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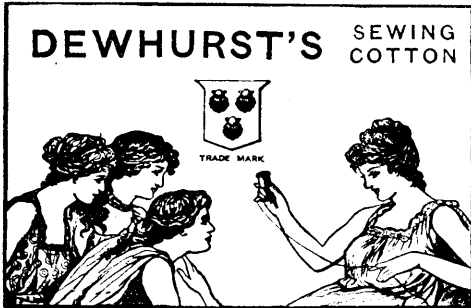
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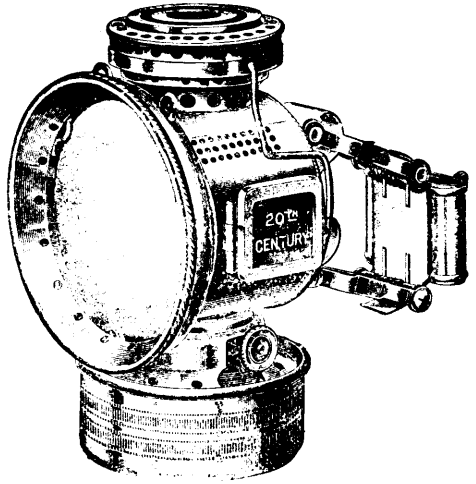
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

APRIL, 1897.

No. 6.

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INFORMATION FOR CANDIDATES.

THE ANNUAL EXAMINATION for Cadetship in the Royal Military College will take place at the Headquarters of the several Military Districts in which candidates reside, in June, 1897. Intending candidates who have matriculated in Arts, within 12 months previous to the Examination, in any Chartered University of the Dominion of Canada, will be exempted from passing the Obligatory or Preliminary Examination.

In addition to the facilities the College affords for an education in Military Subjects, the course of instruction is such as to afford a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all departments which are essential to a high and general modern education.

The Civil Engineering Course is complete and thorough in all branches. Architecture forms a separate subject.

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For further information apply to the Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General of Militia, Ottawa, before 15th May.

Department of Militia and Defence, 1897.

Masterpieces of Literature

THE two volumes just issued of Charles Dudley Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature repeat the excellence of those gone before. The crowning virtue of the work is that it delivers the masterpieces of literature of every age and country into the hands of the people, to whom they properly belong.

The two volumes now before us range from Bion, the Greek poet, to James M. Barrie, whom only the other day in New York publishers and editors were jostling each other to banquet and placate, in the hope of securing the right to publish his next novel. Along with a remarkably intelligent and sympathetic study of Mr. Barrie's genius is given the best of his stories, and even a fine episode from "Sentimental Tommy," which, in a work of the magnitude and enduring quality of the Library, is keeping up to date with an emphasis.

One of the most interesting sections in this volume is that devoted to Balzac, who died in 1850, with the world not yet half aware of his wonderful powers. But now the name one hears on every hand, not only in literary but also in ethical and scientific discussion, is Balzac. For a person of general culture not to know something of his life and writings is what it would be for English readers not to know something of Shakespeare.

Mr. Warner's Library makes it possible to get out of the great bulk of Balzac literature just what the general reader ought to have, and to get it in an extremely pleasant way. Professor W. P. Trent, one of the few men who have read for themselves every line Balzac published, gives within a space of twenty pages an account of Balzac's life, the scope and character of his work, and his place in literature, that contain the essential parts of the hundreds of essays that have been written about him. Then follows such a presentation of his writings that one can approach them not as a task but as a pastime, like going to a play.

In the Beecher Section which follows, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Mr. Beecher's successor as pastor of Plymouth Church, furnishes an interesting sketch of the latter's life, and a description of his qualities and power as a writer and preacher. While not often named as a man of letters, Mr. Beecher has left no small body of writings, many of which, as revealed in the Library, will be interesting and inspiring to men for many a day to come.

"Masterpieces every one" may truly be said of the varied and interesting contents of the Library, also of the special articles prepared by over three hundred literary celebrities of this country and Europe. In these exhaustive reviews, not only individual authors but entire fields of literature—of Assyria, for instance, Egypt, even South America—are covered, giving the reader a connected, comprehensive and impressive idea of the history of the rise and progress of the literatures of the world from the earliest time until to-day.

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The demand for this most desirable first edition is so active and the number of sets allotted to be distributed so limited, it is safest for those who really covet this invaluable Library of Mr. Warner's to write at once to Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York, for sample pages and special prices offered to members of the Club now forming, and which closes the last day of the present month.



SIR JOHN THOMPSON

Became Premier of Nova Scotia in 1882, but his administration lasted only a few weeks. The story of this, together with a history of "The Premiers of Nova Scotia since 1867," will be told by the Hon. J. W. Longley in the **MAY CANADIAN MAGAZINE**. This is the second article in the series on the "Provincial Premiers since Confederation."

A GREAT CHANGE

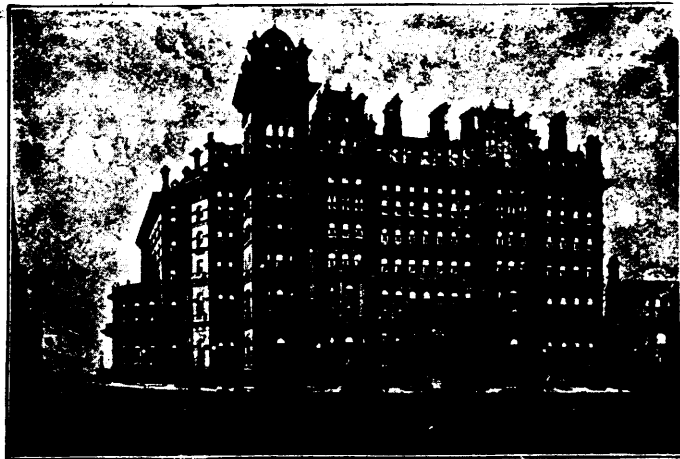
A great change will be made in **The Canadian Magazine** with the May number. That issue will be the first of the ninth volume, and the publishers will mark the occasion by changing the size of the Magazine, making it uniform with the leading foreign magazines. They will also introduce new paper made by Canadian mills for this publication. By this means it is expected that the Magazine will be improved in appearance at least twenty-five per cent. At the same time the number of pages in each issue will be increased. The actual cost of publishing each number will thus be materially increased, but the publishers feel that they owe this to the Canadian public

BECAUSE they have made THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE the greatest literary production ever seen in this country.

The May number will be full of good things. Perhaps the most interesting will be "A Visit to the Birthplace of James Wolfe, the Conqueror of Quebec," by J. C. Webster, M.D., F.R.C.P.E., F.R.S.F., Montreal. This contribution will be profusely illustrated from photographs never before given to the Canadian public. A strong French-Canadian Poem, by Dr. W. H. Drummond, author of "Lac St. Pierre," will be a special feature.

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For full information, see Calendar.

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...Sixteenth Annual Statement...

Covering Year Ending Dec. 31, 1896.

INCREASES

In Cash Income, - - -	\$ 283,195.41
In Invested Assets, - - -	273,059.28
In Net Surplus, - - -	447,420.64
In New Business Received, -	15,142,102.00
In Business in Force, -	16,366,690.00
In Number of Policies in Force, 12,571	
New Business Received, \$	84,167,997.00
New Business Written, \$	73,026,330.00
Total Business in Force, \$	325,026,061.00

DECREASES

In Expenses of Management, -	\$ 162,341.13
In Total Disbursements, -	268,691.52
In Liabilities, -	349,642.36
Death Claims paid in 1896, \$	3,967,083.94
Death Claims paid since organization, - - -	28,825,665.66

A Total Membership of 118,449 Interested.

A. R. McNICHOL, Manager for Manitoba, British
Columbia and Northwest Territories, McIntyre
Block, Winnipeg, Man.

D. Z. BESSETTE, Manager for Quebec, 12 Place
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- The Lowest Death Rate on Record;**
- Interest Income in Excess of Death Claims;**
- Gains of Insurance in Force in '96 of \$708,000;**
- Surplus Earnings for '96 of \$26,600;**
- Assets amounting to over \$507,000;**
- A Death Rate in '96 amounting to only \$2.37 for each \$1,000 of Average Risk for the year.**

All total abstainers should remember that this is the total abstainers' company, and before insuring should learn of its position and plans from an officer of the Company.

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H. SUTHERLAND, Managing Director.

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Assurance in Force, Jan. 1, 1897	- - - - - \$20,001,500	Surplus over all liabilities, December 31, 1896, Actuaries' 4 per cent.	- - - - - \$213,790
Cash Income for 1896	- - - - - 760,403	Surplus Government Standard Hm., 4 1/2 per cent.	- - - - - 358,800
Assets, December 31, 1896	- - - - - 3,404,900		
Reserve for security of Policy-holders, Dec. 31, 1896, Actuaries' 4 per cent.	3,176,716		

The 20-Year SURVIVORSHIP DISTRIBUTION POLICY now offered embraces all the newest features, and is the best form of PROTECTION and INVESTMENT money can buy. It has no rival. Guaranteed values, attractive options, and liberal conditions.

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Guelph, 1897.

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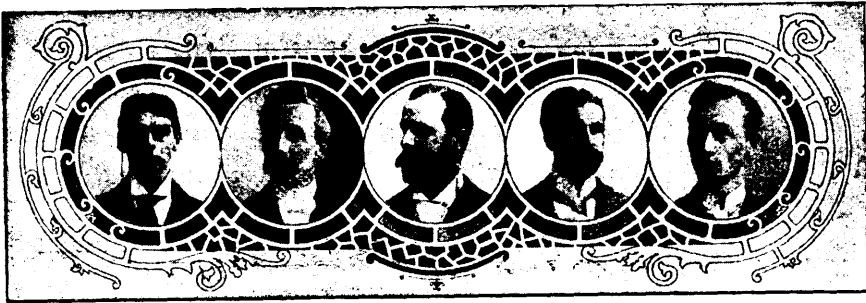
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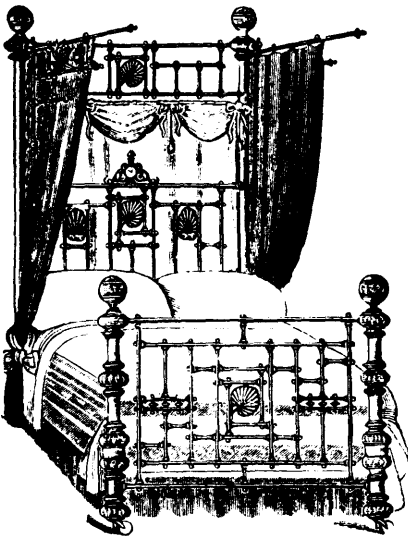
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SEE PAGE 479.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. VIII.

APRIL, 1897.

No. 6.

SOCIAL AMELIORATION AND THE UNIVERSITY SETTLEMENT.

With special reference to Toynbee Hall.

THE University [Settlement idea as a factor in Social Amelioration is but a particular concrete exemplification of a general line of thought, which has been struggling for recognition during the past thirty years, and is now gradually substantiating its claim to such recognition. It may be said that until the late sixties, the attention devoted to existing inequalities of social condition was essentially sporadic. Mankind was divided into two camps—the unscientific alleviators of social distress, and the pessimistic exponents of an assumed natural law, who saw in its rigid and immutable operation the cause and explanation of all existing ills.

The progress which has characterized the world of material advancement has not, however, left untouched the seemingly more immaterial, but none the less important, field of social betterment. The very progress in material things, the attempt to synthesise the world-business, has brought along with it, as a necessary consequence, an attempt to systematize and integrate the existing scattered endeavours towards social amelioration. The great reduction in cost of production, the increased facilities of transport, the world-integration consequent upon such economic changes, have brought out in still greater relief the inequitable distri-

bution which, be it accident or necessary consequence, exists under the present system. People are no longer satisfied with a philosophy which has as its beginning and ending the dictum, "The poor ye have always with you"; they are now, as never before, impressed by the crying evils of the time, and they are, more than ever, in earnest in their endeavour to grapple with these evils.

The scientific search after truth which has resulted in discoveries, whose most shadowy outlines are stranger than the most unbridled fancyings of the romanticist, has also had its place in the social world of storm and stress; coupled with a search into the fundamentals of society, part and parcel of the new interest in its basal principles, there has been a marked desire to rectify the evils that exist.

The social student and the poet have insisted on the oneness of human nature, on the brotherhood of man. One phase of this trend of thought is an insistence on the duty which the more fortunate owe to those who have fallen by the way. This conception is markedly present in the life and teachings of many of the scholars of the younger generation who have graduated from Oxford and Cambridge in the past two or three decades. The ideal of culture brought before their eyes was not that

of the self-absorbed student who gave us the "doctrine of the enclitic De," but a different, broader culture which saw in the opportunities of the student greater obligations and duties to his less fortunate fellow-men. When we bear in mind that at this time the late Thomas Hill Green, who took part in the municipal politics of Oxford with the same zest which he manifested in expounding the subtleties of Kant's Critique, was inculcating in life and word the duties which scholars owed to society; that Kingsley, Maurice and John Richard Green were giving the best of their lives to the service of the poor; and that at the same time the wider world outside the colleges was being stirred as it had seldom been stirred before by the prophet-voices of Carlyle and Ruskin; it is no wonder that we find going out from the Universities the leaders of a new crusade.

Fired by such precepts and object lessons, young men of the colleges turned their attention to the crowded centres of population where the outcast masses seemed but little benefited by the advances which society, in its corporate capacity, had made. Whereas social work had formerly been essentially transient in its nature, an attempt was now made to live among the poor and share their life, and so, by coming in closer contact with them, to understand their conditions, and render the aid and help which trained men, cognizant of actual facts, might give.

It cannot, with strict accuracy, be said that this phase of social ameliorative work is traceable, in its origin to the definitely outlined plan of any one man. Men in University circles had from time to time discussed the feasibility of such a method of work. Kingsley, the author of *Alton Locke*, had interested himself in work among the poor of London; Frederick Maurice, the friend of Tennyson, had, in 1860, established the Working Men's College which aimed, through the instrumentality of teaching done by young Cambridge graduates, to spread education and knowledge among the working men of London. In so far

as the origination of the University Settlement work in London, and in the world, can be associated with any one name, it is with that of Toynbee; and here the connection is not immediate but mediate. Arnold Toynbee, the brilliant young Oxford scholar who was prominent in the revolt in economic circles against the formalism of the older day, was impressed in perhaps greater degree than other men of his time by the importance of personal work done among the poor by educated men. As far as his health would permit, he spent his vacations in working among the degraded classes of the Whitechapel district of London.

His untimely death, in 1883, rather stimulated the impulse to the carrying on of the methods of work in which he had been engaged; for those who had come within the circle of the influence of his uniquely attractive personality felt that the only way in which to fittingly perpetuate his memory was to establish, in the district in which he had been interested, a memorial of his name. And so it was that there was established in the Whitechapel district, in January of 1885, the University Settlement known as Toynbee Hall.

At first the number of resident members who engaged in instruction among the poor, and who endeavoured in every way within their power to become acquainted with existing conditions and seek out correctives for them, was small. Five men formed the first company who, under the leadership of the Rev. Mr. Barnett, of St. Jude's Church, Whitechapel, began the work in a disused public-house. Soon a more suitable building was obtained, and now there are some twenty-five men actively engaged in connection with the settlement.

Toynbee Hall is situated in the noisiest and most crowded part of Whitechapel. Notwithstanding these surroundings, it endeavours to retain intact some of the associations which had endeared college life to its residents. Situated in a courtyard near to, but yet withdrawn from, the crowd-

ed thoroughfare, it suggests, with its carved gateway and ivied walls, not the hurry and turmoil of busy London, but the more secluded retreats of classic repose situated on the banks either of the Isis or the Cam. To those who would object to the comfort of the building, on the ground that it is disproportionate to the surroundings, it may with justice be stated, by way of rejoinder, that these comforts and attractions exist not for the residents alone but for the people of the neighbourhood. By becoming acquainted with conditions of which hitherto they had known nothing, the inhabitants of Whitechapel are encouraged in their endeavour to attain a better condition.

This Settlement, the oldest and most famous of settlements, has long passed the experiment stage. Men of renown consider it an honour to be permitted to help on, in any way, the work which it has undertaken. The scope of its usefulness is, in the broadest and most catholic sense of the word, educational. For those whose education has been neglected, evening classes are available. Lectures on current topics of the day are given, and at all times numerous clubs, for men, women and children, are in operation. The rudiments of biology, geology and botany, and in some cases more advanced problems, are thus discussed by the people of the neighbourhood; and in many cases these discussions reveal a latent power of thought and expression which is surprising. In the extension lectures in economics a surprising interest is taken. Problems of the day, co-operation, trade-unionism, relations of employers and employed, are studied with never-failing interest. Thirty-five to forty men are regular members of the Economic club, and of late the interest taken has been so great, and the attendance has so increased, that it has been found advisable to subdivide the work into three sections—a primary course, a more advanced course, and an advanced economic club. Work among children is also an important matter; there is a large boys' club

known as "The Whittington," in which a keen interest is manifested. There is also made an attempt to reach a class of artisans and clerks who, possessed of a fair primary education, are desirous of obtaining the advantages of higher education. Adequate opportunity and inducement are given to those who come within the sphere of the Settlement's influence to indulge in athletic exercises.

In order to enable the people of the district to come frequently into social contact with residents of the Hall there is a provision, in addition to the facilities for social intercourse and enjoyment afforded by the various clubs, for the presence, from time to time, at the common table, of men of the neighbourhood. The expense of such entertainment is borne by an entertainment fund which is specially set apart.

The interested observer of the movement will see, perhaps contrary to his expectations, that in the management of Toynbee Hall the formally religious feature is subordinated. In other settlements which have been founded by church organizations the religious feature is in the foreground; with Toynbee Hall it is different. It is not to be assumed, for an instant, that such subordination of the formally religious phase of education is, in any degree, attributable to an antagonism, expressed or implied, to religion. The part taken by clergymen in the work is in itself sufficient to negative such an assumption. The Settlement itself is an outcome of a feeling that an applied religion is needed, and that it is in the working out of the tenets of such applied religion, exemplified in life and conduct rather than in the rigid phraseology of a formal creed, that the solution of the social problem is to be obtained. The reason why the organization deems it fittest not to insist on the formal teaching of religious truth, is to be found in the diversity in point of religious belief in the Toynbee Hall constituency, not only as regards the people of the neighbourhood, but as regards the residents of the Hall itself.

It is not to be assumed that Toynbee Hall is the only institution of the kind. Oxford House, which lays more stress on formal religious teaching, carries on social work on a larger scale, and includes in its organization a wide ramification of agencies; the Woman's University Settlement supported by Girton and Newnham Colleges is situated at Southwark; various College missions are supported by Cambridge University; one of the most recent establishments is University Hall, which has been brought into existence mainly by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who has there put into operation some of the doctrines advanced in Robert Elsmere. Some work of the University Settlement nature is also done in Birmingham, Glasgow and Edinburgh. Attention, however, may with advantage be concentrated upon Toynbee Hall, for it was there that the University Settlement movement definitely began; and it is this institution which has, in great degree, influenced the establishment of like institutions not only in England but also in America. Although other institutions may have struck out along lines of their own, in their endeavour to grapple with the problem which called them into existence, yet the fundamental purpose which actuates them is essentially one with that of Toynbee Hall.

The influence of the Settlement idea has not been hemmed in by the narrower confines of the British Isles, but has also spread to the New World. It was not, however, until some years after the success of the experiment had been proved in England that operations were commenced in the United States. In the New World the questions to be confronted are fully as momentous as in the Old World, and at the same time exist on a grander scale. In the slum districts of such cities as New York and Chicago a condition of poverty, wretchedness and misery exists which is not surpassed in the slums of any European city. Earnest students of social movements saw in the Settlement a power which would be of advantage in connection with social endeavour in the

great cities of the United States. And in the time which has since then elapsed Settlements have been founded in Boston, Philadelphia, New York and Chicago. In New York, the Rivington St. Settlement, the DeLancey St. organization and the East Side House may be taken as characteristic; in Boston the Andover House; in Philadelphia the organizations in connection with the University of Pennsylvania; and in Chicago, Hull House, the Chicago Commons and the University Settlement. This enumeration by no means exhausts the list, but it may be taken as indicating the scope of the work. In Chicago alone there are seven smaller organizations.

The heterogeneity of the population of Chicago gives an especial opportunity for such work; the foreign immigrants who have drifted into the western city are, in many cases, in poor circumstances, and are at work under conditions which tend to make them still more degraded and depressed. Hull House, which is known far and wide as one of the most typical of American settlements, is situated in a crowded district of the city, in a part which, within one mile of territory, includes representative colonies of nineteen nations. This district is degraded and low, all around misery is evident, and vice in its most repugnant and unabashed forms confronts the passer-by. Into this world of the downtrodden has come Hull House, an institution whose object, as stated in its charter, is to provide a centre for a higher civic and social life, to institute and maintain educational and philanthropic enterprise, and to investigate and improve the conditions in the industrial districts of Chicago. The success which has so far attended this Settlement is, in great degree, attributable to the fact that it is presided over by Miss Jane Addams, a lady whose directorial skill, enthusiasm and tact have been all-important.

In main outline the methods of work bear considerable likeness to those employed in Toynbee Hall. There is a multiplicity of agencies, educational

and social, the mere enumeration of which would take pages of print. A brief summary of the Hull House methods may, however, be attempted in order to indicate wherein the system here adopted differs from that of Toynbee Hall. In common with Toynbee Hall, the promulgation of formal religion is not kept in the foreground. Clubs of all kinds, lectures, readings, gymnasium classes, educational classes attract the people of the district. Lady visitors go in and out the houses of the neighbourhood, becoming acquainted with the actual conditions, and by their kindly aid and sympathy doing much to alleviate the existing ills. Special attention is devoted to the children, one wing of Hull House being given up to this purpose; here are situated the nurseries and the crèche; in one of the rooms of this building there is conducted every evening a children's bank, where deposits of one cent and upwards are received. In connection with the Settlement there are two other clubs situated in the neighbourhood—the Jane club, a co-operative institution which aims to afford a home with all its attractions and protections to shop girls who would otherwise be exposed to the dangers of a great city, and the Phalanx club for men. In one feature Hull House differs from Toynbee Hall, and that is, that while in the latter the resident workers are men, in the former they are, for the most part, women.

The general task which the Settlement has set before it is readily manifested. It realizes the existence of inequalities, it sees that in the terrible pressure of modern society, that in the evolution of pain which attends the upward struggle, there is co-existent with advancement and material prosperity a class whose lot is one of poverty and pain. To go among such classes, to investigate their life, to render them help and guidance, to point out to them higher ideals and render easier their struggles upwards towards respectability, is the peculiar phase of usefulness with which the Settlement is concerned,

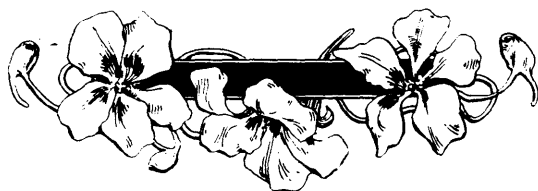
The Settlement idea is the personification of the voluntary movement. It works supported not by a corporation or by a city, but by the subscriptions of individuals; even where a Settlement is ostensibly supported by a college, experience has shown the foregoing statement to be true. Most of those connected with the movement pay their own expenses; they are busied not because of the money to be obtained in connection with the work, but because of their interest in and their desire to advance all that makes for social amelioration. In comparison with the results obtained, the expense of the Settlement work is after all but a trifle; Toynbee Hall, with all its work of great and lasting import, costs only some \$6,000 per annum to maintain. The Settlement not only renders its residents, and through them the world, cognizant of social needs, but at the same time inculcates in the minds of those who are the subjects of its operations ideals of a nobler citizenship. And the importance of this will at once be manifest when we remember that under representative government, the vote of the untrained and vicious, is as potent in the scale of determination as that of the most highly trained and cultured. The Settlement also attempts to bend the young twig, the child, in the proper direction, and by so doing to prevent the criminal class, the standing menace to established order, from being replenished from the rising generation.

Personal idiosyncracies may so react upon the individual judgment as to induce men to place different valuations upon the methods employed, to estimate in different ways the results attained. But no candid observer who has carefully viewed the facts; who has seen the knowledge of existing conditions in all their evils which has been obtained by those engaged in Settlement work; who has contrasted the men, women and children of the streets with those who have come within the circle of influence of the Settlement, can resist the conclusion

that here is in operation a force which makes for social betterment and righteousness, that here is a religion which embodies itself, not in the statements

of formulary logic, but in the flesh and blood realities of living precept and example.

S. J. McLean.



TO A ROCKY MOUNTAIN STREAM.

O! THOU who from the western mountain side,
 O'er prairie and through many a bosky glen
 Doth flow, in spring a thund'ring, rolling tide,
 To the parched eastward, carrying hope to men
 That time shall bring a bountiful return
 For all their labour, and that plenty's urn
 Shall fill to overflowing; God by thee
 Supplies its life blood to the prairie sea.

And when in days of heat, thy mission done,
 Beneath the pine and poplar's arching shade,
 From the too ardent glances of the sun
 Beneath wolf-willows thy retreat hast made.
 And there, in silence of the northern wood,
 Thou seek'st and find'st a restful solitude.
 There nymphs do gambol, in thy pools do play,
 And with the dryads sport the livelong day.

There rest thee while the sunny summer days
 In soft and slow procession pass thee by,
 Bringing the autumn with its smoky haze
 And leaves, which, brightly coloured, fall and die;
 But are not dead, for in their death is life,
 Which, springing fresh in springtimes yet to come,
 Shall by their death yet win the bloodless strife
 And wind-tossed yet shall hear the bee's low hum.

And then doth come the winter, when the North
 With icy hands shall grip and hold thee fast
 To his chill bosom, and from then henceforth
 Till spring shall blow the cold and icy blast.
 But when the winter's o'er doth come the spring,
 And Chinook breezes from the south shall bring
 A key for all thy fetters, and then, free,
 Thou'lt rush again, in gladness, to the sea.

Fred J. Wilson.

MY CONTEMPORARIES IN FICTION.*

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

V.—LIVING MASTERS.—RUDYARD KIPLING.

I WAS "up in the back blocks" of Victoria, Australia, when I lighted upon some stray copies of the weekly edition of the Melbourne *Argus*, and became aware of the fact that we had amongst us a new teller of stories, with a voice and a physiognomy of his own. The *Argus* had copied from some journal in far-away India a poem and a story, each unsigned, and each bearing evidence of the same hand. A year later I came back to England, and found everybody talking about "The Man from Nowhere," who had just taken London by storm. Rudyard Kipling's best work was not as yet before us, but there was no room for doubt as to the newcomer's quality, and the only question possible was as to whether he had come to stay. That inquiry has now been satisfactorily answered. The new man of half-a-dozen years ago is one of England's properties, and not the one of which she is least proud. About midway in his brief and brilliant career, counting from his emergence until now, people began to be afraid that he had emptied his sack. Partly because he had lost the spell of novelty, and partly because he did too much to be always at his best, there came a time when we thought we saw him sinking to a place with the ruck.

Sudden popularity carries with it many grave dangers, but the gravest of all is the temptation to produce careless and unripe work. To this temptation the new man succumbed, but only for awhile. Like the candid friend of Lady Clara Vere de Vere, he saw the snare, and he retired. But at the time when, instead of handing out the bread of life in generous slices, he took to giving us the sweepings of the basket,

I wrote a set of verses, which I called "The Ballad of the Rudyard Kipling." I never printed it, because by the time it was fairly written Kipling's work had not merely gone back to its first quality, but seemed brighter and finer than before, and the poor thing, such as it was, was in the nature of a satire. I venture to write down the opening verses here, since they express the feeling with which at least one writer of English fiction hailed his first appearance.

I.

Oh, we be master mariners that sail the snorting seas,
Right red-plucked mariners that dare the peril of the storm.
But we be old, and worn and cold, and far from rest and ease,
And only love and brotherhood can keep our tired hearts warm.

II.

We were a noble company in days not long gone by.
And mighty craft our elders sailed to every earthly shore,
Men of worship, and dauntless soul, that feared not sea nor sky;
But God's hand stilled the valiant hearts,
and the masters sail no more.

III.

And for awhile, though we be brave and handy at our trade,
We sailed no master-galleon, but wrought in cock-boats all,
Slight craft and manned with a single hand;
yet many a trip we made,
Though we but crept from port to port with cargoes scant and small.

IV.

But on a day of wonder came ashining on the deep,
A royal Splendour, proud with sail, and generous roar of guns;
She passed us, and we gaped and stared.
Her lofty bows were steep,
And deep she rode the waters deep with a weight of countless tons.

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V.

Her rig was strange, her name unknown, she
 came we know not whence,
 But on the flag at her peak we read "The
 Drums of the Fore and Aft."
 And—I speak for one—my breath came thick
 and my pulse beat hard and tense,
 And we cheered with tears of splendid joy
 at sight of the splendid craft.

VI.

She swept us by; her master came and spoke
 us from the side,
 We knew our elder, though his beard was
 scarce yet fully grown;
 She spanked for home through churning foam
 with favouring wind and tide,
 And while we hailed like mad he sailed, a
 King, to take his own.

Some men are born rich, and some are born lucky, and some are born both to luck and riches. Kipling is one of the last. Nature endowed him with uncommon qualities, and circumstance sent him into the sphere in which those qualities could be most fortunately exercised. It seems strange that the great store of treasure which he opened to us should have been unhandled and unknown so long. His Indian pictures came like a revelation. It is always so when a man of real genius dawns upon the world. It was so when Scott shewed men and women the jewelled mines of romance which lay in the highways and by-ways of homely Scotland. It was so when Dickens bared the Cockney hearth to the sight of all men. Meg Merrilies, and Rob Roy, and Edie Ochiltree were all *there*—the wild, the romantic, the humorous were at the doors of millions of men before Scott saw them. In London, in the early days of Dickens, there were hordes of capable writers eager for something new. Not one of them saw Bob Cratchit, or Fagin, or the Marchioness until Dickens saw them. So, in India, the British Tommy had lived for many a year, and the jungle beasts were there, and Government House and its society were there. And capable men went up and down the land, sensible of its charms, its wonder, its remoteness from themselves, and yet not discerning truly. At last, when a thousand feet have trodden upon a

thing of inestimable price, there comes along a newspaper man, doing the driest kind of hackwork, bound to a drudgery as stale and dreary as any in life, and he sees what no other man has ever seen before him, though it has been plain in view for years and years. Through scorn and discouragement and contumely he polishes his treasure, in painful hours snatched from distasteful labour, and at last he brings it where it can be seen and known for what it is.

