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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CORONATION,

the article promised for August, will appear as soon after the Coronation as may be possible. It will contain a full and accurate account of that event, and will be specially illustrated.

CANADIAN LOYALTY

is the title of a short article by Professor George Bryce, LL.D., F.R S.C., of Winnipeg, which will appear in an early issue..

BOWLING ON THE GREEN

will tell in the briefest form of the ancient origin of this popular game, its introduction into Canada, and its chief features. The article will be profusely illustrated from a large number of views which the author, Dr. George Elliott, has collected.

LACROSSE IN CANADA

will, as previously announced, be dealt with at some length. It also will be profusely illustrated.

ASTRONOMY FOR BEGINNERS

will be the first of a series of articles for those who desire to pursue some course of "Home Study." The first will appear in September.

THE QUEENS OF EUROPE

will be continued in the September and October numbers.

THE LITTLE SISTER AT SAINT'S LAKE

is the title of a rather strong short story by W. A. Fraser, which will appear in September. The publishers are pleased to be able to announce this, as Mr. Fraser's stories rank so high and are in such demand that it is difficult to secure them for Canadian publication.

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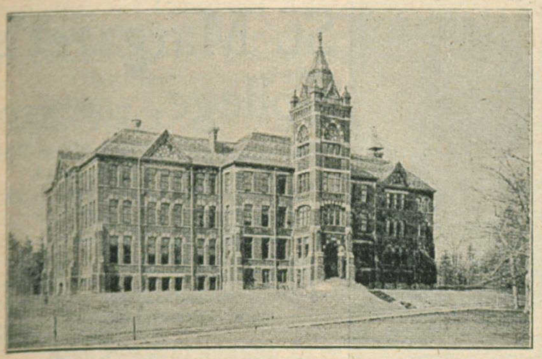

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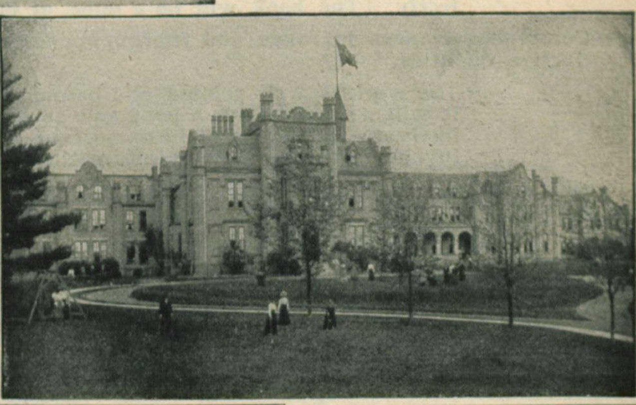

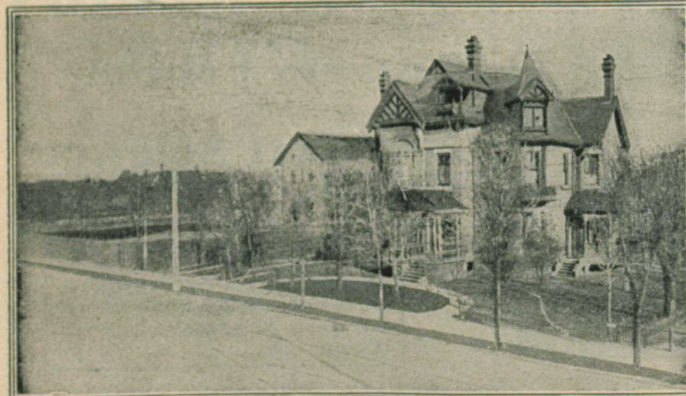

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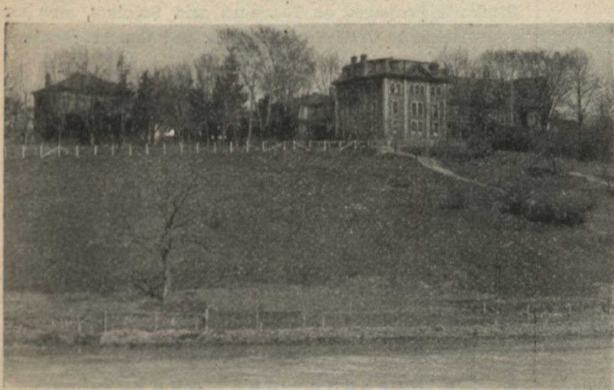

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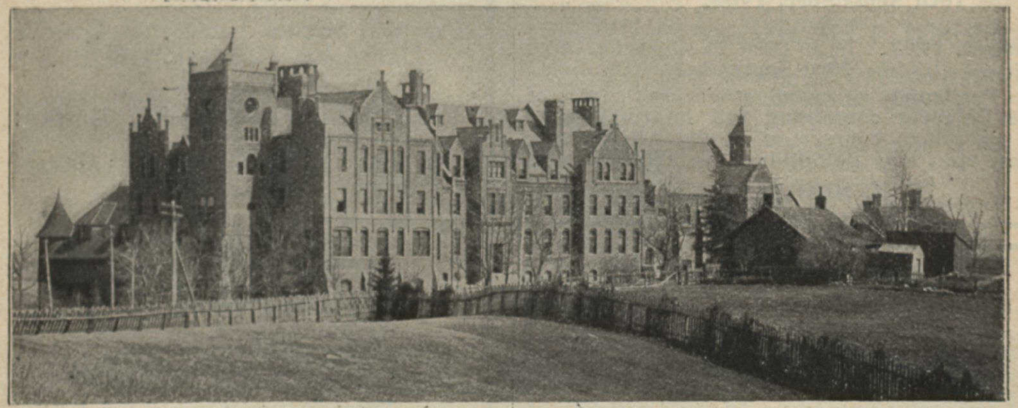

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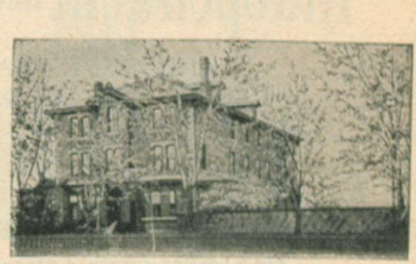

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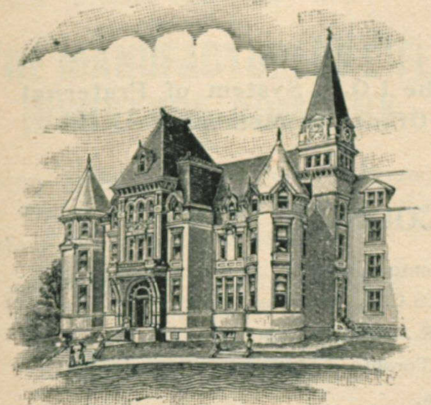

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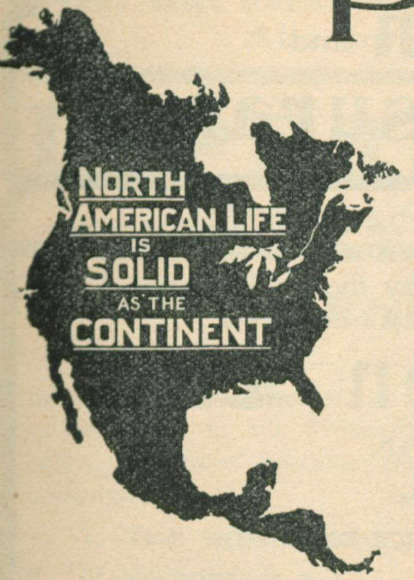

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I. The Company agrees to pay 4% interest, payable half-yearly.

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Federal Life Assurance Co.

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Statement for the Year 1901

Net Premium Income, - - - - - -	$ 428,205.70
Amount of New Policies issued and paid for, -	2,281,710.50
Insurance in Force Dec. 31st, 1901, - -	13,058,777.61
Capital and Assets, - - - - - -	2,319,925.58

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Absolute Security to Policyholders

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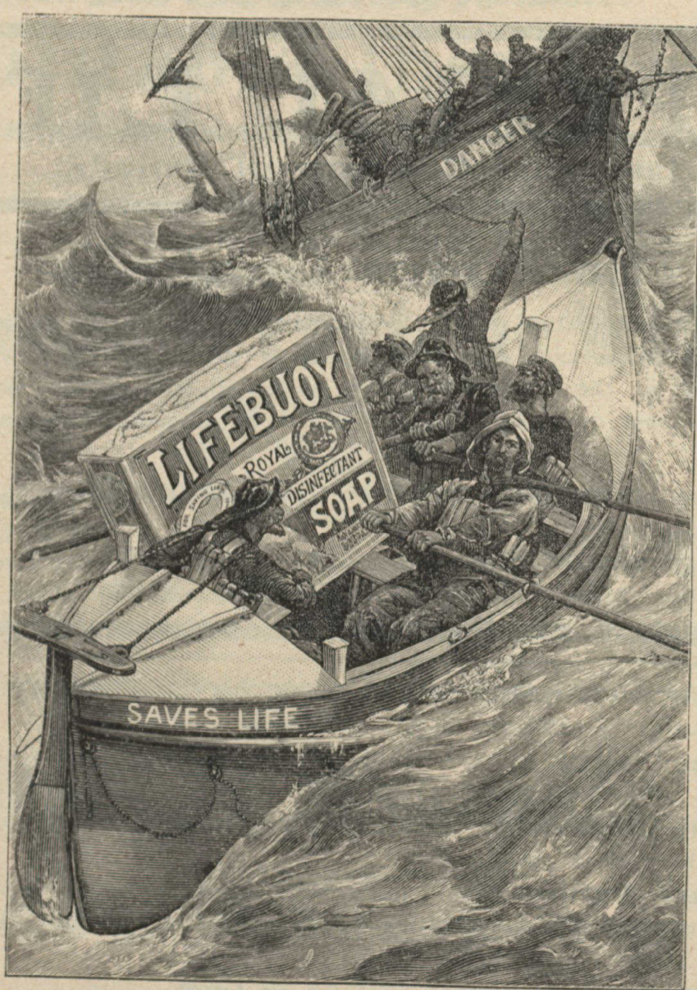

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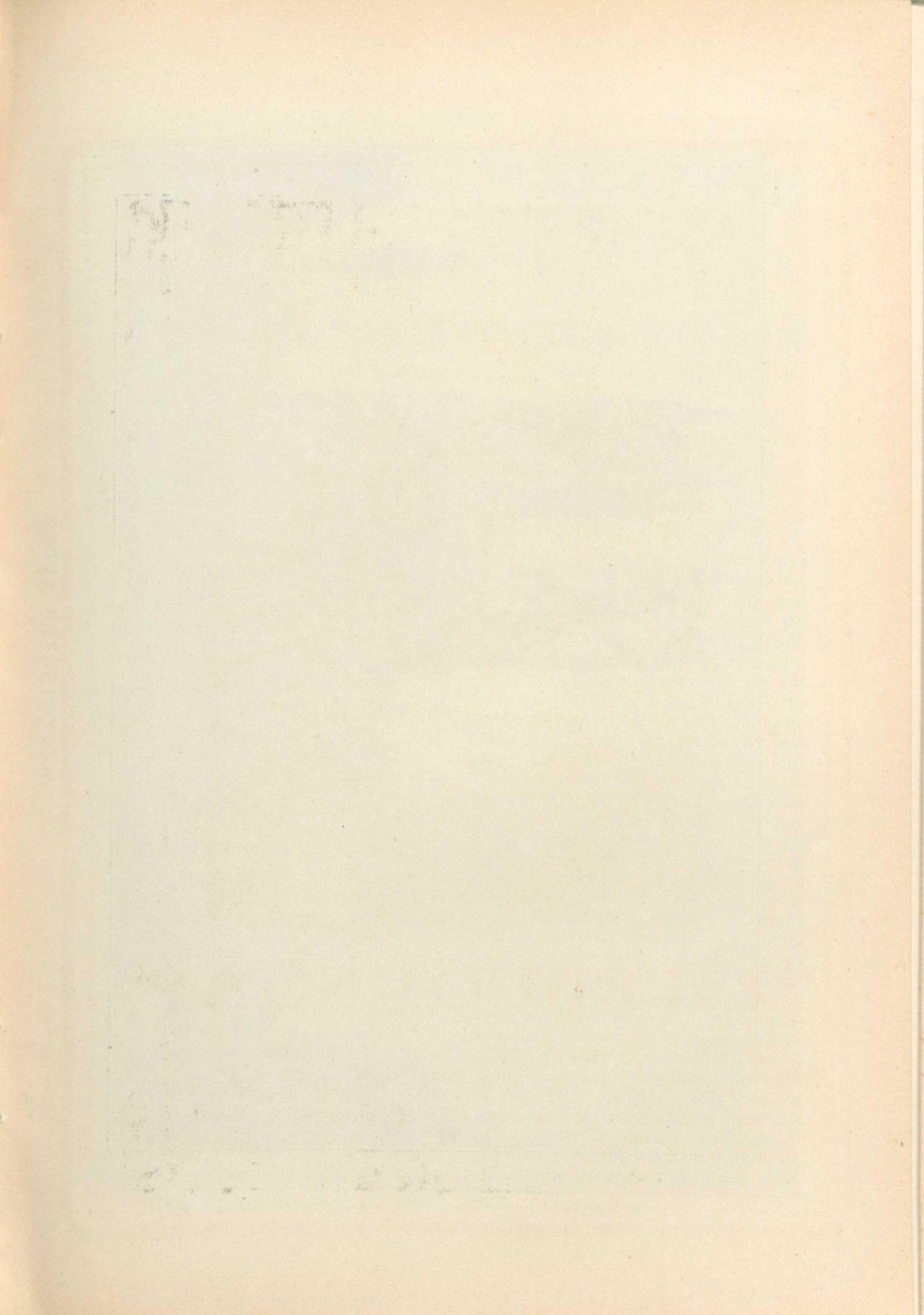

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIX TORONTO, AUGUST, 1902 No. 4

STEPPING STONES TO CLOSER UNION*

By Lord Strathcona

"We must draw closer our internal relations, the ties of sentiment, the ties of sympathy, yes, and the ties of interest. If by adherence to economic pedantry, to old shibboleths, we are to lose the opportunities of closer union which are offered us by our Colonies....we shall deserve the disasters which will infallibly come upon us....Let us raise our thoughts to the transcendent possibilities of a federation of the British race, to strengthen British influence and British power."
—*Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham, May 16th.*

FIFTY or sixty years ago the Colonies were not over-popular, and a feeling existed in home circles that they were likely to be a source of weakness rather than of strength to the mother country. Fortunately for the Empire these views have long since changed, and of recent years the growth of the Imperial idea has been very noticeable. A marked difference was seen soon after Mr. Chamberlain occupied the post of Secretary of State for the Colonies, and it is hardly necessary to say that his policy has played no unimportant part in bringing about the desire for closer union, which is the dominant feature of the moment in the Motherland, and which there is every indication will continue to increase. In looking for the immediate causes of this happy condition of affairs they will be found in the recent tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the war in South Africa. Both these events have been the indirect means of bringing home to us that, no matter in what portion of the King's dominions we may be domiciled, we are one people with one destiny.

The growth of Imperialism, in its true sense, and earlier stages, began in the Colonies, and dates from the time when responsible government was granted. In British North America, the desire to promote closer and preferential trade relations between the different Provinces soon became a leading question. The proposal was not, in the first place, encouraged by the Imperial authorities; but, owing to the pertinacity of the Colonists, the principle was eventually conceded, and they were given the power to treat one another as members of the same family instead of as strangers. The concession did not bring about any immediate result, but was undoubtedly the germ from which the Dominion of Canada resulted. The example of Canada soon attracted the attention of Australia, and the question of the trade relations between the different Colonies became the subject of discussion. And after a good deal of negotiation with the Imperial Government, legislation was passed permitting preferential arrangements. When the Australians had obtained the acceptance of the principle for which they were contending, they also remained satisfied for the moment, and nothing more was done. But the concession subsequently led to the federation of Australia, and in spite of early difficulties, I be-

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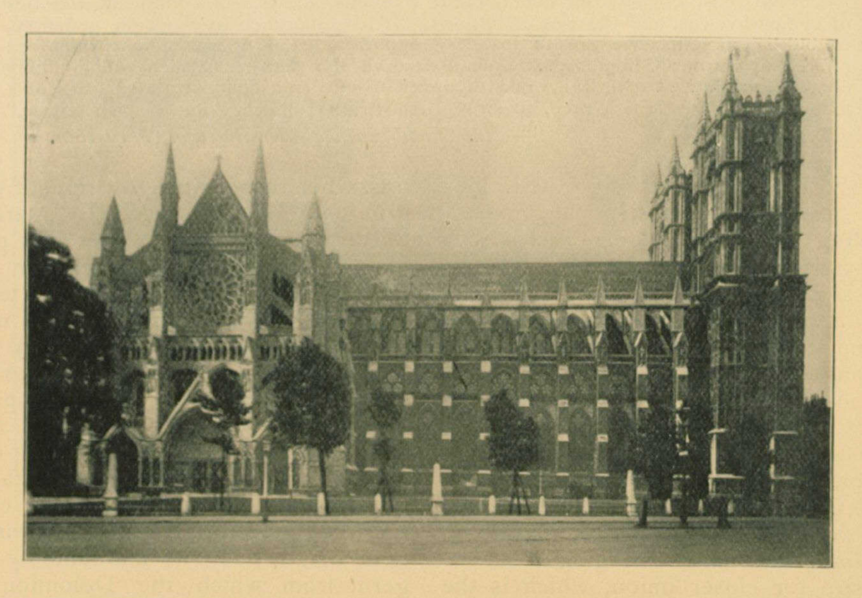
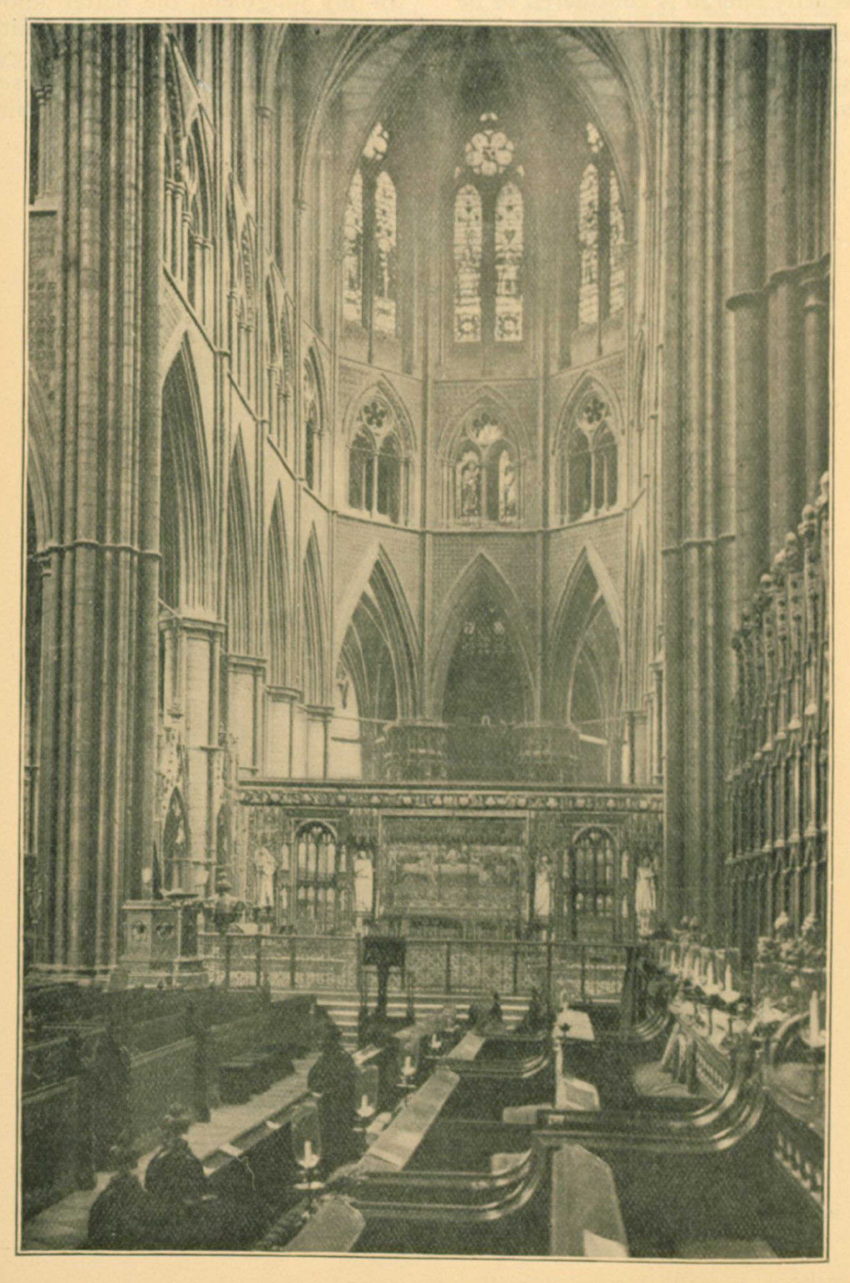
lieve that the federation of the Australian Colonies will ultimately be as successful as that of the different Provinces of Canada. As soon as the memory of recent events becomes less acute, there will be a similar movement for federation in South Africa, and when that happy event is accomplished, we shall be within reach of an Imperial union which will mean the dawn of a new era of peace and prosperity for the British Empire, and perhaps for the world at large.



ANOTHER VIEW OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Owing to their large areas, and to the numerical weakness of their populations, the Colonies, especially in their early days, had to find the means for opening up their resources. This meant the construction of roads, of railways, of telegraphs, of water-ways, and many public works, and the subsidizing of steamship and cable communication. In view of local conditions, these important undertakings were not initiated by individuals or by companies, as in older settled and more populated countries. The people had to do the work themselves, or, at any rate, to find the money. They had to tax themselves heavily to raise the necessary revenue, and it had to take the form of indirect taxation, owing to the difficulty of collecting anything in the nature of direct taxation. Some may argue, from economic considerations, that this was a mistake, but in any case it is a mistake which has been condoned by most of the countries of the world even in more favourable circumstances. The next step was to borrow money on the public credit—that is, upon their revenue-producing powers. In the earlier stages this had to be done at high rates of interest, but now the credit of the Colonies is so good—much better, indeed, than that of many foreign countries—that they can borrow within a fraction of the rate of interest at which the United Kingdom itself can obtain money; and quite recently their stocks have been raised to the dignity and status of securities in which trustees may invest. Colonial borrowing is criticised from time to time, but generally by people who do not understand



THE SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

SHOWING THE EXACT SPOT WHERE EDWARD VII WILL STAND DURING THE CORONATION CEREMONY

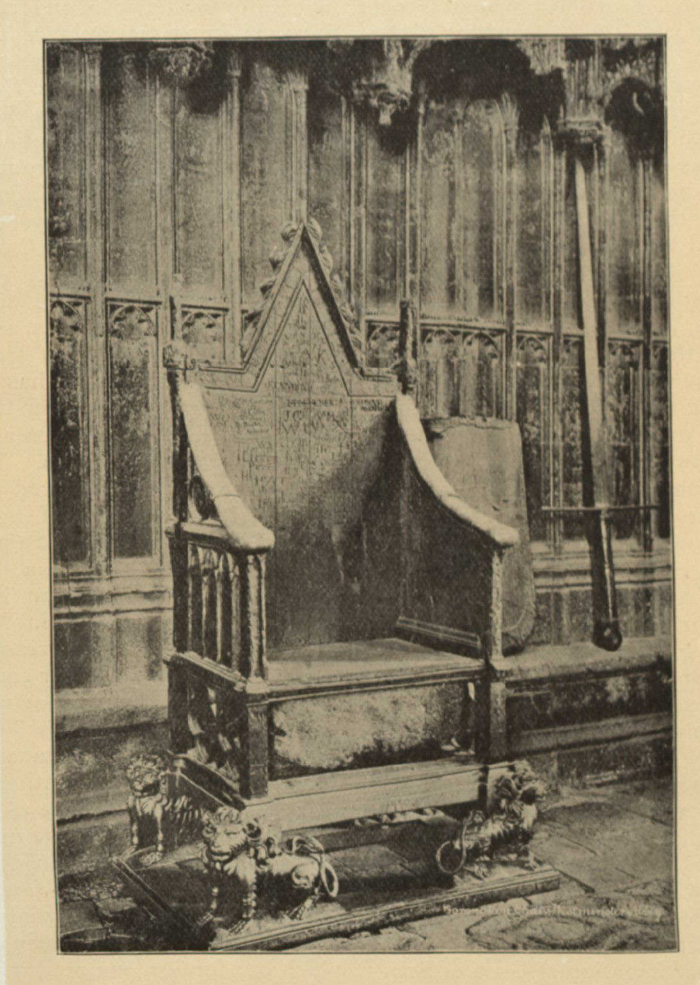
the situation. There is no doubt that the security offered is considered to be good, or the money would not be lent. Most of the money is spent upon reproductive works, which form in themselves, in addition to the public revenues, the security for the debts. Not only do they afford a safe investment for British capital, but most of the materials required for public works have in the past been bought in the mother country—which therefore gets a double benefit from the borrowings.

In my judgment, the better knowledge which now prevails in the United Kingdom of the Colonies is largely owing to the efforts of their representatives during the last twenty or thirty years. People who come from Greater Britain are not yet altogether satisfied that as much is known about them as ought to be the case, but they are compelled to recognize the immense progress made in comparatively recent

CHAPEL OF HENRY VII, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

TO BE USED AS A ROBING ROOM DURING THE CORONATION—MANY BRITISH SOVEREIGNS ARE BURIED HERE

times. It has been a part of the duties of these representatives to preach the gospel of the Colonies for various reasons. One has been with the object of attracting immigration, which is, and must be, for many years to come, most to make the various Colonial products better known in British markets, and the fact that the Colonies have spent millions of money in the purchase of materials and stores for public works, has helped to bring home to



ST. EDWARD'S CORONATION CHAIR

EVERY ENGLISH MONARCH SINCE EDWARD I HAS BEEN CROWNED IN THIS CHAIR—THE FAMOUS STONE FROM SCOTLAND IS INSERTED BELOW THE SEAT

foremost among the many important questions requiring the consideration of Colonial statesmen. I only wish it had received greater attention in times past, in official circles, in this country. Then, again, they have done their ut- British manufacturers, workmen and shippers the existence and importance of the outlying parts of the Empire. They have acted for their Governments in connection with the borrowing of money, and in consequence a large and

increasing number of people are materially interested in Greater Britain, because they occupy the position of lenders.

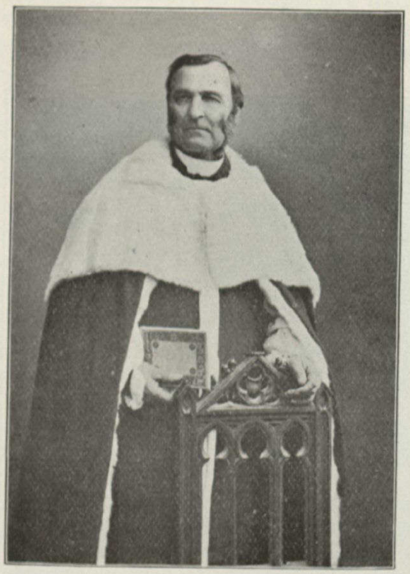
Probably the first practical object-lesson the public received of the potentialities of the Colonies, and the position they would occupy, as producers of many of the articles which Great Britain imports, and consumers of the products of the United Kingdom, was derived from the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886. In the following year a gathering took place which is historical, as the first occasion on which what may be termed an informal Parliament of the British Empire met in London. I refer to the Colonial Conference of 1887. It was attended by leading statesmen from every part of the Empire, and the questions discussed were of the first importance. Some of these have been disposed of, others still remain to be settled, but it is impossible to overrate the significance of the event, as it brought into prominence the idea of an Imperial Council, which some regard as likely to be the next step towards Imperial unity. The Conference called together by the Government of Canada in 1894 was equally as remarkable in its way. Many subjects of great moment from an Imperial standpoint were under consideration, and several important developments closely connected with Imperial unity will be regarded by the historian as having been brought within the region of practical affairs by the Ottawa Conference. Another step in the growth of Imperialism in the United Kingdom was the celebration of the sixty years of Her late Majesty's reign in 1897, and the outburst of enthusiasm which the participation of Greater Britain in that memorable event created will not readily be forgotten. The occasion was also marked by a conference between the delegates of the self-governing Colonies and Mr. Chamberlain.

Other events have taken place in recent years, affecting both the Colonies and the Motherland, which have not, perhaps, attracted so much attention as those already mentioned, but are none the less striking, and of moment. There is, for instance, the contribution of Australasia to the Navy—that is, towards the cost of maintaining a special Australasian Squadron. Another matter of Imperial interest has been the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Canadian people have willingly assumed a burden of about a million sterling a year, in order to open up their Western Country, to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific, and to provide a new Imperial highway affording an alternative route to Australasia, to China and Japan, India, and to the East generally. The preferential trade policy of Canada also deserves mention. British imports now receive a preference of 33⅓ per cent. off the custom duties, as compared with similar articles from other countries, and the policy has led to an increased import trade from the United Kingdom and to an increase in the exports of Great Britain. No direct reciprocity has been offered and none has been asked for. If rumour be true, it is not unlikely that a preference may be shown by Australia to British products, and the question is said to be under consideration in New Zealand. Considerable progress has been made, both by the mother country and by the Colonies, in improving means of inter-communication. Too much importance cannot be attached to this matter, if we are to continue to say that the seas do not divide us but form a bond of union. It is the most effective means of promoting Imperial trade, and of meeting the foreign competition which is now growing stronger and stronger. The principle is one which our foreign competitors fully recognize, notably Germany, as their immense subsidies to steamers plying to Australasia and other parts of the world clearly show.

