's subsequent wooing showed that he did not deserve such a prize. Guli did not lack for suitors; but towards them all, "till he at length came for whom she was reserved, she carried herself with so much evenness of temper, such courteous freedom guarded with the strictest modesty, that, as it gave encouragement or ground of hopes to none, so neither did it administer any matter of offence or just cause of complaint to any."

The "he" for whom she was "reserved" was William Penn. Happening to visit Ellwood at the Penningtons, he saw, was enslaved, and then conquered. Twenty-two years of wedded happiness were

meted out to these two, and then Guli Penn was laid to rest at Jordans.

Perhaps it spoils something of the romance that Penn took a second wife, even though it is always affirmed that Guli ever remained his favourite spouse. Was Hannah Callowhill conscious of that fact? Those lovers of Guli Penn





INTERIOR OF JORDANS MEETING HOUSE.

who are knights errant of her memory will perhaps wickedly hope that she was. The second wife, at any rate, has left little impress in the life of her husband; that she bore him six children and that from one of her sons the present representatives of the male branch of the family are descended is about all that has to be recorded. If the testimony of the headstone must be accepted—and there are doubts on that point—then Hannah Penn lies in the same grave with her husband, while the lovable Guli sleeps apart by herself in the grave to the left. Next to her is her mother, inscribed on the headstone simply as “Mary Pennington” and not as Lady Springett. She appears to have put off her title with her widow’s weeds; and in any case such “worldly” honours can hardly expect perpetuation in a Quaker graveyard. And yet a letter among the manuscripts of the Duke of Portland proves that Penn himself was not wholly indifferent to the fascination of sounding titles. He is writing to Robert Harley on matters connected with Pennsylvania, and he

weakly confesses that he asked for “some honorary mark, as a founder of the Colony, viz., as the first—hereditary—Privy Councillor or Chief Justice, or the like, which I shall not insist upon, contenting myself with the rights of landlord and lord of the manor of the country.”

Isaac Pennington finds sepulture here too, and Penn’s married daughter Letitia, and his first-born son Springett, and five of his infant children, and Ellwood, and that wife of his whom he wooed in such a comically serious fashion. It is quite a re-union of the pugnacious men and the demure women who stand in such marked contrast with each other in the memory of those familiar with Ellwood’s pages. Peace to their memory, these controversial men, these mild-mannered women! Perhaps they would not sleep so peacefully could they be conscious of the changes which have come over those who hold their creed to-day. Not to hear the “thee” and “thou,” not to see the hat-covered head—what pain this would be, especially to the

obstinate Ellwood, whose father once threatened to knock the teeth down his throat if he "thee-ed" him again, and buffeted him about the head for persisting in wearing a hat in his presence! Poor Ellwood! Hat after hat was filched from him by that irate father; and when at last even his montero-cap was confiscated, and he was forced to go bareheaded, he caught such a cold in his face that his devoted sister had much ado to keep him poulticed with "figs and stoned

and inevitable home!" Dr. Dixon forgot that there must be two parties to such a bargain. Philadelphia did try to remove the remains some years ago; but the trustees of the burial ground objected, and the Home Secretary at once upheld the objection. And now a Philadelphian makes another suggestion. He wants a memorial to Penn erected near the Old Bailey in London—the scene of his vindication of the right of a jury to render a verdict contrary to the dictation of a judge



*Thy truly Lo: & affectionate
Friend Guli Penn*

raisins roasted." No doubt there are many cheaper martyrdoms than that.

Philadelphia often casts envious eyes towards the graveyard at Jordans. Is that Mr. Hepworth Dixon's fault? In that account of his visit to Jordans, quoted above, he mentions Mr. Granville Penn's resolve to erect some simple but durable record over the graves, and then adds: "If this be not done, the neglect will only hasten the day on which his ancestor's remains will be carried off to America—their proper

—and the ashes of the famous Quaker placed underneath. The suggestion calls up two pictures. One is of a grimy street in the heart of London, where the roar of traffic resounds from dawning day to past midnight, where stands the sombre building whose walls are fetid with the stains of inhuman crimes; the other is of a grassy dell sentinelled with bosky trees, where a soft quietness broods through winter snows and summer sun, where there is little to suggest the depth of infamy to which the human heart can sink.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

VII.—THE HON. JOSEPH MARTIN.

HARD circumstances sent the Martin family away to the States from the mill and store at Milton, Ontario, where Joseph was born. The father died in Michigan. The children had to take up the burden. At the age of the average school boy Joseph Martin was a telegraph operator. The panic of 1873 caused a sweeping reduction in all lines of the railway service, and rather than retreat from his advanced position as a train despatcher to the operator's place in a way-station young Martin came back to Canada. School teaching was then even more than now the door of hope to every Canadian child of adversity and he entered the profession through the Toronto Normal School. His career as a teacher at New Edinburgh was diversified by a squabble with the Conservative school board which resented his efforts to get his fellow-boarders on the voters' list. As an Ottawa Young Liberal he cultivated a large variety of opinions which were freely uttered at every regular meeting. He was keenly alive to the uselessness of prolonged discussion and always clamoured for a vote at the conclusion of his own speech. His duties as a school teacher had been varied by activity as a law student and within a few weeks of his final examination for the Ontario bar he left for the west.

Manitoba in the early eighties did not look like a formation which would yield rich rewards to the ambition of a young and faithful Liberal. The people were not disposed to be friendly to the Liberal cause. Alexander Mackenzie had planned the C. P. R. with a wisdom which time has vindicated at almost every point. The trouble was that Mr. Mackenzie did not realize that the building of the C. P. R. was a matter of life and death to this country. Instead of boldly pushing on the work as a

war measure he magnified the difficulties of construction and lifted up his voice and wept over the size of the lions in the path. The whole country was filled with the gloom of his doubts. The plans of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie were supremely excellent, but the west would not accept plans as a substitute for the immediate construction of a through line and the local belief that the Liberals were niggards who had no faith in the west or hope for its future, made Manitoba a most unpromising field for the exercise of Joseph Martin's gifts.

There was no magic in the names of Mackenzie or Blake. The Government of Hon. John Norquay, at Winnipeg, was closely allied with the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald, at Ottawa. The quick eye of Joseph Martin saw in this alliance the elements of an explosion if he could only get his hands on the torch of public enthusiasm. Sir John was popular; John Norquay was popular, but the clause of the C. P. R. charter which forbade Manitoba to seek an independent outlet to the American boundary was unpopular. If Conservative supremacy in Manitoba could be identified with the maintenance of a monopoly clause, both might be destroyed. Public indignation was stimulated, but still Liberalism was so unpopular that when Joseph Martin first appeared as a candidate for the Legislature in Portage la Prairie, it was expedient for him to disguise his partisanship in a declaration of undivided allegiance to the great principle of Provincial Rights. He was quite unabashed by his surroundings in the Manitoba Legislature when he went in and fought on the Opposition ship which had Thomas Greenway for its figurehead. The Legislature could scarcely believe its ears when the member for Portage la Prairie calmly remarked that Mr.

Speaker was the most unscrupulous partizan he ever met. The House ordered these bold words to be taken down and solemnly decided that the member should appear in his place to apologize and submit to reprimand from the chair. The House adjourned. The next day, and the next and the next the members assembled and looked helplessly at the vacant chair of Joseph Martin. They felt unequal to the transaction of public business until the refractory member had been purged of his contempt. The helpless Legislature became the laughing-stock of Winnipeg, and the farce continued until Mr. Martin dropped in one afternoon and apologized somewhat as follows :

"I understand that this honourable House cannot proceed with the business of the country until I appear in my place and apologize to you Mr. Speaker. I do not wish to be responsible for any further delay in the transaction of public business, and therefore, Mr. Speaker, I beg leave to humbly apologize for calling you a partizan, but it was true all the same."

It might have been better if Joseph Martin had gracefully bowed to the proprieties embodied in the authority of Mr. Speaker. His triumph over a tyrannical majority and a partizan Speaker was not worth the winning. This trifling incident illustrates certain permanent elements of strength and weakness in his public character. A genius for creating great issues and promoting great ends is qualified by a perverse fondness for gratifying the immediate impulse at the expense of the ultimate aim. A man unduly influenced by his environment would have been afraid of the opportunities which Mr. Martin has improved. The environment which could overawe him has yet to be created. He makes his environment as he goes along, and when the final stages of the railway controversy threw him into direct personal contact with the Federal Government, the young Attorney-General of Manitoba was not terrified by the overshadowing presence of Sir John A. Macdonald. The tradition is that Sir John was firm and that Mr. Greenway was moulded by the will of the Attorney-General

into a posture of stubborn adherence to the Provincial right of chartering a competing line. Negotiations were broken off, and Messrs. Greenway and Martin headed for Manitoba. They were returning to a united and angry people ready to back them up in using the forms of law to baffle the Dominion, or in going beyond the law to resist Federal tyranny. Lord Lansdowne intervened. The Manitoba delegates were stopped at Toronto by a summons to return to Ottawa. The Dominion Government backed down and bought out the rights of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the monopoly clause, and Sir John A. Macdonald completed the ruin of the Conservative party in Manitoba when he rewarded the threats of his enemy Joseph Martin with the concessions which he refused to the entreaties of his friend John Norquay.

The new Liberal Government of Manitoba did not dwell in a cave of harmony. The radical, progressive and restless Attorney-General failed to give Hon. Thomas Greenway the reverence due to the head of a Government. Mr. Greenway naturally regarded himself as worthy of all reverence. He was slow to believe that a man of his weight and fluent eloquence had derived all his power from the courageous activity of Joseph Martin, who, at this stage of his career, might have answered Bagehot's description of Lord Brougham :

"If he were a horse nobody would buy him; with that eye no one could answer for his temper, such men are often not really resolute, but they are not pleasant to be near in a difficulty. They have an aggressive eagerness which is formidable. They would kick against the goad sooner than not kick at all. A little of the demon is excellent for an agitator."

An agitator among office-holders was Joseph Martin in the Manitoba Government. The story goes that Thomas Greenway first learned that his Government was committed to the abolition of the French language in the Separate Schools from the newspaper reports of his Attorney-General's latest speech. Having created the issue which was destined to throw the Conservative



PHOTO BY STEELE & CO., WINNIPEG.

THE HON. JOSEPH MARTIN.

party out of power at Ottawa, Joseph Martin still wanted to go faster and farther than his sluggish leader would travel, and he carried himself and his ambitions out of the Government back to the law office, where he waited his chance to break into Dominion politics.

At the general election of 1891, Hon. T. M. Daly was elected by a comfortable majority over Joseph Martin, in Selkirk. In 1893 the Hon. Hugh John Macdonald resigned the seat for Winnipeg, which he had carried in 1891 by a great majority over Isaac Campbell, Q. C. Canadian Liberalism was then dwelling amid "the graves, worms and epitaphs" of that crushing series of defeats in the bye-elections of 1892. The Winnipeg Liberals, who are now highest in the favour of their leaders at

Ottawa, thought that it would be a great stroke of policy to let the bye-election go by default. The Conservatives would then never have the heart to oppose the local Government which had been the means of giving them the Dominion seat for Winnipeg without a fight. In their extremity the Liberal stalwarts turned to Joseph Martin as a leader who always preferred war to peace. He took the field and was elected by a large majority.

The victory in Winnipeg was almost the first sign of light in the skies which had been dark with the party's record of defeat in the bye-elections. The

Government felt the blow and Sir John Thompson revealed his bitterness when he publicly wished Wilfrid Laurier "joy of his black Tarte and his yellow Martin." Joseph Martin was unawed by the superior character of the assemblage at Ottawa. In his first speech he smote Sir John Thompson and fervently declared his faith in Wilfrid Laurier. The Laurier leadership was then in its experimental stage and people in Ontario and the west, who distrusted the French-Canadian leader, were reassured by the sentiments of the man whom they admired on his record as the friend of national schools and the enemy of the dual language.

There was no monotony in the parliamentary career of Joseph Martin, or

in the succeeding years which recorded his defeat in Winnipeg, his exclusion from the Dominion Government, his departure for British Columbia, his sudden rise and his equally sudden fall in the politics of that Province. It is hard to determine the rights and wrongs of the late controversy in the British Columbia Cabinet. Joseph Martin seems to have erred at the expense of his own ambition when he joined hands with Messrs. Semlin and Cotton. A coalition between the Conservative wing of the Semlin-Cotton party and the adherents of the Turner Government would then have been the end of the crisis created by the dismissal of Hon. J. H. Turner in 1898. If Joseph Martin had not been urged to place himself at the mercy of his colleagues by accepting the place of Attorney-General in their Government, he would have had his chance to show what he could do as leader of a united Opposition. The windows of Joseph Martin's future in British Columbia are now darkened, but the reverses which his enemies describe as the climax of his final bankruptcy, may simply give him time to take stock.

It is a misfortune that the large elements of public usefulness in the character of the strong man are not associated with the gracious manners and the conciliatory ways which are the stock in trade of the office-holder. The fanaticism of subsidy-hunting greed has made the most of Joseph Martin's lack of gracious manners and conciliatory ways. He has been cursed as a demagogue by the alien mining brokers and the English promoters, who blame him exclusively for the wise and just eight-hour law which was introduced in the name of the united Government, and unanimously adopted by the Legislature. Fanaticism is supposed to be the characteristic of religious zealots and prohibitionists. The bigotry of commerce is more to be dreaded by the faithful public man than the bigotry of creeds. The politician who gets in front of a scheme for raiding the public resources, may be forgotten by the people whom he has enriched, but he

will never be forgiven by the interests which he has offended.

Patriots who yearn to get rich "developin' the undeveloped resources of the country," recognize Joseph Martin as an enemy to be dreaded. The bosses who wish to figure as a power behind the throne of a weak Cabinet Minister, denounce him as an impossibility, and corporations which fool every Opposition and fatten on every Government, are enemies to the advancement of a public man who plays for the people in battalions, and sometimes needlessly irritates individuals. The mistakes of a strong man who is useful to the people, are more widely advertised than the crimes of a weak man who is useful to his friends and backers. The fury of jealousy, inside the party, the whispering of all the sordid influences which profit by weakness in public affairs, could not prevail against Joseph Martin if he ruled his own spirit. He was denounced for bringing the Northern Pacific into Manitoba, but the enemies who insisted that there was a "steal" for him in a scheme which gave that alien corporation a gross subsidy of \$1,650 per mile from all sources, can estimate the truly enormous profits of these modern schemes which bleed the Provincial and Dominion treasuries for subsidies at the rate of \$10,000 and \$16,000 and upwards per mile in land and money.

The cautious place-man who is afraid to breathe without speculating as to the probable effect of the next breath on his own political future is the curse of Canada. The Liberal party which should be led by politicians in the best sense is coming more and more under the control of place-men in the worst sense. Joseph Martin is not a place-man, but he would do well to tincture his courage with a slight infusion of the place-man's virtue of caution, not for the sake of making friends with the influences which will never be in favour of any strong man, but to conciliate people who are in sympathy with his aims.

Long-range prophecy is never easy

and at this time and distance it is hard to tell whether or not recent events have put up the shutters on the public career of Joseph Martin. The Dominion Government dreads his ascendancy, but its influence is limited in a province where the party yoke rests lightly on the necks of the people. His seat in the Legislature is not vacant. He still retains the genius which can turn a popular grievance into a winning issue. Infirmities which repel individuals are

associated with the rugged honesty, strength and courage which attract the masses, and it is early yet to write the obituary of the man whose leading characteristic was thus described by the late Rev. Alexander Grant, of Winnipeg: . . . "———would give up a dozen principles for one job, but Joseph Martin would give up a dozen jobs for one principle."

John R. Robinson.

TWO SONNETS.

TO——

For thee, who hast through all my happy years
Walked generously at my side, and sought
In fields, the flower, and in books, the thought
That most ennobled, and who in my ears
Hast always sung the melody that cheers
Us on to toil, for thee, my hands have wrought
With eagerness and still have fashioned naught
That freed thy smile and prisoned fast thy tears.

Thus having nothing fit, I turn and see
In this sweet moment, clear though fugitive,
A cup of golden joy held out to me—
And do beseech God now to rather give
That gracious drink of life to gladden thee
That in thy joy most joyful I may live.

Evelyn Durand.

IN REPLY.

It has been said his lot is poor indeed
Who looks on happiness through other's eyes.
We fancy joy our due, nor recognize
That God's apportionment has been decreed
In measure that transcends our daily need,
Fulfilling the deep truth which satisfies
The human heart, and yields, though otherwise,
In good to one we love, that which we plead.

Beloved, I feel as one who takes at eve
His way, not sadly, eastward towards the night,
And knows that on his front the shadows cleave,
While glorious behind him streams the light
On one who passes faring to the west.
Oh, day most glad to me, to thee most blest.

Laura B. Durand.

Toronto, June, 1899.

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A ROMANCE.

By Joanna E. Wood, Author of "The Untempered Wind", "Judith Moore", etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Sidney Martin, a young Bostonian, is visiting the Lansing farm. Mr. Lansing is a widower, but has living with him his daughter Vashti and his niece Mabella, two very charming maidens. Lansing Lansing, a cousin of both these girls, is in love with sweet, honest Mabella; while Sidney becomes enamoured of the proud, stately Vashti. But Vashti is in love with her cousin Lansing, or "Lanty," as he is called, and she is deadly jealous of Mabella's happiness. In this state of mind she accepts Sidney's attentions, and ultimately decides to marry him. She makes him promise, however, that he will never take her away from Dole, the little village close at hand, and asks him also to train himself for the position of successor to the Rev. Mr. Didymus, the present Congregational minister and sole clergyman of the village. Vashti's idea is that as wife of the minister she will be mistress of Dole with all the power for which her flinty, worldly soul craves. And when this "Daughter of Witches" so influences this nature-worshipping young man that he consents to enter the holy profession, she feels that her hour of vengeance will not be long delayed. Two years afterwards, at the death-bed of the Rev. Mr. Didymus, Sidney and Vashti are married. Lanty and Mabella had been united some time previously. As minister of Dole, Sidney won the adoration of his people with his sweet and winning sermons. But slowly and steadily his wife weaves about him her hypnotic meshes until she has him almost absolutely under her control. Then her day of vengeance seems at hand—she is preparing to pour the vials of her wrath on her friends and relations.

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE are certain flowers which, when placed with other blossoms, choke and stifle and wither them by some evil emanation so subtle that it cannot be analyzed. The heliotrope is one of the flowers which murder other blooms. As with flowers so with spirits. Which of us that is at all sensitive to psychic influences but has felt at one time or another the devitalizing influence of certain personalities, and one can readily imagine how continuous, how fatal such an influence would be, when the eyes were so blinded by love that they could neither perceive the evil plainly nor guess its genesis at all. And sometimes thinking of these things, one wonders if the old, weird tales of vampires and were wolves are not cunning allegories instead of meaningless myths, invented by men who, searching the subtleties of soul and spirit, discerned this thing, but living in times when it was not wise to prate too familiarly of the invisible, had been fain to cloak their discovery in a garb less mystic.

But if the strife be wrapped in mys-

tery the effect upon the subjective spirit is very visible.

Many of the Dole people eyed their pastor anxiously as he arose to address them the next Sunday, for he was very dear to them. Dole was not prone to let its affections go out to strangers. Life was very pinched and stinted in Dole, and it would seem almost as if their loves were meagre as their lives; at their repasts there was rarely much more than would go round, and perhaps they remembered better the injunction against giving the children's meat to the dogs, than they did the command to love thy neighbour as thyself. That great luxury of the poor—loving—they did not half enjoy, but bounded their affections as they did their fields.

Between Dole and strangers there was usually an insurmountable barrier of mutual incomprehension. It was, indeed, difficult to find the combination which opened the Dole heart, but Sidney had done it.

He was a very tender pastor to his people; whatever doubts, whatever questionings, whatever fears troubled

and tormented his own soul he permitted none of them to disturb the peace of the doctrine he preached. These people striving with irresponsive barren acres, and bending wearily above hopeless furrows, were told how they might lighten the labours both of themselves and others, and promised places of green pastures and running brooks. The gates of their visionary celestial city were flung wide to them, and in the windows of the heavenly mansion cheering lamps were lit.

Was this false doctrine? Perhaps. Protestants are fond of saying with a sneer that Catholicism is a very "comfortable religion." The implication would seem to be that a religion is not to be chosen because of its consolations. Therefore, it is perhaps regrettable that Sidney's preachment to Dole was so pronouncedly a message of "sweetness and light."

His hearers loved him, and looked upon his unministerial ways with a tolerance which surprised themselves; often, as he passed upon these long, seemingly aimless walks which Dole could not comprehend, a hard-wrought man would pause in his work, straighten himself and look after him wistfully even as the eyes of the fishermen followed The Galilean, or a weary woman would stand in her doorway until such time as he drew near, and then, with some little excuse upon her lips, arrest his steps for a moment, to turn away comforted by the benediction of his mere presence.

Nor was Sidney insensible of, or irresponsible to this output of affection. He felt the full force of it, and returned to them their measure heaped up and running over. And for a time the comfort of the mutual feeling helped to sustain his spirit, fainting beneath the burden of morbid introspection, and sapped by the ignorantly exercised power of his wife, for, not understanding the influence she wielded, Vashti used it rashly. Suggestion was superimposed upon suggestion until the centre of his mental gravity was all but lost, and in his walks he often paused bewildered at the upspringing of cer-

tain things within his mind, grasping at the elusive traces of his vanishing individuality.

The hour is past when these things might be scoffed at; the old legends have given place to scientific data more marvellous than the myths they discredit. The law has recognized the verity of these things, and justice has vindicated its decision with the extreme fiat of death. Alas, the justice of men is for those who kill the body; it cannot reach those who murder the mind.

The church was unusually crowded when Sidney arose. It had been hinted abroad that Ann Serrup was to be there, and Dole stirred with pleasurable anticipation, for Ann Serrup was an unregenerate individual so far as religion was concerned.

It was related of her that once at a revival meeting in Brixton, when the fiery revivalist of that place, Mr. Hackles, approached her, asking in sepulchral tones where she expected to go when she died, Ann replied, unmoved, that she would go "to where they put her," a response calculated, in the mind of Mrs. Ranger, to bring a "judgment onto her."

The Rev. Hackles denounced her as a vessel of wrath and designated her as chaff ready to be cast into the fire, but Ann sat dreamily through it all, and, as Lanty related afterwards, "never turned a hair." And this was when she bore no other shame than the stigma of being a Serrup, and therefore predestined to evil, and now she was coming to Dole church. What would their gentle pastor say?

It was a sweet summer day. Mabella and little Dorothy sat by a window, and the yellow sunshine lingered about the two yellow heads, and reached out presently to Lanty's curls when he entered a little later.

Vashti, white and stately, entered with Sally and took her place in the conspicuous pew set aside for the preachers. Sally behaved herself demurely enough in church now, but such is the force of habit that the eyes of all the juveniles in Dole were bent steadily upon the preacher's pew, for in Sally

their childish instinct and experience told them there were possibilities, and indeed, to be strictly truthful, it must be confessed that now and then, at decent intervals, Sally treated them to a surreptitious grimace worth watching for.

Mrs. Ranger sat in the body of the church, with the expression of one who perceives an evil odour. This expression was assumed with her Sunday bonnet and laid aside with it. Indeed, Mrs. Ranger thought too much both of her Sunday bonnet and her religious principles to use either of them on week days.

Temperance and Nathan sat alone in a pew well back. It was reported in Dole that they had been seen to look at each other in church, but that was doubtless one of Mrs. Ranger's slanders. Temperance would have been the last to do anything scandalous.

The whole congregation waited.

Sidney was finding his places in the books. This was always an irritating spectacle in Dole, but was forgiven like Sidney's other delinquencies. Dole liked to see the preacher open his Bible with the abrupt air of one seeking a sign from whence to draw his inspiration for the forthcoming sermon. The Dole children had wont to have animated arguments as to whether old Mr. Didymus knew where he was about to open the book or whether his text came to him in the nature of a surprise. If so then they marvelled that he should so readily find the bit. Young Tom Shinar had once declared that Mr. Didymus found the place beforehand and substantiated his statement by saying he had seen little ends of white paper sticking out of the big Bible on the pulpit. But this was coming it too strong for even the most hardened of his adherents, and until Tom rehabilitated himself by thrashing a Brixton boy who said the Brixton church was bigger than the Dole tabernacle, he ran a great risk of finding himself isolated as sacriligious people have often been before his time.

To see their preacher searching for his places before their eyes was a most

trying spectacle, and no preacher save one of extraordinary confidence in himself and his vocation would have risked bringing himself thus near the level of mortal man. Sidney surmounted this danger nobly, but Dole gave a sigh of relief, as much perhaps for its preacher as itself, when Sidney after a final flutter of the pages laid down his books, and rising looked down lovingly upon his people; and just as this crisis was reached the door moved a little, wavered on its double hinges, closed, opened again, and finally admitted Ann Serrup, holding her baby in her arms and cowering behind his little form as though it were protection instead of a disgrace. Poor Ann! her *bravado* vanished at the critical moment and left her dazed, frightened, shamed, given into the hands of her enemies, or so it seemed to her. Now the curiosity of Dole over Ann's appearance had been such that there was not one single seat, so far, at least, as she could see, but what held someone. And to advance under the fire of those curious eyes into any of these seats uninvited was more than Ann dare do. Sidney, with the lack of affectation which characterized him, looked about to see the cause of the concentrated gaze of his congregation, and saw a slim, frightened looking woman standing just within the church door, holding a baby to her breast so tightly that the bewildered child was beginning to rebel against the restraint of the embrace.

Sidney's swift intuitions grasped at once that this was a new comer, a stranger within their gates. He looked towards Vashti—Vashti was looking at the congregation as if expecting one or other of them to do something. Sidney reflected that it might not be Dole etiquette for the minister's wife to move in such a matter, then he turned to his congregation and said in a voice suggestive of disappointment, "Will not one of you offer a seat to our new sister?"

The effect was electrical.

The Rangers, Smilies, Simpsons, and all their ilk rose at the summons. Ann followed Mr. Simpson up the aisle,

but just as she nearly reached the Simpson pew she gave an imploring look at Mabella. Mabella returned an encouraging smile, and Ann darted to Mabella's pew like a rabbit flying to cover. Mr. Simpson felt the defecation and resumed his seat feeling he had been "done," and inclined to think Lanty and Mabella had usurped the privileges of the deaconship.

Nathan and Temperance gave a sigh of relief. The moment Ann entered the church each had longed to bring the forlorn girl to their seat, but a kind of shyness had fallen upon these two elderly lovers since their marriage; retracing the steps of their love dream, they were overtaken now and then by the awkward hesitations of youth.

Ann put the neatly dressed child down on the seat by Dorothy, and the two babies eyed each other in the frankly questioning manner of innocence.

The congregation recovered, at least outwardly, its equanimity, and Sidney's clear, sweet voice said, "Let us pray," and after an instant's pause uttered a brief invocation to the spirit of Truth and Holiness to descend upon their waiting hearts.

The hymn was sung, and then having read the chapter Sidney closed the Bible and began to speak.

Afterwards when all Sidney's sermons were passed in review, it was remembered that during this discourse he kept his eyes fixed upon the face of his wife, and never once bent his gaze upon his congregation, the congregation which, gathered there full of trust that their spiritual wounds would be bound up, suddenly awakened to the fact that their beloved preacher was smiting them with the cold steel of spiritual condemnation.

This man who had been so ready to empty the vials of healing love upon their bruises, this man in whose hand the spiritual olive branch had blossomed like Aaron's rod that budded, this man whose gentle human sympathy had wiled forth the secrets of the most obdurate, this man had turned and was rending them.

He took for his text "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," and ere long the faces before him were piteous.

Never had Sidney spoken as he spoke that day; spurred on, it would seem, by an irresistible inspiration he cried to them "woe—woe." His fiery words seared their hearts as flame scorches flesh, beneath the burden of his bitter eloquence their spirits fainted. Nor was he content with generalizations, for with striking parallel and unmistakable comparison he illustrated his meaning with incidents from their own lives. Dole had never known how completely their preacher had been in their confidence till he turned traitor and dragged forth the skeletons of their griefs to point the moral of his denunciations.

Beneath it all they sat silent as those mute before a terrible judge, only the swift and piteous changes of expression showed when his barbed shafts struck home. These old men and women were suddenly smitten with the thought that their children who had "gone wrong" were only scapegoats for their parent's sins, sent by them into the wilderness, with a mocking garland of religious training, to take away *their* reproach before the eyes of the world. But though the scapegoat might delude the attention of the world, it did not divert the gaze of the Almighty from their sin-stained souls. Impatched by their preacher's almost personal denunciations, these poor worn old men and women found themselves convicted of, and responsible for, their own and their children's sins. The ghosts of all the bye-gone scandals in Dole rose from the shades, and for once, parading boldly before the face of all men, fastened upon their victims.

Sudden deaths were pronounced to be judgments upon hidden sin, and Mary Shinar's blanched face was wrung when she recalled her saintly father, who was found dead in his field with the whetstone in his hand to sharpen his scythe, that other reaper, whose sickle is always keen, had cut him down without warning. Mary tried to

remember what old Mr. Didymus had said about the Lord coming quickly to those whom He loveth, but she could not, she could only writhe under the shadow of a dreadful uncertainty. Death-bed repentances were mocked at as unworthy and unacceptable cowardice, and old Henry Smilie's jaw set, for his son, dead these fifteen years now, had acknowledged between the spasms of the death agony that he had erred and gone astray, and when a merciful interlude of peace was granted him before the end, he spent his last breaths whispering forth prayers to the Saviour whom his life had denied, and when he slept with a kind of unearthly peace and light upon his worn young face, old Mr. Didymus had spoken of those who through many deep waters at last win safe haven, and his father, ground to the earth by heart-breaking toil, wearied by the reproachful tongue of a scolding wife, looked beyond the horizon of this life to that moment when, transfigured from out the semblance of his sins, he should see his only son again. And now — But Sidney having planted the empoisoned spear in his weary old heart, had turned to other things and was speaking with strange white-faced fervour of the future.