It is only genius which owns the seeing eye. There are in Great Britain to-day a dozen writers of fine faculty, trained to observe, trained to give to observation its fullest artistic result; and they are all panting for something new. The something new is under their noses. They see it and touch it every day. If I could find it, my name in a year would sail over the seas, and I should be a great personage. But I shall not find it. None of the men who are now known will find it. It is always the unknown man who makes that sort of discovery. He will come in time, and when he comes we shall wonder and admire, and say: "How new! How true!" Why, in that very matter of Tommy Atkins, whose manifold portraits have done as much as anything to endear Kipling to the English people—it is known to many that in my own foolish youth I enlisted in the army. I lived with Tommy. I fought and chafed and drank and drilled and marched, and went "up tahn" with him, and did pack drill, and had C:B. with him. I turned novel-writer afterwards, and never so much as dreamt of giving Tommy a place in my pages. Then comes Kipling, not knowing him one half as well in one way, and knowing him a thousand times better in another way, and makes a noble and beautiful and merited reputation out of him, shows the man inside the military toggery, and makes us laugh and cry, and exult with feeling. There was a man in New South Wales—a shepherd—who went raving mad when he learnt that the heavy black dust which spoilt his pasture was tin, and that he

had waked and slept for years without discovering the gigantic fortune which was all about him. I will not go mad, if I can help it, but I do think it rather hard lines on me that I hadn't the simple genius to see what lay in Tommy.

A good deal has been said of the occasional coarseness of Kipling's pages. There are readers who find it offensive, and they have every right to the expression of their feelings. I confess to having been startled once or twice, but never in a wholly disagreeable fashion—never as "Jude the Obscure" startled. Poor Captain Mayne Reid, who is still beloved by here and there a schoolboy, wrote a preface to one of his books—I think "The Rifle Rangers," but it is years on years since I saw it—in order to put forth his defence for the introduction of an occasional oath or impious expletive in the conversation of his men of the prairies. He pleaded necessity. It was impossible to pourtray his men without it. And he argued that an oath does not soil the mind "like the clinging immorality of an unchaste episode." The majority of Englishmen will agree with the gallant Captain. Kipling is rough at times, and daring, but he is always clean and honest. There are no hermaphroditic cravings after sexual excitement in him. He is too much of a man to care for that kind of thing.

What a benefactor an honest laughter-maker is! Since Dickens there has been nobody to fill our lungs like Kipling. Is it not better that the public should have "My Lord the Elephant" and "Brugglesmith" to laugh outright at, than that they should be feebly sniggering over the jest-books begotten on English Dulness by Yankee Humour, as they were eight or nine years ago? That jugful of Cockney sky-blue, with a feeble dash of Mark Twain in it, which was called "Three Men in a Boat," was not a cheerful tippie for a mental bank holiday, but we poor moderns got no better till the coming of Kipling. We have a right to be grateful to the man who can make us laugh.

The thing which strikes everybody

who reads Kipling—and who does not?—is the truly astonishing range of his knowledge of technicalities. He is very often beyond me altogether, but I presume him to be accurate, because nobody finds him out, and that is a thing which specialists are so fond of doing that we may be sure they would have been about him in clouds if he had been vulnerable. He gives one the impression at times of being arrogant about this special fund of knowledge. But he nowhere cares to make his modesty conspicuous to the reader, and his cocksureness is only the obverse of his best literary virtue. It comes from the very crispness and definiteness with which he sees things. There are no clouds about the edges of his perceptions. They are all clear and *nette*. Things observed by such a man dogmatise to the mind, and it is natural that he should dogmatise as to what he sees with such apparent precision and completeness.

A recent writer, anonymous, but speaking from a respectable vehicle as platform, has told us that a short story is the highest form into which any expression of the art of fiction can be cast. This to me looks very like nonsense. I do not know any short story which can take rank with "Père Goriot," or "Vanity Fair," or "David Copperfield." The short story has charms of its own, and makes demands of its own. What those demands are only the writers who have subjected themselves to its tyranny can know. The ordinary man who tries this form of art finds early that he is emptying his mental pockets. Kipling's riches in this respect have looked as if they were without end, and no man before him has paid away so much. But it has to be remembered here that in many examples of his power in this way he has been purely episodic, and the discovery or creation of an episode is a much simpler thing than the discovery or creation of a story proper, which is a collection of episodes, arranged in close sequence, and leading to a catastrophe, tragic or comic, as the theme may determine.

In estimating the value of any writer's work you must take his range into consideration. Kipling sketches, in emotion, from deep seriousness to exuberant laughter; and his grasp of character is quite firm and sure, whether he deal with Mrs. Hawksbee or with Dinah Shadd; with a field officer or with Mulvaney, Ortheris and Learoyd; with the Inspector of Forests or with Mowgli. He knows the ways of thinking of them all, and he knows the tricks of speech of all, and the outer garniture and daily habitudes of all.

His mind seems furnished with an instantaneous camera and a phonographic recorder in combination; and keeping guard over this rare mental mechanism is a spirit of catholic affection and understanding.

Finally, he is an explorer, one of the original discoverers, one of the men who open new regions to our view. A revelation has waited for him. He is as much the master of his English compeers in originality as Stevenson was their master in finished craftsmanship.

(*To be continued.*)



THE HOUSE OF FAME.

I, who have lived to see come to an end
 Each mortal thing immortal men have done,
 Know there is nothing left under the sun
 For such an one as I to make or mend.
 I look back on the days God chose to lend,
 And say (perceiving each and every one
 But echoes of unfinished deeds begun),
 "To-day shall hoard: To-morrow shall misspend!"

So, yielding up the little joys Earth gave,
 Gladly, to be released from her great wrongs,
 I send my comfort forth to them that crave
 The inconstant plaudits of uncertain throngs,—
 Like some dead poet, over whose lone grave,
 No fair, lost women sing forgotten songs.

Francis Sherman.



*With original illustrations by F. and F. H. Bridgen.**

NANSEN is a typical explorer physically and mentally, one of a class whose occupation is yet far from gone, notwithstanding a very general impression to the contrary. An English scientist, Mr. Logan Lobley, at the last Geographical Congress reckoned up the area of the world still awaiting the labour of adventurous spirits; and his grand total of 20,000,000 square miles, on a large part of which the foot of civilized man has not yet trod, is a startling result. Here, in the conquest of the earth's surface, is scope enough yet for all the energies of the advance guard of humanity. In the ranks of explorers have marched some of the most heroic figures the race has produced. Doubtless fresh openings for all the vital forces of mankind await us in the future, but we are yet far from ready to welcome the extinguishment of this form of enterprise.

Nansen stands before us a fine specimen of heredity—a Viking worthy of his race. He is six feet high, with a finely proportioned physical development in which strength and quickness are combined in an uncommon degree. His figure, with its long stride and swinging gait, can never pass without

attracting involuntary attention. In a crowd he is conspicuous, the commanding power and litheness of his form marking him out as a fit leader of men. The explorer is of Norwegian blood, with the fair hair and blue eyes of the pure Scandinavian. The kindness which often characterizes the Northmen gives his face an amicable attractiveness, which suffers nothing from the force and firmness betokened by his massive jaw; while a good broad forehead, from which the fair hair is brushed straight back, gives the finish to a countenance of clear intelligence.

A visitor to his home at Lysaker on a bitterly cold day, with the thermometer 9 degrees below zero, was startled to find Nansen on the railway platform, wearing no overcoat, but dressed simply in a light grey Ski uniform, and standing perfectly at ease among this fur-clad company. Indeed, with Nansen, at home, a top coat was a rare indulgence even in the depth of winter, but he might have been seen at times with one thrown across a shoulder, the long capes acting as a graceful drapery to his tall lithesome form. This disciplined power of enduring the rigours of a north-

*See also Frontispiece, for picture of Nansen.



DRAWN BY F. BRIGDEN.

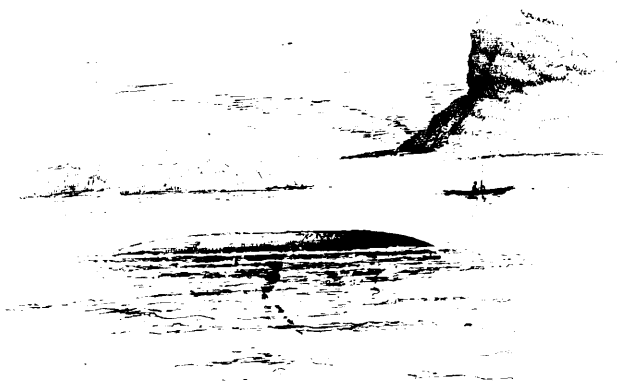
NANSEN'S HOME AT LYSAKER.

ern winter, so essential to the man who dares the Arctic circle, is accompanied with practical experience in every form of Polar adventure.

There is no method of Arctic travel which he has not acquired, down to Kayak paddling, a game dangerous even to the initiated. These frail Eskimo canoes are the most unstable of

sea-craft, liable to turnover at any moment; the catch of a wave, the jar of a piece of ice, the twist of a line will upset them. The more adroit of the natives can right themselves with a twist of the arms alone, but it is commonly done with the paddle. In acquiring this art Dr. Nansen had on more than one occasion a narrow escape of his life. The pluck of the man is unbounded, with a tried coolness and resource in danger capable of facing any emergency.

Nansen was born in 1861 on a Norwegian farm some two miles from Christiania. His father was a lawyer, who made agriculture his recreation, and reared a family of boys, in a healthy, vigorous country life, with the hardy discipline of Spartans.



DRAWN BY F. BRIGDEN.

KAYAK TURNING.

The little Nansen was taught his first steps on the Ski, the Norwegian snowshoe, at the age of four, and as a lad grew into an accomplished athlete, a good shot, and a first-class skater. At seven he and a brother attended school daily in Christiania, trudging to and fro in all weather. This bracing country life continued till Nansen reached fifteen; but there was better stuff in the boy than goes to the making of the mere stalwart adventurer. At eighteen he entered the University with the promise of a distinguished career. His special attraction was towards science, and the proclivities of the sportsman drew him to Zoology, which he pursued with an ardour and success which soon brought him into notice. It was in following out this study that he started on a course that finally led to the recent attempt to solve the problem of the North Pole.

Nansen is, however, no absorbed scientist and explorer engrossed in his special pursuits. He is a Norwegian to the back-bone, and a close personal friend of Björnson, the famous novelist



DRAWN BY F. BRIGDEN, FROM PHOTO.

BJÖRNSSON.

and leader of the Radical party which aims at the political autonomy of Norway. Their ambition in the earlier days of the movement was complete separation from Sweden and the establishment of a republic; but to-day relief from the more galling conditions of the union and a spirit of mutual concession have considerably modified the Radical programme. A nation which claims the third largest maritime fleet in the world, with between fifty and sixty thousand of the hardiest



DRAWN BY F. BRIGDEN.

PALÆOCRUSTIC ICE—THE ROAD TOWARDS THE NORTH POLE.

seamen any country can produce, may well cherish strong national pride, and as one of the finest types of his race Nansen inherits that love of country which, with irrepressible fondness for the sea, lives to-day with undecayed force in the descendants of the roving Norsemen, in ancient times the terror of southern sea-coasts.



DRAWN BY F. BRIGDEN.

A GREENLAND GLACIER.

With all his magnificent physical vigour, our modern Norseman is as refined and as cultivated a specimen of nineteenth century evolution as any clime can produce. Although he is no performer himself, Nansen shows, with his great compatriot, Björnson, the sensitiveness to music which not unfrequently marks the strong natures and unsophisticated tempers of the Northmen. Familiar with the art of the day, its national and mental characteristics engage his liveliest interest. He talks well and discriminately on the subject, and the individuality of the man comes out in decided preferences. "I love my pictures," he said to a visitor at Lysker, "and am proud of modern Norwegian art, that is, Werenskjold; he is our finest artist, to my mind; and that is by Svending, and this by Edif Petersen. Yes, that is Watt's 'Hope,' I bought it the last time I was in England. I liked it so much; and I think Watts and Whistler your most wonderful artists of modern times." The impressionists are evidently his favourites. Nansen's

own art capacity is far above the average; as a child he exhibited a power of drawing which long held his future in suspense, and it was not without a struggle that Science finally gained the day over art, as the object of pursuit.

Nansen is no Bohemian, his strong home-loving spirit contrasts curiously with the old Norse strain in his blood, which impels him to a life of adventure and hardship. When about to enter the grip of the Ice World in 1893, he writes with an affectionate earnestness, which one hardly looks for from the stalwart adventurer, of "the dear ones at home" from whom the explorers will be shut out, and around whom their longing thoughts will hover; and it is characteristic of the man, that on his recent perilous return from the attempt on the North pole, with a single companion, when unexpectedly

discovered at a critical time by Jackson, his first words, were the questions, "How is my wife? How is Norwegian politics."

Nansen married, on his return from the Greenland expedition in 1888, the daughter of Professor Sars, whose memory is revered by the Norwegians as a Scandinavian Darwin. Frau Nansen is described as "a jolly, bright, little woman, with dark hair, and all the movement and warm colouring of the Southern people, although a pure Norwegian." Nansen holds some of the more advanced ideas of women's position and capabilities, and his wife has been his companion in most of his sports. She is a good sailor and accomplished in the use of the Ski, and is uncommonly attractive in appearance. The terms on which they live may be best gathered from Nansen's own account of an expedition they took together, given in conversation with a friend three years ago:—

"My wife knows Nora Fjeld well, because there it was that I saw her dead-beat for the first and only time.

Nothing tires her, as a rule; so when I want to make her very angry I tell this story.

"It was New Year's day, a couple of years ago, that we decided to cross Nora Fjeld from Hallingdal, and enjoy a little holiday on ski. At three o'clock in the afternoon the sun set, and we were not even on the top. However, my wife would not turn back, so on we went. It became very dark and very steep, and at last the snow was frozen so hard the ski would not bite at all. Then I had to take mine off, and cut steps in the snow up the mountain-side, with the end of the ski. For nearly two hours I did this before we reached the top. It became absolutely dark, and a bitter wind blew, and it was ten o'clock before we reached the first inhabited hut down the mountain-side. Here an old woman gave us milk and bade us welcome; but my wife would not stay the night, declaring she was not tired, and quite able to go on another hour to the saeter, where we originally intended to remain. So on we skied again. It was so hopelessly dark that every now and then the point of our ski would strike a tree and upset us, and we had continually to call out to make sure of the other's whereabouts.

"At last, almost on the strike of midnight, we reached the little saeter and, entering the door, my wife dropped down on a chair. I went to find some one and make some arrangements for sleeping, but when I returned I found my wife had forestalled me; she was already sound asleep, bolt upright in a chair. Asleep? Yes; and she slept for hours—we couldn't wake her—so we just left her alone. That was the only time

I ever saw her completely done up."

A courageous, enterprising woman, evidently, is the frau Nansen. It is on record that she has spent the whole night in the open air on the mountains, in the depth of winter, sleeping in one of the fur-lined arctic sleeping pockets, in which the traveller ties himself up as in a sack. It was long in debate whether she should accompany her husband in the recent Arctic expedition, and the idea was only surrendered with much reluctance on her part at her husband's decision.

For an account of a visit paid to Ly-saker, in 1893, by Mrs. Alec Tweedie, we catch an interesting glimpse of Nansen at home in his studio, more than half-filled with an enormous table piled with bundles of paper, amongst them a packet tied with blue ribbon of over a thousand letters from all parts of the world, from eager applicants for permission to join the then preparing expedition to the North Pole. The chairs in keeping with the imposing table, being formed from solid tree trunks, with curiously-carved arms, in the form of serpents twisting round in quaint fashion. The shelves that lined the walls, held almost every work published on the polar regions. In the general collection modern English litera-



DRAWN BY F. BRIGDEN.

NANSEN ON "SKI" IN HIS WOLF SKIN DRESS.



FRIDTJOF NANSEN.

Reproduced from an etching by Johann Nordhagen, being the Frontispiece of Nansen's new book, entitled "Farthest North."



DRAWN BY F. BRIGDEN.

NANSEN AND JOHANSEN RETURNING FROM THE NORTH.

ture predominated, varying in very comprehensive fashion from Spencer to Tennyson, from Mill to Elliott, and from Darwin to Meredith. About the library were piled samples of goods and models of every description connected with Arctic expeditionary work, giving the place much the appearance of a curiosity shop; there was an order of its own, though to the uninitiated it presented a confusion worse confounded. At the end of this long room stood a grand piano, at which the frau would sing to her husband in the evenings.

The visitor to Nansen's home, who had previously gained any idea of the man, would not be much surprised to find his approach heralded with a clamour of barks from a whole kennel of dogs. Nansen would be incomplete without some of these, his inseparable companions; two English setters, a fine Eskimo, and a sharp-eared Fin, being his special favourites. With his

love of dogs, the big Norseman with the kindly blue eyes cherishes a great fondness for children, there is a tender note in the sad tones in which he refers to a little lost one, and our genial athlete is in his element with a little four-year-old upon his knee. He will most likely entertain his small companions with some Arctic bear story, and in answer to the imperative importunities sure to follow he will retail the same with infinite gusto, and all the elaborate details so dear to the young ears, and it will be a difficult matter to decide whether the famous explorer or the child is enjoying it most.

With such glimpses of Nansen's home life in the past, we have no difficulty in comprehending the welcome that must have greeted him after the prolonged strain of a three years' disappearance in the palæocrystic ice, and the months of conflicting reports that preceded his emergence.



BY MRS. EMILY CRAWFORD.

Paris Correspondent of London (Eng.) "News."

EASTER before it was the feast of the Passover was the feast of Adonis, the Syrian, and later the Greek type of Youth. To the Jewish mind it typified the passing from the land of bondage to the Promised Land of Canaan, purified by the Law of Moses from Canaanitish naturism. To the Syrian mind it was the glorification of the youth of the year—of escape from the austerity of winter. It was the time of tender herbage and fresh flowers. To the early Christian mind Easter signified all that it said to Jews and Greeks with a good deal more. Easter meant the clearing away of shambles from the Temple through the symbol of the Last Supper. It taught that God was in everything, though everything was not God; that the human creature became, through a constant effort to fulfil the law of love, the most fitting channel whereby the Divine mind could manifest itself. Its greatest lesson was that human life is not finite, and that good deeds done with a good purpose are as seeds sown in winter, and sure to spring up in fair

and fruitful plants in the youth of the year. The Early Church at Jerusalem could not at once shake off the gross sacrificial materialism of the Temple. It gave a narrow and material sense to the doctrine of the resurrection. But in the course of ages that reading has become nearly obsolete in all Christian churches, and a spiritualised symbolism has taken its place. As each human being reproduces in his states of feeling from infancy upwards the history of all his ancestors, so one sees in the Easter celebrations of the Catholic Church the Genesis of the great spring festival. Survivals of ancient Egypt, Syria, Israel, Greece, Rome, are apparent in the symbolism of the Lent and Easter rites. The history of the symbols is forgotten; but they touch deep hidden chords, and are interpreted through emotion. To the intellect merely they are as a sealed book. One must, in presence of old-world symbols that yet speak to the feelings, be as the little child, more ready to accept and admire than debate and criticise. The heart of Nature in and out of the

church speaks to the heart of mankind.

In Paris, Easter is a time of general gladness. The trees in the parks and gardens are in full leafage, but the leaves are still of the most fresh and

flit over the ceilings like Ariels released from winter bondage. There being no more need for fires, fireplaces are covered over with screens. The freestone Parisian houses almost glare in the sun,



EASTER IN PARIS—THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES.

tender green. The sky is bright; a vitalising, genial force permeates things material and ethereal. The morning sun smiles in the rooms that look southward, and its reflected beams

which discovers all the hues and tints of blooming flower beds in the public gardens. Passion Week is a period of conventional mourning, religious ceremonies, and flowers. Goods trains

laden with flowers and greenery for Palm Sunday began to pour in as that festival approached. The supply of flowers goes on increasing until Easter Week, when the whole town seems a flower show. The markets being glutted, the poor can gladden their abodes with fresh and fragrant bouquets. Spring is the time of all others for sweetly scented flowers. The air of the churches is redolent of their incense.

Everyone who has lived in Paris must associate Easter with flowers. The flower markets are then enchanting lounges. These markets seem to be suddenly extended into the streets. Costermongers have there become itinerant flower dealers. The women who deal are neither young nor pretty, neither coquettishly nor dirtily dressed. They are generally middle-aged, for licenses to drag costers' hand-carts are only granted to poor people of good character and well on in years of discretion. The costerwoman is hale, hearty, buxom. Hardship sours Englishwomen. It acts as a fillip on Frenchwomen, and stimulates their pluck and spirit. Their bodies seem to gain strength under the stress of hard work in all sorts of weather. Beautiful the costerwoman is not—at any rate, an artist in love with a silly sort of prettiness would not think her so. But she has the beauty of the sound mind in a sound body, and her weatherbeaten face lights up with shrewd and cheerful expression. She is in good training for drudgery, and does not mind it, provided it fills the big pockets of her coarse blue apron with copper and silver coins. In the Easter glut of flowers lies a chance for quick returns. Easter is to her as it is to most wage-earners in Paris, a blessed time. One sees long lines of costerwomen's carts laden with flowers drawn up at certain hours of the day in certain streets. All who sell at them have a family likeness. No trace of drink can be detected on their faces, or of sluttishness in their clothes. They are tidy, clean, comfortable, and look purposeful and good. Your drunkard is always chilly.

Those coster flower dealers go about in rain, hail, sunshine, without shawl or mantle; a thick, easy-fitting jacket or jersey is the favourite over-garment. They rise at four in the morning to secure good places at the flower auction in the central market. A number of them club to buy lots which they afterwards divide, and then all are off on their different circuits. The rests—all regulated by the police—are short. They must not stop, unless a would-be buyer asks them, near a flower shop. They ply their trade until sundown, and then hasten homeward, not stopping a moment either to draw breath or sell. These women are religious in their way. They observe Easter, and often send in flowers to churches and to hospitals.

Easter is the time in France for ghostly shrift. The Catholic church requires that its members communicate at least once a year. That once is at Easter or Paques—a word derived from the Hebrew Passover. Devout-minded persons obey. Busy people do not, and do not look on themselves as sinners for not conforming to the rule. When they feel at death's door they will ask for the final sacraments of the Church, which will be charitably administered and no reproachful word uttered. Irreligious persons, from a sense of what is socially pleasant, also ask for the last consolations. They do so for the sake of those whom they are about to leave behind, and because it is most convenient for friends to gather round a coffin in a church.

Provincial ladies gather to Paris to confess to priests who do not know them, and to consult spiritual directors of broad and tolerant minds, who do not regard rites as incantations, and who see that symbols are only important in so far as they raise the soul to a perception of eternal truths. The French branch of the Catholic church is not superstitious.

A deeply religious spirit is shown in the churches at the Lenten ceremonies and on Easter Sunday. Holy Thursday is in memory of the iniquitous trial at Golgotha and the bearing of the cross to Calvary, Good Friday of the Crucifix-

ion, Holy Saturday of the stillness of the tomb in Joseph of Arimathea's garden, and Easter Sunday of the resurrection. The crown after the cross—apotheosis after voluntary self-abasement.

Holy Saturday is the day of shrift. Communion services begin on Sunday at six in the morning. The earliest is the best attended, but all the services draw large congregations. Gladness of heart, of soul, and mind reigns. All the tragical symbolism of Passion Week is out of sight. The music is jubilant; the priests' vestments are of brilliant and many-coloured brocades. The perfume of flowers vies with the incense. Sermons are kept for the afternoon, and will be short. Some of them will insist on the Real Presence in the Communion, some will dwell on the mystical nature of the Last Supper—all will enjoin self-sacrifice and humility in order to possess the virtues of faith, hope and charity.

I have alluded to the sun dancing on walls and ceilings. The sunshine of the mind also operates playfully at Easter. The close of Lent is marked by the blooming out of new fashions. This strikes visitors from Protestant countries as a mixing up of God and Mammon, of religion and worldliness. Love of the world is, we are told, enmity to God. But it seems to me that frivolous worldliness is less noxious in Paris, where trifles are treated in a trifling way, than in London. Your English worldling of either sex takes the shows and falsities of the world too seriously. Non-observance of any conventionality that people of "the right sort" observe is in England a social solecism for which there is no remission. English factory girls and maid-servants have their conventionalities, from which they would on no account depart. They are generally imitative, and due to an ingrained love of the material signs of rank and wealth. There is really far more idealism in France than in England (unless in the English hymnology and poetry)—a reason why in things material they are ahead of the French. The French at-

tach a value to ideas and states of mind which most English people could hardly understand. They are far from attaching the same importance as the English to Slavish observance of fashion. If one follows the fashions at a humble distance, or does not follow them at all, one does not risk social outlawry in Paris. The fashionable world itself admits such non-conformity. The set of a bow or the cut of a dressy "blouse" is a state affair in the eyes of a society lady in London. Not so in Paris. One takes the Easter fashions as one takes the Easter flowers—nice to look at, or if one's taste prompts and fortune permits, to wear. They show wonderful invention, cleverness and ingenuity. Recollect that all the originating talent belongs to workwomen who may be daughters of the coster flower dealers above described. It is they who have the prolific fancy, light touch, daring playfulness of style, and the sense of harmony that makes Art and Fashion—*l'Art et la Mode*—a closely united couple. Those workers in laces and ribbons, shreds and patches, silks, satins, velvets and other stuffs, draw the wealth of the world to Paris, and most of all at Easter. Who so well as a French milliner understands the kind of bonnet that will throw out what is agreeable in a countenance? The Parisienne who excels in working for launchers of fashions (*lanceuses de modes*) is, unknown to herself, a psychologist. She understands physiognomy. When making a bonnet to order, she bears in mind the person who is to wear it. It is meant to be a part of a composition, or, to put it otherwise, of a living picture. What wonder, then, that Paris wields the sceptre of fashion, and that ladies and agents for great shops come from all parts of the world for the Longchamps promenade?

This promenade begins on Good Friday and goes on to the evening of Easter Sunday. One sees between the Madeleine Church and the Cascades on the Bois the newest kind of mourning on the first day. On Saturday garments as fresh and bright as flowers come



EASTER IN PARIS—THE FLOWER MARKET.

out, and on Sunday afternoon one sees fashion triumphant. Non-fashionable Paris crowds into the Champs Elysées, the Avenue des Bois de Boulogne, and the Avenue des Acacias, to gaze and admire. They look on as they might at a play. The desire to dazzle people as a fashionable belle disturbs but few of the gazers. In the brilliant throng one sees the wives and daughters of the millionaires of Australia, California, Porkopolis, New York, the great provincial towns of England, and of the West End of London. Lords and Commons have come to Paris for their Easter holidays. Most of the ladies

who want to shine during the London season are here to order the things they hope to wear. It is the thing to spend Easter Week in the French Fashionopolis.

An article about Easter in Paris would be incomplete if it left out the "Easter Egg." The Easter egg is not an egg laid by a fowl, but a fancy article. Taste and fancy are lavished on Easter eggs. Some of these eggs have taken the inventor nearly a year to hatch, and they are amazingly clever and beautifully elaborated. Sometimes they have no intrinsic value, and only charm because tasteful. Straw hats

trimmed ready to be worn may be filled with eggs that are really trinket or needle cases, or filled with tiny knick-knacks—toys for grown-up ladies. The most costly may be bought by theatrical stars to serve as "nest eggs," good for fetching other rare and expensive trifles. The device may or may not be seen through. But it is almost sure to be so. None the less it will answer its purpose. Man liveth in a vain show, and woman too, but the vain shows of Paris seldom take in Parisians.

The Easter rites at the Greek Orthodox Church are attended by the diplomatic representatives of the Czar and most of the wealthy and aristocratic Russians resident in Paris, or mere birds of passage. The actual Ambassador is a Catholic, but this does not dispense him from the official duty. The Orthodox Greek Lent is far more severe than the Roman Catholic. No form of animal food is allowed in Holy Week. The long services are fatiguing, as those who attend them have no choice but to kneel or stand the whole time. One has not instrumental music to serve as a background for the Gregorian Chants, the monotony of which grows fatiguing. Much more than in the Catholic Church is the mother of Christ brought in. The Trinity was first sharply defined by a Greek theologian, Athanasius. As things now stand, it is widened to four persons, to include the *θεοτοκος* or Mother of God. The Mother's lamentations are on Good

Friday intensely pathetic. On Easter she rejoices at the resurrection, and seemingly at the coming ascension and assumption. The Easter services at the Orthodox Greek Church in the Rue Daru is jubilant. I think there is more worldliness in the air than in any Catholic Church I can think of. Poor Russian students do not go there. The Armenians have now the beautiful old church of St. Julien the Pauper. It is a small church that had long lain idle, and is in a slum neighbourhood. Armenian Christinity is neither Catholic, Greek, nor Protestant. The Armenian Church is the oldest of the Christian Churches—save the primitive Church of Jerusalem. In view of the storm that has swept over Armenia and her children, their church in Paris is well named. St. Julien was a patrician who voluntarily renounced wealth and station to devote himself to the poor. St. Martin cut his mantle in twain to half it with a beggar. St. Julien lay in the bed of a houseless and a loathsome leper in the dead of winter to keep him warm. He was counted the most charitable of all the saints in the Hagiology. The Armenian Easter is a joyful festival. But what jubilation can there be when Easter next comes round at the Church of St. Julien the Pauper? The strains of Milton's sonnet on the Waldensian massacres would be more in tune with the feeling of worshippers there than the glad words of the Resurrection Hymn.

LIFE.

This life is only a yearning
 For what we may never attain,
 Without the clay returning
 To the hands of the Potter again,

Bradford K. Daniels



DRAWN BY F. B. BRIDGEN.

"Five minutes running brought me to a shallow, woodland brook."

BY NIAGARA'S BANKS.

*An Incident in the War of 1812, Being an Excerpt from the
Memoirs of the late John Henry, formerly an Officer
of the York County Militia, written for
his Granddaughters.*

I RAN swiftly through the underbrush, spurred on by the clamour behind me, but as I passed from the level ground and began the ascent of the hill I noticed with a sudden chill at my heart that the thick copses of larch which had shielded me began to yield to a more open forest, while at its summit the great maples kept a stately distance from each other, making an open space which I could hardly hope to pass without being seen.

I heard men shouting to one another in the woods, as they ran, and if there was danger in going forward, it was death to remain. Thus reduced to a desperate choice I dashed up the slope, keeping in the lee of the great trees, and had reached the top in safety when the crack of musketry and the spattering of bullets about me revealed the presence of a body of my foes a short distance to the left. A glance showed me a squad of militiamen and Indians charging in my direction. The presence of the latter boded no good to me, for their fleetness of foot left little chance of escape to one so spent as I. A horrid vision of myself lying prone in my blood under the forest trees with my reeking scalplock at the belt of a savage passed through my mind, and it gave me new speed. When I reached the denser forest at the foot of the hill my pursuers were but at the summit, and in a moment I was lost to them. Five minutes of desperate running brought me to a shallow woodland brook, and I ran down its bed, the current cooling my tired feet. In a great dead elm which stood on its banks, a mile further on, I noticed a narrow rift made long years before by lightning, through which a cavernous interior showed itself. With one bound I was

within this shelter, and, luckily, in my passage I struck down some wild vines which so fell as to partially hide the opening. There I lay behind my shield of wood and vine, my heart beating violently and my frame in a tremble. Soon I heard the sound of running footsteps, and three Indians, hideously painted, tomahawks in hand, passed by on the other side. Slower-footed militiamen, puffing and blowing, followed, one of whom passed so near my hiding-place that his musket stirred the vines.