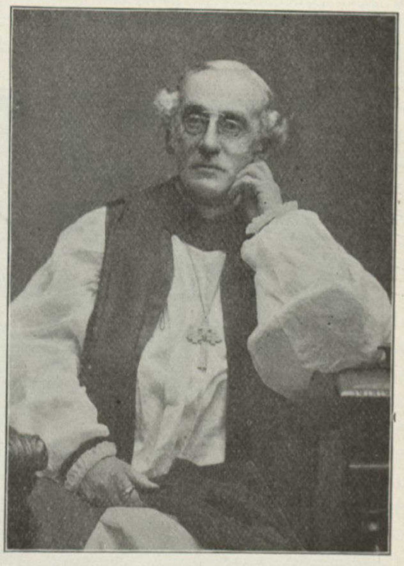
The construction of the Pacific cable, connecting Canada and Australasia, is well advanced, and it is impossible to overrate the importance or the value of this truly Imperial work. There seems a bright prospect for the in-

PAINTING BY SIR GEORGE HAYTER

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA—JUNE 28TH, 1838

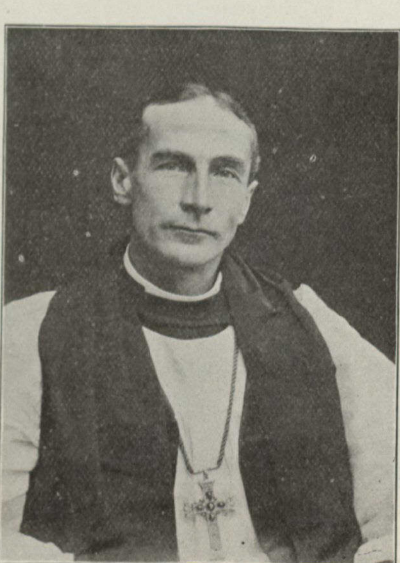


THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY WHO WILL CROWN THE KING



THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK WHO WILL CROWN THE QUEEN

crease of trade in the future by way of the Pacific Ocean; and the possession of a British cable, touching nowhere but on British territory, should do much to place it largely in the control of Great Britain and of her Colonies. Mention must be made also of the Imperial Penny Post. Perhaps it is of even greater sentimental importance than of practical advantage, but it gives the people of the different parts of the Empire an opportunity of communicating with each other at the cheapest rate possible, and promotes commercial intercourse. Another and, perhaps, the most important instance of the growth of Imperialism, I have left to the last. At any time within the last two or three decades, and even earlier, when the mother country seemed likely to be embroiled in difficulty, there has been an intense desire in Canada and in the Colonies to be allowed to take their share in the burdens of Empire. We all remember how the Australians and Canadians fought with the regular forces of the Crown in the Soudan, and the war in South Africa has seen a repetition, only on a far more extended scale. The people of the Colonies are proud of the Empire, and events have proved that they are ready to sacrifice their lives and to give their resources for the maintenance of British interests.



THE LORD BISHOP OF LONDON WHO WILL ASSIST AT THE CORONATION

Without doubt a general feeling prevails in favour of closer union for Imperial purposes, for commercial purposes and for defence, a closer union which will assure the different parts of the Empire full liberty of self-government, while giving them a voice in Imperial policy. There are some who think that the solution of the problem is to be found in the representation of the Colonies in the Imperial Parliament. I am not one of those who share that view, at any rate until a truly Imperial Parliament to deal with Imperial affairs can be established. As at present constituted, Parliament is occupied largely with local affairs of little or no Imperial significance, important though they may be in themselves, and in these circumstances it is not clear to me where the usefulness of Colonial members in either House would be apparent. In times to come it is within the bounds of possibility that there may be local Parliaments to deal with local affairs in England, Scotland and Ireland, and we may also then have a Parliament with representatives from the different parts of the Empire, which will be Imperial in name and in its work. But even on such a basis, the Empire is so vast in its area, and so varied in its resources and in its interests, that the solution for which we are seeking will be surrounded by many difficulties, and he would be a bold man who would attempt to frame a measure which would satisfactorily meet the requirements of the situation. We are, however, approaching a period when all parts of the Empire will want to have a voice in the Imperial foreign policy, and in other subjects affecting the well-being of the community in general. This is not unnatural, and there can be no true consolidation until it is brought about. How it is to be done I am not prepared to say. But some way must be found of meeting the aspirations of the Colonies.

Then there is the question of Imperial Defence. It is very much the fashion to complain that the Colonies do not contribute to the expenses of the Army and Navy, although the services exist for Imperial purposes. There may be something in the contention, but it is really only half a truth.

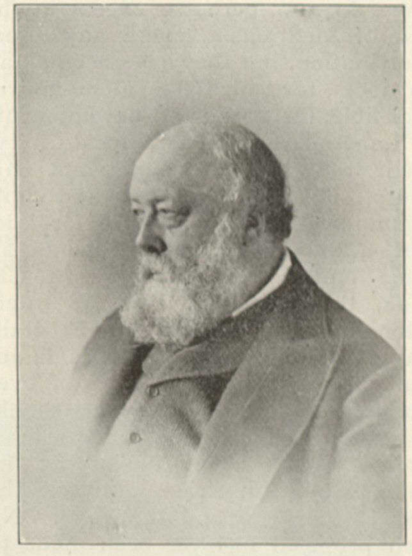


PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, PREMIER OF GREAT BRITAIN

PHOTO BY LAFAYETTE

THE RT. HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES

They do not, perhaps, except in the case of Australasia, make any direct contribution, but they have been piling up debts, for which they alone are responsible, for works and developments of Imperial, as well as of local utility. Their railways, telegraphs and harbours, subsidies for steam and cable communication, expenses for local defences, and Militia establishments, all come under this heading. In Canada, the construction of the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific Railways, as already stated, entails an annual charge upon the country of over a million sterling. These facts should be borne in mind in considering the matter. I do not mean to say that the Colonies ought not to pay towards the cost of the Army and the Navy. No such proposal has yet been made to them ; but I am sure that, if put forward, it will be taken into serious consideration. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that the proposition is only a part of a far larger subject, and really affects the solution of the whole problem of Imperial unity and representation. There seems no reason, however, why there should not be greater cohesion between the military forces in the Colonies and those at home. They certainly ought to form parts of the machinery on which the Empire could implicitly rely in times of trouble and difficulty.

As to the Navy, much more co-operation is also possible. Up to the present time, or, at any rate, until quite recently, the large seafaring populations in the United Kingdom and in the Colonies have not been utilized to any appreciable extent for the formation of a trained naval reserve. A beginning has been made in Newfoundland, and it may be extended. Speaking of my own country, no better material could be found than among the seventy thousand hardy sailors and fishermen who inhabit the long coast lines of the Dominion. We all know the part our fleet has played in the past, and the important factor it has proved in the building up of the Empire. It is regarded as our great protection and safeguard now ; but with the disappearance of the grand old wooden walls it is entirely dependent upon coal and strategic positions. And is it not the fact that the leading coal supplies of the world outside Europe and the United States are found in the Colonies? Without the advantages of these deposits, especially in times of war, the protection of British commerce, or what remained of it, would give rise to very serious problems, apart altogether from the absolute necessity of the harbours and docks the Colonies have provided.

That steps could, and perhaps should, be taken to bring the different parts of the Empire into closer touch with each other commercially I fully believe. Personally I do not think that an arrangement of the kind is either impossible or very difficult to accomplish. The time may not be yet, but I feel sure it will come, as foreshadowed by Mr. Chamberlain in his speech the other day at Birmingham, when Canada will trade with Australasia, with South Africa, and with the United Kingdom, on different terms than at present—when their commercial relations will be placed on a more friendly, or, shall I say, on a family footing. What the United Kingdom looks for is a predominance in the markets of the Empire. What the Colonies desire is the market of the mother country and of Greater Britain for their products, which they hope to see favourably regarded—all other things, such as price and quality, being equal. As to the form such an arrangement will take, it is not easy to forecast, but it is certain that we shall have to pay greater attention to the development of Imperial trade.

Such a policy cannot fail to be beneficial to the Empire, and I see no international reasons to militate against our regarding from a more favourable point of view our internal trade, as distinct from the external trade, or, let me say, our domestic trade as distinct from our foreign trade.

I must confess I do not like the word "Colonies," which I have used

so often ; but the difficulty is to find another word to describe them. It signifies a position of dependence and tutelage, which by no means represents the condition of the Canada, the Australasia, and the South Africa of to-day. They are rather partners—not yet predominant partners—in the great alliance or combination known as the British Empire. The greater attention which is now being devoted to the Colonies in our schools and colleges must have beneficial results ; but I should like to see even more time devoted to the study of the history, geography and resources of Greater Britain. The apathy of the past is no doubt to be attributed largely to the lack of knowledge of the subject that prevailed ; and this is not surprising when one remembers the text-books in use fifty or sixty years ago, and even within a more recent period. In all our educational institutions, the present position of the Empire, and the relations of its different component parts, ought in my judgment to receive more prominence than at present. If those to whom this magnificent heritage is to be handed down are impressed with its importance, and its potentialities, it will make the solution of the questions I have been discussing far easier when the proper time comes ; and it is as well to remember, in this connection, that they are closely associated with the future existence of the Empire.

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR

WHERE KING EDWARD WAS CHRISTENED AND WHERE HE WAS MARRIED

The expression of these few thoughts would not be complete without some general reference to the immense strides that were made in the consolidation of the Empire during the reign of Queen Victoria. History will place this on record ; and it is a source of much gratification to his subjects to know that the King takes as keen an interest as did Her late Majesty in

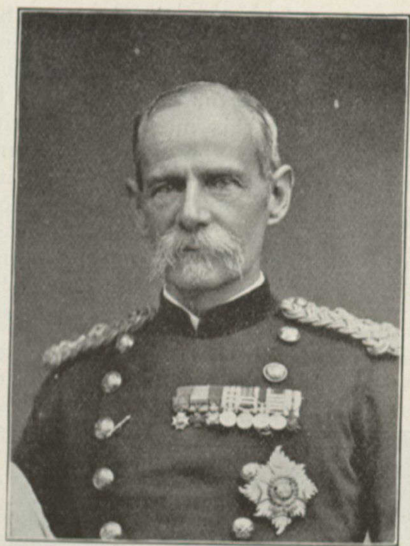


PHOTO BY ELLIOTT & FRY

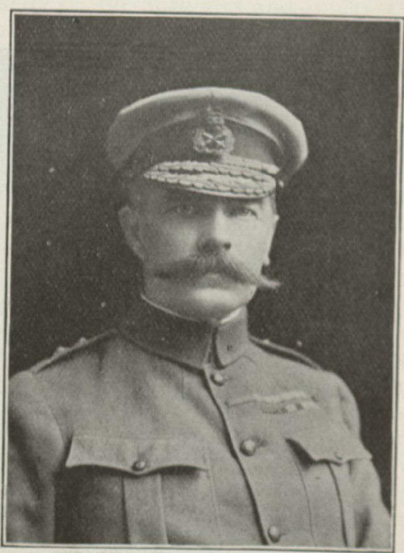
LORD ROBERTS, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY

PHOTO BY RUSEELL & SONS

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL MARSHAL OF THE CORONATION PROCESSIONS

everything that pertains to the welfare of the Empire, its closer union, and the maintenance of its integrity. This is an assurance in itself that nothing will be wanting which can in any way aid the satisfactory solution of the important problems which are attracting so much attention.

I have tried to indicate some of the steps in the development of Imperialism, and also point out the course which affairs are taking in the direction of the closer union of the Empire.



VISCOUNT KITCHENER

It is enthusiasm or optimism—there is not much difference in the meaning of the terms—that alone will carry us onward. Again, advantage is to be taken of the presence of the representatives of the self-governing colonies in London, at the time of the coronation, to hold another and truly Imperial Conference, and there will certainly be some disappointment if, as the result, the great question of Imperial Union does not receive considerable and practical stimulus.

THE FIRST IMPERIAL CORONATION

By Norman Patterson

IT is extremely unfortunate that illness should have prevented the coronation of Edward VII on June 26th. The King is King, and the ceremony would only emphasize the fact. Nevertheless it would have been a most notable event, and would have taken place in the presence of representatives of every part of the Empire. If His Majesty's health continues to improve, the coronation may take place within a few weeks. It cannot, however, be the same grand spectacle that it would have been had there been no postponement, since the Colonial guests and visitors must necessarily be much less numerous.

This coronation when it does occur will be the first Imperial coronation. When Queen Victoria was crowned on June 28th, 1838, there were no Colonial premiers present in the Abbey, no Colonial troops in procession. The Queen was not proclaimed Empress of India until January 1st, 1877. She never assumed the title of "Sovereign of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas." She never visited the Colonies although she recognized their growing importance by sending her son, the present King, to visit India and Canada, and by arranging for the Colonial tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales which took place last year. When King Edward is crowned, he will be the first Imperial sovereign. This is significant. It marks a new era in British history, and is evidence that the days of "Little England" have passed forever. London was once the capital of England; then it became the capital of Great Britain; then the capital of Great Britain and Ireland. To-day it is the capital of the British Empire. So has grown the title and greatness of the King. King Edward will be the crowned sovereign of a vast Empire.

Coronations differ in various countries, but they are the most interesting survivals of ancient monarchical customs. In some countries, as in Russia, the sovereign crowns himself; in some, as in Spain, the King merely takes the oath of fidelity to the constitution; in other countries, as in Germany, the coronation is presumed without any ceremony. In Great Britain the event has always been one of solemn grandeur and particular significance. The people do homage, the King takes the oath, is anointed by the Archbishop, is presented with the spurs by the Lord Great Chamberlain, with the sword by the Archbishops and Bishops, is invested with the armilla and Imperial mantle by the Dean of Westminster, and receives the orb; a ring, a glove, the sceptres are then delivered to him; after this comes the putting on of the crown by the Archbishop, the presentation of the Holy Bible. The ceremony is undoubtedly long and tedious, it may have lost much of its early significance, but it is one of the nota-

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT WHO IS TO BE THE NEXT COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF—HE IS THE KING'S BROTHER

PHOTO BY F. RALPH, DERSINGHAM

THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND THE QUEEN, PRINCESS VICTORIA, PRINCESS VICTORIA OF WALES, PRINCE ALBERT, PRINCE HENRY AND PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES

ble links which connect the past and the present.

The Oath which His Majesty will take is similar to the declaration which he has previously taken. The ceremony is ordered in the official service as follows :—

THE OATH.

The Sermon being ended, and His Majesty having on Thursday, the 14th day of February, 1901, in the presence of the Two Houses of Parliament, made and signed the Declaration, the Archbishop goeth to the King, and standing before him, administers the Coronation Oath, first asking the King,

Sir, is your Majesty willing to take the Oath?

And the King answering,

I am willing.

The Archbishop ministereth these questions; and the King, having a Book in his hands, answers each question severally as follows—

Archb. Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern the People of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the Dominions thereto belonging, according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective Laws and Customs of the same?

King. I solemnly promise so to do.

Archb. Will you to your power cause Law and Justice, in Mercy, to be executed in all your Judgments?

King. I will.

Archb. Will you to the utmost of your power maintain the Laws of God, the true Profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reform Religion established by Law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolably the Settlement of the Church of England, and the Doctrine, Worship, Discipline, and Government thereof, as by Law established in England? And will you preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England, and to the Church therein committed to their charge, all such Rights and Privileges, as by Law do or shall appertain to them, or any of them?

King. All this I promise to do.

Then the King arising out of his Chair, supported as before, and assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Sword of State being carried before him, shall go to the Altar, and there being uncovered, make his Solemn Oath in the sight of all the People, to observe the Premisses: Laying his right hand upon the Holy Gospel in the Great Bible, which is now brought from the Altar by the Archbishop, and tendered to him as he kneels upon the steps, saying these words:

The things which I have here before promised, I will perform, and keep.

So help me God.

Then the King kisseth the Book, and signeth the Oath.

The anointing ceremony is as follows:

THE ANOINTING.

The King having thus taken his Oath, returns again to his Chair; and both he and the Queen kneeling at their Faldstools, the Archbishop beginneth the Hymn, Veni Creator Spiritus, and the Choir singeth it out.

This being ended, the Archbishop saith a Prayer.

This Prayer being ended, the Choir singeth.

In the meantime, the King rising from his devotions, having been disrobed of his crimson robes by the Lord Great Chamberlain, and having taken off his Cap of State, goes before the Altar, supported and attended as before.

The King sits down in King Edward's Chair (placed in the midst of the Area over against the Altar, with a Faldstool before it) wherein he is to be anointed. Four Knights of the Garter (summoned by Garter King of Arms) hold over him a rich Pall of silk, or Cloth of Gold, delivered to them by the Lord Chamberlain: The Dean of Westminster, taking the Ampulla and Spoon from off the Altar, holdeth them ready, pouring some of the Holy Oil into the Spoon, and with it the Archbishop anointeth the King in the form of a Cross:

1. On the Crown of the Head, saying,

Be thy Head anointed with Holy Oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed.

2. On the Breast, saying,

Be thy Breast anointed with Holy Oil.

3. On the Palms of both the Hands, saying,

Be thy Hands anointed with Holy Oil:

And as Solomon was anointed King by Zadok the Priest and Nathan the prophet, so be you anointed, blessed, and consecrated King over this People, whom the Lord your God hath given you to rule and govern, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Then the Dean of Westminster layeth the Ampulla and Spoon upon the Altar, and the King kneeleth down at the Faldstool, and the Archbishop, standing, saith a Prayer or Blessing over him.

This Prayer being ended, the King arises and resumes his seat in King Edward's Chair, while the Knights of the Garter give back the pall to the Lord Chamberlain; whereupon the King again arising, the Dean of Westminster puts upon his Majesty the Colobium Sindonis and the Supertunica or Close Pall of Cloth of Gold, together with a Girdle of the same.

The exact ordering of the crowning of the King is thus set forth :—

THE PUTTING ON OF THE CROWN.

The Archbishop, standing before the Altar, taketh the Crown into his hands, and laying it again before him upon the Altar, saith:

O GOD, the Crown of the faithful : Bless we beseech thee and sanctify this thy servant EDWARD our King ; and as thou dost this day set a Crown of pure Gold upon his Head, so enrich his Royal Heart with thine abundant grace, and crown him with all princely virtues, through the King Eternal Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then the King sitting down in King Edward's Chair, the Archbishop, assisted with other Bishops, comes from the Altar ; the Dean of Westminster brings the Crown, and the Archbishop taking it of him reverently putteth it upon the King's Head. At the sight whereof the People, with loud and repeated shouts, cry, God save the King ; the Peers and the Kings of Arms put on their Coronets ; and the Trumpets sound, and by a signal given, the great Guns at the Tower are shot off.

The Acclamation ceasing, the Archbishop goeth on, and saith :

BE strong and of a good courage : Observe the Commandments of God and walk in his holy ways : Fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life : that in this world you may be crowned with success and honour, and when you have finished your course, receive a Crown of Righteousness, which God the righteous Judge shall give you in that day.

Then the Choir singeth :

Be strong and play the man : Keep the Commandments of the Lord thy God, and walk in his ways.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is the first to do homage to the King, for the Coronation Service is essentially a religious ceremony. Then the Prince of Wales kneels with the other Princes, promising allegiance.

Then follows the same ceremony on the part of the Peers, the first only of each order touching the Crown, kissing the King's Cheek and promising support. After that comes the Coronation of the Queen, which is ordered as follows :

THH QUEEN'S CORONATION, BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

The Queen ariseth and goeth to the steps of the Altar, supported by two Bishops, and there kneeleth down, whilst the Archbishop of York saith the following Prayer :

ALMIGHTY God, the fountain of all goodness : Give ear, we beseech thee, to our prayers, and multiply thy blessings upon this thy servant, whom in thy Name, with all humble devotion, we consecrate our Queen ; Defend her evermore from dangers, ghostly and bodily ; Make her a great example of virtue and piety, and a blessing to this kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who liveth and reigneth with thee, O Father, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, world without end. *Amen.*

This Prayer being ended, the Queen ariseth, and cometh to the place of her Anointing ; Which is to be at a Faldstool set for that purpose before the Altar, between the steps and King Edward's Chair. She kneeleth down, and four Peeresses appointed for that service, and summoned by Garter King of Arms, holding a rich Pall of Cloth of Gold over her, the Archbishop of York poureth the Holy Oil upon the Crown of her Head, saying these words :

IN the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost : Let the anointing with this Oil increase your honour, and the grace of God's Holy Spirit establish you, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Then the Archbishop of York receiveth from the Officer of the Jewel Office the Queen's Ring, and putteth it upon the Fourth Finger of her Right Hand, saying :

RECEIVE this Ring, the seal of a sincere Faith ; and God, to whom belongeth all power and dignity, prosper you in this your honour, and grant you therein long to continue, fearing him always, and always doing such things as shall please him, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Then the Archbishop of York taketh the Crown from off the Altar into his hands, and reverently setteth it upon the Queen's Head, saying :

RECEIVE the Crown of glory, honour, and joy : And God the Crown of the faithful who by our Episcopal hands (though unworthy) doth this day set a Crown of pure Gold upon your Head, enrich your Royal Heart with his abundant grace, and crown you with all princely virtues in this life, and with an everlasting Crown of glory in the life which is to come, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The Queen being crowned all the Peeresses put on their Coronets.

Then the Archbishop of York putteth the Sceptre into the Queen's Right Hand, and the Ivory Rod with the Dove into her Left Hand ; and sayeth this Prayer :

O LORD, the giver of all perfection : Grant unto this thy servant ALEXANDRA our Queen, that by the powerful and mild influence of her piety and virtue, she may adorn the high dignity which she hath obtained, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The Queen being thus Anointed, and crowned, and having received all her Ornaments, ariseth and goeth from the Altar, supported by her two Bishops, and so up to the Theatre. And as she passeth by the King on his Throne, she boweth herself reverently to His Majesty, and then is conducted to her own Throne, and without any further Ceremony taketh her place in it.

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE

A SYMPOSIUM

*I.—By Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P., London**

IT is a pleasure to me to be asked by the CANADIAN MAGAZINE to send a few words of greeting from London at a time when the eyes of the Empire are turned towards the centre. As one who has devoted a good many years of his life to writing, and who has a love of literature, and as a politician whose only warrant for his place in the House of Commons lies in a considerable knowledge of the Colonies and acquaintance with foreign nations, I congratulate the CANADIAN MAGAZINE on its success and the usefulness of its work. It is one of the signs of the times. It is the first Canadian magazine to have a literary and a financial success. That is an achievement in a country where over one-third of the population speak French, a country invaded by long established and excellent American magazines. It is significant that its success has been the success of a review as well as that of a magazine. It has lived, I believe, by virtue of ideas more than by virtue of mere appeal to the eye, or the interest of the incidental article.

There is no portion of the British Empire so devoted to ideas and to ideals as Canada. There is no portion of the Empire which has had such serious problems to face, nor so steadfastly and sagely met the difficulties of those problems. She was the premier Colony; she is the premier nation of those tributary nations which move towards the purposes of a common civilization under the British flag. Canada has had a hard fight to maintain her position with a nation at her south fiscally antagonistic and commercially dominant. She has held her own. I believe her hour of commercial danger is past, because the severest strain came while yet she was an agricultural country. It would seem that nothing but some forlorn miracle of disaster would destroy her prospects now. Born in Canada, as I was, I am glad and proud to know in what profound respect she is held here at the centre. When I first began work in London, many years ago, Canada was a painful distance away, to the minds of the majority of Englishmen. How near she has come within those thirteen years—that is, practically, since the first Jubilee of Queen Victoria! Englishmen have learned that Toronto and Montreal are not provincial to any degree greater than Birmingham or Edinburgh. It is a lack of ideas; it is a contraction of sentiment; it is a want of imagination, and the absence of distinction, which make provincialism. Judged by that standard, Canada is not provincial; she has contributed in a high degree to true Imperialism. From her proceeded the spirit which gave us the Imperial Federation League and the British Empire League; and such men as Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on the one hand, and

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* This message from Sir Gilbert Parker was written prior to the announcement of the postponement of the coronation.—EDITOR.

Principal Grant and Principal Parkin on the other, did much in less enlightened years to develop a knowledge of the Empire throughout the dominions over which flies the British flag.

At the coronation functions and festivities Canada will take the premier place. Every day as I go to the House of Commons, I see being erected in Whitehall an arch on which will be placed samples of the great resources of the Dominion. Under this noble structure the King and Queen and the procession will pass. The forest and the mine, the river, the farm and the work-shop will be represented. The Emperors of Greece and Rome summoned to the Imperial cities, captive kings and captains, to show forth the fame of their conquests. King Edward summons statesmen from free states for council and conference, and, instead of captives, the fruits of distant lands—peaceful evidences of prosperous Empire. In the previous history of Britain no such magnificent demonstration will be found. The Jubilees of 1887 and 1897 were great pageants and noble demonstrations of unity of Empire, but every year increases the power and the products of the over-sea dominions. The late war has shown the love and the faith of our kinsmen ; the Colonies have drawn nearer to each other and nearer to the centre. Behind all the pageant, the pomp and the public pride, will be the steadfast spirit of our race which labours towards the highest forms of civilization and freedom.

II.—By Professor Goldwin Smith

THE question of Canada and the Empire is going through a critical stage, and I prefer to await the result, especially as experience tells me that the question is bitter. But I embrace the opportunity courteously afforded me to correct once more the impression that my political friends and associates of former days in England were actuated by any feeling of coldness or indifference towards the Colonies when they promoted Colonial self-government, believing that it would be a preparation for independence. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, a member of Palmerston's Government, and marked out by Palmerston as his successor, held the same views as Bright and Cobden on this subject. So did a number of other statesmen and administrators, including Sir Frederick Rogers, who was long the permanent Under Secretary of the Colonial Office, and, as such, almost Colonial Minister. Such, in fact was the general trend of opinion. I never heard a word uttered in our circles that could be construed as disparagement of the Colonies. To none of us did it occur that there was anything mean or narrow in looking forward to seeing England a mother of free nations linked to her by affection, perhaps by the retention of mutual citizenship, and by reciprocal freedom of trade. It happened curiously enough that the first mention of the Colonies in the Speech from the Throne was owing to a hint given by me to a friend who was Colonial Secretary. The only politician who spoke disparagingly of the Colonies, singular to say, was Disraeli, who in his confidential letter to Lord Malmesbury called them "millstones round the neck of England,"

and as his intimate friend, Sir William Gregory informs us, continued to hold that language in private to the end of his life. The only possession for which he cared was gorgeous India, which impressed his oriental imagination. Nor was the Colonial policy of our party a fiasco, as its critics assume ; it brought about an extension of Colonial self-government and the withdrawal of the troops, with which ended the long, costly and scandalous series of Maori and Kaffir wars. The party of Imperial Federation is now going to try its hand, with every possible advantage, having a Colonial Office impregnated with its views ; an access of Imperialism brought on by the South African war; and a general tendency to territorial aggrandizement and agglomeration. We are looking with interest to see what they will do.

III.—By Chancellor Burwash, Victoria University

WHAT is the best that Canada can do for the Empire and through the Empire for the world ?

If the Pacific Ocean is to be the world's Mediterranean for the next century as the North Atlantic has been for the past, then Western Canada must be one of the Empire's forefront positions. From our Pacific coast the Empire will look westward as from Australia it will look eastward, and from these two points it can command the world's new life to the highest advantage. The United States has gained a similar footing in its Pacific coast and the Philippines and the Sandwich Islands. Our position is stronger and more perfectly provided with all the needed resources. We have the shortest line to China and Japan. We have unlimited coal supplies. We have the only great timber area looking out on this great sea. The supplies of wheat and cattle for food for a great industrial population on the Pacific may be increased to an almost unlimited extent. The wealth of resources which Canada may in this way furnish to the Empire, and the vantage point which she will hold can scarcely be estimated. These considerations give the Alaska boundary question no little measure of importance. They make the Pacific cable and Pacific steamship line and our transcontinental railways of immense importance.

The real growth of the Empire in Anglo-Saxon population, with its energy and dominating qualities, must take place at three great centres. Canada is one and the largest, Australia and South Africa are the other two. Of these three Canada offers the best field for the Anglo-Saxon race. Our Pacific coast is almost a duplicate on a larger and richer scale of the original home of the race in both its Norse and Saxon elements, and we might add in its Celtic as well. We may also add the further advantage of being nearest the centre. It was long since pointed out by Guyot that Britain is nearly the centre of the land areas of the world. Canada, South Africa and Australia through Egypt and India form great radial projections. The Pacific and Indian oceans are the connecting highway by which these extremities meet each other, and so belt the globe, grasping it as in mighty arms. In Saxon energy and enterprise Canada should be the strongest of these, as nearest the heart. Thus for the

physical unity of our Empire Nature herself has contributed her great world outlines and treasure-houses of resources. It is ours to contribute the moral character, the industrial enterprise, the intellectual power which, in the fear of God and faith in His providence, will make us strong and united for long generations to come.

IV.—By Chancellor Wallace, McMaster University

THE people, not the resources of the country, will make Canada great. Concerning the variety, abundance and value of the resources which lie north of the 49th parallel, between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, there is no longer any doubt and there will soon be little ignorance. Our material heritage is sufficient. How this shall be used is now the problem.

The Canadian people are a worthy people. They have strong bodies, eager and capable minds, and a traditional devotion to high moral and religious standards. Their fathers have done much for them. The pure air and free, clean life of our Canadian summers and winters have helped them towards strength and clearness of vision. Their teachers have led them wisely and vigorously. This is why the Canadian name is an honourable name to-day on the battlefields of South Africa, in the council chambers of Great Britain, and in the great universities of the United States and Europe. The strong grip of our great business men, the clear vision of our statesmen, the ability of our students and the heroism of our soldiers, are not the product of a day or a week. In quietness and obscurity our people have been "climbing upward," and now are showing themselves fit for their day of great duty and great opportunity.