The congregation had up to this instant rested in spellbound silence, but, as leaving the dead past he entered the hopeful realms of the future and proceeded to lay them waste with the most merciless forebodings, a long suspiration, half moan, half sigh swept about the church, spending itself like a hiss of shame in the corners, and coming vaguely to Sidney's ears, unnoticed at the moment, but to be remembered afterwards in agony of spirit. He made no pause, but continuing in the tense tone of a man who only veils his meaning because it must be veiled, and *wills* that his words be understood, he pictured forth all the terrors which awaited the child of the shamed mother and the child of the drunkard; with pitiless imagery he suggested the inevitability of the fate which awaited them. He denounced in bitter terms

the sin of giving children such a heritage, and following out his argument with rigid Calvinistic logic he left little hope of good for the victims of this inheritance. Of all the portions of this bitter sermon, this was the most scathing, and a silence like the silence of the grave fell upon his hearers.

The faces of Temperance and Nathan were wrung with generous, impersonal pain and they held each other's hands fast clasped, fearing for Mabella, who, her face working with keen, mother anguish, looked at the stony face of her torturer as a lamb might regard the knife which slays it; Ann Serrup, dazed, half stupefied by the storm which beat upon her, had only sufficient intelligence left to shrink from the wounds which followed thick and fast, as a person freezing to death may yet feel the icy rain dashing in his face.

Lanty sat at the end of the pew a terrible expression of self-reproach in his eyes, his head held erect, his shoulders squared as one who receives the righteous recompense of his sins. But quickening all this endurance into agony was the thought of Mabella, he knew so well what she was suffering.

And, lifted up trustingly, in the midst of these pain-drawn faces, like flowers looking up from amid stones, were the faces of the two children, Dorothy and little Reub.

Having finished their scrutiny of each other they had joined hands and sat silent, looking up wonderingly at the preacher.

Upon their faces there was still the courage and hardihood seen upon the faces of all infants, alas, it is not long before it fades away, abashed by the unconscious recognition of life's terrors. To those who see it, this bravery, the bravery of supreme ignorance, is poignantly touching. And of all that congregation only these two children dared look the preacher confidently in the face.

And yet there was one other. Vashti Lansing, sitting in the extreme corner of the pew, and facing her husband, had never taken her eyes from his face, nor withdrawn her gaze from his.

Her face was white like his, drawn as if by the intensity of concentrated thought.

Seemingly unconscious of the troubled faces about her, yet seeing every variation in their agony, she listened to her own thoughts voiced by Sidney's tongue, she heard her own bitterness translated into words of fatal eloquence.

By the force of her suggestion these ideas, these images, had been impressed upon the mind of her husband, and he read the symbols aloud to his terrified congregation mechanically, only swayed by the more or less exigent manner in which the thoughts had been suggested to him. And sitting thus, Vashti Lansing saw her own soul face to face.

Surely there must have been something in its dark reflection to terrify this daring woman, surely her heart must have trembled before the magnitude of her triumph, before the spectacle of the misery she had wrought, but if she indeed felt these things she gave no sign. Indeed it would seem as if this woman had suffered so much in secret, over her balked desire, that she had gone mad of misery, and as some serpents when wounded strike savagely at stones and trees and even at their own coils, so Vashti, in her hour of power, did not care who she wounded, if so that she could vent her venom and see upon the faces of others some reflex of the agony which had so long lain at her heart.

We cannot explain these things, nor dare we judge of them, for to take judgment upon us is to be ourselves condemned.

Sidney's voice was growing weaker, and finally, with a last scathing rebuke, which was perhaps more of a sneer than a reproof, he sat down, his stern, white face sinking out of sight behind the high pulpit desk.

After a few moments, which seemed a century to the racked congregation, he rose, but the face which they saw was no longer the stern face of the relentless man who had so tortured them. The gentle grey eyes had re-

gained their kindness, the sensitive mouth its sweetness, the lofty brow was no longer black with condemnation, but bright with beneficence; no longer stern with portents of wrath, but grave with reverent responsibility. He gave out the hymn in his usual way and it was sung haltingly, and then with outstretched hands he blessed his people.

But they wanted none of his blessings. They had trusted him and he had betrayed them into the clutch of their own fears.

It was the custom in Dole for the congregation and preacher to rest a moment or two in silence after the final Amen of the benediction, and after that there were greetings at the church door; but to-day, whilst Sidney's bowed head rested upon his hands he heard hurrying feet crowding to the door, and when he raised his head and descended the short pulpit stairs, he found the church empty, he looked about in amazement.

"Why, Vashti," he said in surprise, "where have they all gone?"

"I don't know whatever has possessed them," she said, although she knew only too well. "But they all hurried out pell-mell."

"How strange," said Sidney wonderingly. Vashti looked at him curiously, by this time they were on the porch. It was empty. Those who walked to church had taken their departure, fleeing as from a place accursed. Those who had to wait for the men to bring round the democrat waggons in which they had come from a distance, accompanied the men round to the sheds and, mounting into the vehicles there, drove off rapidly.

Ann Serrup had waited barely till she got to the church door, and then turning with blazing eyes to Mabella she demanded how she had dared bring her there to be mocked at, the poor tow of Ann's passion was fairly ablaze, but something in Mabella's face quieted her, and with an evil word for the preacher, flung out recklessly from the reservoir of sinful knowledge—Ann departed.

Amid the brief babel of condemnation which had preceded the general departure, the voice of Temperance was the only one raised to stem the flood of popular indignation.

"Perhaps 'twas laid onto him to speak so," said Temperance. "I have heard tell of these things."

"Well," said Mr. Simpson indignantly, "them things is more enjoyable by hearsay. 'Twas disgraceful! that's what it was,—" and then he made off, but Temperance, staunch old Temperance, stood her ground, and spoke to Vashti and Sidney as they emerged. But Sidney was wearied out and bewildered by the sudden defection of his people, and so had little to say, and when they reached the little gate the two couples separated and took different roads; the windows and doors were closed in all the houses which Vashti and Sidney passed as they went to the parsonage. Vashti realized that never had she been so identified with her husband as she was that day by the eyes which peeped out of the re-opened doors behind them.

Dole had withdrawn itself from its preacher. It had been hard to win out, but it retired to its shell with a promptitude which suggested that it had never been quite comfortable out of it.

"I can't understand it," said Sidney. "It seems extraordinary. I did not preach too long, did I?"

"No, indeed," said Vashti; "you spoke splendidly."

His face glowed like that of a child which has been praised; he passed his hand vaguely across his brow.

"I am so glad you are pleased," he said. "It was your sermon, you know. It seemed to me I was saying just what you would wish."

"Yes, of course you did," said Vashti as they entered the parsonage gate, then, hesitatingly, she said:

"Have you got it written down?"

"No, oh no—I, the fact is I don't seem to remember what I preached about. How strange! But no matter if you were pleased at the time. I would not care to submit my theology to your tests, my dear."

They were by this time standing together in the little study.

Moved by a sudden tenderness Vashti laid her face against his sleeve.

"I think," she said, "you are better than anyone."

A great joy illumined his face, he put his arms about her, for a moment his old self reasserted itself.

"My dear," he said, "are you well? Why, Vashti, how thin you have grown!"

She looked up at him with great hollow grey eyes.

"Thin!" she said, and laughed discordantly; "what should the preacher's wife have to make her thin?"

"You are well and happy?" he asked.

"Both, am I not first lady in Dole?"

"You are First and Only Queen of my heart," he said tenderly. "That's your name and title."

And just then Sally came to say the table was ready, and slipping away from his encircling arms Vashti led the way to the table.

As the afternoon waned, Sidney's nervousness increased. He strove to remember his sermon, and wandered restlessly about the house. At length he came to Vashti where she sat, book in hand, but busy with her own thoughts.

"I'm really worried over the people leaving so to-day," he said. "Can it be that they are disappointed in me?"

"Why no," said Vashti, then asking a question which had been on the tip of her tongue all day: "Can't you remember *anything* of your sermon?"

"Not a word," said Sidney, "isn't it strange?"

"Oh, its just a freak of memory," she said.

"Oh, I don't mind that," said Sidney, "but the worrying part is that I seem to remember that I was harsh, that I said cruel things and used the facts you have told me about their own lives to drive in the nails of a cruel argument. Did I do that? Oh,

Vashti, tell me. I spoke, it seemed to me, filled with your spirit, so surely I could not have been brutal to them. It is an evil dream."

His pale face was strained with the pain of his thoughts. Vashti was alarmed by the distress upon his countenance. She rose and took him by the hand.

"Lie down, Sidney," she said, "and have a little rest. You are troubling yourself needlessly. Dole is full of freakish people. Temperance has quarrelled with all the women about something and they may have rushed off to avoid some dispute. Your flock think you are perfect. Sleep Sidney and forget these troubles. You are too sensitive." He suffered himself to be led to the green leather couch and stretched himself upon it wearily. She bent above him, passing her strong magnetic hands across his brow, looking at him with almost pitiful eyes. Her pity was that of a vivisector who dares sympathize with the dumb creature he tortures.

Sidney looked up at her between the passes of her waving hands. For an instant his face was glorified, and he saw her again as he had seen her that first day on the old porch of the Lansing house, with her fingers shining like ivory in the sun, and her noble head set like a cameo upon the green background of wild cucumber vine which draped the porch.

He saw her thus, his first, last love, and then closed his eyes and floated forth upon the cloud of golden memory into the dreamless realm of a hypnotic sleep with her voice whispering, it seemed within his very soul, saying "Sleep and forget, sleep and forget." And he slept.

It was dusk. Vashti Lansing let herself out of the parsonage, for a wild hour was coming upon her, the proud, impatient despairing spirit was clamouring at her lips for utterance, and she felt as perhaps every married woman feels sometimes that her home afforded her no sanctuary safe from her husband's intrusion.

And so softly closing the door she

fled out into the night, and as her agitation increased, the moonless night deepened, and lighted only by a few wan stars she fled along the country road, her turmoil of spirit translated into physical energy. And presently she found herself opposite the gaunt boulders of mullein meadow. Its hopelessness suited her mood. She entered it, and wandering amid its dreary boulders she crucified herself with memories.

As a stoic who longs to know the extent of his endurance she forced herself to pass where she had trodden through the furnace, but she did not linger, for deny the fact as she might, Vashti Lansing was no longer the superbly strong woman she had been.

As the "elm tree dies in secret from the core," so Vashti Lansing's strength had been sapped unseen.

She turned dizzily away from the circle of boulders and wandered on, away to the other end of mullein meadow, and there sank down upon a little knoll known far and near as witches' hill, for it was here, so tradition said, that the unholy fires had been lit to torture the life out of cross-grained old women, with perhaps no worse tempers than their judges, but a poorer art in concealing them. It was because of these executions that mullein meadow was cursed with barrenness, so said the old story, but Dole, concerned with the practical things of food and raiment, did not trouble its head about old tales, only the school children kept the story alive, daring each other to cross mullein meadow at twilight, or to bring back a stone from witches' hill, for there was a strange outcropping of stone here different from any in the district.

Vashti sat beneath the wan sky solitary upon one of these stones. She knew well the reputation of the place, but felt a perverse delight in carrying her tortured heart to the spot where the old Vashti had suffered.

Surely her imperious will, her lawless pride, her revengeful spirit, were as stern judges as those who haled her ancestress to her death.

She sighed aloud, and a wind sprung up and caught the breath and wandered with it up and down the dreary field, till all its barrenness seemed to be complaining to the pitiless heavens of the blight laid upon it.

Vashti rose to depart. As she turned away the wind wailed after her and mullein meadow seemed to cry aloud for its child to be given back to its stony bosom.

Taking no thought that she might be seen, Vashti crossed to the road, and just as she mounted the fence she heard a cry of terror and saw two figures dash away. The shock to her tense nerves was terrible. She sank to the ground and it was some time ere she regained strength to go on, and when she did, skulking cautiously this time in the shadow of the rough stone fence, she encountered no one.

She reached home, stole into the house and went to Sidney's room where he was reading calmly and cheerfully.

So the day ended in outward calm at the parsonage. Two days later Vashti smiled palely when Mabella, who was a timorous and superstitious little soul,

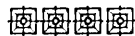
told her how all Dole was terrified because old Mr. Simpson and young Ab Ranger, going past mullein meadow, had seen the ghost of a witch descend from witches' hill and come straight towards them. They stood their ground till it began to cross the fence, and then they owned frankly they fled, whereupon it vanished into the earth.

It was described as a very tall, black robed spectre.

Mabella shuddered as she related this story and her attitude was typical of the attitude of the whole village. This apparition appearing upon the same day that Sidney had preached his terrible sermon reduced Dole to a state of consternation. What was coming upon them? Mrs. Ranger, whose belief in and reference to "judgments" was very strong, felt an awesome premonition that a general judgment was in close proximity, and prepared herself for it according to her lights by making up with Temperance and giving Ann Serrup a petticoat.

Having thus hedged as best she could, Mrs. Ranger gave herself up to lugubrious anticipation.

(To be concluded in October.)



FLOWER OF THE PRAIRIE LAND.

Flower of the prairie land !
 Whose was the fairy hand
 Planted you, tended you, brought you in view ?
 Who held the fairy spade
 With which your bed was made ?
 Whose hand such skill displayed fashioning you ?

Flower of the prairie land !
 Was there a fairy band
 All the long day and night waiting on you ?
 Found they your hiding place ?
 Washed they your pretty face,
 Bringing forth tints apace, with magic dew ?

Mekiwini, Manitoba.

John Duff.

THE PEOPLE OF PARLIAMENT HILL.

SECOND PAPER.

By Charles Lewis Share.

"HALF-a-dozen pocket boroughs a side wouldn't be a bad thing for the House," muttered the Bone and Sinew as he looked down from the gallery on the bald heads and uncomfortable postures of the majority of the members. "Statesmen are made. They are not born that way. A *nisi prius* lawyer, a mill owner, or a country doctor doesn't bud into a statesman over night. You have to catch a man young to give his mind a statesmanlike turn. Six or seven constituencies in the pocket of each leader would have good results. The different interests, classes and localities throughout Canada are sufficiently represented to afford trained parliamentarians. But this is the age of rule-of-three democracy and its evils. Even among big men this lack of training is noticeable. Edward Blake conducted a debate as if he were moving for an order for further directions. Mr. Fielding talks as if he were writing a *Globe* editorial. E. B. Osler acts as if he were at a board meeting, and John Haggart sits as if he were waiting his turn at billiards."

A member from the back benches rose to speak, and he listened. The House didn't. "This is the second time he has spoken this week," whispered Jack, "and if he has any sense it will be the last." The new member, he was obviously new, talked all around the point under discussion, and the newspapers rustled throughout the chamber. He rehashed the leading feature of his leader's speech, and there was much coughing, a few chaffing interruptions, and a desk or two noisily slammed; and before he had got thoroughly into the hustings campaign peroration, he sat down overwhelmed by the roars of laughter on all sides.

"You are answered," I said, "a man finds his level pretty quickly down there."

"Yes," answered Jack, "but the level is pretty far from high water mark. A man," he continued nautically, "may get his sea legs on the ship of state in a short time if he is worth anything, and if not, why he merely holds his berth. But something more is required in navigation than sending a man below for making a lubberly nuisance of himself. And it strikes me that a ship may be decently officered and still undermanned. A few more A.B.'s scattered around the decks would make the work easier for everybody."

John Ross Robertson was up, spoke for ten minutes, said everything that he had to say, knew when he had said it, and sat down. The House had listened, and when Dr. Sproule took a big breath and began to enter eruditely into things in general, and the members resumed their correspondence and newspapers, Jack went on: "That is something near the thing I mean, although not exactly. Outside of the boys from the training ships the best material obtainable for the British navy is from the North Sea Fisheries. They are not exactly disciplined, but they are good seamen, accustomed to hardships, bad weather and—and—well they know which way the wind blows, anyway. Newspaperdom bears somewhat a similar relation to the House that the North Sea Fleet does to Her Majesty's navy. When a North Sea fisherman does his work it is done. He doesn't think it necessary to go prancing over every spar on the ship to haul the jib-sheet—" Dr. Sproule was still speaking and McMullen was interrupting—"A newspaper

man when he makes a speech or writes an editorial shuts up. He has acquired the habit keeping his paper alive. W. F. McLean, like the fisherman, may be inclined to be free, saucy and independent, and to think he knows as much as the captain—and maybe he does. At any rate, he does his work ship-shape, and doesn't hollystone decks all afternoon when he should be on the lookout."

The Bone and Sinew resented the punning insinuation that he was "at sea," but he came back to earth. "The fact that the newspaper men in the House have journals in which they have every opportunity at all times of setting themselves straight with their constituents may explain to some extent the brevity of their pointed speeches, but the real reason is their editorial training. They know when a thing is said. The speeches of the late Tom White probably did as much for the National policy as any one thing. The independence of the *Edmonton Bulletin* is echoed in Frank Oliver's straightforward remarks in the House. By the way," said the Bone and Sinew, not too reverently, "the voice of that man Oliver is beginning to be considered somewhat as the voice of one calling in the wilderness—as one that earnestly delivers the message of the West—the West on which the future of Canada depends. The message is a big one. Luckily, Oliver is a man accustomed to boil down messages in a newspaper 12x18. Nicholas Flood Davin wouldn't have room for his scholarly quotations from the classics in four issues. Is the Doctor still talking?"

And Dr. Sproule went on, and we went out.

The clerks of the Civil Service, the gentlemen who are fond of describing themselves as "in the Government," leaving it to the perspicacity of the outside world as to whether they administer a department or lick postage stamps, were pouring out of the different buildings. We sat on the bench nearest the street, and Jack scowled at them. If there was anything that the Bone and Sinew disliked thoroughly and unrea-

sonably it was Government clerks. I ventured to say that they were the necessary servants of the people. "Necessary evils," he ejaculated. "This life and good-conduct system has its drawbacks. They forget they are servants, imagine they are rulers, and forget to be civil. The ordinary man, who is dead sure of a life job if he signs his name every morning and afternoon, does a certain amount of routine, mechanical work and lives fairly decently, has to be a higher order of being than those who hustle after positions in the Canadian Civil Service, if they can restrain the natural insolence of human nature. But, pshaw! let them live out their little lives with their pink teas, their petty social jealousies, their tailors, their Sparks Street and their Rideau Hall invitations. Their littleness doesn't even accentuate the greatness of a Lampman and the sprinkling of big men in almost every department of the service." And, to relieve his feelings, Jack asked the shabby-genteel looking individual by his side on the bench to go over to the Russell and have a drink.

This gentleman, the anxious look in his eye changing to one of quiet, blissful content, said he was waiting to see Mr. —, the member for —, but he thought he had time. And we went into the Rotunda, and he introduced us to numerous other gentlemen with the same anxious look in their eyes, which underwent similar transformation of expression at Jack's invitation, and who were each waiting to see a member of Parliament, but thought they had time. One was waiting to see a Cabinet Minister, but he didn't put on any airs and he also had time. The complexion of the crowd, after being fifteen minutes in the bar-room, was slightly changed by the addition of several gentlemen who were waiting to see departments, whole, big departments, and who also had time. There is a lot of time scattered around a Russell House Rotunda crowd.

They have come from all parts of the broad Dominion—this flotsam and jetsam of the troubled sea of politics which lies stranded at the foot of

Parliament Hill. The bankrupt contractor who has some vague, indefinite claim regarding some half-forgotten Government work; the decapitated civil servant with a plea for superannuation; the half-respectable ex-ward heeler with lodge influence, whose demand for consideration is half a menace; the whilom wire-puller of a rural constituency, whose money is gone with his influence; the machine employee, waiting for additional work or instructions for a bye-election; the third cousins of the member; the engineers and surveyors of another regime, in hard luck; defeated candidates who spent their all in the election of quarter of a century ago; the hundred and one sorts and conditions of men that make up the camp-followers of a political party, all are there with the same anxious look in their eyes, the same hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, the same little hold or influence which they fondly and mysteriously whisper is "a pull," and the same time. There is a pathos in it all, little recked of by the prosperous portion of the crowds that lounge in the Russell Rotunda. Driftwood, derelicts on the ocean of life most of us may become, but the shore is treacherous, and the rocks of Parliament Hill court to those who, time worn and shattered, seek it as a haven. Strikingly different is the crowd made up of the successful contractor, the suave lobbyist, the favoured engineer, the departmental favourite, the portly senator, the manufacturer's delegate, the capitalist who can demand concessions, the party whip, the mill-owner, the society swell, the Yukon claim-owner and the Government member. They rub shoulders, they tramp on each other's toes, they even exchange nods, the extremes meet, but they do not flock together. *Similia similibus*. But the one is not a warning to the other that the channel is dangerous, that skilful and wary must be the pilot that brings his craft within the shelter of the Government heights.

Jack felt and spoke kindlier as we strolled up to the House that night.

He didn't even scoff at the mace. Said it was a good thing to have around. Its apparently mysterious appearance and disappearance under the table, he said, was a guide to the members on their wayward course. They knew where they were at by the position of "the bauble." It made a member feel constitutional to see the Sergeant-at-arms handle it, and as there had to be something or other to keep the members from wandering all over the shop, it might as well be done seemly and in order with the flavour of traditional custom to enhance it. The House could afford to retain an ancient practice that savoured of dignity, even if at times it approached the ludicrous, and the dignity stood out like a bump on a log.

The House had been in Committee, and it rose or did something of that kind, and the mace was under the table. There was a painful silence. The ship of State had paused in mid-ocean. The progress of Canada hesitated for a minute. A hush fell over the Commons of Canada. The Sergeant-at-arms and his assistant were both absent from the chamber. Their smokes were running concurrently, and the business of the nation was at a standstill. A cloud gathered on the Premier's brow, his Ministers stared aghast, the Opposition looked blankly at each other, and the mace still reclined under the table while the Sergeant-at-arms and his assistant kept on smoking, as Nero fiddled, and the British Constitution tottered. Britain has ever found in times of trial that she has some one for the occasion, Simon de Montfort to wrench the Magna Charta from the reluctant hands of King John, a Cromwell to dispute the divine right of a king, a William to replace a recreant ruler, a Pitt to meet a Napoleon, and Canada found a page. The boy bent under the weight of the emblem of authority, but with the light of patriotism shining in his laughing eyes, he struggled until it reclined on the table. Canada was saved. The youngster laughed and blushed in response to the

storm of applause that greeted his exploit. It is said that the Sergeant had three fits in succession when he heard of it. His assistant had only two. He knew his position. Jack quietly said: "That boy will rise in the world. Still it would be just as well not to get the boys in the habit of handling that mace. And, anyway, how would the Sergeant and his assistant earn their salaries if a twelve-year-old boy took their job off their hands."

"Still," continued Jack, "I believe in the mace. In this age, when everybody is scrambling to catch a street car, proposals are made by telegram, and a courtship conducted by telephone, it may be as well to have a few pieces of furniture like the mace strewn around to remind men that the world existed before electricity was utilized, and that human nature is not run by that magical power even at the end of this nineteenth century. It sometimes reminds the Commons that they are something more than a ward meeting. We haven't got beyond the stage where a certain amount of frills is necessary, even if the old inflated sense of honour, patches and the minuet have gone out, and the art of conversation has degenerated into "hellos" and "awfullys." You may have noticed that the men who do the most work in the House and in Committee make the least fuss about it. They never hurry things, but get there in a dignified and sedate sort of way. Look at the Senate. Certainly nearly every important measure is pretty well threshed out in the Commons before it reaches the Upper Chamber, and the senators merely have to discuss the kernel of the matter: still, they do that seriously, and without haste and confusion. They have a lot of time on their hands waiting for the Commons to catch up. On a matter of general debate the Commons might learn much from them. You ask me what I think about the abolition or reform of the Senate? Why! the newspapers are settling that. Whether the Second Chamber is reformed or not, there is no doubt that there is a growing feel-

ing throughout the country that the engine of State is running at pretty high pressure, and what with over-education—you know what I mean—practically universal suffrage, the fostering of a disinclination for manual labour in field and workshop in the people, etc., etc., the screw is sometimes apt to whiz out of water in the rise and fall of the waves of our national life. Something is liable to break when that occurs. We have struck as high rate of speed as the old ship will stand, and any conservative—I don't mean in a party sense—safeguard against reckless steering or reckless increase of that rate, is not looked on unkindly by the majority of the people of Canada, even if the safeguard is old-fashioned and cumbersome. It is not a bad idea having a body of men who have been seasoned with the political life of our country, and who are not immediately subject to the effects of every fortuitous outburst of public opinion to at least supervise our legislation. That the senators should retain their party predilections to some extent in their actions is merely to say that they are fallible men. If the Senate was filled with angels some people would kick and want young angels. But the newspapers, as I said, are settling the question of the Senate."

There was a smart speech by a young member, and we listened. There was considerable laughter, one-sided applause and an equally smart reply. "Now," said Jack, after the skirmish was over, and the House had settled down to business, "the people reading those speeches interlarded with 'laughter' and 'applause' will run away with the idea that those two members are powers in the land. The House knows differently. They are let loose because they like it, and they brighten up things. Their fellow members don't take them seriously, and look on their cuts and thrusts as being smoking-room chaff. Smartness in the House is a dangerous commodity for a member to carry around with him. If he is not something more, men only remember that he has the gift

of causing a laugh or giving a bitter retort. A jester may have the ear of the court circle, but he is allowed to hold his position. The majority of the House cannot make a joke, and some of them see one and they are dubious about him who has a quality they cannot understand. Chauncey M. Depew might have been President of the United States if it were not for his wit. Abraham Lincoln was, in spite of it. But it is a pretty dull line," Jack continued, as he looked down on the bored, tired faces in the chamber, "this member of Parliament business. Even the social life of Ottawa is dull to men of that kind—Cabinet Ministers' dinners, an occasional reception and then canoeing, tennis, afternoon teas and the Russell Rotunda. Our conditions are such that there are no big political houses, as in England, and Lady Macdonald came as near being a big political woman as any, and she has gone. It must be a rather dull, small life to the majority."

I suggested Rideau Hall, and the Bone and Sinew grew enthusiastic.

"Rideau Hall is one of the links of the chain of lighthouses that circle round the earth and mark out the British Empire. It is considerably more than a place to get an invitation to and tell your friends about. I am not dropping in off-hand, taking pot luck, frequently myself this week, but Rideau Hall is all right. It doesn't come so very high, but even if it did, we must have it. In a couple of hundred years we may be educated out of Queens, Governor-Generals, Presidents and the part, but in the meantime let us do our past respectably even if McMullen, the Patrons and the red rads draw harrowing pictures of the down-trodden Canadian farmer toiling at the self-binder, while his light-hearted wife rises before daylight, chops the kindling, lights the fire, gets the meals, feeds the pigs, works in the harvest field, churns and brings up nine children, to provide tea, cake and lemonade at a tennis party for an Ottawa Government clerk who has struggled six years to partake thereof.

The effect of the visible actual presence of Her Most Gracious Majesty's representative and the consequent State functions have a greater and more useful result. Until this wave of Imperialism, owing to the peculiar isolation of Great Britain in the politics of the world and Kiplingiana, men were only too prone to look upon the allegiance of Canada to the Motherland as being at least theoretical and at most sentimental.

Rideau Hall and the Governor-General mark seemly and with dignity the connecting link that join us to the glorious past that began with the great Alfred and includes the greatest men and the most potent events in the history of Christendom. It is something to feel that one is at least an infinitesimal part of that people, made up of Saxon, Celt and Norman, which has been ever in the vanguard of civilization. It is something to be able to claim a Cœur de Lion, a Shakespeare, a Wallace, a Burns, a Sarsfield, and a Moore as our own. A people without a history live on roots and mud, and clothe themselves in raw furs. A man without racial or national pride in the history of the past is valueless, or dangerous in the present. It doesn't do the average member of Parliament any harm if he curbs the wild longing to drink out of his fingerbowl, to trot around the galleries and drawing-rooms of Rideau. He will meet a British nobleman who is not a dissipated, reckless rake, or a seeker after an American heiress, but a courteous gentleman who understands thoroughly that he is Governor-General of Canada and the host of a representative of the Canadian people.

The member may stroll all around the grounds and feel like the Scotchman who went on board the man-of-war, that he is really one of the proprietors; but as he looks at the portraits of the past and present statesmen on the walls of the rambling corridors and quaint rooms he can also feel that to him has been given the opportunity to the extent of his heart and brain, the making or unmaking of "the greatest Empire the world has ever known."

To be concluded next month.



“Showed his little sister how he should defy old Lone Wolf,
the Indian Chief.”

A TYPICAL TENDERFOOT.

A NORTH-WEST STORY: ILLUSTRATED BY W. GOODE.

By Basil C. D'Easum.

BERNARD DALTON left his native country, which was England, for the good of his relations.

He could play cricket a little, ride a little, shoot a little, and drink Scotch and soda a great deal. He also fancied that he knew something about racehorses and cards, but as he grew older he considerably modified his opinion upon these points.

Now with all these qualifications, backed up by tireless indolence, it is strange that he should have failed “at home.”

But fail he did: then he drifted into that fatal profession of writing for money, and his form of literary work took the shape of pathetic appeals to his various relatives for loans—which should be faithfully repaid.

At length, finding that the family cow was being milked dry, he one day

suggested that possibly there might be room for his talents in the Colonies.

The Colonies, mark you, are continually being held up to the notice of parents and guardians as being full of “excellent openings” for young men. Yes, and these same openings remind me of the answer to the old riddle: “Why did Joseph’s brethren put him in the pit?” “Because they thought it would be an excellent opening for him.”