Then there came the trampling of horses' feet, and a voice that I knew only too well, said:

"Surely they will run him down. He had but a short start."

"Trust our Indians to find him," said the other, who, as I afterwards knew, was Colonel Boerstler. "They are pretty sure to dash his brains out within the next hour."

"Well, if they do," his companion repeated, "it will save us a rope to hang him with—the cursed spy."

The other laughed roughly. "It will not avail him much," he said, "if the braves spare him, to fall into your hands."

"No, indeed," said Willcocks, for it was none other than that coward and traitor. "As you know, I do not love my countrymen; but these Henrys are my especial abomination. They gave me much trouble in days past in York County. I would like to hang the whole pestilent lot, and hope to make a beginning to-day."

"Speaking of hanging," said the other with brutal frankness, "they say not even this," laying his hand on the United States uniform which Willcocks wore, "would save you from that fate

were you to fall into the hands of the British."

Willcocks's reply I did not hear, for they were now moving down the stream, but his lowering face and the vicious way he smote his horse showed the black humour he was in.

When they passed out of sight a grateful silence fell on the forest, but I did not venture forth from my hiding-place until nightfall. Then, taking a drink at the stream, I went cautiously forward through the woods, the hoarse booming of the Great Falls before me giving me my direction toward the British camp to the northward.

All night I kept on steadily, though my progress was slow, for many detours were necessary to evade the American pickets scattered through the wood, and it was nearly dawn when I reached the swift-flowing Chippewa. I judged that this stream marked the enemy's outposts, and when I clambered out on the north shore, shivering from the chill of its water, I felt that my troubles were behind me.

But many long leagues lay between me and the British headquarters, and, having eaten nothing since I left Fort Erie, nearly twenty-four hours before, I was nearly famished. So I walked on with the determination of seeking a breakfast at the first likely farmhouse.

A break in the forest showed a log dwelling-house with straggling fields behind it. The front door was ajar, and a team of horses stood in the yard ready for the plow-field. These signs of peaceful husbandry in the midst of war gave me a pang of home-sickness. It came upon me that, had the times been happier, I would at that moment be busy in my fields in York instead of being a wanderer in the woods, shivering and starving, with the hunters of my life close behind.

Though there was no certainty that the people of the house were loyal, for not a few border families were disaffected, I walked boldly to the door, and to the man who came out in response to the loud barking of the dogs,

I said that I had left the Beaver Dams the previous evening to search for some cows, and, having lost my way, had wandered about all night in the woods. To add to the likelihood of the story, I said further that I was new to the country, having come but recently from the north. I asked for breakfast and said that I could pay for it.

The farmer greeted me civilly enough and invited me into the house. Two young men, evidently sons, were rising from the table, at the foot of which sat a hard-featured woman of fifty.

The man explained the reason of my appearance; and the woman set about preparing me breakfast, while the boys passed out to the yard. Meanwhile my host engaged me in conversation, and the matter of the war coming up, he cursed the Yankees roundly to my great joy. He said he hadn't seen any of them around yet, although he knew a detachment had crossed the Niagara, and he made loud assertions as to what he and his musket would do when they did appear. So fervid were his loyal utterances that more than once I was on the point of revealing myself and asking for a horse; but my native caution restrained me. While thus listening to my host, meanwhile industriously plying knife and fork, the doorway was darkened by a girl. Ah me! even yet after these long, long years, my heart grows young again when I recall my first sight of Ann Lloyd.

A rudely-made gown of homespun grey was an ineffectual disguise to the budding promise of her form; her skirt was bespangled with pearls of dew; and from beneath a wide straw hat there looked a face of haunting beauty, with great grey eyes that glowed. She seemed to typify youth in its glory and its promise; and as she stood in the doorway, superbly poised, I looked at her eagerly, as one might at any abstract presentation of beauty. As her eyes met mine, trouble came into their liquid depths; and she flashed a look of such unmistakable warning that my heart thundered at my ribs. She made some remark about the weather to the man, whom she called uncle, and then

set about clearing the table. As she passed me a low voice said :

"Danger! Get away from here."

I had sufficient self-control to show no immediate concern; but I soon arose and said I must be going. My host demurred to this and refused to put a price on my meal, so I threw down two shillings and walked to the door.

As I stepped through it the two young men closed with me, while from behind I felt the farmer's strong arms go round me; and, my furious struggles availing me nothing, I was soon lying bound in a corner. My host stood over me, grinning. "We've got you now, you d——d British spy," said the patriot of ten minutes before.

The men held a conference at the door; I could, now and then, hear the word "Willcocks;" and then one of the boys unhitched a horse and set off on a gallop, while the father sat down in the yard where he could watch me and began whittling to pass the time. The girl, with a heightened colour, continued her work. Hearing me groaning at my thews, she stepped to my side, apparently to give me some ease; but she said, her lips scarcely moving:

"Trust me; where are your despatches?"

It came upon me as an inspiration that here was a loyal soul that would be faithful to the death; and when, a moment later, my guard came charging down the room and profanely ordered her to get home out of that, the despatches were in her keeping.

"Better get out of here," he repeated in a less unkindly tone, as she flushed under his oaths. "There is likely to be a hanging bee here shortly, and I guess you wouldn't enjoy it much, seeing as how you and your folks still swear by crazy old King George."

Without a word she turned and left the house.

The morning hours seemed interminable, but high noon came at last, and with it the clinking of arms without. Then there was a heavy step on the floor, and Willcocks stood over me.

A wintry smile played about his features.

"Well, my dear John," he said, "we meet again you see."

To this I made no answer.

He stirred me with his foot. "We will find you a tongue presently," he remarked.

He sat regarding me with that hateful smile on his features until Boerstler came in. Then he spoke, and his voice, even in its oiliness, told of the rancour of personal hatred and the lust for vengeance.

"John Henry, you were yesterday discovered within our lines and are liable to the penalty of death. But if you will deliver to me the despatches you bear and give us such information as we may desire touching the forces at Fort Erie, it may not go so hard with you."

Despite my extremity I laughed in his face. The despatches then were safe; the girl was true. And being thus assured, the bitterness of death passed.

I made no reply to Willcock's mingled entreaty and threat; and subsequent enquiries having no better success, a detachment of men was called in and a rigorous search for the despatches begun, in the course of which my clothes were all but torn from off me. They even pried my jaws apart, thinking that the obstinate silence which I maintained might be due to my having the document in my mouth.

Their failure to find the despatches evidently nonplussed them, for they went outside and conferred, returning again and again to the attack with no better success, though they sought to force me to speak by the primitive torture of applying their heavy cavalry boots to my sides until I expected nothing less than the breaking of my ribs.

To their inability to get the information, which was evidently regarded of prime importance, I owed my life. Had they secured it a tomahawk would have been dropped through my brain and they would have ridden off in high spirits; but as it was they would not

admit failure, and it was not until the lengthening of the shadows told of approaching night that Willcocks owned defeat, and called out angrily: "Since the dog won't speak, let's hang him and get back to camp."

I was instantly seized and hurried out to a huge oak in the door-yard. A trooper threw a rope over a branch; and while it was being tied about my neck I turned one long despairing gaze on earth and sky and forest.

As I looked westward where the sun was dipping under the tree-tops, I seemed to see horses' heads come rushing out of the sunset; and behind were stern set faces ablaze with the light of battle. Was it a phantasm to mock my dying eyes?

The rope tightened; a thousand pangs wrenched my nerves; my breast heaved in its desperate gasp for air; blood burst from my nostrils—but through all my agony I heard the roar of a British cheer.

Consciousness came slowly back and I opened my eyes to see kindly faces above me, while all about were British dragoons. As they picked me up to put me on a horse before a stalwart rider, I saw an American trooper who had jested as he tied the hangman's knot about me, lying in the grass, his glassy eyes staring at the darkening sky and a great crimson blotch on his breast. Such are the tricks that Fate plays on mortals!

Later I learned that shortly after noon on that day, a boy came galloping into the British outpost at Beaver Dams, bearing the despatches and the intelligence of my capture. There was instant saddling; and furious riding brought them to my rescue in just the nick of time. The Americans had been completely surprised and several of them killed; but among those who escaped was Willcocks, whose infamous life had yet one year to run.

I could not get much information about the boy whose hard riding had saved my life. He was "a nice looking young feller," the sergeant said; and he had guided the troops back, but had disappeared before the fighting began.

I knew, of course, that he had been sent by the brave and loyal girl. But I could learn nothing further; and being upon my recovery ordered to Montreal on courier duty was obliged to postpone further enquiry.

It was not until July of the next year that I rejoined my troops. The York Militia were then encamped with Col. Scott's force at Twelve Mile Creek in the Niagara Peninsula. Fifteen miles to the south, General Riall's corps lay stretched across the country, showing its teeth to the invading enemy.

I had been stationed there but a day when we got word late one afternoon to go at once to the front, where an engagement was imminent. Through that blazing afternoon we hurried forward; and a spur to flagging energy came when about six o'clock a great volley of musketry crashed up from the southward, followed by the booming of cannon. To this overture succeeded the steady rumble and thunder of the distant battle. With this music to march to, we rushed along the country roads, burning with that passion for battle which has ever distinguished the British soldier. We knew that our forces in front were hopelessly outnumbered; but hurry as we might the miles would not shorten themselves, and twilight had deepened into night before we reached the battle field of Lundy's Lane.

The hill, which formed the centre of the British formation and the key to the whole field had just been captured by the enemy and we met at its foot blood-stained, powder-begrimed men retreating before the American bayonets.

The word passed along that we must retake the position; and though by this time it was quite dark, we moved swiftly forward up the slope.

Of the maelstrom of carnage which whirled and raged about that hill for the next three hours I do not mean to write; for no words could picture its horror. We fought the Americans, hand to hand, wherever we could find



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DRAWN BY F. H. BRIDGEN.

"I threw down two shillings."

them. Around me in the darkness I could hear the trampling and neighing of horses, the curses of contending soldiers, the death shrieks of bayoneted men, the ringing command of gallant General Drummond that we should "stick to them, boys;" the frightful crashing and shredding of bones as the cannon balls tore through our ranks.

Foot by foot we won the slope; reached the summit; held it against the desperate charges of the American infantry. I was steadying my company to resist a new onset, for I could see the glitter of the bayonets converging on us through the darkness—when the world went roaring by and the night enshrouded me.

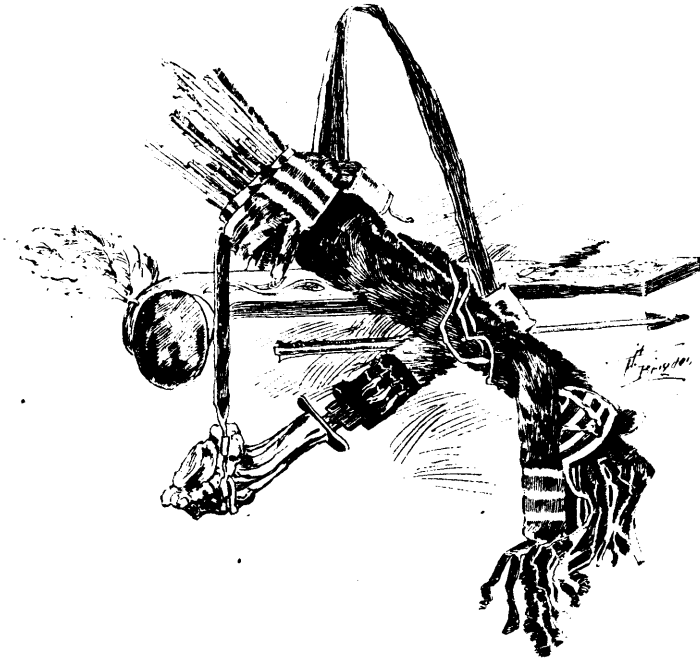
When I came to myself I was lying in a barn. The fitful glare of torches revealed the wounded lying all about me; and the deep moans of strong men in agony filled the air. The sorry

scene was further lit up by the late rising moon which poured its silvery rays through the open door. Surgeons were busy at their cruel tasks of kindness; and moving here and there among the suffering and the dying on errands of mercy and consolation I saw Ann Lloyd again.

You do not need, my dears, to be told the rest of the story—how Ann Lloyd nursed me through the Valley of Great Shadows, and how before I could be moved, minus an arm, to my home in York, we had agreed to walk together the great way of life.

But it was not until we were man and wife that I learned that to save me from the treachery of her uncle and to do the Flag she loved a service she had, dressed in the clothes of a younger brother, carried the warning herself to the Beaver Dams.

John W. Daffoe.





“SHALL we go to church, Henry?”
There was no answer. The man addressed was lost in his own thought. His hands were deep down in his pockets, his chin pressed his chest, and, stretched far in front of him, his shabby boots, at the ends of his shabby trousers, rested heels upon the floor.

His wife looked up from her dish-washing to wonder aloud at his silence, but his hopeless attitude, his pitifully-puzzled eyes, his white, strained face drew a sigh from her instead. She turned away with a glister in her eyes, and it had nothing to do with happiness.

The clatter of the spoons and forks went on. The woman's patient footsteps sounded along the passage-way to the pantry, up and down the cellar stairs, back and forth across the kitchen floor. The clock struck ten, and the man shifted in his chair. A coal dropped into the stove-pan and he started up.

“Shall we go to church, Henry?” his wife asked again.

“I—I don't know. What do you think? Do you want to wear your Easter hat?”

He spoke lightly and with a smile that had its beginning in cheerfulness,

but it dwindled into a piteous little grimace as he remembered how very long it was since she had an Easter hat.

“Perhaps we'll feel better,” began Mrs. Harvey, “and I've finished now.”

She hung up her kitchen apron and joined her husband as he stood staring down at the stove with his hands clasped behind him.

It was a dreary day for them both. A couple of days ago their little dry-goods shop had not been opened in the morning, and the whole town was aghast and a-gossip at the news that Henry Harvey had failed. For five years they had struggled on bravely, losing money and keeping hope. One year they said to each other it was the hard times, the next, bad debts. Another balance-sheet told yet plainer truths, but they reasoned that if they could only hold out for one more year they might sell and make a little. Again it was proved a losing game, but there was enough to pay the debts. This last year had been the hardest of all. Settling day found them unprepared, though they had struggled to make ready for the fourth of March, that graveyard of many a dry-goods man's best hopes. It was no use trying to tide it over. They were worn out with the care and fret of it, and Henry made an assignment, insisting with sturdy and rare honesty that his household goods be sold to swell his assets. So they were penniless and would be homeless on the morrow.

"We'll go to the city," Henry had said when first he and Mary had talked it over.

"Not without money," she pleaded. "We'd starve there. Nobody 'd know we were poor, and they wouldn't believe we were honest." Then they had talked of a clerkship that Brown, the other dry goods man, had offered Henry. It was open yet. The answer was to be given Monday.

"To tell you the truth, Mary, I don't feel much like going to church. It's like being exhibited as a curiosity."

His wife looked mournfully into space and was silent.

"I hate being stared at," he said, in an explanatory tone, after a moment.

Mary was still silent. Her battleground was silence. Her victorious general was self-repression. Her tongue ran too easily to be allowed to think for her on great occasions, and she had come to understand it. But their misfortune was a bitter disappointment to her. Her oft-repeated assurance that it would surely come right had pressed down into her own mind and rooted there, so that the trouble which had been so surely coming for years was in this wise a shock to her.

"We'll have to go out some time," she said, doggedly—"that is, if we stay here—we might as well go today."

"Yes, if we stay here," her husband answered, with crafty emphasis.

"Oh, you're not thinking of going to Toronto—not till you get something to do, Henry." Her words were only the lettering of her anxious face. Harvey looked down into it, and though he knew that it exhibited good sense and should be respected, he grew unreasonably pettish.

"You'd stay here and have me Brown's body slave, with a crust thrown at me now and then. It's all the same to you. Women can't understand these things, and I'd rather starve on a doorstep than beg here."

The poor fretted wife gulped down a sob and began brokenly: "I feel as bad as you do, Henry, and every time I

think of the store it gives me a shiver. I keep feeling something heavy on my mind all the time. When I wake up in the morning I know something's the matter. It's like it was when the baby died, only it aint nearly so bad." There was a burst of tears at the last, and then Mrs. Harvey went on more smoothly. "But we're bound to see folks sometimes, and they're good folks, Henry. They've known me ever since I was born, and you, these eight years. They know we're honest, and that's a good deal."

Henry made no reply. He was bitter as he thought of the whispering and guessing that was going on about them in the little village. He wanted to get away from it all. He was in that state of mind in which a man so frequently is when, thinking to better things, he leaps from the undeniably hot frying-pan into the undoubtedly hotter fire.

"I believe church will take us out of ourselves," said Mrs. Harvey presently, "and I guess that's what we want."

Henry paused irresolute, and the quarter bell rang.

"I'll go and black my boots," he said, with sudden determination. "You'll have to hurry, Mary," but his wife was already on the stair.

Some of the villagers turned to look at the Harveys as they stepped up the aisle to their pew. There was no unkindliness meant. It was only curiosity—a somewhat indelicate one some of us might say—and it deepened the lines on Henry Harvey's face and tightened the muscles of his mouth, while his wife's cheeks flamed behind her veil.

They were a few minutes early. The hush was disturbed only by the aspirated voices and timid footfalls of the gathering congregation. Two or three lilies stood beneath the pulpit, and the whisking about of wraps and coats rolled waves of their heavy perfume here and there. An old man took his seat behind the Harveys. He leaned over the pew-front, and put his cracked, red hand on Harvey's. "Glad to see ye," he quavered, "an' you jest

bear in mind we're all feelin' fur you, an' bearin' you up. Fine day aint it, but it's cold fur —"

The minister's voice broke in upon his sentence, and the old farmer drew back to fumble the leaves of his clumsy hymn-book.

Dim-eyed, feeble and half-palsied from a life of hard toil, with sunken cheeks, and straggling wisps of white hair, he stood up and mingled his tremulous voice with the others, looking forward to the Easter text with the anticipation of simple goodness. He did not know it, but he had already preached the sermon of the day to the man in front.

Many an eye wandered to the Harvey's pew. Many a woman sighed for sympathy with the wife. Many a man said "poor fellow" in his heart, and some still looked with curiosity. This business failure was a home production of a city novelty. To many, a man who had failed was as much a sight as the elephant at the circus.

Harvey heard little of the sermon. His brain was making swift journeys to and from the various points in his life. He contrasted this Easter with last, and a sense of relief came to him as he felt his hands emptied of the cares which had weighted them so heavily. The past five years had many a sleepless night folded away in them, many a day in which he had dragged himself about with aching eyeballs, parch-

ed lips and hot, glazed skin. Last night, from sheer exhaustion, he had slept like a baby.

All rose to sing presently, and Harvey, mechanically, with the rest. He was very tall and round-shouldered. His coat, black once, was green with age, and shiny, and frayed a little; but his face was the face of a man wealthy by his thought. It was pale from intense mental effort, but strong and brave and hopeful. He had come into the church bitter and suspicious, and prepared to be aggressive towards all his fellows. He was burdened with disappointment and his heart was nursing its wounded pride. The simple kindness of a simple old man had turned the trend of all his thought.

As they walked home Harvey said to his wife: "I feel like a different man; I'll take the clerkship from Brown, and we'll board until we get ahead enough to go housekeeping."

"When will they sell our furniture and things?" asked Mary.

"I don't know exactly," he made reply, and he wondered why his wife sighed.

"You're not sorry we gave them up," he said, half-reproachfully, bending to look at her face.

"No, oh, no," was the dreary answer, for she was as honest as he, but in her woman's heart she had a special shrine where she worshipped in no idolatrous way, her poor little household gods.

Ella S. Atkinson (Madge Merton.)





With illustrations by Conacher.

LONGMORE pressed the red end of his half-smoked cigarette, and flung it into his waste-paper basket. The several clocks downstairs had just struck two.

He crossed the room and took down his long racing skates from the high shelf on which his many divers sorts of skates stood arow—hockey skates, Halifax “skeletons” for fancy skating, and the wide-runnered pair which he had brought from Holland, and which he used when the ice was soft. He fondled the racers for a half-minute or so, as a smoker fondles a favourite pipe, and for the same reason. Then he ran a critical thumb all along their twenty inches of blade, feeling the edges as one passes one’s thumb along the edge of a razor, and put a new pair of laces into the boots to which they were riveted.

He meant to skate a five-mile race that evening at Lindsay, with a Norwegian skater who was accounted a fast man in his own country, and whom Crawford, the celebrated hockey-player, and the holder of many skating records, had beaten by only a yard at Montreal two days before.

The race was to be skated in the big Aberdeen open-air rink, which had a six-lap track. Longmore preferred short laps and many to the mile, being very quick at the ends. But he had heard that the European was not expert at swinging around the ends, and so he had chosen the Aberdeen because of its size; for he was a thoroughbred sportsman.

Longmore was living then at Whitesideville, which is a small country place ten miles west of Lindsay, on the Mid-

land spur of the Grand Trunk. At three of the clock the slow-running afternoon “mixed,” from Toronto, reached the big Midland town, not as late by half-an-hour as it was wont to be; and out of its battered and dirty smoking-car a tall, slight young man, who moved with a singularly easy swing of his whole lithe body, stepped into the arms of a score of his friends. This was Longmore, and his friends greeted him with loud and continuous shouts. Their eyes glowed hotly with admiration of him, the genuine sort of adulation which famous football, hockey, lacrosse and cricket players, cyclists and skaters receive in Canada. The younger men of Lindsay and of Whitesideville adored Longmore, who was their champion all-round athlete; they had set a mental image of him upon a very high mental pedestal.

Several fellows seized the bag which contained his skates and knickerbockers and sweater, jerking it from him, and all formed what looked like a Rugby scrimmage about him and hustled him across the platform to a cab, from which they unhitched the horse. Then with much more shouting and occasional bursts of cheering and the inevitable “For he’s a jolly good fellow,” they hauled their idol up town to the Hotel Benson.

The lanky and cheerful-looking Norwegian skater, burning a cigarette at the hotel office windows, grinned when he heard and saw the yelling crowd dragging the cab up to the pavement-edge. The varied manifestations of intense enthusiasm recalled to him exactly similar scenes at home. Five minutes later he and Longmore were shak-

ing hands, exchanging commonplaces, and drinking whiskey and water for form's sake—a tablespoonful of whiskey to a glass of water.

At seven of the clock—the race was to be skated at seven-thirty—a couple of thousand people crowded the Aberdeen rink. The unceasing hum of their loud-voiced talk was like the sound of a strong wind blowing through a forest of naked trees. And when Longmore, wearing the Toronto Athletic Club's colours, which he had carried to the front in many bicycle, skating and foot races, appeared on the ice they cheered madly, and shouted loud greetings.

Longmore swung swiftly several times around and around, as if to take a possible stiffness out of his legs. A minute or two afterward the Norwegian stepped upon the ice, was heartily cheered, and "did" three or four laps much more rapidly, but more labouriously, than the Whitesideville man had.

The race was started immediately. At the crack of the pistol the foreigner jumped ahead, making a red-hot pace, and was regarded as a certain winner by the greatly chagrined onlookers, who supposed that Longmore was doing his best and could not narrow the space between his opponent and himself. They told themselves that their favourite had at last met his match and consoled each other by comparing his long-measured swinging with the jerky and tremendously labourious skating of the European.

Round and round they dashed, their long skate-blades catching the white glare of the many electric lights, and flashing like heliographs; Longmore, easily and gracefully, with hands locked behind him; his an-

tagonist with great apparent exertion, with arms held downward, so that a handkerchief which he held in his right hand trailed upon the ice.

At the end of the 26th lap, Longmore, a grin breaking out upon his face, increased his speed with hardly an added effort, and swept by the European skater as if the latter had been standing still, which caused so clamorous a cheer to ring out that the frosty air seemed to quiver with the resonance of it. His pace was so terrific and his tremendous swings so easy and graceful that he seemed to be flying through the air rather than skating, and he finished two laps ahead of the Norwegian, who was as much astonished at the sudden sprint as the spectators.

He brought himself to a stop about twenty-five yards from the finish line, ploughing up the ice with his great skates so deeply that a shower of tiny fragments flew high into the air. Then, shouldering a path through the yelling enthusiasts who instantly swarmed about him, he dived into his dressing-room and locked the door. He wished to escape from his friends, who would fain have borne him to his hotel upon



their shoulders, and given him champagne to drink, and forced him to make a speech and made speeches themselves, all about the athletic prowess of Canadians. He did not particularly object to this sort of thing; on another occasion he would hardly have looked upon it as an ordeal; but on that night he would have none of it. For he desired to fulfil, without unnecessary delay, a mental resolution he had made during the afternoon. If he won the race, he had promised himself he would propose to Her immediately afterward.

He hastily removed his racing clothes and skates. His heart drummed furiously,—not from over-exertion, he had not exerted himself greatly in the race, and he was trained “fine,”—but from sheer nervousness. He was very much in love with her, and she had shown no signs of being in love with him, and he could not imagine himself continuing quietly to exist without her companionship, and he knew that if she rejected him, it would be quite impossible for them to be chums afterward. But they had been “going together” as it is called in rural districts, for a year, and she must, he argued, have at least a strong liking for him.

His most intimate friends were outside, pounding on the door and yelling. His desire for privacy struck them as singular, and they were remarking this to each other in loud tones. Would he abandon his intention, break his promise to himself, unlock the door and allow them to do with him what they greatly desired to do? No, he would not. He had finished dressing, and picking up his bag he passed out by the street door.

He went straight to the house at which she was staying. It is a good mile, but he did it in ten minutes, walking at a racing pace. His mind was quite made up now; he would force himself to do it. But at the house door he received an answer to his short question, “Is Miss Muriel in?” which made him grow quickly cold with disappointment.

“Has she gone home? Was she at the rink?” he asked hurriedly.

“She returned from the rink only ten minutes since. Captain Brown drove her and May. She left again at once, taking her skates, saying she meant to skate to Whitesideville.”

He instantly decided to follow her.

“Good night,” he said, passing down the steps.

“Good night, and let me congratulate you on having won. Muriel seemed greatly pleased.”

“Oh!” he returned, in a tone of deprecation that was impolite, and made for the river.

He chanced to have the key of a boathouse with him, and left his bag therein, having exchanged the boots he was wearing for those to which the racing skates were attached. Then he went off up the river flying like a train. He knew that she would give him a hard chase, for the ice was particularly good, and she was a fast skater, and had had a long start.

It was one of those splendid nights of which there are so many in our four-months-long Canadian winter. There was not a breath of wind, it was cold and strangely clear, and the moon laid a wash of soft luminance over the snow-blanketed country.

At the junction of the Scugog with the smaller stream which, fifteen miles above, passes through Whitesideville, he came in sight of her flying figure a half-mile or so ahead, and quickened his speed. And when he came sweeping up behind her she was much astonished.

“Why!” she cried, “I had no notion that you meant to skate home to-night.”

“That is not extraordinary. How could you have had? You are not a medium.”

“Indeed, I am not.” She gave a merry laugh.

He took her arm and they moved forward again.

“I never saw the ice so good here,” he declared.

“You beat the Viking easily, did you not?” she asked.

“Yes, rather.”

They were silent for some minutes; only the low ringing of their skates and

the rustling of her skirts broke in upon the utterly dead quiet of the winter night. Her eyes were upon him, and if he had seen the light which burned in them he would not have hesitated. For she had loved him for more than a year, and knew that he loved her—she had been certain of it for months. And she had begun to think him a little timid, though his pluck had been proven on many a playing field and race-track. For she had waited a tiresome while for him to speak, and was growing impatient. And every day her love grew greater, and hurt her more. But she had given him no hint or sign; she had only allowed him to see her oftener.

The sight of the ribbon-like stretch of moonlit ice, fenced by naked swamp-willows and the lance-like brown reeds, and dotted with mud-and-stick muskrat houses recalled, as it often had, the night of the last year's winter when, while skating with him, she had discovered that she loved him. On that night Love had entered her heart as a ghost might enter one's room. (But love is never an unwelcome visitor).

A recollection of the same sensations was brought often to his mind by the familiar landscape, and the moon glowing like a great lamp, and the dry, frosty air. For by a singular trick of Fate both had been made suddenly aware of their love at the same time. He had watched her closely since for some sign that his love was reciprocated, but had noted none. For, being a woman and perverse by instinct, she had not given the faintest indication of the passion that was torturing her. And he had always feared the consequences of a premature proposal, and had set himself, with the enduring patience of a strong man, to wait.

And even now, despite his resolve, a dread that the fitting time had not yet come, filled him, and though he hated to break a promise made to himself quite as much as if it had been given to a friend, his mind began to vacillate, and, after holding fierce mental debate with himself for several miles he again put off proposing, telling him-



self over and over again that the feeling that had prevented him was not one of timidity, but of caution. And when the sleeping village was reached they said cold "Good-nights" who should have parted with a kiss.

II.

It was a charming night, and a delightful garden, and the month was June, and there was an enchanting smell of roses swimming in the Japanese-lantern-lit dark. And underneath a magnificent maple, from the lower branches of which green and yellow and red paper lanterns hung and effused soft light, stood Longmore and the girl whom you know, and her head was upon his shoulder, and in her eyes were tears—the hot tears of inconceivable happiness.

After a time she sat down upon the rustic garden seat beneath the tree and lifted a greatly flushed face to the steel-blue sky, which was like a vast velvet pin-cushion with stars that were not unlike protruding heads of pins. She wiped her wetted cheeks with a

handkerchief and made a pretty pretence of annoyance.

"You horrid boy," she said reproachfully, "you must have kissed me a thousand times. My face smarts." And then she gave a little hysterical laugh.

"Sweet," he said gravely and softly, "how timid and spiritless you must think me. If I had known or guessed I should have spoken months ago. Forgive me, dear heart."

She leaned her splendid shoulders

and head against the great rough-barked trunk behind her.

"I cannot forgive you for that," she said, seriously. "Oh, if you could imagine what I suffered!" She gave a little gasp, like one who has narrowly escaped a terrible danger.

He bent over her.

"Some time you'll forgive me, will you not?"

"Perhaps."

He bent lower, and she put up her lips, like a child, to be kissed-again.

Marry Marstyn.



ALLONS !

Allons! Allons! look up—work on !
 Hope is the star that lights the weary way !
 Entangled with the thorns that pierce our feet
 Are Autumn flowers that failed us in life's May.

Allons! Allons! take heart ! grope on !
 Fix on the heights thine eye ; and through the night,
 And o'er the tempest's loud alarm, will come
 The Dawn, dispensing shadows with the light,

Allons! Allons! I grieve not that we met—
 Nor do I weep that you did fail me, Friend !
 Within my heart there's gladness with regret,
 (I do not count this pilgrimage the end).