This is the day of the apotheosis of the American spirit and method in business. Englishmen are exhorting each other to learn lessons of energy and enterprise from the Americans. And just here there is a danger to Canadians, for while lessons of great value may be learned from Americans it will be a calamity if the Canadian spirit and method become identical with the American spirit and method. "Success" is the god before which many are bowing down. Nowhere on earth is that word success so much in use as in the United States, and nowhere are ideas of success so meagre and false. Gain and fame, influence and power are over-estimated, and before the young are set constantly in the schools, the magazines and the books of that country with their misleading ideas. Our nearness to the great Republic puts us in danger. Already we may discover the reality of this danger. It is therefore important that we be on our guard.

We can protect ourselves and others by keeping prominent the great fundamental ideas which have made Canadians a home-loving and a religious people in the past. That industry is better than idleness, that virtue is better than pleasure, that integrity is better than dishonest gain, that wifehood is holy, that motherhood is blessed and sacred, that children

bring greater joys than millions of money, that home is the most sacred spot on earth, and that irreligion eats into domestic and national life like a canker, are ideas which should be wrought into the fibre of all our thinking. These are the ideas which may lose their hold if we do not take care. Great thoughts concerning national development and defence, or international commercial relations, or world conquests in art or literature, appeal to the imagination. They come forth with clanging cymbals and blaring trumpets, compelling attention, while other and worthier thoughts are more quiet, less sensational, less obtrusive. But if we would see Canada great in character as well as in material possessions, we must give attention in our public journals, our schools, our churches and our homes, to those modest but eternal principles upon which all national greatness depends.

V.—By the Hon. J. W. Longley

CANADA'S relations to the Empire at this moment seem to be satisfactory, but they are not final. Canada is a part of the British Empire, loyal to the British Crown, interested in the welfare of the whole British Dominion, and ready, as recently shown, to contribute men and money to the defence of the Empire if the emergency requires it.

This would seem to satisfy Great Britain and obviate the possibility of complaint from that quarter.

Yet, as a matter of fact, a great many persons on both sides are not satisfied. Men like Colonel Denison, Dr. Parkin, Mr. Crofton and others, think that Canada should contribute directly to the maintenance of the naval and military armament necessary to the defence of the Empire. Probably a similar view prevails in the Colonial and War Offices, and among many persons in Great Britain who have stopped to give the matter some consideration.

The logical effect of a direct contribution in money towards the military and naval armament would be that Canada should thereby acquire a voice in the policy of the Empire at home and abroad. Such an arrangement would not necessarily commend itself to the favourable consideration of the governing classes in the British Islands. The average Briton recognizes that colonial possessions of the rank, wealth and power of Canada ought to do something to uphold the integrity of the Empire, but they are not quite clear that they wish to take the responsibility of subjecting Imperial policy to the vote of Colonial representatives in the Imperial Councils.

On the other hand, the preponderating Canadian sentiment has not yet reached the point of solidly recognizing that it is Canada's interest or duty to contribute to the naval and military armaments of the Empire, for two or three reasons.

First, that in no instance should Canadian money be expended for such objects until Canada has a recognized voice in controlling the expenditure;

and, secondly, it is possible, however disagreeable the suggestion may be to extreme Imperialists, a number of Canadians have doubts, situated as we are, and with magnificent prospects of a future national development, whether it would be prudent or desirable that Canada should risk everything by throwing herself unreservedly into the vortex of Britain's complex international relations.

Some Canadians are in favour of the policy of Canada identifying herself with Imperial interests and standing or falling absolutely with the fortunes of the Empire. Other Canadians, and probably these constitute at present the large majority, are disposed to adhere to the fortunes of the Empire, but are content that we should drift for the present and leave the future open. To this class of Canadians the possibility is always present that the time may come when the interests of Canada may be best promoted by not being involved in all the perils and complications of European diplomacy.

Some Canadians want the question of our relations with the Empire settled to-day. If they were able to force matters to a conclusion now they would probably be bitterly disappointed with the result of to-day's verdict. Those who favour Imperialistic ideas, and wish that Canada and the other great British possessions should become part and parcel of the Imperial system, have everything to gain by delay. Events seem to be moving in their direction, and it may be that time has in store for us a natural evolution of events which will make British unity throughout the world a practicable and desirable thing. At this moment the majority of Colonials are not educated to this point.

The majority of Canadians would be content to send contingents from Canada at Canada's expense when the emergency of the Empire demanded, but if this majority had to decide to-day and forever whether Canada should contribute to the expense of the army and the navy, and link herself inexorably with the destinies of the Empire, there might be hesitation and shrinking.

However unpleasant it may seem to persons of intensely Imperialistic tendencies, the presence of 70,000,000 to 80,000,000 of English-speaking people on our borders is an element that cannot be altogether ignored in forming our plans for national life. It may be, and probably will be, the determination of the Canadian people not to be politically allied with this English-speaking power beside us on this continent, but the relations which this great commonwealth bears to us commercially, socially, politically, and in all ways potentially, is an element that must be reckoned with and cannot be absolutely put out of sight.

The brightest Imperial statesmen recognize this, and the most sensible and thoughtful Canadians recognize it.

To sum up, the Imperial Council now sitting in London will accomplish very little that bears directly on the question of the relations between Canada and the Empire.

Good feeling will continue, preferential trade will be wisely talked of,

direct monetary contributions to Imperial defence will not be adopted as a policy by Canada this year or next year. What the future has in store none can tell. Most of us hope that matters will drift in the direction of national consolidation, but it is well to keep in mind that extreme Imperialists have a few things to learn, and that a few grave and practical difficulties stand in the way of the consummation of their hopes, which they have either not discovered or are wilfully determined not to see.

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VI.—By Professor John Campbell, Montreal

CANADA has risen to a higher plane of existence. The day was when the colonies bought cast-off clothing from Britain and formed a dumping-ground for waifs, strays, incorrigibles and convicts. The time was when Canada sent to Britain for clever people to fill the leading positions. Her craven attitude caused Britain to regard her a mere dumping-ground, as an encumbrance. But these days have passed.

With the advent of the Reciprocity Treaty period our trade with the United States and Great Britain began to grow. The Provinces were federated and the Northwest was added to the new Dominion. The Grand Trunk, Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific were built and commerce improved. Our universities grew in strength, and we were exchanging instead of buying professional and literary men. The British soldier was withdrawn and we filled our own garrisons and later sent troops to assist in Imperial wars.

All these things have given us a new place in the Empire. We respect it and it respects us because we respect both it and ourselves. The Canadian no longer acts like a business-runner or a bar-room politician. His geese are no longer swans. The false self-respect has given place to the true. He does not fear his deficiencies so much now since he knows his own value. He is no longer envious of the bargaining Yankee, nor will he ever be again. Self-respect has changed us, our conduct and our ambitions. It is no longer Canada for the Canadians, but Canada for the Empire.

Because it is Canada for the Empire, the future will see greater, perhaps unlimited, reciprocity in politics, militarism, production, and professional equipment. As the provinces became a Canada, so the colonies may become an Empire. There will be a universal registration in arts, law, medicine, theology ; and our interests of all kinds will be identical. We shall be one people and all Britons.

FUTURE TRADE WITH THE EMPIRE

By Robert Munro, President Canadian Manufacturers' Ass'n

THE prominence at present being given to Inter-Colonial fast lines of steamers and all-British cables, constantly suggests the question of the future trade relation of Canada toward the Empire. The consideration is indeed pressed on us by the rapid march of events. Its solution is not sought with a view either to prophecy or speculation, but to guide toward a fuller vision of the opportunity for trade as it arises.

Unfortunately the enquiry is not one of universal acceptation. There are men among us who tell us that Canada is not in the race alongside more developed countries in competition for general trade. That for the products of field, forest and flood we are all right; let us attend well to these and be content. That Germany, the United States and Great Britain will take care of the remainder.

These men will scarcely believe that they are dating Canada back fifty years. That our Dominion occupies no mean place to-day in her external trade. That, in point of fact, our combined imports and exports for the year ending 31st December, 1901, exceed four hundred million dollars, which, divided by five and a half millions, give over $72.00 per capita, whereas the United States record only about $35.00. This fact cannot be too widely known, and alongside of it the parallel fact of the importance of the industrial quota both in our domestic and export trade. The figures of the manufacturing census for 1901 are not yet issued (and we have waited long for them) but estimating them relatively on basis of 1891, it is a safe statement to make that one-third of our population is already directly dependent on our manufacturing industries.

There is, however, another class of objection born of the last year or two, namely, that we are doing well in Canada and should give all heed to our home business, which will give us all we can do, and let the rest of the Empire do similarly. The mention of this view (and it is not infrequent) reminds us of the common objection made in Scotland thirty or forty years ago to Foreign Missions. Some said, "Get all the heathen at home set right first and then look abroad." The churches acted otherwise and the result is admitted now that more and better home-work has been done than if there had been no foreign work. In trade we must have the same experience. We are better for being obliged to compete with the world's traders. But apart from that, the pressure of expanding trade will not always be felt in Canada, and when the quiet time comes we will be glad of the assistance afforded by connections formed in other British possessions.

As the parent of the great principle of Preferential Trade within British possessions, Canada is bound to take a full share in that trade as it develops.

To-day this principle is Canadian, very soon it will be Inter-Colonial, and possibly sooner than many of us expect, it will be Imperial.

It is no question of party politics. Among our manufacturers men of all shades of politics agree generally on the business view of questions arising from the principle. No body of politicians advocates the total abolition of tariffs under the British flag. Discrimination in favour of British possessions is almost universally desired by Canadians, and the principle will be reciprocated gradually as the result of Inter-Colonial discussion, which will ensue whatever the issue of the present conference may be.

The fundamental consideration after all in dealing with our future relative trade position in the Empire must have regard to our resources, their extent, their variety and our facilities for de-

veloping them. Questions of transportation, cables and even tariffs will adjust themselves, the question of our future trade lies mainly in what we can economically produce in excess of our domestic requirements.

What will Canada have to spare for the Empire's markets? This is worth thinking out. What an inspiration it is to allow the mind to travel over the vast resources of these three and a half millions of square miles. How vast, how varied, how stupendous! How much richer the world will be for their devolopment. How much richer Canada is now becoming as she labours on the fringe, or scratches on the surface, while the great width and depth are unexplored. Why is our trade so high per capita? Simply because the capitæ are so few, and why are they so few? Because the Dominion has been practically a *terra incognita* to the outside world.

What have we to spare? It were easier to answer what have we not! And yet the fact of our needs from without gives us the opportunity for reciprocal trade. We don't want to grow bananas and oranges, we would rather trade with our fellow Britons in the islands of the South. Nor sugar, for we can barter for it too. Wool we prefer to obtain in the same way, for our brethren at the Antipodes can supply it to better advantage. But practically all the world wants comes within the range of the gifts of Heaven to our fair Dominion. Our fields are wide enough to grow for all the Empire's buyers grain and fruit, and flesh and fowl, with all that these include. Our forests are past calculation, and perennial at that, with all the industries they suggest. Our fisheries already producing a surplus of over ten million dollars, and areas yet untouched. Our mines, minerals and chemicals, our gold and silver, copper and lead, our more precious coal and iron. And of not less importance even than the materials are the waterways for their cheap transportation, and water powers for their manufacture.

What then are the indications respecting Canada's future trade with the Empire? The first indication I take from the development of our iron and steel industries, and manufactures in other metals. This will immediately fit us to build and equip the fast steamers to be used in our intercourse with sister colonies, and for the interchange of commodities. Already we are adding rapidly to our facilities for the construction of lake and river steamers, for the demand is in advance of the supply. There is a wide gap ere we compete in ocean steamers, but it will be bridged and that right early.

Before steamships we might have set down steam and electric railway equipment. Already Canada is in evidence in street railways in England, in Jamaica and elsewhere. Locomotives, passenger and freight cars and rails are among our already established industries. Other industries represented under iron and steel, structural and implemental, cannot fail to be well represented by Canada in our Empire's markets.

Our advantages in lumber indicate favourable competition in all industries in which it forms a leading part, in building construction, finishing and furnishing; in vehicles, implements, pianos and organs, in pulp and paper, in the residual chemical products and wooden manufactures generally.

In short, the range of our natural products is so wide, and representing as it does the most important staples, it must follow that an immense range of manufactures in wood, metals and minerals, now actively competing for home consumption, with others yet to be developed, will compete for Imperial trade.

Our heaviest export tonnage must, however, be agricultural. Alike in territory, soil and climate, our Dominion is blest above any nation on the round world.

While our industries may experience steady development, they cannot in rapidity of expansion compare with the products of the soil. Of wheat, oats, barley, peas, oilcake, of cattle, of but-

ter and cheese, of hams, bacon and poultry, of canned goods, meats, fruits and vegetables, our surplus in the next decade will probably grow to very large proportions, especially if producers are careful to maintain the excellence of their products.

With good banking and commercial laws, with our commerce protected by the strong arm of all the Empire, the consideration of our commercial outlook may well make us proud of our country and inspire us each one to do his part in working out her destiny.

WHAT IS IMPERIALISM?

By John Reade, F.R.S.C.

THE present is one of the great historic moments in the life of our Empire. A few weeks ago joy spread like a flood over all the lands of the Imperial domains because Peace had come to pay her homage at the King's coronation. The long-looked-for day drew nigh and expectation had almost become fruition when there loomed up a dreadful barrier. The King was seriously, dangerously ill, and the coronation had to be postponed. The effect of that tidings was overwhelming, and for some days profound sorrow and intense anxiety prevailed. But when the crisis was passed and the attending physicians and surgeons began to give assurance of recovery, it was felt that, in a very real and pathetic sense, the coronation had, after all, taken place—that Edward VII had been crowned by the love and devotion of the millions who yield him allegiance.

The kingship of Victoria's heir is no common sovereignty. It adds a fresh variety to Guizot's categories of royalty. It is at once the oldest and the youngest of European monarchies. For fifteen centuries princes of King Edward's line have been shepherds of nations, nations ever growing in number and worth until to-day when a great part of the round world and those who dwell thereon are subject to their sceptre. But Edward VII is King of his people in a new sense—the sense of our democratic age, which is also the old, as old as the tongue we speak. He is the son of his race as well as its father and head, its chosen yet essential representative, reigning by right divine because he has recognized and defends the rights of men. It is this implied oneness of the King with his people that makes the word so dear to the users of English speech, and affixes to British monarchy its characteristic seal. The coronation pageant, symbolizing its evolution, is but show to substance, in comparison with what the King's illness has made us realize—the inseparable unity of King and people.

The truth thus brought home to us was made more significant by the message of peace. So gentle and kindly was its coming that one was tempted to forget the wretched tactics by which the struggle was prolonged. The British race has always respected a stubborn foe. By conflict at home and abroad the Empire has grown great and civilization has advanced. What foes were more inveterate than North Briton and Southron? Who fights more gladly for his King than the implacable Irishman? In his farewell message to South Africa, Lord Kitchener hails the hope that, when they fight again, Boer and Briton will fight shoulder to shoulder. The prospects seem fair—in contrast to the forebodings expressed in some quarters, marvellously fair. Still that there is some hazard of renewed racial feud is indicated by the demand of an important section of the community for a suspension of the Cape Constitution. Mr.

Chamberlain, hearkening to Sir Gordon Sprigg, has declined to entertain the proposal, and it is to be hoped that the Cape Premier will manifest the moderation that the situation requires.

The position of affairs is, in some respects, like that which followed the rebellion in Canada. Had an interval of rest intervened between the passage of the Union Act and the assumption of its constitutional privileges, some might argue that the Parliament House in Montreal would have escaped the brands of Mr. Fred Perry and his fellow-enthusiasts. Who can say? We hope that there will be no ultra-loyalist arson in Cape Colony. At any rate, in spite of Mr. Rhodes, of whose deathbed plea for suspension Dr. Jameson was the confidant, Mr. Chamberlain is determined to avoid Mr. Gladstone's mistake in making loyal men suffer for the sins of the disloyal. All but a handful of the spouting, agitating class will doubtless be only too glad to avail themselves of restored tranquillity to attend profitably to their own affairs and to take up anew the painfully severed thread of domestic life.

During the course of the war a good deal of discussion has had some phase of Imperialism for its theme. What do we mean by this word? Does it stand for a sentiment merely? Do we thereby imply simply that we are pleased to recall our kinship with the races that contributed to the making of the mighty British fabric? Does it signify nothing more than that we are proud of the rock—a very conglomerate rock—out of which we were hewn? Does it remind us of the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze? Does it help us to contemplate in imagination what would happen if that flag were humbled, and defiled and shorn of its rich heritage of power? Does it recall to us Canadians the grand refusal and the grand choice which, once made in an hour of crisis, was to keep Canada loyal to that ancient flag, after preparing a home for the founders of Ontario and other exiles for conscience' sake? Does it keep us faithful to the traditions which (as Dr. Scadding reminded us) made the letters U.E.L. so fraught with meaning as an anticipation, in the night of gloom and seeming abandonment, of the splendid noontide of Imperial power and prosperity?

Quick, indeed, with all these heirlooms of memory is the word Imperialism. But it has also a substantial, a practical meaning even for those who are prone to misunderstand it. Let us ask first what meaning it may have, in seeming and in reality, for our French-Canadian fellow-countrymen. In his admirable address on French-Canadian Patriotism, delivered on the 27th of April last, in the Monument National, Montreal, Mr. Henri Bourassa, M.P., asks: "If the treaty of Paris had preserved us to France, what would have become of us? Presuming that we should have escaped the bloody reign of the Terror, it is more than likely that Napoleon would have sold us to the Americans, as he sold the people of Louisiana. And if we had survived the Empire, how could we have accommodated ourselves to the present régime in France? We have preserved, more than our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic, our character as Normans, as sons of Northern France. Instinctively we hate centralization, over-organization, legal militarism, and all that goes to constitute the essentially Imperialist régime that Bonaparte gave to modern France, and which the third Republic has maintained in all its integrity."

Now there is much in the foregoing passage with which the patriotic British-Canadian can cordially sympathize. Clearly Mr. Bourassa does not covet restoration to either Bourbon or post-revolutionary France. As for the re-establishment on this continent of a New France, independent and free, he admits that the picture is attractive, but knows that it is only a dream. Duty insists that Canadians should make Canada the centre of their hopes and efforts. But, while they should avoid wounding the susceptibilities of their British fellow-citizens, they should resist any attempt at the political ab-

sorption of Canada into the British Empire. And this not as Frenchmen, but as Canadians.

The dread that Mr. Bourassa identifies with British Imperialism is a phantom born of the haze in which he confounds two principles entirely distinct—the centralizing Napoleonic ideal and the "Imperium et Libertas," which is ours. Now one strong reason why our British Imperialism should be supported is because it is the surest safeguard against the centralization that Mr. Bourassa fears. Like a good many others of both sections of Canada's people, he is satisfied with the existing régime which, like the joyous brook, he would have go on forever, without any effort on our part.

We know of no more effective answer to this plea of *laissez faire* than an article published in this magazine some years ago by an able ex-colleague of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and since republished in his book on "The English in Africa." Judge Mills, asking his readers to consider the probable effects of the fall of England, supplies the missing sequel to Mr. Bourassa's argument. With French garrisons in Halifax and Quebec, with Russians in occupation of British Columbia, with New Zealand, Australia and India wrested from England's hands, the future would, Judge Mills thinks, look dark both for the United States and Canada. He gives his reasons, and those who read them will, we are sure, admit that the appeal of enlightened Imperialism to Colonial loyalty is justified. The whole eloquent passage on the Rights and Responsibilities of the Colonies, which closes the volume already mentioned, should be studied by those who would know what true Imperialism (or at least one important phase of it) really means, how far it is from inviting absorption and how necessary it is to secure the continued and unimpaired enjoyment of the constitutional rights that we now enjoy.

That the British Empire is the last word, the ultimate expression of mankind's highest aspirations, we need not and do not believe. But as a school of freedom and of the political virtues we know of nothing better either in history or modern practice. As a transition stage to the millennial state it deserves to be supported, and if necessary, fought for.

A NERO OF THE TRANSVAAL

By Andrew Miller, Strathcona's Horse

HISTORY tells of atrocities committed whereby thousands were tortured or put to cruel death to satisfy the ambition of some tyrant of bygone ages. We like to think of these things as associated with a period of the world's history which can never return. That such a condition of affairs should have existed in any portion of the civilized world until within two years ago, seems improbable, yet in the north-eastern portion of the Transvaal colony there has lived a tyrant as cruel as any Nero, and compared with whom the Sultan of Turkey is a saint. His name is Erasmus—the same General Erasmus whose capture by General Bruce Hamilton was reported by Lord Kitchener on January 3rd. For years before the present war broke out he had been the personal friend and counsellor of Paul Kruger, the deposed President of the Transvaal. He was a man who would shrink at nothing which promised to secure for him riches or position.

Erasmus was first appointed landrost at Lydenburg, but rose so rapidly in Kruger's favour that within a few years—about 1876—he was created the representative head of the Transvaal Government in the Lydenburg district,

exercising almost unlimited powers over a territory as large as the Province of New Brunswick. He made and unmade magistrates, controlled the entire machinery of the law within the district, guarded the mining rights and levied and exacted taxes from the natives. It was to the performance of the latter duty that he chiefly applied himself. Within the district over which he had jurisdiction lived forty thousand natives of the Kaffir, Zulu, Basuto and Tonga Indian races. Upon each of these a tax was levied, ranging from ten shillings to ten pounds sterling per head, according to the number of cattle each native possessed.

Over these natives he ruled a veritable tyrant. His word was law. Before him they cowered as slaves. None dared to court his displeasure, knowing full well that imprisonment, torture, and perhaps death would be his reward for so doing. They were in utter subjection to him. He could impose such taxes as he wished and they had no redress. And he did so. Never since the whites shared with the native races the soil of Southern Africa has a greater extortionist lived. A force of thirty constables collected the native tax. Cruelty and heartlessness were the prominent traits of their character. Each had his separate territory to oversee. No native had long arrived before the constable had his name enrolled and demanded payment of the tax. Not a native could leave the district without the permission of Erasmus and then not before he had a clear tax sheet. Some who did make their escape without such permission were followed. Once caught, they knew their fate. A severe sjamboking was the lightest punishment, and in not a few cases the passing of red-hot irons over their naked arms and legs was the punishment meted out. Natives will show these burns to this day. Oftener this native tax was paid in cattle than in Transvaal gold, in which case the sleek native bovines were, in value, underestimated with a single Kruger sovereign, although on the Johannesburg market the same cattle would have commanded eight sovereigns per head. From eight to ten thousand cattle, it is claimed, were corralled by Erasmus' agents yearly, and these their new owner marketed at the Golden City, two hundred miles away, at ruling market prices. Thus on cattle alone he stood to gain about a quarter of a million dollars a year. Before the war broke out he was reputed to be the wealthiest man in South Africa—Cecil Rhodes not excepted—his wealth being computed at ten million pounds sterling.

As a magistrate, Erasmus is said to have been the most heartless of individuals. Natives tell many tales of his cruelty and injustice. For the theft of a pair of guinea-fowl he is said to have ordered the clipping of the ear-tips of the hapless native found guilty of the offence. Evidence of this cruelty was seen upon a native who surrendered himself to the British during the victorious march of General Buller's army through the Lydenburg district in September, 1900. Even the punishments of the age of the Inquisition were revived, as natives were frequently subjected to the cruelties of the thumb-screw. Not a few deformed hands may be seen among the natives to-day which are attributed to such cruelties imposed by this tyrant. Other natives were marked with a hot iron and thus branded as a thief among their fellows.

Before ex-President Kruger, in October, 1899, issued his famous ultimatum, Erasmus was summoned to Pretoria. To him was entrusted the mobilization and arming of the burghers in the north-eastern Transvaal. This accomplished, he marched a commando of four thousand men down to the Natal frontier, where he joined the main Boer force under the command of General Joubert. He shared in the Boer successes which preceded the British retreat upon Ladysmith, and fought through the engagements at the Tugela. When General Buller eventually forced his way to the relief of Ladysmith and had sent the Boer army in retreat northward, Erasmus was des-

patched to the Lydenburg district to recruit more men to assist in stemming the advance of the British. He enlisted every available burgher and then, contrary to the custom of Boer Generals up to that time, forced the natives to take up arms against the British. From the Lydenburg district alone he pressed two thousand natives into service, an order which few dared to disobey, although they looked upon the British as their coming emancipators from a state worse than slavery. He later became the leading commissariat officer of the Boer army.

The line of railway running through the northern Transvaal and Portuguese territory to the sea-coast town of Lorenzo Marques, was yet in possession of the Boers and by it supplies of arms, ammunition and provisions were brought in in large quantities for the use of the fighting burghers. As the British drew near Pretoria, the gold of the Transvaal treasury was also shipped out by this route and forwarded to Europe for safe keeping. All this work Erasmus superintended. The mountain caves of the Lydenburg district were made the storehouse of Boer army supplies. If driven from every other portion of their country the Boers thought it would be impossible for a British army to penetrate the mountain fastnesses around Lydenburg, and felt that there they were secure. When the burghers in August, 1900, made their courageous stand at Machadodorp on the border of these mountains, and were routed by General Buller's forces, after an all-day fight, Erasmus was the man who endeavoured to check their precipitous flight. He in some measure succeeded, but never since has as large a force of burghers faced a British column as at that engagement, which cleared the way to the British for a march on to Lydenburg.

Erasmus has been looked upon as the most irreconcilable of Boers. Knowing that the annexation of the Transvaal to the British Empire marked the downfall of his power and influence and the loss of a position which was to him the stepping-stone to wealth, his determination to fight to the bitter end is not a matter of wonder.

Twenty miles north of Lydenburg is Krugersdorp, the home of Erasmus, where he for so many years wielded such power and amassed his wealth. Krugersdorp is located in the centre of the Origstol Valley—a stretch of low-lying country, seventy miles in length and varying in width from two to five miles, fenced in by mountains on all sides. This valley is noted for the fertility of its soil and for its extensive cattle raising. Krugersdorp itself is named after the ex-President, who often honoured the place with a visit, and frequently accompanied Erasmus on his annual lion and zebra hunts down by the border of Portuguese territory. The home of Erasmus is a commodious stone building with spacious rooms, each room with its fireplace and heavy articles of wooden furniture. Up to the destruction of the place by war, relics of the chase adorned the walls, the heads of leopards, lions and tigers looking down defiantly upon the visitor. Upon the uncarpeted floors of the rooms were spread the skins of these species of animals. In one room larger than the others, was a museum of modest dimensions where, in addition to animals preserved by the taxidermist's art, were many bright-plumed birds. Among the lordly animals of the African forest here found was a species of leopard, the gift to Erasmus of Selous, the well-known African hunter, who more than once has been the former's guest. In the centre of the house is a hallway of unusual width, through which a whole squadron of horse could march in section formation.

Surrounding this palatial home is a grove of orange, lemon and pear trees, through which two driveways wind, leading towards the main road to Lydenburg which passes close by. Beyond the grove tall eucalyptus trees form on all sides a border of foliage, reaching skyward. Here it is the "King of the Origstol Valley," as he is called, lived in luxury and contentment. It is pleasant to know that the Nero of the Transvaal can no longer follow his furious practices.

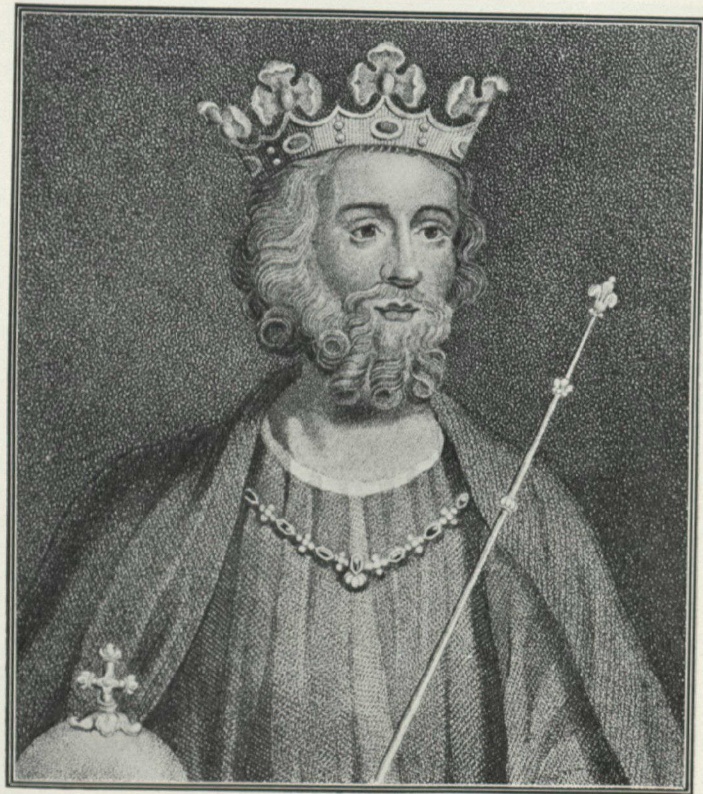
KING EDWARD THE FIRST—CROWNED 1279

THE SEVEN EDWARDS

By A. H. U. Colquhoun

KINGS are not given their names through caprice or accident. When Henry III called his eldest son Edward it was to revive the memory of the Confessor, avowedly as a tribute to piety, more probably on grounds of policy. The Plantagenets desired to keep alive their claim of being the rightful successors of the Saxon monarchy. The oath taken by Edward II for example, at his coronation, confirmed to the English people their ancient liberties, "especially the laws and customs and franchises granted to the clergy and to the people by the glorious King, Saint Edward, your predecessor."

If the claim had been more than crafty pretence, the son of Henry would have been crowned Edward II, and the tradition descending to our own time would have made his present Majesty Edward VIII. The revival of the name now is, in many respects, a good stroke of state. The seven Edwards recall to the English some of the most noteworthy and glorious events in their annals. The Scotch, it is true, have no share in the retrospect, except such as their national pride might refuse to acknowledge. But you cannot please everybody, and the Scotch have the memory of Bannockburn to console them.