And Dalton’s friends rubbed their hands and chuckled to themselves as they remembered that the excellent opening was five thousand miles away, for it had been decided that Bernard should go to a big cattle ranch, not far from Calgary, Northwest Territory, Canada; and they chuckled again, as they thought that his letters from that place would probably be lost in the

post, which is a way that foreign letters sometimes have.

"And then and there was hurrying too and fro," and cousins, aunts and sisters united in fussing over dear Bernard's outfit; and the man who knew another man, who once knew a man whose brother went to Alaska, advised Dalton to take plenty of warm clothing. So he gathered together weird combinations of flannel and wool, shapeless garments, fearfully and wonderfully thick. Then another man, a great traveller (a "Cook's Tourist" who had actually journeyed through Canada in a C.P.R. car in July), said that all this talk about sixty degrees below zero was tommy-rot, said the country was hot, sir; what you wanted were thin suits and broad-brimmed hats.

Then came the sporting friend who talked lightly of grizzly bears, moose, buffaloes and possibly hostile Indians.

So Bernard represented to the Governor that guns were not luxuries, but positively necessary for the preservation of his life in the savage country round and about Calgary.

Now it is a law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not, that every young English tenderfoot who comes to the Wild West, shall be armed with a revolver.

Dalton had one; it is true that it was a very little one, but it looked very pretty, and he used to fondle it and listen to the musical click as he revolved the chambers and showed his little sister how he should defy old Lone Wolf, the Indian chief. But when Bernard came out to the cattle country and saw the cowboys with their revolvers, big yawning 45 calibre Colts, he felt ashamed of his little squirt, and sneaking out one evening, he buried it in a prairie-dog hole.

And there it remains to this day, with the young prairie-dogs and the rattle-snakes, who sometimes lodge with them.

Now it was supposed that Bernard was going out to learn the cattle business; the agent (Society for the Satisfactory and Summary Disposal of English Rubbish) brought pamphlets which

set forth in glowing terms the delights of ranch life, the riding of spirited horses over the broad, flower-scented prairies, the magnificent shooting and fishing; even social delights were not wanting, for the cattle kings were princely in their style of living, and the Northwestern maidens lovely to look upon.

Which last thing nobody can deny.

So Bernard brought his dress suit and the latest things from Bond Street or the Burlington Arcade in the matter of shirts, ties, studs and pins.

But a certain wise uncle, who had been in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company for over thirty years, and who knew just a little about the Northwest, smiled as he heard of all the preparations and expectations of the hopeful emigrant. Yet he refused to assist in the "send off," for he knew that personal experience is the only thing that will teach some people anything; even though they have to die before they find this out.

For he knew what we know, that Canada is not a very healthy dumping-ground for incapables.

Canada is like a forcing-pit; it quickens the growth of a good plant, but it quickens the growth of a weed also; and when the weed becomes too big a weed, it is destroyed and dies, which is a very good thing for the healthy plants which remain.

We want no foreign weeds in our garden, though there is plenty of room for healthy, foreign plants.

But I do not say that Bernard Dalton was a weed (which, after all, is merely a vegetable out of place), he was in the supremely self-satisfied condition of being a fool without knowing that he was a fool. Weak, unstable as water, he was easily led or persuaded for good or ill; plentifully endowed too, was he, with the bumptious conceit of the quasi young man about town, who thinks that he knows the theatres, the music halls and the places where men and women drink.

A few more years of it, and he would probably become a snob or a bar-room bouncer.

These things, perchance, he may have dimly foreseen, and he probably made some fanciful resolutions as to what he would do in this new country, how he would make a fortune and send back riches to the home folks.

These resolutions did him no harm; but Canada is not paved with gold—which is not an original remark.

He had been at a big public school, and moreover, had been in the cricket eleven there, but afterwards (at a "Crammer's" in London, for the Indian Civil Service), he picked up again the lazy conceit which had been partly knocked out of him during his school-

days. Of course he failed in his exam for the Indian Civil; very few, nowadays, do pass that, except "Baboos" or prodigies who have been born to pass that exam, and who, from the moment of their birth, devote their bodies, minds and souls to the accumulation of information to satisfy the inquisitors at Burlington House.

So Bernard thought he was well-educated, forgetting that his education would not be complete until he was "planted" underground, perhaps not then, who knows?



DRAWN BY W. GOOD.

"A rough looking party in a flannel shirt, . . . challenged him to play a game."

Hard work, manual work, the thousand and one things that enter into the every-day life of the colonist, he knew nothing of these; and if he thought about them at all it was to suppose that such things could soon be "picked up," and that no skill or knowledge was needed. Thus it will be seen that he was eminently fitted to succeed in the Colonies; fortunately for him, and others like him, there is a special Providence which looks after some fools, but not all.

When Bernard Dalton arrived at



DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

“The hurricane deck of a North-western cayuse.”

Calgary, he was surprised to find such evidences of civilization as a thriving town, fine buildings and electric lights. The billiard table at his hotel was another surprise to him, and he opened his eyes yet wider when a friendly stranger, a rough looking party in a flannel shirt, big, white hat and high boots, challenged him to play a game, made a break of sixty, and ran out some eighty points ahead of Mr. Dalton, who had rather fancied himself.

He found out later that the stranger was Mr. Carey of the “V” ranch, the gentleman to whose care Bernard had been consigned.

The next day they drove out, twenty-five miles, to the “V” ranch, and here Bernard was introduced to his future comrades; and he thought that they were a motley crew.

Of course, he made the usual mistake made by all tenderfeet, that is, judging by their appearance he underrated the antecedents, breeding and

education of the loose-garmented, slack-jointed, tough-looking “punchers.”

And after a time he found out that two of them had taken degrees at Oxford, and that the “horse wrangler” had been a “wrangler” at Cambridge. There was also in the outfit a man who had been a captain in the army; also, there were two “Honourables.”

Perhaps they had been black sheep, but sometimes the black sheep becomes excellent mutton.

And there were also a few “toughs,” just pure and simple toughs, from across the line, Montana, Wyoming or Texas; good hands in a stampede or with a rope, ready to fight at the drop of a hat—and drop the hat themselves.

And there was joy among them as they showed Bernard round and watched him make his first attempt on the “hurricane deck” of a North-western cayuse; and I fear that they did not pick out the most docile mount for him.

Then they threw empty cans in the air and riddled them with revolver bullets before the cans reached the ground; Bernard thought of his pretty little pop-gun, but he was wise enough not to produce it. Then they brought out their ponies, and rode wild races and showed strange, dashing feats of horsemanship; and ropes were swung and ponies were caught in fantastic styles.

Now there was there a very large haystack, such an one is often to be seen on a big cattle ranch; the stack was, perhaps, one hundred and fifty yards long and about twenty-five yards broad.

Round this haystack the cowboys were racing on their shaggy-looking, little cow-ponies, and one of the riders, Simmons by name, suggested that perhaps the stranger was better at foot-racing.

Mr. Simmons was a short, rather stout gentleman, with a rosy, good-natured face and an innocent appearance. Bernard had been babbling to

him about race meetings at home, Goodwood, Ascot, and Sandown, and Mr. Simmons had blandly listened and at last turned the conversation to foot-racing.

Then it came out that Bernard had won the three miles at school, while Mr. Simmons too, in his younger days, had been a long-distance runner.

When this became known to the cowboys they proposed that the stranger and Simmons should run a race immediately.

It was found that fifteen times round the long haystack would just make three miles, and in consideration of receiving ten seconds start, Simmons agreed to race with the tenderfoot.

Bernard was vastly pleased at this opportunity of showing what he could do, for he was a good runner, and when he looked at the bulky figure of his antagonist, he felt very confident what the result of the race would be.

A referee, judges and time-keepers



DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

“Ropes were swung in fantastic style.”



"Nimbly ran up the ladder."

were chosen, the pistol was fired, and off started Simmons at full speed.

But he only ran round, out of sight, to the other side of the stack where there was a ladder, nimbly ran up it and pulled the ladder up after him.

At the end of the ten seconds the pistol cracked again and away went Bernard, but though he was running in beautiful style, yet he could not catch Simmons, who was lying on the top of the hay placidly watching the perspiring runner.

For it was a hot day and the spectators urged Bernard to put forth his best efforts.

"Go it, Dalton!"

"Oh, well run, Simmons!"

"Keep it up Dalton, you nearly caught him then; he was only just round the other corner when you turned then.

"Run, Simmons; he's close behind you!"

And poor Bernard ran and ran, though it was curious that he could never catch sight of his opponent.

But Simmons rested peacefully in the hay and drawled out, "Let him run the full three miles, boys."

Just as Bernard was entering on the fifteenth round, the timekeeper fired his pistol, and shouted, "Last lap!"

Then Simmons slid down from the top of the haystack (before Bernard turned the corner) and with much puffing and blowing ran a few yards and threw himself at the judges' feet, a winner by about fifty yards.

Then the spectators crowded round and patted Bernard on the back and told him, that although he had not won the race, yet he ran pretty well for a tenderfoot. And they picked up Simmons, who was, apparently, half-dead from his terrific exertions, and they unbuttoned his shirt, fanning him meanwhile with their hats, and at last he sat up; then he shook hands with Bernard and gravely remarked, "Well, youngster, you can sprint pretty well, but I guess you thought we were all pretty slow out here. Now, the first thing you have got to remember is that this is a swift country."

And Bernard pondered these words in his heart, and thus began the first chapter of the Reformation of the Tenderfoot.

A PROFESSIONAL DUTY.

A STORY.

By Charles Nelson Johnson.

IF Christian Scientists are right in affirming that no disorder exists except as a condition of the mind, then there must be a deal of accounting done for the facts in the following case. But the facts must speak for themselves.

On an evening in May, 1896, two young men met by accident in the parlor of Judge Higgins' residence on Bay Street. They knew each other slightly and hated each other cordially because they both loved the same girl. Herbert Maxfield was a brilliant young lawyer who was fast winning his spurs professionally and publicly. Readers of newspapers may recall a recent famous boodle case in which he figured conspicuously, and also that he was accredited with the distinction of being the main instrument in sending the culprits to the penitentiary. So much for his identity. Milton Sprague—or, to be more explicit, Milton Sprague, M.D.—was about the same age as Maxfield. He had been graduated from the medical department of one of our prominent universities, had gone abroad to study a specialty, and was just returned to his native city to open an office. He had long been received at the home of Judge Higgins as a friend of the family. Whether or not he was worthy of this distinction must be determined by the future developments of the case about to be related.

Both of these men were in love with Florence Higgins, the Judge's daughter, who was beyond description a superb specimen of young womanhood—a prize fit to be contended for by the best suitor anywhere. Tall, beautiful, modeled like a statue—there was only one Florence Higgins. She was not impulsive or intense, but calm and perfectly poised, sometimes approaching

to an air that was almost languid. But she was never uninteresting. A queer little habit lent force to her already strong individuality. During a conversation it was her frequent fashion to draw her left hand up to her side, and pressing the palm hard over the region of the heart, let it drop away again without any apparent object in the movement. She was evidently unconscious of the habit and did it for the most part without knowing it, but truth to tell, the action displayed to wondrous advantage that marvellously beautiful hand of hers.

On this May evening, dressed in a long flowing gown, she seemed to the love-lit eyes of these two men more like a divinity than a woman of common clay. Maxfield had called in the full flush of a great legal victory which he had that day won in Judge Higgins' own court, and was feeling particularly well with himself and the world generally. He unexpectedly came upon Dr. Sprague lounging in the parlor, and the sudden change in the latter's manner from an air of easy familiarity with the place, to one of dignified though affable reserve on Maxfield's entrance, nettled the lawyer, and made him ill at ease the entire evening. In fact, he exhibited the typical symptoms of a disgruntled lover, and grew quite morose as he noted the evident pleasure with which Florence listened to the breezy chit-chat of the young Doctor upon affairs abroad.

Maxfield went into that house in the greatest elation; he departed in the deepest dumps. Somehow he felt defeated. He was conscious of having appeared at such a humiliating disadvantage beside this other man, and was fearful of the impression he must have made on Florence. And now he

knew more than ever how much she was to him. The possibility of some one else usurping his place in her affections appalled him. He was staggered at his own intensity of feeling, and knew that so far as he was concerned the matter must be settled at once. He had not yet practiced law long enough to be patient with uncertainties.

He sought the first opportunity for an interview with Florence, pressed his suit with the impetuosity of desperation, and—was accepted. She made only one condition. The engagement must be kept secret for the present. This was prompted by consideration for her father's feelings, who, since the death of his wife, had leaned heavily on Florence for consolation and companionship.

"It would be cruel," she said, "to break such news to him suddenly. Let us bide our time till a fitting occasion presents. Opportune moments are certain to arise sooner or later in matters of this kind, especially where two ingenious people are bent on bringing them about." She said this with an arch smile, her hand intuitively went up to her side with the old habit, her brows pursed slightly and wrinkled her forehead. Maxfield thought he had never seen so beautiful a creature as she was then. "In the meantime," she added, "we shall be very happy."

Happy! When the young lawyer went to his lodging on Dutton Street he seemed enveloped in a fragrant and mysterious mist which supported him on all sides and made him apparently tread on air. To be in love with a beautiful girl like Florence was of itself a consecration; to have succeeded in winning her hand was the embodiment of all earthly happiness. In his magnanimity he even felt sorry for his rival, Dr. Sprague.

But a week had not passed before a shadow began to creep across the sunshine of his happiness, and this same Dr. Sprague was the cause of it. To Maxfield it seemed as if his visits were altogether too frequent, and his attentions to Florence altogether too point-

ed to be explained on the basis of friendship. And what was worse—what wounded him more sorely than anything—was the fact that Florence's attitude toward the Doctor struck him more and more as being rather reciprocal for a woman affianced to another man. Not that she did anything imprudent or that she was guilty of any specified act that he could designate, not that she gave him any tangible cause to speak to her about it, even if he could have suffered his dignity to allow him to do such a thing. But it seemed that somehow her affection for him was being slowly though surely sapped. And he was helpless. Had their betrothal been known it would have afforded him such sweet solace to assert himself and teach this young Doctor something about the proprieties. But he was held dumb by his promise to keep the engagement secret, and must suffer in silence. At such times as he saw Florence alone her old delightful demeanour reassured him, and he was happy for the time—only to be chilled by a depressing doubt the moment he was away from her side. The sole occasion on which his pride had allowed him to hint at anything of his feelings in her presence was one evening when they were sitting by the window in the parlor with the soft breeze idly flapping the curtain in and out, and the strains of a harp and violin played by street musicians vibrating in the distance.

"Florence," he said, suddenly reaching over and placing his hand on hers, "do you love me as much as ever?"

"Why, Herbert, you know I do," was her whispered response. And looking into her eyes, soft with the twilight, he felt that he should never doubt her again.

He left the house that evening treading on air once more, but was suddenly brought into the mire before reaching the street. Just as he closed the door he saw the Judge and Dr. Sprague coming up the walk arm in arm. This was sufficient of itself to unsettle him, but a fragment of their conversation which caught his ear simply dumfound-

ed him. They were in such earnest conference—or rather the Doctor was talking so earnestly to the Judge, and the latter so absorbed in listening—that Maxfield was scarcely noticed by either of them as they passed. This was unusual, for the Judge ordinarily made a great deal of the lawyer when they met. But the bit of conversation Maxfield overheard was this: “I needn’t assure you, Judge,” the Doctor was saying, “that in making such a proposal I have only Florence’s welfare and happiness most at heart.” And as they moved on out of hearing Maxfield caught this much of the Judge’s response: “My dear boy, she is very precious to me, but knowing you as I do, I feel I could trust her in your care. This is so sudden that—”

A sweep of the evening breeze carried the remaining words away, but Maxfield had heard enough to fire his whole being. Evidently Dr. Sprague was taking the presumptuous course of asking the Judge for Florence’s hand before he had won her consent to do so—unless—unless; but no, he dismissed such an idea from his mind the moment it found lodgment there. It could not be possible that Florence was playing a double role. He remembered the look in her eyes and he believed in her. But now he must make a definite move in the matter. He would see Florence the very next day, tell her what he had heard and the fears he had entertained in weeks past, and see what she had to say. He felt confident of the result so far as she was concerned, and yet as the night wore on and found him tossing and sleepless he grew strangely unnerved.

The next day he was informed that Florence was ill and could not see any one. He made some excuse to go to the Judge’s office, and casually asked if Miss Higgins was seriously ill. The Judge said he hoped not, but that she had suffered some kind of a fainting spell, and they had thought best to call in their old family physician, Dr. Smedley. The doctor assured them it was nothing to worry about, and that Florence would probably be herself again

in a day or two. But Maxfield did not fail to detect an air of deep concern about the Judge, as if there were something peculiar about the case more than he had intimated. The lawyer’s brain had been busy since he heard of Florence’s illness, and now he felt certain that his first conjecture had been correct. His theory was that Dr. Sprague, after gaining the Judge’s consent, had pressed his suit for Florence’s hand, and the sudden enormity of the thing—of course it seemed very enormous to Maxfield—had caused Florence’s indisposition. The Judge’s allusion to the fainting spell fitted into this hypothesis perfectly. There was nothing to do now but wait till she was well enough to be seen. Then he hoped that everything would be cleared up.

The days hung heavily in the interim, and it was with a sense of elation that he received word one day from the Judge that he might come to see Florence any time now, her indisposition having evidently so far passed that she could again receive her friends. He called early that evening, and as he approached the familiar front door, not even the recollection of that fateful conversation he had overheard on his last visit was sufficient to suppress the sense of buoyancy he experienced at the thought of so soon seeing Florence. He found her sitting in her accustomed seat by the window, and was on the point of rushing impulsively to her and taking her in his arms, when the sight of another occupant of the parlour threw a sudden chill over him as if he had received a dash of cold water in the face. Dr. Sprague bowed to him politely, said something about the beautiful weather, and excusing himself, walked out of the room.

How desperately Maxfield hated that man that moment! He turned to Florence with something harsh on his lips, but the sight of the invalid just recovering appealed to him, and a great brooding pity for the dear pale girl swept over him. She seemed so changed somehow, so quiet, so sedate. She was more precious to him a thousand times than ever before. But there was

an air about her that frightened him. He began asking about her illness, whether it had been serious, how she was feeling now, how soon she thought she might go out—all of the stock phrases that have been asked so many times with so many different shades of meaning. She lay back with such a languid, tired air, and said that her illness had amounted to nothing, that every one had been so kind to her, especially Dr. Sprague, who—

But at the mention of that hated name Maxfield instantly lost himself.

“Dr. Sprague!” he exclaimed, “the perfidious wolf in sheep’s clothing! I’d like to have the supreme satisfaction of throttling him this moment!”

She slightly raised herself, and looked at him in bewildered astonishment.

“Why, whatever can you mean by talking like that?” she asked.

“Mean!” he replied, with rising resentment, “I mean that his attitude toward you is not one that should be tolerated by a young lady who is engaged to another man.”

She was sitting straight up by this time, and looking at him in a puzzled, nervous way.

“Engaged to another man?” she repeated, questioningly.

“Why, Florence,” he gasped, with a pitiful tremor in his voice, “it is surely not necessary for me to remind you of our engagement?”

“Our engagement?” she again repeated, staring at him. A bright pink flush began to light up her cheeks, and her bosom heaved with agitation, and then in a low, suppressed tone she continued: “I’m sure I haven’t the slightest idea what you mean. I have no recollection of any engagement.”

If the heavens had suddenly opened and the whole fabric of the universe had come tumbling about his ears, he could not have been more profoundly shaken. He gazed at her an instant with a deepening pallor upon his countenance, and then abruptly rising, he groped his way to the door and was gone without a word.

The world had completely darkened around him, and he felt that he had

nearly lost his identity in the catastrophe. He walked awhile, then sat down somewhere on a stone step, and taking out his penknife vainly turned the edge in an absent-minded attempt to whittle the stone. Finally he grew sufficiently calm to think the matter over, and this is how he reasoned it out to himself:

“Of course I might have known it. Women have been coquettes from the days of Eve, and this is only one more human heart sacrificed to make a feminine holiday. Fine sense of commiseration she had for her poor old father in wanting to keep the engagement secret! I see it all now. Oh! the subtle perfidy of women!—I don’t believe a word of what I am saying,” he exclaimed, suddenly halting and slapping his knee with his hand. “I might as well call an angel in heaven to account as to censure Florence for this affair. In my heart of hearts I know she is innocent. There is some bedevilment at work, of which she and I are the victims, and that man Sprague is at the bottom of it. How snake-like he crept out of the room as soon as I entered. I shall know more about this in the next four-and-twenty hours. I shall see Florence again, and this time control myself sufficiently to get some clew to the mystery.”

But in this he was disappointed. The scene in the parlor had given Florence a relapse, and Dr. Smedley said that she must be denied to all visitors. Then Maxfield grew desperate and did a wholly reprehensible thing. He bribed the Judge’s coloured butler, Sam, to keep him informed on everything that passed in the sick chamber. Sam entered into the arrangement all the more willingly because he was really anxious himself about Florence, and because he liked Maxfield. The latter was sagacious enough to hide from Sam any suspicions he entertained against Dr. Sprague. All he wanted was information—he would do the conjecturing himself. In truth, he had already formed some very definite conclusions since the evening Florence acted so strangely. To him it was

now a clear case of hypnotism, and he wondered he had not thought of it sooner. Hypnotism was at this time being extensively exploited in the newspapers, and had even entered into several prominent legal contests. He recalled Sprague's reference to the subject one evening shortly after his return from Europe, and remembered particularly his defence of Charcot, whom he—the Doctor—evidently considered a very great man.

This suspicion of Maxfield's, while it promised something in the way of solving the mystery, added vastly to his mental distress. The idea of Florence, the pure, the innocent, the sacred, being subject to the despicable wiles of this scientific trickster. What a horrible possibility in all this, and yet for the present he was helpless. His legal talent came to his aid sufficiently to show him that he must have evidence before he could do anything. This evidence he sought to get through Sam, and before a week was over he had secured even more than he bargained for. The plot was deeper than his imagination had conceived, and the more he heard the more desperate he became.

He soon learned that Dr. Sprague was a frequent visitor at the house, and that, despite Dr. Smedley's orders to have Florence see no one but her attendants, the young Doctor visited her room as often as he did the house.

"Does he see her in company with Dr. Smedley?" asked Maxfield.

"No, sah," said Sam, "he always goes dar when de old Doctah is erway."

"Does the Judge know of these visits?"

"Dunno, sah. Hain't nebber seed him dar when de Jedge was eround."

Maxfield wanted to ask if the young Doctor made hypnotic passes, or acted in any way mysteriously, while in Florence's room, but fearing he might in some manner overshoot the mark with the butler, wisely refrained. Nor did the next two or three interviews he had with him throw much light on the case, though Maxfield felt sure Sam had something on his mind more than

he talked about. Finally, one evening the whole thing came out. The butler had called at Maxfield's room as usual, and was evidently ill at ease. Look-around suspiciously to see if there was any possibility of being overheard, he broke out:

"I doan lak dat Doctah Sprague."

"Why, Sam, what's the matter?" asked Maxfield, fumbling with some papers to hide his excitement.

"Mattah ernuff," and he shook his head mysteriously. "He ain't doin' nuttin' whut he oughter do, and he doin' heaps er things he ought not ter do. He's er triflin' with Doctah Smedley's medicines—dat's what he is. Takes de bottle whut de old Doctah leaves, and measures out de ermount er medicine Miss Flo'ence is ter take, and den frows it in de waste basin, so de old Doctah won't know but whut she's took it. Den he poahs out some from a bottle he carries in his pocket, and gibs it to Miss Flo'ence, and de po' girl she nebber knows de diff'unce. Doan lak dat kinder doin's. Miss Flo'ence ain't nebber gwine ter git well datter way."

This was worse than Maxfield had suspected. Instead of hypnotizing her—or, possibly, in addition to hypnotizing her—he was drugging her. The situation was growing unbearable, and something must be done. In his desperation Maxfield determined to lay the matter before Judge Higgins. He realized the awkwardness of such a procedure, and under ordinary circumstances his pride would have restrained him from approaching the Judge in the attitude of seeming to interfere with his domestic affairs. But there was, apparently, no alternative if he was to save Florence from Dr. Sprague, and this, he insisted, must be accomplished at all hazards.

When he called at the Judge's office, the following day, it was not without a realizing sense of the difficulties of his mission, but he went straight to the point, as was his custom always when confronted with a dilemma.

"I am aware, Judge," he began, "that my errand here to-day may not

commend me to your good opinion as a man given to minding his own affairs, but I have felt it my duty to come, and I am here."

"I assure you," said Judge Higgins, cordially, "that whatever your errand may be, you are welcome, and I can conceive of nothing you would do that could destroy my good opinion of you."

"Well, sir," continued Maxfield, "my business here is about Miss Higgins." The Judge glanced at him quickly in some surprise, but Maxfield went on: "I refer to her illness. The truth is, I have some serious suspicions as to the cause, and thought I ought to make you aware of them. It is not my purpose to attack the character of anyone, but merely to state facts, and let you draw your own conclusions."

The Judge was listening intently by this time, and exhibited a degree of expectancy on his countenance that made Maxfield hurry on: "It has come to my knowledge that a man, who is posing as a friend of the family, is interfering materially with her medical treatment—in short, that he is substituting the medicine that is left by your family physician, Dr. Smedley, and giving her something in its place. I need not tell you that my suspicions point to the fact that what he is giving her is not for her good."

The Judge was evidently greatly surprised at Maxfield's words. A puzzled, troubled look came over his face, and he sat for some time with head bowed in deepest study. When he began speaking it was in a more subdued and measured tone, however, than Maxfield expected to hear.

"Without presuming to ask," he said, "how you came by this information, and with the assurance that I appreciate your motives, I have only to say that so far as Dr. Sprague is concerned—for I take it he is the man you refer to—it must suffice for you to know that he is an old and valued friend of ours, and a man in whom I have the completest confidence."

Maxfield went out of that room a

crushed man. This was the last straw, and his final conviction was that Dr. Sprague had hypnotized the whole family. His dilemma now was greater than ever, and he seemed if possible more helpless. Here was the dearest girl in the world stolen from him before his very eyes, and he apparently powerless to thwart the designs of this intriguing and dangerous Doctor. It occurred to him that he might manage to pick a quarrel with him and shoot him, but of course this would complications which he did not care to face. Then he thought of Dr. Smedley. It might profit something to open the eyes of the old physician to the fraud that was being perpetrated. Not that he considered Dr. Smedley a match for the cunning of the younger man, but that this was the only possible thing left for him to do.

So he called at Dr. Smedley's office, but failed to find him in. He went again, but did not find him. He repeated his visits several times in the next few days, but fate seemed to so plan it that the Doctor was always out. He began to think that even this fact had some significance connected with the case. He finally hired a messenger boy to watch the Doctor's office, and report to him when he saw him enter. He was growing really nervous and unstrung over the intricacies of the affair, so that when the boy brought him word that Dr. Smedley was in his office he hurried down the street under the stress of an intense, suppressed excitement. Just as he was turning into the hallway leading to the Doctor's office, another messenger boy rushed up to him and said: "Is this Mr. Maxfield, the lawyer?"

"Yes—what do you want?" said Maxwell, suspicious of everything.

"Here's a message for you."

Maxfield tore open the envelope with trembling fingers. The next instant he was trembling all over. Holding the paper so the light fell on it, he read as follows:

"Will you please call at my office, No. 163 State Street, immediately on receipt of this. I have a matter of some

moment that demands a private conference with you.

Yours truly,

MILTON SPRAGUE."

"The villain," was Maxfield's first reflection. "I wonder what new plot he has now. He is evidently determined to keep me away from Dr. Smedley. Well, we shall see what the gentleman has to say for himself, and if he doesn't say some very proper things there will be a tragedy in the office at 163 State Street. Possibly he thinks he can hypnotize me too, but if he tries that we'll find out for once what the point of a revolver can do toward subduing mental suggestion."

And before going to Dr. Sprague's office he called at his own and got his six-shooter. Now, there was not exactly murder in Maxfield's heart as he entered the Doctor's office at 163 State Street, but he was assuredly in no mood to be trifled with. The days and weeks of trouble and suspense had worn on him and he was highstrung and overbalanced. He was in that condition where a quarrel would have seemed a sweet solace to him, and Dr. Sprague might well have been alarmed had he known his temper at that moment.

When Maxfield was shown into the Doctor's private room a strained feeling was at once apparent between the two men. Both felt it. Maxfield sat down stiffly with straightened back, on the Doctor's invitation to have a chair.

"I suppose I might as well go at once to the subject," said Dr. Sprague, "though I assure you my position is a difficult one and some things I have to say may appear impertinent."

Maxfield sat like a sphinx, much to the discomfiture of the Doctor, who evidently expected some remark in return. But the lawyer's mind was not idle even if his lips were sealed.

"The rascal is going to tell me," he thought, "that my suit for Miss Florence's hand must cease. Probably intends to say that he is engaged to her himself. If he does, the end of this thing is not yet."

After a brief struggle with evident

embarrassment, the Doctor continued:

"In pursuance of my purpose, I am compelled to ask you if you did not at one time consider yourself engaged to Miss Higgins?"

The air was almost electric with the tension this question wrought. Instead, however, of slapping the Doctor in the face, as he felt impelled to do, Maxfield simply nodded his head. He thought he would let the man go on till he had hopelessly enmeshed himself in the depths of his own audacity. But when the proper time came he would make that fellow crawl on his knees or he would shoot him down like a dog.

"Later on," continued the Doctor with increasing confusion, "she renounced the engagement, as I understand, and claimed to have no recollection of it. Is this not so?"