Allons! Allons! face every woe ! fight on !
The bravest hath the scars! Ere victory's won
 Some in the dust must lie ! But I, with lip tight drawn,
 Still cry "*Allons! Allons!*" until life's day is done.

Mary Markwell.

"Le Treizième"



Illustrated by C. H. Kahrs.

"CLAUDE!" sang a voice from an adjoining room.

"Yes, dear."

"Mabel is coming on Wednesday—a week from yesterday; I have just received a message."

"That's cheerful news," replied the husband of the voice, with enthusiasm, and John Louis Claude Morin, diplomat, resumed his arduous occupation of blowing smoke rings into space, exerting himself at the same time to train his thoughts down to the zero point, or what he called a "brain-rest."

He had just about achieved this difficult feat, and was enjoying the fruits of his labour, when a shriek brought him again to intelligence.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed with a humourous groan, "something horrible has happened." Fine wavering rings floated toward the ceiling, and their progenitor lay back in his chair to await with fortitude the coming trouble.

His wife rushed into the room.

Morin sprang to his feet and, holding his hands out before his face, exclaimed, tragically, "Darling, don't tell me. I know. O, heavens! Is there no end to these calamities? They pile upon us; they crush our lives; they —"

"Claude!" reproachfully.

"They glory in our wrongs; they multiply, until Xerxes' army, Biscay's

sands, or heaven's countless stars are altogether less than they. Dearest," with mock resignation, "it is Fido. I know it is Fido. Yesterday, it was your—our—darling cat; to-day, our sweetest, dearest Fido lies in death's cold arms. Saddest of —"

"Claude!" stamping her foot in rage. "What do you mean by such nonsense? Have you blown all your senses out in smoke? If you can be serious for a minute, look at this—Friday—thirteenth. Did you ever hear of anything so awful? I wish Mabel were here now!"

Morin took the letter from her hand and read it slowly and reflectively. He turned it sideways, and held it up to the light. He examined the address; then looking at his wife, said, with well-feigned awe: "Serious—Very. This is even worse than I expected," dropping into a chair, "much worse. That Koh-i-nur of men, the Count, can't come. We can never, never afford extra table decoration to make up for his absence."

"Claude, why can't you be sensible? I think he is a charming man."

"Delightful! Irreproachable! Entrancing! *le grande roué*, and all that."

"Why, Claude?"

"Well, doesn't he think himself so, with his tales of women that are languishing for a smile from his withered

lips? Ha! Ha! Ha! You should see the way—that is, you should hear Rocheforte tell of the way Louise Noir at the Grande mimics him. It was very funny, and the best of it was —”

“Louis Rocheforte? You don’t mean to say that Louis Rocheforte — How does he know?”

“Oh! Ah! I don’t know—oh, yes, Raneau told him; Raneau has to be around the wings a good deal, you know, seeing that the ideas are carried out, and all that. Wonderful fellow, Raneau—going to bring on something new, she says—that is, the manager says. Managers are always called “she” over here, you know.”

“No, I didn’t know, and I don’t care either.”

Morin was devoutly glad she neither knew nor cared, and as a thank-offering he slyly closed one eye in the direction of the portrait of a delightfully wicked ancestor, who would have appreciated it mightily could he have been temporarily animated.

Mme. Morin suddenly remembered her woe: “But this letter, Claude! Can’t you understand? Oh, the stupidity of man! Don’t you see that the Count’s refusal leaves us with *thirteen* at dinner, and Friday, too. For Heaven’s sake suggest something.”

“Why don’t you ask someone else?”

“Ask someone else?” reiterated Mme. Morin. “Didn’t we cudgel our brains for a week to get together fourteen people who would not stain the floor with blood? Oh, these politics! Where is your boasted diplomacy? Oh, you men! When will women’s brains be recognized?”

“When, I wonder,” said Morin, with a grin. “When we all get eyeglasses, I suppose; that magnify,” he added.

Mme. Morin drew herself up, cast an annihilating look at her husband, and swept majestically out of the room.

A door slammed, and Morin knew he had a peace to make.

“Bessie!” No response.

“Bessie, dear!” Still no answer.

“Bess—Bess—darling,” coaxingly, “forgive me.”

“No, I won’t,” doubtfully.

Morin exchanged another meaning look with the representation of his defunct ancestor.

“I have an idea, Bess, that will get us out of the difficulty. May I come in?” tenderly.

“What is it?” with some show of interest in her voice.

“I must whisper it, dear.”

“Well, I suppose so.”

“You’re the sweetest little woman in the world, Bess. There; am I forgiven now?” Although there was no verbal response, Morin was satisfied.

“Now, what is it, dear?”

“What would you say to a *Twizième*?”

Mme. Morin stepped back a pace or two, and looked at her husband admiringly. “Claude, you’re a genius. What made you think of it? The very thing. But, do you know of one?”

“Know of one? Lots; heaps,” he said, with more confidence than conscience.

“Then, run away, dear, and see about him, *at once*. No time must be lost. He must be good-looking, Claude,” as Morin was going out of the door, “and fair, and clever. And Claude,” she called after him, “I would like him to be literary, dear. You know Mme. Riviere dotes on men with minds, and we can give him to her. Don’t be long.”

Mme. Morin closed the door, and thought reflectively, “We might as well have a good one, when there are so many to choose from. Although Claude is so big and stupid, he occasionally has an idea.” Then sinking into a chair, she said softly, “Wouldn’t it be funny if I hadn’t Claude to order around?”

Morin started off briskly. The fact of the matter was that his acquaintance with men who rented themselves out at so much per night, to act in the capacity of thirteenth guest, and so take all responsibility of the ill-luck attending that fatal number, was limited to the very insignificant quantity—if it may be called such—of none at all.

He had been talking very glibly to his Canadian wife a few evenings before about this custom, and had been very circumstantial—as is often the way when a man's knowledge is more theoretical than practical. Now that he had thrown this idea into the breach, something, he felt, must be done. He had gone some distance down the street when an idea seemed to strike him. He hesitated, walked along slowly, and then, as if seized with a sudden determination, retraced his steps and made a detour which brought him up at his own stables.

"James."

"Yes, sir."

"Come here. I want you."

"Who is that young fellow that you tell me sometimes comes in as he is passing, and looks at the horses? An Englishman, I think you said."

"Yes, sir, an Englishman, a literary chap."

"Do you think he wants a job—at my dinner party to-morrow evening?"

James shrugged his shoulders. "I guess he's not over-rushed with work; but he's a gentleman, sir, every inch of him."

"Well, that's what I want."

"Oh."

"What does he look like, James?"

"Oh, he's tall and fair, and—he looks just like an Englishman, sir."

"Do you think he would be a 'treizième?'"

"I don't know, sir," said James, doubtfully.

"They're very queer, those Englishmen. Would you like me to ask him, sir?"

"Oh, I don't know—I guess not; perhaps I can hunt up someone else."

"Here he is, coming along now, sir."

"Well, I tell you, James, I'll get behind this stall and you can sound him. Gently, now. Twenty-five francs, or you may even go fifty." And Morin withdrew to his hiding-place, feeling rather criminal, but very well pleased that madame did not see him in this, what she might consider, disgraceful act of policy.

"Bon jour, monsieur."

"Bon jour, James. How is old Satan, to-day?"

"Oh, getting along all right. Come in and see him. Sorry I can't offer you a seat, sir. Smoke? Yes, yes, no danger."

"Well," thought Morin, "he smokes; that's a good sign. I rather commence to like him."

"Monsieur is having a dinner-party to-morrow night," said James, working up to his point by easy stages.

"Yes!" assented his visitor. "I suppose you don't object to that. Ex-



ENGAGING A TREIZIÈME.

tra work, of course, but then you have lots of tuck after. Heavens! It would have been a shame to kill that beast."

"Yes, he's a beauty. You don't know, I suppose, where he could get a 'treizieme'?"

"A 'treizieme'? No. What the deuce is that?"

"Why, a thirteenth."

"Yes, I know that; but a thirteenth what? Horse, cow, or what?"

"Man, of course, for his dinner."

"Shades of Josephus! Does he eat men?"

"No, no," exclaimed James, gesticulating wildly. "A thirteenth man to eat his dinner."

"Heavens! Does it take thirteen men to eat his dinner?"

"Ah! Mon Dieu! It takes fourteen. He wants you to be the thirteenth. Twenty-five francs—fifty francs—dinner—one of—"

By this time Morin was bursting with laughter; and seeing that it would be impossible for James to extricate himself, he came out and frankly confessed the whole affair. The Englishman's face flushed slightly, although Morin had put the matter as one gentleman would to another.

"Fifty francs," he said at last, "is a consideration; and scribbling, I can tell you, doesn't pay. To-morrow night, you say. Well, I'll do it. No thank you," as Morin hinted at fitting him out, "I have my evening clothes with me. They're not gone yet, strange to say. I am to appear in my character, I suppose?"

"Not at all, monsieur. In everything else you are my guest. And—I hope I may say—my friend."

"Thank you," said the Englishman, simply.

"May I ask your name?" enquired Morin.

"Ah, yes. My name is Den—, that is, Percy—Reginald Percy."

"And mine, as I suppose you know, is Morin. I hope we will be friends, Monsieur Percy," said Morin extending his hand; "bon jour, monsieur."

"Bon jour."

The Englishman continued on his

way, wondering at himself, and thinking that the harbour is dangerous indeed that a man will not enter when tossed by the heartless sea of poverty.

It was a week later. Mme. Morin and Mabel Hamilton were sitting in the former's cozy boudoir.

"It's delightful to have you back again, dear; it just seems as if you had never been away."

"Oh, I've been to loads of places since I was here. I think I must be getting old, Bess. I'm tired of seeing places, and things—and everything," and Miss Mabel Hamilton, aged twenty, closed her eyes and drew her brows together, as if she would either shut out the recollection of what she had seen, or conjure up something that she would like to see.

"Oh! what will she be at fifty!" said Mme. Morin, merrily. "I suppose, dear," she continued, half teasingly and half tenderly, "that it is Reggie Denbeigh?"

"Oh, I don't know what it is," responded the girl petulantly, but in a tone which suggested that perhaps it was, and possibly they might talk a little about it to find out. "He is in Paris now, I think."

"Here? In Paris? Really?"

Mabel nodded.

"What is he doing here?"

"Literature."

"Poor fellow! I pity him. Still, they occasionally have luck."

"Luck," repeated the weary girl, energetically. "Indeed, if Reggie is not appreciated it is not his fault. I wish you could see some of his stories. He is as clever—as clever as—" and failing to find a parallel for Reggie's brains, she finished, "as anything."

"What does he look like? When is he coming to see you?"

"That's just it. I don't know his address; and he doesn't know I am here. Oh, it's all my fault. I was a fool," sobbed the girl. "And just when he had quarrelled with his father, and needed a little sympathy, too."

"What was the matter?" asked Mme. Morin.



“I suppose, dear, that it is Reggie Denbeigh.”

“His father, Lord Burkley, wanted him to go into the Church and Reggie wanted to be a journalist. He’s a brute—his father, I mean. And so Reggie came over here to study Royalist times and that sort of thing, and support himself in the meantime by writing. Starves on it, I suppose. But he would die before he would give in.”

“Poor fellow!” said Mme. Morin, sympathetically. “There are such thousands of them here in Paris. I wonder how many of them become famous, and how many kill themselves in despair.”

“Oh, Bess! How horrible. Don’t suggest such a thing.”

“Forgive me, Mabel; I didn’t mean that. It was thoughtless of me,” said Mme. Morin, in tears.

“I know you didn’t, dearest; I know you didn’t.”

“But,” continued her friend, brightening, “perhaps he will suddenly awaken to find himself famous—like Mr. Percy. I wonder if you know Mr. Percy. He’s an Englishman. Oh! so fair and handsome and clever. I wish you could see him—but then you can, for he is coming here to-day.”

“Percy? An Englishman? There are Percys in Suffolk, and,” meditatively, “Wessex. What part does he come from?”

“I don’t know; I didn’t like to ask him.”

“Well, I guess he doesn’t belong to the Percys I know, for they are all dark, but handsome; and I never heard of a clever one, except with horses. What about him? How did he become famous?”

“It was all so funny. Claude met him somewhere; I forget where he said; at the club, I think, and——.”

“Heavens!” sighed Miss Hamilton, “I don’t suppose Reggie can afford clubs and things.”

“And he dined with us. I’ll tell you after you have seen him how that came about; and Claude introduced him to the editor-in-chief of *Le Jour*, who also dined with us, and he was so taken with Mr. Percy that—well, the next day he was famous, and swears by Claude, and Claude by him.”

“How interesting! I wish you would ask Reggie here. But, Heavens! where can I find him? I might advertise.”

"And he is so clever——"

"Just like Reggie."

"And handsome——"

"Yes, yes," nodding her head emphatically, "the very same."

"And talks so well about, about these things you can't see," and Mme. Morin waved her hands around airily, in illustration.

"Yes," called a voice from the doorway, and Morin stood there.

"It must be jokes, Miss Mabel; I find English jokes very hard to see; my stupidity, of course. However, Bess, Monsieur Percy is downstairs; shall I bring him up?"

"Yes, of course."

"Come up, Monsieur," called Morin,

and in a few moments the two men entered the room. For about three seconds, two at least of the four might have been statues.

"Reggie!"

"Mab!"

Had Madame Morin at that moment suddenly departed this life she would have carried an expectant smile into the realms beyond the blue, for it remained on her face some seconds after surprise had filled her eyes.

"Heavens!" ejaculated Mme. Morin, as the truth slowly dawned upon her that the Honourable Reginald Percy Denbeigh was, "*Le Treizième*."

Richard Gornalle.

A PRAYER.

I WOULD be sinless, Lord; nor know the tears
That memory pays as tribute to past deeds,
As irremediable as the years
On which the heart, insatiable, feeds;
Tears of remorse, that fall too late, like rain
When drought and heat have seared the golden grain.

But I would walk, dear Lord, in Thy sweet way
Of constant honour and unstained worth;
Growing in strength forever day by day
To that nobility ere sin had birth,
Fearing all, steadfast, forward still from thence,
Yet backward to my childhood's innocence.

Make sweet, dear Lord, my thought and deed and word;
For thought has grown so dark, 'tis misnamed thought;
And I have shaped swift speech a sudden sword
To wound dear hearts that, loving, answered not;
And deeds have grown so ill, that thought and speech
Have blushed that deeds could such transgression teach.

And I have striven in the night, and wept
O'er some false freedom that the day hath seen;
Weeping away the tears I might have kept
For very gladness had I sinless been.
Make my day night, dear Christ, and night still night
Till this night's day hath set wronged day aright!

Charles Gordon Rogers.



A MOUNTAIN PICNIC IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

With Botanical Notes.

“TO myself,” says Ruskin, “mountains are the beginning and end of all natural scenery; in them, and in the forms of inferior landscape that lead to them, my affections are wholly bound up; and though I can look with happy admiration at the lowland flowers and woods, and open skies, the happiness is tranquil and cold, like that of examining detached flowers in a conservatory, or reading a pleasant book; and if the scenery be resolutely level, insisting upon the declaration of its own flatness in all the detail of it, as in Holland, or Lincolnshire, or Central Lombardy, it appears to me like a prison, and I cannot long endure it.”

Some may accuse the great art critic of excessive love or of too fond a prejudice, but all will feel in a certain degree the truth of what he says. Upon the souls of a few there may fall a dread of the mountain gloom, but all well know the uplifting influence of the mountain glory.

But here in our western heritage on the Pacific slope we are more highly favoured than mountain lovers in “the Old Country.” Ruskin and Tyndal, and enthusiasts like them, had to nourish their passion by running off to the Alps at uncertain intervals. We have around us continually the cloud-piercing, “heaven-kissing” heights, veiled from us for a while now and then, it is true, but only to break forth from the mist in ever fresh and more marvellous beauty.

Added, however, to the delight of

gazing upon the peaks and chains which wall us from the bleak Northwest, we have the opportunity, when we choose to avail ourselves of it, of making their acquaintance at closer range.

That we make use of the opportunity so seldom is certainly more the fault of our weak and indolent flesh than of the attractive and inviting peaks but a few miles away from the most lowland parts of British Columbia.

Feeling this, a few months ago a party of the Art and Scientific Association of New Westminster determined to take a change from excavating kitchen-middens and burial mounds to the exploration of the mounds whose tops mock the pride of man. It was in the days when the vegetation below was sun-dried and dust-stained, and the smoke of many burnings filled the lower air, so that there was every inducement to forbear dragging forth to the light of day the long-buried relics of primitive man, and to set out to see the abiding glories of nature.

The mountain fixed upon was Cheam, one of the most interesting peaks of the Cascade or Coast Range, about sixty miles from New Westminster, and about 8,500 feet high. It is really a misnomer to speak of Mt. Cheam as a peak, for, as we found later on, there are no less than eight peaks connected with one another by a narrow and winding ridge. The name Cheam, we were told, was given by the Indians on account of the little creeping raspberry,

rubus pedatus, which is so common near the summit.

Our party consisted of ten persons, six men and four ladies, the latter of whom proved by no means the weaker half of the expedition.

At 6 o'clock on Monday morning, July 29th, we started, well provided with tents and blankets, on the up-river journey in the steamer *Gladys*. The farm lands on either bank of the Fraser were not seen at their best on account of the prevailing smoke, but there was sufficient evidence everywhere that the country was recovering from the recent disastrous floods, and it was also interesting to see the harvests of the river being gathered in by the numerous boats engaged in salmon-fishing. Every few miles the boat would stop to discharge or receive cargo at some river port, such as Langley, Mission and Chilliwack. Beyond this latter point the steamer seldom goes, but fortunately for us there was some lumber to be landed nine miles farther, at Popcum, and this was just the place to which we were bound.

This last nine miles was not unexciting, as there was a tremendous current running down, and the wreckage of a fine steamboat seen just above the water at one point emphasized the danger of the position. Along the bank the C.P.R. line ran close to the water, and in some of the tunnellings and cuttings we were enabled to estimate the enormous difficulty the railway contractors must have encountered.

At length, just as the shades of evening were beginning to descend, we reached our destination, and were landed with our *impedimenta* near a saw-mill. We now felt what it was to be cast on our own resources, and with the mountain looming over against us dark with forest, and white near the summit with snow, we knew we had now to do or die. But there was work close at hand in putting up tents, collecting brush, and making fires, and the mosquitoes gave us so warm a welcome that we had no time to anticipate our trouble of the morrow. For-

tunately, however, for the ladies, the owner of the saw-mill and his kind wife offered to receive the better half of our expedition into their house, and they passed the night in comfortable beds, while the sterner sex fought for rest against the onslaught of a sleepless foe.

Either for this reason, or on account of the bracing air of the place, we were up early next morning, lighting the fire and cooking breakfast with hungry zeal, and before very long were ready to start. Attired in what we considered our most suitable and picturesque attire, and grasping long poles of which we had yet to learn the full use, we were glad to pose before the photographer of our party for a picture. Added to our number were now four Indian guides and porters to relieve us of our heaviest packs. Short, squat, unemotional creatures they looked; but before long we had learned to respect them for qualities which, under the circumstances, were truly enviable. To see them, laden as they were, climbing the steepest places, and though moving to all appearance at the utmost leisure easily outstripping us on the upward path, was to learn a lesson in humility, and to witness an agility truly admirable.

The journey at first was along a road used for bringing logs from the mountain to the sawmill, and the grade was easy enough to permit us to admire the delicate yellow touch-me-not, *Impatiens fulva*, which grew abundantly along the trail. The propriety of its name became apparent to those who gathered it but did not immediately proceed to press it. Besides this, the scarlet thimbleberry, *Rubus Nutkanus*, was common, and there was a perfect thicket of the feathery maiden-hair fern and the sweetly-scented *Achlys triphylla*. Presently the trail grew narrower and steeper, and after an hour's steady climb we were glad of a halt by the side of a stream of ice-cold water bounding down the rocky slope. "Jimmy," the guide, who won the favour of the ladies from the first, was on hand with the cups, and a draught was much enjoyed. Besides the plants al-

ready mentioned we procured at this point specimens of the strange, fungus-looking heath, *Monotropa uniflora*, commonly known as the Indian pipe, or Indian ghost-plant. Its perfectly white, almost transparent stem and blossom, and its peculiar shape, render either name an appropriate one. Several examples were also found of a kindred plant, red in colour, *Hypopitys fimbriata*. Of orchids there were the beautiful *Habenaria leucostachys*, and the less common *Habenaria orbiculata*, with its glossy leaves and delicate petals. Among lilies the snow-white *Clintonia uniflora* was the most noticeable species then in blossom.

Lunch was in order at the next stopping-place, and was partaken of with all the keener relish as we were informed there was no more water to be met with till we got to our camping place for the night.

The vigour, renewed by our rest and lunch, was sorely needed for the next part of the ascent, which included the hardest bits we were destined to encounter. Not only was it steeper, but there were slopes of loose stones which had an ugly habit of slipping away from our hands and feet and descending upon the rearmost members of the party. There were few trees and shrubs to cling to, and among such as were present the prickly devil's club, *Fatsia horrida*, was unpleasantly conspicuous. Moreover, it was not only prickly, but most treacherously brittle.

However, these places were not the whole of the climb, and after a time we gained the "hog's back" of the ridge and moved among noble trees, between which we could see the steep descent which guided our eyes to the country below. There was not a good view, owing to the smoke, but the mighty Fraser shone through the mist like a silver ribbon, and the farm lands showed vivid squares and patches of green among dark masses of virgin forest. The flowers here were the two pretty little plants of the heath order, *Pyrola secunda* and *Moneses uniflora*, both of which were found in great abundance.

About this point the party broke up

into two detachments, one of which, the stronger, went forward to reach the camping ground and pitch the tents, and the other took matters a little more quietly, indulging the tired flesh with more frequent rest, and longing for the time when the camp should come in sight.

At last the highest point of this part of the ridge was reached, the aneroid showing 6,500 feet, and a welcome descent began to the gap in which our camp was to be for the night. But, oh! how long that last stage appeared, although new beauties around us revealed themselves at every few steps. At the foot of all the trees shone the tiny star-like blossoms of the *Rubus pedatus*; the welcome sound of water was heard not far away; then came the great patches of snowdrift, and there was a scramble even on the part of the wearied ones to make the first snowball. Soon after there burst upon the vision one of the most glorious views that nature holds for the delight of man. It was a veritable *coup d'œil*—an enormous open valley, walled in on either side by gigantic barriers of snow-capped mountain, and closed at the further end by a broad slope which the July sun had not yet stripped of its burden of snow. From this, as from a glacier, there poured through the valley a stream of ice-cold water, making a silver thread, embroidered with edging of yellow flowers, through a carpet of most vivid green. A month ago and the stream was probably an avalanche, for the mighty trees lay strewn about through the valley like giant warriors slain in one of Nature's great annual conflicts. From a distance they looked like matches tossed about on either margin of the stream, but a closer acquaintance revealed their individual size and the dimensions of the valley.

We were there just about the right time, for seasons are short in these elevated regions. Two or three days before, perhaps, this flowery valley was but an Alpine swamp—we could see the difference in the short space of our visit—and a month later the snow would again be falling, so it was pos-

sible to realize how quickly the flowers must spring up and bring forth their fruit.

For the moment, however, there was something rivalling in interest the flowers and the snow, namely, the blue, curling smoke ascending from a clump of trees in the distance, which proclaimed the whereabouts of our advance guard. It was good to see the white gleam of the tents and the ruddy blaze of the fire—for the air was chilly here—and how welcome was the sight of the white tablecloth spread upon the grass, with bright bouquets of flowers adding to the attractiveness of the promised repast. It would be impossible to describe the delights of that meal, so we pass it over; but it proved that not what you eat, but the circumstances under which you eat, are of most importance. The fire was welcome, not only on account of its warmth, but as a means for driving off the mosquitoes, who (not by our own choice) were the sole living things to welcome us here. Fatigue vanished as if by magic, but we all sought our beds early, and most slept the sleep of the weary. It occurred, however, to one or two gentlemen that in future it might be as well not to pitch the tent on a gentle slope, as there seemed a tendency on the part of those above to roll down upon those below, and so illustrate the action of avalanches.

Next day we were all up early, and making plans for the day's work.

In the breasts of some ambition was for the present lulled to rest, and contented with the achievement of the day before there was only the desire to do justice to the comfortable quarters now attained. Besides this there was needed a complete exploration of the valley to collect examples of its botanical treasures. On the part of others there was the desire to ascend yet to greater heights, and learn what nature had yet in store; so the one party, with "Excelsior" for its motto, set out to gain the nearest ridge, and the other stayed below.

Let us describe the work of the latter first. The valley was very wet in

the early morning and it was difficult getting about, but when the sun got up everything was delightful and there was ample material to engage attention. The yellow flowers which attracted our attention the night before proved to be the *Arnica latifolia*, and the still deeper yellow *Potentilla dissecta*. Of the same hue was the abundant *Viola glabella* and the less common *Ranunculus Eschscholtzii*. With its delicate white sepals veined with blue there sparkled from every swampy place, following as it were the melting of the snow, the *Caltha leptosepala*, while the same spots furnished a suitable habitat for the *Valeriana Sitchensis*. Our Indians we found enjoying a feast of "Siwash Rhubarb," *Hieracleum lanatum*. Further from the water we found two beautiful heather-like plants, one of which proved to be *Bryanthus empetrisformis* with crimson bell-like flowers, and the other *Spiraea pectinata* with delicate foliage and white blossoms. It must suffice merely to mention the rest. They included the mountain sorrel (*Oxyria digyna*), a species of false mitre-wort (*Jiarella unifoliata*), a beautiful little saxifrage (*Parnassia fimbriata*), the scarlet mimulus (*Mimulus Lewisii*), of which however no specimens were fully in flower; *Senecio triangularis* and *Petasiles frigida* among the compositæ, *Juncus Drummondii* and *Carex invisia* among the rushes, and the little scarlet tipped lichen *Cladonia bellidiflora*. The chief find of all, however, was a plant new to the Canadian Herbarium, the *Cimicifuga elata*, and this addition to our Flora has been retained for the collection at Ottawa.

The second party had a stiff climb through brush which was still wet and slippery with the heavy dews, but it reached in time the ridge, which was about 7,500 feet above the sea level, and although deprived of any extensive view by the mists, had a rich reward in the discovery of a lovely valley less swampy than our camping ground and equally bright with flowers. These were of a more Alpine character than what we had hitherto collected, though including several of them. We had



FROM A PAINTING BY RADFORD.

A VIEW IN THE MOUNTAINS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

collected in the swamp *Saxifraga punctata*, and here we found *Saxifraga bronchialis*. The rare white Castilleia (*C. pallida*) was also on hand, and, of the same order, *Pentstemon*, *Menziesii*, var. *Scouleri*, and *Pentstemon confertus*, var. *cæruleo-purpureus*, this latter in a mountain form, which as Professor Macoun says would make a very well-marked variety. Another member of the Scrophulariaceæ was *Pedicularis racemosa*, a pretty species of Lousewort. The Lily family was represented by the graceful yellow lily, *Erythronium grandiflorum minor*, while the Heath order was well to the front with *Bryanthus glanduliflorus*, *Cassiope Mertensiana*, the mountain huckleberry (*Menziesia glabella*), and the very showy shrub, *Rhododendron albiflorum*. Another noticeable shrub or tree was a kind of wild crab-apple, *Pirus sambucifolia*. The remaining examples worthy of notice were the pretty blue veronica *V. alpina*, *Phlox Douglasii* with very delicate light blue blossoms, the deep amber-coloured columbine *Aquilegia formosa*, and the pink aster-like erigeron *E. salsuginosus*.

From the top of this ridge peak beyond peak was seen stretching away in the distance, and the summit was still far away. Two only of the party essayed this third stage, accompanied by one Indian, although it is probable that had not "Jimmy" proved a gross deceiver, at least one lady would have made the venture too. However, the wily "Jimmy" foreseeing no doubt hard work for himself if such had been the case, deliberately pointed out a peak in the far distance as the summit instead of one much nearer at hand, so he had the satisfaction of leading his detachment back to camp instead of making any further conquest.

The adventurous two had indeed all they could do to attain their Pisgah. For the last two or three hundred yards the climb was a scramble up the rocks in which all the strength of every nerve and finger-joint was needed, but the top-stone was won at last, and had the atmosphere been clear, a glorious view, extending over a sea of mountains to

the north, east and south, and to Victoria on Vancouver Island to the west, would have been the result. As it was, it was no "blind summit," and there was a sense of exhilaration in the victory over so many difficulties. The little red pink, *Silene acaulis*, was the only vegetation blooming on the bare rock of the actual top, but not far below was one of the cruciferse, *Smelowskia calycina*, a genuine Alpine plant, and a bright yellow stonecrop, *Sedum Oreganum*. There were also the two species of Castilleia, *C. miniata* and *C. pallida*, another lousewort, *Pedicularis Grænlantica*, and a thistle, *Cnicus foliosus*, very much resembling the well-known holy thistle.

Of animal life there was little sign. A few blue grouse were startled in their solitary haunts, tracks of mountain sheep were seen, and the whistle of the groundhog sounded so strangely ever and anon that it was difficult to believe it was not one member of the party whistling to the other.

The animal life in general was very little in evidence. The bears come out in any number only when the huckleberries are ripe, and it was too early for this. A few birds called by the Indians "Jacks" were so tame that they would come and share our breakfast, lighting on a log a few feet away to carry off any bits that were thrown to them, but other birds there were none. Of insects, mosquitoes represented (and sufficiently) the whole entomological kingdom, with the exception of a few aphides which here, as below, infested some of the plants.

After the descent a few photographs were taken before the sun set, and then we had a very jolly evening around the camp fire, when song and story came freely from almost every member of the party.

Thursday was our day for the descent, but the morning opened so clear that less than half the party could resist the temptation to make a second ascent to the upper ridge, and this time the climbers were rewarded with a glorious view of mountain, lake, stream, forest and farm.

In their absence, the minority determined to make an early start by themselves on the downward way, and found it a more difficult task than they imagined. The blazes on the trees looked very plain when you could see them, but they did not seem at hand just when you wanted them, and as for trails, the trouble was that there were too many of them, the fault, no doubt, of the Indian women who ascend in search of huckleberries, and are independent of any recognized pathway. However, it was a good lesson in humility, and it was good practice in quickening the faculty of observation. After some circumlocution the right ridge was discovered, though after a more difficult climb than was necessary, and not long after the wanderers were overtaken by the rest of the expedition with the Indian guides. A halt was made for lunch, but the time consumed in the morning's ascent made it necessary to hurry on with all speed to avoid being overtaken by the darkness. It was just going down, down, as fast as wearied muscles would permit. To some, going down was harder than going up, and it was certainly very tiring and very hot work. There was thus but little time for botanizing; but one or two species were collected not hitherto mentioned, namely, *Streptopus roseus* and *Stenanthium occidentale* among lilies, and the curious looking orchid, *Corallorhiza multiflora*.