KING EDWARD THE SECOND—CROWNED 1307

Edward I is a somewhat shadowy figure, looking back across six centuries and a half of time, but he fills the part of a national hero if ever a king did. His physical strength and great stature were the visible signs of considerable mental power and, upon the whole, a noble character. His exploits as a Crusader against the Mohammedans, loyalty to his weak father at home, and an admirable personal life, are wholly in his favour. But history gives him most credit for his remarkable military successes over the Welch and the Scotch, and for his labours as a lawgiver. He is called the "English Justinian." The conquest of Wales and Scotland was complete for the time being, but brought out the cruel side of the king's character. In improving and codifying the laws respecting trade, feudal abuses, and other pressing grievances, Edward I exhibited his best qualities, which were essentially constructive and reforming. A strong ruler, he was frugal without being miserly, religious rather than superstitious, and his strict morality avoided asceticism. Such a king was rare in that age. The England of the 13th century, however, was but a small country with scarce 2,000,000 of people, who followed pastoral pursuits in primitive fashion. Upon that limited stage Edward I played his part well, and the English people may look back with satisfaction to a reign when law, the beginnings of a free Parliament, and the assertion of civil rights were outstanding features.

Under Edward II much of his father's work collapsed. He was quite unfitted to rule. The weak amiability of the Confessor and some of the piety were in his composition, but the national conditions differed entirely. A strong

KING EDWARD THE THIRD—CROWNED 1327

hand was required. Yet, as one historian expresses it, "a more complete ninny than Edward II has seldom occupied a throne." An unworthy favourite, Gaveston, a false wife, turbulent barons, and Edward's devotion to amusements instead of business, soon brought disaster. You are shown to-day the tower-room in Berkeley Castle where the wretched king, deposed, friendless and tortured, was hideously done to death. If your credulity will stand the test, the iron weapon which was plunged red-hot into the victim's vitals and the bed on which he lay are still to be seen. Shown also is the dark dungeon where Edward was kept before his murder. There is perhaps in all history no example of such severe punishment for mere indolence and incapacity. The king, practically with his own consent, was deposed. Parliament passed a bill and his subjects were formally absolved from their allegiance. Even his authority over his servants was taken away and the steward of the royal household broke his staff of office. There was nothing left but to get rid of a king shorn of all place and power, so this was done with revolting cruelty and 13th century despatch.

The strong type reappears with Edward III, whose reign is another period of importance in English history. By his vigour, and the aid of his martial son, the Black Prince—another national hero bearing the name of Edward—the king waged war against France and Scotland. The battles of Crecy and Poitiers belong to this period, and the Hundred Years' War with France begins. These wars, causing intense misery in three countries, were only useful in promoting the growth of Parliamentary influence

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH—CROWNED 1461

and stirring up the people against the evils in the Church. If the Black Prince had outlived his father, England would probably have enjoyed the rule of another Edward as able and enlightened as the first. But it was not to be. Edward III in his old age fell under the sway of Alice Perrers, and fell from his former high estate. In contemporary opinion he was a great king, as a warrior, a promoter of large enterprises; a lover of the chase, and a patron of architecture. Froissart the chronicler, dazzled by his exploits, thought no English king so distinguished had sat on the throne since the days of Arthur. But Edward III left a fatal legacy to his successors in the claim to the French throne. His death-bed is a painful climax to a career so stirring and brilliant. Alone with the priest, deserted by his mistress, who fled with the very rings from the king's fingers, Edward heard at last the plain truth from his confessor, that he had grievously sinned against his people, his country, his God. It was safe to say these things to an old warrior dying and speechless. He ought to have heard them earlier.

With the death of Edward III, this first century of the Edwards, 1274 to 1377, came to an end, and there was the space of another hundred years before a king of that name appeared on the scene. Many things had happened meanwhile. The attempt to conquer France had failed. England was seething with revolt and discontent. The civil war between the Yorkist and Lancastrian factions had broken out, and in 1461, by the aid of Warwick the King-maker, Edward IV ascended the throne. He possessed military genius enough to regain and hold his throne when Warwick's treachery re-

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE LAMBETH LIBRARY

KING EDWARD THE FIFTH—WAS TO BE CROWNED 1483, BUT WAS MURDERED

stored the Lancastrians. Handsome of person, generous unless betrayed or attacked, and without the instincts of a despot, there is much in Edward IV to admire. His love-match with Elizabeth Woodville, whose relatives filled all the chief posts in the State, drove the older nobility into revolt. But the London merchants were the king's staunch allies, and the mass of the people were not dissatisfied. Every kind of expedient for raising money, short of direct tyranny, was resorted to. The king's personal graces stood him in good stead. Once he visited in person a rich widow who gave him a benevolence of £20 for "his pretty face," and doubled the sum when he kissed her. Tax-gathering in our day lacks variety and charm.

A more pitiful tragedy than the fate of his young son, Edward V, is not to be found in romance or history. He was thirteen when his father died in 1484. The picture of him preserved in the Lambeth library is that of a mere child in crown and robe. His ruthless uncle, Richard III, was the first to take the oath of fealty to the boy monarch, and rode before him bareheaded in the royal procession into London. This was in April. The coronation was fixed for June 22, but it never took place. Parliament was summoned for June 25, but no regular meeting was held. A royal speech for the occasion was actually composed and still exists, but the young king who was to have read it was a prisoner in the Tower, and soon to be murdered. His uncle and sworn protector seized the crown, on the pretence that Edward IV's marriage with Elizabeth Woodville was invalid, and sent assas-

FROM THE HOLBEIN PAINTING

KING EDWARD THE SIXTH—ASCENDED THRONE 1547

sins to make away with the young king and his brother.

So hideous a tale even for those dark days has been doubted and efforts made to defend Richard III from the charge of murdering his nephews. The "murder of the princes in the Tower" has been attacked as a popular fable. It is interesting to glance at the evidence as it has come down to us. The Shakespearian view of Richard III, as a monster of cruelty, is fairly well borne out. The chief credible witness is Sir Thomas More, who was but eight years old then, but who is believed to have learned the facts from Archbishop Morton who played a leading part in the events. The manuscript of More's history was found among his papers after his death and printed in 1557 by his son-in-law, Rastell. There is also the evidence of contemporary foreigners, some of it in correspondence from London, who asserted that Richard ordered the murders. This was the common belief of his own subjects who turned against him in consequence. Further corroboration is the confession, 18 years later, of Sir Wm. Tyrrel, Richard III's master of horse. By order of the king he had been given the keys of the Tower for one night, and, acting under his instructions, the murderers —Forrest, who had charge of the princes' sleeping apartment, and Dighton, a groom—entered the chamber and smothered the two lads with pillows as they lay asleep. Tyrrel said the bodies were hastily buried that night in the Tower. Two centuries later this part of the story was confirmed by the finding of two bodies under the staircase as you ascend to the Norman

chapel in the White Tower. Little Edward V's brief reign lasted two months.

The name of Edward VI is associated in the English mind with the Reformation in the Church of England. The boy king of ten makes a pathetic figure surrounded by grave counsellors who were hurrying the country through one of the most far-reaching revolutions in religion. He was precocious and clever, writing and speaking Latin and translating into Greek with ease. He kept a diary, the manuscript of which is in the British Museum, and this record is an authority for some of the events of the period. There is a quaint note about his elder sister who succeeded him on the throne. In March, 1550, he wrote :

> "The Lady Mary, my sister, came to me at Westminster where, after salutations, she was called with my council, into a chamber, where was declared how long I had suffered her mass, in hope of her reconciliation, and how now being no hope, which I perceived by her letters, except I saw some short amendment I could not bear it."

It is idle to speculate on what would have happened if the boy had outlived his sisters. To realize the course of English history without the Marian persecutions and Elizabeth's reign is impossible.

KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH—ASCENDED THE THRONE 1901

His Majesty Edward VII has reached the age of 61, and 350 years have passed away since a predecessor of that name occupied the throne. It is possible that the younger generation of to-day may live to see his grandson crowned as Edward VIII.

ALEXANDRA

LADY, on whose imperial brow doth rest
  This Crown of England, emblem of our faith,
  By which we knew that no mere shadowy wraith
Was that vast bond which knit us East and West,
And North and South, till in one lonely breast
  Echoed the loyal love of half mankind;
  Of that great heritage she left behind,
Lady, art thou inviolably possest.

'Tis meet we love thee : that of England's sons
  The least in thy defence would serve : 'tis meet
  The garnering winds lay homage at thy feet
Of all this world ; that, wheresoever runs
  In English veins the pride of English blood,
  Our Queen be crowned the rose of womanhood.

THE QUEENS OF EUROPE

By Margaret Sherrington

I—QUEEN ALEXANDRA

DURING the long years she has spent in England as Princess of Wales, Queen Alexandra has endeared herself in a thousand ways to the people over whom she now reigns as Queen-Consort; and since that eventful March day in 1863, when she came as the bride-elect of the Prince of Wales, all hearts have warmed towards her. The time that has elapsed since her arrival in England and her husband's accession, in the early days of 1901, has only served to make her more and more beloved. Such adoration as is felt for her has rarely been equalled, and never, surely, has a Queen come to the throne bearing with her deeper and more loyal affection than is showered upon the Consort of King Edward VII.

Queen Alexandra belongs to the ancient family of Holstein-Oldenburg, which for hundreds of years occupied the throne of Denmark. The families of the Dukes of Holstein date back to the beginning of German history.

On the maternal side Her Majesty is related to her husband's family, inasmuch as the late Duchess of Cambridge was her grandfather's sister. Remembering this, and the fact that the King of Denmark is not by birth a member of the Danish Royal family, it is a mistake to suppose that Queen Alexandra is essentially a Dane.

King Christian, her father, belongs to the House of Glucksburg, one of the younger and collateral lines which have shared with the Kings of Denmark the rulership of Schleswig or Holstein. The full title of the branch to which he belongs is Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg. He had no direct claim to the throne, but was elected by the voice of the people, and his election came about in this way. The Royal line of Denmark, which sprang from Frederick I, King of Denmark and Duke of Holstein (born in 1471), became extinct in the person of King Frederick VII. When the extinction of direct heirs to the throne from the eldest branch of the House of Holstein became evident, considerable curiosity was naturally felt regarding a probable successor. Claims came in from various pretenders, and from candidates with more or less right to election. The choice eventually fell upon Christian, third brother of Duke Charles of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg.

Born in 1818 (April 8th), he married at Copenhagen, on May 26th, 1842, Louise Wilhelmina Freidrike Caroline Auguste Julie, who was born on Sept. 7th, 1817, and was a daughter of the Landgrave Wilhelm of Hesse-Cassel. Prince Christian received the title of Prince of Denmark, and was appointed in May, 1852, successor to the Danish throne, receiving for himself and his heirs the title of Royal Highness.

Thus, then, did Princess Alexandra become a Royal Princess of Denmark. Christian IX ascended the throne on

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA

November 15th, 1863, in the same year that his eldest daughter became Princess of Wales.

Curiously enough Prince George, now King of the Hellenes, came to the throne, like his father, not by right of inheritance, but by election.

At the time when the King of Denmark was only a poor princeling, the home-life of Princess Alexandra was of the simplest description. Many are the stories that are told of how she and her sisters used to cut out, make and renovate their frocks. They were trained in useful, practical arts, as well as in other accomplishments, and from

Queen Louise inherited a taste and aptitude for music and the needle. A favourite and well-known photograph shows the late Queen Louise and her three daughters playing quartettes together at two pianos.

No happier family circle ever existed than that of the King and Queen of Denmark and their children, and their affection for one another forms a beautiful page in their history.

The lovely old castles of Bernstorff and Fredensborg were homes at which the Danish Royal family spent a good deal of time in a thoroughly unconventional manner. A story is told of how the three young Princesses once insisted on climbing on to a cart that was dragging stones to a dumping-place, and coaxed the driver to let them sit in his homely vehicle each time that it was unloaded and taken back to be recharged. They were perfectly happy in such simple pleasures as picking wild flowers in the country around and chatting with the peasants.

Princess Alexandra was scarcely seventeen when she first met the Prince of Wales, and the event is stated to have taken place at Worms.

The romantic story of how the Prince fell in love with the Princess will bear retelling. His Royal Highness, whilst out shooting with a party of friends, fell in love with a photograph which one of his companions drew from his pocket—a photograph of a girl in a simple white muslin gown and loose white jacket, with a black velvet ribbon round her throat, and hair smoothed back from the brow. "And who may this beautiful girl be?" asked the Prince. "The daughter of the Prince of Denmark," was the reply. A few days later the Prince of Wales again encountered the same lovely face at the house of a certain duchess. Then and there he imparted the secret of his admiration to a confidential friend, and despatched him with credentials to the Court of Denmark to judge if the Princess were as fair as her portrait presented her. Needless to say, the answer was in the affirmative. Soon afterwards the Prince made arrangements to visit the Continent, intending to become acquainted with Princess Alexandra. His introduction came about unexpectedly in the Cathedral at Worms.

The Princess's wedding took place at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on March 10th, 1863, the bride being attended by eight bridesmaids. The honeymoon was spent at Osborne House.

The early years of Her Majesty's married life were much taken up with her children—Prince Albert Victor, Prince George, and the three Princesses—Louise (the Duchess of Fife), Victoria, and Maud (Princess Charles of Denmark). A third son, born in the spring of 1871, lived only a few hours, and his death was the first sorrow that married life brought her.

The next came with the illness of the King, who, attacked with typhoid fever, lay at death's door for days and weeks. That was in the winter of 1871-2, and on February 27th a Thanksgiving Service was held at St. Paul's.

Other great troubles of Queen Alexandra's life have been the loss of her eldest son, the Duke of Clarence, and of her mother, Queen Louise—crushing blows from which it took her long to recover.

Her life since her marriage has been passed chiefly between Sandringham, Marlborough House, and Denmark. With the utmost regularity she has paid periodical visits to the home of her girlhood, usually spending several weeks in the spring and autumn of the year at Fredensborg. She used to stay a good deal at Abergeldie at one time, but of late years has paid only brief visits to Scotland.

One of the most memorable of her travels was the tour in Egypt in 1869, when she paid amusing visits to "bazaars" and enjoyed the fun of making her purchases under the name of "Mrs. Williams," driving her bargains with all the air of a person in humble birth, riding donkeys and camels, and painting her face Egyptian fashion.

Queen Alexandra has been an enthusiastic patron of hospitals, and has

gone time after time to the wards and given with her own hands toys to the children and fruit and flowers to the older patients, and she always encouraged her children in similar sympathetic acts. She has given her special interest to the cure of lupus by the treatment of light as practised in Denmark, and out of her own pocket gave the necessary sum—some hundreds of pounds—for the erection of a light for the cure in London.

Sandringham is Her Majesty's favourite home, and when her children were young she spent many a happy hour with them in her Model Dairy or Swiss Cottage, watching with interest as they were instructed in the homely arts of churning and cooking. She herself turned out delicious little tea-cakes and pats of butter.

A handicraft in which she excels is wood-carving, and specimens of her work have often been on view at exhibitions. The Technical Schools at Sandringham, where wood-carving, *repoussé* work, and other handicrafts are taught, have dozens of times been honoured by a visit from the Queen.

Her Majesty's chief hobby is photography. On the return of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall—now the Prince and Princess of Wales—from their long tour, she was to be seen at Portsmouth, kodak in hand, taking snapshots of the *Ophir* and the Royal travellers. Wherever she goes she is accompanied by her kodak.

Countless are the charities which have received the support of Queen Alexandra. It is impossible to enumerate one tithe of them. She has also been most generous in giving up time to the laying of foundation-stones, attending inaugural ceremonies, giving away prizes.

On the occasion of her second visit to Ireland she received the honorary degree of Doctor of Music, the ceremony taking place at the Royal University, Dublin. Never, perhaps, did Her Majesty look more charming than when dressed in her academic robe of white silk, and her black velvet cap with its gold tassel.

Her Majesty, it seems, has one fault—she is a very bad sitter. Poor Mr. Frith, who was commissioned to paint the wedding scene in St. George's Chapel, was at his wit's end to know how to intimate to his Royal sitter that she did not give him the opportunity of taking a portrait of her. In despair, he told his trouble to the Prince of Wales, who said, with a twinkle:

"You should scold her."

Shortly afterwards, in the presence of the Princess, the Prince asked Mr. Gibson, the sculptor, how he found Her Royal Highness as a sitter. Mr. Gibson took the easiest way out of the dilemma. He shook his head.

"There, you see," said the Prince, in good-natured rebuke, "you sit properly neither to Mr. Gibson nor to Mr. Frith."

Whereupon the Princess impulsively exclaimed: "I do! I do! You are two bad men!" And she shook her head at her accusers.

Another anecdote tells of a day when Queen Alexandra and her daughters were roaming about the lanes of Norfolk and were overtaken by a shower. They sought shelter in an inn at Hunstanton. When the clouds had drifted and the Royal ladies were preparing to depart, the landlord brought forth the visitors' book and asked the ladies to write their names in it—possibly suspecting their identity. The Queen was equal to the occasion, and made the following entry:

"Mrs. Wales and family of three daughters enjoyed their stay here very much, and they regret extremely not being able to prolong it this season."

Queen Alexandra is quite remarkable for her youthful appearance. Time seems to stand still with her, and she rivals many a younger woman for her skin, figure, and smooth face. She is devoted to her little grandchildren, and they in turn idolize her.

As daughter, wife, and mother, her Majesty has led a most perfect life. It is her own individuality, apart from her social position, which is responsible for that wonderful and heartwhole affection lavished upon her by all classes.

II—THE CZARINA

IT is a big step from the position of a girlish Princess, of comparatively humble means, and brought up in an essentially quiet, domesticated household in Darmstadt, to that of Empress of Russia, with its heavy responsibilities, dazzling brilliance, wealth, and perils, and it is small wonder that Princess Alix of Hesse hesitated before accepting the suit that, if favoured, would necessarily bring with it the harassing life that is inseparable from the exalted position of a Czarina.

Although Nicholas II was only heir-apparent when he wooed Princess Alix, it was an Emperor, not a Czarewitch, that she wedded, his accession taking place a few months after his engagement.

The Czarina is the youngest child of the late Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse, the Duchess being, of course, the ever-lamented Princess Alice of England, whose beautiful character the Czarina inherits in a marked degree.

Perhaps no Princess in modern history has known the pinch of poverty so well as did Princess Alice, whose pathetic letters tell many a tale of economy and contrivance practised. It is easy to believe, therefore, that the Czarina's youth was passed in the most frugal home, and that she led the quiet life of the ordinary German or English girl of the middle-class. A shilling a week was all that she was allowed for pocket-money until after her confirmation, when the allowance was doubled. She was brought up more after the fashion of an English girl than a German girl. Her nurse, Mrs. Orchard, was English, and she also had an English governess, Miss Jackson.

Princess Alix combined the true English love of outdoor sports and pastimes with the musical talent of the German nation, and early developed a gift for art in various forms, being particularly clever with her pencil and brush. At the same time she was instructed in many of the domestic arts, such as cooking, cake-making, plain and fancy sewing, and used to execute the most delicate embroideries. She was born at Darmstadt on June 6, 1872.

Princess Alice made frequent allusions to her youngest daughter in after-letters—"Alicky," she used to call her. "She is a sweet, merry little person," she once wrote, "always laughing, and with a deep dimple in one cheek, just like Ernie" [the present Grand Duke of Hesse]. And on another occasion Princess Alice remarked: "She is quite the personification of her nickname, 'Sunny.'" The little Princess was so bright and joyous that she was called "Princess Sonnenschein."

Princess Alix was only six years old when she lost her mother, and, as her elder sisters grew up and married, she became more and more the companion of her father. When he died she stayed a good deal with her sisters, and at the house of the Grand Duchess Serge she was thrown into the company of the present Czar, then the Czarewitch. He had been fond of Princess Alix for years. Indeed, it is said that his affection for her dated back to the time when she was a child of twelve, and they met at the Grand Duchess Serge's wedding.

The late Czar, it seems, favoured one of the Montenegrin princesses as a future Empress of Russia, and when he found the Czarewitch was setting his affections in another direction he sent him on a tour round the world, in the hope that fresh scenes would bring fresh thoughts.

But the Czarewitch was not to be turned from his purpose, and on returning to Russia won over the Grand Duchess Serge and the Duchess of Saxe Coburg-Gotha to plead his cause with the Czar and Queen Victoria, who eventually gave their consent to the engagement. The Queen had never been an actual opponent of the marriage, but Princess Alix was delicate and young, and the perils of a Russian throne were great, and for these reasons Her Majesty would have preferred that her granddaughter, of

HER MAJESTY THE CZARINA

whom she was extremely fond, should have chosen a life of less anxiety.

Another grave reason for objection was the change of religion that such a marriage would involve on the bride's part, and this weighed heavily with Princess Alix herself, and made her waver over and over again in her decision. She clung to the Evangelical faith in which she had been brought up, while an Empress of Russia must necessarily embrace the Greek Orthodox Church. However, heart ultimately prevailed—for the marriage was purely an *affaire du cœur* on both sides.

Before starting for the Coburg fes-

tivities the Czarewitch said to his parents : "I am determined at last to receive an answer from her lips."

Princess Alix was won, but it is stated that earnest discussions took place between the lovers on the subject of conversion before the engagement was announced.

Even then religious scruples began to trouble her later, and it seemed almost doubtful if the marriage would really take place. But the Czarewitch was so earnest and persistent, and Princess Alix was so fond of him, that her hesitation was finally overcome. Then she devoted herself to a close study of the Russian language.

Shortly after this came disturbing rumours about the health of the Czar Alexander III, to be followed soon afterwards by Princess Alix's departure for Livadia, where she helped the sorrowful Empress to nurse the dying monarch, and, at his wish, consented that the betrothal ceremony should be carried out without delay.

On being received into the Greek Church, Princess Alix was given the title of Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorovna. This was one of the most trying periods in the young girl's life, and she won the sympathy of everybody for the peculiarly sad circumstances in which she was placed. At a time that should be, under ordinary circumstances, one of exceptional happiness, the young Princess and her affianced husband were overshadowed by a great sorrow, which naturally robbed their wedding of much of its brilliance. Added to this was the ordeal that Princess Alix was compelled to undergo of her change of religion, to say nothing of her change of position, of parting with old friends, leaving her own country, and taking up life in a comparatively strange land, and among people of whose ways she had yet to learn. Much is expected of an Empress, and the young Princess's task was no light one.

The Emperor Alexander was dead, and the wedding of the new Emperor was, in consequence, celebrated very quietly. It took place in the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg, on November 26th, 1894, not a month after the Czar Alexander's death. The Czarina was twenty-two, the Czar twenty-six, at the time of their marriage.

How wise was the Czar's choice of a Consort has been proved time after time since the wedding. The Czarina is a woman of cool judgment and great power in discerning character. She thinks before she acts, and her advice is always so good and so well-balanced that in her the Czar has found a true helpmate in every sense of the word. She takes life very seriously—as, indeed, who in her place would not?—but she is invariably cheerful and amiable, willing to listen to other people's troubles, and is of the most unselfish character. She is rather above than below medium height, has beautiful regular features, and shares with her sister, the Grand Duchess Serge, the reputation of being one of the loveliest of Queen Victoria's grandchildren. She appears to have completely outgrown her delicacy, and has also lost the slight, fragile appearance that distinguished her as a girl. Her expression is somewhat pensive but very sweet, and there is about her an air of quiet dignity that well becomes her position without in the least bordering on coldness. She has borne on her shoulders the weight of her position in a marvellously cool and confident manner, and it is not too much to say that many of the Czar's best-judged actions have originated from his beautiful Consort.

One of the Czarina's most earnest endeavours has been to ameliorate the lot of the poorer classes of women, and for this purpose she has made herself *au fait* with the Poor Laws of the country, and has been the means of doing much good.

Perhaps the happiest hours of the Empress's life are those spent in the nursery with her four sweet little daughters, the Grand Duchesses Olga, Tatiana, Anastasia, and Marie. The nation has been disappointed that the Czar has no son, but the Emperor

and Empress themselves love their little daughters just as dearly as if they had been heirs to the Crown, though, no doubt, they too would like to secure the throne for a child of their own. On the birth of the Grand Duchess Olga the Czar is reported to have said that he was glad the child was a girl, "because," said he, "had our child been a boy he would have belonged to the people; being a girl, she belongs to us." This little girl bears a strong resemblance to her mother, while her sister Tatiana is totally different in lineament, and is more like the Czar.

One of the most beautiful of the Royal country palaces is that of Peterhof, in the grounds of which are innumerable waterfalls and fountains. The Czarkoë Seloe is another perfect palace, where the Czar and his family spend the summer months.

The Czarina, although surrounded with the most luxurious homes of any European Queen, remains perfectly simple in her tastes. She used to be almost Puritanical in her love of simplicity so far as it affects dress, and it was with the utmost difficulty that she could be persuaded so choose a *trousseau* befitting an Empress of Russia. Even now she despises over-elaborateness in dress; and although her own wardrobe is necessarily carried out on a magnificent scale, she sets no extravagant fashions to those about her.

III—QUEEN SOPHIE OF SWEDEN

OWING to delicate health, Queen Sophie of Sweden has for several years past been compelled to forego active participation in many of the social entertainments in which she would otherwise have taken part, and to live a quiet, retired life.

She is one of the most amiable of Sovereign ladies, and bears her sufferings with a fortitude and patience that speak much for her unselfishness, resignation, and sweetness of disposition.

Queen Sophie was born at Biebrich on July 9th, 1836, being the daughter of the Duke of Nassau. She was brought up unostentatiously, but great attention was paid to the selection of her teachers and to her general education. She was extremely clever, and soon displayed a special gift for languages; before she was twenty she could speak three or four tongues fluently. As a girl she was rather shy and studious, and her parents little thought that their reserved, unambitious little Sophie would one day make a marriage that would place her on one of the thrones of Europe. But such was the fate in store for her.

Prince Charming came in the person of Prince Oscar of Sweden, the third son of King Oscar I. At the time of Prince Oscar's birth his father was only the Crown Prince, and his grandfather, King Charles John, occupied the throne. The chances, therefore, that this third son of the then Crown Prince would be called upon to reign were somewhat remote, and he was allowed to follow his own inclination as regards a career. He chose a sailor's life, and at the age of eleven entered the Swedish navy, and later made some interesting voyages. At the same time he wrote a good deal of poetry, and has continued a poet to this day.

Scorning to gain prejudiced success on account of rank rather than merit, the Sailor-Prince sent in anonymously to the Swedish Academy of Science a poem for competition. It was called "Memoirs of the Swedish Fleet," and it won the prize.

It was the sudden death of his brother Gustav, in 1852, that caused Prince Oscar to come more into prominence as a possible Swedish King, his brother Charles's marriage having, up to that period, proved childless. Prince Oscar, Duke of Ostro-Gotha, as he was called, was heartwhole, and his father, in order to give him the opportunity of choosing a bride to

HER MAJESTY QUEEN SOPHIE OF SWEDEN

his liking, sent him on a trip to the Courts of Europe. In the course of the grand tour he arrived at the little Court of Wied, where he first saw Princess Sophie of Nassau. He fell in love with her then and there, and after a few months had passed he proposed to her and was accepted. Their meeting is told in King Oscar's poem "Monrepos," the name of the Prince of Wied's family castle.

On June 6th, 1857, Princess Sophie became Duchess of Ostro-Gotha, and Prince Oscar led his "angel bright and good" to her new home.

For more than a year they lived a

quiet, uneventful life—save for the birth of a baby boy—Prince Oscar devoting himself to literature, to schemes for the development of the navy, and to music, among other things. Then, in 1859, through his father's death, Prince Oscar's brother was on the throne, and he himself was drawn very near to the Crown by the new order of events. For thirteen years he acted the *rôle* of Crown Prince, and in 1872, by his brother's death, he became King.

His Majesty and the Queen have four sons. The eldest, the present Crown Prince (Gustav), is married to Princess Victoria of Baden, and has four sons ; the second, Prince Oscar, contracted a morganatic marriage with Miss Ebba Munck, one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting ; the third, Prince Charles, is married to Princess Ingeborg of Denmark, and the youngest, Prince Eugene, is an artist of great talent.

All the Bernadottes are clever, and their house is also distinguished for good looks. The present King of Sweden is still a handsome, noble-looking man, and his sons bear out the traditions of the family.

Queen Sophie is an example of a happy, domesticated Royal Consort. Suffering may have drawn her face a little, but her features remain fine and well-carved, and delicate health cannot destroy the amiability of expression and gentle kindliness which are characteristic of the woman. She is highly cultivated, and takes a keen interest in the affairs of her country. She reads and works a great deal, and is so charming and unaffected that all her ladies regard her as a friend as well as a Queen.

It is said that the Swedish Court is one of the most delightful of all European Courts to live at, because of the homeliness and simplicity of the King and Queen, who make everyone feel at their ease at once. They used to be "At Home" to any of their subjects who wished to see them on every alternate Tuesday, the only necessary introduction being a personal visiting-card, which was sent up to the audience-room. Any petitions or requests sent to their Majesties, even by the meanest of their subjects, received consideration, and the King and Queen would, on these Tuesday "At Homes," chat unostentatiously with their self-invited visitors.

The Palace at Stockholm is very beautiful, and the suite of rooms set apart for the Queen's private use bears some exquisite decorations. Here she receives her friends, and is the most sociable of hostesses.

Queen Sophie's chief concern is for the welfare of her husband's subjects. Being an invalid, she has plenty of time to think and plan, and she makes it her business to do such deeds as shall make her name blessed throughout the length and breadth of the land over which King Oscar reigns. Already, before she was Queen, during the years that elapsed between her marriage and her husband's accession, her manifold good deeds had endeared her to the hearts of the people ; and since that time she has won their admiration and respect in a tenfold degree.

When her children were young she devoted herself, heart and soul, to their upbringing. She is proud of her sons, and although she may have regretted Prince Oscar's attachment to Miss Ebba Munck, she eventually championed the young lovers' cause, and was the means of gaining the King's consent to their union.