The two men looked at each other an instant—the one with deadly hate in his eyes, the other with increasing alarm at the terrible expression on his visitor's countenance. Maxfield was verging toward the uncontrollable, and as he started to make reply his voice was guttural and husky from suppressed rage.

"Yes," he said, "thanks to—"

"Never mind that," quickly interposed Dr. Sprague. "Let me explain. I am sent as an ambassador to bring you word that she now recalls perfectly the engagement, and wishes you to go to her at once."

Maxfield swore to himself that his ears deceived him, and that he surely must be under some untoward influence. But his countenance evidently changed for the better, because the Doctor seemed more at ease, and after regarding Maxfield a moment, continued:

"It is, of course, necessary for me to explain her strange conduct. To do this I must take you through some of the technicalities of modern medical science, but I promise to be as brief and lucid as possible. Miss Higgins has been the victim of a peculiar ailment, the nature of which I shall try to make clear to you. To go back to

the beginning; when I returned from Europe I thought I detected in some of her actions certain symptoms of heart disease, which, however, might pass unobserved by one who had not made this affection a matter of special study. You may have observed in her a habit of suddenly pressing her hand over her heart, and while she probably did it unconsciously, yet there was a cause for it. I shall not take you into the details of this peculiar form of heart affection, but suffice to say that it often results in the formation of small blood clots which become detached and float away in the circulation. They do no particular harm till they reach some of the small arteries whose calibre will not admit of their passage, and then they clog up the artery at that point and cut off the nourishment to the part supplied by this artery. When such a thing occurs in the brain it is dangerous, and may lead to queer complications, as we shall see.

"In consideration of this, I was naturally concerned for Miss Higgins, and finally one evening while walking home with her father I broached the subject to him and suggested that she ought to have treatment; by the way, now that I recall it, I think you met us on the walk that very evening. Well, the next day she was taken ill, and the identical thing I had feared would happen, did happen, though in her case it took a most unusual turn. When dear old Dr. Smedley, the family physician, was called, I told him my suspicions, but the old Doctor couldn't seem to recognize the point I made, and treated her in his own way. She rallied physically, but I could see there was something wrong with her mind. She had practically lost her memory. To explain this, I must tell you that there are certain nervous centres in the brain which control certain functions. If the blood supply to one of these centres is disturbed the function suffers accordingly. One of the human functions is memory. Cut off the nourishment to the centre controlling memory, and memory is lost. This is precisely what happened with Miss

Higgins. The vagrant blood clot closed a certain artery in her brain, and she simply ceased to remember. This was true, at least, of many events in her past life.

"It was thought at this stage of her affliction that possibly the sight of some friend outside of the family might stimulate her memory to act, and you were invited to call. I need not tell you the result. After that I saw something had to be done. Remedies for the liquefaction of the clot must be administered, and the disease managed according to the most approved principles of modern surgery. Judge Higgins suggested that I take charge of the case, without, however, injuring the sensibilities of old Dr. Smedley, by dismissing him. He was allowed to call as usual, but his medicine was not given.

"Within the past few days, I am happy to state, the patient's mind has cleared, and I am now sanguine of a complete return to health. Her first concern seemed to be for you, and it is at her request that I have asked for this conference. What I have done has been prompted solely by a sense of my professional duty, and I can only hope that it may be mutually satisfactory to all concerned."

During this whole recital the speaker had been sitting with his eyes averted to a glass paper weight on his desk, which he was turning over and over with his fingers to avoid looking up at Maxfield. There was a restrained air about him through the entire talk, but the lawyer knew that he had spoken the truth. What Maxfield was thinking about all this time will probably never be known, but when the Doctor had finished he was startled to see Maxfield walk over toward him with moisture in his eyes and a painful quivering of the lips, and lay a loaded revolver on the desk before him.

"Take it," he said, almost in a whisper, "take it, and empty every barrel into my miserable carcass!" Seeing the astonished look on the Doctor's face, he continued: "You needn't have any compunction of conscience—I de-

serve it. The revolver was loaded for you." And he told the Doctor everything like an honest man.

When he had finished, Dr. Sprague shook his head with a queer smile which contained no mirth, and said slowly :

"No, sir, take back your revolver. If you knew with what ill grace I have given you this information you would not credit me with sufficient magnanimity to be entitled to any man's blood."

Maxfield stood looking at him a moment, studying him.

"Then it is true, he said, "that you love her too?"

"Never mind that," was the quick response, accompanied by a wave of the hand, "I have only done my professional duty. Go to Florence at once. She is waiting for you."

And as he was speaking he rose and walked hurriedly to the window, where he stood gazing absent-mindedly at the throngs on the street below. He remained immovable and absorbed for a long time, till finally he felt a man's hand on his shoulder and heard the words close to his ear :

"It is nobler to be great than to be happy. I am the one to envy you."

THE WIDOW OF MUMS.

A TALE OF RURAL ONTARIO LIFE.

By Erle Cromer.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Minerva Falconer, widow, works a rented farm with the assistance of her two children Molly and Peart. The land is owned by Caleb Tooze, a dying old bachelor, whose wealth Widow Falconer hopes to inherit. She needs the money because she is in debt. Farther down the road live the Mosses. Rudge Moss and Peart Falconer are chums and both in love with Pensee Vale, the school teacher, who boards with the Mosses. Rudge has been going to school to Pensee and getting lessons after hours. From this a scandal arises and Rudge Moss disappears.

XVI.

Friday came in cords of rain that lashed all the roofs black and combed the snowdrifts into patches of dirty wool.

No scholars. Pensee sat alone in the school. The waterish light from the spattered windows blurred the chalk-marks on the blackboard and reflected faintly from the maps on the walls. Pensee, seated at her desk, could scarcely see to write; and the words crawled slow over the paper. These were some of them :

"Rudge, where to go I can't tell. To-day as I write the rain is falling and the seats are empty. Perhaps to save me the pang of parting from what few scholars have been let come since the news of my downfall. I should have gone when you did. But I thought I could live it down. I can't"

"These young girls will be mothers some day. Perhaps if I hadn't tried

to teach them sometimes about that, and how sacred it is to love and have children, people wouldn't be so ready to call me the shameful thing I am. Then when you went away in the night all the eyes looked at me. I knew they would and I went to the bush. I wanted to get lost—till night came. Then I went to sleep. They found me, and brought me back to be looked at. After that I tried to fight like a woman. I said to myself over and over, 'Pensee, you didn't shame him.' But I couldn't prove it, and it got easier to believe just what the rest did. Now, if anybody should ask me who is the worst sinner in Mums, I should say 'Pensee Vale, for she shamed a good man's life.' Poor thing! he hates you for it. The other night I dreamt it was all a lie—this shame of mine. Afterwards, and for days I almost believed the dream was true"

"Strange! that one in a dream should

try to love me—this friend of yours. Ah, I know he is troubled. But he troubles me. He must not love—the strumpet. No! Maybe if I could get away from him I should have peace. But it comes in a dream, that he wants me to help him look up. How mad! when shame sees but its own feet.

“And yet I am in Mums. Sometimes I think all that’s left to me in it now is Father Caleb; for he alone, poor old man, knows nothing of my shame. I shall see him once again before I go. . . .”

“Rudge, I had to say this to somebody. Try to forget the girl that shamed you. It’s a long way to the world’s edge they say. Sometimes I think not, though. . . .”

Ruben Moss rubbed castor-oil and tallow into his boots by the kitchen hearth half that afternoon, and wondered if Pensee had gone home again. He had seen her turn the jog as he fixed the board into the soft-water barrel in the morning.

Sylvia, ironing, didn’t know. But she wondered what Rudge was doing back at the Gore Line that day. It was just like him to go sawing in the rain. And he could saw, too. In the six days after he got the job he had cut twenty-four thousand alone, so said the letter. Reuben must take him a change of clothes as soon as the storm was done.

“Wonder if the haf-breeds ’ll be fight’n’ to-day,” speculated Reuben as he looked for ripped stitches in his right boot-leg. “Don’t spose it’ll be rainin’ there though. More likely b’low zero.”

“Psha!” said Sylvia as she held up a white, crumpled thing to the light. “Guess that’s Pensee’s collar she’s left yere. I thought I sent all ’er things up the other day.”

Sylvia hadn’t got through ironing that collar when Reuben had his greased boots on ready for wading. It wasn’t white enough when she got it done, and she decided to re-starch it. “Pensee always looked so neat and nice in a real white collar,” she said sighing.

Peart Falconer sat in his room that

afternoon. Minerva came up about four o’clock.

“Pearty,” she said energetically without taking the red stocking off her arm, “we gota go to town to-maura.”

Peart didn’t stop reading to glance up.

“Startin’ to spit snow, too,” went on Minerva, darning still. “Wind’s switchin’ north, I guess. To-maura ’ll be as cold’s the Artic circle, I’ll bet a horse. But we gota git that rent for Caleb or he’ll beat ’is brains out agin the wall. He’s been most crazy ’bout it lately. D’ you know how we’re goin’ to do it, Pearty?”

Peart clicked over a page.

“Chattel mortgage on the horsis an’ buggy we drive,” jerked Minerva with a dramatic flourish of her needle and red yarn, “best team in Mums as they be. There haint another livin’ way. You don’t git your pay for the logs till summer, an’ it’s no great shakes when you do, the price elum’s got. There’s that binder to pay on this spring, too. I declare, as I say, we might’s well quit an’ hire out the hull of us; or go out the Northwest an’ fight Reel. What’s the plagued haf-breeds want, anyhow, Pearty? I declare I’ve been tryin’ to git out o’ Pensee ’bout ’em this mornin’, but she jist says she don’t know, sad’s a wet sheet, an’ pokes off to school in the rain. Land! Guess there haint on’y one thing she does know these days, an’ that ain’t a bit more true ’an white’s black. It’s true in the mind, Pearty, that’s all; but it’s deep in. An’ all the time the thing she’d oughta know, as true as the will that’s made but aint public, she don’t know a whempner about. D’. you know what I mean, Pearty? Well, spose you shet your book about that Northwest Rebellion an’ talk awhile. Your mother aint a heathen, boy.”

Peart looked at her. There was a grim earnestness on Minerva’s heavy face that afternoon. She was sitting on the bed, not darning now.

“Now then, Pearty,” she went on, “’bout that thing ’at’s prob’ly true, an’ she don’t even suspicion it; first

Caleb Tooze is likely got 'is will made secret an' it's on 'is person; secont, prob'bly that will ain't all, maybe not a scratch in favour o' Falc'ners; third, it don't matter 'bout the years we've slaved for 'im, we gota git 'im every last cent o' the rent, an' right away at that; fourth, who's the favoright? Pearty, who's the girl 'at most thinks she's rooned Rudge Moss's charicter when she haint teched him without innasunce? If she wasn't most too innasunt to breathe she'd suspicion 'bout that will quick enough, for it's been as plain to me as noon every time I've let 'er in to see 'im. Land! I wouldn't a left 'em alone for a farm. Now if bein' so innasunt she wasn't likewise too 'fraid o' public 'pinion to say Boo! without the neighbours lettin' 'er, she wouldn't never think that thing 'at aint true is true 'cause they do. That's my doctern. Now in plain figgers, Pearty Falc'ner, sposin' Caleb Tooze's will's made, an' it's all in favour o' Pensee Vale; then when Caleb Tooze leaves things behind, as 'e will in doo time, who's goin' to pick her up? Hey? Well, s'posin' sumthin' acts on her mind so as she wont never marry anybody. Then what about the things? Pearty, that somthin' is, s'long as that girl ponders that suspicion 'bout her an' Rudge Moss, she'll never marry you. We got Rudge out the way; but we got a ghost in. An' the shadda's worse'n the substance. Now, Pearty, we gota git the shadda out. An' if you c'n make yourself useful doin' it, likely you'll be agreeable when it's done. You gota talk to 'er, Pearty, not be mum's a picture of a dumb man when she's 'round; be 'round where she is instid o' pokin' off to git out of 'er sight. An' when you git Pensee Vale, boy, you git a wife that'll stick faithful to you as long as life lastes 'an that's sumthin' s'posin' Caleb Tooze's will is in favour o' the Falc'ners; which it prob'bly haint."

Minerva rose. Peart was looking out at the storm now.

XVII.

The wind veered north just as Pensee Vale got home at dark, scuttled the

rain off into Lake Erie, put coats of mail on the maples, then leaped on them like wolves. All night the trees creaked and rocked. In the morning one big, icy limb lay right across the lane when Peart Falconer and his mother drove out with the iron-grays and close-curtained top-buggy. That was early; so early that Molly had to do some of the chores during the first snow-flurry that foamed up out of the north woods. The water-bucket was a lob of ice, and the water Molly drew for the pigs froze before she got it to the pen. It took her half the forenoon to finish the chores, going in by spells to thaw her mits. Then she had to get Caleb his gruel, and after that go at the Saturday baking. She was glad Pensee hadn't got up yet. It was lonesome enough to watch the blizzards foam over the barn and hide all the houses, without having Pensee about, with her dark-lit eyes burning her face out like a candle. Molly was not exactly superstitious; but she couldn't help wondering what she would do if Caleb kept on as fretful as he had been that morning; or Pensee got talking about Rudge so queerly as she sometimes did in her sleep. And the more Molly thought about it the gladder she felt that she had sent a letter to Rudge just as soon as she learned his address from Sylvia. Perhaps he would come back that night as she had urged him to. Molly had told him he might have Pensee for good and for all if he would only come back and get her out of her misery. She hoped he would come straight to Falconers' if he did. Still it was an awful day.

When Molly got in from noon-chores she found Pensee setting the table for dinner. She did her best to keep Pensee talking about the weather till dinner was over; and when the dishes were done and Caleb's dinner carried up, she fetched down Peart's book about the rebellion. Pensee took it and sat by the kitchen stove. When the snow-flurries came she had to stop reading, and fixed the fire, knowing that Caleb in the attic would be cold

enough. Molly was busy sweeping the house for Sunday.

Molly went out early to do night-chores. Light scarfs of fresh snow lay packed along the fences on the ice-glare. The barns loomed black against the night cloud. Still the wind blew ; colder.

Left alone at dusk in the kitchen, a strange, restless impulse took hold of Pensee. All day while the wind tugged at the big house and rocked the icy maples, it had seemed to pull at her heart with what strange wooing she scarcely knew. Now as she listened she yielded and turned her steps upstairs. Up in the hallway she paused a moment. The wind seemed to roll like a sea about the walls ; and as though she were in its very breakers and couldn't resist, Pensee passed on down to the attic door. It was not locked. Molly had forgotten. She passed in.

It took Molly a long time to do the chores. She could drag but one bundle of fodder at a time against the wind round the corner of the stack, two red cattle licking at the white husks of that. Then the wind blew the barn door open each time she left it, the calves got in out of the cold, and when Molly went to drive them out they got tangled in the self-binder somewhere, or scooted into the granary behind the fanning-mill. Half the straw she threw down to bed the horses sailed over the pig-pen into the quince orchard ; the other half followed the cattle round the stack. A lot of the chickens wanted to roost out on the pole the hogs had been hung on at butchering-time, and Molly had to catch them and stuff them into the hen-house. After that she stopped the cracks with straw and lugged an extra armful into the young pigs. And all the time she was half afraid of the wind that howled so wickedly round the barns, but ten times more afraid to go back to the house where Pensee and old Caleb were. Sometimes as she thought of it, while carrying in the night-wood, she felt like hunting for Pensee in the dark house and telling her every word of the miserable plot

she had helped to share about the innocent girl's life. Then the pity changed to fear and rather than see either Pensee or old Caleb again that night she would have gone to the barn along with the cattle.

When Molly got in with a chunk for the parlour-stove, Pensee was not in the kitchen. She set supper going, spread the table and was just ready to carry Caleb's tray up to the attic when the stoop creaked outside, the door opened and in walked the widow.

"Better git Pearty the lantern, Molly," she said and shook so hard the cups jiggled on the table. "Land! this night's a Tartar. It's a wonder we ain't perished. Never mind Caleb jist now. I'll tend to that soon's I git thawed out. S'pose 'e's been all right. Kin' o' violent, you say ; wouldn't take no dinner, eh? Well," lifting her voice to a hoarse quaver, "there's jist one question. I'd like to ask Caleb Tooze to smoothen 'em down a little. Three per cent. a month, Molly, how long'll it take 'fore two horsis'll make none? Hey? Ha, Caleb!" shaking her fist up at the ceiling, "Caleb Tooze secont cousin by blood, little ever drempt 'at this should be the marrybones we gota git down on to after fifteen years pamperin' you!"

The widow soon felt warm enough to remove her wraps ; when she grabbed Caleb's supper-tray and went upstairs.

She came down almost as quick, banged the tray on the table and with blank consternation on her Roman face swept out of the house with but a shawl over her head. At the handgate she met Molly and Peart with the lantern half blown out. She snatched it out from Molly's skirts and held it up.

"Molly Falc'ner," she shouted above the wind that whistled the light into a sputter of blue in the glass, "Where's Caleb Tooze? Where's Pensee? Well go een then, you lubber, if you won't speak!" giving Molly a shove. "Pearty go——"

The wind switched away the rest. Lantern fluttering at her black skirts,

her big shadow undulating over the fence on to the snow-streaked lawn, the widow swept out of the lane.

XVIII.

Against the wind among the fodder-shocks in Caleb Tooze's front field glided that same huge shadow. Ten rods from the shanty it broke into a ghostly run. It scudded up the log wall and over the roof into the slashing. The door yielded. The widow burst in. Breathless she held up the light.

There, kneeling on the dusty floor in front of the stove, was Pensee Vale, cloak off, hair loose, in her hand a bunch of half-burnt slivers which she had just been trying to blow into a blaze under the charred stick in the stove.

A moment she looked up half wild. Then she dropped the sticks, uttered a low cry as she sprang up and ran to the bed in the corner of the shanty.

Minerva followed and held up the lantern.

Caleb Tooze didn't see it; but there he lay bundled in the cold, damp quilts. Pensee's red cloak about his neck, his white breath mingling with hers.

"Sis—s—sis—s," he seemed to say through his parted lips; or was it but the whistle of his breath!

Pensee heard it and bent lower. His little arm struggled out of the quilts and circled her neck; as though in that cold, desolate cabin she was all the warm life he had.

Minerva Falconer's dark-ringed eyes blazed with the passion she could not speak. The smoky lantern dropped to her skirts; she stepped forward. Clutch! went her strong hand on Pensee's shoulder. But the old man's arm was tight.

"Caleb!" she called in the deep voice he once had known and obeyed so well. Only the echo in the ceiling made reply and the faint "sis—s" from the bed. She stepped back.

The feeble glow Pensee had breathed into the charred stick was gone now. There was no more wood in the cabin. The few chips in the wood-box

Pensee had already scraped. Caleb's rusty axe stood near it. Minerva seized it, set the lantern on the floor and with the strength of a gladiator broke the wood-box to splinters. In three minutes she had a fire that melted the rust off the stove-lids and sent sparks rocketing into the corn-fields.

Gradually the old man's grip on Pensee's neck relaxed and she sat back merely holding his hand. But all the light in her dark eyes burned into that withered face of his. He didn't see it.

"Father Caleb," she said piteously, "see—we're back in the old house now, you and me. You wanted to come so bad you almost broke Pensee's heart and she had to let you; over the ice, through the wind and the dark; and then you slipped by the corn shack and fell and the wind beat you and cut you so. Pensee's poor cold hand couldn't get more than the cloak off to wrap you or she'd have given you every stitch; yes, her body too; let it freeze naked to warm you. Then perhaps looking at it by the light they would have said, "Shame was her life—but maybe it was love in her death." Shame because she wanted to love none but the children and you and couldn't, for they put shame upon her. Father Caleb, look—here's the old house, see the gray logs with the hacks in, and the clay in the chinks, and the stove where we used to sit and read. You wanted to come back to it."

"But what," Pensee let go the withered hand and sat back with a look of terror, "what," speaking more to herself in shuddering low tones, "if he should leave it again and go out into the wind and the night, even though the door be shut and the windows, and his poor eyes look and look at the old walls but never see them—oh."

Pensee's voice seemed to fill the cabin which all at once became as quiet as an iceberg, but for the fire tapped the pipe with unseen fingers. The wind that tore the forest all day had died as suddenly as a mad beast shot through the heart. At dusk a heavy gray cloud stretched from wood to wood. Now the moon was coming out of its silver

edge. The cold stars swarmed over the slashing.

Inside the cabin the smoky lantern at the widow's left shoulder cast a sick glimmer on the old man's bed; the wizened, stubby face on the damp pillow; the transparent, taper-lit one that looked into it; the heavy, dark-ringed one that bent over both. Did Minerva Falconer see with those deep-socketed earthly eyes of hers what was passing out of that young life whose secrets she desired to know? Perhaps not. They were absorbed in another transition swifter than the sweep of the hurricane wind over the forest and more silent than its hush.

"Child," she said in a tone so deep it sounded like reverence, "he's dead. Come away."

The smoky lantern dropped. Deep shadow fell upon the bed. The fire-light through the cracks in the rusty stove waved sombre banners on the cob-webbed ceiling, the hacked walls, the clay chinks of the old cabin.

Minerva Falconer's heavy right hand gripped Pensee's arm. There was a low anguished cry.

"Go," said the deep voice into her ear, "tell Molly an' Pearty to come."

One moment the moon looked into the old shanty through the open door. The next it shone upon a sad, young face that seemed to float among the crumpled fodder-shocks.

XIX.

It was early morning and Minerva had just returned home when Peart Falconer went to the shanty. Molly who had returned with Pensee in the night was then on her way to Mosses' with a notice for Reuben to hand the minister at church.

Pensee was sitting in the old man's backless chair leaning over the bed. A few broken limbs lay near the stove-door. Caleb's rusty axe that had cut them in the moonlight after the girls came back, Peart had seen at the edge of the old pond near the slashing when he came in. He filled the stove and went out to cut more. It was warmer now. He carried in two armfuls,

then stood with uncovered head near the stove.

Pensee turned once her tireless dark eyes to look. She gave him no sign of recognition but resumed her watch.

Peart waited a moment, then took his hat and quietly left the shanty. He drove to town again before noon.

Before he got back most of the folk that gathered in the morning at the church had called at the log shanty. Minerva Falconer was there. Pensee left as soon as they began to come, recognizing no one, not even Reuben Moss and Sylvia whom she met in the field.

The spark had gone out of Caleb Tooze. The wasted body it left was perhaps a better curiosity. Well, he had aged fast of late, so they said; older by five years than when he left his shanty in the fall. Naturally he would pine for that; or why should he dare so cruel a night to return? Death after all was as good as his lonely life. Falconers had done their share; they would probably get their reward; begin to pay their debts perhaps. Caleb's farm was unencumbered. He had fifteen years' cash rent of it beside. Falconers were his nearest of kin. After all they deserved it. The funeral would be Monday; leave the house at two o'clock. How mild it was getting! There might be mud.

And some said Pensee Vale had loved the old man. None knew that he had died almost in her arms as soon as the wind hushed on the slashing; nor that hers had been the hand that led him out into the murderous frenzy of that March night back to the cabin.

Monday the concession-track slushed under a vapouring wind off Lake Erie. Mottlish gray fleeced about the sun. Somebody fancied a robin in the afternoon near the old shanty where buggies and democrat stood. Most of the men sat out in the rigs. There was no place to tie except the log-heaps. Falconers' old white mare and top-buggy stood at one corner of the house; Falconers' grey team and waggon in front of the door; Mosses' democrat behind it.

Unwilling to disturb the solemnities

going on in the hut, the men drove their horses closer together about the old pond and talked in low tones. The sideroad out to the lake-shore burying-ground would be soft; no ditch as yet; too bad so much fodder should waste; low spot in the centre there needed a V ditch; slashing would pay to log; Tom Falconer had helped Caleb Tooze chop that; not much use for the shanty; too old to move for a pig-pen or a granary; might do for a sheep-house in summer; curious that the richest man in Mums should devise in his will a pine-box for a coffin and a lumber-waggon for a hearse. Well, the volunteers were on their way; there would be brave fellows get bullets from those half-breeds.

Suddenly the old shanty lifted its voice muffled and quavering on the soft wind that brushed the log-heaps. The men in the rigs didn't know whether it was "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," or "Sweet Bye-and-Bye," some of them said; but they turned to listen and one or two of the nearer ones took off their hats. A crow winged sullenly out of the north and across the slashing. The tune ceased; the people moved off the step. Out backed a man in black; six men followed with a white box between them. They reverently hoisted it into the waggon at the back. Reuben Moss screwed in the tail-board and got up with the other pallbearers into his democrat. The undertaker got in with the minister. Minerva Falconer, in her widow's weeds, came out followed by Molly. They got into their top-rig, while Peart untied the old white mare. Women scattered in ones and twos over the field as the horses turned. The preacher's buggy started, the waggon and greys next; the old white mare and the long line after following the flight of the crow out to the road.

The crow was over the south wood in full view of the gleaming graveyard, seven miles south-east by the lake, and the last rig had turned the bridge at the end of the lane, when Pensee Vale stood in the doorway of the shanty. She had listened to the simple service without a tear. Whenever possible

since the old man's death she had stayed by his side, only retiring when others came near. She had told her grief to no one. Had she spoken it would have been not merely of her sorrow. That was a cloud—in the wind. The wind was driving her and the cloud she knew not where. But the people were gone and she felt relieved. Alone in Mums; for from the church at the jog to the Canada Company woods was not a single clear smoke that afternoon. Mums was following Caleb Tooze, as far as possible. Dead! they had said with low breath; when to-morrow they would keep house and drive horses as usual. Pensee Vale had said it when the word seemed to her like a lightning flash that strikes the green from a tree, leaving but the stock. In her brief while at Mums she had come to know Caleb Tooze's life as none other could. He had never known the degradation of hers. The old man, childless, solitary and feeble, had been to her more than a companion; more than her benefactor, of whose generosity she as yet was ignorant. She had made him the symbol of her maidenhood. The symbol was gone.

XX.

Briefly as concerns Rudge Moss, Saturday he sawed alone in the blizzards when the other cutters stayed in the shanty. At night no one went to the store for letters. Monday at four o'clock Rudge hung his saw in the crotch of a sapling, stuck axe, mawl and wedges into a hollow log, and struck off for the store; Gore Line, two miles nearer Mums. He got two letters, and opened both, sitting on a maple stump in front of the store.

Molly's was brief. He read it in ten minutes, and with a deep exclamation thrust it into his gandy quick.

Pensee's was longer. As he read it he absently snapped a big sliver off the stump. By the time he had finished the sliver was matchwood at his feet, he was clear across the Gore Line, and night was falling.

The Line gored into a concession three miles north of Mums. A mile

east on that led to a side-road, cut through two concessions. After that was trail to the road back of Mums, and a neglected log-road from there south through Caleb Tooze's woods.

When Ruge got to the slashing it was dark. He started through the jampiles on a run. He meant to go straight to Falconers'.

Half through, he stood a moment on a jampile and glanced down at the jog.

"Blame!" he said very staccato, "Man mus' be away, no light yit," and looked along the concession. Only two lights.

Rudge was just beginning to think the mystery out, when pick—pick—came slow across the slashing; nowhere much; might have been an angel rapping on the back of a cloud—pick—pick—pick. Behind? No, near the old shanty somewhere blocked up there half-black over the log-heaps. Surely—

"Pshaw!" muttered Rudge, and bit his breath off short to listen; jumped down and got four jampiles nearer.

Pick—pick—pick—louder, now half-hollow, as if the old shanty were digging a grave for itself at the edge of the slashing.

Two big thoughts had just been pulling Rudge through that jumble of log-heaps faster than he had ever threaded it after a coon; the picture of the log-house down by the jog; Pensee's letter in his inside gansy-pocket nearly burning a hole. What if she should be gone to the big world she talked so vaguely about in that letter before he could get back to prevent her? What would Mums be when she was gone?

Pick—pick—pick; the air was full of it now; like an axe in the still woods; or a threshing-machine to windward.

"Blame!" whispered Rudge right at the corner of the old shanty, "what is't anyhow? No lights at Falc'ners neither—say, there's been horses on here," and quickly dropped to feel the wet, hoof-marked dead-sod, not frozen yet.

Pick—pick—came the sound again, dead as a skull beaten on a gravestone.

Rudge had coon-hunted alone in the solid, untracked wood at midnight without a quaver of fear. This cold, mysterious hacking began to make his heart pound his ribs like the echo of it. Stooping so over the wet yard and peering up towards the old pond, west of the shanty he could see—

Pick—pick—pick—Rudge bolted up, every muscle in his body stark with sudden surprise. He stepped cautiously to the edge of the pond, out on the ice, straining every nerve to see.

Pick—once again; and slush! went something into water. There was a low cry; and the huddled figure Rudge had been trying to see in dim outline on the ice sprang up.

"Pensee!" he said quick under his breath; and before the word was well out or in the tension of his nerves, he knew he was moving a muscle, she swung limp over his arm; his other hand snatched an axe from her grasp and slung it crashing into the log-heaps.

"Rudge!——" once in a tone so full of pain, of terror, it sank dead into the ice; then the load on his arm was gone, she sprang away.

"Water!—water!" she murmured as though in prayer to it, kneeling by the hole she had nagged in the ice, dabbling her finger in the icy slush that scarce let the water through. Then, with a long, low moan, she began to scoop the slush out with her hands.

And in the dim light that glimmered off the ice she did look like some dazed, hunted animal that tries to rush into the earth away from its pursuers.

But a pair of heavy arms folded her about, lifted her, carried her with a whirl of wind off the ice, over the field.

The rigs were rattling home now, back from Caleb Tooze's funeral; hoofs spattering.

Over the south wood, from under the icy lake that gleamed at the foot of the little graveyard on the bank, the milkish moonlight was filtering into the cloud.