Our fears were realized in so far that we were still in the bush when the sun was setting, but the experience was worth the risk, as the solemnity of the woods at night, with every tree and

plant assuming ghostly shapes, is of a kind never to be forgotten. And weirdly sounded the Indian *coo-ee*, as one guide called to another, keeping us together, guiding our steps along over logs and through streams and thickets until at length the log-road was reached, and the way to the river-side plain.

Our thankfulness at being back was unbounded, our meal was delightful, and not all the romance of camping out could prevent the ladies from being glad to accept once again the hospitality of their friends at the saw-mill.

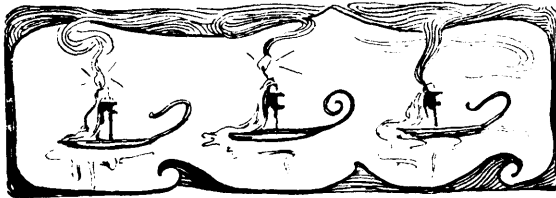
Next day we journeyed from Popcum to Chilliwack, some by coach, some walking, and here we found the *Gladys* once again, and, embarking, reached New Westminster on Saturday afternoon, all in the best of health and spirits, and without having sustained a single mishap.

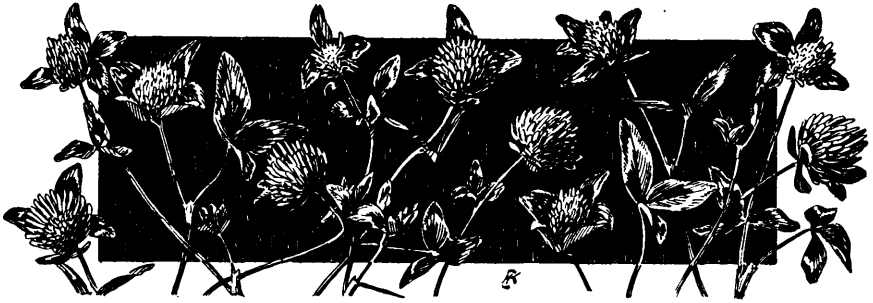
We had had a most enjoyable trip, and only needed more time to achieve substantial results from the exploration of Mt. Cheam.

As it was, we have collected, as will be seen from the foregoing, quite a number of botanical specimens not before reported from the Coast, and have succeeded in adding one species to the known Flora of the Dominion.

In conclusion the writer begs to acknowledge his indebtedness to Professor J. M. Macoun, Head of the Botanical Department of the Geological Survey, Ottawa, for the correct determination of plants submitted to him, and for much interest shown in the expedition.

Herbert H. Gowen.





ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

I love this land of forest grand !
This land where labour's free ;
Let others roam away from home,
Be this the land for me !

—*McLachlan.*

LAST year Alexander McLachlan, well known during the past twenty-five years throughout the Dominion as the Canadian Poet, passed away somewhat suddenly from the scene of his labours.

For a number of years Mr. McLachlan had lived, in almost unbroken retirement, on his farm in Amaranth, a few miles from Orangeville. Many of the friends of his more ambitious years had passed away, and he was left alone with the memories of his past friendships and buried friends, who in those years were among the bravest and best of the land. Among them were George Brown, D'Arcy McGee, Mrs. Moodie, and many others, who have years ago gone to their reward. So that amid hanging scenes and new methods and new interests, but most of all new men, the aged poet found himself if not to some extent forgotten, at least very much out of place in the new order of things. But now that he has finished his labours and left us his best, by no means a poor legacy, an approximate estimate of his contribution to Canadian literature is certainly not out of place, is indeed due to one whom fortune treated rather niggardly during his life.

It is safe to say here, whatever be the merits of McLachlan's work, the substantial return for what he gave to

the public was much less than the professed admiration which had for some years a periodical but unfruitful outbreak ; and that in his old age the work to which he had devoted his life brought him little or nothing in return. Except in his cherished independence, his farm was equally unfruitful, and it alone stood between him and absolute want. When his son, who managed this, died some three years ago, even the frugality and self-denial which had been gained in the rough school of experience could not at the price of purchased labour make the struggle worth continuing. So the poet gave up his country home and his cherished rural haunts, where he and Yarrow were wont to take their evening stroll together, and moved into town, where, in a few weeks, the curtain fell on the last scene. The now prophetic words of his last written poem found an ample and speedy fulfilment :

But a' our strolling days are dune,
Ne'er to return, and very sune
The turf shall clead us baith.

Mr. McLachlan has been called "the Canadian Poet," and it is certain it was a distinction which he desired to retain, and one in which he took considerable pride. Why he should receive or covet this title is not very clear, except that at the time when he was at his best

there was no other Canadian writer of verse, of more than average ability, besides himself and Sangster. McCall, "the bard of Loch Tyne," was not an aspirant for the title, and, therefore, by general consent, whatever honour or distinction there be in the name fell to McLachlan, though his songs of the Dominion are not by any means his best work, nor Canada nor Canadian scenes the true source of his inspiration. So far as phraseology, tone and colour are concerned, no careful reader can fail to see that he has carried the inspiration and moral texture of much of his best poetry across the ocean from his Scottish home; and when he sings of Canadian subjects it is the men and women, the thinkings and doings, and the moral atmosphere of some Old World scene that have been unconsciously transferred across the sea, and set up with a Canadian bush for a background, or a little clearance, as a frame for the picture. This is shown in one of his first poems published in Canada, "Dr. Burns Preaching in the Scotch Block." Here were to be seen :

Shepherds from the vale of Ettrick
In the tartan of their tribe.

And the literature by which the moral and intellectual natures of this Covenanters' Conventicle transferred to the wilds of Canada had been nurtured was, "The Bible, Scott's Worthies, John Bunyan, and Burns." In fact, all but the stage scenery of Canadian backwoods is pre-eminently Scottish, of the days of Walter Scott. And it is the moral aspect of the scene rather than the Canadian setting that yields the inspiration. Indeed, in the nature of the case, this inspiration must have been of the Old World rather than of Canada. Even to-day the texture of our thoughts is woven and moulded almost wholly on trans-Atlantic models. Canada has not as yet a language of tradition or history made classic by the records enshrined therein. It no doubt is a fact that the groundwork of the richest poetic thought is abundantly present in Canadian scenery, Canadian history, and Canadian social and moral

conditions, but it has not yet been translated into story or song having any special Canadian individuality. Even native-born Canadians still think in the language, and build from the pictures of Scott, Burns, Tennyson and Shakespere. McLachlan was still more limited to these sources for his inspiration than are the writers of to-day. But notwithstanding late efforts in the way of building up a literature distinctively Canadian, it must be many years before we shall be able to dispense with the great fountains of inspiration of the Motherland.

It is, perhaps, contrary to the generally received opinion to say that McLachlan is not great in description. Pathos is in him a stronger element; but Canadian poetry, as such, must rest largely and depend much on descriptive power. The Canadian poet has little else than natural scenery wherewith to build. Canada is not old enough to have any rich background of legend or tradition, and moral heroes are the same everywhere. At least, Canadian heroes have no distinctive features to embellish a literature purely Canadian. McLachlan, then, in assuming the title Canadian Poet, adopted a most difficult character to sustain with credit. It has been said over and over again that the United States has no purely American poet except Walt Whitman, that Lowell, Bryan and Longfellow have moulded their work after Old World thinking, Old World forms and Old World phraseology. If this be true of American poets and poetry generally, how very difficult a task it must be to produce anything very creditable of a purely Canadian type. If Canadian poetry means that the writer lives and writes in Canada, then it means nothing; but if it means that the writer must confine himself to subjects wholly and purely Canadian, then the Canadian poet has yet to be born. At least it is safe to say his song is still unsung.

But even if, as we believe, the title Canadian Poet was not wisely taken nor well sustained, McLachlan is not without his own particular claim to high distinction as a writer of verse. No

other Canadian writer has so great an introspective power. The analysis of human longings and human desires, and the clear setting forth of the great problems of life, death and immortality, finds nowhere, in Canada at least, so able an exponent. All nature is to him a great scroll written within and without, with infinite and ever recurring questions which appeal to him everywhere and under all circumstances. This, we believe, is the most marked feature of our author's work, and that into which he has put most of his own personality.

Here is a statement of the case, as it appeared in his first volume some thirty-five years ago :

Mystery ! Mystery !
All is a mystery !

Mountain and valley, and woodland and stream ;
Man's troubled history,
Man's mortal destiny,
Are but a phase of the soul's troubled dream.

Mystery ! Mystery !
All is a mystery !
Heart throbs of anguish and joy's gentle dew,
Fall from a fountain
Beyond the great mountain,
Whose summits forever are lost in the blue.

Mystery ! Mystery !
All is a mystery !
The sigh of the night winds, the song of the waves,
The visions that borrow
Their brightness from sorrow,
The tales which flowers tell us, the voices of graves.

Mystery ! Mystery !
All is a mystery !
Ah ! there is nothing we wholly see through,
We are all weary,
The night's long and dreary—
Without hope of morning, O, what would we do ?

Again, in " Ah, me ! " the same unsatisfied longing breaks forth in :

Go seek the shore and learn the lore
Of the great old mystic sea,
And with list'ning ear you'll surely hear
The great waves sigh, " Ah, me ! "

And Death and Time, on their march sublime,
They will not questioned be ;
And the hosts they bore to the dreamless shore,
Return no more, Ah, me !

And again in " Who Knows ? " :

I ponder'd long on this weary life,
And I cried, " Are we what we seem ;
Or sail we here in a phantom ship,
In search of a vanished dream ?
From deep to deep, from doubt to doubt,
While the night still deeper grows ;
Who knows the meaning of this life ? "
When a voice replied, " Who knows ? "

I prayed for light through that weary night,
And I question'd saint and seer ;
But the demon Doubt put all to rout,
And kept ringing in mine ear :
" Your life's a trance and a spectral dance,
And round and round ye go ;
Ye are poor ghosts all at a spectral ball,
And that is the most ye know. "

And yet again in " The Rain it Falls " :

The years they come and they hurry on,
Ah, just as they did in the days ago !
And bear us back to the vast unknown.

For the rain may fall and the wind may blow,
And the generations come and go,
But the why and the wherefore none may know.

And just as this half melancholy introspection is one of the strong features of McLachlan's poetry, it furnishes him with that power of soul analysis which crops out everywhere in his character sketches. One of his best things in this line is his estimate of " David, King of Israel, " which is the title of the poem from which we select the following stanzas as a fair example of this kind of work :

Come and look upon this picture,
Thoughtfully those features scan,
There he sits, the bard of Scripture,
Not an angel, but a man.

In his hand, the harp that often
Thrilled the shepherd in the glen,
And has now supreme dominion
O'er the hearts and souls of men.

That same harp which charmed the demon
In the darkened soul of Saul ;
And has soothed the troubled spirit
In the bosoms of us all.

'Tis a face that, somehow, tells us
God has made us all the same,
Of one blood, and heart and nature,
Differing but in creed and name.

All that has been done or suffer'd,
All that has been thought or said,
Israel's strength, and Israel's weakness,
Summed up in that lordly head.

'Tis a face supremely human,
 Brother to us, every one,
 For he oft has sinned and sorrowed,
 Just as you and I have done.

Space will not admit of any more extended quotation, but the reader must feel that this is very genuine work, into which the author has put his best heart's blood, never bearing with it the suspicion that it had been got up to order.

In pure pathos, also, we think McLachlan stands without a rival among Canadian writers. There is nothing in Canadian verse more touching than the story of "Old Hannah." "The Death of the Ox" has been frequently quoted as a humble subject dignified by the true and deep feeling which the author throws around it. "The Old Settler's Address to his Log-house" might also be given as an example of this power of elevating the simplest subjects to positions of interest and dignity.

It is, perhaps, too early to form a correct opinion of McLachlan's place as a poet among the writers of his own day. This much, however, may be freely admitted, as being no more than just to him whose voice and pen are now forever still, viz., that no Canadian writer appeals more strongly and directly to the common sympathies, longings and aspirations of humanity. And no other has written so much in which only what is true, beautiful and good is held up for our admiration and approval.

Fifty-six years ago Mr. McLachlan emigrated from his native town of Johnston, in Ayrshire, and settled in the Township of Caledon, County of Peel, Ontario, where he had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with such phases of early pioneer life as have found expression in his works. Here, too, he was married to a cousin of his own, who still survives him, and who has been his faithful and ever-ready helpmeet in his long and somewhat unequal struggle with fortune. Ten children were born of the marriage, five sons and five daughters. All the daugh-

ters are still living, but three of the sons have preceded their father to the grave.

Mr. McLachlan has published in all three volumes of poems, one in the early fifties, one in 1861, and another in 1874. And at the time of his death he had a fourth volume ready for the press. It will be evident, therefore, that our author had enough faith in his mission to devote his whole life unreservedly to his work, without once looking back; and he gave us at least his best and his all. The advantage to himself was certainly very little. But we, as of old, still slay the prophets, and our children build their sepulchres. McLachlan's faith in his countrymen justified more generous treatment. He needed bread and they gave him a stone. He believed that he who ministers to the needs of the human soul should live by the fruits of his labours, but the souls neither heeded nor needed the wares he brought into the intellectual market-place, and left the merchantman to perish of hunger, with his wares lying unsold on the bookshelves. Had he been possessed of more business tact, and less faith in humanity, we might have had less poetry, but he an easier and less anxious journey to provide for. But the shadows and cares have all passed away. He is now fully provided for. Old Mother Nature has made the same bountiful provision for him that she does for her wisest and wealthiest children. He shall not hunger nor thirst any more. And from the mystery and uncertainty of all earthly things, the darkness, for him, shall have passed into the brightness of perfect day.

In closing this brief sketch the writer can truly say that in an acquaintance of forty years, only that which was noble, generous and forgiving ever came to the surface, throughout this long and uninterrupted friendship, and if the good and the true have their reward, we know that "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

Donald McCaig.



EARLY MORNING IN ROSEDALE.

FROM A PHOTO.



THE INDIAN PLAGUE.

BY JOHN FERGUSON, M.A., M.D., TORONTO.

MOST readers are familiar with the horrors of the plague epidemics that overspread Europe during the middle ages. One of these outbreaks is of special interest, as the one so graphically described by Defoe. The death-rate in these epidemics was very high. Indeed, it has been known to reach the fearful proportions of over ninety per cent. of those seized by the disease.

At Naples, in 1556, as many as 5,000 died daily; and there were not more than 50,000 left out of a population of 290,000. In 1627, the physician Alessandro describes the Milan epidemic. Under the government of Gonsalva de Cordova there was great poverty. Wars had devastated Lombardy for about a century, and the food of the people was reduced to rice and water. The rice bread became vile through adulterations. The poor became so numerous that the authorities lodged nearly 10,000 persons in a large lazareth. The season was very hot, and symptoms of the plague soon showed itself. The latest great epidemic of malignant plague was at Marseilles, in 1720. The disease has frequently, during the present century, visited different portions of Europe, the latest being the Astrakhan, 1878.

The fearful visitation known as the black death was similar to the present Bombay plague. The black death seems to have started in China after an earthquake and an inundation of vast

regions of country. The waters subsided only to leave the moist, muddy land covered with all kinds of dead animals and decaying vegetation. The stench and famine gave rise to an epidemic of unusual malignancy. This spread westward, and finally overran Europe, destroying more than half the population in many districts.

This disease follows closely upon famine, and the neglect of sanitary laws. Large numbers of persons are huddled together in their filthy dwellings. They are compelled to gather their grain before it is ripe. It becomes musty and unhealthy. Fear adds to the ravages of the disease, the terrors of superstition. When the plague is in its earliest stage, timely intervention, so as to avoid overcrowding, filthy conditions of the people and to supply sufficient food, readily controls the disease. But when it has become widespread, and large numbers of the populace are panic-stricken, it is by no means an easy task to stay its progress. With vigorous sanitary and quarantine regulations there is not much danger to Europe or the western countries.

The population of the famine-stricken regions in India is given at some 90,000,000. The average annual earnings of the native labourer is about seven shillings, or \$1.75. It is easy to see what must be the fate of such people when overtaken both by famine and disease. The former produces misery

and apathy, while the plague feeds upon these creatures of famine.

The researches of Kitasato, Yersin, Lowson and Aoyama have shown that there is little doubt but that the disease is of germ or bacillary nature. These germs have been isolated from those ill with the plague, and cultures made. These cultures have produced the disease in animals, especially rats, which are amenable to the plague infection. This is certainly a great step in the scientific investigation of the disease, and will throw much light on its modes of spread.

Europeans and clean, well-fed natives are but little susceptible to the infection. In such cases, prolonged contact is often required to produce the disease; nurses who are handling the sick, and carrying in their arms afflicted children, sometimes escaping, or only becoming ill after long exposure. None of the Chinese students of medicine contracted the disease, although on constant duty for six weeks in the plague hospital.

There appear to be two forms of the disease now prevailing in the East. Dr. Cantlie, who has had great opportunities of observation, divides plague cases into two classes—one a very malignant form and the other a milder type. The malignant form is characterized by sudden invasion, chills, great prostration, glandular swellings, high fever, weak pulse, vomiting and many other severe symptoms. The milder form, or *pestis minor*, is not so severe and comes on more slowly. It may change into the malignant form. This is one of the causes of the spread of the disease. These mild, or ambulatory, cases may journey to great distance before they become ill. Generally speaking, the plague spreads slowly. It took ten months to spread from Hong Kong to Malao, a distance of thirty miles.

Dr. Yersin claims to have obtained an antitoxine that has yielded excellent

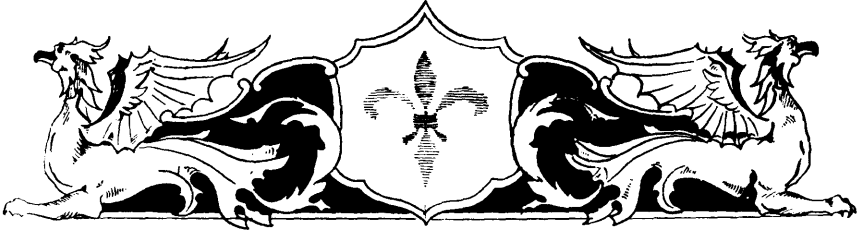
results. He first inoculated rats, and then horses; he then tried the antitoxine in a French mission station at Amoy. Some who were already comatose when the injections were given, recovered. He is now in India, where the Government intend trying the treatment in Bombay.

The duty of the British Government is a very delicate one to discharge. It is hard to prohibit the Meccan pilgrimage. This is a religious custom of a large number of the inhabitants of India. On the other hand, the western countries ought to be protected against so fearful a scourge as far as it is possible. While it seems impossible to interfere with the religious customs of the Mohammedans, it might be possible to establish a thorough police, sanitary and commissariat camp to look after the pilgrims, both by land and sea. All suspected cases could be taken charge of and isolated. The pilgrims could also be prevented from remaining over and visiting the bazaars. No pilgrim should be allowed to embark without inspection; and all the pilgrim ships should be under the control of competent sanitary experts.

With our present knowledge of sanitation and the spread of this disease, there need be little fear of its spread in the civilized world. The death-rate also is much lower among the Europeans. In the present Bombay epidemic it is about eighteen or twenty per cent. of those attacked.

There is in this affliction in India a wide field for governmental and private philanthropy. Some 40,000,000 are in a state of total want; whereas 50,000,000 more are in a state of insufficient and dear food, short of total deprivation. It is estimated to cost the Indian exchequer about \$30,000,000 to afford a mere subsistence to the starving millions. But there must still be much left for private benevolence. It is to be hoped that this will not be found wanting.





THE MILITIA MEDICAL SERVICE.

A Plan for its Reorganization.

IN August last I read a paper on "The Reorganization of the Militia Medical Service" before the members of the Canadian Medical Association at Montreal, and pointed out that Canada's Militia Reserve of 250,000 men would, if brought into actual warfare, be unprovided with a proper Medical Service. The system of medical organization in Canada is the old "Regimental System," that is, every regiment takes care of its own sick. This system was abolished in England in 1873, but in all its antiquated and discredited features is still retained in Canada.

From the report which I have seen, the Militia Department does not dispute the necessity for bearer companies nor medical organization, but it points out that I have not submitted a definite scheme, and, even if I had done so, it would be open to the authorities to explain that as there is at present no organization to enable Canada to place or maintain bodies of troops in the field, it would be premature to organize medical arrangements for them.

From this it would appear that without such organization the Canadian Militia is useless as a fighting machine, and as it is impossible that under present circumstances this state of things will be allowed to continue, I would suggest that the military and medical reorganization be carried out simultaneously, as the perfection of both would be required at the same time, and the medical certainly appeals very forcibly to public sentiment, whatever

may be thought of its importance from a military point of view.

"Medical, any more than military, organization cannot be evolved in a perfect state at short notice, when suddenly required." Witness the Northwest campaign!

I will now formulate broadly the lines upon which I consider reorganization should proceed—after due consideration of the various systems I have studied, and due consultation with those capable of giving advice in these matters, foremost amongst whom I will name our late P. M. O. in Halifax, Surgeon-General Major O'Dwyer, lately transferred to England on well-earned promotion, a practical expert on military organization.

I should take the present British Army Medical Corps system with some modifications adapted to our conditions, social, political and financial, as the basis of our Canadian Militia Medical service. As the details of constitution, condition, duties and expenses connected therewith, are to be found in the Queen's regulations, or could be obtained from the Imperial authorities, there need be no delay in deciding the question, once it is granted that reorganization is desirable.

Once the government of Canada, as represented by the Minister of Militia and Defence, acknowledges the need of reorganization of the Medical Department, it will be desirable to bring together a representative of the Canadian Militia acquainted with the strength,

organization and distribution of that force, and a medical officer of experience to discuss the matter.

They would have no difficulty in providing a scheme for consideration.

A medical officer should remain as at present, attached to each military unit.

On active service in the British Army a medical officer is attached to each military unit, but only temporarily; and this is the only provision made for regimental surgical assistance—"first aid." It is a moot question with continental military authorities whether this simple regimental arrangement will continue to prevail. In time of peace in the British service there is no provision for a regimental medical service, though trivial cases of illness in barracks are seen to by a medical officer of the military station, and these treated if they are not considered sufficiently serious to be sent to hospital. One proviso should be an integral part of any scheme propounded—to meet the views of our military aspirants—that is, that the present medical officers should (if they desire it) be allowed to remain attached to their respective corps; but it is a question for consideration whether further medical appointments should not be to the department (when organized), and not to any special corps. The officers appointed might be gazetted to a general medical staff, and then be attached to special regiments when required.

In fact, I consider it desirable, in the case particularly of juniors coming into the service, that they should have an opportunity of studying regimental life, and of mixing freely with the officers and men with whom they will have to deal.

When two medical officers belong to the same corps, as we see now in certain of our brigades of artillery and battalions of infantry, the senior, by preference, might be transferred to the general staff—or, if he so desire it, to the reserve list of medical officers.

So far the Government need incur no expense; on the contrary, there would be a distinct saving of money,

as fewer officers in the active list would be required.

I would, however, propose in addition, that a general Canadian medical staff should be formed by volunteers.

They should be an independent body, under a medical head (director-general or surgeon-general) attached to the headquarters of the Canadian army, who would advise and deal with medical affairs, under the orders of the G.O.C. of the force. He should be a paid and permanent official holding office for five or seven years.

In the new staff or department, rank, titles, terms of service for promotion, etc., should be on the lines of the army medical staff, which, however, may be shortly modified by a new warrant. As I have already suggested, the present medical officers should remain with their regiments. It might further popularize the change if medical officers entering the general service were allowed in ordinary times to be attached to particular regiments, with the understanding that they would be liable to be detached for duty elsewhere—wherever most needed in fact—should the occasion arise. They would be dealt with by the Government, not as an integral part of the regiment, but as part of a special body temporarily attached. In time, this scheme should insure in the service officers of different grades.

The number and rank of medical officers would depend on the number of base field hospitals and bearer companies it was intended to establish. In time of active service the reserve list of medical officers would be largely drawn upon. In time of peace the establishment need only be small.

With regard to bearer companies, which the department thinks desirable,—except in Halifax, where we desire one most and are prepared to aid in equipping it ourselves—I would propose that a bearer company and field hospital, with their stores and equipment, should be established at the headquarters of each brigade, presuming that for fighting purposes the Canadian militia will be divided into brigades with their

headquarters in some special locality—Halifax, Montreal, Toronto, London, etc., amongst others; but this is a matter for future consideration. However, we hope a half bearer company may be granted to Halifax, where Surgeon-Major Lees-Hall, of the army medical staff, and Surgeon-Lieut. Carleton Jones, of the Garrison Artillery, have kindly volunteered their services as instructors. Both have had extensive experience in this line in connection with the Army Medical Staff Corps or the St. John's Ambulance Association, in which both are zealous workers.

Opportunity should be given militia medical officers for special study and training, and inducements might be held out to them as regards promotion, etc., for doing so. Courses of teaching and training might be established, either in connection with the present scheme of instruction or in connection with some of the leading schools of medicine throughout the country. A course of military surgery and hygiene in each medical school might be given yearly as a voluntary part of the course, attendance upon which might be made obligatory upon a surgeon asking appointment to the militia medical service. There should also be an examination in these subjects. In England, when medical officers of volunteer regiments pass the prescribed examination, an additional capitation grant is given their corps.

I do not propose to enter into the personnel or equipment for field hospitals and bearer companies; all information required is to be found in "The Regulations for Army Medical Service (1896)," "The Standing Orders for the

Medical Staff Corps," "The Field Army Establishment," "The Equipment Regulations," and the "Store Tables" of the Imperial army.

The rank and file of the general medical service for employment in bearer companies and field hospitals might be either specially enlisted or be obtained from the various regiments. In Halifax our C.O.'s of artillery and infantry have generously offered to provide the men required to form a half bearer company between them, ten from each corps.

For many reasons it would be preferable to obtain men—easily got in such districts where medical schools exist—by special voluntary enlistment into the hospital corps; but the latter system is cheaper and is that employed now in England amongst volunteer regiments, where men are obtained by transfer from regiments of the brigade to which the bearer company is attached.

In England no base or field hospitals are required by the volunteer forces. These establishments would be supplied in time of emergency by the army medical staff. In this country on active service we should require them, and require them, perhaps, when we least expect to be called upon; and where, I would like to ask you, will we find them?

I will only repeat again the words of my friend Surgeon-Major General O'Dwyer: "Medical any more than military organization cannot be evolved in a perfect state at short notice, when suddenly required." Or is the next campaign to find us as unprepared as the last?

W. Tobin, D'y Surg. Gen'l.



DREADNAUGHT.

A Story of Military Life.

IT was the last day of the old year, and there was to be a ball at Government House in the evening. This was at a time when entertainments were less stately, but nevertheless far more enjoyable, we old folks think, than the modern assembly could prove to the simple-mannered, kind-hearted aristocrats who led the somewhat exclusive Nova Scotia society of that time.

In those days it was customary to dance the old year out and the new one in, and the feet of the dancers were stayed for the loyal strain of "God Save the Queen" to float with the last breath of the passing year, before tripping it lightly during the first inspiration of its new-born successor; then amid a storm of good wishes they resumed their interrupted evolutions.

Snow had fallen early in the afternoon, and its feathery whiteness was resting on branch and twig, ledge and parapet, imposing the burden so delicately that it seemed a marvel that the mass of tiny flakes could preserve poise or retain a place of repose. The scene grew lovelier as the moon rose, her mellow beams flooding the crisp air, and causing every bright crystal of frost to scintillate; and the bells of the sleighs conveying the guests to the merry-making sounded joyously as the runners sped on their way.

In one of these sleighs sat a young couple, recently married, and only just arrived from England. The two had alighted, and as no other vehicle was in immediate following, the young Englishwoman lingered at the door of the spacious porch to gaze on what, to her, was a novel and unexpected revelation—a dream of the sublime and beautiful.

"O, Jim!" she exclaimed, "I never imagined a winter scene would appear

like this. The trees are wonderfully beautiful; and it seems wicked to go inside to dance and leave all this glorious loveliness."

The young husband laughed heartily at her expressions of delight. "What a bundle of romance you are, little woman! I can't tell you how many times I've reproached myself for bringing you to this frigid place to be smothered in snow, and yet here you are actually going into ecstasies over the very thing that worried me most. But the storms are very different from this, darling, you will find."

"A happy heart makes all that happens pleasant," was her rejoinder. "I could not be happier than I am. Thus far I have been thoroughly pleased with all my experiences; but even had they been far different, do you not think I would rather be with you, than far away, and lonely, O so lonely!"

"You're the girl for a soldier's wife, my Blessing," murmured the husband, as they turned to enter the house.

In a few minutes they were in the ball-room, and having been graciously received by the Earl and Countess, they joined the throng of dancers. After several introductions and dances with men of her husband's regiment, Mrs. Heriot found herself alone for a time, as Captain Heriot had been captured to make up a rubber of whist in the ante-room. She was interested in watching the new and, in many instances, handsome faces around her, as well as the toilets, slightly behind the times, worn by the fitting figures. Feeling the realities of the moment so unhomelike, she became for a moment lost in thought, but was aroused by beholding a look of keen enjoyment depicted on the faces of two young people waltzing near her. She did not withdraw her glance, but followed their

floating movements until with a long concluding sweep the graceful performance ended.

Just at that moment pretty Nellie Drummond eagerly asked her tall and good-looking partner who the lady was at whom he was gazing with undisguised admiration. "She is a stranger, I know, Mr. Esmond, and I think her face the sweetest I have ever seen; who is she, and where sprung from?" And turning to a friend, she continued, "Cilla, don't you think she is lovely?"

"I do indeed, Nellie," responded Cilla, "but it is the mental characteristics that chiefly attract me. If I mistake not, 'true and fast' should be the reading of that fine countenance; she looks like one who would be steadfast through good and ill report."

"You're always saying and seeing things more deeply than other people, Cilla," laughed Nellie. "But, Mr. Esmond, who is she? and where from?"

"She is from what, in this country, you so funnily call 'home,' " replied the young officer. She hails from Lincolnshire, and is—well, my Captain's captain."

"O, nonsense," said Nellie.

"Then I can only say she is the newly-married wife of the Captain in whose company I have the honour to serve as subaltern. But really, young ladies, I thank you for your generous appreciation of my countrywoman. We were neighbours in the county, though I did not know much of her before we came out. She knows no one as yet outside the garrison circle as this is her first appearance, and I will be glad to present you if you wish."

As soon as opportunity offered he did so, with the result that the three ladies were soon chatting gaily together.

It was a merry trio which Captain Heriot contemplated when, after supper, he came to announce that the time for good night civilities had arrived, and to learn his wife's impressions of her first experience in colonial society.

"Those seemed charming girls you were with when I came for you," he remarked on the way home.