It came about in this way. Miss Munck was Queen Sophie's favourite maid-of-honour ; and Prince Oscar, the Queen's second son, seeing a good deal of the young lady, fell in love with her, and vowed he would marry no one else. The King would not hear of the match, and one can easily imagine that there were some very distressing scenes over the matter. Prince Oscar pleaded, begged to be allowed to renounce his birthright, and pointed to his three sturdy brothers, intimating that he would never be missed so far as the Throne was concerned. But King Oscar was obdurate. He remembered the time when he himself was comparatively far removed from the Crown, and

yet his turn had come. Miss Munck, though undeniably charming, was no fit consort for his son.

She was dismissed from the Court, and Prince Oscar travelled. On his return it happened that the Queen was taken seriously ill with an old malady to which she had been a victim almost ever since the King came to the Throne. Her recovery was doubtful, and in any case an operation was imperative. In submitting to it she extracted a promise from the King that should she recover he would give his consent to the marriage of Prince Oscar with Ebba Munck. The Queen did recover, and when she was convalescent sent for her former maid-of-honour to enjoy her company again. It was Christmas evening, and all were sitting in the invalid's room, Miss Munck singing a poem of the King's that had been set to music, and which, we are told, pleaded, appropriately to the moment, for the rights due to love. When the song was ended all eyes turned upon the King. The crucial moment had come. His Majesty rose, approached his son, and, taking his hand, laid it silently in that of Miss Munck.

The marriage was celebrated very quietly at Bournemouth, Queen Sophie journeying over to England expressly for the purpose of attending the ceremony. The bridegroom, who was before that known as Prince Oscar, Duke of Gotland, is now simple Prince Bernadotte, or Count Wisborg.

The Queen is very fond of her daughter-in-law, the Crown Prince's wife, the two royal ladies being one in aims and sympathies. By all about the Court Queen Sophie is idolized, her gentleness, sweetness, tact, and simplicity, her love of little children and devotion to the King and her sons being qualities which only her personal friends and those in the immediate Court *entourage*, are able to appreciate to their full value.

IN SUMMER RAIN

HOW vividly in summer rain
  The commonest of tints are seen,
The robin is a scarlet stain
  Against the shining evergreen.

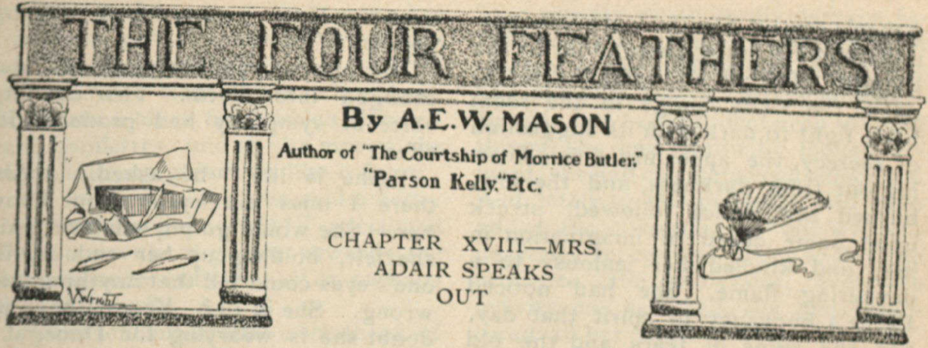
The last scant strawberries, a score
  That hid behind the redd'ning leaves,
Rain-flushed, wind-tossed, are waiting for
  Red-lipped or redder-breasted thieves.

The willows, pallid in the sun
  Are sunny in the rainy dark ;
A deeper brown the streamlets run
  And deeply black the orchard bark.

And yet, although the clouds are gray,
  These freshening tints of every hue
Would intimate a rain at play,
  Or at the worst a storm of dew.

The quality of mercy flows
  Upon the meadow's thirsty brood,
And every bright'ning grass-blade shows
  The quality of gratitude.

Ethelwyn Wetherald



THE FOUR FEATHERS

By A. E. W. MASON

Author of "The Courtship of Morrice Butler." "Parson Kelly." Etc.

CHAPTER XVIII—MRS. ADAIR SPEAKS OUT

RESUME OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS: Harry Feversham, son of General Feversham, of Surrey, is a lieutenant in an English regiment. On becoming engaged to Ethne Eustace, daughter of Dermod Eustace, of Ramelton, Donegal, Ireland, he resigns his commission. He announces this at a little dinner at which Captain Trench, Lieut. Willoughby and Lieut. Durrance, who himself cared something for Ethne, were present. Just after his resignation, his regiment is ordered to Egypt where Durrance also goes on General Graham's staff. These two friends have a last ride together in Hyde Park—Durrance sails for Egypt and Feversham goes to Ireland, where there is to be a ball to celebrate the engagement. On the evening of this great event, Feversham receives by post a box containing three white feathers and three visiting cards bearing names of brother officers. They had deemed him a coward who would resign his commission on the eve of war. Feversham talks of the affair with Ethne, explaining that all his life he had been afraid that some day he should play the coward. For that reason, and because of his engagement, he had resigned. She returns the little box of feathers to him, and lo! he finds she has added a *fourth* from her fan. The engagement is ended and Harry Feversham disappears, but not before communicating to his mother's friend, Lieutenant Sutch, that some day he hopes to win back his honour.

After three years' service in Egypt, Durrance returns to London and is surprised to hear of the broken engagement and of Harry Feversham's disappearance. Under the circumstances, he feels free to visit Ethne Eustace at her home in Donegal. He does so, and presses his suit unsuccessfully. He returns to his post at Wadi Halfa. In the meantime Harry Feversham is learning Arabic in Upper Egypt.

Another June comes round; Durrance returns to England for another furlough, but makes no progress with his suit. He goes back to Egypt.

Still another June comes round; and two letters cross in the Mediterranean. One is from Ethne to Col. Durrance, saying that she has reconsidered the matter and will marry him upon his return to England. The other is from Col. Durrance to Ethne, in which he tells her that a sunstroke has deprived him of his eye-sight. Ethne had learned of Durrance's misfortune by cablegram from a friend of his and immediately sent her letter, thinking Durrance would not know of the cablegram.

The self-sacrificing fiancée meets her lover, on his return to England, at the home of their mutual friend, Mrs. Adair. Shortly afterwards Capt. Willoughby brings Ethne one of the four feathers with a strange story of how Harry Feversham has redeemed it by a gallant deed in Egypt. Her old affection and regard for Harry is thus awakened, and even her blind lover notices the change in her. His blindness makes him all the more susceptible to changes in tone and spirit. He tells her of meeting Harry at Tewfikieh on the Nile, disguised as a musician and attempting to play a zither. The tune was a mere memory of Ethne's favourite piece, the Musoline Overture, and was wretchedly played.

FOR Mrs. Adair, like Durrance, burned her boats that night. She had not deliberately planned this hazardous experiment. Deliberation, indeed, would have warned her to silence, as it had done on many days during the last two months. But that calm, pale face of hers hid the quick passions of the South; she had been racked by them to the limits of her endurance. Events, moreover, had occurred this morning which seemed to offer an opportunity; so that little more than a trifle was needed to break down her reticence. And it was the merest trifle which did break it down. Sitting out upon the terrace after dinner, and not very far from the open window, through which the moonlight shone, she had seen Ethne turn out the lamp before she played the overture upon her violin. She did not understand

Ethne's reason for the act; she misunderstood it altogether, so far as she thought of it at all. But the act in itself, the swift change in the room from light to dark with its suggestion of secrecy, the appealing music floating out from darkness, and the low, hushed talk which followed, struck upon some chord of imagination in her, and kindled her jealousy to a devouring flame. She had noticed Ethne's buoyancy of spirit that day, and the signs of tears and the old timidity of manner which had returned to her that night; and of her observation Mrs. Adair meant to make full use. But it was the mere turning out of the lamp which prompted her to use them.

Durrance held out his hand to Mrs. Adair the moment after Ethne had gone in.

"I must go," he said. "It is getting late."

"Not so very late," she answered. "I shall not go to bed for a few minutes," and she just moved the basket chair which stood empty at her side. Durrance, however, did not accept the hinted invitation.

"Good night, Mrs. Adair," he said, and she replied with a sudden sharpness,

"I think that you avoid me."

"I do?" Durrance exclaimed, and as he made the exclamation he wondered whether after all she was not right. Perhaps he had rather avoided her, not deliberately, but from some instinct of which he had not considered the cause.

"Yes," Mrs. Adair continued, and she used a more gentle voice. "I am sorry because I have few opportunities of speaking to you alone, and I wish very much to say something to you now."

Durrance sat down patiently upon the chair and waited. Mrs. Adair leaned forward with her eyes bent intently upon her companion's face.

"I want to speak to you about Ethne," she said with a low and sympathetic accent. "I have no right to, perhaps. But, after all, she is my friend. Have you noticed nothing yourself?"

Durrance's patience was at once changed into alarm. The cunning voice of sympathy had produced its effect.

"She is ill?" he asked. "Ah, there I miss my eyes. You know her. She would go on, whatever pain she felt, holding up her end. Only one's eyes could tell that anything was wrong. She is ill? Yes. I have no doubt she is wearying for Donegal." And as he hit upon that explanation his cheerfulness returned.

"Well," he said, "she will not weary much longer after to-night," and he laughed. For to-night that difficulty with many others had been smoothed away, and he could put into execution that long cherished project of rebuilding Lennon House. But Mrs. Adair did not share his cheerfulness. She sat quite silent long enough for her silence to disconcert him. Then she said quietly:

"I am afraid."

"The trouble lies deeper, then?"

"Yes. Have you not noticed her hesitation, the air of constraint she has been wearing, the strain under which she has been suffering?"

"Until to-night," Durrance replied, and again his alarm ceased to plague him. "Yes, I have noticed it, and I know the reason. I always have known the reason. But everything's different to-night. The constraint, the weariness have gone. Surely you saw that. To-night, Mrs. Adair, Ethne is what she was five years ago."

"And why?" asked Mrs. Adair.

Durrance drew in a breath and laughed again.

"Something has happened," he said with a certain awkwardness of modesty. "Something for which I hardly dared to hope," and suddenly he leaned forward towards her. "You accused me of a wish to avoid you just now. Well, I did wish it. You were right, you were right, and I will confess why I wished it. I wanted to be alone so that I might thoroughly and clearly realize just what has happened

to-night;" and in a burst of almost boyish confidence, "You are her friend, as you say. Shall I tell you what has happened?"

Mrs. Adair leaned back in her chair. She wore a black frock which glittered with paillettes, and as she moved the moonlight ran about her like a flame.

"I know already," she said quietly.

"You have guessed!" exclaimed Durrance with a glance towards the drawing-room window—"or perhaps she told you."

"She told me a little, something of the rest I saw. Ethne has had good news to-day, and the news changed her. She became—it is your own description—just what she was five years ago, just what she was before Harry Feversham disappeared one summer night from Ramelton. You described her very truly, but then you are so quick!"

That little stab Mrs. Adair could not deny herself. She delivered it with a smile, counting it some small compensation for the weeks of mortification which she had endured. But it was wasted on Durrance at the moment. He sat with an impenetrable face, nor did he change his attitude Only he was silent for a time, and Mrs. Adair wondered whether it was so that when he spoke he might the better control his voice.

"Good news?" he asked at length.

Mrs. Adair assented with a nod of the head.

"News of Harry Feversham," she added.

Again Durrance's face betrayed nothing, to Mrs. Adair's disappointment. She would gladly have seen him flinch, she watched eagerly for a sign of pain.

"And, therefore," Durrance repeated slowly, "Ethne changed back in look and manner to what she was five years ago—before Harry Feversham had disappeared." He was recalling how she had looked in those days. It was quite true. His description carelessly conceived and uttered had been more apposite than he had known. Ever since those days, even at Glenalla, she had been remarkable for a gravity which hardly perhaps fitted her years. Not that she had been solemn, or of a melancholy speech; nor had she even lost the gift of laughter. But she had been prudent even in small things, she had continally looked forward, she had calculated consequences. And lately to this prudence had been added the constraint of one who endeavours to conceal. But to-day the prudence, the constraint, even the gravity had vanished, she had recaptured all her youth.

"And it was news of Harry Feversham which did this," said Durrance, "good news."

"Yes," Mrs. Adair agreed, "but she has had bad news since;" and now she had the satisfaction of seeing Durrance start out of his enigmatic quietude.

"Bad news!" he cried, in a quick, sharp voice. "When? Who brought it to her?"

"When? Quite recently," said Mrs. Adair. "Since dinner-time. When she said good-night just now—you could not see—" She was not in the mood to spare Durrance any, and she repeated the phrase maliciously. "You could not see, but the new light-heartedness had gone, trouble had returned to her, it was visible upon her face, and with it had returned the anxiety to hide that she was troubled."

And there was another sign, the one most bitter for Durrance to acknowledge. He had mentioned it to Ethne that evening, and with a laugh, convinced that he would be no longer galled by it. Yet now within an hour he was forced to acknowledge it again. He remembered how she had lit the lamp and moved out to Mrs. Adair upon the terrace. Her reluctance to be alone with him had returned as well.

"She was tired," he cried suddenly. "That was all. She was tired and overstrung."

Mrs. Adair smiled. She did not think the words worth a protest. The very tone in which they were uttered

showed her clearly enough that Durrance himself would gladly believe them, but could not.

"I wonder whether it was you who told her the bad news," she said, and added, "Do you know I am afraid that it must have been you when you were talking in the darkness there."

Durrance was not afraid; he knew. He had told Ethne that Feversham had gone south from Wadi Halfa into the savage country; he had spoken out his fears as to Feversham's fate, without reserve, thinking that she had forgotten, indeed thinking that she was a trifle callous. He had given to her the very worst of news—if Mrs. Adair was right, if Ethne had not forgotten. Upon that point he needed to feel sure.

"And the good news?" he asked. It came to-day?"

"Yes."

"Who brought it?"

"Captain Willoughby."

"I know the man. And the news he brought was news of Feversham."

"Ethne told me they talked of Mr. Feversham."

But Durrance did not need the answer. Captain Willoughby belonged to the regiment in which Feversham had held the commission; the two men had been friends; Durrance had dined with Harry and met Willoughby more than once; besides, Willoughby held an appointment at Suakin and Harry himself had been wandering in the Soudan. It seemed likely, merely upon those grounds, that Willoughby had come to Southpool on Feversham's account. But Ethne had made a slip that evening which, unheeded at the time when it was made, came quickly back to Durrance's memories. "I heard it only to-day," she had begun to say, and she had not stopped in time to obscure her meaning. She was speaking of—what was it? Durrance reflected and got his answer. She was wondering what Harry Feversham was doing in the company of those itinerant musicians. For his father still continued his allowance. She had heard it only to-day!

"Willoughby came this afternoon, I suppose."

"No, this morning, while you were here."

"This morning!"

Durrance started up from his chair and stood.

"Yes—yes," he said slowly and beneath his breath. But he did not explain what idea had startled him, and Mrs. Adair resumed:

"Captain Willoughby did not come to the house. Ethne would not let him come. He sailed here from Kingsbridge, ran his boat into the bank and found Ethne in the garden. He went back in the same way."

"Yes," Durrance agreed, and he spoke rather to himself than to his companion. "They were on that seat then in the enclosure. I was sure that someone was there. I had a suspicion that two people were there. But when I spoke her name she did not answer. Neither did he speak."

"But he was there," said Mrs. Adair. "I saw them from the window of the drawing-room, coming from the enclosure after you had come from it. They went straight to the water's edge and then I spoke with them."

"Wait a moment, Mrs. Adair."

Durrance issued an order rather than made a request. Mrs. Adair stopped upon the instant and he walked away across the terrace to the balustrade. There he stood with his back towards her. Durrance had a way of puzzling Mrs. Adair by reason of his very simplicity. This attitude showed her now that he was grappling with some problem, and she was at once curious and rather alarmed. He leaned upon the balustrade with his face towards the garden for some little while, and when he turned back her eyes searched his features ravenously. They expressed, however, nothing more than thoughtfulness.

"Ethne wants me to know nothing of Willoughby's visit or of the news he brought," he said.

"Are you surprised at that?" said Mrs. Adair with a smile.

"No," he answered quite seriously.

"For I know her motive. She told it me a long while ago at Glenalla when I first returned from the Soudan. She said two lives should not be spoiled because of her."

Mrs. Adair might smile her disbelief, but Durrance had no doubts. She wished to keep him in the dark, she wished him never to suspect that she retained any thought of Harry Feversham. That very callousness of which he had accused her in his thoughts was, after all, only a sign that she was on her guard lest he should suspect. She had not told him of Willoughby's coming and she wished him not to know.

Durrance stood undecided whether to hear more, or whether to cut these disclosures short, and to put even what she had disclosed altogether from his thoughts. Loyalty to Ethne, a sense of treachery in listening to stories told behind her back, bade him halt here, at this point. He wondered a little even that he had allowed Mrs. Adair to go so far, but she had begun cleverly with a hint at ill health and he had fallen into the trap.

On the other hand, however, there was his own theory and belief. Marriage was not right between a man crippled like himself, and a woman active and vigorous like Ethne, unless upon both sides there was love. He walked once or twice up and down the terrace, and a new road out of the tangle began to glimmer in front of him.

Willoughby had brought good news of Feversham, news which had given to her a buoyancy and a light heart.

"Did she make a mistake five years ago?" he asked himself. "And has she to-day learnt of her mistake? There was some distinct wrong that Harry did her, there was undoubtedly disgrace to follow. But was there really more misunderstanding than wrong? Had she misjudged him all these years? Has she only learnt to-day that she misjudged him? Because if that is so, and some day Calder's telegram arrives, telling me Harry Feversham lives and is at Omdurman, something might, perhaps, be done. Yes, something might be done—from Suakin or from Assouan."

He came back to his seat with a definite conviction that somehow or other he must find out precisely what had occurred on the night of the ball at Lennon House, five years ago. "A misunderstanding, perhaps," he repeated to himself. He was very far from the truth, but he had grown quicker of perception these last months. A hint or two and he might jump to it.

"Well, what did Captain Willoughby say?"

"Of the message which he brought from Mr. Feversham, naturally nothing. But he brought a message and he gave her a token. She carried it back to the house as though there was nothing half so precious in all the world."

"A token?" asked Durrance.

"Yes, a little white feather, soiled and speckled with dust."

Durrance sat with his forehead pressed upon his hand, and was silent.

"Can you read that riddle?" asked Mrs. Adair.

"Wait a moment, please," said Durrance. "Did Willoughby mention a Colonel Trench?"

"No."

"Or a Major Castleton?"

"No."

Of both these men Ethne had spoken. She was frankly glad in a barbaric way that Castleton was dead. She had connected Feversham's departure into the desert south of Wadi Halfa with Trench's captivity in Omdurman—immediately. Yet with neither Trench nor Castleton was she acquainted. Willoughby, Trench, Castleton—here were three names, the names of three persons somehow concerned in Harry Feversham's disgrace. Moreover, Ethne had been very curious as to the possibility of an escape from Omdurman—not Feversham's escape, but Trench's. He had been surprised at her curiosity at the time; he began now to see a glimmering of the truth. He had explained the difficulty to lie in the untrustworthiness

of the Arab go-between, and at once Ethne had said "Exactly," as though the explanation gave her a cue. But to what?

Mrs. Adair moved in her chair. "Wait," he cried, putting out a hand to arrest her. A clue to what—if not to Feversham's presence in Wadi Halfa and his mysterious disappearance to the south? He leaned suddenly back in his chair.

"Was Harry Feversham to be himself the go-between?" he exclaimed. "Was that his object, then? To rescue Trench?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Adair.

But Durrance did not heed the words, he seemed unconscious of her presence.

"That was what Ethne thought," he went on. "Without a doubt. She jumped to it at once, it seemed natural. There was then some obligation upon Feversham to rescue Trench, or to attempt his rescue."

That seemed clear. Ethne was glad that Major Castleton was dead. Did she mean that Castleton could stand in no such need?

"Then there was the same obligation with regard to Castleton," he said. Mrs. Adair had no inkling of his meaning. She only saw that she was forgotten, that Durrance was absorbed in some conjecture, and was following it to its issues with a rising excitement.

"Captain Willoughby's news caused Ethne's good spirits?" he went on. "You are sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

"Then, suppose he owed something to Willoughby as well and had discharged that debt? And suppose Willoughby had come back to say the slate was clean? Make the debt serious enough—a disgraceful debt!" And he rose up suddenly from his chair. "It was a disgraceful thing which Harry did, eh?" he asked with a sudden change of tone to quietude. "Let him discharge the debt, and suppose that Ethne at her heart, in spite of her will, in spite of her pride, in spite of these five years, still cares for Feversham! Would not that explain her quick recapture of her youth?"

"I don't understand," said Mrs. Adair.

"Don't say that," said Durrance eagerly, and it was not to her that he spoke, but to her objection. "It's not so difficult if you will follow me. There's a white feather. Ethne treasures it, you say. What's a white feather? Just a white feather, yes, but a symbol, too."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Adair. "A symbol of cowardice."

"Precisely."

"Then why should Ethne treasure it?" she asked with something of his eagerness.

"Why? Don't you see?" he asked, with an incredulous laugh at her obtuseness. "Suppose—it's all supposition of course, but it's plausible, admit that—suppose the cowardice is atoned or partly atoned. Let us say a third part of it's atoned. Why then the feather becomes a symbol of the atonement, and one would treasure it."

Mrs. Adair thought over that view of the matter, looking out across the lawn.

"I wonder," she said.

"I must make sure," said Durrance, and he turned briskly to her. "Will you make an excuse for me to-morrow? Will you say that I am called away? That I must go to town?"

"The oculist?"

"No," he said quickly. "That excuse will no longer serve, and he stopped abruptly.

He had become aware that he was speaking not to a mere vague somebody upon whom he tested his suppositions, like the impersonal character who answers the questions in a Socratic dialogue, but to Mrs. Adair, who was Ethne's friend, or who at all events said she was Ethne's friend.

"Why have you told me all this to-night?" he asked quietly.

He heard the rustle of her dress, the sound of her breathing, and in a low voice she answered:

"I thought you ought to know."

"But Ethne wished the secret to be kept, and you are Ethne's friend."

"Yours too I hope."

"Well it's pretty rough on me really," he said, "though I am glad in a way to know."

It was the only word he had spoken that evening which showed how hard he himself was hit, and he uttered it quite simply and without an intonation of complaint. "The true music cannot complain." Durrance had learnt his lesson fairly thoroughly. He had indeed opportunities enough wherein to perfect himself by practice. Mrs. Adair, however, understood what of trouble and grief lay beneath the few trivial words. The very simplicity of their utterance caught at her sharply and suddenly so that she could no longer keep silence, however imprudent speech might be. Her voice sank to a whisper.

"Don't you understand?" she said, and all at once she found herself speaking incoherently the things which she had thought. And once she had begun, she could not stop. She stood as it were outside of herself and saw that her speech was madness; yet she went on with it.

"I am a brute. I told you the truth brutally. I did it on purpose. I was so stung because you would not see what was so visible had one the mind to see. I wanted to hurt you. I am a bad, bad woman I suppose. But she never cared for you, more than as a friend, just a mere friend, and what's friendship worth? . . . Especially when it doesn't prevent one shrinking from one's friend."

Durrance flinched, and she saw that he flinched. But her madness had taken hold of her. She was even urged by the knowledge that he flinched.

"Yes, yes," she went on while her voice trembled with passion. "She shrank, your Ethne—the woman of courage who would hold her end up anywhere—wasn't that the phrase? She shrank from you—shall I tell you why? Because you were blind. She was—no, she is afraid. While I—oh I will tell you the truth—I was glad. When the news first came I was glad, when I saw you I was glad, ever since I have been glad. Because I saw that she shrank. She wrote to you out of pity! Isn't that enough to make one hate her? I think it is. I felt no pity; I was glad;" and though her voice barely rose above a whisper the violence in it increased.

"I am not afraid," she said and repeated. "I am not afraid. . . . I am not afraid."

Durrance stood in front of her with a quite impassive face, but it seemed to him that in all his experience nothing so horrible had occurred as this passionate outburst in that silent moonlit garden by the woman who was Ethne's friend—nothing so horrible, so unforeseen.

"She wrote to you out of pity, and having written she was afraid. And being afraid she had not the courage to say she was afraid. You wouldn't have blamed her if she had admitted that she shrank, so long as she frankly admitted it. You would have forgiven her, you would have remained her friend, and that's all she wishes you to be. But she hadn't the courage. . . . You spoke of cowardice—"

Durrance raised his hand.

"Hush!"

And Mrs. Adair looked at him and was aware of the futility of all that she had said, of her slanders upon Ethne, of her own boastings of courage. Some consciousness of her own degradation came home to her, and she fell to excuses.

"I am a bad woman I suppose," and the more she excused herself the more conscious she was of her degradation. But it was too late for her to recover any ground; and she could not stop midway. So she went on to the end.

"After all, I have not had the best of times. Perhaps there's something to be said. I was married straight from school, and before I knew anything, to a man of whom I knew nothing. It was my mother's doing. He was kind . . . but it was dull. How dull it was! And I got to know as I grew older that there was something more to be won out of life than

mere dullness. At least that there was something more for others though not for me. One could not help learning that. One passed a man and a woman walking together, just like any others, dressed like any others, but one chanced to look into the woman's face as one passed, one saw her eyes, and one knew that there was much more . . . and then you came, and one no longer knew merely that there was much more but one knew what that much more was . . . and then Ethne came . . . and you turned to her . . . and in a very little while one was sad and sorry that you had ever come into one's life . . . But these last months have been the worst."

And at that sentence she stopped. Durrance did not move for a while and there gradually stole into Mrs. Adair's mind a vague but very real fear. What would come of her words? How would he answer them? There would be consequences. Ethne to face for instance. But Durrance had filled up the gaps and breaks in her speech. There was something after all in what she had said. Mrs. Adair had not had the best of times. When he spoke to her there was nothing but gentleness in his voice.

"I am very sorry," he said, and rather remorsefully. "When these things happen to men they bring less trouble. We can get about the world and do things—at least some of us can—and so life's easier on the whole. I am very sorry."

He said good-night and walked homewards along the path through the lawn. Mrs. Adair sat still upon the terrace until a cloud obscured the moonlight. Then she rose with a shiver and went back into the house.

CHAPTER XIX.—TWO MEN IN DIFFICULTIES

DURRANCE had made up his mind what course to pursue while he was listening to Mrs. Adair. His body-servant was waiting up for him when he came across the fields to his own house of "Guessens," and he went at once into his own study. The name, indeed, hardly suited the room, for it had always been more of a gunroom than a study.

"Is it late?" he asked, and his servant looked at the clock and answered—

"Half-past twelve."

"Get me a Bradshaw," said Durrance, "and look up the trains to London."

"You can leave Kingsbridge at eight-six," said the servant. "You reach London at a quarter to three."

"Very well; we travel by that train and we shall be away a couple of nights. You can turn the lights out and go to bed."

Durrance was slow to follow his servant's example. He sat for a little while in his chair and then began to walk gently about the room. There were cups here and there on the mantelshelf and upon tables, and one by one he took them up and touched them and fondled them in his hands, wondering whether, now that he was blind, they were still kept bright and clean. His black hour was upon him, and he found a kind of comfort in the feel of them. He knew them by their shape and their position. This one, a thin-stemmed goblet, he had won in a regimental steeplechase at Colchester; he could remember the day, with its clouds and grey sky, and the dull look of the fields between the hedges. That pewter, which stood upon his writing table and which had formed a convenient holder for his pens, had been acquired very long ago in his college "fours" when he was a freshman at Oxford. The hoof of a favourite horse, mounted upon silver, made an ornament upon a sideboard. And as he walked about the room, fingering this trophy or that, he was as one who turns over the leaves of an old diary and reads here

and there upon its pages the record of good days which are gone, and he had come to the end of his good days; there were no blank pages in the diary waiting for inscription. He had lost everything, it seemed to him that night—his career, the delight of mere physical activity, the pleasures of emulation, the pride of a progressive success maintained through years, the long journeys under strange skies, among strange people, and, finally, now—Ethne. And he was young, he realized with a sinking of the heart that was almost despair; he was at an age when in these days many famous men have hardly begun their careers. He might live a very long, tiresome time.

He came in the end to his rifles and guns. They were to him much what Ethne's violin was to her. They had stories for his ear alone. He sat with a Remington across his knees and lived over again one long, hot day in the hills to the west of Berenice, during which he had stalked a lion across strong open country and killed him at three hundred yards just before sunset. The rifle talked to him, too, of his first ibex, shot in the Khor Baraka, and of antelope in the mountains northwards of Suakin. There was a little German gun which he had used upon mid-winter nights in a boat upon this very creek of the Salcombe estuary. He had brought down the first mallard with that, and he lifted and slid his left hand along the under side of the barrel and felt the butt settle comfortably into the hollow of his shoulder. But his weapons began to talk over loudly in his ears even as Ethne's violin in the earlier days after Harry Feversham was gone and she was left alone, had spoken with too personal a note to her. As he handled the locks, and was aware that he could no longer see the sights, the sum of his losses was presented to him in a definite, incontestable way. He was seized suddenly with a desire to disregard his blindness, to pretend that it was no hindrance, and to pretend so hard that it should prove not to be one. The desire grew and shook him like a passion. What if he changed his destination to-morrow, travelled to London, yes, but from London straight to the East, out of the countries of dim stars. The smell of it and its music, and the domes of its mosques, the hot sun, the rabble in its streets, and the steel-blue sky overhead, caught at him till he was plucked from his chair and set pacing restlessly about his room.