A wagon rumbled round the jog as Rudge, with Pensee at his side, went over Caleb's bridge. He hardly knew he was all but carrying her; she but dimly realized who was at her side; or recalled what had passed that day; or remembered where the wagon had been in whose box Rudge could hear now the rustle of straw; or saw the grey horse whose hoofs shot beads of slush onto her skirts.

The wagon stopped. The driver leaned down over the wheel as Rudge and Pensee went swiftly by. It was Peart Falconer who had driven his own team back from the graveyard. Pensee didn't know it. Rudge did; but he didn't look back.

The lights of Mums came out now one by one. And there was one down at the jog.

XXI.

Supper at Falconer's. Peart was moodish, much as he had been in the graveyard, looking out over the piled ice into the fog, alone.

"Mother," he interrupted, abruptly irrelevant as he pushed back, "don't worry over her. She was on his arm when I came from the graveyard to-night. She'll be down at the jog now. She's done with us. He's back. That will help kill the lie. The money will do the rest; when they know it's hers, as they will. Molly Rudge is a good man, true and honourable. He meant you no harm, girl; just playing. She is pure and innocent like him. He will make her happy. After all, mother, it's better for two to be happy than for two others to be knaves. Let us remember our evil intentions to hate them."

With which curious mixture of earnestness and irony, and not a word from either of the perplexed women, Peart went out to tend his horses. Half an hour later his quick boots crunched over the top-frozen sod down past the Line.

With thumping spat over the crusted slush came Rudge Moss up the concession. They met by Caleb's bridge, when in the smokish light neither could

tell the face of the other. But on Peart Falconer's passion crouched, strangely held in leash. Behind Rudge Moss' big blue eyes burned a picture that set his lips and knit his brows—a young girl with white face turned to the wall down in the log house he had left, muttering "Shame!"

Therefore, he flung the scandal right in Peart Falconer's teeth, charged him with complicity in it—for he had seen Molly's letter to Pensee that very night, and the lines were far apart. And when it seemed to him the other would evade the accusation, Rudge pulled another letter out of his gansy and read parts of it by the light of matches, that brought into vivid red relief the faces of both. Then when he came to the words "Maybe if I could get away from him I should have peace," he folded the letter.

"Peart, it's Falconer's lie. Yuh can't say no to't. But 'f I don't kill't t'-night you kin me. C'm on."

Peart followed him back the lane, among the crumpled fodder-shocks; and Rudge didn't stop till he got to the shanty, near the old pond.

"Peart," in a low voice almost savage in its intensity, as he pointed, "there's where she wanted to leave us all, when the ol' man quit. We're alone here. Git ready."

Peart folded his arms. "Rudge," he said quietly, "I didn't come to fight you. I shall be out of Mums before daylight; leave you—and her. If she loves you it must be fair. But," lowering his voice and speaking quickly, "there's some devil in me, Rudge, that tells me to hate you—because you're innocence robbed me of her—"

The accusation was never finished. Biff! like the hoof of a horse Rudge's arm shot through the dark. Foiled—for Peart Falconer had the quickest arm in Mums, as sure to find the unguarded spot in a rival's defence as the paw of a panther; and his clutching, serpentine side-clinch meant a fall to the best man in two townships. But in a back-clinch he was nowhere with Rudge Moss, whose biceps were knots of steel cords, muscles at his armpits

like a lion's jaws, and whose back could bend under the girths of a two-year-old colt and lift him to a rear.

And they fought that April night by the old pond as only men can for a woman; Peart Falconer with the dogged recklessness and instinctive certainty of one who loves danger better than life, Rudge Moss with the stern resolution of a man who would break his friend's joints to get the wrong out.

Peart's fists seemed to have eyes in the dark. Rudge had not fought him two minutes before he knew that his only escape from them was to back-clinch.

Right—thud over the heart like a pile-driver. Rudge struck back in rage at the shadow. Gone! quick as light and miff! went Peart's left into the back of Rudge's neck, clinching his teeth like castenets. Where next? Rudge, slowly wheeling, struck blind right and left. Chug! came another under his chin, choking the breath. He stuck out both elbows and braced himself wide, straining every nerve to see. Click! went a trip at his boot-leg. He staggered, struck in the face, bent his head, and, with a hoarse cry of rage, rushed in, blocked those wild arms, and dropped for the back-clinch. Peart tripped him as he came and broke the clinch to a side, Rudge getting under-hold.

Leg to leg, two hands locked, other two arms wound like snakes, they struggled together, each with every nerve and muscle he had, to get the earth at the other's back, crush him into it; when all their young lives they had locked those hard hands to crush together as much of the earth as they had to. They had wrestled so before; never like this, in the dark, by the log-heaps, alone.

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Slowly up the pond slope Rudge crowded his lighter antagonist, on to the ice. Peart slipped and broke away. Rudge leaped, fair forward, chin over Peart's shoulder, hands locked in the hollow of Peart's back.

It was the back clinch! and Peart, with all his panther agility, went down under it, as the sapling crashes under the oak, back on the ice, Rudge uppermost.

And Rudge tore himself out of Peart's clinch, and sat back with his big knees and one hand on Peart's chest, and the other went up to his shoulder, and without the shadow of a thought it crashed down again right where a pale gleam showed the other's face; again, like the back of an axe on a clod, and the third time Rudge sat back.

"Got 'nuf?" he said, and waited. No reply; only a faint wind whoozed in the bare branches over by the Line; from that rumbled heap at his knees not a word, a groan, or a twitch.

"Rudge sprang off on to the ice and bent low at Peart's head, called his name, pulled the senseless head on his lap and called again, struck a match—

"God!" as he flung it fluttering away to sizzle out on the ice, "he's bleed'n'," pulled his red handkerchief and wiped the corners of Peart's mouth.

Then he shoved his arms under the prostrate body, lifted it, walked with it to the shanty, and with one kick on the door carried it in.

The lights were going out when he came out again and started full run across the field, down the road to the jog.

But when followed slowly by Reuben Moss he came back to the shanty and struck a match—it was empty. Peart Falconer had come to in the dark, left splotches of his blood on the old man's quilts, and gone.

To be Continued.

NOVA SCOTIA'S PROBLEMS.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO EXODUS.

Letters from Prominent Nova-Scotians and other Information.

NO. 1.—AMHERST.

IN the spring issues of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE reference was made to the immigration policy of the Department of the Interior, and it was suggested that the young men of the older Provinces should be encouraged to settle in the Northwest, in the hope that such encouragement would prevent their going to the United States. About the same time the honourable the Minister of the Interior announced in the House of Commons with considerable flourish that "the exodus is a matter of history." True, the phrase was supplied by a Toronto newspaper, but Mr. Sifton gave it his approval.

As the reports were conflicting, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE undertook to get honest opinions, and the following six letters from men of considerable standing have been chosen for publication. These show conclusively that the Minister of the Interior and the Conservative daily were badly informed. They also show that our immigration policy should include a migration policy according to our previous suggestion.

The letters are published exactly as received and the reader is left to form his own opinion as to the advisability of spending so much money opening up new districts when the older districts need encouragement, and as to the wisdom of spending so much on public buildings, bridges and railroads, while the agricultural communities are suffering from lack of wise assistance and sympathetic attention.

Seeming contradictions in the letters are not really such, being merely varying views occasioned by different circumstances and different localities. The letters from Halifax are more comprehensive and broader in their views.

THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your note of the 26th instant I beg to say, so far as this County of Cumberland is concerned, there is little or no emigration to the States. As a matter of course there are some isolated cases which arise from different causes, among which may be mentioned (1) the fact of some relatives having years ago gone to the States, got good wages, better than they could obtain here, come back on a visit and induced some of their friends to return with them; (2) persons will leave here, men and women, and go to work at labour or service abroad they would not think of doing at home; (3) larger wages induce some to leave and yet another class are lured on to the neighbouring Republic simply for change but with no intention of settling in the States, and, in fact, do not do so. The largest emigration from this Province, probably, takes place from the island of Cape Breton but that is largely temporary. The men leave in the spring, engage in carpentering, shipbuilding, and such like vocations during the summer months, get good wages and return with their savings in the fall to their families whom they have left behind. It is a frequent occurrence that men having mortgages or other securities on their places here go to the States on account of being able to command better wages there, save their earnings and come home, pay off their debts and remain here.

Another point to which I might refer briefly, is our system of education, which also prevails in your Province. As agricultural pursuits are not, to any extent, taught in our public schools the tendency of the information and education obtained is towards the pro-

fessions already over-crowded and finding no room here they seek for larger fields abroad. I believe a different curriculum of study might have the effect of remedying this evil. I heartily approve of any scheme, either public or private, which would have the desired effect of keeping our young men, particularly, at home where they are so much needed, and think it would be a grand idea for the Governments of Canada and the Provinces to direct their attention to this important matter.

No. 2.—NEW GLASGOW.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of April 26th to hand and contents noted. As far as I can judge the greater number who are leaving Nova Scotia now are going to the Northwest. There does not seem to me to be so many going to the United States now as formerly, but as to an accurate estimate of the number who go either to the States or to the Northwest, it is impossible for me to give.

No. 3.—YARMOUTH.

DEAR SIR,—Your favour of the 28th ult. is before me, its contents having careful attention.

Regarding the reported emigration from Nova Scotia referred to in your letter, I would express an opinion that so far as this section of Nova Scotia is concerned an unusual number has not gone to the United States of late. From this county a large number of fishermen yearly proceed to Gloucester, Mass., and engage in fishing out of that port during the summer season, and generally return homewards when the fishing season closes. It is a matter of leaving in the spring and returning in the fall. Unfortunately this part of the Dominion has not experienced the same measure of prosperity that appears to have been enjoyed in other more favoured parts of Canada; and as the times are much better in the United States this year than last, probably a few more mechanics and labourers as well may have been induced to try their chances for the season.

Too much of the agitation is kept up for party purposes, and the real cause

of any movement at all although of a temporary character, is often covered up or pushed to the background.

Not many of our people find their way to the Northwest, as their tendencies are more in the line of maritime pursuits. As the market of the United States is generally a good one, and probably the best for the fishing products and other exports of the lower provinces, it is but natural that our products should flow that way, and oftentimes, in addition, our men go there also. What we need most here, is something that will induce our people to stay at home, build and equip their own crafts from home ports, and export our surplus products abroad. Hereabouts, we feel that if a free market could be obtained in the States, that condition would tend largely to improve matters with us as a people.

No. 4.—TRURO.

MY DEAR SIR,—Absence from home has delayed your favour being considered long ago.

With interest I have read your articles in reference to the immigration policy of the Government in April and May CANADIAN MAGAZINES. I really do not know how the policy there outlined would work in practice. It does not seem to be much gain to Canada to remove people from one Province to another. Glace Bay, C.B., has just been deprived of some 150 miners for the Crow's Nest Pass coal mines—the former place is that much poorer. If your policy could stop emigration to the United States, I think it would be feasible, and might with advantage be considered by the Government, but I have my doubts. Our young people do not leave the farm for farms in the U.S., but for the supposed easier and more genteel employment of the cities. The great body of them do not want new homes or farms in our Northwest, or in the Yankee West—they want the easy and new life that the city gives. The country must always be sacrificed for the attractions of the city. London, Eng., I was informed when in England, by most competent authority, was in-

creasing at the expense of the surrounding counties. Chicago, to-day, has 67,000 Canadians who would not go to either our West or the Yankee West if you gave them the best farms in the world. I really do not yet see that your suggestion would have any very material effect in restraining the enormous drain yearly from Canada to serve the big cities "over the line."

As to the exodus, it is very bad, as you say, to trust the newspapers. Half the exodus reports are, unfortunately, ground out for party purposes. Though a Tory ex-M. P. and ex-M. P., I am at present conducting a perfectly independent paper, and I am trying to look at this all-important question through glasses not coloured with party feeling. The exodus this summer so far to the U.S. has been unusually great—why? Not because of the policy of the Grits, but because since the war in the United States there has been a great revival in trade and wages are splendid. On all sides the young folk are pouring into the Republic—letters are coming by scores telling of the good times there, and the farm with its toilsome work is left and the city life is eagerly sought. We have had this season also a larger emigration to our own Northwest—but not a drop in the bucket to what has gone to Yankee land. The Yukon gold fever and the Rossland boom have caused all this, or the most of it.

Look at one or two clippings :

There are said to be four hundred thousand abandoned farms in the New England States. The young folks migrated West, or went to the cities, and when the old folks died the farms lay idle. An attempt is to be made to reclaim them.

The young folks are tired of the farm—they want city life. I have just cut the following out at random from exchanges :

THE "TERRIBLE" EXODUS.

Writing of the exodus, the *Shelburne Budget* says :—

"This ever-increasing exodus has drained the south shore of Nova Scotia of many of its best young men. Let the traveller go into the homes of the people in towns and country,

and he will see in nine homes out of ten the photograph of an absent boy, who is prospering under the Stars and Stripes."

MORE EXODUS.

A correspondent writes: "Four settlers from Acadieville parish were at the station yesterday going to the United States. Being asked as to the cause of their leaving they said that they could not stand the extra burden of taxes imposed on them by the late change of school districts in that parish. They said that five school districts were shifted, so that all the schools would have to be abandoned or demolished. Asked as to the reasons of this, they said that it was done by some unknown influence against the will of the people. They further said that rumour has it that they were to be shifted from their present church at Rogersville and they could not consent to that. Many will follow."—*Moncton Times*, May, '99.

Nearly every paper we take up records the fact that there is still an exodus to the United States of the very bone and sinew of the country. This state of things cannot be attributed to any particular form of Government, for the fact stares us in the face, that whether *Conservative* or *Liberal* rule sways the destinies of Canada, there is no let up to the flitting of our people across the border.—*Hants Journal*.

Such paragraphs I come across every day; the trend of all is that there is an enormous exodus from the Maritime Provinces especially. We are told that there is a counter current into our Northwest. I hope so, but that does not stop our present appalling depopulating of these Provinces, and I am not, after reading your articles, yet prepared to say that it would improve our *local* condition by encouraging our young people to leave us in any greater numbers than they are—as they certainly would were the Government to adopt a policy greatly *encouraging* them to go to our Northwest; our emigration *then* would be greater than it is at the present time, and though they might be saved to Canada we, the Maritime Provinces, would still be the great losers. No, it wants some scheme to give them a better wage at home—who can devise it? What shall it be?

No. 5.—HALIFAX.

DEAR SIR,—For thirty to forty years past there has been more or less movement of population from this Province to the United States. This exodus

usually takes place when there is great industrial and commercial activity in that country—as at present. Many of these, of course, return after a few years, but many remain and settle there. These latter in turn attract numbers of their friends to that country. The present exodus from Nova Scotia, however, is very much smaller than it was four, five and six years ago.

This spring, as in many springs past, large numbers of fishermen from Cape Breton and the Southern Coast, have gone to ship on Gloucester fishing vessels for the season. The majority of them—who escape the perils of the sea—will return in the fall, though, as in past years, some will remain and settle in that country. There is also some exodus of young people from the farming districts of Cape Breton and from districts here and there in other parts of the Province. They have got tired of what they regard as the drudgery of farm life, and think they can do better in the industrial centres of the United States. Nine out of every ten of them will be mistaken.

A rather unusual species of exodus took place this spring, the removal of some seventy or eighty people from Cheticamp, Cape Breton, to Lake St. John region, Quebec. They were fishermen and did a little farming under difficult circumstances on a bleak portion of the coast. Some of their number had been to Lake St. John and reported so favourably on that section that a large number removed thither this spring. They are lost to Nova Scotia but not to Canada. This latter is something of a comfort.

With regard to transplanting our surplus population to the Northwest I would say: (1) We have really no surplus population in Nova Scotia. We have too many people crowded into the city and towns and too few on the farms. We have room in Nova Scotia for half a million more people than we now have, provided industrial conditions—farming and manufacturing, mining and fishing—were fully adapted to the wants of the larger population. (2) Large numbers of our people have

already settled in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia, and not a few have gone to the Yukon. We want people to take their places on farms awaiting purchasers and on lands awaiting clearing and cultivation. The manufacturing and mining population will come as those industries develop. What we really want is a great revival in the farming industry. Practical efforts are being made by our Provincial Government and farmers' associations in that direction, but as yet progress is necessarily slow though quite observable.

The Northwest and Manitoba having attracted so many of our people, I think we have a claim on the Immigration Department of the federal administration to do something in the way of promoting the settlement of British farmers in this Province. Our Provincial Government is circulating in Great Britain a pamphlet containing information respecting the agricultural capabilities of N. S., but unfortunately neither in the High Commissioner's office nor in any of the emigration agencies is there an officer who has any practical knowledge of Nova Scotia—any knowledge, in fact, except what may have been gleaned from Blue Books. Consequently, there is no *direction* of emigrants to this Province. It is the Northwest that attracts their attention. A live Nova Scotian at the High Commissioner's office or at one or more of the principal emigration agencies could do good work in directing British tenant farmers to this Province.

I have not much hope that we can attract back from the United States any large number of those of our people who in the last quarter of a century have gone to that country, though I would like to see the attempt made. Those who have settled there—chiefly in the industrial centres—who have become American citizens and are doing well, will not return. A recurrence of hard times in the United States, as in 1893 and 1894, would probably impel some to return, more particularly from the industrial centres, where hard times usually strike first and hardest;

but the difficulty is to get such people to settle down to farming. For eighteen years our people were indoctrinated by politicians with the idea that prosperity and development depended upon fostering manufacturing industries. The consequence was that many young people turned their backs on the farms and crowded into the labour markets of the manufacturing centres—with, in the long run, disastrous results for themselves. Of course, there has been a great improvement in industrial lines during the past three years, but there is still too much congestion in the trade and industrial centres. These things will in time right themselves, but a good many people must, in the meantime, have some bitter experiences. The policy of promoting the development of our agricultural industry in its various branches is a wise one. Given successful and prosperous farming communities throughout Canada, and a good foundation will have been laid for the prosecution of other industries.

No. 6.—HALIFAX.

DEAR SIR,—For quite a number of months now, consecutively, the newspapers, without distinction, that are located so profusely over this, as over the other provinces, have contained items by the scores respecting developments in lumbering, mining, manufacturing, steamboating, freighting, etc. You can obtain from their pages every week, columns on the aggregate, similar to the slip which I am enclosing to you, taken at random as a week's summary for a city journal. Without looking minutely into the matter, the impression has come to me that the large amount of extra employment these are affording must have materially checked the exodus which prevailed in some years past.

A misconception is likely to arise and to be perpetuated because of the passenger lists to the States about this time of year being swelled with the names of Provincialists, male and female. In the vast majority of cases these are former residents of the States,

who came home in winter in large numbers, when industrial inactivity reigns across the border; these are from fish-settlements who have "laid up" for the winter and are on their way to Gloucester and other outfitting ports, where they have berths awaiting them.

The exodus, if you may call it thus, that has been most notable of late (say for a year or two) has been to the Northwest and to the newly-discovered mining regions under Canadian control. The best class of exodists have gone this way, and it is not unusual to hear of quite prominent men pulling up stakes and following Horace Greeley's advice, especially now that we have a "great west" of our own. I might refer you to Sir Hibbert Tupper, ex-Minister of Justice of Canada, and ex-Premier Peters, of P. E. Island, as among the comparatively young men who left their respective provinces and gone whither they may "grow up with the country."

In general, I feel quite assured that the emigration from Nova Scotia to the United States has been steadily decreasing in volume for the past two or three years; and that very much of what exodus there has been, has been in the direction of the western territories of Canada, while many have gone from the Maritime to the Upper Provinces, in connection with business opening, etc., principally in the case of commercial travellers, young clerks, etc., etc.

In your April and May numbers, in discussing the immigration policy of Canada, you have been arguing that the Government should do something to transplant the surplus population of the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Ontario, to the Northwest. I think this should be part of a general immigration and migration system.

The Maritime Provinces are developing room and employment for many settlers, of a class that the old country (Great Britain and Ireland) have a surplus. These provinces were largely invigorated and expanded by the emigration from England, Ireland and Scotland, which poured in by shiploads

between 1840 and 1850, and practically ceased about the latter date. Our young people will of course go West, as do the young people of the United States. We want matured emigrants to fill the vacuum and keep up and increase the population.

My idea would be a concerted immigration policy, between Federal and Local Governments, and on a larger and more systematic scale with regard to the capacity and requirements of the older as well as the newer provinces. In regard to population to a country like Canada, with every resource under the sun for livelihood, the expression, "the more the merrier," will fully apply. A thickly populated centre will get along far better, in degree, than one that is sparsely settled.

I enclose you one or two extracts from papers just at my hand, of issues only a few hours, or at most, a few days old. They show that there is a boom on, and also deal with the question of the exodus in somewhat the same way as I think I have outlined it, although there is no connection between the sources of the views.

You are at liberty to use these in any way you like, anonymously or over my signature, or publish it in part or in whole, as it may suit you. It has been jotted down hurriedly, and do not pretend to be any exposition of the subject.

No. 7.—NEWSPAPER COMMENT.

Halifax Chronicle: It would be a very desirable thing if some effort could be devised to secure a return wave to the Maritime Provinces of the exodians to the United States during the past fifteen or twenty years. There are two recognized difficulties in the way. First of all, the great majority of those who have gone from the Maritime Provinces have settled in the cities, towns and manufacturing districts, and whether they are doing well or not it would probably be difficult to induce them to return to their native land to engage in farming. In the second place, the Maritime Provinces cannot offer the same farming advantages as

the prairie lands of Manitoba and the Northwest offer, except with regard to cleared and partly cultivated farms in the market. Still, we believe that if a systematic plan of operations were devised and one or two live agents put in the field in the New England States, reasonably satisfactory results might be achieved in inducing former exodists to return to their native land and settle on farms. This is a matter on which the Governments of the Maritime Provinces might put their heads together and ascertain if a practical "plan of campaign" could not be devised. The effort is worth making, and we have no doubt effective co-operation on the part of the Dominion Government could be secured.

Hants Journal: From almost every corner of our little province and from other sections of the Dominion young men and women are leaving us for the United States. The exodus is an old song, and it is no use for politicians to seek to make capital out of it. Legislation will not stay the outflow to any great extent, although something might be done in that direction. There is a tendency in these days to flock to cities and other centres, and our cousins over the border are just as much troubled over the problem as we are. Many from the Eastern States move west, and the gaps left are often filled up by young people from the Maritime Provinces. In the city of Haverhill, Mass., where the Rev. McLeod Harvey was lately settled, there are now not less than 650 Nova Scotians. If, then, we cannot wholly stay the present exodus, or even reduce it to a minimum, is there no way by which we can offset it? In the way of protection of home interests the Dominion Government could render valuable aid in diminishing the exodus from Quebec and Ontario by placing an export duty on pulp wood and nickel, and in this way very largely increase the output of the manufactured article in Canada, and provide labor for thousands who annually leave their own land to seek it elsewhere. We in this province by the sea might do something more in the

manufacturing interest, and lessen our importations from Western Canada. Gold mining might be more fully developed by capitalists, and cautiously operated, and thus bring more employment to our people. Farming, however, is a more stable occupation, and a more extensive cultivation of the soil would certainly tend to increased and more permanent prosperity. True, we cannot compete with our western neighbours, who can produce to a much greater extent than we can. In the matter of dairying, beef producing and fruit culture, we have great room yet for expansion to the benefit of our province. There are many abandoned farms throughout Nova Scotia, much land that could be tilled. Why not hold out some inducements to our young men to settle down on those lands? The Dominion Government is spending a good deal of money to bring emigrants into our Northwest. Could not a grant, even though it might be small at first, be given to each of the Lower Provinces to help retain as well as increase our population and promote our welfare. If, for instance, a worthy young man could be induced by a small grant for the purchase of some stock, to settle down in our own country, would it not stimulate and encourage him to take hold. If our own young men could not be induced to do this, then our immigration agent could, by holding out an inducement, draw some worthy ones from abroad to occupy vacant lands. The professional ranks are, to some extent, being overstocked, and we should endeavour to stimulate and encourage young men to enter upon the honest occupation of Eden. It is no use deploring the exodus; it will go on. Our wisest and best policy is to seek to some extent to offset it. How this can best be done should be a matter of serious inquiry and consideration.

Vancouver Province, B.C.: Rev. C. S. Stearns, of North Jeddo, N.S., had a short preliminary interview on Saturday with Premier Semlin at Victoria in connection with the emigration project

that brings him to this coast. Messrs. William Marchant and P. C. MacGregor accompanied and introduced the visitor, who explained that he represents some two hundred families in North Jeddo alone, who are looking to British Columbia, and will probably come here to take up homes if suitable locations can be secured for the prosecution of the agricultural and fishing industries in conjunction. The populations of several other Nova Scotia communities are also watching with interest for the results of Mr. Stearns' visit to British Columbia, and likely to follow the example set by North Jeddo. Rev. Mr. Stearns will pay a visit to the West Coast and afterwards have another talk with the leader of the Government.

NO. 8.—THE DEPARTMENT.

The two following letters from the Department of Immigration outline the policy with regard to Canadian citizens who desire to become farmers of land which they shall own themselves:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OTTAWA, 9th May, 1899.

SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 6th instant I beg leave to say that the pamphlets issued by this Department for immigration purposes are not circulated in Canada except on request. Our literature is circulated in Great Britain and Ireland and on the continent, in different languages, through the office of the High Commissioner for Canada in London, and in the United States from the Department here and through our United States agencies.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

FRANK PEDLEY,
Superintendent of Immigration.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OTTAWA, 4th May, 1899.

SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 28th ultimo, addressed to the Minister of the Interior, regarding residents of Ontario who desire to move to the

Northwest, I beg leave to say that I am sending you under another cover an assortment of literature from the perusal of which you will ascertain the advantages offered for settlement in Western Canada.

The following are replies to the questions asked in your communications :

(1) Any settler over 18 years of age, who has not already made a homestead entry in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, or any woman over that age, who is the head of a family, is entitled to a grant of 160 acres of land on the payment of an entry fee of from \$10 to \$20, according to whether the land has been entered for before and cancelled or not.

(2) It is customary for the Depart-

ment to sell a quarter-section to a settler adjoining his homestead, the price being charged being \$3 per acre, one-quarter of which has to be paid down and the balance in three equal annual instalments with interest at 6 per cent. per annum.

(3) No aid is given in the way of transportation or otherwise, except that the machinery of the Department is placed at their disposal in the way of furnishing them with all necessary information by our officials in the west and in giving them the benefit of our Land Guide Service.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

FRANK PEDLEY,

Superintendent of Immigration

THE TARES AND THE GRAIN.

DEAREST, if oft I grieve thee and offend,
 Believe me 'tis because I love thee so,
 Whose slightest look or word hath power to sow
 Deep in my heart the seeds of joy or pain.
 These, sending down their roots, do cruelly rend
 Or sweetly permeate my soul ; attain
 Unto its very depths ; wonderously grow,
 And bear their instant fruit of tares or grain.

Therefore, when I do grieve thee, pray forgive
 What seemeth, mayhap, perverse jealousy,
 Fierce petulance, or cruelty's studied art !
 These are the tares. Impute not blame to me.
 Consider but nor tares nor grain could live
 Did their seed fall in an indifferent heart.

Jas. A. Tucker.



THE BARONY OF DORCHESTER.

A Letter to the Editor.

SIR,—A paragraph about the revival of the Barony of Dorchester by the Queen, conferring it on the great granddaughter of Sir Guy Carleton, 1st Lord Dorchester, recalls some interesting facts connected with our first Governor-General, his wife and their descendants.

Sir Guy Carleton married the Lady Maria Howard, youngest daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Effingham, and by her had nine children. Of their seven sons, five died on active service in the army, one, a midshipman, was killed on board his vessel, and one became a clergyman.

Sir Guy's wife was twenty-nine years his junior, and the story of how he came to marry her is not without a flavour of romance. He had originally desired to marry her elder sister, the Lady Anne Howard, whom he duly obtained Lord Effingham's permission to address. Upon a certain morning Lady Anne was summoned to the presence of her father, who presently admitted Sir Guy and then left the pair "with his kind blessing." But when the Lady Anne returned upstairs her youthful companions with one voice proclaimed "Nance has been crying." "And well I might," tearfully replied the Lady Anne, "for I have had to refuse Sir Guy." "Then you have refused a man too good for you," indignantly cried the younger sister.

Family story has it that a common friend, who was present during the sisters' dialogue, took occasion later on to hint at its tenor to the rejected suitor, who "reddened to his powder, but made no answer." It seems, however, not improbable that his discovery of the younger sister's girlish partiality availed to catch his heart "on the rebound." At all events, in the following year the General once more came a-wooing, and on May 22nd,

1772, he was married to the Lady Maria.

It was a tribute to his worth that the elder sister, Lady Anne, while refusing his hand had opened her heart to him by confessing a secret attachment between herself and Sir Guy's aide-de-camp, his nephew, Christopher Carleton. It is pleasing to be able to record that the General not only bore no ill-will to his successful rival, but exerted himself in behalf of the two lovers, bringing his great influence to bear on Lord Effingham with such persuasiveness as to procure for them leave to marry, and during all their lives he ever proved himself their true friend and benefactor whether they were in England or formed part of his military family in Quebec City.

How much Sir Guy Carleton's wife loved him is a tradition in the family. General Riedesel, in writing to his wife, describes Lady Carleton as an imperious dame, but her husband was the centre of her life. With him there was no display of self-will. After a model married life of 36 years, when death separated her loved one from her, she took the separation so much to heart that she never allowed his name to pass her lips nor suffered any allusion to him to be made to her during the 29 years she survived the idol of her soul. She even carried the sentiment so far as to refuse to give any one access to his papers, deeming everything of his too sacred to be touched by unfamiliar hands. Twelve years after his death she destroyed all his correspondence in the presence of her grandson, afterwards Guy, 3rd Lord Dorchester, and father of Hon. Mrs. Lier-Carleton, for whom the Queen has just revived the Barony extinct by the death of the last male heir. Lady Dorchester said to her little grandson, "You shall help me now to put away all belonging to my

friend that nothing of his may ever fall into mean hands."