"Yes, dear," was her reply, "so

frank and friendly, I forgot I was far away from home, and a stranger to place and people."

Time wore on, and the Heriots fell into the pleasing routine which strangers find so charming for a while, enjoying the freedom from conventionalities which has always been one of the indemnities of a banishment to Canada.

Every day Cilla and Nellie made their appearance in the little drawing-room, Cilla with new books and ideas to discuss, and Nellie with her never-ending love story, on which she rang the changes, tragic or comic, often calling forth their sincere sympathy. The three, little more than girls, were bound together by their very dissimilarity, each supplying what the other needed, and keeping the balance true by the warmest regard for each other. Nellie was often overwhelmed by despondency, for she had set her wayward affections on Ralph Esmond, whose indignation knew no restraint when the honour of his proposals was declined by Nellie's father, who, a widower, was doubly careful of the one fair blossom blooming under his desolate roof. Military matches were not then esteemed desirable, and men who had made their money and knew its value shrank from allowing their daughters to enter what might be a higher social position than they were born in, but which, in most cases, meant a struggle to keep up fitting appearances on inadequate means.

Nellie's devotion to her father was so steadfast that she would not listen to Ralph's mad pleadings for an elopement. There was nothing for it but that trying virtue, patience; so with groans on his part and tears on hers they agreed to wait, trusting some fortunate occurrence would bless their wearisome, but, at the same time, mirthful engagement.

It seemed strange that as time wore on Mrs. Heriot's face grew paler and her manner quieter. As at first she was the same winsome woman, ready to do a kindness or show an attention; she grew more and more thoughtfully considerate for the young men of the regiment, encouraging every social im-

pulse; her doors were open at all times to them, and her ear to every discouragement or trouble that disquieted them; none spoke of her but with respect, and her sisterly counsel was sought in every time of need. So time passed until its wings had borne into the irrevocable two fleeting years, and for the third time the thirty-first of December had come round again.

On rising in the morning, Mrs. Heriot felt dismayed as she looked out of the window on what is called a black frost. The streets were frozen as hard as asphalt, and the hail-like swirls of snow were driven hither and thither to become at last as begrimed as the dust in which they were compelled to grovel. It was a day of dreary aspect, and she turned away with something like despondency to poke the fire into brightness, and make the room cheerful for her husband's late breakfast.

She vainly tempted the Captain with the delicacies of the table. All he would take was a cup of coffee, and then saying he would go and see what the fellows were about, added, "Don't wait for me, dear, I will lunch with them."

The wife's lips grew pale for a moment or two, and then, looking wistfully at him, she exclaimed, "O, Jim, do come back early! I am so lonely without you, and I don't think the girls will venture out on this gruesome day."

"Well, I'll see, Molly dear," and he went out humming a bar of a popular song.

The girls, however, did not mind the dismal aspect of the day, and put in an appearance as usual. They were used to braving the cold, and would not neglect their friend for the sake of staying at home. Cilla brought new periodicals, and Nellie a cart-load of troubles. Her father's hardness in regard to her engagement was the chief grievance. "Just think," she said, "he has been at me for over an hour, reasoning with me, and drawing dismal pictures of what my future will be if I marry Ralph; and after he had conjured up all sorts of horrors his

dear old voice broke and he spoke of mother. I was now all he had, he said, so of course I could say nothing more. Next came Ralph himself, raving and upbraiding my want of steadfastness. He swears I do not love him, but I know I do, and it is hard to stand these unjust words from him. Then I have another grievance—there is to be no ball to-night. The Government people have lost some relative, and the ball is postponed. Think of my lovely gown wasting its sweetness in my wardrobe; but I suppose it cannot be helped. Many small worries are oppressing me. I let my good cook go home for a rest, and the new one would try the patience of a saint with the mistakes she makes. I was almost disgraced the other night when I had the Colonel and two other guests with us, by the ducks coming in the shape of a stew instead of roasted to a turn. My dismay was so apparent that they all laughed at me, and the *contretemps* was got over in that way. But I am selfish, as usual, telling you all my little vexations, while you are looking anything but well, dear."

"O, I am well—a little tired perhaps, but all the better for your visit. The day is dark and the close of the year brings back so many memories of home in England and the dear ones across the water, that maybe for the moment I have had a touch of *la maladie du pays*."

Nellie's arms were immediately thrown around her friend and a loving kiss was exchanged. "O, cheer up," she exclaimed, "you are to dine with us to-morrow, and I want my guests to be in joyous spirits on New Year's night. Papa, dear old curmudgeon that he is, hadn't the heart to refuse my asking Ralph to join us." And she, too, went her way after many good wishes, leaving her friend to solitude and silence and more anxious thought than tender-hearted Nellie dreamed of.

Captain Heriot returned at about four o'clock, bringing some scraps of gossip with him from the mess room, with which he amused his wife. The merciless chaffing, Ralph got as to the

progress of his wooing many droll rumours which had but slight foundation in truth, and chit-chat of the most absurd description which came from the fertile brains of the young fellows, who had little more serious to occupy their thoughts, passed the time away, until Captain Heriot asked his wife to play something; and, lazily stretching himself on the sofa, soon fell asleep to the sound of the music. Mrs. Heriot looked at him and sighed, and then, letting her fingers stray over the keys, she found herself striking minor chords in unison with her feelings, which seemed to comfort and strengthen her to bear the burden that was becoming almost insupportable.

The captain woke up at last and went to dress for dinner, reappearing in uniform. "Burke is ill," he said, "so I must turn out the guards to-night."

"What is the pass word?" she asked, more for something to say than anything else.

"Why do you wish to know, dear? I am glad, however, that you have asked, for I do not think I know it myself. Let me think—it's 'Dreadnaught,' I believe. Bad business if I had forgotten it, eh!"

She laughed with an effort, and managed to keep up a desultory chatting until the repeat was over.

The captain took another nap, only waking when his servant came to tell him his horse was at the door; then drowsily shaking himself, he left the room to go on duty.

Mrs. Heriot took up a book and strove to read. Hard work it was, when her thoughts were afloat on a sea of anxiety, to fasten her attention on the pages before her. Presently her maid came to ask if there was anything to be done, for if not, cook and she would like to go to their rooms. Maggie's cold was heavy, and if the mistress pleased they would like to retire.

Presently the steps of the servants were heard ascending to the attic, and the house was as still as the grave.

Taking no heed of time, Mrs. Heriot

sat reading on. At last she was startled by hearing a husky voice speaking near her in a low whisper: "Whist, Misthress dear, I've been awaitin' till those gurls got off upstairs to tell you somethin'. Don't be skeered ma'am, but the captain has never ridden one of thim gards this blessed night. I found him, fallen off his horse, in the yard. Could ye not put on a cloak ma'am, and help me in wid him, for sorra a bit of duty he'll do this New Year's eve."

Controlling herself, she went with her faithful servant to the stable where the horse stood, and where Corney had managed to drag his master from the bitter cold without. Together, they raised him carefully, and with much difficulty got him into the house and placed him on a bed in his dressing room.

As she stood breathing hard after the exertion, Corney, who had been considering for a few moments, broke out with: "Oh! Misthress dear, glad I'd be if I could turn out the gards for him, but my poor voice would tell the men who I was, and that would be as bad as iver."

His mistress started and wrung her hands, as the thought struck her of the disgrace, and she cried, "What shall I do—what shall I do!" Then, after a pause, she exclaimed: "Go saddle Calamity (her own horse which was sometimes used by the captain) and then come and help me."

When he returned he stood amazed, for her woman's wit had transformed her; someone with a strong resemblance to his master stood before him.

"Misthress dear," said the astonished man, "ye'll niver think of it."

"God helping me, Corney, no one shall know anything but that the duty was done, for I trust you fully. Help me to mount, and be ready for my return."

"That I will, and bless your brave heart."

Out into the storm, with the sleet driving in her face, and the wind furiously blowing, went this brave soul, hurrying to get the difficult undertak-

ing over. The tempest favoured her deception, and willing enough were officers and men to get through the routine work. She made brief tarrying, dashing on and getting quickly through three of the posts. Her courage rose as she felt herself succeeding in her task, and she braced herself for the final effort at the last one.

On! On! Through the blast, the darkness and the blinding flurries, scarcely daring to think of the consequences should she be detected, she went. The last post attended to, she might trust her horse to bear her home in safety almost without guidance.

Scott, a friend of Esmond's, had dropped in early in the evening before the storm had become so violent, and the youths were enjoying an impromptu supper and a chat on various matters, civil, military and social, to pass the weary hours. Ralph had gone through several moods, all resolving into the saturnine, and trying his companion's patience with his inconsistencies, when the summons came of "Guards, turn out."

After the accustomed formulas had ended, Esmond lingered, he could never tell why, and with an "O, Captain, I wanted to ask you —," he stood for an instant looking at the mounted figure before him, when a sudden gust of wind almost took his breath away, and the Captain's form tumbled over on him, and a woman's long, fair hair was falling in damp and tangled masses over the military cloak which covered her.

"Good heavens! Mrs. Heriot!" exclaimed the bewildered boy, "What is this?"

"Mr. Esmond," she gasped out, her voice almost hysterical from cold and the awful strain, "Do not, do not betray me, I beseech you."

"Never," was the earnest answer; "but wait one moment," and he was off like a flash, and back again before she realized he was gone, with a glass of something hot he had been compounding for himself. "Drink a mouthful or two," he entreated; and he put the glass to her lips. She put

out her hand for it, but so cold and stiff were her fingers that it fell to the ground. He helped to replace her headgear, tucked the cloak around her, and whispered encouragingly, "You're all right now," and turned the horse's head, saying, "He knows his way home."

She urged her trustworthy steed to quicken his pace to the uttermost, and was soon at her own door, with Corney, the devoted, tenderly lifting her off.

Corney placed her by the fire, and flew to attend to the horse, over which he spent but little time, returning to release his mistress from her accoutrements. He brought her hot tea, almost commanding her to drink it. "Now, Misthress darling, while yez able, and before the tiredness overtakes ye, get to bed and lave the rest to me."

She made her arrangements for rest as methodically as if nothing unusual had occurred, and laid her head on the pillow just as the prolonged tension gave way, the last thought, paramount over mental agony, not to speak of bodily discomfort, being the one thing uppermost, "saved!"

In the morning Jane was beside her with a breakfast tray. "Corney says, ma'am, that you have had a bad night with the Captain, and you must eat to keep up your strength, as the Captain seems to be in a bad way with the fever he has got, and Mr. Esmond is waiting below to see you."

"I will be with him soon, Jane; ask him to wait."

She dressed in haste, and passing through the dressing room she took a rapid glance at her husband, whose flushed features and hard breathing confirmed her fears.

She met Mr. Esmond with a piteous look on her sweet face, but beyond a stifled cry and murmured "thanks," she did not mention the secret between them.

"My husband is very ill. Corney has been up all night. Oh! Mr. Esmond," and she tried to speak calmly, "if you would send Dr. Beecham at once I would be so much —" Here

she broke down entirely, hiding with difficulty the tears which were hindering both speech and sight.

"Dear Mrs. Heriot, anything that I can do," and he was off and back again with lightning speed.

The Captain hovered many weeks between life and death. The medical attendants pronounced the attack congestion of the lungs, so no one was surprised to hear when convalescence set in, that he was invalided home. Cilla and Nellie were inconsolable, but Corney was jubilant, for he was to accompany the Captain as nurse, and the Mistress as general factotum.

It was shortly after Captain Heriot's assured safety that one day when his wife was toying with the locks already grown scanty on his forehead, and caressing the thin white hand lying listlessly on the coverlet, that he suddenly looked up and asked: "How long have I been ill, Love?"

"About six weeks, dear," she replied.

"How did the attack commence?"

"You took a severe cold," spoken evasively.

Just then Corney came in with some cards, and thinking himself a privileged individual, broke in with: "Ye were officer for the night, sir, and yer honour fell from the horse, and we didn't know how long ye laid there, but the misthress and me brought ye in and laid ye where ye've been lyin' iver since."

"Had I been on duty?" was the next anxious question.

"No, sir," came reluctantly from the lips of Corney, who was becoming conscious of his indiscretion.

"Who did it for me, then?"

"Faix, master, you and the wife are one, so in one way it was yersilf, so it was she that did it; and it was the worst night ye iver saw or iver will see; but sorra a man of thim fellows found her out." And with an irrepressible burst of triumph, the blundering servant retreated.

For a few moments nothing was said, but when she ventured to look at

him, she saw the tears, evidencing his extreme weakness, slowly trickling down his emaciated face.

"O, my darling!" he moaned; "can it be that my sinful self-indulgence brought you to this? Forgive me, O, forgive me!"

"Don't speak of it," she said; "God has given you back to me, and I am so grateful, O, so grateful, for His mercy to us both."

It was some years after this that Esmond, now a Colonel, and Scott, now a Major, found them in another garrison together, and on the same intimate terms as formerly. Nellie shared in the renewal of the old friendships, for she had won her battle and married the man she would have called in those gushing days, "the delight of her life and the desire of her eyes."

It was after a cosy little dinner together that Major Scott remarked: "I say, Ralph, I saw the death of that pretty Mrs. Heriot in the English papers to-day. You know Heriot met his fate about a year ago, and now she has followed him. What a sweet creature she was. I remember you used to be so intimate with them, though I never was."

"Is she dead?" sadly responded the Colonel. "Well, if ever there was a saint on earth, she was one." After pausing to collect himself and steady his voice, he called his wife, and told her the sad news. Seeing how deeply it had affected her, when she became calmer he asked her to listen to something he had never told her, "a secret, Nell, that had to be kept, even from you."

"Perhaps you remember, Scott, the night you and I once spent in the guard-room in a certain city by the sea. I was on duty and you lounged in to keep me company on the last night of the old year. We quarreled over Nellie here, and I made a fool of myself, I think."

"I remember it well, and excuse me, old fellow, if I agree with you in your estimate of yourself on that occasion. I was half asleep; but this I know, you

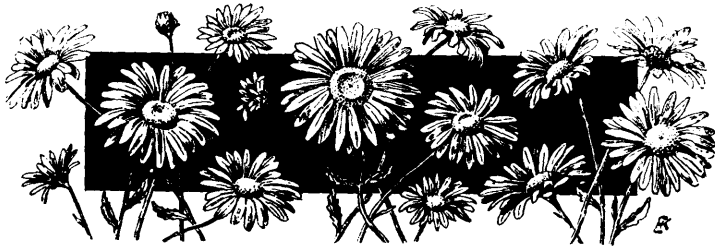
were all fire and fury until the guard was turned out, but you came back as uplifted as possible, all sweetness in speaking of the women you had been raging against; and I recollect also, now that you recall it, you had a look in your eyes that I could never account for, unless the spirit of the old year put in a bodily appearance and startled you."

"No, Scott, I had neither ghostly nor celestial visitors that night, but I had a vision of a fair woman, and as it

can injure no one now that husband and wife have passed away, I will tell you about it."

So, in the hushed interlude, the simple tale was told, of how a brave soul rode out in the storm to save the man she loved from the disgrace of neglect of duty—neglect caused by weak indulgence in drink, from the slavery of which his wife's noble act soon won him, so that he became, before he died a soldier's death, a true and steadfast man.

C. F.



EASTER SONG.

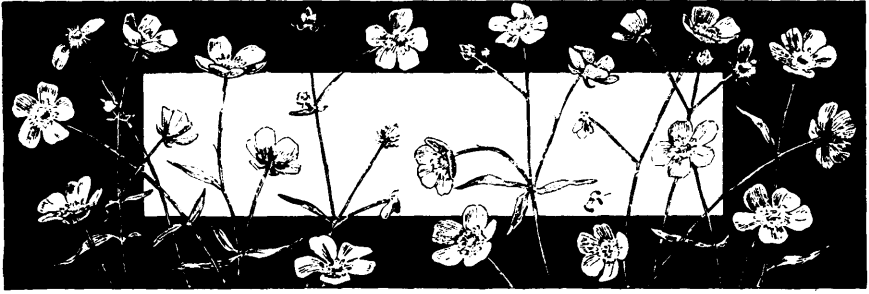
THE shrunken snowheap lies aghast,
 Beneath the drenching April rain,
 Whose crystal droplets kiss the pane,
 While soft winds moan the window past.

The pools increase in the meadow dips,
 The freshets dash adown the vales,
 The crusted winter's dying wails
 Declare an end to the cold eclipse.

And the white light breaks from the white spring sky,
 With life for the winter-cradled buds
 Which burst to bathe in its silver floods,
 And rise, new born, no more to die.

So break, my soul, thy winter's sleep
 To bathe in the pure, immortal light
 That ever shines upon the Right;
 No more to doubt; no more to weep.

John T. Bryan.



“THE MILLIONTH WOMAN.”

SO much has been spoken and written about the proper character and scope of woman's work, that anything which may be added seems not only trite but unnecessary. Most of the opinions expressed, excepting those of women connected altogether with the press, are the dicta of men—in some instances of humourists, who provide for the daily papers what are by courtesy received as witticisms. The women who are most deeply interested in the subject lack the opportunity of formulating or publishing their ideas. Moreover, the question of woman's right to earn her own living in her own way has been too often confounded with the question of her exercise of the franchise. The only excuse, then, for adding a single word to the discussion, is that the subject has been treated for the most part by those who see only one side of it, or who fail to recognize its true bearing and seriousness.

In considering the question one must regard it from two standpoints, the economic and the sentimental.

From the economic standpoint it is objected to the admission of women into any and every occupation :

1. That the entrance of women into fields of labour, hitherto foreign to them, will crowd out men who are the sole breadwinners for large and helpless families.

2. That women who might remain at home to be supported by father, brother or other male relations, will be tempted into the ranks of workers ;

and will thus, by increasing competition, injure the chances of those of their own sex who depend for their livelihood upon their own exertions.

3. That not only will some who need employment be deprived of it, but too great competition will, by glutting the market, lower the standard of wages.

Do those who raise the first objection stop to reflect that if all girls were educated to support themselves, much of the strain of anxiety would be removed from every father of healthy, intelligent daughters ? He would feel the absolute necessity laid upon him of providing for his wife alone ; since all the able-bodied members of his family had been furnished with means of sustaining themselves. Many a young man would be relieved of the terrible responsibility of caring for a host of female relatives, most of them better able to work than himself ! By training every woman to self-dependence, the financial pressure upon the male worker would be lightened rather than increased.

The thought of the large number of unmarried women dependent upon male relatives suggests a reason for the second fear, which, however, may be proved as groundless as the first. Conceding, as all must do, that domestic arrangements call for the supervision, if not the entire attention, of the women of the household, one is obliged, also, to admit that in many houses, especially where servants are kept, there is not enough of such work to engage the en-

ergy of all the daughters and sisters. According to the theory of the economist, no idlers should be recognized; but we see thousands in the enjoyment of an "unearned increment." Would it be considered fitting in a young country like ours that five or six sons should remain idle, in dependence upon their father's hard-earned money, were he thrice a millionaire? What, then, should we think did sons remain at home, subsisting upon a miserable pittance, the obtaining of which was tracing each day a new furrow on their father's brow? And many a man, far from wealthy, has six or seven daughters and no sons. Those who fear that competition of the daughters of the well-to-do will be injurious to the prospects of the daughters of poorer men forget that, instead of being limited and exhaustible, work grows with the increasing number of those who engage in it. Furthermore, the over-crowding of one industry will drive workers into hitherto unsought fields. Since no objection has ever been made to the employment of women in certain kinds of work, though they may have comfortable homes, it is evident that the second fear is due in a great measure to the prejudice of custom. No one ever fears a glut of the labour market when the daughters of wealthy farmers enter domestic service. One also observes that the cry comes not from the women who are actually dependent upon their own exertion, but from men or from women who are not themselves wage-earners.

The third objection indicates a more serious and imminent danger. In many industries wages have noticeably decreased. But it may be that the influx of female labour and the lowering of wages mark nothing but a mere coincidence. It will be found that skill has even now its price. Investigation shows that, as a rule, only indifferent work receives scanty remuneration. Competition assuredly raises the demand for skill; skill involves preparation; preparation means expenditure of time, strength, and usually of money; the price of an article is determined by the cost of its

reproduction; it is, therefore, evident that until a "royal road" is found in preparation for the life work, there cannot, according to economic principles, be any material lowering of the price paid for the finished product—skilled labour.

On the sentimental side there are advanced numerous objections, which, appealing to the emotions rather than to the reason, find a ready hearing. By many it is believed:

1. That the essentially feminine characteristics will be injured or even destroyed by contact with an unsympathetic world.

2. That the physical constitution of woman is unequal to the strain of constant employment and the anxiety of competition.

3. That the facilities afforded women for entering a more exciting and remunerative sphere will, by fostering unnatural ambition, destroy their native love for that world which has ever seemed peculiarly their own.

In the essentially feminine traits which are regarded with especial solicitude may be included reserve, capacity for devotion, love of all that is beautiful and good, and a passion for making and keeping a home. No right-minded person but would grieve to see these destroyed! May it not be, however, that there would be affected only the false modesty, the superstition which prostrates itself before domestic juggernauts, the belief that the world is bounded by one's own limitations?

Is work which necessitates regularity, punctuality, obedience and self-forgetfulness, more likely to destroy true womanliness than a round of amusement which, besides fostering self-consciousness and a love of emulation and display, leads to irregularity of rest and diet and frequent absence from home? Is the temper more apt to be soured by a regular routine of congenial work than by a domesticity which, not unfrequently, tends to alternate states of boredom and anxiety? Are women who are "out in the world" likely to encounter worse phases of social life than those which are made the subject

of open comment in the drawing-rooms of some of those carefully-cherished ladies who are presumably shielded from everything evil and unpleasant? Are women who earn their own living exposed to greater temptation or more prone to yield to it than leaders in certain circles of society, whose standard of womanly integrity has made their names a by-word?

Having claimed, thus that there is little likelihood of moral injury, one may as confidently assert the entire improbability that the physical suffers more than the moral nature. The bodily exertion of a clerk, type-writer, teacher, lawyer, or doctor, is surely much less than that of the busy woman who does all the washing, ironing, cooking, sweeping, dusting and mending for half-a-dozen persons. As regards mental strain, is that felt by the business woman at all comparable with that experienced by many a harassed housewife, who often longs, like Mrs. Strong of Zangwill's novel, “to throw up the position?” Even a woman of fashion in the pursuit of pleasure undergoes far greater physical discomfort and mental distress than the average wage-earner.

Unattractive as may appear this vision of domestic burdens, the third fear is quite unnecessary. Until human nature is greatly modified by evolution or revolution we shall be spared the horrible spectacle of a world completely given up to a “Shrieking Sisterhood,” clad in hideous garments and pursued by the Nemesis of uncooked dinners and unmended hose. Nay, rather, it is in the interest of family affection and for the preservation of

domestic happiness, whose holy of holies is believed to be bounded by a golden circlet, that women should be made capable of self-support. All acknowledge that the needs of modern existence are urgent and manifold. Unfortunate and deplorable as this may be, it remains a fact. These needs must be supplied. Is it likely to emphasize the sacramental character of marriage that it is too often entered upon merely as a means of gratifying the material wants which a high social pressure begets? The fact that women are no longer obliged to wed or starve may result in a nobler standard of choice. Men will be forced to a higher plane if they would satisfy women not in search of homes. Feminine devotion will be strengthened, not weakened, when women forsake material advantage, proud independence and cherished ambition to be what God intended—helps meet for men. Sympathy with the bread-winner of the household cannot but be deeper and truer when a woman knows by experience exactly what are the annoyances of business life.

On the other hand, when they have some interest in the outside world there will be fewer disappointed women whose lives are empty of all living interest and barren of even the pleasures of memory; the term “Old Maid” will have lost its only sting, which has been the suggestion of uselessness and loneliness; the “Millionth Woman” will be no longer one of “superfluous herds,” but one of a benevolent and beneficent sisterhood of service.

Dorothea Dale.





A LONE LAKELET IN MUSKOKA (ONT.)

FROM A PHOTO.

VICTORIA DAY.

THE celebration of Her Majesty's diamond jubilee by making the 24th of May a holiday in perpetuity under the name of Victoria Day, was first proposed in "The Canadian Magazine" for October, at the suggestion of the writer, and since then it appears that a somewhat similar suggestion has been made in England by Sir John Lubbock. The idea has received considerable attention in the newspapers, and seems to be the most feasible and the most fitting from a national point of view, and the most popular of the schemes laid before the public.

Many of the proposals have much merit, but from their philanthropic aspects are adapted rather to private than to national enterprise. Others are impracticable as involving the expenditure of large sums of money on museums and art galleries which would be of benefit rather to those of æsthetic tastes than to the public generally; while others, again, are fanciful, of which the suggestion to have the Canadian Parliament beg Her Majesty to further burden her declining years with the title of Queen of Canada is a fair example. Some clamour for speech-making and processions on the 21st of June; but these are things that last but for a moment. If they are desirable at all, then they might occur on each succeeding 24th of May, not only while the Queen lives, but during the time when her name shall be but a memory.

It is impossible to realize the loss there will be to our athletic and sporting interests generally which the absence of the May holiday will bring about; and the necessity of taking steps for its preservation, when such an excellent opportunity affords, should not be lost sight of. Every small boy is interested in the proposal, for as their fathers shouted:

"Hip, hip, hurrah,
For the Queen's Birthday!
If you don't give us a holiday,
We'll all run away,"

it would be hardly fair to deny their sons the privilege.

The present Parliament by legisla-

tion on the subject can endear its memory to lads of the twentieth century, and it may yet be known among them as "The Good Parliament."

There is no form of celebration which so appeals to young and old, rich and poor, as a holiday in early summer, and there can be no better method of keeping before posterity the great advances and the enormous progress during Her Majesty's reign than by establishing, as a perpetual holiday in Canada, Victoria Day.

It will be a lasting and pleasing memorial of our close relationship with the Mother Country, and of our share in the Greater Britain, which has been built in the last sixty years, as well as a tribute to the womanly qualities of her whom it is thus proposed to honour.

While Victoria Day would be as lasting as bronze or marble, it adds nothing to the national expense. It does not add even an extra holiday, until after such time as a new sovereign shall have ascended the throne. No distribution of political patronage or public funds would be entailed by the adoption of the idea by the nation. It would afford our children and ourselves a holiday at the most fitting season of the year for outdoor festivities; it would hand down the name of the greatest Queen-mother that the world has ever seen to a posterity that must be greatly benefited by the good that she has accomplished in her day and generation; and it would mark an age in the world's history which is akin to "the Golden Age," in which science and literature, art and commerce have made a progress too great to be, at present, properly estimated, and in which the doctrine of the brotherhood of man has come most nearly to realization.

The proposal will undoubtedly come up during the present session of the Dominion Parliament, and it is to be hoped that a statute fixing the 24th of May as a perpetual holiday under the title of "Victoria Day" will be passed.

G. E. McCraney.

CURRENT THOUGHTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

FOR the past year the Eastern Question has overshadowed all Europe, and even America has watched its development with much interest. The point to be borne in mind in all discussions of this question is that the five great powers of Europe are convinced that the forcible intervention of any one of these in Turkey would cause the dismemberment of that weak State, and that to divide the spoil satisfactorily would require a general European war. That Great Britain fears such a war, or, at least is not ready for it, is clearly proven by the refusal of Her Majesty's Government to, single-handed, coerce the wicked Sultan. It has consented to stand by and witness Armenian massacres which have curdled the blood of Christian peoples, and to watch without aiding the game struggles of the Greeks, which brought temporary hope to not a few. In spite of the strong imprecations of a united Christian press, in spite of an adverse desire on the part of the English-speaking people, the British Government has clung to the European concert, and refused to face the results of an armed coercion. As a result the Christian inhabitants of Turkey are still unprotected and Crete is still an island of sorrows and lamentations.

To go back to the 26th of August. On that day twenty-five Armenians raided the Ottoman Bank at Constan-

tinople, and five of them were killed and five wounded; but their rash project in behalf of a suffering Christian people led to a massacre of some 6,000 Christians in that misgoverned city. Further, it caused an increased distrust of Great Britain among the nations of Europe, gave great power to the crack-brained Assassin that misrules at Constantinople, and precipitated further trouble in Crete. For a time it seemed that all Europe was to be armed against Great Britain, and that Britannia's supremacy was at last to be put to the test. Lord Rosebery declared that "there was a fixed and resolute agreement on the part of the Great Powers of Europe, all of them, or nearly all of them, to resist by force any single-handed intervention by England in the affairs of the East."

On November 9th Lord Salisbury made a speech in which he practically told the Continent that they might hold Great Britain in check, but that she would not conciliate the Great Powers by "splendid renunciations," that "Her Majesty's Government did not see in the present problems of the East any cause either for abandoning the policy which had hitherto been pursued, or for relinquishing a single acre of land that they at present occupied." Thus were allayed any doubts that France might have had with regard to an evacuation of Egypt, and that nation learned that the land of the Nile was to be given up only under

a pressure which she (France) could not hope to bring to bear. The French people at once accepted this statement and the meaning that was apparently intended.

The Czar visited England and France, but it seems doubtful if anything was gained beyond perhaps a better understanding of each nation's position. The prospect of an armed continent against Great Britain faded slowly away as the last months of the year passed. There were no events to mark this with any certainty, but the course of diplomatic intercourse appeared to be more smooth, and the continental press became less and less aggressive and insulting. Yet there was no hope that Russia intended to change her policy and assist in reforming the East. Her policy was seemingly less hostile, but it had not wholly veered round to the British view.

With the opening of February, came a fresh outbreak in Crete. Last year, the Concert proposed certain reforms in the Island which the Sultan accepted. There was to be an international *gendarmerie* under the control of a European officer, whose duty it would be to see that the Christian two-thirds of the population lived peaceably with the Mohammedan one-third. The towns were the scenes of massacres, and the Christians, who are less numerous there, seem to have had the worst of it. At any rate, anarchy was restored before the Concert's reforms had been well carried out. On February 7th, the Greek fleet was sent to Crete, and on February 13th, King George's aide-de-camp, Colonel Vassos, landed near Canea, with 2,000 troops. He is now entrenched in the central part of the Island. The towns are at present occupied by the troops of the Concert, and their war-vessels are blockading the ports. King George and the Greeks are ready for war against Turkey on the mainland, and Colonel Vassos floats his flag defiantly in the centre of Crete.

Great Britain still clings loyally to the Concert, at least her Government does, and the people praise, doubt or

blame according to their varying point of view. She has laboured long to preserve peace, and to bring the nations of Europe to view Turkish misrule as she views it. It is undoubtedly because progress has been made in this direction that Lord Salisbury clings to the Concert, even when his sympathy is with Greece. He has succeeded in getting the Concert, and therefore Turkey, to agree to a form of autonomy for Crete, but this Greece refuses to accept, declaring that as Crete has asked for union with Greece, the cry cannot, in the interests of humanity, be disregarded.