He dreamed himself to Port Said, and was marshalled in the long procession of steamers down the waterway of the Canal. The song of the Arabs coaling the ship was in his ears, and so loud that he could see them as they went at night-time up and down the planks between the barges and the deck, an endless chain of naked figures, lurid in the red glare of the braziers. He travelled out of the Canal, past the redhead lands of the Sinaitic Peninsula into the chills of the Gulf of Suez. He zig-zagged down the Red Sea while the Great Bear swung northwards low down in the sky, above the rail of the quarterdeck, and the Southern Cross began to blaze in the south; he touched at Tor and at Yambo; he saw the tall white houses of Yeddah lift themselves out of the sea, and admired the dark brine-withered woodwork of their carved casements; he walked through the dust of its roofed bazaars with the joy of the homesick after long years come home, and from Yeddah he crossed between the narrowing coral-reefs into the land-locked harbour of Suakin.

Westward from Suakin stretched the desert, with all that it meant to this man whom it had smitten and cast out—the quiet padding of the camel's feet in sand, the great rock-cones rising sheer and abrupt as from a rippleless ocean, towards which you march all day and get no nearer; the gorgeous, patternless blaze of sunset colours in the west, the rustle of the wind through the short twilight and the downward swoop of the planets out of nothing to the earth. Durrance tramped backwards and forwards, forgetful of his blindness and parched with desire as with a fever—until unexpectedly he heard the blackbirds and

the swallows bustling and piping in the garden and knew that outside his windows the world was white with dawn.

He waked from his dream at the homely sound. Across the fields Ethne was asleep. There was, after all, he remembered, something to be done, and to be done quickly, to be begun, indeed, that very day. He went to bed and fell asleep as the sun rose.

But at Dongola, on the right bank of the great curve of the Nile, the sun was already blazing and its inhabitants awake. In an open space before the Emir Wad el Nejonmi's house, a man, with a ring and a chain about his neck and his ankles fettered, stood with such patience as he could, and was guarded by four of the Ansar soldiery. The guarding, however, was of the slightest, and a crowd of men, women and children mocked and made their sport out of the prisoner.

The prisoner was white, and wore only a ragged jibbeh and a twist of cotton about his head to shield him from the sun ; so that his bare shoulders and arms were blistered and scorched. But he made no complaint, and, indeed, uttered a few intelligible words, but for the most of the time he smiled at the shouting crowd about him, and was well pleased—like a lunatic.

Once a woman danced and gesticulated before him singing the while a long monotonous song. She was describing in simple and unexpurgated language the grievous death agonies which immediately awaited the prisoner and the eternity of torture in hell which he would subsequently suffer. But the prisoner nodded and bowed at her as though she was singing to him of Paradise. Others taking their war-trumpets placed the mouths against the prisoner's ears and blew with all their might.

"Do you hear, Kaffir?" cried a child dancing with delight before him.

"Do you hear our ombeyehs? Blow louder ! blow louder !"

But the prisoner only clapped his hands and cried out that the music was good.

Of the men those who had javelins or swords pricked and stabbed at him till his legs ran blood, and the rest in loud voices and pantomimic gestures menaced him with mutilations. The prisoner only smiled and imitated their gestures. Finally there came to the group a tall warrior with a long heavy spear. A cry was raised at his approach and a space was cleared. He stood before the captive and poised his spear.

For the first time dismay and alarm showed clearly on that captive's face, and at the sight of that expression, the jeers and mockeries burst out afresh.

"You should be glad, Kaffir," said the warrior. "For here is one come to end your miseries," and once or twice he swung the spear backwards and forwards, making his arm supple before he thrust, like a bowler before he delivers a ball at a cricket match. But it was just because he was sure that his miseries were now to be ended that the Kaffir was afraid.

He glanced wildly about him, and seeing no escape, suddenly flung out his breast to meet the blow. But the spear never reached him. For as the warrior lunged from the shoulder, one of the four guards jerked the neck chain violently from behind and the prisoner was flung half throttled upon his back. Three times and each time to a roar of delight, this pastime was repeated, and then a soldier appeared in the gateway of Nejonmi's house.

"Bring him in !" he cried, and followed by the curses and threats of the crowd the prisoner was dragged under the arch across a courtyard into a dark room.

Within that room one man squatted upon an angareb, two sat upon the floor.

"You are a spy of the Government from Wadi Halfa," said Nejonmi who sat upon the angareb.

"No, I am a musician," returned the prisoner, and he laughed happily like a man that has made a jest.

Nejonmi made a sign and an instrument with many broken strings was handed to the captive. He seated him-

self upon the ground and with slow fumbling fingers, breathing hard as he bent over the zither, he began to elicit a wavering melody. It was the melody to which Durrance had listened in the street of Tewfikieh on the eve of his last journey into the desert, and which Ethne Eustace had played only the night before in the quiet drawing room at Southpool. When he had done Nejonmi began again :

"You are a spy."

"I have told you the truth," answered Feversham stubbornly.

Upon that Nejonmi took a different tone. He called for food and the raw liver of a camel covered with salt and red pepper was placed before Feversham. Seldom has a man had smaller inclination to eat, but he ate none the less even of that unattractive dish, knowing well that reluctance would be construed as fear, and that the signs of fear would condemn him to death. And while he ate Nejonmi questioned him in the silkiest voice about the fortifications of Cairo and the strength of the garrison at Assouan, and the rumours of dissension between the Khedive and the Sirdar.

But to each question Feversham replied :

"How should a Greek know of these matters ?"

For the one chance upon which he counted was that his captors should remain perplexed as to his mission and his goal. But it seemed that his chance had failed him. Nejonmi rose from his angareb and roughly gave an order. Two of the guards seized upon Feversham and bound his wrists with a rope of palm fibre and poured water upon the cords so that they swelled and bit into his flesh. He was dragged out again into the sunlight, he was placed upon a donkey, and tortured with the pain of his wrists, mocked at by the crowd, he was driven out of the town to a high gallows upon the river bank.

He saw an angareb mounted high beneath it. He was forced to lie upon the native bedstead while the noose was fitted about his neck. He lay still, expecting the bedstead to be drawn away from beneath him, and as he lay Nejonmi came to his side.

"Speak, Kaffir !" said he. "You are a spy. You carry promises to Kordofan ! Speak the truth, for in a few minutes you will be dead!"

Harry Feversham was silent. For a few moments he pondered whether it might not be wise to admit that he was a spy, entrusted with a Government mission. But he felt that he could not think clearly. The plan for so long conceived and so carefully criticised he must cling to without diversion.

"How should a poor Greek know anything of these matters ?" he asked, and Nejonmi turned about and gave another order.

"To-morrow," he said to the prisoner, "you shall go to Omdurman."

As they lifted Feversham from the angareb he fainted.

CHAPTER XX.—GENERAL FEVERSHAM EXPLAINS

"HE knows half the truth."

With that reflection Durrance encouraged himself as he dressed early the next morning. "He knows half the truth. Sutch told me so," and he went down to his breakfast in a more hopeful mind ; while his servant was pouring out his tea another thought occurred to him.

"Just get your Bradshaw again, Williams," he said, and when the Bradshaw was fetched : "Find out the last train of the day from Kingsbridge to London." Williams puzzled for a little over the intricacies of the connection between Kingsbridge, Brent and Newton-Abbot.

"Two thirty-six, " he said, and Durrance smiled. If you chanced to be in the garden of Mrs. Adair's house at lunch time and had only a sailing boat to carry you against the tide up

the estuary to Kingsbridge you would hardly catch the two-thirty train. Moreover, Durrance's servant was a time-expired soldier of the York and Lancaster Regiment whom Durrance had first noticed on the edge of the gully near Tamai where Major Castleton was killed.

"Do you remember a Captain Willoughby at Suakin?" he asked.

Williams reflected and gave the name of Captain Willoughby's regiment.

"That's the man," said Durrance. "You may see him on Kingsbridge platform. If you do see him put me in the same carriage. If he sees me he will try to avoid me, I expect. But don't let him."

"Very good, sir," said the servant, and so it came about that Willoughby and Durrance travelled together from Kingsbridge to Brent, changed carriages together at Brent, waited together on the platform of Newton-Abbot, and finally sat opposite to one another in an empty compartment of the Plymouth express to London. Williams had seen to it that the carriage was empty but for his master and Captain Willoughby. Willoughby, however, betrayed some reluctance to enter upon so prolonged an interview.

"I'm rather partial to a little company," he said as he hesitated with one foot upon the step of the carriage. Williams stood impassively upon one side of him, the guard held open the door upon the other, Durrance invited him from within.

"We can talk of Suakin."

"Very jolly," said Willoughby. "But couldn't we get into a smoking carriage, Durrance? We can talk just as well though there are a few others."

"You can smoke here, sir," said the guard. "I'll lock you in," and Captain Willoughby stepped ruefully into the web.

Durrance conducted his enquiries with discretion. Incidents of the long siege in which they both had taken part made a safe groundwork, and naturally led to an exchange of information about the goings of their old companions, but it was not until Exeter was passed that Durrance said:

"By the way, have you ever heard of Harry Feversham?" and he heard Willoughby move uneasily in his corner opposite. "It's strange, a man one has known rather well, going under like that in a second, and nobody with even a suspicion why he went under or in what corner of the world he's hiding. He was rather a friend of mine, you know."

"Yes," said Willoughby. "He was a great friend of yours."

There was an accent of caution and wariness in Willoughby's voice which was familiar enough to Durrance, for just with that accent Ethne had been wont to speak.

"You and I dined with him just before we all left London. Do you remember?"

Captain Willoughby was lighting his pipe at the moment when this reminiscence was uttered. The pipe was a well-seasoned piece of wood and needed cleaning; it bubbled as Willoughby sucked at it. But Willoughby ceased to draw in his breath; and a moment later he dropped the match upon the floor of the carriage. Apparently it had burnt his fingers for he swore. Durrance's imagination was aroused by this simple sequence of events. He made up a little picture in his mind. On one side of the carriage the blind man, on the other Captain Willoughby suddenly arrested in the act of lighting his pipe by a sentence spoken without any significance by the blind man opposite, suddenly forgetful of the lighted match which his fingers held, and staring in his slow-witted way upon his companion's face to read how much he knew. Durrance had given no thought to that dinner up till now. It was possibly worth some thought.

"There were you and I and Feversham present," he said slowly. "And wasn't there a third present?"

"Was there? My memory's bad," and Willoughby struck another match.

"I think so. Feversham had got us there to tell us of his engagement to

Miss Eustace. So it would be one of his friends. Ah, I know—it was Trench."

"So it was," answered Willoughby. "It will be a long time, I am afraid, before we dine in Trench's company again."

"Very long," Durrance agreed. "And we shall never dine again with Castleton."

"Castleton wasn't there," Willoughby exclaimed, and quickly enough to betray that however much he might pretend to a bad memory, the little dinner in Feversham's rooms was at all events distinct in his recollections.

"No, but he was expected," Durrance replied. "Wait a bit! Was he expected? No, he was dining somewhere else—I remember, with a War Office man."

That dinner party certainly deserved consideration. Willoughby, Trench, Castleton—with these three men Ethne connected Harry Feversham's disgrace and disappearance. Durrance tried to recollect all the details of the evening; but he had been much occupied himself on that occasion. He remembered leaning against the window above St. James's Park; he remembered hearing the tattoo from the parade ground of Wellington barracks—and a telegram had come.

Durrance made up another picture in his mind. Harry Feversham at the table reading and re-reading his telegram, Trench and Willoughby waiting silently, perhaps expectantly, and himself paying no heed but staring out from the bright room into the quiet and the cool of the park. It was upon that night that Feversham had sent in his papers—yes, for so Feversham had told him, the last time they rode together in the Row. Was the telegram a factor in the mystery, he wondered. But of his wonder he gave no sign.

His recollections of the dinner party he put aside, however. There was a definite piece of information which he must extract from Willoughby before the train reached London and Bristol had been already passed. It was not, indeed, until the train slowed up at Westbourne Road for the collection of the tickets that Durrance chanced to speak of his last reconnaissance on the Tinkat plateau.

"By the way," he interrupted his story to exclaim. "It was on that reconnaissance that I first heard of the Gordon letters which were hidden in Berber. An Arab of the Kabbalish, Abou Fatma, told me of them. He was escaping to Suakin. I suppose that he went back afterwards and recovered them."

"No," answered Willoughby, "I don't think it was Abou Fatma who recovered them."

"Who, then?"

Captain Willoughby sprang up from his seat and took his traps down from the rack. "Here's Paddington," he said, and as soon as the train stopped he made his escape. Durrance made no effort to detain him, nor did he repeat his question. He had caught again the accent of wariness in Willoughby's voice; there had been something too abrupt in Willoughby's departure; Durrance guessed, and as it happened, guessed the truth.

He drove across London and three hours later stood upon General Feversham's terrace. The General had never been remarkable for tact, and age had brought with it no improvement. He came up the steps from his garden in which he now spent the greater part of the day, and drew on his coat, a little shrunken in body and feature perhaps, and rather heavier in his walk than he had been five years ago, but his back was as straight and the blue inexpressive eyes as bright.

"I am sorry, Durrance," he said. "You have joined the veterans before your time. A sunstroke wasn't it? Sutch told me."

"Sutch?"

"Yes, are you surprised? I can tell you he watched your career with interest. Well, it's over I am afraid. By George, I can't really imagine a worse calamity. It wants pluck to stand up to it. Even then it will pull a fellow down, eh? Yes, you are not the same man, Durrance, who walked

with me on this terrace a few years ago."

"But I come with the same question, General Feversham," Durrance answered.

"And I give you the same answer," answered the General. "I have nothing to say about Harry."

His voice betrayed neither anger nor sorrow; and although he used the Christian name, he used it without a hint of affection."

"Would it please you to know where he has been during the last five years?" Durrance asked.

"Not in the least."

"And on what business he has been engaged?"

The General's reply was no less compromising and direct.

"I am not interested. I do not wish him to starve and I know that he does not starve. I am content with that knowledge, Colonel Durrance."

"Still I should be very glad if you would hear me," Durrance persisted. "I have come straight from the south of Devonshire to tell you of something which occurred yesterday. I think that I now know what it means, but it is important that I should be sure;" and he related what he knew of Willoughby's visit to Southpool, and of the white feather which Ethne had carried so tenderly to her room.

"I put my own explanation upon these events," he continued. "I believe that Captain Willoughby, Colonel Trench and a Major Castleton who is dead, brought an accusation of cowardice against your son. I have reason to believe that Willoughby has withdrawn his. I think I can tell you why." And he told General Feversham of those letters hidden within a wall of a house in the Mahdist city of Berber. And when he had done he repeated his request. "I am very anxious that you should tell me all that you know. It is half the truth, or rather was half. For I think that I have told you something of the other half. I want to know what happened on that night in Donegal."

"Because Harry was your friend?" General Feversham replied. He had sat quite silent all through Durrance's story. He had not even by a movement revealed any emotion, and he asked his question now with the like indifference.

"No, but because I am engaged to Ethne Eustace," Durrance returned, "and she has not forgotten him."

General Feversham looked curiously at his visitor. But Durrance's face was as impassive as his own.

"You think Harry will come back?" he asked.

"When Trench withdraws his accusation, why should he not?"

The old man neither agreed nor differed. Thought was slow with him, and he sat staring out across the low country beneath the terrace for some little time. Then he said:

"I will tell you. You know so much already, and you have given me to-day the one good piece of news I have had since Harry came down and told me his story five years ago. I do not understand it—even now, less now perhaps than before. It is one of the queer, inexplicable things. I can only tell you just what Harry said to me. He looked me in the face, by gad, straight in the face while he spoke. A telegram came while he sat at dinner. You were there, and so were Trench and Willoughby."

"Ah!" exclaimed Durrance. "So the telegram did play a part."

"It came from Castleton, it told Harry that his regiment was ordered on active service to Egypt, it asked him to tell the news to Trench. You know what happened. Harry crumpled up the telegram and flung it into the fire, and did not tell Trench. That same night he sent in his papers. Somehow Trench and his friends learned the truth. They sent three white feathers to Harry, which were forwarded to Ramelton. They arrived at the house while the dance was going on. Miss Eustace was present when he opened the box in which they came."

Durrance had the facts at last; they fitted in with his conjectures to a nicety.

"Thank you, General, thank you," he said cordially, and he stood up and held out his hand.

"You will stay the night, at least," said General Feversham.

"I must get back to London at once."

General Feversham rose from his chair, and accompanied Durrance across the terrace.

"I should have been very glad if you could have stayed," he said. "I see few people nowadays. To tell the truth, I have not perhaps any great inclination for company. One grows old and a creature of customs."

"But you see Sutch, I suppose."

"Very seldom," and the General straightened his back. "There have been no Crimean nights since Harry went away."

They passed into the hall, and General Feversham threw a glance up at the portraits ranged upon the walls.

"As you say, why should he not come back?" he asked, and though he asked the question in the most indifferent voice, he repeated it to himself many times that evening while he sat on that bench which had once been his wife's favourite seat, and gazed out across the moonlit country towards the Sussex Downs.

TO BE CONTINUED

MY FRIEND THE COUNT

By W. A. Fraser, author of "Mooswa," "The Outcasts," etc.

CALCUTTA is the Mecca of English Griffins.

A "Griffin" is not a very serious animal; he is only a junior who goes out to that land thinking he knows very much more than he really does. I was a Griffin. I went to Calcutta; therefore things happened to me—this race thing happened.

It was ordered of the gods of a certainty—Vishnu or Krishna, or somebody in the Hindoo Pantheon; for I did not know a race-horse from a *dhoby's* donkey, and I had been taught that betting was one of the cardinal sins.

It is considered necessary to be versed in the Hindustani language to prosper in India, but my good fortune came to me through bedevilling the few words I knew of that back-handed language, which runs from right to left.

I had been dining with young Steel, who was in indigo, and half-a-dozen other men, at their chummery out at Ballypore, and was on my way back to my quarters in a gharry, when the foundation for my present fortune was laid by The Thing that had it in charge.

When we turned into Ghowringhee Road my Hindoo driver pulled up his ramshackle old horse, and peering down at me through the gharry blinds, asked, in Hindustani, where I wished to go.

Suddenly thrown on my own resources linguistically, my intellect wavered for a minute, groping about blindly in the dark for the word meaning my house. All at once, like a revelation it came to me. Yes, there could be no doubt about it—it was the right word; and I answered promptly, "*Jahannam jao,*" sinking back in my seat with a sigh of relief as I realized how well I was getting on with their barbarous speech.

My gharry man cheerfully answered, "*Achcha, sahib,*" (very good, sir); and with eager profanity urged his rest-loving steed to hurry the sahib forward.

It was The Thing, Krishna or otherwise, that whispered that word in my ear, else it had not come so nimbly to

my memory. Later in the night I discovered that it did not mean my house at all.

It was a long drive from Ballypore, and the dinner had been one of much full-bodied mullagatawny and cheerful-spirited Monopole; all tending to make one sleep, even in a gharry with an action like a twin-screw torpedo boat. I slept.

I was awakened by somebody tugging at my sleeve; and a voice was calling plaintively: "Sahib, sahib!"

"What is it?" I asked dreamily, for the air seemed rich with the music of an Indian Mutiny.

The next second I was awake; the gharry had stopped; there was surely a battle on. The atmosphere was full of flying missiles and the language of questionable moral tone. Brickbats and Hindustani descended parabolically, jostling each other in their eager flight, from the flat roof of one of the adjoining buildings, while in the street a small man was busily engaged in returning the ammunition, and swearing comprehensive British oaths.

It was a battle to shun; but the street was narrow, and we had to wait until hostilities ceased, or run the gauntlet of the cannonade.

As I cautiously reconnoitred from the door of the gharry, the aggressive figure in the street dropped in a crumpled heap, struck by one of the carelessly wandering brickbats. Notwithstanding his language I could not leave an Englishman there to be murdered, so quickly hauled him into the vehicle.

The enemy fired upon the ambulance; they were savage. An eighth-of-a-brick cannoned from my shoulder-blade and smashed a blind in the carriage.

Safely in the gharry, the horse, urged by the red hailstones, fled through the bombardment, and we were soon in a purer atmosphere.

The fresh air revived my warlike find, who was no more than partially stunned. He announced his recovery by punching me on the chin with his tiny fist.

"Stop that—you little ass!" I said.

He stared at me in astonishment. The gharry was dark, but I could feel him stare, for there was a long-drawn pause with no fighting remarks. Although I was not a betting man, athletics were rather in my line, so it was not worth while getting angry with the featherweight in front of me. I could hear him swearing softly to himself, and I was being characterized as a "rum chap."

Then he assured me confidentially that he was under seven stun; he added that his name was Griffith—"Griff, you know;" and drove emphatically at my eye lest I should forget.

Talking excited him—not a difficult task—and he commenced prowling around over my feet and knees. When I squeezed him somewhat, making him sit down, he waxed indignant; for he, Griffith, had been with Lord Dick for three years, and it irked him to be sat on by a butcher of a cross-country rider.

Evidently his imagination had been contaminated by sporting companions, and he took me for a steeplechase jockey.

Having been rescued by me had given him a sort of claim upon my attention, but still I felt a desire to get rid of him as speedily as I might. His encounter with the brickbat and some previous whiskey had rather muddled him as to localities; it seemed impossible to pin him down to any house or street of which he knew anything. I groaned inwardly; I should have to take him to my own quarters.

"You're no good at the game," he said to me groggily.

"Where do you live?" I asked. This seemed to me the more important question.

"Where do I live?" I live with the Count—sleep with him." Evidently the brickbat had affected his mind.

"Count who?" I asked.

"Count who?" Count your grandmother! What are you givin' us? Who do you s'pose he is—hic—the Count of Calcutta?"

I admitted I had not formed any opinion on the matter.

"I am on to the Count—hic! My Count! See? an'—hic!—an'—he'll win too," he continued, with erratic freedom.

That did not convey much information. The Count might be of any nationality—a winner at a pigeon shoot, a game of tennis, or a law suit. My salvage was voluble, but I gleaned little from his elliptical harangue. It seemed likely that the Count was a patron of the ring, and my young friend a clever boxer in his service.

"Where does the Count hail from?" I asked, thinking if I could identify that nobleman, I might take the boy home.

"From Australia, of course. Where do all the good'uns come from? He's own son to Lord Harry; got by the Devil *he* was."

Surely was the servant worthy of the master, I thought; also was the pedigree correct, no doubt. I took a look out of the window. We were going right now I knew, for I recognized the streets.

"So the Count's a good master, is he?" I said, thinking to humour my highly connected companion.

"Bet your life he doesn't *master* me!" he answered; "he bosses the rest of 'em, but when I give him a lift in the ribs he knows what time o' day it is."

"I shouldn't wonder," I added, as I thought of the crack on the jaw he had given me.

"He's a dandy though; when he's out to win you can bet your life on him."

"Win what?" I asked.

"Anything he's in for; short or long, it's all the same to him if he's out for the stuff. The guys'll be playin' Sir Michael next week; but if you see the Count with his shoes off, an' *me* there, you can stake your life he'll get all there is in sight."

"Is this—ah—Sir Michaela—a friend of the Count's?"

"Bet yer life; they're half-brothers."

No doubt it was quite simple—to him; but to me it was very perplexing. Why the Count should play with his shoes off, whatever it was they were going to play, and what his half-brother, the baronet, had to do with it all, was more than I could understand. However, according to my young friend, that would give him the advantage, so that he would beat Sir Michael easily.

Perhaps the Count also boxed, and it might be that he was going to have a set-to with Sir Michael, and the young game-cock with me was his trainer. Ah! that seemed a likely solution. Obviously with his shoes off the Count would be spryer on his feet; and yet——

"But doesn't the Count ever hurt his feet going without his shoes that way?" I asked, by way of keeping my friend awake.

"That's just it," he said, aroused to fresh interest by my query, and he lurched forward so that his nose rubbed with soft persuasion up and down my shirt front; then he broke off suddenly to vilify me as an ass, for his nose had rasped against a shirt stud, cutting a gash diagonally across the tip. "That's just it," he continued, when he had exhausted his vocabulary of unpleasant words, and got back to the question again, "that's just *why* his shoes only come off when he's out for the dust. He's a trifle tender on his pins, an' you won't see him without his shoes more'n once or twice in the season. But when you do—look out! My word!"

"He must be plucky," I suggested, thinking of a barefooted aristocrat wading through Calcutta dust.

"There never was a gamer one," he answered laconically.

Just then the gharry stopped; the driver's head appeared at the door. "The Sahib's house has arrived," he said, in the beautifully decorative language of the East. "*Ghar men hai!*" Ah! that was the word I had been trying to think of, *Ghar men* (house), when the devil-god had whispered in my ear, "*Jahannam.*"

It was only by the promise of refreshment that I succeeded in getting my charge out of the gharry. He

was bound to go home to sleep with the Count; but, as he didn't seem to have the faintest idea where the Count lived, it was quite possible he would turn up again among people who stoned him from the the tops of houses.

"You see," he explained, "they may get at the Count if I'm not there. I've got to look after him. There's no one he'll allow 'round him 'cept me. I'm not takin' any chances."

That being so, I wondered why he had been wasting his time firing bricks at people who were so much higher up in the world; but I refrained from saying anything, and contented myself with hauling him up to my quarters by the back of the collar. That was the quickest way, and I was sleepy.

When we came into the light I saw he had a nasty gash above his left ear. But examination disclosed that his small head was as neatly mapped as a German student's—it was part of his business, and probably came from his habit of lifting people in the ribs, as he did with the Count.

He would have talked all night, but a strong "peg" bowled him over and put him to sleep.

In the morning, when sober, he was quite different; as silent and shamefaced as a sweeper. He seemed to fully appreciate my kindness in looking after him. "It was very good of you, sir," he said, "to put yourself out about me, and I suppose I talked like a drunken idiot."

"Well, you talked a good deal about the Count——"

"Sh-h-h," he interrupted, "please don't say a word about it, sir—don't mention the name; only——" and he looked at me thoughtfully—"don't *forget* what I said about him, and don't never mention the name to anybody. But if at any time, sir, you want to know anything, or if I can help you, don't be backward in asking me. The Count'll do more for me than he will for any other—man or boy. And now good morning, and thank you, sir," and he was gone.

"Deuced funny chap," I thought; "but I expect he'll catch it from the Count, whoever he is, when he gets home. I expect the lift in the ribs will be the other way about."

That I knew nothing about betting and horse-racing, which are one and the same thing in India, was more than made up by Steel; in fact, he was a sort of perambulating turf guide. He was always at me to go down to the Calcutta Meet to see this kingly sport.

A week after my experience in the gharry, the big Calcutta race took place. Steel was importunate that I should go with him; reluctantly I consented. In reality, of course, I had nothing to do with it; it was The Thing which drew me to the chance.

I noticed that Steel worked wondrous hard for a man who was simply out for amusement. Back and forth from the horse paddock to the little inclosure where vociferous chaps were shouting all sorts of unintelligible exclamations, he raced; and just as each race was being run he would bear over to where I was sitting quietly in the stand, and watch the horses through his glasses.

On one of these excursions he said to me: "I've been losing, but I'll get it all back on Sir Michael. He's the straight tip for the next race—I've had it from the owner."

"Sir Michael!" I gasped, as The Thing whispered in my ear about the mad gharry ride.

"Yes, Sir Michael," he replied. "*You* don't know anything about him, do you?"

"Sir Michael is a horse then?" I asked.

"Why, certainly; did you think he was a bullock, and this a race for native stock?"

I paid no attention to his facetious remark. It was only Steel's way, but a nebulous something was trying to stir the leaven of more connected thought in my mind.

"Do you know anything of a Count something?" I queried. "He's from Australia I think. Does he own this —ah—Sir Michael horse?"

Steel looked at me queerly for a minute. He satisfied himself that I

was not sitting in the sun, but his face took on a troubled, anxious expression. That I should be talking about the horses was in itself surprising; that I should so hopelessly jumble noblemen and horses together was, no doubt, a matter for anxiety.

"A man named Marston owns Sir Michael," Steel said deliberately, and with a soothing intonation in his voice; "wait a bit—I've got it; there's another horse from the same stable called the Count; that's what you've got in your mind. I was really afraid it was a touch of the sun, for you've not been pegging."

"Who owns the Count?" I queried. "Is it a man named Griffith?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Steel, "you *are* mixed; Griffith's a jock, and wouldn't be allowed to race or own horses. I'll tell you who owns him," he added, looking at his race card—"Macklin! that's the man. He's trained in the same stable with Sir Michael."

"Let's go and have a look at the horses," I said, moving down the steps.

Steel's eye opened wide with astonishment. "You're coming on nicely," he remarked; "you'll wind up by having a bet on Sir Michael yourself."

"No, I shan't do that; and you had better wait till I find out about something."

"I suppose you're going to ask the jockey," he sneered banteringly.

"Yes," I answered simply, "if I get a chance."

"If you make that mistake, old man, he will probably tell you to go to—"

"Jahannam," I put in.

"That's just what he'll do," said Steel, with a grin at my Hindustani.

We walked over to the paddock. Gentlemen and ladies were sauntering around amongst the high-tempered horses who were waiting, all on edge, for the struggle that lay before them.

"This way, please," whispered The Thing in my ear. Straight, like a sleep-walker, I followed the whisper to where a great white-stockinged chestnut was stretching his long, lean neck impatiently, and making nervous music with the snaffle in his teeth.

I knew I should see the little man of brickbat proclivities beside the Count. He was there in all the splendour of Oxford-blue jacket, and deep crimson sash.

"Who is that little man in blue and crimson?" I asked Steel. I knew; for The Thing was whispering in my ear, "that's Griffith;" but I wanted a human voice to assure me that I was not dreaming.

"That's Griffith, the jockey; 'Little Griff,' as they call him—one of the best boys that ever came out from Australia. He's the Fred Archer of India. Wonder what he's riding—" and he looked at his card again. "By Jove! The Count! Wonder what he's doing upon that crock—to make the running for his stable companion, Sir Michael, I suppose."

"I'll ask him," I said.

Steel put a detaining hand on my arm, and his blue eyes were full of a new wonder. I went over and spoke to the little man.

"Good day, sir," he exclaimed, touching his cap, as he looked up at me.

"You remember me then?" I queried.

"I'd be a sweep if I didn't," he answered.

"Is that the Count?" I asked carelessly.

"Yes, sir. You can bet your life on him this trip."