Accordingly she directed her old man-servant to make a bonfire upon the lawn before Hackwood House (Kent) where she was residing with her daughter Maria, Lady Bolton, and between this bonfire and Lady Dorchester's sitting-room the grandson and the old retainer trotted to and from and fed the flames with manuscripts that one must sorrowfully surmise to have been of considerable historical interest to Canada and the rest of the Empire.

During his life time Lord Dorchester gave, as I have said, six of his sons to the service of his country.

One, the eldest, a youth of 20, died of fever after the battle of Lincelles (1793) during the revolutionary war, the allied armies of the English and Dutch beating the French on the occasion.

The second son offered up on the altar of his country was killed in the following year in the action of Catteau April, 1794.

The third son to be taken off was the sailor boy of the seven. He was a middy of 13 years of age on board H.M.S. *Phæbe*, when being sent aloft in a gale he fell to the deck and was picked up a corpse.

The fourth to die was the third son of Christopher, who died a lieutenant-colonel, in 1806, in Madras Roads, from fever contracted on active service and complicated with the results of imperfectly healed wounds.

When the grand old man came to die in 1808, at the age of 83, he and his wife, while they mourned the loss of four of their seven sons, had still three left. Two of these were actively engaged in fighting for their country. One of them, George, was desperately wounded at the taking of Badajos by the French. He recovered, and three years later was shot dead while leading his regiment in the unsuccessful assault on Bergin op Zoom, on March 11th, 1814, on which occasion General Graham attempted to take the place by storm, but was defeated; the retreat

of his men after they had forced an entrance having been cut off, the slaughter that ensued was terrific. Colonel George Carleton met his death at the Cavalier of the Antwerp gate, having in his hand the very sword with which his gallant father, in September, 1747, had cut his way in safety through the same gate.

In connection with the death of this son of the 1st Lord Dorchester, there is a statement of interest to believers in telepathy. The assault was made at 10 o'clock at night. Shortly after that hour Colonel Carleton's fourteen-year-old daughter, Henrietta, awoke (at Windsor, England) crying "Papa is killed." Her mother noted the time of the child's outcry, and brother-officers afterwards confirmed the accuracy of the coincidence. The impression was so vivid that the girl never forgot it; when relating the occurrence to a member of the family 66 years after it happened, and she was an old lady of 80 years of age, her emotion was painfully keen.

The sixth son to give up his life at the call of his country was Dudley, who, like Christopher, was born in the Chateau St. Louis, Quebec. He served in the peninsula, where the hardships he experienced so undermined his constitution as to cause his death at the age of 31, in 1820.

When the youngest son of Lord and Lady Dorchester, born in 1792, came of years to make his choice of a profession his duty, he, from heredity and environment, coming as he did from a fighting family, desired with all the strength of his young warm nature to follow in the footsteps of his father and his brothers, and to make a career for himself in the army. His father was dead and his mother a widow with many sorrow-creases on her heart. She had lost four of her sons; the other two were exposed to the same danger of sudden death. She felt that she had done her duty to her country in suppressing the strong maternal instinct and in bearing bravely up against maternal fears. The sorely tried mother is said to have pleaded on her knees

with her youngest boy "not to leave her sonless." The mother's tears and persuasions prevailed. Relinquishing his ambition he entered the church and lived to the age of 77, being for over 50 years the Rector of Nately-Scures

(Hants), the burial place of Guy, 1st Lord Dorchester and 1st Governor-General of Canada; of his brother General Thomas Carleton, 1st Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and their descendants.

OTTAWA, Aug. 1st, '99.

George Johnson.

"FRANCIS PARKMAN AND HIS WORKS."

A Letter to the Editor.

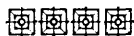
SIR,—I have neither the ability nor the desire to enter into a controversy with Dr. George Stewart about the works of the late Francis Parkman, which form the subject of a very eulogistic article from his pen in your July number. Dr. Stewart admits of Parkman that "he has his critics, chief among whom is the Abbé Casgrain, whose notes are entitled to respect." I question, however, whether any of the Abbé's criticisms equal in gravity the severe arraignment of Parkman and his methods contained in Mr. Edouard Richard's "Acadia," of which Dr. Stewart makes no mention. Richard's book was written during Parkman's lifetime, but unfortunately, for reasons mentioned in an explanatory note in the Appendix, it was not published until after Parkman's death. This Richard regretted, as he desired that it should be read by Parkman, so that he might make such reply as he could to the serious charges against him, contained in the book. These charges are outlined in "The Introductory Remarks" at pages 9 to 13, and are more fully dealt with in Chapter XXXIII. and in the explanatory note above referred to. I shall not cumber your pages with quotations, as the

English edition of Richard's book is available to your readers who care to look into the matter for themselves. I may say, however, that he unhesitatingly charges Parkman, when writing of the Acadians, with "systematic attempts, unmistakably and continually renewed, to falsify history"; and he adduces what he at least considers indisputable proof in support of his accusations. He charges, in particular, that Parkman knew of, but ignored, the valuable information contained in the voluminous collection of documents made by the Rev. Andrew Brown during his residence in Halifax, from 1787 to 1795, the originals of which are in the British Museum, but copies of which have been in the archives of the Historical Society of Halifax for several years.

I have never seen an adequate reply by any of Parkman's friends to Richard's indictment, and I was disappointed that such an appreciative reviewer as Dr. Stewart did not even allude to it in his article. Perhaps he might be induced to take the matter up in another article, and deal with it as such a serious accusation deserves. If he can show that Richard's charges are unfounded, he will be doing a friendly act for Parkman's reputation.

Ottawa.

M. J. Gorman.



CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

As might have been expected, the Southern lack of faith in the ordinary processes of law, which took the form of the lynching of negroes, has extended itself in other directions. It was solemnly asserted that this violent form of justice was only awarded for one crime—and this in spite of the fact that incidents were constantly occurring that belied the plea. Wholesale lynchings took place where the accusation was robbery unaccompanied by violence and where there was not a scintilla of evidence against some, at least, of the victims. One negro was shot dead, and members of his family wounded, because he dared accept a postmastership from the Federal Government, and the Government does not appear to be strong enough to protect its official or secure the punishment of his murderers.

But Judge Lynch is not confining his attention to black men exclusively. At Talullah, a place in Georgia, a physician had incurred the enmity of an Italian, and he was subsequently fired at and severely wounded. Five Italians were accused of the crime and were taken from the hands of the officers and put to death. There is no pretence that, even though guilty, their crime was one deserving death. The doctor's injuries were not fatal. But what makes the crime of the mob most shocking is the statement that four out of the men lynched could not possibly have had any hand in the shooting. The Italian Government demands reparation, and a monetary salve will doubtless be applied, but that will neither restore life that is dear to all men, nor restore to the standing of a civilized state the community in which such happenings are not sporadic but common.

Canadians may very well pray to be saved from a Pharisical holier-

than-thou attitude towards our neighbours across the border, but even the more courageous of their own prints in the North deplore the condition of affairs of which these are the symptoms. It is singular that among a people whose fathers declared in the instrument that gave the States birth that among the inalienable rights of man were life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the former should be held so cheaply. The fourteenth amendment to the constitution, passed in the days succeeding the rebellion, provided among other things that no State should "deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." The shocking incidents which we are considering are completely subversive of these fundamental laws. The fifteenth amendment reads: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State, on account of race, colour, or previous condition of servitude." This provision has been virtually erased from the constitution by the action of all the Southern states and attempts are now being made by some of them to practically embody the disfranchising principle in their State constitutions.

In a score of smaller ways all over the great Union this weakness of the law, and defiance of it, is manifested. The idea seems to be abroad that it would be a sign of pusillanimity in a community if any crime that rouses its indignation were left to the regular operation of the law. The writer of these pages was in Ottumwa, Iowa, three or four years ago. The day before, a white man had been lynched in broad daylight for a crime that roused the wrath of the citizens. It was the subject of general conversation, and on

all hands it was evident there was a feeling of pride that Ottumwa had not lost its spunk, as it was called. Had they left the wretch to the due execution of the laws there can be little doubt that the whole community would have hung its head in shame. They would have deemed that their citizenship had lost all its virility. The fact is that in many parts of the United States the individual carries his dispenser of justice in his hip pocket, and, metaphorically speaking, it may be said of the communities that they are provided with a hip pocket too.

Why is it that railway trains are "held up" in the United States; that small towns are captured by bands of mounted robbers and their banks or stores looted; that the members of two rival families go gunning for each other, while law and order look on with merely a spectator's interest in the little unpleasantness? It cannot be imputed to sparseness of population or any special geographical conditions, for all these are reproduced in Canada without any of the same consequences. Compare Dawson City with Skagway, the one under Canadian law, the other under American. In the former, the biggest gold camp on the continent, painfully remote from the seat of authority, we have order as perfect as in the streets of Toronto. Skagway, for many months, was terrorized by a ruffian known as Soapy Smith, and his suppression seems to have been too arduous a task for the ordinary law, so it was necessary for a citizen to shoot him through the head. Had Mr. Smith tried his escapades in Dawson City, he would have found himself in a jail inside of twenty-four hours, with a certainty of a somewhat steady job cutting cordwood for the police barracks after his interview with justice. That would have taken all the romance out of it.

Without inviting comparisons for the sake of exalting our own self-righteousness, it can surely be said that here is a weakness. Whence does it

arise? Is it inherent in democratic institutions? Has the rage for popular acclaim and the fear of running counter to the stream strangle the civic virtues? Where is that one on God's side, which Wendell Phillips declared was a majority? No voice is raised in the South against these enormities, and only a few far-off protests in the North. The Governor of Georgia addresses the people of the State in a document which is one-half condemnatory and the other half exculpatory.

There is no desire to minimise the appalling nature of the problem with which the white South has to deal, but barbarism has never yet been put down by barbarism. Talk about higher civilization! How can we distinguish a crowd of white men gathered about a human being, slowly slicing and hacking him with their knives from the Red Indian torturing his victim at the stake. What Georgia and other Southern States need is a profounder faith in the efficacy and majesty of the law. Let the law be enforced against negro and white if it needs an armed and mounted officer patrolling every mile of road throughout the South. Expense should not stand in the way of getting these States back into civilization.

General de Gallifet, M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Minister of War, appears to be a martinet on a large scale and, perhaps, in the better sense of the word. He is acting on the principle that if you must seize the nettle the only way to escape stings is to seize it firmly. Gen. de Negrier forced the issue whether the military or civil authority should be paramount in France and the Minister of War accepted the challenge with a promptitude that must have astonished the challenger. De Negrier's influence and popularity with the army might well have made a less daring Minister pause, but *la vieille moustache* probably felt that if the army is supreme in France it would be just as well to know it at once and a better opportunity than that offered by Gen. de Negrier's utter-

ances for settling the question could hardly present itself. Well, the General has not only been deposed but virtually humiliated and the crash of arms has not followed. The civil power is in the ascendant and for the time being the courage of one old man has saved the Republic.

The army is likely to suffer a further shock in the acquittal of Dreyfus. The whole trial was very stagey, very Frenchy. One even got a little tired of the prisoner's parrot-like repetition of his declaration of innocence. Cases off the stage are not settled on declarations of innocence, but on credible evidence. The whole affair from beginning to end irresistibly suggests a lot of children playing at the transaction of serious business. The Ester-

hazy disguises, the veiled lady, the clumsy forgeries with no adequate object in view, followed by the petulant suicides of some of the terrible infants, has all a resemblance to a children's make-believe play.

Gen. Alger has been sacrificed to public clamour, and there are signs that Gen. Otis will be the next victim. It is claimed that by next October there will be 46,000 American troops in the Philippines. According to some authorities, even this number will be quite insufficient to accomplish the work required of them, but that number of Americans, active and resourceful as they are everywhere, will make it very interesting for Mr. Aguinaldo during the forthcoming winter.

John A. Ewan.

CHARACTER.

LIFE is a garment woven through
 With deeds of good or ill ;
 And golden is the cloth we weave
 When life with good we fill.
 Within the warp and woof each day
 Some right or wrong infold ;
 And character's the pattern stitched
 Upon this cloth of gold !

George Edgar Frye.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE second of Charles Lewis Shaw's articles on "The People of Parliament Hill," which appears in this issue, is well worth a careful reading. Mr. Shaw has pictured political Ottawa as it has never been pictured before. He has recognized the humour and the pathos of the life at the foot of the throne and has put these features into words as with a forcibleness which is decidedly unusual.

✱

It is a question whether Canada, as a nation, possesses the quality of appreciating literature, at least Robert Barr considers it an open question. He will discuss the subject in two articles in the November and December numbers. We venture to predict that these contributions will be the talk of the whole country, and because of our faith in their power we venture to speak of them some time in advance.

✱

The spelling of the term "coureur de bois" in Mr. Johnson's article in this issue is not what the readers of this magazine are accustomed to, "des" being used instead of "de." Mr. Johnson thus explains his preference:

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,
OTTAWA, July 24th, 1899.

MR. J. A. COOPER:

DEAR SIR,—In answer to yours of 21st inst. asking my authority for using *des* instead of *de* in the phrase *Coureurs de[s] bois* I have to say: 1st. Undoubtedly the authorities who first used the expression used *de*. This they did because they desired to express to the Sovereign the idea that some Frenchmen on the banks of the St. Lawrence were getting into the habit of going off to the woods, not merely for the purpose of hunting and securing peltrie, but also with the intention of adopting the nomadic life

and marrying Indian women. They wished to stigmatize these Frenchmen as *runners into* the woods rather than praise them as runners or rangers through the woods. In fact, they wanted to stop all the fur-hunting indulged in by the young fellows, as it was against their interest to have any but themselves dealing with the Indians.

2nd. When, subsequently, things changed, and the Frenchmen left their wives and children and went into the woods with the one specific object of securing furs and returning with them to their homes, the use of the form *des* conveyed the new change better than *de*.

3rd. Many persons cling to the old form as they find it in the ordinances of the early days. So great a purist as Dr. Taché invariably employs the form *de*. But the younger generation use *des* and do so because if they are writing the expression for readers in France, they wish, above all things, to be precise, and *coureur de bois* might mean a figure of wood dressed up to represent a traditional character—a *wooden* man in fact, just the opposite of the extremely active individual intended to be brought before the mind's eye by the phrase *coureur des bois*. They wish to discriminate and they find that the form *des* enables them to do so.

4th. I think that both forms are right, but that the new form, for the reasons given, is gradually superseding the old.

Those who like to see the phrase exactly as it was originally will use *de*. Those who wish the form to have that preciseness which it is the boast of Frenchmen their language supplies beyond other languages, will abandon with more or less of reluctance, according to temperament, the *de* and adopt the *des*.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE JOHNSON.

Mr. Douglas Brymner, on being appealed to, has this to say in defence of "de":

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
(ARCHIVE BRANCH.)

OTTAWA, 31st July, 1899.

MR. JOHN A. COOPER :

DEAR SIR,—As I do not pose as an authority on all subjects I content myself with giving authorities.

In the 17th century Talon and Nicolas Perrot give "Coureurs de bois."

In the 18th, Charlevoix does the same.

In the 19th the Jesuit Father Tailhan in his notes, 1864, to Nicolas Perrot, gives the same spelling, so does Garneau, 1845, and in his fourth edition, 1882.

Sulte, in the index to Garneau's history, 4th edition, 1883, gives "coureurs de bois." I cannot find any French authority that gives any other spelling.

Parkman and Kingsford corroborate this as they both give "coureurs de bois."

I might multiply proofs, but these should be sufficient.

Yours truly,

DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

✱

Just at the present time, when the gaze of every Anglo-Saxon is turned toward South Africa, periodicals from that colony are more than usually interesting. Before me lay the May and June issues of *The Cape Illustrated Magazine*, published by Dennis Edwards & Co., Cape Town. This monthly, which is now in its ninth volume, contains forty-eight pages of reading matter, mostly stories. Politics are eschewed, except the politics of dress; but the few illustrations indicate that photography and drawing are not among the lost arts in Cape Colony. The price is sixpence, and the advertising patronage is meagre.

✱

It may safely be said, nowadays, that a country is known by its magazines. With this thought in mind, one can easily picture South Africa. The towns are new and not large. The

trees on the streets are small and do not cast much shade. The roads are paved only in a few directions. The farming settlements are scattered and indicate a lack of comforts. Even in the towns, private libraries are small and meagre, while public libraries exist in only one or two of the larger towns. Everything is new, and nothing is crumbling to decay. On every hand are undeveloped possibilities, shining with the dim light from a possible brilliant future—for South Africa, founded by the persistent Dutch and the progressive British, will some day have a national spirit of its own, a national glory which will help to illuminate the civilized world.

✱

The leading article in the June number of this periodical gives force to this idea of the crudeness and newness of South Africa. It is entitled "Trying to Garden Up-Country," and is written by a lady living in Griqualand West. I was glad to find this article and hear of Griqualand, because—a very boyish reason—in my collection of postage stamps I have a solitary specimen of a Cape of Good Hope stamp surcharged in the centre with a capital "G". Just now they are not gardening in South Africa; they are wearing furs in Cape Town and carrying umbrellas and shivers farther now. The spring comes in October and November. In Griqualand, this writer mentions, they have a "second spring," when the rains come in January and February.

One of the earliest paragraphs in this article runs thus:

There is scarcely a farm homestead "up-country," or a house in village or town without some attempt at a garden. Maybe it is only a sun-scorched geranium in a pot on a windowsill, or a stunted little syringa tree growing near the door, but something there always is. If unlimited water is to be had—running water with which to flood the garden beds—anything can be got to grow in our glorious climate. But when the plants have to be watered by hand with a watering-pot, or, as I once heard a Dutchman express it, "When you have to throw the flowers with water," it is a long, hard struggle even to keep them alive during the terrible heat of summer. No one who has not been out at

midday in a South African December or January can imagine the heat of the sun or its awful drying power.

That is the best short description of South Africa as a place to live that I have ever read. The cool days of the Canadian spring, when the buds are bursting on tree and shrub, the wild flowers peeping through the leafy carpet, the broad stretches of green meadow, soon to be white and yellow with daisies and buttercups, suddenly become dearer and sweeter. Even the hot days of our July and August become more endurable, for our sweet peas, geraniums, petunias, cannas, dahlias, asters, and all other garden flowers, flourish with very little attention.

When one reads on and learns about the *voet gangers*, the dark tiny locusts that invade the wheat and oat fields, requiring to be fought for days or weeks by every person available—fought not with fire and water, for these they disdain, but with waving flags, then Canada as an agricultural paradise becomes more real. About once in ten years we have a dry season, when grasshoppers are troublesome and when the ground dries up, but the harvest is only lessened, never fully destroyed. Occasionally in our northern sections we have an early frost which may destroy ten per cent. of Manitoba's wheat crop, but that is only a small part of the whole. We have a blessed country—although too often we forget it and neglect to be thankful and happy.

✱

Here are the first few lines of a piece of native poetry in this same issue :

When the weary days are hottest,
 In the long, long months of drought;
 When the shadeless veld around us
 Lies desolate, drear, burnt out;
 When the tired eyes are aching,
 From the pitiless glare around,
 And as far as sight can wander,
 No gleam of green is found;
 When the brazen sky above us
 No welcome storm-cloud shows,
 And the daily cares seem hardest—
 Then my Dream-River flows !

But there is a brighter side to South African life, although it need not be touched upon here. My object in making these quotations was simply to show the difference between the climates of Canada and South Africa.

Now as to the Boer. In the May number of this same magazine there is an article on "The Racial Question in the Transvaal" by a writer who seems to have a very thorough grasp of his subject. A few sentences may be quoted:

There yet remains the indubitable fact that the Boer is not what he was when he left Europe. Physically he has improved, partly for the reason that the country of his adoption deals kindly with the lung disease which, in Europe, plays havoc with the tall men. . . . The Boer's hardiness may be further sought in the fact that he is descended from sailors and soldiers of fortune, as were Van Riebeck's followers almost to a man—well inured to bodily hardships, which their sons were forced to undergo in turn by the very nature of the country in which they found themselves.

It is on the mental side that the Boers have deteriorated; the reason being that he has bred a large nation from a comparatively small number of families, spread over a large area of ground, thereby necessitating much in-breeding during the first few generations. Apart from the few orphan girls and the Huguenot settlement there has been no appreciable infusion of fresh blood from over seas. . . .

Finally, as to the cruelty of the Boer. Evidently the Boer's cruelty is bred in the bone. He certainly is selfish, un pitying, and cold-blooded, and from that comes much of the strength he has retained in despite of his undoubted retrogression. That strength he has used, hitherto unsuccessfully, against the strongest of his stubborn breed; but the Boer must learn that the Englishman is the stronger and better man of the two. . . . The Transvaal Boer must learn that the continuation of his greater cousin's success is due to the fact that he can govern gently and quietly, yet still govern. He must understand that Saxondom will keep on expanding and progressing, and that he, if he persists in retrogression, may find a worse fate than that of throwing in his lot with these his more fortunate brethren—must understand that his joining hands with the English does not mean a mixture of two variant nationalities, but a mere side issue in the ultimate consolidation of the greatest, the strongest, and the whitest race on earth—a race whom even an atheist must call the chosen of some Power.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"NOTHING BUT NAMES."

IT is fitting that in the issue of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE containing a second article on "Canadian Place-Names" by George Johnson, there should be a short review of the volume, "Nothing But Names,"* by Herbert F. Gardiner, the broad-minded editor of the Hamilton *Times*. Much information concerning Canada's early history is now being put into books, pamphlets, magazines and archives so that it may be preserved for the benefit of future generations. The men who are collecting this information for the pure love of their country are worthy of much more praise and reward than the wily and ignorant politician who helps to keep the country in a constant state of excitement; yet their reward will be little else than the satisfaction of knowing that they have performed some small services for the good of the nation which may some time be great and grand and glorious.

Mr. Gardiner's book is "an inquiry into the origin of the names of the counties and townships of Ontario," and each county group of townships is considered under the title of the county, and this divides the work, which comprises nearly six hundred pages, into some forty-eight sections. Taking Huron County as an example, we find that Osborne, Tuckersmith, McKillop and Hullett townships were named after directors of the Canada Land Company, although the author does not point out in a general way that this tract of land was at one time almost wholly the property of that company. Goderich Township was named after Lord Goderich, an Eng-

* "Nothing But Names," by H. F. Gardiner, M.A. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. 561 pp., cloth, gilt top.

lish statesman, who had much to do with Canada during the rebellion period, and was Premier of Great Britain in 1833. His son, the Marquis of Ripon, was chairman of the High Joint Commission which drafted the treaty of Washington in 1871. These details and many more are given under the name of the township in this book, Colborne was called after Sir John Colborne, the bluff old soldier who saved Upper Canada from anarchy in 1837. Grey township perpetuates the name of Charles, second Earl of Grey, under whose premiership England's common people received a new Magna Charta in the shape of the Great Reform Bill of 1832. Howick was called after Earl Grey's son, Lord Howick. Morris recalls Hon. William Morris, who died in Montreal in 1858, and several other persons of that name who have made their marks in Canadian history, Turnberry perpetuates the name of the Scotch castle which Robert Bruce captured in 1307. Wawanosh is, as the name indicates, an Indian name, a chief of the Chippewas having been so called. Ashfield is a reproduction of the name of a village in Suffolk, England.

It is interesting to note that the names of places in Ontario have, with a few exceptions, been conferred within the last hundred and ten years. After the Peace of Versailles, when Great Britain lost her southern North American colonies, the region then made a province, under the name of Upper Canada, contained less than 2,000 European dwellers gathered around the fortified posts on the River St. Lawrence, Niagara and St. Clair. It is also interesting to recall that Haldimand, the Governor of Canada, wrote in 1783, from Quebec, that

Canada would be of little service as a commercial country and it would be useless to incur expense in defending it. With such information it is small wonder that Great Britain gave away what is now Michigan, Illinois, Dakota, and the States directly west of Ontario, and actually contemplated giving away what is now Ontario because it was thought to be unfit for settlement. Truly, the British Government was poorly advised in the closing years of last century.

A notice of this very valuable volume may fittingly be ended with the following quotations from the introductory section :

"Ontario's township and county names have been taken from the names of places in England, Ireland and Scotland, from the names and titles of British statesmen, many of whom had official relations with the colony; from the soldiers and sailors who helped to acquire or to preserve Canada for the British crown; from King George the Third and his fifteen more or less interesting children and their titles; from the Governors, Judges, and other officials who have lived and laboured in Canada; while not a few of them were named after men whose chief title to distinction was their persistence and success in land-grabbing. Then there are scripture names, botanical names and names of animals; Greek names and Latin names; French and Spanish names; christian names as well as surnames; names of men eminent in science; and names of wild Indians."



'POSTLE FARM.*

In studying history it is customary for Canadians to give greater attention to that Great Britain and of Canada than to that of any other country. It is reasonable that such should be the course pursued by our educationists. The favoured historical study of the United States school and even of the United States home, is the history of the United States. In Germany, the history of the Fatherland, of the great Kaiser and of the exploits of that wonderful soldier-statesman, Count Bismarck, has the most affectionate attention.

In reading fiction a similar rule ob-

tains in almost all countries where fiction is read. The Britisher reads British fiction; the German loves stories of the Rhine; the Frenchman desires novels dealing with the historical personages of France or with the modern society in which he plays a part; the citizen of the United States defies the authors who are his own countrymen. In Canada, too, native authors receive much consideration—not so much as they deserve, perhaps; certainly not so much as they desire and claim.

Nevertheless, the reading of foreign fiction—foreign is hardly the proper term, but it will do—is instructive to the great mass of the reading public. It is instructive because it combines in a light form the study of history, description, travel, biography and national characteristics. To the student of literature, it means that and much more. "Postle Farm," by George Ford, for example, gives a fairly good idea of Devonshire scenery and of the manner of life and speech which distinguishes the farmer of Devonshire from all other men. When to this value is added that of containing a discussion of a problem which is common to all peoples, the story becomes more than something to be read and then to be forgotten.

'Postle Farm is essentially a love story, not the ordinary mawkish sentimental love story, but, nevertheless, a story in which the central figures engage in love-making. For example, Mr. Ford gives us his idea of love at first sight, and says :

"When a woman is particularly beautiful, a man's love for her is more or less conceived at first sight. He desires her as we all desire the beautiful, though often but imperfectly understanding wherein the beautiful consists. Provided he discovers no violent temper or hateful fault—or sometimes in spite of these—the little root of love, planted at that first meeting, blossoms and bears fruit, especially in the young and inexperienced heart."

When men met Cathie Lythcott they at once began to like her because she was beautiful. Her beauty obscured her reputation for having "an evil eye." And when, after her long

*'Postle Farm, by George Ford, author of "The Larramys," etc. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

struggle to overcome the crudeness of her Devonshire speech and the uncouthness of her dress and manners, when at last she convinced those about her that she had a will and a mind of her own, one of her friends expressed the admiration of all by saying :

"If she were a man she would work her way up to a premiership. As a woman I suppose she will merely make a brilliant match."

The author does not describe in any great detail Cathie's beauty. When Temple Frobisher first met her, her "magnificent scowling beauty repulsed him, yet he had to look . . . meeting the dark glance of the brilliant eyes." Again the author speaks of her in the following language: "The magnificent design of the Creator was written on the face of this woman, and no man looking on her could doubt it. There was that on Crazy Cathie's face that gave the lie direct to the carking materialist, and opened for earth a sudden vista of heaven."

These are, however, vague descriptions. But her beauty was such that Temple was sorely afflicted, as almost all men have been, "trying to govern thoughts that would not be governed, to rule actions that would not be ruled." She was only a poor, ignorant farm girl; he was of the blue-blooded aristocracy. "He loved when love was impossible—loved her madly. Separation was the only solution; separation was bitter as death. Sin stared him in the face—and conquered."

'Postle Farm was so named from the row of twelve time-honoured elms that shadowed its thatched dwellings. Some superstitious or imaginative person had called them the twelve apostles, and Apostle Farm after many generations became 'Postle Farm. The farm itself was on the sides of a ridge of hills, and along its western boundary flowed a tidal river which brought up "the salt sea breezes twice a day and the whiff of the brown seaweed." On this farm Cathie grew up. Her mother was dead; her father had never been known to the neighbourhood. Her "Grandfer," a fine-featured, blue-eyed old man, loved her and guarded her. His

daughter Annie, his brutish son-in-law Miah, and their little boy made up the family. While still very young, Cathie seemed possessed of an extra sense. She had premonitions and saw spirit pictures. One day she saw "the Shinin' Lady," and felt that some harm was about to befall her little nephew. That day he toddled off to the pond, when his mother was busy, and was drowned. The mother became furious with Cathie.

"You done it," she shrieked. "You she-devil! You gawked in's vire! You cast avil eye on un! Go to damnation with yer tricks!"

Before anyone could check her, she hurled herself on Cathie and flung her madly backwards. The child fell heavily on the sharp edge of the fender, and lay still.

For a fortnight Cathie remained unconscious. Then slowly the light filtered back. She spoke rationally, ate and slept, rose from her bed and performed the ordinary duties of the day; but her mind was a blank. She could recall nothing of her little cousin, nor of what she had learnt at school. She could remember no one's name; she met old familiar friends as strangers.