To sum up, it would seem that for over a year, Lord Salisbury, backed up as he must be by the best opinion in Great Britain, has laboured hard to bring the European Concert to settle the Eastern Question by demanding and insisting upon immediate and radical reform in the Turkish dominions. At times, he has seemed to be on the point of failing, but again he seems to have almost gained what civilization, humanity and organized society are pressing him to demand. Greece has not been content to await this peaceful settlement, and has interfered by a raid which must seemingly result as did that ill-timed and ill-judged attack in South Africa. Whether there is a peaceful solution for this Eastern Question remains to be seen.



THE CANADIAN TARIFF.

The leading daily newspapers supporting Mr. Laurier have announced that Canada is to have very much the same tariff under Liberal rule as under Conservative, and that means that we are to have no tariff reduction at present. Since 1878, Canada's tax on imported goods, such as were taxed, has averaged between thirty and thirty-five per cent. This is to be maintained.

The session of the Dominion Parliament which opened last week will, therefore, be rather unimportant. A new railway policy, some minor changes in the tariff, and a great deal of useless

talking will be the main features. The Manitoba School Question is settled, and it is not likely that any serious discussion will take place in this country until after the Ablegate sent by the Pope to investigate the merits of the Settlement shall have made his report to Rome, and the same shall have been there considered. At present the Settlement settles, and Rome's decision is the only power which is likely to bring back the School Question into the arena of party politics. Perhaps the politic course for Rome to pursue would be to give the question "the six months' hoist" as soon as the Ablegate has reported. Otherwise there will be a storm in Canada, the consequences of which would not be pleasant.

But to return to the tariff. The Toronto *Globe* of March 24th gives some reasons why the Liberal party has seen fit to change from a tariff reform to a protection policy. That important Liberal journal points out that to reduce the duties on goods coming into Canada from the United States without any corresponding reduction by the latter country would be a poor bargain; that several attempts have been made to induce the authorities at Washington to negotiate a new reciprocity treaty, but without success; that there is only one way to convince the United States that free-trade on the North American continent would be beneficial to them, and that is by allowing them to "obtain that conviction through the logic of events, and especially by perceiving that the more they raise the wall against us the more they throw us upon our own resources and drive external trade into another channel where it is altogether likely to remain."

The Liberals thus declare that their recent efforts to negotiate a treaty at Washington have failed, and that they as a party have reached the point where the true Britisher quits, and waits for the other person concerned to say or do something. They avow their allegiance to Canada and Canadian interests, declare that the welfare of Canada's industrial life is their first concern, and that they will not humble the pride of

this young nation before any foreign power, however great. They uphold their free-trade views, but declare that the ideal trade relations cannot be obtained so long as other countries with which Canada does the bulk of her trading declare themselves adverse. Surely, this view may be considered both reasonable and practical.

At first sight, this change of tariff policy may seem to make the Liberal and Conservative parties identical. True, they will be more alike than the two corresponding parties in the United States, but not more alike than those in Great Britain. There still remains the difference in party sentiment, in party organization, and in historical associations. These will be sufficient to keep them apart and to preserve the present system of party government. Both are alike now, in that neither has any possible ground for denying that the other does not believe in "Canada First."



SHOULD OUR LITERATURE BE CANADIAN?

At the recent literary banquet in Toronto, one of the speakers remarked that he was not in favour of cultivating a Canadian literature, nor a Canadian art, but he approved of the cultivation of literature and art. The meaning to be attached to this statement is, apparently, that our literature and our art should be tested, tried and proven by the standards of the world rather than by any standards which we ourselves might erect, that there should be no narrow provincialism in our literary and artistic productions, but that we should be cosmopolitan in style, quality and matter.

This idea is hardly feasible. In the first place, we have a history which differs very materially from that of any other nation. We have a share in the history of Great Britain of the early and middle ages; but since the sixteenth century we have an addendum distinctly our own. It influences our lives, our thoughts and our institutions, and, consequently, it influences the literature

produced in this country; and just so far as it does this, we have a literature which, by reason of its special character, must be designated Canadian.

In the second place, the people of Canada differ from the people of any other country in the world. The fisherman, the lumberman, and the agriculturist of the maritime Provinces, the habitant and the mill hand of Quebec, the scientist farmer of Ontario, the rough-and-ready trader and adventurer of the North West—are these duplicated in any other place in the world? Their modes of life, their standards of living, their habits and general characteristics mark them out as a separate and a peculiar people.

Again, nature presents to the people of Canada a face which is unlike the face she presents to any other of the world's nations. The pine, the maple, the beaver—are not these exclusively ours? Other nations may have flowers and trees and animals, but they are not Canadian; they may have an autumn of their own, but they can never have one similar or equal to ours; they may have rivers and lakes, but they have no Canadian rafts and Canadian canoes. If nature, then, differs in these respects, how can the Canadian representation of her and her glories be the same as the representation by the master hands of another nation?

If a Canadian travels on the trains that run through the United States he can easily select from his unknown travelling companions any individual from Canada. Even in the districts of the United States, where Canadians are often found, the residents of the United States will very quickly pick out one of these "invaders from the north." Education, history, natural conditions and mode of life have made the Canadians a peculiar people, and as a consequence the literature of that people must also be peculiar; for literature is but a reflection and a criticism of the life of the people by whom it is produced.

It is doubtful whether we have a Canadian literature as yet. We have a

number of histories, poems and pieces of fiction which could not have been written outside of Canada; but we have a still greater number of poems and novels that might have been written anywhere in the French or English-speaking worlds. Literature rests on tradition and on the books of past ages; consequently, for some time to come, Canada's literature must rest upon the traditions and books of France and Great Britain, and Canadian authors must continue to draw inspiration from Shakespere, Milton, Carlyle, Scott and Dickens; from Madame de Stael, Chateaubriand, Hugo, Dumas and George Sand. But as time goes on, the literature produced in this country will grow less and less like that of any other country, though still resembling all of them.

We will then have a Canadian literature, although our standard of style, quality, excellence, must always be the standard of the world's best literary work. While thus producing something distinctively our own, it must be fully equal in quality, though different in matter, to that produced by other nations. No writing that is Canadian must be called Canadian literature unless in quality it is equal to the writings of the world's best authors. Our anxiety to have something exclusively our own must not lead us to be satisfied with anything that is second-class.

And what has been said of literature must also be true of art.



IMPERIAL HONOURS.

But three living Canadians hold peerages of the British realm: Lord Aylmer, of Melbourne, Quebec; Rt. Hon. Lady Macdonald, of Earnslcliffe, widow of the late Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, of Earnslcliffe, Ottawa, Ont.; and Lord Mount-Stephen, formerly of Montreal, now of Brockett Hall, Hartfield, Herts, England. Lord Aylmer is the seventh baron of a peerage created in 1718 in Ireland. Lady Macdonald and Lord Mount-Stephen received their honours in 1891.

There has been one "Canadian Peer" since 1880, the only Canadian hereditary title existing. This is borne by Charles Comor Grant, seventh Baron de Longueuil, who succeeded to the honour in 1879. His present residence is at Birchwood, Pitlochry, Scotland.

There are five Canadian baronets: Sir William Johnson (4th baronet) of St. Matthias, near Montreal; Sir Frederick Arnold Robinson (3rd baronet) of Toronto; Sir William Rose (2nd baronet), now living at 18 St. James' Square, London, England; Sir Charles James Stuart, son of the late Chief Justice Stuart, of Lower Canada, now resident at 98 Eaton Square, London, Eng.; and Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, of Ottawa.

Of Knights, we possess twenty-nine, of which the following is a correct list: Sir John Campbell Allen, Fredericton; Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Belleville; Sir Roderick William Cameron, Staten Island, New York; Hon. Sir John Carling, London; Sir A. P. Caron, Ottawa; Hon. Sir R. J. Cartwright, Kingston; Sir Louis E. N. Casault, Quebec; Hon. Sir J. Adolphe Chapleau, Quebec; Hon. Sir Henry P. L. Crease, Victoria; Sir J. William Dawson, Montreal; Hon. Sir Thomas Galt, Toronto; Sir James A. Grant, Ottawa; Col. Sir Casimir S. Gzowski, Toronto; Sir Arthur L. Haliburton, London, Eng.; Sir Joseph Hickson, Montreal; Sir William H. Hingston, Montreal; Sir William P. Howland, Toronto; Sir Henri G. Joly De Lotbiniere, Ottawa; Sir Alexander Lacoste, Montreal; Sir Hector L. Langevin, Quebec; Sir James M. Lemoine, Quebec; Sir William Ralph Meredith, Toronto; Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat, Toronto; Sir Donald A. Smith, Montreal; Hon. Sir Frank Smith, Toronto; Hon. Sir Samuel Henry Strong, Ottawa; Sir Joseph William Trutch, Victoria; Hon. Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, Ottawa; Sir William C. Van Horne, Montreal.

In the Companionship, we have twenty-six persons: J. G. Bourinot, Major-Gen. D. R. Cameron, Lieut.-Col. Brown Chamberlin, J. G. Colmer, Col. John Geo. Dartnell, Geo. M. Dawson, Hon. C. E. B. De Boucherville, Major H. G.

Elliot, Hector Fabre, Sandford Fleming, Lieut.-Col. John Fletcher, Hon. J. R. Gowan, W. H. Griffin, M. B. Irvine, Major-Gen. S. T. J. Jarvis, T. C. Keefer, Hon. W. McDougall, Lt.-Col. A. McEachren, A. B. Milne, Surgeon-Gen. H. T. Reade, Surgeon-Major Gen. John By Cole Reade, Major-Gen. C. W. Robinson, Collingwood Schreiber, A. R. C. Selwyn and Vice-Admiral E. W. Vansittart.

Any reader desiring fuller information concerning any one of the foregoing honourable persons will find it in the "Canadian Parliamentary Companion, 1897," edited by J. A. Gemmill, and published by J. Durie & Son, Ottawa.



LEGISLATIVE COUNCILLORS.

Section 69 of the British North America Act enacts that the Legislature of Ontario shall consist of the Lieutenant-Governor and of One House; there is therefore no legislative council. Prince Edward Island has an elective legislative council which it has several times tried to abolish. Manitoba abolished its legislative council in 1876, and British Columbia dispensed with a similar organization when she entered the Dominion in 1871. New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Quebec still have Crown-appointed legislative councils.

On May 20th, 1896, at a meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, J. G. Bourinot, C. M. G., LL. D., read a paper on "The Constitution of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia," which has now been published. He gives a historical review of this, the oldest legislative body in Canada, and shows the legal and constitutional conditions under which its members hold office. The work done in this direction, by Mr. Bourinot, is important, as showing that—in his view—there is but one way of abolishing the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia.

He finds three well-defined periods in the constitutional history of Nova Scotia:

1. From 1719 to 1758, when the governor and council, with executive

and legislative powers, alone carried on the government.

2. From 1758 until 1838, when the government was in the hands of a governor, a council with legislative and executive functions, and an assembly elected by the people.

3. From 1838 to 1867, when the government was entrusted to a governor, an executive council, a legislative council and an assembly; and the province obtained the concession of responsible government.

During the first two periods, the members of the legislative council could not be dismissed or suspended arbitrarily or without cause. The Crown, through the governors, kept the right of the councillors intact, and they held office during the pleasure of the Crown. The power of suspension or dismissal was in reserve, though seldom exercised.

During the third period, the theory was, at first, practically the same, but "there had grown up a sentiment in the maritime provinces, with the desire for responsible and self-government, that legislative councils should have such guarantees of stability as had been given by statute to the members of the councils in Canada." That is, the legislative councillors should hold office for life (*i.e.*, good behaviour), and not at the sovereign's pleasure. New Brunswick Legislative Council had asked for the same privilege in 1844, and Lord Stanley had replied on 23rd of August, 1844, to the effect that Her Majesty had not seen fit to accede to the request. Nova Scotia asked for the privilege in 1845, and it was practically granted by the Colonial Secretary of the day, Lord Stanley—afterwards the Earl of Derby, Premier of England—in a despatch to Lord Falkland. He concluded his communication by saying: "We think that the same or similar rules ought to be introduced into Nova Scotia, as a necessary accompaniment of the proposed alteration in the tenure of the office of a legislative councillor. On these terms your lordship will understand that Her Majesty would be prepared to accede

to the suggested change in that tenure."

This change was duly acknowledged by the Nova Scotia Legislative Council in an address to the Lieutenant-Governor in 1846, and from that date a legislative councillor held his office for life, subject to the rules laid down with respect to disqualification for bankruptcy, crime, and non-attendance.

Mr. Bourinot thus reaches the conclusion that as, since the B. N. A. Act of 1867, the Nova Scotia Legislature (lieutenant-governor, council and assembly), is the only power that can alter the constitution of that province (sec. 92, sub-sec. 1, and *Hodge vs. The Queen*, Appeal Cases 117), it alone has the power to abolish the legislative council of the province; and that even the Crown cannot, under existing law, accomplish the abolition. Under these circumstances, it would seem that the Nova Scotia Legislative Council will remain in existence until such time as it may see fit to abolish itself.



EXCESSIVE NEWSPAPER AND NOVEL READING.

A man of great intellectual vigour declared not long ago that he had foresworn newspaper and novel reading and taken up the stiffest kind of metaphysics, because he found he was losing the habit of prolonged attention. Too much newspaper and novel reading had begun to show their evil effects, writes Hamilton M. Mabie in *Current Literature*. It is a serious question whether the ability to hold the mind to one line of thought has not been diminished by the inconsequence and frivolity of too much of the matter which appears in the average newspaper. As a rule, men who do serious intellectual work give a very limited amount of time to the newspaper, and read novels—apart, of course, from the masterpieces—as a recreation. Brightness, cleverness and quickness are very entertaining when one is dealing in a discursive fashion with a variety of unrelated subjects; but when it comes to real grappling

"HE CRAVES A CHANGE OF FARE."

(A Cartoon by S. Hunter.)



MR. CONSTANT READER:—"Well, 'pon my word, I am getting a little bit weary of fowl for breakfast, dinner and supper for a straight month."

with any question or subject one ounce of concentration is worth a pound of versatility.

This is one reason why so few people relatively read the great books. With such uncalculated resources within reach it seems strange that the half-dozen of books of the first class should remain closed to an innumerable company who have only to put out their hands to possess them. The explanation lies in the fact that these great books make certain demands on their readers, and that the great majority of those who read are not willing to put forth any energy. They do not expect to co-operate with a writer; they expect to be diverted or carried along by him.

Nothing which goes below the surface of the mind awakens any response in them, because they have never developed the power of attention; or, if they have possessed it, they have lost it by too much desultory and discursive reading. Such readers have lost the faculty of following a line of thought.

The newspaper disperses attention, so to speak, over a wide field by presenting a great number of subjects on the same plane of interest; the average novel relieves the mind of any necessity of co-operating with the writer; it asks the reader to be entirely passive; to sit on a cushioned seat at the stern while another rows the boat. No wise man will leave his newspaper unread; and no man who cares for literature or who needs diversion will put the novel out of his library. The trouble with the newspaper is that we give it too much time; and the trouble with the novel is that it is generally

without literary quality, and that we read it too often. The great novels, being literature, cannot be read too frequently; they demand something of the reader; they do not pauperize him intellectually by giving without exacting a return. Readers who have accustomed themselves to habitual reading of inferior stories find Henry Esmond dull, and *The Cloister and the Hearth* prolix. To such readers, *Wilhelm Meister* and *On the Heights* are stretches of arid sand. They care for nothing which they cannot possess by merely glancing at the page.

John A. Cooper.

The title "BOOKS AND AUTHORS" is rendered in a highly decorative, gothic-style font. The word "BOOKS" is at the top left, "AND" is in the middle, and "AUTHORS" is at the bottom right. The letters are filled with intricate patterns and surrounded by elaborate flourishes. A small illustration of an open book is positioned below the word "BOOKS". The entire title is enclosed within a decorative, scroll-like border.

THE FORGE IN THE FOREST.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS' excellence does not lie in his creative faculty, although he can create. His poetry has shown his limitations in this respect. His merit, whatever its degree, lies rather in his careful artistic training. He has studied poetry and prose, with all their attendant arts. He chooses always the right word, the best phrase, the proper construction; not a detail of his work but receives the closest scrutiny. He polishes every sentence with the utmost care, and every piece of work is thus as finished and as smooth as a good workman can make it. But, to my mind, he lacks the power which marks out an epoch-making writer. He will always be one of a class—although a rather high class.

After I read his new book "The Forge in the Forest," I began to look up what the critics were saying so as to get my cue—I always do that. I found that *The Bookman* says:

"Let us give it a hearty welcome, and assure our readers that it is a story to shake the torpor from the brain and to keep the soul alive. It is charged with romance, and works like wine . . . he has written a story that will repeat itself in our dreams for many a long day. The 'Forge in the Forest' is destined to an enviable popularity."

Some time last summer this same New York publication, in speaking of two books by Roberts and Scott, took occasion to remark:

"We wonder how long the poets will be in finding out that qualities which make poets may not make dramatists or tellers of stories . . . 'Earth's Enigmas' and 'In the Village of Viger' are very well as experiments in prose . . . which amounts to saying: Let Professor Roberts and Mr. Scott keep to verse and continue to rejoice us."

What a change in one short year! What a stern unbending standard of criticism they must have in New York!

Yet perhaps the change in attitude is, to some extent, justifiable. "The Forge in the Forest" is the best piece of prose work that Charles G. D. Roberts has done—although that is not saying a great deal. His previous work possessed undoubted merit, but it was decidedly, undeniably flat. The drama, the intense feeling at a supreme moment, the tragedy of events were weakly handled. The themes were well chosen, the descriptions were magnificent, the colouring excellent—but there his power ended. In this new book, however, he seems to have overcome, to a small extent, this defect, this lack of power. Yet his description of "The Fight at Grand Pré" is exceedingly weak. M. J. Katzmann Lawson has given us a rather strong poetical picture of it; others have described it in all its details, and Roberts should have outdone them all. But he has failed. On the success of the attack might have rested some important step in the story, as there did on the Battle of the Plains of Abraham in the "Seats of the Mighty." But Roberts is not Parker, although they have similar weaknesses.

The story is laid in the stormy days of Acadian history, a few years before the unfortunate expulsion of the tempest-tossed Acadians. The hero is Seigneur de Briart, a man true to the French cause, and as chivalrous as the best Frenchman of the early eighteenth century. The scene of the story is laid in the region about Grand Pré and Blomidon, a district which is watered by the storied Gaspareau and its four sister streams. De Briart crossed a cunning priest, the Black Abbé, and as a consequence is led into some strange adventures. A fantastic madman called Grul gives a pleasing mysticism to certain of the events. The two English ladies introduced are very interesting.

On the whole, the book may be safely recommended as one of the best of recent Canadian novels. Mr. Roberts knows the district thoroughly and has added the historic and the place interests to a rather delightful romance. Canadians, especially, will appreciate his piece of painstaking work.

The New York *Independent* says that it "is a romance pure and simple, told with quaint grace and diction. The characters are, most of them, Acadian creoles, and the main incidents of the story have a pleasing, melodramatic effect. Mr. Roberts' skill as a tale-teller shows well in the handling of scenes which, if presented less cleverly, would have been too savagely bloody for the taste of refined readers." The New York *Sun* remarks: "Mr. Roberts has woven his materials into a very charming romance." The *Tribune* says: "He has a naïveté which argues inexperience in the writing of fiction like this, yet the story takes hold of the reader with the force of a much more mature production . . . following the instinct of the old masters he has sought to make his men real characters, and to wrap them all in the glamour of the Acadian Peninsula." These comments will give the reader an inkling of the opinions of book reviewers who, unlike those on *The Bookman*, had nothing to retract and consequently less likely to go to extremes.

The book has a rather pretty cover design, a useful map and seven full-page illustrations. The publisher, Wm. Briggs, Toronto, is to be congratulated on the excellence of his work.

J. A. C.



MISCELLANEOUS.

"Devil's Dice," by William Le Queux,* has its character fully indicated by its title. It is an English story, although opening in Paris, and deals with a great mystery in which a young man, while unconscious, is married to a woman who dies as the ceremony ends, a young millionaire is wounded by an unknown hand, and other equally startling events occur in rapid succession. Yet the story is exceedingly pleasing, the climax being well worked up and the reader's interest well sustained until the denouement is reached. The author's treatment of some strong happenings is such that they are neither forbidding nor ghoulish.

At times the sentiment is somewhat strained, as on the first page, where the teller of his life's story is made to say: "My gaze has been lost in the azure immensity of a woman's eyes." Again, the events are not always those most usual or most natural; but then the world has condoned these faults in Anthony Hope, and why not in William Le Queux? The story is written for the great body of novel readers, and most of them will find it enjoyable.



Australia is supposed to have bees that have no sting, birds that have no song, flowers without perfume, fruits without flavour, animals that bear their young outside, cuckoos that sing only at night, cherries that grow inside their

* Bell's Indian and Colonial Library. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

own stones, oysters that grow on trees, and trees that shed their bark instead of their leaves. To a great measure this is true, but not absolutely. Frederick S. Aflalo, in a recent work* on Australian natural history, states that "some of the birds sing remarkably well, some flowers are sweet smelling, some fruits of agreeable flavour, though of the majority in each case the verdict is unquestionably a just one. The animals do not bear their young in the pouch, but convey them to that convenient receptacle immediately after birth . . . finally, while the bark, and not the leaves, of Australian trees is deciduous, it is the thin outer bark only, and not the entire covering that peels off.

This book is extremely interesting, as an account of the natural history of "a fossil continent, a land which, long since cut off from the rest of the earth, has developed certain types of plants and animals peculiarly its own; a country that has now reached a stage of development at which, roughly speaking, Europe had already arrived centuries ago."

Its mammals are very extraordinary, being divided into three classes: 1. Placentals, including dingos, rodents, bats, dugongs, whales and seals; 2. Marsupials, including kangaroos, wallabies, opossums, koolas, flying squirrels, wombats, bandicoots, dasyures, pouched moles, etc.; 3. Monotremes, including the duck-billed platypus and the echidnas. The latter are the very lowest creatures in the mammalian scale, and the author thinks they will ultimately be classed separately. The birds, reptiles, batrachians, fishes and invertebrates are also fully described and scientifically classified. There are a number of helpful illustrations.



"Palladia," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser,† reminded me very much of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The dialogue is not so sparkling and quick-moving as that of Anthony Hope, but there is more soul in the tale. Palladia is a twenty-year-old princess, living in retirement in her father's castle, the old Schaumburg Schloss. Having arrived at years of maturity, her father, the Prince of Schaumburg, decides that she shall be married and betrothes her without her knowledge or consent. The Grand Duke of Carinthia is to be the bridegroom, he being in need of a wife at that time. A sudden, secret marriage—most romantic in its attendant circumstances—takes place at the castle, and is followed by a greater ceremony, a few weeks later, at the young Prince's castle at Sombrudja. After the ceremony, and while the wedding feast is in progress, a dynamite explosion shakes the palace, and Palladia's sister, the young Princess Saya, is fatally injured. These untoward events keep the newly-married pair apart, and there are strained relations. The young wife is taken south to recover from her shock, and finally visits England. Here her husband goes to bring her back, and, while there, is killed. Palladia returns to her late husband's dukedom and is put on trial as his murderer.

It is a striking story with many striking characters. Old Count Mouravieff and his sister Demetria are two arch schemers whose actions serve to bring out the undertones of Court life in small principalities. The Shah Jehaugire, a barbarian on a visit to England at the time of Palladia's stay there, adds the necessary light humour to a part of the story. Colonel Denzil, who has charge of the Eastern Prince, is to a great extent the hero of the book, although the author never allows him to overshadow Palladia.

There are some beautiful passages in the book, and the one at the close of Chapter V., where the author rebuts the idea that life is either a thread or a lake,

* A Sketch of the Natural History of Australia, with Some Notes on Sport, by F. G. Aflalo: Macmillan's Colonial Library; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

† Macmillan's Colonial Library; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

and explains that it is "a daily journey for daily bread and breath, for body's life—for soul's breath . . ." and then goes on to elucidate this fully by means of a beautiful simile. This passage impressed me more than anything that has come under my notice for a long time. It was artistic—grand—noble, and its author won my heart at once. There are many other parts equally strong, though much different in character, thus showing Mrs. Fraser to be no narrow artist.



"The History of The Holy Dead," by James M. Gray, D.D., Philadelphia, is published at 25 cents by the Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto.



"Hero Tales from Sacred Story,"* is the title of the Rev. Louis Albert Bank's latest book. It consists of a series of eighteen Bible stories, clothed in modern language so that they appeal very strongly to our nineteenth century sense of appreciation. Each story is complete in itself and are so entertainingly put that they cannot fail to attract and hold the attention of youthful readers, a fact which of itself ought to warrant for the book a warm reception. Under the heading "The Sword Captured from the Giant," we have the old story of David and Goliath, and the chapter entitled "A Mark for the Archers," contains the story of Joseph, and so on in this new and fascinating setting we have brought before our minds once more the familiar stories of the many noble and inspiring deeds from the time of Samson to the days of Paul.

The book is handsomely bound and illustrated, the cover design being by George Wharton Edwards, and the illustrations half-tone plates from famous modern paintings and sculpture.



Nemo.

THE MYSTERY OF A BOOK.

Many persons have read with interest Zangwill's "The Master." A friend who summered with me last season on the shores of Minas Basin, was reading the book. When about a third of it was read she deliberately said: "This book was written by Mr. Hutchinson" (a former missionary from Nova Scotia to India, and now residing in London). She had years ago read a book written by Mr. Hutchinson, published while he was in India. She declared the style and life quality of "The Master" to be markedly kindred with that of Mr. Hutchinson's book. The description, too, of the life and physical features about the northern shores of Minas Basin and Cobequid Bay she declared could have been written only by one personally familiar with them. Some weeks later, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia said to me: "Zangwill's Master was never written by an Englishman, for the 'swearing out of jail,' referred to in the story, was under a law peculiar to Nova Scotia. I have recently learned on trustworthy authority that Mr. George Hutchinson, the artist, resident in London, and a brother of the one-time missionary, visited Cobequid Bay last summer. He had with him a copy of "The Master" inscribed: "To my dear friend, George Hutchinson, from I. Zangwill." The illustrations of the book were supplied by him, and the work itself is supposed to be a history of George Hutchinson's own life. He left Nova Scotia when a lad, for London. But what about the first statement so deliberately made by the lady referred to above? Several psychological questions, in fact, suggest themselves.

T. H. R.

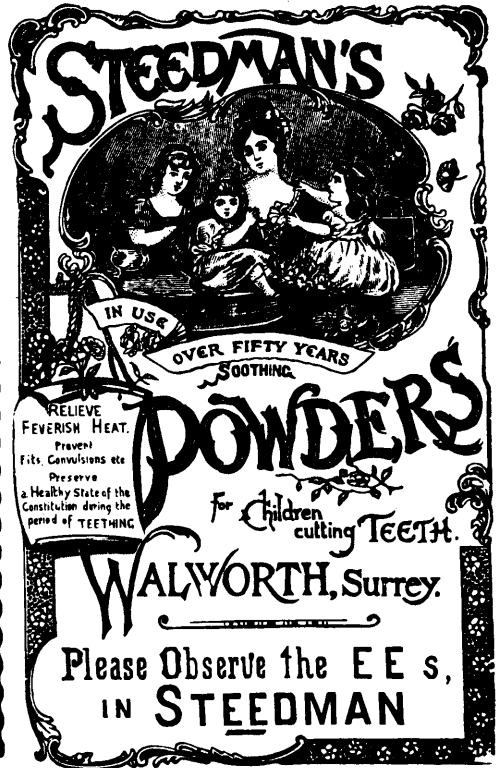
* "Hero Tales from Sacred Story," by Louis Albert Banks, D.D. 12 mo. cloth, illustrated, gilt top, 295 p.p. Price \$1.50. New York, London and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

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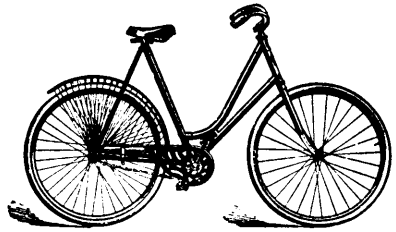
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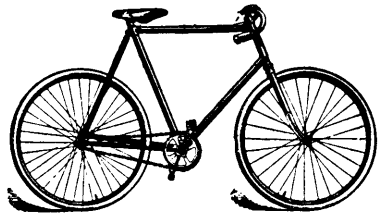
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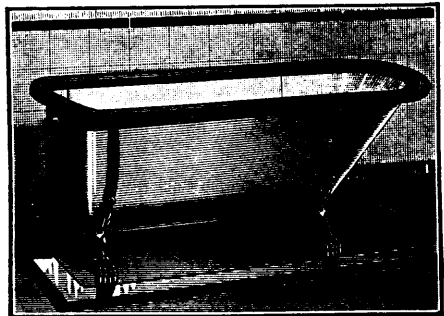
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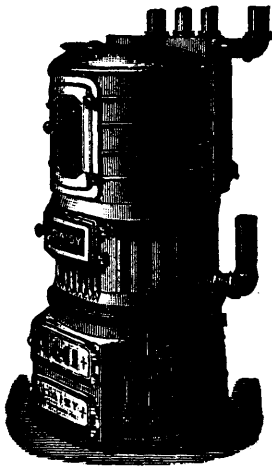
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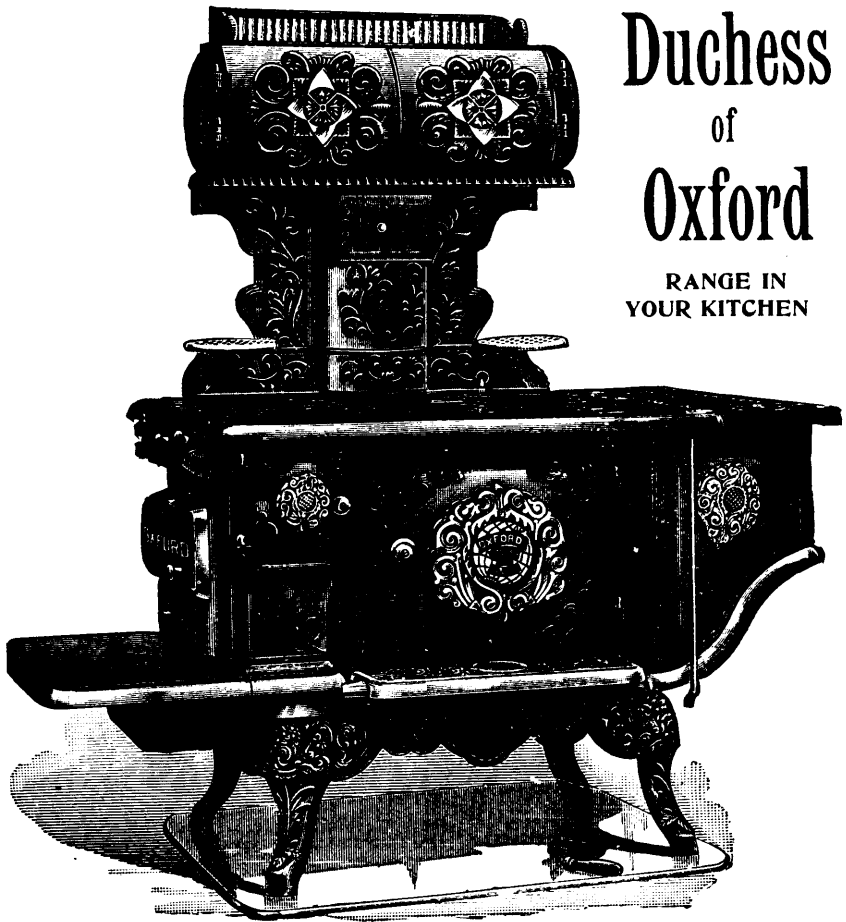
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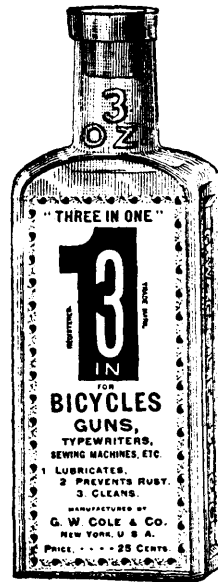