The signal to mount came from the judges' stand. A big, red-faced man stepped up and held his hand on a level with the Count's forearm; the jockey put his foot in it, and was lifted into the saddle.

I walked back to Steel. "That horse is going to win," I assured him; "but there is one thing I don't quite understand—the jockey once told me that if I saw the Count with his *shoes off* he was certain to win."

Steel looked at the horse as I spoke, and exclaimed: "Don't you see—they *have* taken his shoes off—he's as

barefooted as a colt? 'A pound off his feet is 4 lbs. off his back,' the saying is; and that horse is out for the guineas to-day."

Then I told him what I knew.

"We'll have to hurry, if we mean to back him," he said. "The odds will soon be cut when the owner's money comes into the ring."

We made a pilgrimage to the bookmakers. Sir Michael was a strong favourite. The Count was 40 to 1.

"How much do you wish to bet?" my companion asked.

"I'm going to make the only bet of my life just now," I answered. "I can afford to lose 500 rupees if the horse doesn't win. If it comes off—well and good."

Steel got the money on; judicious investments here and there among the different bookmakers in moderate sums made it possible. He was an artist at that sort of thing. He also backed the horse for himself.

I was sitting in the stand when Steel came over, having finished his financial transactions. "The owner's money is going on now," he said, "and the odds are being cut. I shouldn't wonder if the brute would win."

"Win, win, win!" The Thing kept jingling in my ear; or perhaps it was the crazy, unnerving excitement of my first bet.

Almost as he had looked in the street the night of the riot, appeared Little Griff, crouched monkey-like over the withers of the big chestnut at the post. It was only three-quarters of a mile, the race, and in less than two minutes I should be rich—rich for a Griffin; or full of the knowledge that two months' salary had been dropped in the sea.

The white-stockinged legs of the chestnut flicked in and out among the dark shins of the other horses, as they cotillioned in and out in their fight for the premier place when the bunting should drop.

Several times the kaleidoscope of colours lined up and shot forward as the first flag kissed the earth. Each time the white legs twinkled in front; each time the scarlet-slashed blue drove out in the lead of the other colours.

"Good boy, Griff!" Steel was saying, as he watched them through his glass. "You'll buy the watch for him, Kinnaird, if he wins, and I'll furnish the chain—I'll throw in a charm too."

Steel was getting excited, evidently. I was also worked up; but I kept it out of evidence.

"*There they go!*" my friend cried. The Count's in the lead! Good old Griff! he's got a head on his shoulders, that boy has."

I could see that the big chestnut had opened up a flattering lead of at least two lengths.

"They'll nev—er catch him!" they'll nev—er catch him!" Steel was saying in a cheerful monotone. He was excited.

Gracious! what would I do with 20,000 rupees I was wondering. What if the bookmakers should go broke and welsh me out of the lot. The race seemed already won, with Griffith away in the lead.

"They'll nev—er catch him—nev—er catch him!" Steel kept on in that isolated drawl. "They'll nev—er catch him—The Count's light—seven stun two; and he's got the foot of all of them, for he's as fast as greased lightning. They'll nev—er catch him."

It was a cheerful bulletin, in spite of the monotony of the expression. It not only announced that our horse was in premier place, but it was optimistic of the future. I prayed that Steel might not be a dishonoured prophet; also that the bookmakers might not welsh me.

I took out the tickets and looked at them; there might have been some mistake made in the horse. But they were all right; the various sums in the lined margin all stood against the name "Count." I shoved them back in my pocket and listened to my friend. "He's choking them off in the heavy going—they'll *nev—er* catch him!"

They had swung into the stretch now. To my unpractised eye they were all winning, each horse seemed galloping as fast as the other; there

were a dozen of them, and how could Steel be so cock-sure about the Count?

"Griff's never moved in the saddle yet, and the others are all hard at work."

My heart sank. Was our jockey not trying to win?

"Good boy! They'll *nev—er* catch him now!" It was evidently all right again, though I couldn't quite understand it. But I could see the white legs flashing in the bright sunlight quite in the front, so our horse must be doing well.

A hundred yards from the finish I saw Sir Michael pull up to the girths of the chestnut. The suspense of the moment choked my friend's voice—he was silent. I felt that the struggle had come.

"You win, win, win!" The Thing was dinging in my ear.

Then the arm that had so cheerfully punched me in the chin shot into the air once, twice, and, as it descended each time, there was a noise like the crack of a pistol. The white legs seemed to flash quicker; the chestnut mass with the long bony neck drew steadily out from the jumble of bays and greys, and I could hear a thousand voices roaring: "*The Count! The Count! The Count wins!*"

Steel turned, screwed up his glasses, put them nervously into their leather case, and said: "I knew they'd never catch him. You've won a small fortune. We'll throw in a diamond pin with the watch. I'm glad I put you on to the good thing." Steel was excited.

"Bli' me!" said Griffith, when I spoke to him about the final struggle, "I only hit my boot-leg; I wouldn't touch the Count with the whip nohow. We're chums; I sleep in his stall."

The bookies didn't welsh me—they never do in India.

ELLA MAY

By Graham Douglas

ELLA MAY and Miss Mathewson arrived at the City Hospital the same raw bleak winter's day and entered the Woman's Medical at precisely the same hour.

They came on very different missions these two, and to the casual observer it would have seemed very improbable that the fate of the stately fair probationer, whose appearance had already caused a stir in the doctors' quarters, would be bound up with that of the small nigger baby, who had no place in the outside world, and for whom even the hospital hardly held a bed.

"Children's ward full," said the young house doctor who had admitted her; "Babies' too. Send her up to the Woman's Medical;" and thus it was that Miss Mathewson made Ella May's acquaintance a few minutes after she had been placed on duty.

It was just six months before the day I speak of that Isabel Mathewson made up her mind to have a profession and earn her own livelihood, telling the family of her decision with a faltering tongue and the faint hope deep down in her heart, unacknowledged even to herself, that they would cry her idea down as ridiculous, instead of which it received their warmest approval. Her father applauded roundly. Isabel had expected he would, for although James Mathewson was far from being a poor man, dress allowances were a sore subject with him and there was a fourth daughter to make her début the coming winter. Indeed, it was this very subject of dress allowance that had finally convinced Miss

Mathewson she must earn money for herself. To a girl with a mind and ideals like Isabel's, the monthly doling out of these much-grudged dollars was humiliating in the extreme. Perhaps if she had been of a less sensitive nature and had begged occasionally for the payment of a bill, or a sum for "helping out" purposes, as Jeanne and Irene did, she might have been happier in her home life, but money was to Isabel a distressing subject, and rather than ask for it she wore her dresses far longer than there was necessity for, and retrimmed hats with a persistency that filled her younger sisters with contempt.

"Isabel is a born old maid," they told their mother; "she actually likes to wear old clothes." And Mrs. Mathewson, with perception dimmed by constant contact with a man whose only pleasure was money-making, admitted she thought Isabel was old maidish, failing to see that this tall, slender girl with flower-like face possessed a soul that craved for sympathy and an artistic eye that longed for the chiffons she so patiently did without.

Isabel was not altogether disappointed when her mother consented readily to her plan of training, though she confided to her pillow with a few tears that night a wish that they had said they would miss her. But they did not, and the following day the application to the Training School for Nurses was sent in.

So many months elapsed before an answer came, the entire family save Isabel had forgotten the letter had been sent. When it did come, however, with its abrupt statement that her services would be required in twenty-four hours, it found Isabel with her outfit of pink dresses and white aprons all complete, a fact that filled her mother with astonishment and some resentment.

"You go about all you do in such a queer way, Isabel," she said somewhat complainingly. "One would think you did not want us to know what you were about." Then noting the pathetic look on Isabel's face, she added in a more kindly tone, "Well, good-bye, my dear. Take care of yourself, and—God bless you."

When the tiresome train journey was ended, and an equally fatiguing one through long stone-paved corridors, and up endless flights of stairs to the corners of the bedroom, which grew so dear to her in after months, the girl found herself in the office of the directoress. As she was surveyed from behind an intimidating pair of *pince-nez*, a lump rose in her throat and it seemed as if even the alluring bait of independence was not worth what she was going through.

"You are very late, Miss Mathewson," was the cold greeting she received, and Isabel began to explain in a voice so meek she hardly recognized it as her own, the fault was that of a delayed train, not hers.

"Take Miss Mathewson to Ward 4," was the sole response, and this was addressed to the white-capped nurse who had brought her into the august presence.

It was with a grateful heart that Isabel found herself in the long corridor again. Once outside the office door she pulled herself together and tried to steady her nerves. It would never do to be afraid of those who were in authority over her. After all, the worst thing they could do would be to send her home; so holding her head a trifle higher she followed her guide, with, at least, an outward show of intrepidity, up to the Woman's Medical.

Perhaps it was the strangeness of the long ward with rows of spotless beds on either side and the white medicine chest and dressers' carriage in the centre, that established the first bond of sympathy between Miss Mathewson and Ella May. They were just putting her into bed when Isabel came on the ward, a poor little frightened mite of two and a half years, hardly able to speak, and so wasted by disease she looked but half her age. An aunt who had brought her in was taking a severe farewell.

"Now, Ella May," she said, shaking

an impressive black forefinger at her, "'You be a good gal,' an' say 'Yes, ma'am,' an' 'No, ma'am,' to de ladies," and Ella May, sitting up in the white bed that was so much too big for her, with tightly clasped hands and startled eyes faltered out a quavering "Yes, ma'am."

Isabel wondered how the Nurse-in-Charge could resist taking the child in her arms and hushing the frightened look out of her face. But nurses in large hospitals have little time, as Isabel soon discovered, for "mothering" even the most attractive babies. And this one was far from being attractive, a thin little face, with eyes that seemed to fill up half the space in it, fuzzy black hair, and a body that was a mere bag of bones. "Rickets," her history said, "parents both dead, consumption." A terrible inheritance they left to this poor baby.

That first day was very long to both Ella May and Miss Mathewson. Isabel dusted with carbolic and water till her arms and back ached, carried trays, whisked out crumbs from the beds, and dusted again; lightened spreads and then more trays.

At last the day was ended, and whispering "Good-night" to Ella May, with whom she had spent her few spare moments, she went off to her own tea, and then took her tired limbs to rest.

"It *might* have been worse," she told herself as she dropped off to sleep —"a little."

Everything seemed brighter the next day. The girls greeted her at breakfast with cheery "Good mornings," and she did not feel herself quite such an outcast as she had at tea the night before, when they had all stared silently as she made her appearance.

The sun was shining into the ward as the day nurses came on, and Ella May greeted her with the sweetest little smile imaginable.

"You dear," said Isabel, "are you glad to see me?" and Ella May smiled again, and said, "Yes, ma'am."

"That child's too good to live or else she isn't human," said the night nurse who was passing off at that moment, which made Isabel hug the little black face to her and cast an indignant glance at the back of the unconscious offender.

"What a shame," she murmured wrathfully, and then smiled at her own anger. "Never mind, Ella May, you and I are friends, aren't we?" she said, "and you are going to get better, only not too soon, for I'd be lonely." Then she rushed off to wash her fourteen patients, and Ella May watched her all morning with big, wistful eyes.

The month of Isabel's probation flew by like the proverbial lightning, but made little change in Ella May's condition. Isabel learnt to scour a bath and make a bed with a rapidity that astonished herself; to take temperatures and go up and down the ward in a way that was neither walk nor run, but "nurses' gait," as one of the girls informed her. It may not have been pretty—Isabel scorned it a good deal when first she noticed it, but it certainly took one over the ground at a marvelous rate of speed. Then one joyful day she got her cap and was sent down to the Children's Ward as "Second Assistant."

"It's like a lovely boarding school," she wrote home to her family, "only with heaps more work and lots more liberty. I never had such fun in all my life before, and the girls are so jolly."

"Imagine Isabel liking boarding school," was the general exclamation of the family when they read this, and then, except for her weekly letter, Isabel passed from their lives.

But if she was forgotten in her home her popularity at the hospital ought to have equalized matters, though Isabel went her way serenely unconscious of the admiration she excited. She went from ward to ward as the year wore on, meeting the house doctors, and accepting their attentions with the calm dignity which belonged to her. It never occurred to her that there was anything extraordinary in the fact, that a doctor was always at

hand to pull out the heavy desk before she dusted, and that refractory patients usually vanished to another ward soon after she made her appearance. She found her path in life delightfully smooth, but did not stop to analyze the cause.

"The Queen" these doctors called her, and she took their homage as her rightful due, as only a true queen can.

"Here, you fellows," said Howells, coming into the doctors' library one day, where most of the men were congregated, "I'll relieve for any one of you any night you choose next month, the 'Queen's' going on night duty again!"

There was a general laugh at his expense, and several offers to take his duty for him, all of which Howells took good-naturedly. Then he tramped over to where Norton, the "Senior House," was sitting.

"Let's have yours, old man," he said; "you wouldn't care if the Queen of Sheba——" But before he could finish Norton broke in angrily on him—

"Look here, Howells, if you want my opinion, you're making a confounded ass of yourself. Some of you others, too," and before the astonished men could recover themselves he was out of the room, banging the door behind him.

There was a moment's blank pause, and then Howells said—

"By Jove, and I thought he rather liked her. Which means he isn't half as down on her as he is on most of 'em."

"It's funny Norton can't be really nice to anyone but children," said another man. A statement which brought wrath down on his devoted head, for Norton was a general favourite in the hospital. Tall, well-favoured, with a look of honesty and strength about him, the patients fairly worshipped him, and his colleagues relied upon his judgment in a way not often seen among young doctors. As for the nurses he took absolutely no notice of them, and, strange to say, they liked him none the less on that account. But it was in the Children's Ward that Norton's best self came out.

It was there that he went now, after his outburst in the library, straight to where Isabel was standing superintending the distribution of tea trays to the children, and proudly wearing, for the first time, the "Nurse-in-Charge" button.

"Miss Mathewson," he said abruptly, "I want to speak to you," and Isabel's heart sank when she saw the set look on his face.

"I have made some terrible mistake," she thought. "What can it be—What can it be? My first day 'N.C.', too," and she flashed over in her mind all that had taken place during the day, but could find nothing to justify his expression.

"What is it, Dr. Norton?" she asked, gathering her courage in both hands and prepared for almost any accusation.

"I want to tell you," he said, speaking nervously and with a very white face. "I want to tell you that I love you, and ask you to be my wife. Don't think me mad," as Isabel gazed at him speechless, "to tell you of it now: it is because I love you so much that I must speak. I have no way of letting you see that I care for you except by blurting it out like this. I can't pay you any attention here; if I did it would only get you into trouble; but I love you—I'll be going home soon and I had to let you know somehow."

"But Dr. Norton," she managed to gasp out at last, "I hardly know you. I—I've hardly spoken to you a dozen times."

"Twenty-one—I've counted. You see I knew from the first minute that I saw you. I don't expect an answer, but you'll think of it—promise me you'll do that."

"I don't think I can help doing that," said Isabel a little tremulously, "only please go now, Dr. Norton, the other girls are wondering what we are talking about."

He went out, and Isabel went to

Ella May and got what comfort she could from her loving hands.

"I'm feeling very, very sorry, Ella May," she said; "I don't know what to do."

And Ella May patted her hands and said, with the same wistful smile that had won Miss Mathewson's heart when first she saw her, "Poor ma'am, poor ma'am."

It was the same delicate little face but the frightened look had left it and given way to one of happiness. The hospital sojourn could not do much to mend poor Ella May's frail body, but it had bound up her broken spirit—or perhaps it was Miss Mathewson who had.

There had been a vacancy in the Children's Ward, in bed and nurse, and she and Ella May had moved in on the same day. Then had come a long round of different wards for Isabel; now she had got back as "N. C." and next week would begin a term of three months' night duty on the same ward.

But for Dr. Norton's unlooked-for announcement Isabel's world would have been *couleur de rose*. As it was she went to bed and cried herself to sleep. It was all so unexpected and unfortunate. Dr. Norton was the last man. For he had spoken with perfect truth when he said he had been unable to pay her any attention. The other men had managed to, and in spite of her woe Isabel smiled to herself when she thought of the sledge-hammer way Guy Norton had gone about his wooing.

"If only I had not stared at him so, as if he had seven heads," was her final moan before she dropped off to sleep to dream of a Dr. Norton who had developed these additions, forcing an engagement ring on her hand that rang out like a bell each time she moved. Then she awoke to find the getting-up bell over the door buzzing away furiously and daylight streaming in through the window.

She got up and wrote a note to him immediately. It was quite out of the question, and she begged he would not speak of it again, she told him. However much she might like and respect him she could not fall in love with him simply because he had told her that he cared for her. He must forget about her as quickly as possible, etc., etc. The same little note that has been written from time immemorial.

She got an orderly to take it over to the doctor's side, and then went on duty and told Ella May that she felt better.

There were rounds to be made that afternoon with Dr. Norton, and Isabel dreaded them a little, but she consoled herself with the thought that her note had been very decisive. It was, perhaps, but Isabel had reckoned without Norton's force of character. It was not until the last bed had been reached and Isabel was congratulating herself on his obedience, that he spoke a word to show he had any thoughts save of the patients. Then he said,

"It was very good of you to write me that note, Miss Mathewson, but I can't take it as an answer."

"But you must, Dr. Norton," protested Isabel helplessly.

"I don't ask or expect you to care for me," he went on pleadingly; "I only ask you to let me know you a little better. That won't bind you to anything."

He was very gentle and persuasive, and after a while Isabel found herself half promising to see him somewhere sometime in the dim future.

"I want you to know my mother; she knows all about you," he said eagerly. "Do you know—she has been here twice to see you."

Miss Mathewson came to herself with a start. She remembered distinctly enough the sweet-faced old lady who had been pointed out as Dr. Norton's mother; but that she, Isabel, had been on exhibition! Her cheeks burned red at the thought, and she came to a swift decision.

"Dr. Norton," she said quietly, "the whole thing is absurd, impossible. I ask you to say no more about it. Don't you see it would put me in an utterly false position if I went to see your mother. She would say, very

naturally, that I had no right to encourage you if I do not mean to accept you, and I do not mean," very steadily, "to do that."

There was a moment's silence before the man spoke.

"Very well, Miss Mathewson," he said at last, "it shall be as you wish, but, perhaps," a little huskily, "when we get outside this place, we may meet again, and then—then I won't have to ask you to let me speak to you. It was only a chance in a thousand, and —I've lost." And he was gone.

The next two months slipped away quietly, but very happily to Ella May and Isabel in the Children's Ward. Isabel came on duty at seven in the evening, and went off at seven in the morning, so they had not many waking hours together, but Ella May woke early, and Isabel always had her arrayed in her day gown, with a bunch of pink ribbons tying up a curl over each eye, before the day nurse came on. She saw Norton only when he made night rounds, but as he never spoke, beyond giving an order, his proposal lost its prominence in her mind.

Towards the end of Miss Mathewson's night duty, Ella May began to fail perceptibly. At first Isabel would not admit it, even to herself.

"It cannot be," she said over and over again to herself, but as day by day the little hands grew thinner and the little head too weak to lift from the pillow, she saw the doctors were right, the end could not be far off now.

One night she made a desperate appeal to Dr. Norton. "Is there nothing, nothing one could do?" she asked him; "take her away to the country, or—I would do anything for her."

"No, nothing," he said, and then left the ward abruptly.

"Ella May is dying," Isabel heard next day before she went on duty. "Dr. Norton has been with her all day, and is breaking his heart over her—as usual. I believe his heart breaks afresh each time a child dies."

She flew to the ward door, only to spend an agonizing five minutes in the corridor until the clock struck seven. When she went in Dr. Norton was leaning over the cot, Ella May's head lying in his hand, while with the other he moistened her lips, and fanned her with all a man's strength and yet a woman's gentleness. Isabel stood quietly by dry-eyed, and feeling horribly helpless.

"When, Dr. Norton," she forced herself to say, "When, tell me!"

Guy spoke slowly and with an effort.

"Poor little soul, she's going out," he said. "Poor little soul—she's going out—to-night."

The weary hours dragged on and still he sat by Ella May's bed. Isabel went about her work with aching heart, coming back whenever she could snatch a moment to the screened cot. Towards morning there was a fluttering sigh, a faint smile for each of them and—it was over. It was Isabel's first grief in life. The first time death had touched her closely. Dr. Norton drew his hand from under the head and pulled the sheet reverently over the little face.

"I am going away," he said to Isabel. "My time at the hospital was up yesterday." Without another word he went out of the door.

Isabel gazed after him with dilated eyes, then sitting down beside the cot she put her head on the rail and gave way to a storm of tears. The two she cared for—gone. Ella May, still, under the white sheet, and Guy—she could not stay, it would be desolate without them. She did not remember then that only the day before she had told herself she did not—did not care for him.

A quick footstep came echoing down the ward and looking up she found Norton again beside her.

"I don't want to bother you," he said, hesitating when he saw the tears upon her face, "but I am going such a long way off, to see some of the hospitals in Europe, and if you should ever want me—or anything, I shall always love you, you know—will you go to see my mother?"

Isabel stretched out both hands slowly to him.

"Let me go to see her to-day," she said—"this morning."

Womans Sphere

Edited By M. MacLean Helliwell

A CANOE SONG—TO DALLIE

A dazzling sun in a cloud-fleck'd sky—
Dip, my paddle, dip ;
Too swiftly the golden moments fly,
Dip, my paddle, dip ;
Past looming boulders, stern and steep,
Where giant pines their vigil keep,
To where the drowsy lilies sleep,
Dip, my paddle, dip.

In from the turbulent, tossing Bay,
Dip, my paddle, dip ;
To channels calm, where the long reeds sway,
Dip, my paddle, dip ;
Idly we float on the pool's still breast,
By myriad zephyrs sweet caress'd,
Lulling our souls in th' infinite rest,
Hush, my paddle, hush.

M. MacL. H.

Georgian Bay.

ONE day last summer the only Mr. Dooley aired his views in the public press on the subject of country life. With much feeling he related to his faithful Hinnessy how his friend Hogan had taken him out to spend a few days with him in his country villa, "called a villa to distinguish it f'rm a house"—a very wonderful villa, too, by the way, which looked as "if it had been made by a scroll-saw, but was mannyfacthered by Hogan hisself out of a disign in a pa-aper, 'How to make a counthry home on wan thousand dollars, puzzle: find the money!'" And Dooley's racy description of his experience therein is still fresh in one's mind. The long, sleepless night, with its unaccustomed noises of wakeful birds, beasts, and insects ; the suffocating heat, and the ceaseless energy of the mosquitoes, who spend a "short life, but a merry wan," were all too much for Dooley of the City, and after a country breakfast of canned peaches and condensed milk, he hied him quickly homeward, having no further taste for walking in fresh fields and pastures new. "Stay on the farm," said he to his friend Hogan ; "commune with nature, enjoy the simple, rustic life of the merry farmer-boy that goes whistlin' to his worruk before breakfast. But I must go back to the city, where there is nawthin' to eat but what you want, and nawthin' to drink but what you can buy ; where the dust is laid by the sprinklin' cart, where the iceman comes reg'lar, and the roof-garden is in bloom ; an' ye're waked not be the sun but be the milkman. I want to be near a docther when I'm sick, an' eat eatable fo'd when I'm hungry, an' where I can put me hand out early in the mornin' an' hook in a newspaaper. The city is the on'y summer resort f'r a man who has iver lived in the city."

The full account of Dooley's experience was inimitably funny and absolutely true to life—from a Dooley standpoint, for that men, women and children of sane mind and sound body should cheerfully, nay, eagerly, give up the comforts and luxuries of roomy bedrooms, soda-water fountains, the dust-sprinkler, the iceman, and the morning paper, to go and camp out in a little six-by-twelve shack, over-run with ants, spiders and mosquitoes, and to dine upon canned fruit, dried beef and condensed milk, is to the Dooleys of the world a piece of utterly incomprehensible and most egregious folly. Nevertheless, year by year, just as surely as summer follows winter, with the first promise of the long, dreamy, sunshiny days the perennial exodus from

city to country begins. Surely, surely, there must be some compensation for the loss of these material comforts and conveniences of which Mr. Dooley wots not. Ah, yes, Heaven be thanked, all this vast world is not composed only of that type of man to whom—

> "A primrose by the river's brim,
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more."

Wordsworth is not the only human being who could say with truth :

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that too often lie too deep for tears."

Such an one is that thrice-blessed mortal who knows the infinite bliss that steals over the heart and lulls the enraptured senses when he flings himself down on the soft bank of a babbling stream, in the shade of a sheltering tree, between whose swaying branches he can catch fleeting glimpses of a sapphire, cloud-dappled sky. He knows the message of the whispering tree-tops, of the sighing grasses and the murmuring waters, for he is of those who, to paraphrase dear old Abt Vogler, can say with truth—

> "Nature has a few of us whom she whispers in the ear ;
> The rest may reason and welcome ; 'tis we, her children, *know*."

Against Mr. Dooley's arraignment of the country, then, let us place this from Jefferies' beautiful "Pageant of Summer":—

"I linger in the midst of the long grass, the luxury of the leaves and the song in the very air. I seem as if I could feel all the glowing life the sunshine gives and the south wind calls to being. The endless grass, the endless leaves, the immense strength of the oak expanding, the unalloyed joy of finch and blackbird ; from all of them I receive a little. . . In the blackbird's melody one note is mine ; in the dance of the leaf shadows the formed maze is for me, though the motion is theirs; the flowers with a thousand faces have collected the kisses of the morning. Feeling with them, I receive some, at least, of their fulness of life. Never could I have enough, never stay long enough. . . The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live, so that the longer we can stay among these things so much the more is snatched from inevitable Time. . . These are the only hours that are not wasted—these hours that absorb the soul and fill it with beauty."

After some discussion it has been decided that the Bible upon which the King will take his oath at his coronation, which ceremony it is earnestly hoped and expected will take place this month, cannot be the one offered for this purpose by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and accepted by His Majesty, owing to the fact that it does not contain the Apocrypha. Another one has therefore been prepared. It is issued by the Oxford and Cambridge University Press, and is an exceedingly handsome volume. The binding is red, polished levant morocco, around which runs a Tudor rose border. The Royal Arms appear on the front and in the back, with the arms of Edward the Confessor, Oxford University, Cambridge University and Westminster Abbey. The "doublure" will be Russia leather, with the Rose, Thistle and Shamrock as ornament.

Queen Victoria's Coronation Bible was bound in red velvet, with the Royal Arms on the back and front. It afterwards became the property of the Bishop of Winchester, it being the custom for the Bible used on such an occasion to pass to the prelate of the Royal Order of the Garter.

It is said that the Chinese almanac is the most largely circulated publication in the world, the copies printed and sold yearly reaching several millions. It is printed at Pekin and is a monopoly of the Emperor, no other

almanac being permitted to be sold in that country. Although containing reliable astronomical information its chief mission is to give full and accurate information for selecting lucky places for performing all the acts, great and small, of everyday life. And as every act of life in China, however trivial, depends for its success on the time in which and the direction (point of compass) toward which it is done, it is of the utmost importance that everyone should have correct information at all times available to enable him so to order his life as to avoid bad luck and calamity and secure good luck and prosperity. So great is the native faith in its infallibility that not long since the Chinese Minister to Germany refused to sail on a day that had been appointed because it was declared in the almanac to be unlucky.

During the past month the event of greatest interest and importance to feminine Canada has been the ninth annual meeting of the National Council of Women, which was held in St. John, New Brunswick, in the early part of July. The National Council of Women, being rather a federation of societies than a primary organization, embraces a vast range of interests, its affiliated branches reaching out to cover the wide fields of religion, philanthropy, education, history, literature, art, social progress, political reform, the improvement of the condition of the poor, prison reform, and, in brief, all that tends to the uplifting and betterment of mankind.

From all parts of the Dominion earnest and enthusiastic delegates gathered together in the beautiful little city of St. John to exchange reports and arrange plans for the furthering of their work. Each branch was able to give an encouraging account of what had been and was being done, and highly satisfactory reports were read from the following committees: Committee on Laws for the Better Protection of Women and Children, Committee on Domestic Science, Committee on the Custodial Care of Feeble-Minded Women, Committee on Promotion of Industrial and Fine Arts, Committee on Care of the Aged Poor, Committee on Women on School Boards, Committee on Raising of Loan for Doukhobor Women, Committee on Pernicious Literature, Committee on Immigration, Committee on Bureau of Information, Committee on Press. Formal papers were contributed by Mrs. Torrington, of the Toronto College of Music, who read a paper on Music—Its National Influence; by Miss Danard, of the Victoria Alumnæ Association, who spoke on the Necessity for Purity Teaching in the Public Schools; by Mrs. Nicholson Cutter, of the Toronto Conservatory School of Literature and Expression, who read an essay on Physical Culture—Its Place in Education; by Dr. Rosebrugh, who sent in an admirable paper on Prison Reform; by Mrs. Rose Holden and Mrs. Marion Baxter, who treated of Provident Schemes for Women; and by Mrs. McNaughton, who gave an instructive paper on Penny Savings Banks.

Addresses were also delivered by Mrs. J. L. Hughes, Mrs. Hoodless, Mrs. J. K. Barney, Rev. Canon Richardson, Judge Ritchie, Dr. Fraser, Rev. G. Campbell, Prof. Robertson, Dr. Worcester, Dr. Inch, Rev. Y. de Soyres, and others.

Among the most interesting reports read were those from the Woman's Art Association, whose chief object is the dissemination of knowledge and cultivation of artistic taste by means of lectures, art loan exhibitions, etc.; the King's Daughters, who are doing much good work in many directions, and the Victorian Order of Nurses, whose work is not as widely known or appreciated as it should be. The Order reports eight hospitals now in use, three of which were opened during the past year. Three new ones will be opened in September, and three more places are under consideration.

Dr. Worcester, head of the training school at Malden, in speaking of the efficient services of the Victorian Nur-

ses, paid a tribute to Lady Aberdeen, the founder of the Order, and to Miss Charlotte McLeod, who is its present superintendent.