From this time forward Crazy Cathie was handicapped in her life's struggle. Some years afterward she met Temple Frobisher. He was struck with her beauty and attempted to teach her the ways of his people—the gentle folk. She had a great ambition to learn and developed rapidly. Temple became very fond of her and desired to marry her. Between them lay the impassable gulf which separates the classes. Unwilling to lose his inheritance by such a union, he desires to take her away with him. Her strong sense of right and wrong, her ambition and her will save her, and Temple's dishonourable plan fails.

Her education is continued under the double pressure of her anxiety to improve herself for improvement sake, and her desire to make herself worthy of the lover who has, for the time, deserted her. The grandfather dies and she then learns that she was not his granddaughter but the rightful heir to the Frobisher estates. The closing scene between the newly-discovered heiress and her former lover who had

expected to inherit the estates she now receives is a fitting finale to the story.

The book is a brilliant achievement and shows that the author is more than a polished imitator—he is a sincere student and an earnest workman in his chosen field.

NOTES.

“A Pauper Millionaire,” by Austin Fryers, is an interesting though impossible tale. No millionaire—no United States millionaire—could possibly be so huge an imbecile as this man was. Nevertheless the story is well told and some of the London scenes and characters especially well described. The author points his moral, that people with money do not understand the difficulties of those without it, and yet he does not fill more than three or four pages of the entire book with abstract discussions. There is thus a sprightliness in the telling of the story which makes it an excellent summer novel. (Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.)

Robert Barr is the prince of Canada's story-tellers. Gilbert Parker aims to be a literary dramatist, and with him form is a great deal. Robert Barr aims apparently to be a story-teller. His latest book “The Strong Arm,” is a collection of German tales, mainly about Count Herbert Von Schonburg, the first six forming a complete narrative. Among the other ten stories to be found in the volume, none is of greater interest or dramatic power than “The Count's Apology,” which has already been published in the *CANADIAN MAGAZINE*. Mr. Barr has caught the spirit of the warlike men and courageous women of the mediæval period and makes them live again in his tales. This restless, rollicking period, when might was right, when even the churchmen were castleholders and army commanders, when the possession of a fortified stronghold and a body of armed retainers made a man an absolute sovereign—this period gives full scope to Mr. Barr's faculty for free-and-easy story-telling and for the accumulation of stirring incident. Further, when description is required, Mr. Barr's gives

in a manner which if not stately is never tiresome and seldom, if ever, uninteresting. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

“A Gentleman Player,” though an historical novel is, in aim, something more; it is an attempt to picture the early days of the English play-house when Ben Jonson played at the Blackfriars and William Shakespeare and Lawrence Fletcher at the Globe. The story opens with a description of the first presentation of Hamlet (1601) and is exceedingly valuable in pointing out the crude appliances which the players used in their stagings. Moreover it will bring home to many people in Canada, the fact that Shakespeare did not need to go abroad to find support and appreciation for his literary ability, but that the English people welcomed him gladly. Of course, there were croakers, but the people high and low attended the open-air theatres and applauded the players. The chief character in the book is not William Shakespeare, however, but a player in his company by the name of Hal Marryott. He is sent on a secret mission by Queen Elizabeth, and on this journey he is pursued and hampered by a beautiful woman whom he pities and admires. Their romance is the romance of the book and, as Roger Barnet, the pursuivant, said of Romeo and Juliet, “a piece of rare love-making.” The long, five-day chase over rough, frozen roads, when horseback was almost the only method of travel, is well described, and in such a way that one gets an almost complete picture of English domestic life in the Elizabethan period. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs.)

Carlton Dawe is one of the newest novelists. Japan, China, and the Pacific Ocean seem to be his chosen districts. His latest novel “The Voyage of the Pulo Way,” is a sea adventure off the coast of China, which bears new names and new settings but exhibits the same old style of deceit, revenge and escapade. The story is

only average, but perhaps Mr. Dawe may do better when he gets money and leisure. (Toronto : The Musson Book Co.).



The August *Bookman* says : The great success of a new book like *When Knighthood was in Flower* is usually attended by all sorts of "faked" stories; and the reading public, who is a party to the conspiracy, lightly finds entertainment in them and as lightly forgets them. But when an erroneous statement to the effect that the novel which we have just mentioned had been rejected by several well-known firms before it was finally accepted and published by the Bowen-Merrill Company finds credence in the literary columns of so important a sheet as the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, one feels that it is time to protest. As a matter of fact, *When Knighthood was in Flower* was never rejected or declined by any publisher. Mr. Charles Major, the author, first sent it to one of the leading New York publishers, an old and conservative house, who promptly accepted it. Their acceptance, however, included directions to the author to cut out a scene in the story which they characterized as indelicate if not indecent. The scene objected to, we may say, is that in which King Henry the Eighth comments on the marriage of Brandon and Mary Tudor when the King learns that his sister was married "with her golden hair flowing from her shoulders"—really one of the dramatic climaxes of the story. Mr. Major declined to cut out or modify the scene in any way and withdrew the manuscript. It was next submitted to the Bowen-Merrill Company, and very shortly afterward was published by them.

Perhaps *When Knighthood was in Flower* is one of the exceptions which prove the rule. Certainly in the case of *David Harum* as to whose selling qualities there would seem to be no sort of doubt, it was far otherwise. Six well-known firms had rejected the book before Messrs. D. Appleton &

Company, about the end of December, 1897, accepted the manuscript promptly, and aroused the author from a despair which was really becoming tragic when we remember that he was then lying on his deathbed. It is pathetic, indeed, to learn that Mr. Westcott's health rallied somewhat for a short time after receiving the good news. The manuscript, however, was accepted conditionally, and we are not surprised to learn that at first the author positively refused to comply with the conditions. It is said that had the book been printed from the original manuscript it would have numbered over five hundred pages. With a reluctance that can be well understood Mr. Westcott at length gave his consent to the proposed alterations. He looked forward to the joy of reading the proofs and seeing the book in the hands of the public, but this was not to be. It was six months after the death of its author that *David Harum* appeared.



Mr. Arthur J. Stringer, whose forthcoming book, "The Loom of Destiny," will be published by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Company in the autumn, is a Canadian by birth, and a graduate of Oxford, 1898. Mr. Stringer has been engaged in journalistic work in New York for about a year, and has taken a place among the promising young writers of the day. "The Loom of Destiny" is a collection of short sketches dealing with child life in the slums. Some of these sketches have appeared in *Ainslee's Magazine*. Mr. Stringer is also known through his poetry, which is frequently to be met with in the leading magazines. Two books of his verse were published in Canada several years ago.



"Black Rock," by Ralph Connor (of Winnipeg) is soon to be brought out in the States by the Revell Co. Mr. Gordon, whose pen-name is now so well known, is at present in rather poor health, and is taking a prolonged rest.

IDEAS AND MOMENTS

MY CLERICAL FRIEND.

A few days ago I mounted a Tally-ho with a friend from the East, to whom I was desirous of showing the beauties of our city. My friend sat on my left, and I found myself flanked on my right by a gentleman in clerical garb, evidently a Catholic priest, if one might judge by the cut of his vest and his Roman collar. He was a portly, dignified man, with a clean-shaven, intellectual face, a typical American in countenance. He soon gathered from my conversation with my friend that I was a resident of the city of Toronto, and in a well-bred manner commenced to ask many questions connected with this country. Did I think there was much annexation sentiment in the country? He seemed astonished to learn that, in my opinion, there was none at all. What was Canadian sentiment with regard to the Cuban and Philippine campaigns? I replied that I thought that the U.S. people had the sympathy of Canadians in the matter of the Cuban campaign, but that there was a general feeling that the United States had not treated the Filipinos, and Aguinaldo in particular, in a very chivalrous manner. I further added that I thought that the Americans might have taken a leaf out of England's book in dealing with such a matter, and might have treated the Filipino leaders with some consideration.

My clerical friend grew heated, and at once commenced to lose some of his courtly manner.

"Where," said he, "has England treated with such races in this way, certainly not in Africa with the Der-vishes."

"True," I replied, "but these were savage, uneducated, fanatical races; I understand that the Filipinos are a

superior race, and that education is fairly well diffused among them."

The cleric grew more excited. "What is your authority for such a statement?"

I replied that I had read so; and then, thinking to clinch the matter, I gently remarked that the Roman Catholic Church had held power and authority, and had taken matters under her charge in the Philippine Islands for nearly three hundred years, and that it was reasonable to suppose that she had educated and civilized the natives to a considerable degree. This, I thought, would prove to a gentleman of his cloth and sect a clincher.

He stopped suddenly, and wagging his forefinger in front of my face, said slowly and impressively: "My dear friend, you do not know what you are talking about. Neither the Roman Catholic Church, nor any other, gives a damned bit of education to anyone more than it is obliged to."

My astonishment was so great that I nearly fell off the Tally-ho, but when I recovered my breath, I managed to say: "But, my dear sir, pardon my mistake, but I made sure you were a Roman Catholic priest."

"Priest! ——. No! I am the correspondent for the New York ——."

I had hoped that he would have ventured some explanation as to why a gentleman of his atheistic tendencies wore the clerical garb, but I have not yet been enlightened.

H. H. G.

THE STRONG TREMBLE.

Courage is probably the most contradictory quality in human nature. I knew a man once, one of the pluckiest officers in that plucky regiment, the old Black Watch, who had a mortal



ONLY FOR THE RICH.

YOUNG CURATE—Do you believe in the doctrine of Calvin, my good woman?

MRS. KELLY—No, yer riverince, doctoring of any sort costs too much for me, a poor widder.

dread of cataracts, rapids, in fact swift water of any kind. Imagine this man dashing through one of the worst and longest cataracts of the Nile in a thirty foot whaler in the retreat of the River Column after the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon. Shooting a long-drawn out Nile cataract is trying to the nerves at the best of times, but when vague reports have been reaching you for three hours immediately prior to the attempt of its terrible character and every other rock along its two mile course is adorned with the remnants

of a shattered boat, while you being an officer are the only man in the boat doing nothing, it is altogether conducive to worrying thought.

This officer, who came within an ace of getting the V.C. in a previous campaign, asked the Canadian voyageur who was steering, what he should do if they struck a rock. He wanted to be useful. The Canadian felt the rush of the torrent beneath him tumbling around, above and beside the ugly black rocks of the Soudan, at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour and said, laconically, "Swim for it."

And the officer unloosened his shoe strings and the buttons of his tunic. The boat dashed within a foot of a cruel-looking boulder and off went his coat. Two wrecks a little further down and the subaltern was ready for bed. It was too much of a strain to expect him to sit and do nothing and he kept on undressing. A fierce pitch and a blinding dash of spray brought off his shirt and the boat glided into the calm water at the foot of the cataract into the assembled brigade of 3,000 men with the man who had distinguished himself at El Teb coily curled up in the storm as naked as the day he was born. For it was the last boat of the column.

C. L. S.



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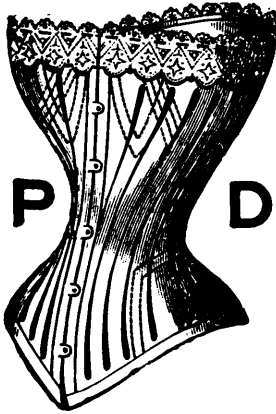
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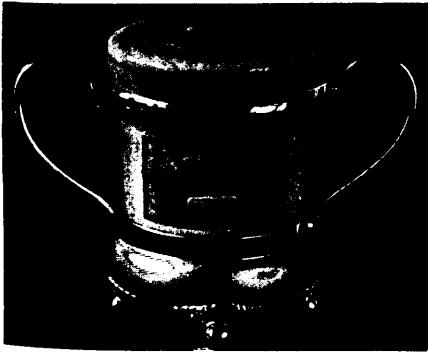
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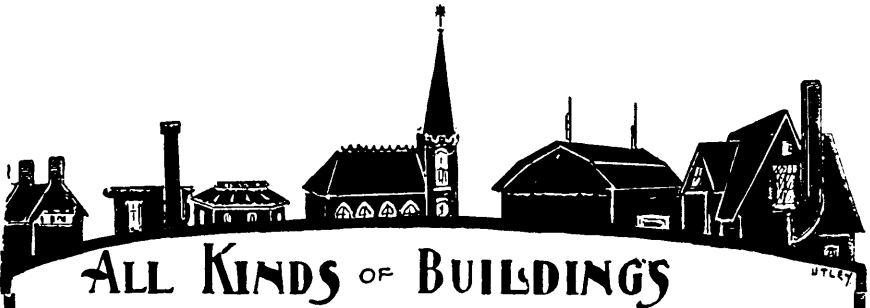
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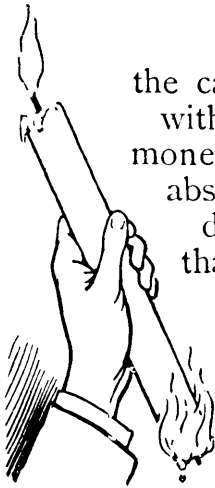
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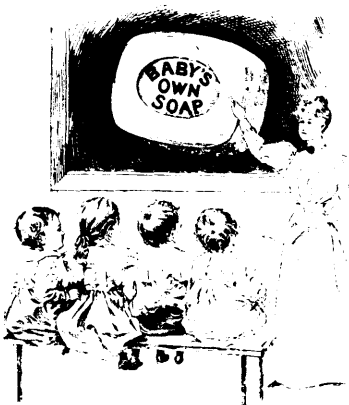
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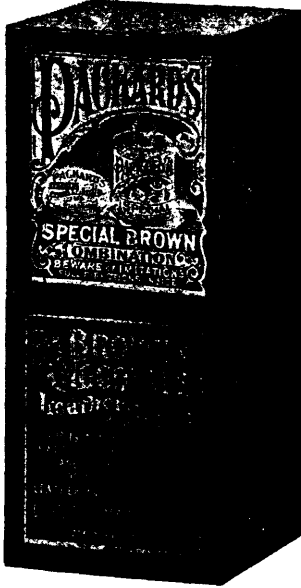
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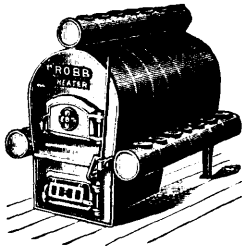
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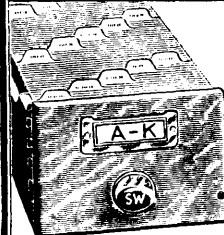
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"LITTLE
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NO BRIMSTONE and
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TWO OF A TRADE.

That two of a trade seldom agree is a common saying. Its weakness, however, resides in the fact that it is a cavilling, sneering saying. The idea sought to be conveyed is that the disagreement is the outcome of reciprocal jealousy. While that is likely, it is not a necessary, or even a philosophical, inference. Two of a trade may easily see reasons for an honest difference of opinion to which the outsider is blind. Again, two of a trade may agree and both be wrong—on a point, of course, connected with their own industry. Some years ago there was high debate over the question whether a painting, exhibited in Paris, was an original Velasquez or a copy. Half the artists and *connoisseurs* in Europe got hot under the collar about it. It was one or the other—so they said. Later on the fact came out. It was neither an original nor a copy; it was a *replica*. The experts were mistaken. And so runs speculative judgment in everything.

Here is the case of two doctors; both, doubtless, competent men. If they were wrong, or if only one was wrong—but let us have the story first. It comes from a reputable source, and is well corroborated.

"In March, 1891," says the relater, "I had a severe attack of influenza, which prostrated me for two months. After this I could not get up my strength. My appetite was poor, and what little I did eat gave me much pain at the chest and around the heart. Sharp, cutting pains in the region of the heart seized me every now and again, sometimes so bad I feared I was going to die. At night I got little or no sleep on account of wind, which rose into my throat until I fairly gasped for breath. During the painful attacks of my complaint perspiration would stand in beads upon my face.

"I soon lost strength to that extent I could not stand. Indeed, I was weak as a child. I was often so dizzy I had to catch hold of something to keep me from falling. Several times these attacks have come upon me at concerts, obliging my friends to conduct me home. As time passed on I grew more and more feeble and abandoned all hope of ever being well and strong again.

"I had two doctors attending me who prescribed medicines; which, however, eased me only for a time and then I was as bad as ever.

"One doctor said I had pleurisy; the other said I had heart disease.

"For two and one-half years I lingered along, nearly as much dead as alive, all my relatives and friends thinking I would not recover. In November, 1893, a book was left at my house in which I read of a case like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. My wife procured me a bottle from the Provincial Drug Stores in Westgate Street, and the first bottle gave me so much relief that I continued with the medicine. I could then eat well and the food agreed with me; the pain around the heart soon ceasing.

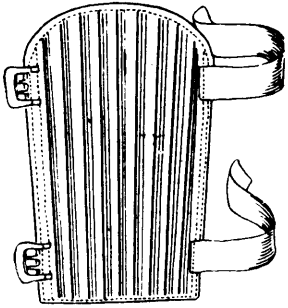
"In a short time my strength returned and I got back to my work well and vigorous. Since then I have been *in the best of health*. You are at liberty to publish this statement and refer to me."—(Signed) William Henry Jervis, 48, Rendlesham Road, All Saints, Ipswich, November 13th, 1897.

One of Mr. Jervis' doctors pronounced his complaint to be pleurisy; the other said it was heart disease. Were they both right, or both wrong? Or was one right and the other wrong? In the latter case—which one? Judging from the symptoms as set forth by Mr. Jervis the probability is that both were right—as *far as they went*.

The sac or bag which surrounds the heart (called the pericardium), and the sac in which the lungs rest (called the pleuræ), are parts of the lymphatic system; which is the especial abiding place and stamping ground of the kind of poison, produced by the diseased digestive system, and the cause of rheumatism, gout, pleurisy, and heart disease. Now, after (if not before) his attack of influenza Mr. Jervis suffered from acute dyspepsia with torpid liver, which engendered the poison that set up a mild form of both pleurisy and heart disorder. When the real and underlying ailment of all—the *dyspepsia*—was cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup these supplementary or consequential troubles vanished, as might be expected.

So we see that—strange as it may seem—two of a trade can differ and both be right.

FOOT BALLS



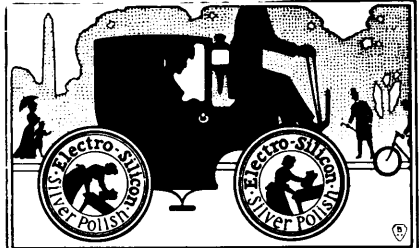
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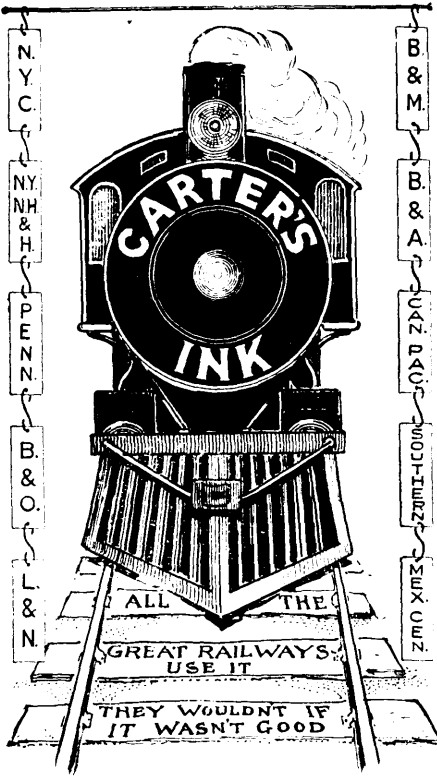
is winning praise from all who use it, on account of its purity and excellence.

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in your cleaning. It will do your work in half the time, with half the labor, and at half the cost of soap or any other cleanser. It will make your housework easy and save you many an hour of worry.

For greatest economy buy our large package.



THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
MONTREAL CHICAGO ST. LOUIS NEW YORK BOSTON

A Better Cocktail at Home than is Served Over Any Bar in the World.



THE CLUB COCKTAILS

**Manhattan, Martini,
Whiskey, Holland Gin,
Tom Gin, Vermouth and York.**

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well-matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality.

Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions, the one which is aged must be better.

For the Yacht—for the Summer Hotel—for the Camping Party—for the Fishing Party—for any one who likes a good cocktail—all ready for use and requires no mixing.

For sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal rail roads of the United States.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors,

39 Broadway, New York.

Hartford, Conn.

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WALTER R. WONHAM & SONS,

Distributing Agents for Canada.

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STANLEY PIANOS

UNEQUALLED
FOR POWER
AND . . .
SWEETNESS
OF TONE



ALWAYS FOUND IN GOOD COMPANY

It is your business to sift out the various claims of the seller, and we unhesitatingly rest our claims on the MERIT of the instrument.

OUR STYLES PLEASE,
and in all other qualities we think THE STANLEY has no competitors, but where known it stands alone as a type of the highest excellence.

Read some of our Testimonials. Write for Catalogue.
Warerooms, THE STANLEY PIANO CO., LIMITED,
11 Richmond St. West. TORONTO.

STANLEY PIANO
CO.'S SERIES



FOR STYLE, BEAUTY AND COMFORT, BUY THE



“King Quality” SHOE

MADE WITH “PATENT SLEEPER FLEXIBLE INSOLE.”

In Women's and Misses' fitting easily and smoothly, no squeak, no noise. Men's with leather Flexible Insoles in combination with cork, that means DRY FEET, NO COLDS, NO DOCTOR BILLS. Made of the finest leather and best workmanship. If you want the full worth of your money insist on having these goods. Wear them once, you will wear them twice. Every pair stamped with the name

THE J. D. KING CO., Limited
TORONTO

FINE HAIR SWITCHES. MAIL ORDER SYSTEM.

We are the HEADQUARTERS and the Largest Manufacturers of REAL HAIR SWITCHES in this country.

Ladies purchasing these Switches from us will save money, trouble and time. Our Switches are guaranteed to be free from mixture of impure and Chinese hair.

See our prices of first quality Hair Switches, the lowest price any responsible house could sell at.

Our Switches are ALL FULL SIZE, not only half or three-quarter size. A Switch is a Switch; one-half size more or less is not a Switch. We do not sell Switches from \$1.00 and up, but our Switches are all full size, and a purchaser knows what she gets.



16 inch long Straight Hair Switch, \$2.50	Natural Wavy Hair.....	\$3.50
18 " " " " " " " " " " " "	" " " " " " " " " " " "	4.00
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RARE SHADES EXTRA.

One-quarter grey Switch, 25%; half grey, 30%; three-quarters grey, 35%; and seven-eighths grey, 40% extra.

MAIL ORDERS.

We can suit you no matter in what country you are. Simply send a sample of your hair and the amount and we will send you by return mail the nicest Switch you ever bought for that money. We exchange if not suited. All goods exchanged if not suited and sent concealed from observation.

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(Members of the Toronto Board of Trade)

441 Yonge and 1 Carlton Sts., Toronto, Can.

MENTION THIS MAGAZINE.

Tel. 2498.



Selected Holland Bulbs



Are now arriving, plant them early and liberally and have your grounds bright in early spring. Our bulbs are unequalled and our offers hard to beat. Don't fail to get our Maple Leaf collection of

75 CHOICE BULBS FOR \$1.

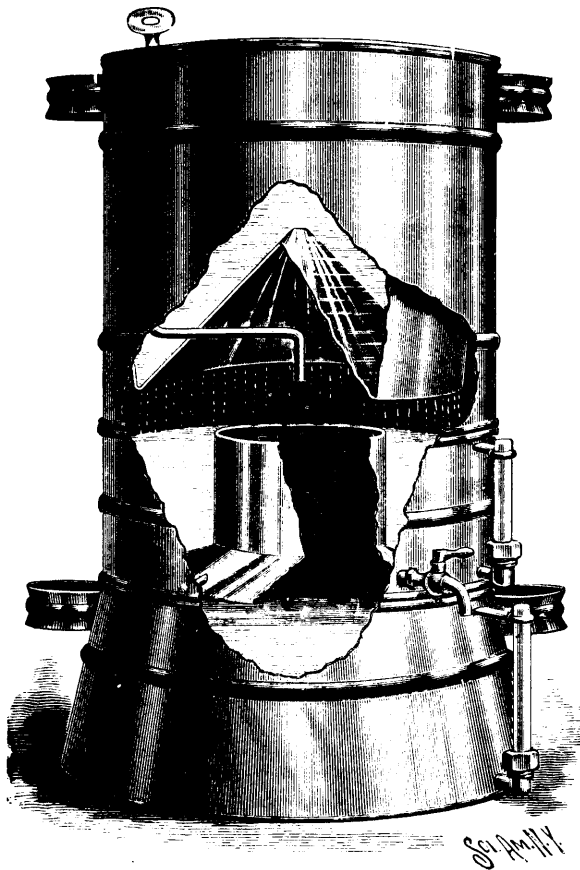
Choice bulbs and named. We have also Hardy Perennial Plants and Ornamental Shrubs for fall planting; clean Canadian grown stock. We ship from Halifax to Victoria, by express or mail, and deliver our stock in good condition.

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Hamilton, Canada

Leading Canadian Florists.



Sanitary Stills

FURNISH PURE

Aerated Water

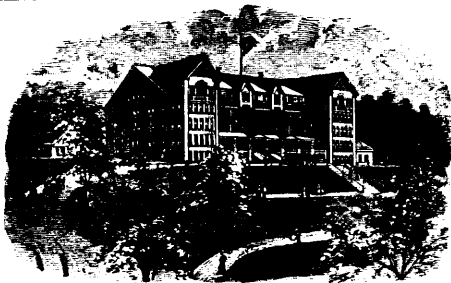
FOR DRINKING AND CULINARY PURPOSES BY

Distillation.

ALL SIZES IN STOCK.

Rice Lewis & Son
Limited

TORONTO



Steuben Sanitarium

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.

A Luxurious Home for the invalid, as the HEATING and VENTILATING is so perfect that the TEMPERATURE DOES NOT VARY MORE THAN TWO DEGREES, and the AIR CAN BE COMPLETELY CHANGED IN EVERY ROOM WITHIN TEN MINUTES.

BLOCK AND STONE FIRE PROOF STRUCTURES with ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS, located in the healthiest and most beautiful part of the state.

Separate SURGICAL DEPARTMENT, where SPECIAL ATTENTION is paid to the PREPARATION of patients for intricate operations. The advantages afforded are such as are not found in any general hospital.

EVERY FORM of HYDROTHERAPY, ELECTRICITY, MASSAGE, PHYSICAL CULTURE, etc., given by TRAINED NURSES AND ATTENDANTS.

Excellent facilities for treating NEURASTHENIA, RHEUMATISM and PARALYSIS, as well as ALL conditions arising from defective elimination of perverted nutrition.

Fifteen consulting specialists, with a house staff of twenty years' experience, both in this country and Europe. Sent for Pamphlet to

DR. J. E. WALKER, Supt.

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS



.. WARNING.—The frequently fatal effects on infants of soothing medicines should teach parents not to use them. They should give only

DOCTOR STEDMAN'S TEETHING POWDERS.

Certified by Dr. Hassall to be absolutely free from opium or morphia; hence safest and best. Distinguished for the public's protection by trade mark, a gum lancet. Don't be talked into having others.

Depot—125 New North Road,
HOXTON, LONDON, ENG.

The Nation's Holiday!

1899

Canada's
GREAT **EXPOSITION**

AND
INDUSTRIAL FAIR
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ALL Up-to-date ATTRACTIONS!

PROGRESS OF THE CENTURY

Illustrated in the World's Inventions—Wireless Telegraphy,
Wireless Telephoning, Improved X Rays.

Grand Military and Naval Spectacles

FAMOUS ENGLISH and AMERICAN BATTLES DEPICTED

Marvellous Entertainment Features.

The Best Fair. The Cheapest Fair.
The Greatest Annual Fair on Earth.

ENTRIES CLOSE AUGUST 5th.

Excursions on ALL LINES OF TRAVEL.

J. J. WITHROW, H. J. HILL,
President. Manager, TORONTO.

The Imitation Evil.

One of the most reprehensible practices that obtain in business is the imitating of labels, packages or goods in such a way that they will be taken for goods of an established reputation. It is difficult to adequately designate the conduct of those who resort to this most unfair method of competition. While the law on this point is very stringent and provides a fine of not less than \$20.00 or more than \$100.00 for each offence, there are so many ways by which unscrupulous people can evade it that it is practically a dead letter.

With a cleverness that might be exercised to good advantage in more creditable ways, they set about getting as near to the original as possible without outstepping the mark. Merchants and consumers should do their utmost to put down this evil, as the remedy is entirely in their own hands. A very noticeable case of this kind is that of Gillett's Lye, which has been closely imitated more than once recently. These imitators who build upon the hard-earned reputation of others should not be encouraged to rear their structures by any man who believes in justice. On most labels used by imitators the general appearance of the original label is usually retained and the original descriptive matter and directions are generally used verbatim. Gillett's Lye is the old original and reliable article, and our readers should insist on having it. Any one with judgment can see that a product that depends upon tactics of the kind referred to must be looked upon askance.

About Sterling Silver

Can the word "Sterling" stamped, no one knows where, or by whom, give you the same confidence in its metal as in that of a piece of plate stamped with our Sterling Trade Mark, and guaranteed by us as being $\frac{925}{1000}$ pure silver?

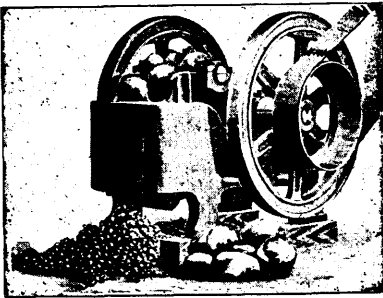


The answer is evident.

Your dealer probably has both kinds, if he has not the one **you** want and will not get it for you, you can get it direct from the Manufacturers.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.

Montreal, Can. and Wallingford, Conn.
A. J. WHIMBEY, Manager for Canada.