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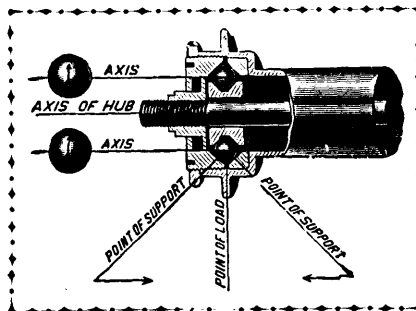
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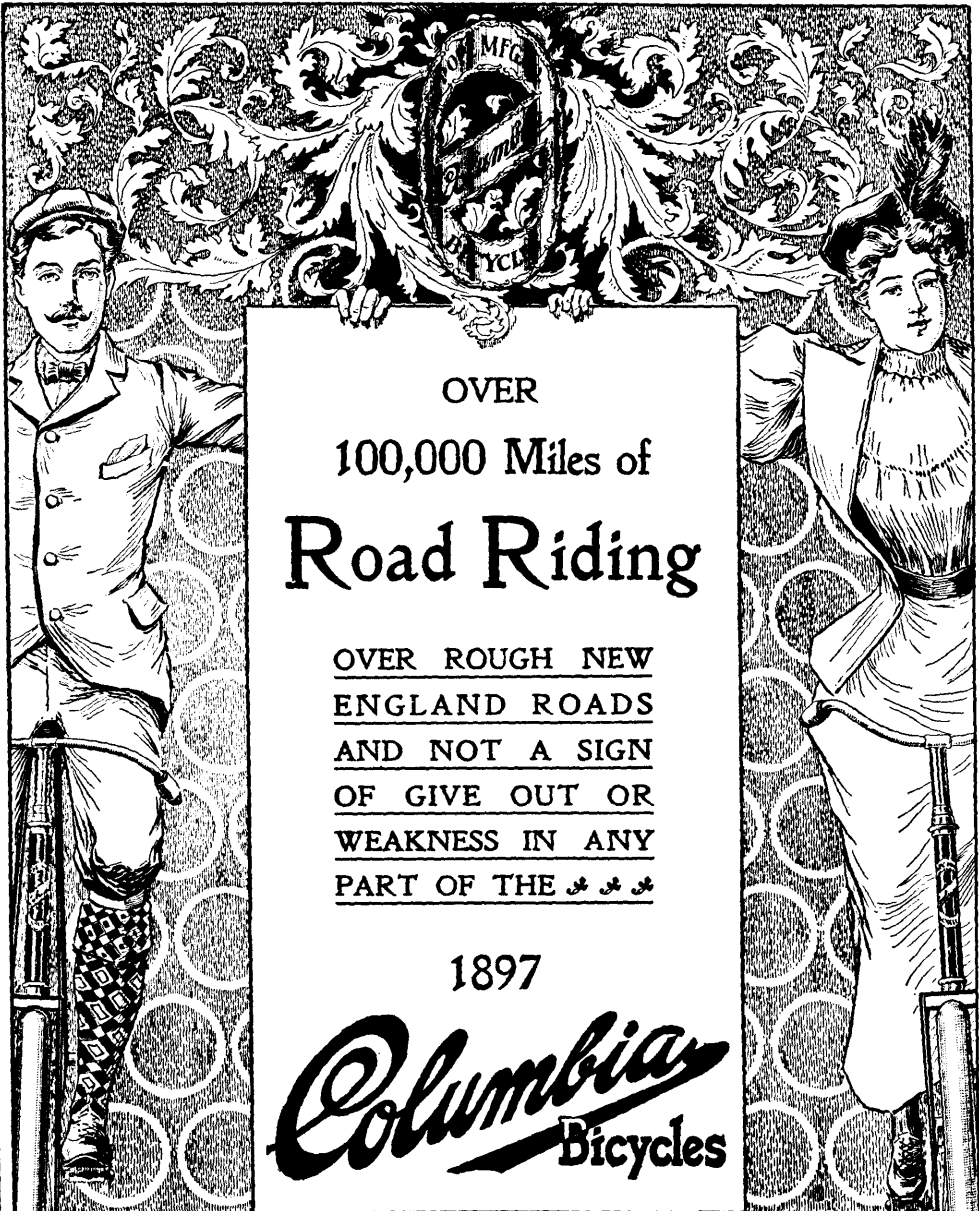


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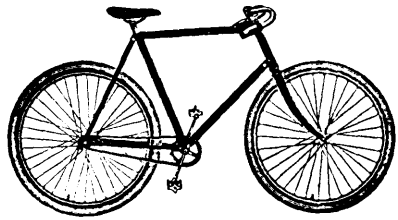
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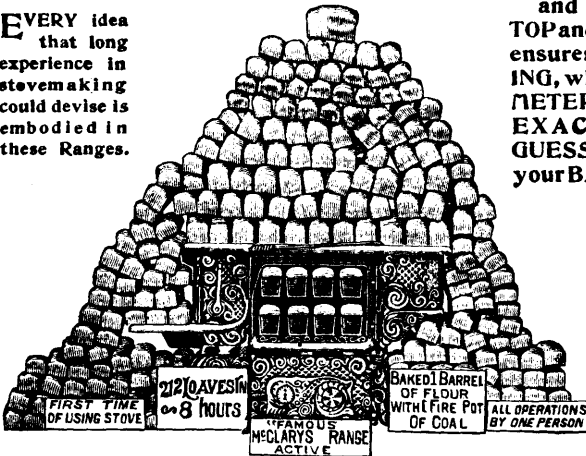
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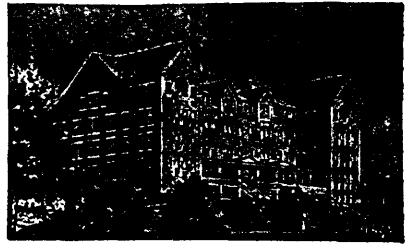
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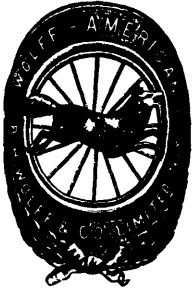


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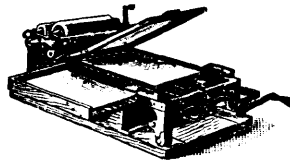
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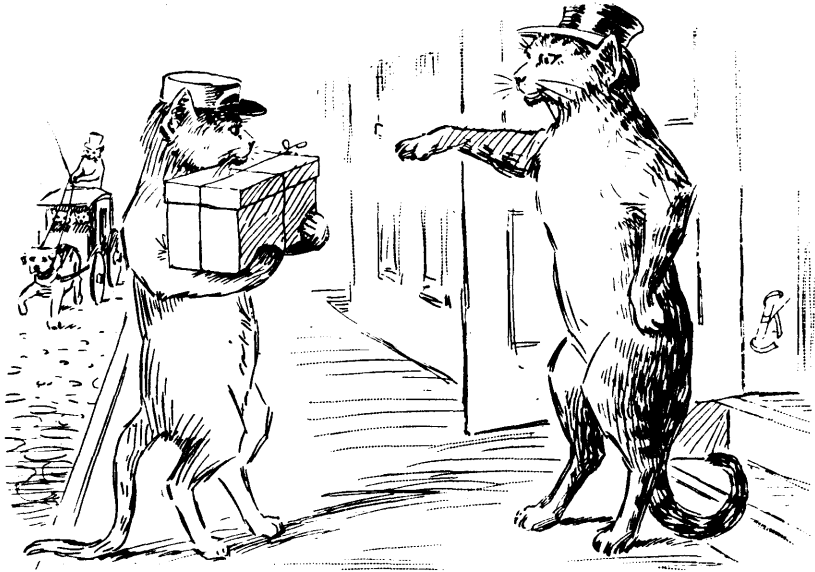
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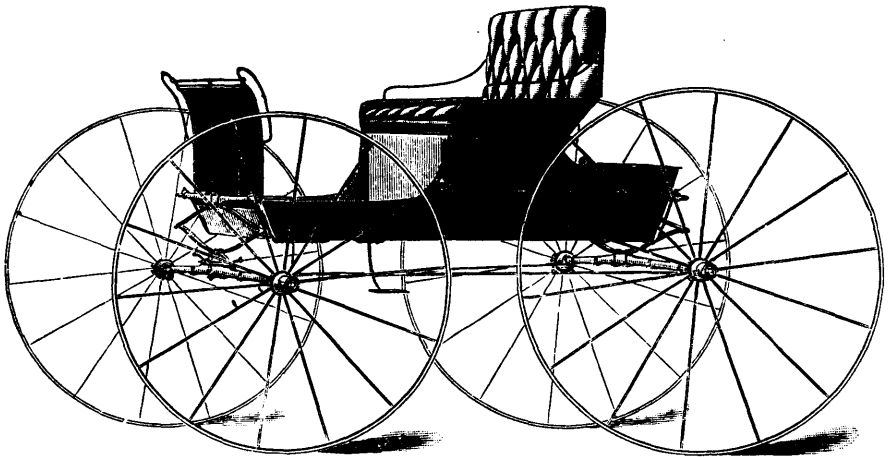
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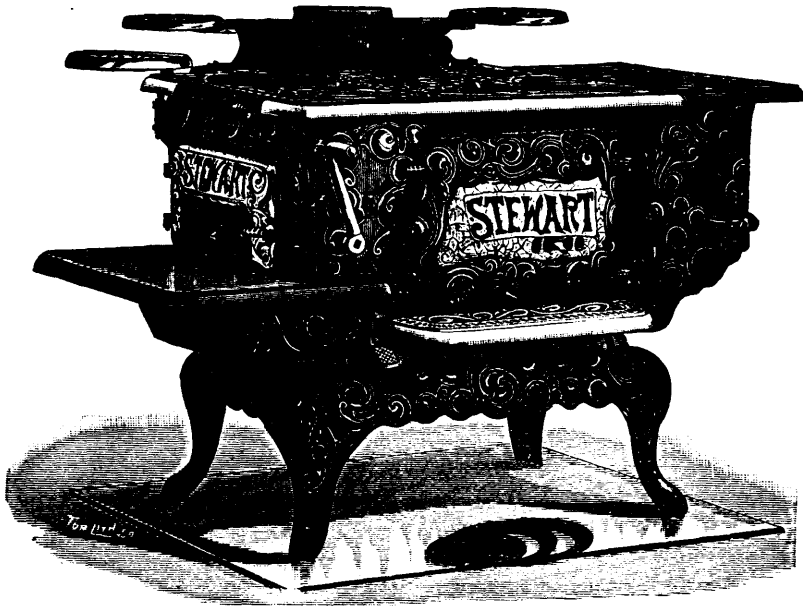
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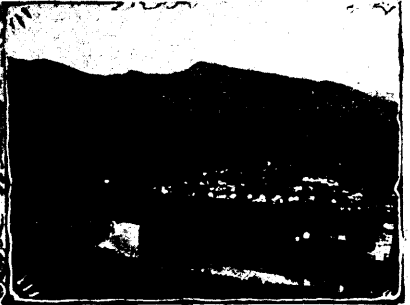
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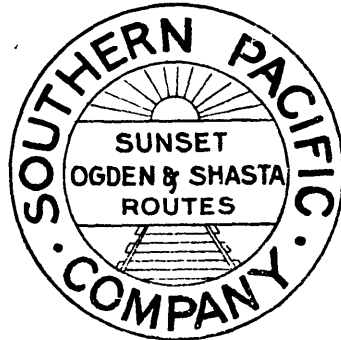
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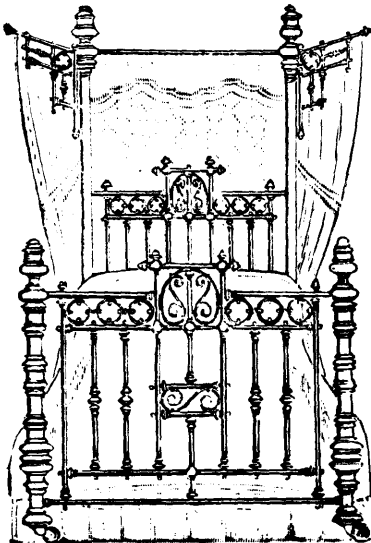


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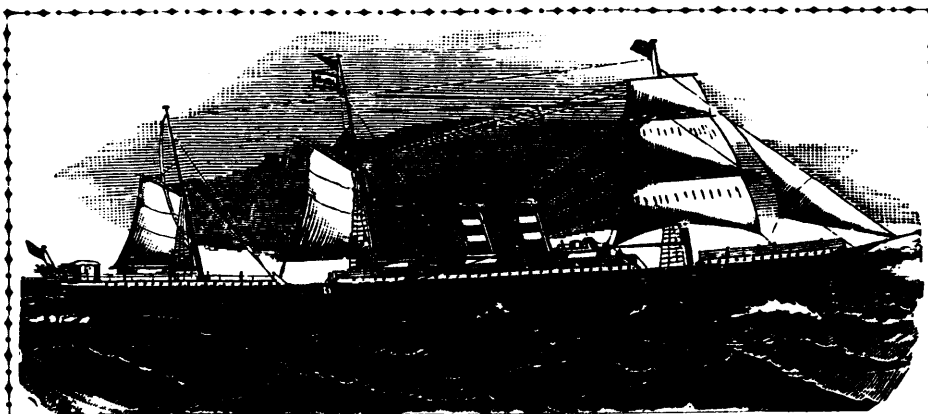
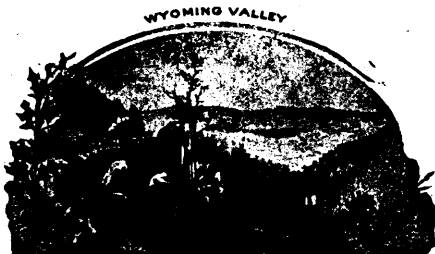
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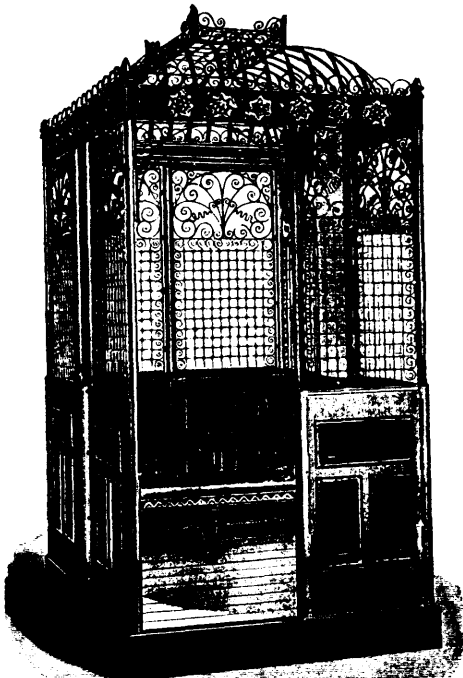
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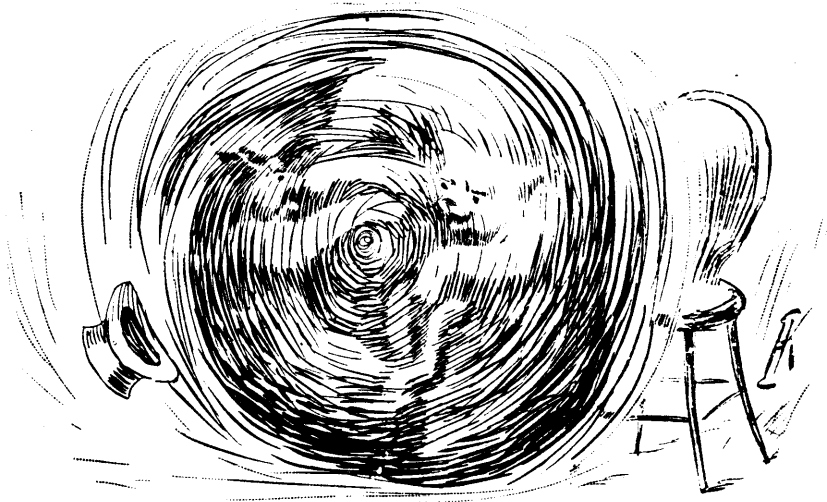
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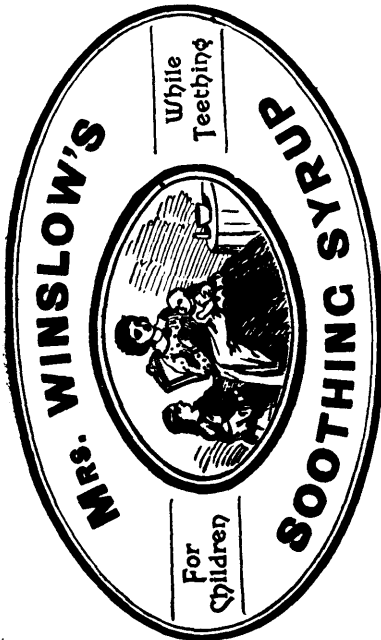
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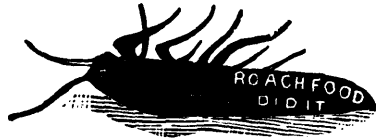
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THIS fine sanitary hotel, on the Netherwood Heights, overlooking Plainfield, New Jersey, erected at a cost of over \$300,000, is designed to meet the needs of delicate people requiring a mild climate and uniform temperature. Great numbers are so sensitive to damp and cold air that their lungs become irritated with the advent of autumn, and continue so as long as cold weather lasts. Persistent irritation of the breathing organs, sooner or later, produces lung disease, and must be prevented if we would avoid the perils of consumption. Thousands each winter try in vain to shield themselves from this danger by going South to a warmer climate, but past experience has abundantly proved this to be but a delusive and temporary palliation of the evil. It neither strengthens the lungs nor remedies their morbid sensitiveness, from which all the danger arises.

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Hunterston affords a perfect winter home, in which those having delicate lungs and great susceptibility to colds can spend the autumn, winter and spring months with more **safety** and **benefit** than in any natural climate of the known world. It is a massive brick structure, having broad piazzas, large, airy rooms, high ceilings and perfect ventilation, and is maintained at a uniform temperature day and night throughout the entire seasons. Four chambers are provided for those having any bronchial or pulmonary trouble, by which soothing, healing and antiseptic medicated airs are breathed and brought into direct contact with the internal surfaces of the nose, throat, larynx, air tubes and air cells of the lungs by **inhalation**. Soothing the sensitive air passages arrests irritation and prevents inflammation, while the antiseptics in the air destroy all germ life.

Hunterston is an ideal home and perfect sanitary residence. It is under experienced hotel management, and is open to all who desire to avail themselves of it as a home.

In appointments it is the acme of comfort and conveniences, and provision is made for amusements, games, and every kind of health-giving exercise.

It affords a splendid view of the surrounding scenery, including the Orange Mountains, which are covered with forests and traversed by magnificent macadamized roads. Its situation is high; the climate dry and invigorating, and absolutely free from all malarial tendencies. It is supplied with the **purest** of crystal water from its own Artesian well, two hundred and eighty feet in depth.

The medical experts of the establishment will see that all sanitary requirements are maintained, but have nothing to do with the guests of the Hotel except as their services may be required.

Those who desire admission to Hunterston as patients will apply for examination to Dr. Robert Hunter, 117 West 45th Street, New York, or Dr. E. W. Hunter, Venetian Building, Chicago, Ill. Hotel guests desiring rooms as a sanitary residence will apply, personally or by letter, to W. Hunter Bremner, Manager, "Hunterston," Netherwood, N. J.

The cost of treatment, in lung cases, is \$25 a month. No objectionable cases of any kind are received. Board and hotel charges are moderate, and governed by the rooms required. All the rooms are large and airy, and many of them have private baths and closets.

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TEETHING
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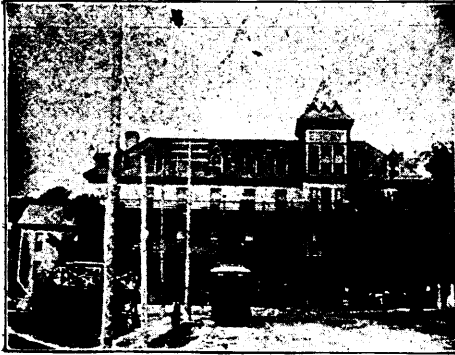


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Happy, Healthy wives make loving husbands and bright, robust children make pleasant homes. Read what one grateful mother writes us about

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"Enclosed you will find photo of my baby 'Mitchella' Pearl Shrode."

She weighed 8 pounds when born and 16 pounds at two months old. She is my fifth child, and as I have always had such a hard time with my others and was in delicate health, our local physicians thought it very doubtful that I would ever survive her birth. But, thanks to your "Mitchella Compound" I recovered in less than half the time I ever did before, and I have a bright, healthy and strong child of which the whole community is proud. Her picture speaks for itself. I cannot find words to express the gratitude I feel for the life giving strength I received from the use of "Mitchella," and take pleasure in recommending its use, to any woman about to become a mother. I have tried several different medicines but none of them will compare with MITCHELLA. Thanking you kindly for the interest you have taken in my case, I am, Very truly yours,

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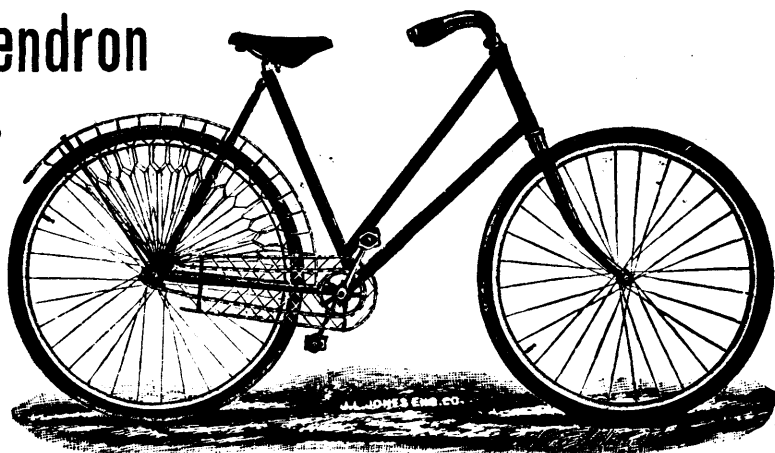
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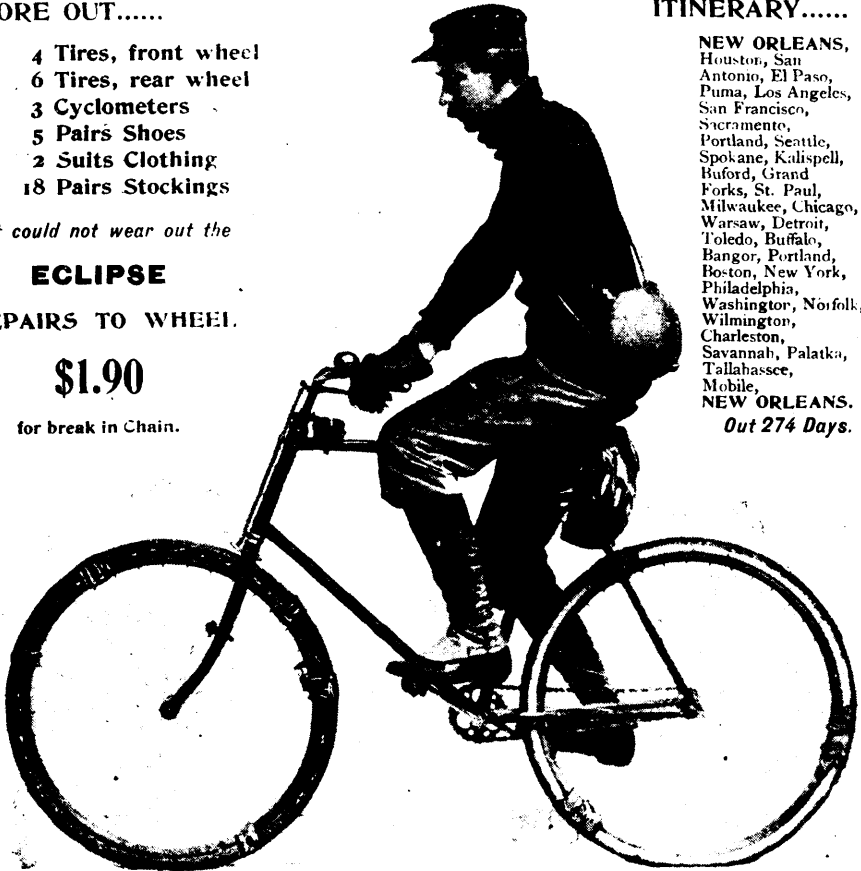
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 All joints screwed together.

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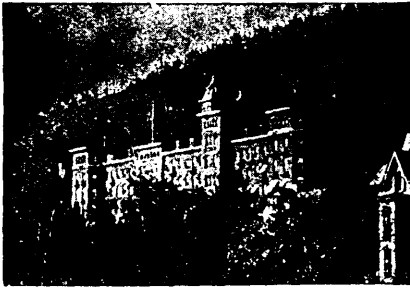
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The Cycle and Motor World:—"The Centaur Co. have set a fashion which, if we mistake not, will be more universally copied than the D section. **It is not too much to say that on account of this innovation the Centaur machine (K.O.S.) is entitled to be considered the machine of the Show,** especially when we reflect that the machine is one of the most theoretically perfect cycles built."

The Irish Cyclist:—"The main 1896 feature of the Centaur (K.O.S.) machines is the new fluted tubing, which is claimed to be vastly stronger than the ordinary pattern, and which in the back forks enables a very narrow tread to be combined with plenty of clearance. **We have on several occasions strongly commended the arrangement of these back forks.**"

R. J. McCredy (critic for English Cyclist):—"The Centaur (K.O.S.) is a very nice machine to have, but when it is so good that the members of your household almost monopolize it, the advantage is not so manifest. We have never ridden a sweeter running wheel, and it is **simply a marvel of ease in uphill riding.**"

Bicycling News:—"In all respects the cycles and the stand were worthy of the big firm. There is certainly a distinct class about this exhibit. After **recalling their successes in bearings in 1894, and 1895 in handle bars, and seat pillar in 1896,** they have now, by their introduction of a new tubing, created something of a **sensation in this year's National Show.**"

The Wheeler:—"The popularity of the reservoir hub, which the Centaur firm introduced in 1894, **undoubtedly marked an epoch in cycle construction.** To give a feeble word of praise to those splendid ma-

chines (this year) turned out by the Centaur Co. is like some misguided effort at gilding refined gold."

Cyclers' News:—"The Centaur Cycle Co. have excelled themselves this year, and we cannot give anything but praise for the machines exhibited by them."

Sports:—"The Centaur Co.'s stand is one upon which no money has been spared, and is one of the most notable in the whole Exhibition. Upon it are several machines built to the order and specification of well-known cycling journalists, amongst whom we notice the names of C. W. Brown and W. S. Holding, both representatives of this paper."

Athletic News:—"I saw a practical test of the new tubing which has just been introduced by the Centaur Co., as against the same gauge of D tubing. A length of each was placed in a turn on couple of blocks, about 18 inches apart, and Mr. Maude, who weighs about 15 stone, jumped on the middle of each. The D tube was bent down to the floor, whereas the fluted piece was not deflected half an inch from the straight line. I have not been altogether in favor of high gears; but the way Mr. C. W. Brown rode a Centaur (K.O.S.) weighing 25 lbs., with $6\frac{1}{4}$ cranks and geared to 84, has almost converted me from the moderate gear to which I had pinned my faith. He mounted hills with little or no effort, though hampered by the heavy roads and cross winds."

Leeds Mercury:—"The Centaur stand is stocked with machines, which have been built to the order of prominent citizens of the cycling world, including E. R. Shipton, of the C. T. C.; C. H. Laurette, of *Athletic News*; R. J. McCredy, editor of the *Irish Cyclist*; F. P. Low, editor of *Wheeling*, and several others, **including the most famous experts of the country.**"

Cycle Trade Journal:—"It is when we come to the bearing, however, that the peculiar characteristics of the Centaurs (K. O. S.) are made manifest. Bracket, hubs and pedals are all in the cup adjusting locking system, **dust-proof and oil-containing.** So critical and exacting are the Centaur Co. in the matter of having what is best, that mere cost is, in this case, laid aside."

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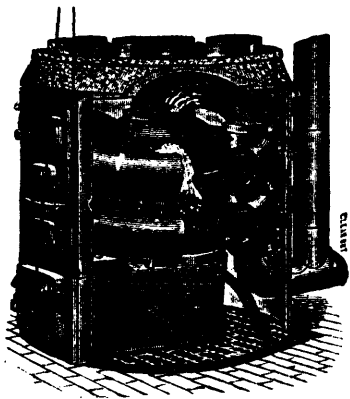
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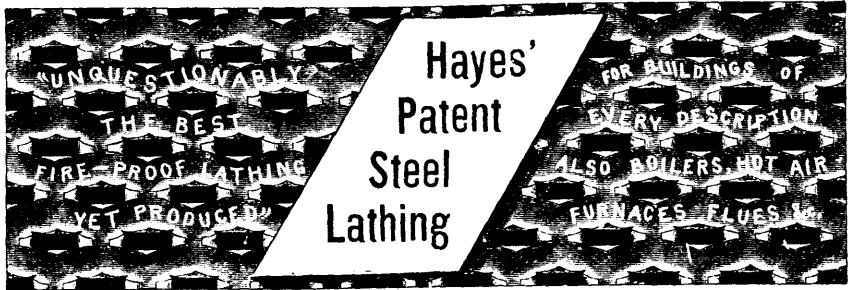
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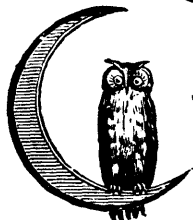


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