Our Crushing and Screening Machinery

has been in satisfactory use for a number of years under the severe service imposed upon it in Mining work. Under the more favorable

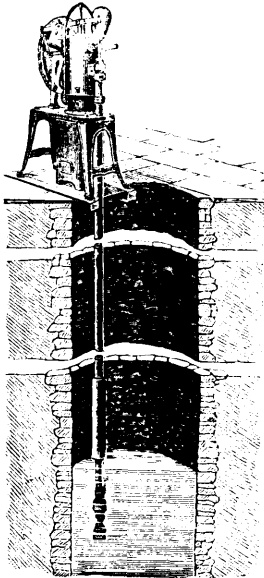
conditions incident to

MUNICIPAL WORK,

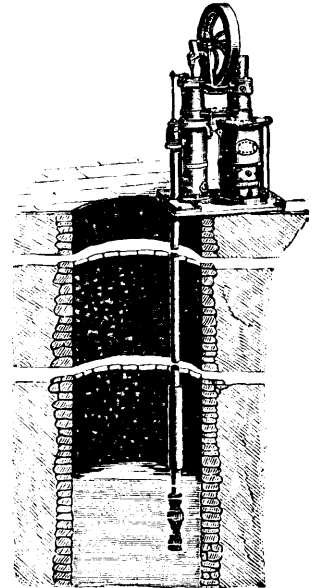
our Appliances easily maintain their reputation for strength, durability and satisfactory production. If interested in the Good Roads Movement, send for our Crushing Machinery Catalogue.

The Jenckes Machine Co., Lansdowne Street, Sherbrooke, Que.

Domestic Water Supply.



AS we are frequently asked whether our Rider and Ericsson Hot Air Pumps are arranged for pumping from deep wells (both open wells and artesian), we show here the engines arranged for doing this kind of work. The Rider and the Ericsson Hot Air Pumps are as well adapted for deep well work as when used for pumping from cisterns, rivers or springs.



For Further Information

send for catalogue "A 12" to the nearest store. Call and see engines in operation.

Rider-Ericsson Engine Co.

22 Cortlandt St., New York.

86 Lake St., Chicago.

239 Franklin St., Boston.

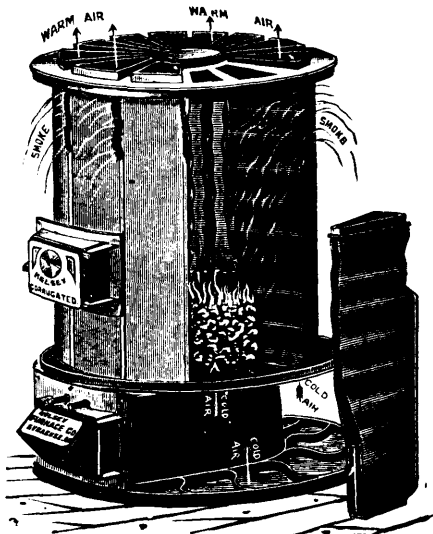
40 North 7th St., Philadelphia.

692 Craig St., Montreal, P. Q.

22A Pitt St., Sydney, N. S. W.

Teniente-Rey 71, Havana, Cuba.

You Travel Long Distances



Note how Fire-pot is formed.

In Summer in order to get GOOD, FRESH, PURE AIR.

THE

"KELSEY"

WARM AIR GENERATOR

furnishes mild, warm, pure healthful air in your home all winter, and at less cost for fuel than any other device.

Our "Kelsey" Booklet tells you why. Send for it now and be prepared for the cold weather when it comes.

We are Exclusive Makers for Canada.

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THE JAMES SMART MFG. CO., Limited,
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Gas and
Gasoline
Engines.

NORTHEY

Steam and
Power Pumps
of all kinds.

Catalogues Free.

MFG. CO., King St. Subway, TORONTO.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!
MRS. WINSLOW'S
SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's
Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN
WHILE CUTTING
THEIR TEETH

An Old and
Well-Tried
Remedy

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain; cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

SIX CENTS.

Send us six cents, to pay postage only, and we will send you a sample can of Protose, the vegetable meat.

Protose is a scientific combination of food elements, tasting like beef, containing 25 per cent. more nutriment. Our free cook book gives scores of recipes for dainty dishes made with Protose.

Sanitas Nut Food Co.,
No. 83 Washington St., Battle Creek, Mich.
Canadian Office—320 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



Millar's Paragon Cheese.

A Product That
Pleases.

In Pretty White
Pots.

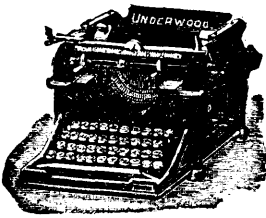
A Trial is all that is necessary to win you in favor of Millar's. Its largely increasing sale is sufficient proof of its popularity.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

Put up by

The T. D. Millar Paragon Cheese Co.
INGERSOLL, - ONT.

LUBY'S RESTORES THE HAIR



The immense value and necessity of having your work in plain sight from start to finish is self-evident.

VISIBLE WRITING

has never been accomplished on a standard high-grade machine until the advent of the

UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

On this machine it is accomplished **Absolutely** and **Practically**, without the sacrifice of a single existing advantage, but with the addition of many others never before obtainable.

Illustrated Catalogue Mailed Free.

CREELMAN BROS. TYPEWRITER CO.,

15 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.,

Sole Agents for Canada.

HARTSHORN'S

IMPROVED

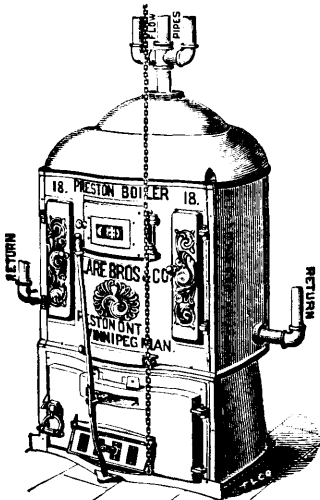
SHADE ROLLERS

WOOD ROLLERS	TIN ROLLERS
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PEOPLE sometimes buy shades without regard to the quality of the rollers on which they are mounted. The best shades on inferior rollers are a source of annoyance. The Genuine Hartshorn Shade Rollers always give satisfaction, because they are properly constructed. The Improved Hartshorn Shade Rollers have many advantages, such as unbreakable brackets, fine bearings, scientifically constructed springs and holders for fastening on the shade, doing away with all tacks. The shade when placed on will stay. As the market is flooded with imitations, more or less worthless, the public is cautioned to see that the autograph of Stewart Hartshorn appears on all rollers they purchase.

ACCEPT ONLY THE GENUINE HARTSHORN.

PEOPLE WHO THINK OF HEATING



their buildings with HOT AIR or HOT WATER should consult CLARE BROS. & CO., PRESTON, ONT., if they want the latest and up-to-date apparatus to burn either wood or coal. Heating has been our specialty for the past thirty years. Our goods are of SUPERIOR quality and fully guaranteed. If you send us dimensions of your building we will cheerfully give you an estimate for heating, and advise you as to the best way of doing it.

CLARE BROS. & CO., Preston, Ont.

Toronto Agent: A. WELCH, 302 Queen West.

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TWO IMPERIALS

It isn't everyone who can have the satisfaction of speeding across the continent on the fast express—but every one can enjoy the advantages offered by the OTHER Imperial—the new Imperial Oxford Range.

Its ease and quickness of operation—its purse-saving economy of fuel—and up-to-the-minute superiority over all old style ranges will delight you.

See it at our nearest agents.

THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto.

GURNEY'S IMPERIAL OXFORD

DOMINION PIANOS & ORGANS



Perfect Mechanism,
Constructed under Valuable Patents makes the "DOMINION" the Most Popular and Reliable PIANO manufactured in Canada.
40,000 Instruments in Use.

DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO CO. (LIMITED)
BOWMANVILLE, ONT. CAN.

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\$3,266.00
of advertising

Covering one year's expenditure in 19 leading Canadian publications, is the quotation we made recently to a manufacturer who wanted to increase the output of his factory.

It would do it effectively.

Would not a similar proposition interest you?

We invite correspondence.

The E. Desbarats Advertising Agency
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Newspapers.

Magazines.

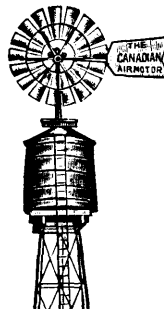
"Queen City" Tablets

WASHING MADE EASY

Half the labor in half the time, and no rubbing to wear out the clothes, better and cleaner washing with a soft smooth finish that makes ironing easier, and the articles keep clean and wear longer.

For Sale by Grocers, Druggists and General Stores.

QUEEN CITY OIL COMPANY, Limited
TORONTO, ONT.
SAMUEL ROGERS, President.



WINDMILLS

A Canadian Steel Airmotor

is the most economical power for the

Farm, Dairy, Lawns, Irrigation, etc.

Will guarantee you a bountiful supply of water.

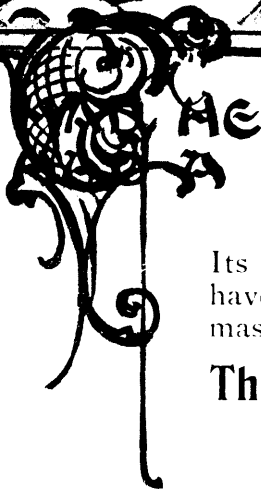
PUMPS, TANKS, WATER SUPPLY MATERIAL

Ont. Wind Engine and Pump Co., Limited,
100 Liberty St., Toronto.

Largest Windmill Manufacturers under the British Flag

BEETHOVEN

COULD NOT HAVE COMPLAINED




BELL

Its tone and perfect workmanship would have recommended itself at once to such a master.

The Bell Organ and Piano Co.,
Limited.

Guelph, Ontario.

THE MODERN **STOVE POLISH**
Enameline
 PASTE
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 LIQUID. Every Package Guaranteed.
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REST!

COMFORT!

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Dansville, Livingston County, N.Y.

Established in 1858. Most beautiful and commodious Fire Proof Building in the world, used as a Health Institution. All forms of Hydro-therapeutics, massage, rest cure; electricity administered by skilled attendants; a staff of regular physicians of large experience; accommodations and service of highest class; superior cuisine, directed by Emma P. Ewing, teacher of cooking at Chautauqua. Do not fail to write for illustrated literature and terms if seeking **health or rest**. Address,

J. ARTHUR JACKSON, M.D.

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The Grand Union

H. ALEXANDER, Proprietor.

OTTAWA, - - - ONT.

Opposite City Hall and Russell Theatre.

One minute's walk from Parliament Buildings.

Practical and Theoretical way of curing the liquor habit, Based on Vegetarian Principles proved to be true by Actual Living, Chemical and Scientific Research, also ten valuable recipes. For the above send five cents silver securely wrapped in envelope with name and address to

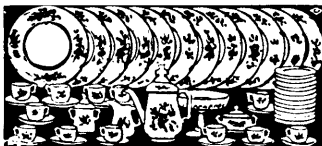
R. C. GILLIES, Grocery Specialist,
 Grey Co., BALLANTYNE, ONT.



H SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ON THE FACE

We will send **FREE** securely sealed full information how to remove successfully superfluous hair from the face, neck, arms or any part of the person, without the slightest injury to the skin. Write today. Enclose stamp. It is **FREE**. Address,

TOILET IMPORTING CO., C-66, Kalamazoo, Mich.



100 PIECES CHINA DINNER SET FREE

You can get this full size China Set without any cost. This is an honest offer to introduce our Tablets for all Stomach Troubles. Write us for \$1.00 consignment, when sold remit money and we will send you One Dozen Coin Silver Plated Teaspoons, together with our Hundred Piece China Set Offer. Thousands of families have received our Silverware and China Sets by introducing our Medicine. We now sell one million tablets weekly so it pays us to give these gifts free. Write today. Refer to any bank or newspaper in America. Address **World Chemical Co., Philadelphia, Penna**

SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous English.... Skin Fluid.

ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, Disappear in a few days.

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness vanish as if by magic; whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalcule which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin.

Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.

Wholesale Agents, **LYMAN BROS., TORONTO**

TEABERRY for the TEETH

A handsome face is not possible without handsome teeth. Handsome teeth are only possible when properly cared for. Always have TEABERRY for the teeth on your dressing table—use it—and you will have handsome teeth.

**Sold by all Druggists.
25c. Bottle.**

ZOPESA CHEMICAL CO., Toronto.

Balmoral Castle Hotel



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A. ARCH WELSH, PROPRIETOR.

FINE CUISINE UNDER AN EXPERIENCED FRENCH CHEF.
FREE BUSES MEET ALL TRAINS & BOATS.
ELECTRIC CARS TO ALL PARTS OF THE CITY. PASS OUR HOTEL.

AMERICAN PLAN \$2.00 to \$4.00 per day.
EUROPEAN PLAN \$1.00 per day & upwards.
SPECIAL RATES TO EXCURSION PARTIES.

BEST CONVENIENTLY LOCATED.
PALATIAL BY APPOINTMENT.
ELECTRIC LIGHTED AND
STEAM HEATED THROUGHOUT.

CASTOR FLUID..

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair-dressing for the family. 25 cents per bottle.

Henry R. Gray, Chemist, ESTABLISHED 1859.
122 St. Lawrence Main Street, MONTREAL

THE MEGGA COFFEE

AS USED IN TURKEY.

GUARANTEED TO BE
OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY
SELECTED OF
ORIENTAL COFFEES
THAT THE WORLD
PRODUCES.



THIS COFFEE
IS SOLD ONLY
IN THE BERRY
AND THE BERRY IS
STAMPED ON EVERY
PACQUET. BEWARE
OF IMITATIONS.

IMPORTED & PREPARED BY
JAMES TURNER & Co
HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

A WOMAN'S BEAUTY.

During the time of the ancient—a superfluous growth of hair on the neck, face and arms was quite common, and depilatories were no uncommon thing. Nothing, however, was discovered that would permanently remove hair until recently, when Madame Janowitz produced a preparation that would entirely exterminate this bight to women. Madame Benoit, who inherited the valuable secret, recently sailed from Paris with the receipt of the preparation, which was used so long and with such success throughout Europe. She is now prepared to send a copy of her booklet, giving the history of the famous Russian Depilatory, to those who may apply for it. This interesting little pamphlet can be had free on application to Madame Benoit, No. 45 East Forty-Second St., New York FOR YOUR INFORMATION.

ARNOLD'S HAVE STOOD

THE TEST OF A CENTURY.

INKS

\$1.00 for 10c. We don't send you a paper dollar for ten cents, but we do send, on receipt of 5 two-cent stamps to help pay postage, our great big wholesale catalog and price list which contains more than a dollar's worth of information. We sell anything and everything. The 10c. you pay for postage will be deducted from your first order. Write to-day.

FRANK E. MORRISON & CO., 12 Temple Court, N.Y.

THAT COMFORTABLE FEELING

Which assures a lady that her artificial hair cannot be distinguished from her own natural hair is possessed by all who wear Palmer's artistic hair coverings. The standard of fashion and workmanship. Write or call for prices and full particulars.



J. PALMER & SON,
1745 Notre Dame St.,
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CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. LIMITED
PRESTON, ONT



OFFICE, SCHOOL, CHURCH, & LODGE FURNITURE

FINE BANK, OFFICE, COURT HOUSE AND DRUG STORE FITTINGS
A SPECIALTY

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



AFTER BATHING AND SHAVING.

Delightful After Bathing. A Luxury After Shaving.
 A Positive Relief for
PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING and SUNBURN,
 and all afflictions of the skin.
 Removes all odor of perspiration.
Get Mennen's (the original).
A little higher in price perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it.
 Refuse all other Powders, which are liable to do harm.
 Sold everywhere, or mailed for **25 cents.** (Sample free).
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N.J.

MOTHERS Your children cured of Bed-wetting.
SAMPLE FREE.
DR. F. E. MAY, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

Lamplough's Pyretic Saline.

The Specific for Every Kind of Stomachic Disturbance.

The following lines were written and forwarded to Mr. Lamplough by a Fellow of an Oxford College who had derived immense benefit from the use of his famous Pyretic Saline, and supposed to have been "found amongst the ruins of ancient Troy":—

THE MISSING ODE OF ANACREON!!!

The earth was in gloom and the sky was o'ercast;
 The storm and the rain cloud were gathering fast;
 The gods in Olympus were heavy with wine
 Till Jupiter called for "Pyretic Saline."

The bright flashing goblet the Thunderer quaffed,
 And glad shone the sun on the earth as he laughed,
 "Ho! sunshine and youth shall for ever be mine,
 "For the essence of life is 'Pyretic Saline.'"

He gazed on the myriads toiling below,
 And prophetic he spake, "This Celestial flow
 "Shall some day be known, now a secret divine,
 "To mortals as 'Lamplough's Pyretic Saline.'"

May be had of ALL CHEMISTS throughout the world, or of the Manufacturers,
HENRY LAMPLOUGH, Limited,
 113 Holborn; 9a Old Broad St.; 42 Fenchurch St.; and 47 Monckwell St., LONDON, E.C.

NERVOUS TROUBLES

Begin With Inability to Digest Food.

THOUSANDS of men, women and even children, who suffer from nervous weakness, prostration, sleeplessness, nervous headache, frequently get the cart before the horse in the treatment of their trouble. In all cases of nervous exhaustion, the digestion and appetite are poor or entirely lacking, yet they invariably ascribe this condition, not to the stomach, but to the nerves.

The real fact is that all nervous troubles arise and are caused by a weak digestion, and this is plain because nervousness is simply an indication of tired nerves, STARVED nerves, and the only way they are starved is because the stomach fails to digest a sufficient quantity of nourishing food to supply the immense expenditure of nerve force wasted daily. Nervous people expend more nerve force than the weak digestion can replace.

Is it not plain that the common sense treatment to give in all nervous weakness is to begin with the stomach? Build up a good appetite, thorough digestion of wholesome food, and whoever saw a nervous wreck who could eat a hearty dinner and digest it?

Nervousness and good digestion are never found in the same individual, and how quickly the nervousness vanishes when the appetite becomes normal and the food is promptly digested before fermentation and acidity can take place.

Treat the stomach first, and do it with a safe, well-tested, reliable remedy like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. These tablets are no wonderful decoction warranted to perform miracles, but are simply a pleasant, absolutely harmless digestive to be taken after each meal. They do not act on the bowels, but do the only thing really necessary, they digest the food promptly and completely, leaving none to sour, ferment and poison the blood and nerves.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used and advised by physicians because they are no secret patent medicine, but contain only the natural digestive acids, fruit juices and peptones. They increase flow of gastric juice and build up the appetite, nervous system and increase flesh as no other remedy has done before, because by performing the work of digestion they rest and build up the whole digestive system.

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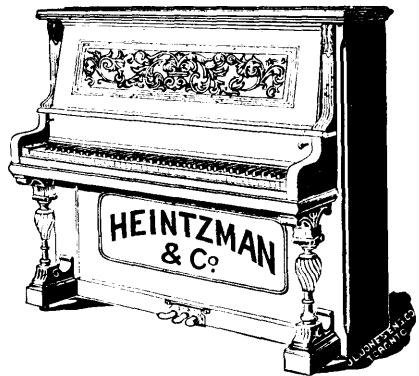
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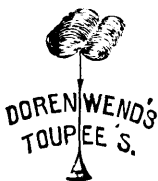
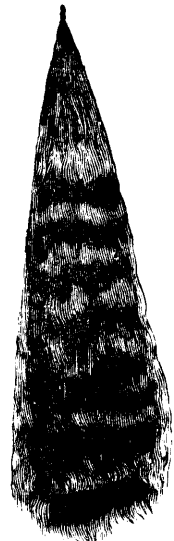
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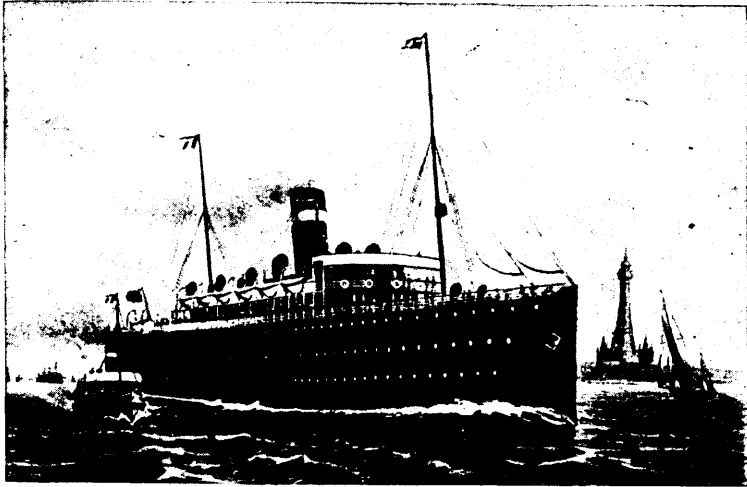
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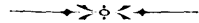
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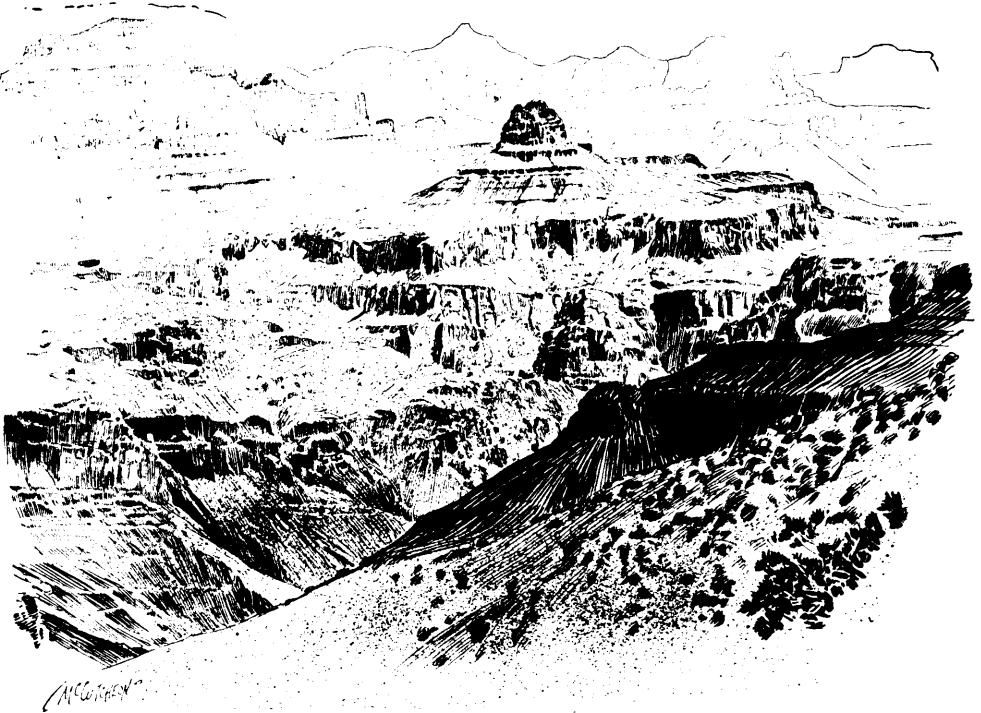


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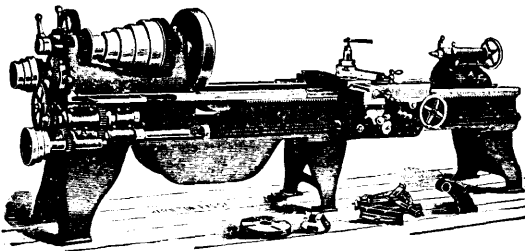
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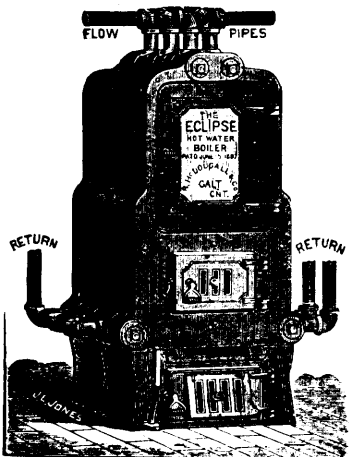
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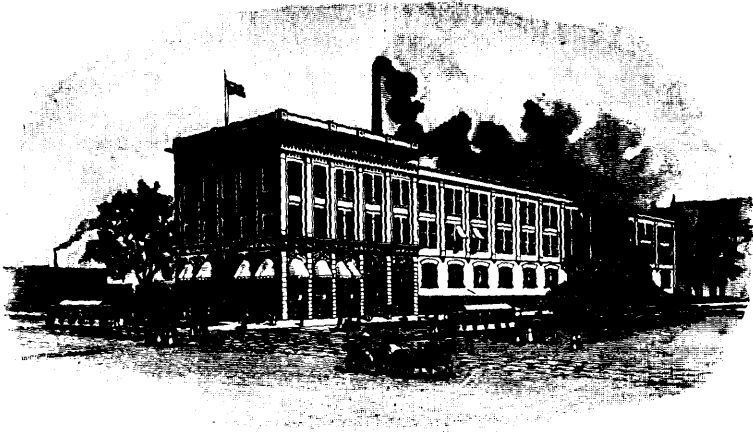
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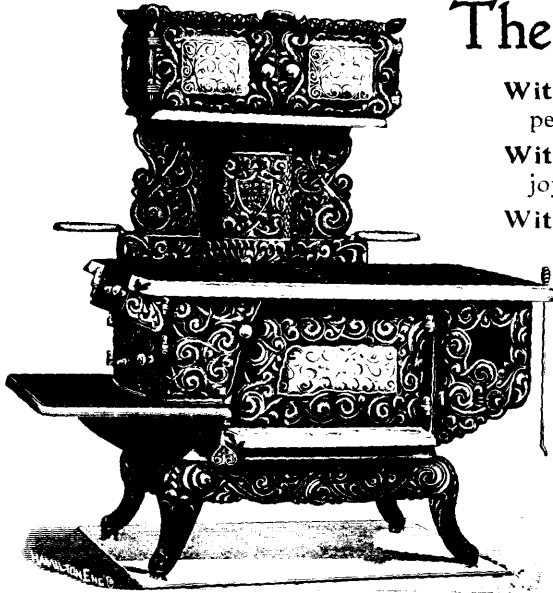
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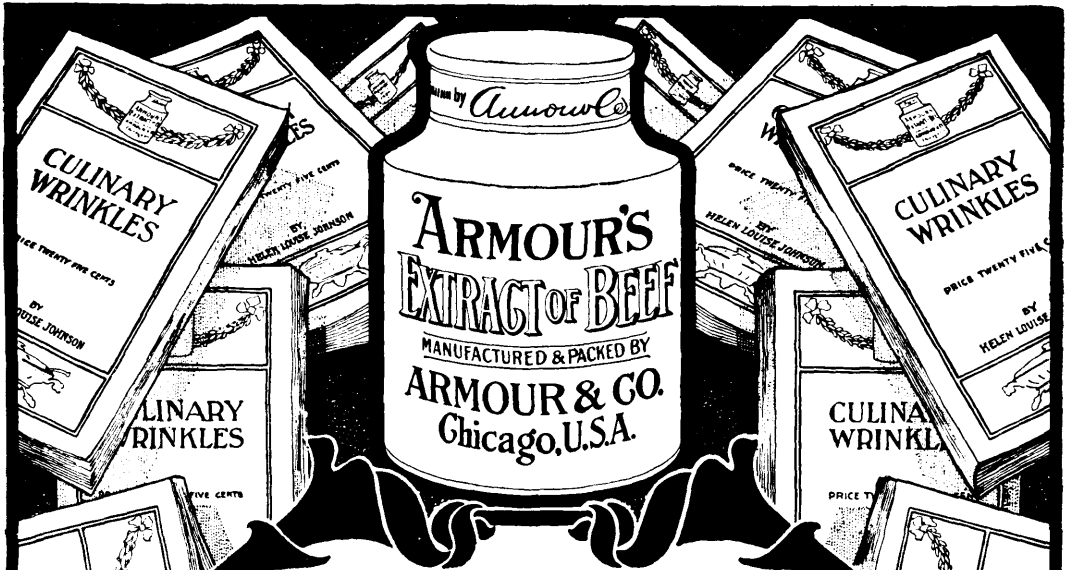
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556. Just One Girl. Waltz Song	" "	Lyn Udall
558. Spring Song	" "	Mendelssohn
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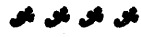
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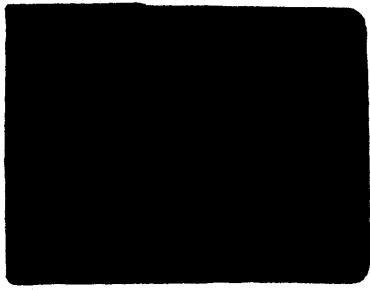


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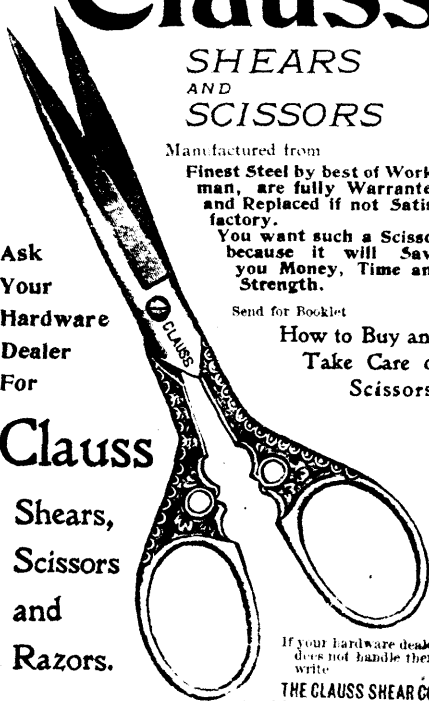
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