Perhaps the most interesting papers were those on Manual Training, Domestic Science and Prison Reform.

Dr. Rosebrugh's able and comprehensive paper on the latter subject showed that though much had been done in this direction, there yet remained more to do, and among the means that have been found to be of most service in prison reform he mentioned :

Classification, by which old offenders should not be permitted to associate with other offenders ; industrial employment ; indeterminate sentence, by which prisoners can earn their discharge by good conduct ; conditional liberation, which is a modification of the ticket-of-leave system ; and finally that educational proficiency in studies and in acquiring a trade should be made a *sine qua non* to a discharge. He also emphasized the necessity for adequate religious instruction and the imperative need for police matrons and the custodial care of feeble-minded women and children.

A particularly pleasant feature of the meeting was the letter of warm sympathy and helpful suggestion from the Council's Advisory President, Lady Aberdeen, who also provided each delegate with a fresh flower daily, tied with blue ribbon—the Council's color—to be worn in remembrance of her. Great regret is felt by every member of the Council in the resignation of Miss Teresa Wilson from the office of Corresponding Secretary, an office whose arduous duties she has discharged so faithfully and efficiently for the past three years.

At the close of the Council meeting it was moved by Mrs. Griffin and seconded by Mrs. McNaughton : "That the National Council of Women, at this their annual meeting, in the city of St. John, N.B., 1902, desire to place on record their deep sense of the great loss which they sustain in the resignation of Miss Wilson as Corresponding Secretary of the National Council, and to express their sincere appreciation of those qualities in Miss Wilson which have made her work invaluable to the Council, and her business ability, unfailing tact and kindness, and her earnest devotion to the highest aims of the Council. We wish to extend to Miss Wilson our best wishes for the happiness and prosperity of her future life."

The Council is to be congratulated, however, in its choice of a successor to Miss Wilson, for Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, the newly-elected Corresponding Secretary, has long been a tower of strength to the Council, and her whole-hearted devotion to its interests, her untiring energy and her practical knowledge of every branch of the organization cannot be too highly estimated.

The following officers have been elected for the ensuing year :—

President—Mrs. Robert Thomson.

Vice-Presidents — Lady Laurier, Lady Taylor.

Provincial Vice-Presidents—Ontario, Mrs. Hoodless; Quebec, Madame Dandurand ; New Brunswick, Lady Tilley; Nova Scotia, Mrs. R. L. Borden ; P. E. Island, Mrs. Anderson ; Manitoba, Mrs. McEwan ; North-West Territories, Miss Kate Cummings ; British Columbia, Miss Perrin.

Treasurer—Mrs. Learmont.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Willoughby Cummings.

Recording Secretary—Miss Laidlaw.

M. MacL. H.

TO-MORROW

To-morrow you will live, you always cry ;
In what far country does this morrow lie
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?

'Tis far fetched, this sorrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
To-morrow I will live, the fool doth say,
Why e'en to-day's too late, the wise lived yesterday.

Anon.

THE COLONIAL QUESTION THEN AND NOW

By John A. Ewan

TO James Anthony Froude should be awarded the merit of foreseeing how great a part Britain's Colonial possessions might yet play in the fortunes of the Empire. Thirty years ago neither of the great British parties could see much advantage in the possession of Colonies, and they would have witnessed any of them cut loose from the Motherland with calm resignation. Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Granville and Mr. Bright had all expressed themselves in this sense, and there seemed to be no one of equal eminence to say them nay. The test of all things then was, How much British goods do they buy? The statesmen who had this for their standard were quite logical when they said that an Englishman who emigrated to the States was quite as useful to the United Kingdom as an Englishman who emigrated to the Colonies, because he, at least, was as free a purchaser of British goods in one situation as in the other. This was the sort of political philosophy in vogue thirty years ago, and which Froude combatted vigorously with his trenchant pen. In one of these, an essay published in 1870, there are matters upon which there will not be universal agreement, but there are also forecasts that the light of events has shown to be close previsions of the truth. He begins by saying that between 1845 and 1870 four million British subjects had become citizens of the United States of America. The burden of his complaint was that no effort had been made to turn the stream of this emigration to the Colonies, the maxim of British statesmen being that it was a matter of perfect indifference whether an Englishman settled on the Mississippi, the Murray or the St. Lawrence. The essayist deplores this view and scornfully asks if there is another European Power which, having a surplus population and Colonies in which to place them, would put forth absolutely no effort to prevent them straying under the folds of another flag. "We want land on which to plant English families," he says, "where they may thrive and multiply without ceasing to be Englishmen. The land lies ready to our hand. The Colonies contain virgin soil sufficient to employ and feed five times as many people as are now crowded into Great Britain and Ireland. Nothing is needed but arms to cultivate it, while here among ourselves are millions of able-bodied men unwillingly idle, clamouring for work, with their families starving on their hands. What more simple than to bring the men and the land together? Everything which we could most desire, exactly meeting what is most required, is thrust into our hands, and this particular moment is chosen to tell the Colonies that we do not want them and they may go."

He warns his countrymen that the whole tendency of the time is towards the augmentation of nations, and prophesies that the German States will before long become one country, a prediction that was realized in less than two years thereafter. If Great Britain does not care to assume the leadership of the Anglo-Saxon race he feels sure that the United States will take it up. "If we throw off the Colonies," he says, "it is at least possible that they may apply for admittance into the American Union, and it is equally possible that the Americans will not refuse them. Canada they already calculate on as a certainty. Why may not the Cape and Australia and New Zealand follow?" He goes on to say that ir Australia and the Cape were American we could not hold India except at the Americans' pleasure. British commerce would be equally at their mercy and the best prospect for Britons would be to be one day swept into the train of the same grand confederacy. This line of reflection he concludes as follows:—"From the day that it is

"CEASE FIRE!"

A notable Cartoon which appeared in *Punch* to celebrate the end of the South African war.

confessed that we are no longer equal to a conflict with her [America], if cause of rupture should unhappily arise, our sun has set : we shall sink, as Holland has sunk, into a community of harmless traders, and leave to others the place which once we held, and have lost the energy to keep."

The great historian not content with merely theorizing about the Colonies paid a memorable visit to some of them fifteen years later and embodied the results of his observations in "Oceana." It is notable that although he returned from the antipodes by way of the United States he did not visit Canada, partly because he believed the problem of Empire here was so complicated by the neighbourhood of the overshadowing Republic that it constituted a case by itself.

Thirty years ago his was a voice crying in the wilderness. What would he think were it given to him to return to earth for a few short hours or days in this year of grace. Indeed before his departure he had seen, so rapid had been the change of sentiment, the first Colonial Conference, that of 1887, held, but he did not live to see that Canada whose geographical position made her case special and less hopeful in his eyes, leading the Colonies in the agitation for closer connection of sentiment, if not of more material things, with the Motherland. "We laugh at sentiment," he says in the conclusion of Oceana, "but every generous relation between man and man, or between men and their country, is sentiment and nothing else." This is so obviously a fact that we can only marvel at those who resolutely shut their eyes to it.

It may be asked what the various Colonial conferences have accomplished. It may be admitted in advance that the list would not be a long one, but the sentimental connection has been strengthened to that degree that has made Colonial participation in the South African war possible. Whatever view one may take of war, or of that war in particular, there can be but one opinion of the generous fire which prompted every Colony to range itself alongside the Motherland to help perform a task that was not without its difficulties and dangers.

The Colonial Conference of 1887 mainly discussed Imperial defence.

The discussion of commercial relations resolved itself chiefly into considerations for increasing the facilities for postal and telegraphic communications. Mr. Hofmeyer, the South African delegate, broached the subject of preferential trade, his plan being for a small duty on all non-British goods imported into the Empire, the proceeds to be applied to military and naval defence. A decision was arrived at to increase the Australian naval squadron; and the Canadian Pacific Railway plans for steamship service on the Pacific ocean, which have since been realized, and the all-British deep-sea cable between this country and the antipodean Colonies were amply and usefully discussed. A number of lesser but practically important matters to be arranged by mutual legislation were also decided upon.

The next meeting was in 1892, but it was wholly a commercial gathering, although inevitably the subjects discussed trenched upon the political field. Being a meeting of Chambers of Commerce the result could be little more than educative, and it was inevitable that there should be sharp differences of opinion. The very first resolution submitted was that of Mr. Neville Lubbock, who moved "that a commercial union on the basis of free trade within the Empire would tend to promote its permanence and prosperity." It is needless to say that that proposition did not find universal acceptance among the Colonial delegates at least. The majority of the Con-

THE COLONIES IN LONDON—THE CANADIAN ARCH ERECTED ON WHITEHALL FOR THE CORONATION

gress nevertheless approved of it. It was at this Conference that the abrogation of the German and Belgian treaties was first publicly urged.

The next step in the growth of the movement was Sir Mackenzie Bowell's visit to Australia, at which time it was arranged that there should be a meeting of Colonial Ministers at Ottawa in the summer of 1894. This is known as the Ottawa Conference. The Earl of Jersey represented the Home Government and the Colonies which sent delegates were New South Wales, Tasmania, Cape Colony, South Australia, New Zealand, Victoria and Queensland. The gist of the proceedings of that convention is found in the following paragraph from a resolution moved by Hon. G. E. Foster: "That this Conference records its belief in the advisability of a customs arrangement between Great Britain and her Colonies by which trade within the Empire may be placed on a more favourable footing than that which is carried on with foreign countries." It was also resolved that until such time as the mother country saw her way to such an arrangement, the Colonies should be empowered to make preferential arrangements between themselves.

Another meeting of Chambers of Commerce of the Empire took place in June, 1896. The result of this meeting may be briefly gathered from the compromise resolution which was agreed upon to the effect "that the establishment of closer commercial relations between the United Kingdom and the Colonies and dependencies, is an object which deserves and demands prompt and careful consideration. The Congress therefore respectfully represents to Her Majesty's Government that if the suggestion should be made on behalf of the Colonies or some of them, it would be right and expedient to promote such consideration and the formation of some practical plan by summoning an Imperial conference fully representative of the interests involved or by such other means as Her Majesty may be advised to adopt."

It will be seen that wherever the subject of commercial relations has been raised, there has been found an impassable gulf between free-trade England and the more or less protectionist Colonies. The same difficulty faces the Conference which has been called for this coronation year. The resignation of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach may be the removal of a barrier, and there may be greater freedom in considering some method of preferential treatment for Colonial goods entering Britain, but there will have to be concessions from the Colonies which it would be most inconvenient to grant. It is a subject fraught with difficulties and complications, and the effort to solve them will be watched with absorbing interest. Fortunately the real union of mother country and colonies is in no way dependent on their solution. The greatest impulse which the mutual good relations of the two have ever received was in the granting of the Canadian preference, a step that helped the two parties concerned and injured no one. It may be said, therefore, that the greatest stroke for Imperial unity has come from a scion of one of the races that conquest has incorporated in the Empire.

A SONG

LOVE maketh its own summer-time,
'Tis June, love, when we are together ;
And little I care for the frost in the air,
For my heart makes its own summer weather.

Love maketh its own winter-time,
And, though the hills blossom with heather,
If thou art not near, 'tis December, my dear,
For the heart makes its own winter weather.

Virna Sheard

PEOPLE and AFFAIRS

THE KING AND CANADA.

AT noon on July 30th, 1860, H.M.S. *Hero* sailed up the harbour of Halifax, and a Royal Prince landed upon Canadian soil. From that time forward Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, had a warm corner in the heart of the Canadian people. As a youthful visitor we found him cool, self-possessed, urbane and courteous. As he grew older, we watched the development of his powers with a personal interest such as Canadians never gave to any sovereign with the exception of his august mother.

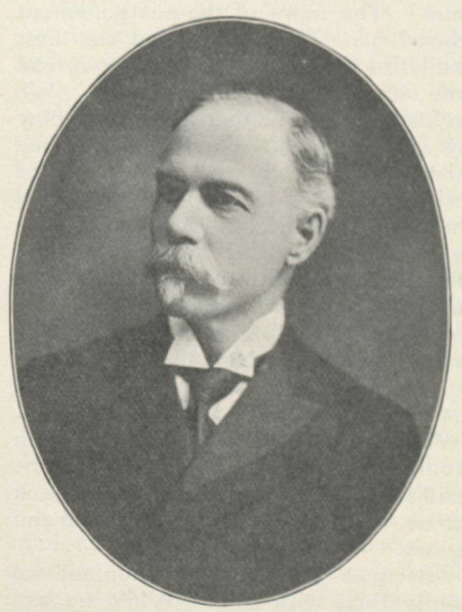
During the fateful December weeks of 1871, the despatches told of his stern battle for life and the crowds who watched for the bulletins were as sympathetic as those who gathered about the gates of Marlborough House to scan the bulletins from Sandringham. He was our Prince as he was theirs.

A few years ago, while journeying through Belgium, he was narrowly missed by an assassin's bullet. And there was a strange thrill when we heard of his devout exclamation on that occasion: "In these affairs we are in the hands of God."

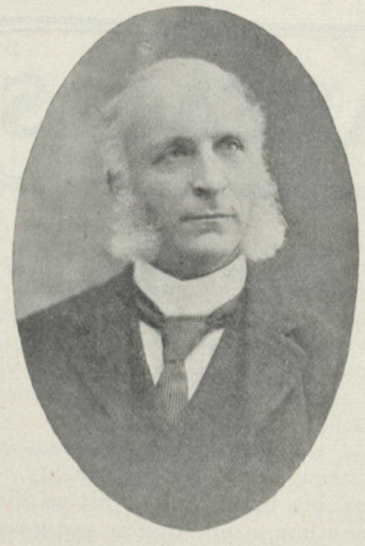
During the dark days which came later when he waited beside the couch at Osborne House, helpless to keep back the Dread Reaper who had come for his mother's spirit, we felt for him, suffered with him. He was losing a great and loving mother, and most of us have had mothers whom we have lost or feared to lose. We had not been British, we had not been human, had we not bowed our heads with his. Father gone, eldest son gone, and now that wonderful little mother whose heart had been large enough to beat for a family of over three hundred millions. We followed him to Frogmore and left him alone with his dead.

A few weeks later and he was called to the bedside of his eldest sister. Our sympathy followed him into the German forest, and our tears fell on the new tomb.

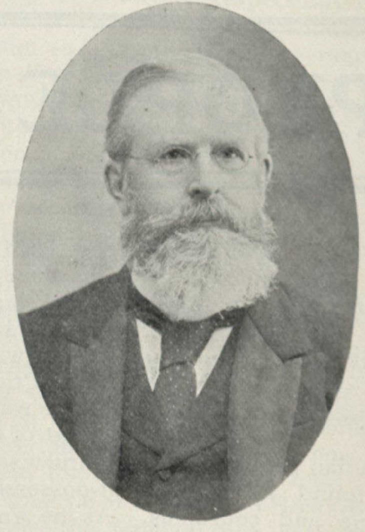
And we shared too his pleasures. We knew all about his yachts, his horses, his hunting and his walking. We saw him attend Courts and levees, review troops and distribute medals. How we thrilled with pleasure when he won the Derby! We heard the trumpets blow when he was proclaimed King. We watched his coach drive down the streets as he and his lovely Queen went in state to open their first Parliament. We have watched the



Coronation Honours—Sir Daniel H. McMillan, K.C.M.G., Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba.



Coronation Honours—Sir Frederick W. Borden, K.C.M.G., Minister of Militia for Canada.



Coronation Honours—Sir William Mulock, K.C.M.G., Postmaster-General of Canada.

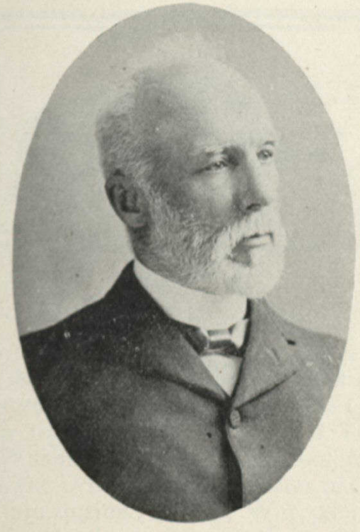
coronation preparations and have sent our picked veterans and our ablest statesmen to be present at that great event.

At the last moment illness came upon him. The news of the postponement dazed us. Those who read the first bulletins and were the first to spread the news were laughed to scorn. We refused to believe that fate would play us such a trick. When we discovered that it was really so, we were filled with concern—not for the effort and money wasted, but lest a gipsy's vapourings might come true and the first Imperial Edward should not be crowned, lest the man who for years had been "the first gentleman of Europe" should not have the great desire of his heart fulfilled, lest our beloved sovereign should be lost to us so soon. When the better news came, we again took heart, and now we trust that he will be restored to health, given back to us, and crowned with due pomp and glory.

Because the King is human, we sympathize with him. While he has been a great Prince, he has not ceased to be a man. He has our affection as well as our confidence, and many times during the past few weeks we have, with the other peoples in the seven seas, exclaimed

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The first great Imperial pageant was the Jubilee of 1887, the second was in 1897, and the third has been postponed. Those who desire to see the Empire grow into closer unity, must regret the circumstances. Yet all is not lost. There was a Canadian arch in London, which even Mr. Chamberlain honoured by being injured close by, there were Colonial troops in the mud and water at Alexandra Palace, there were Colonial premiers at the Cecil, and there are also some conferences. Much has been accomplished. The Empire is gradually beating its way to a more perfectly organized unit, bound by closer ties and stronger sentiment. When the Australians and the Canadians meet, they will learn something of each other and find where they think alike and unlike. When Mr. Seddon of New Zealand meets Colonel Denison of Canada there will be mutual congratulations and a taking of fresh



Coronation Knighthoods—Hon. Henri Elzear Taschereau, Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of Canada, Knight Bachelor.

Coronation Decorations—Robert Harris, Montreal, President R.C.A.; Companion of St. Michael and St. George.

courage. There may even be some agreements for preferential trade, new steamship lines, better Imperial cable service, cheaper Imperial postage and other possible advancements. Events have not gone just as we had expected, but there is no need to be downhearted. The Empire has blundered through one century without further dismemberment, and it is just possible that the twentieth may bring back what was lost in the eighteenth.

CANADA AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

A writer in the London *Speaker* of May 31st says that the tax on corn has been imposed in order to prepare the way for an Imperial Preferential Tariff. He objects to favouring the Colonies and is especially angry at Canada which at present "contributes to the cost of the Imperial Navy not one penny."

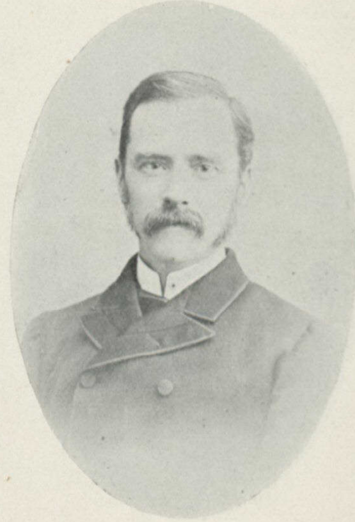
Another writer, in the issue of a week earlier, laments the erroneous impression which John Bull has, that the taxpayers of Australia and Canada are helping to pay for the war, because they sent troops there. He wants to know why Australia, Canada and South Africa should not contribute 15 or 20 millions to the 60 millions (pounds) which Great Britain spends annually on Imperial Defence.

May a humble Colonial ask these gentlemen a question? Did the Colonies ever ask or vote for an expenditure of sixty million pounds on Imperial Defence? Let those who vote away that sum of money provide for its payment. The Colonies have nothing to do with it. If it is a wise expenditure, those who think so must pay the piper. If they cannot afford to pay so much let them reduce the amount, withdraw their war vessels from the Cape, from Australia, from Halifax and from Esquimault. Retrenchment is easy.

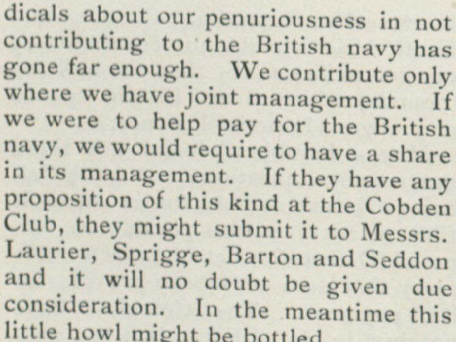
In fact, such a step must inevitably be taken if there is to be no general Imperial Council or Parliament and no Imperial purse. It is quite reasonable to ask Canada, Australia and Cape Colony to defend their own shores. A sudden change might be unwise, but a gradual withdrawal of battleships might work as satisfactorily as did the gradual withdrawal of Imperial troops.

But this school-boy howl of the Ra-

Coronation Decorations—Lieut.-Col. Percy Sherwood, C.M.G., Commissioner of Dominion Police.



Coronation Decorations—Lieut.-Col. Fred White, C.M.G., Controller Northwest Mounted Police.



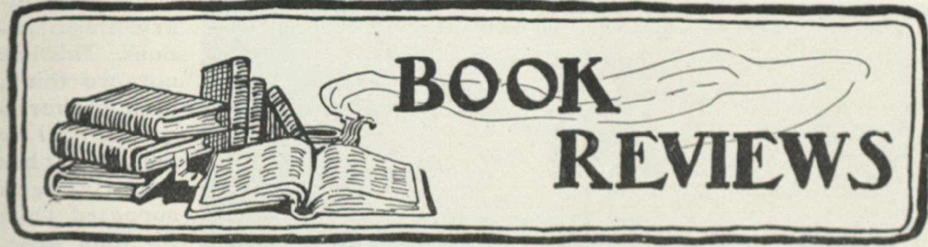
dicals about our penuriousness in not contributing to the British navy has gone far enough. We contribute only where we have joint management. If we were to help pay for the British navy, we would require to have a share in its management. If they have any proposition of this kind at the Cobden Club, they might submit it to Messrs. Laurier, Sprigge, Barton and Seddon and it will no doubt be given due consideration. In the meantime this little howl might be bottled.

Of course, it might be added that we are contributing to Imperial Defence in many ways which the writers in the *Speaker* overlook. But judging by the attitude of these gentlemen, the setting forth of such information would be a case of love's labour lost. They are puny chaps who have not the broad view and thorough information of Mr. Chamberlain and some of the other British statesmen.

The occasion of the coronation has brought some new honours to Canadians. These are not too numerous and are given to men who have earned them by meritorious work. Sir William Mulock has made a name for himself as Postmaster-General and has done notable work in connection with Imperial letter postage. Sir Frederick Borden, as Minister of Militia, had much to do with the organization and equipment of the contingents sent to South Africa, and the work in this connection has been recognized. Sir Daniel H. McMillan is a popular Lieutenant-Governor and a man who has long been prominent in the political affairs of Western Canada. The other gentlemen who have been honoured stand high in the estimation of the community and thoroughly deserve the recognition given to them. The knighting of Sir Gilbert Parker is a compliment to Canada and Canadian literature, and has created much satisfaction among litterateurs.

Royal decoration, like membership in a trust, is something which many people in the United States and a few people in Canada decry, but the candidates for both classes of distinction grow in number with the years. The truth is that honours and titles, like riches, have not yet lost their significance nor their usefulness.

John A. Cooper

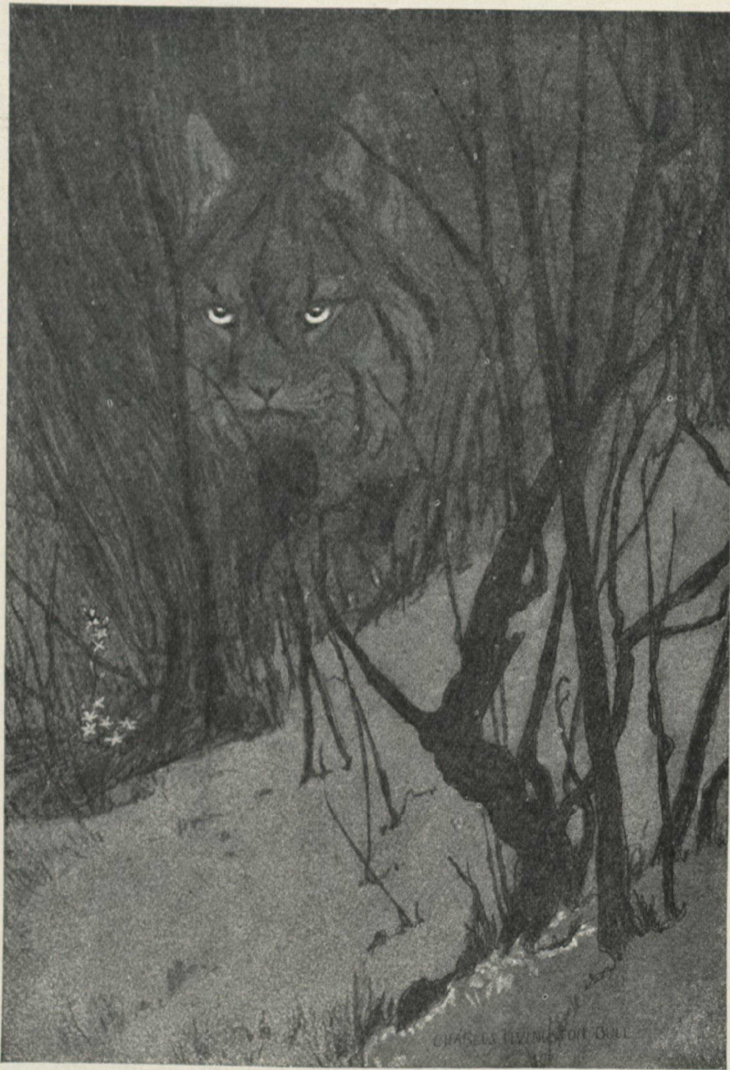


MR. ADAMS ON THE TREATY OF 1871

IN the new volume of addresses by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, of Boston,* the most interesting to Canadian readers is that on "The Treaty of Washington." Mr. Adams' father was the United States Minister to Great Britain during the Civil War, and represented his country later on at the Geneva arbitration upon the *Alabama* claims. The son clearly possesses a great deal of knowledge, learned at first hand, about the diplomatic relations between the two countries from 1861 to 1871. He has also had access to the private papers (not yet published) of Mr. Hamilton Fish, who was U.S. Secretary of State when the treaty was negotiated. To us in Canada the most vital references in Mr. Adams' chapters in this book are those dealing with the proposal, discussed casually and semi-officially during the two or three years preceding the treaty, to "hand over" the Dominion as the price of peace. That this cool proposition was ever seriously entertained by the British Government there is no evidence. That the idea of cutting loose from all the colonies, especially Canada, was a favourite theme of Mr. Cobden and the Manchester School of economists is well known. Persons in official positions also countenanced the opinion, and *The Times* voiced it, drawing from Tennyson his eloquent rebuke. It was suggested that a vote of the electors of Canada should be taken upon the proposal to sever their connection with the Empire. Needless to say that all this talk about carving up the British Empire emanated from citizens of the United States, excepting, of course, the members of the Manchester School whose theories ran away with them. Mr. Adams quotes Sir Edward Thornton as having said that England "did not wish to keep Canada, but could not part with it without the consent of the population." And later on Sir Edward remarked to Mr. Fish on the same subject of giving up Canada: "Oh, you know, that we cannot do! The Canadians find fault with me for saying so openly as I do that we are ready to let them go whenever they shall wish; but they do not desire it." That was the Canadian view in 1870, and still more emphatically in 1902. No one who approaches the matter to-day with an unbiased mind will say that the political union of Canada and the republic will ever come about. Mr. Adams himself does not say so, and he honestly recognizes the vast difference which exists between the English attitude in 1870 toward colonial ties and the present attitude of the Mother Country. Perhaps, if the United States diplomatists had played their cards better, the hostility of Canada toward the republic might have been modified. But their policy on the matter of reciprocity and the fisheries was one of bullying and coercion. They helped to bring about the change in British sentiment and indirectly if unconsciously contributed to the growth of Imperial Unity.

Two other features of Mr. Adams' admirably written paper on the Treaty of Washington will arouse more than passing interest. One is the light

*Lee at Appomattox, and Other Papers. By Charles Francis Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



"TWO GREEN EYES, CLOSE TO THE GROUND."

Illustration from "The Kindred of the Wild"

in the preliminary negotiations. This has not, we think, been hitherto generally known. It has usually been supposed that Sir John Rose, who went down to Washington in 1869 as a member of Sir John Macdonald's Government, and who shortly after left Canada to reside in London, approached the Washington authorities entirely on Canadian affairs. It now appears that he was a confidential agent of the Imperial Government in 1871. It must have been in this capacity that he presented the confidential memorandum about which there has often been much dispute, and which was said to embody a plan of commercial union

thrown upon the omission of Canada's Fenian Invasion claims from the list of matters which formed the basis for negotiations in 1871. That this was designed to prevent Senator Sumner from defeating the Treaty in the Senate by raising the Irish-American party seems pretty clear. The other episode brought out by Mr. Adams is the influential part played by Sir John Rose

between Canada and the States. Sir John Rose, who was a very able and distinguished man, had no official connection with Canada after 1869, so much so that when it was proposed to have him represent the Dominion on the High Commission of 1871, Sir John Macdonald took the ground that the representative must be some one directly associated with the interests of

Canada. As events proved, this was but another illustration of Sir John Macdonald's marvellous foresight. We can commend Mr. Adams' book as an extremely useful chapter in the history of this country's diplomatic relations with the United States.

NEW PERIODICALS

There are some new Canadian publications worthy of mention. The *National Monthly*, of Toronto, makes its first appearance with a June issue. It contains some new material and looks promising. The first issue is no better than might be expected, but others will no doubt have a broader range. The *British Pacific* published at Cumberland, B.C., is a good ten cent magazine, but it cannot succeed. To be even in sight of success it would require to be published in either Vancouver or Victoria. *The Westminster*, of Toronto, becomes a religious monthly with the July issue. Its editors and contributors are mostly clergymen, yet its articles and stories are of general interest. It is difficult to see, nevertheless, how it can succeed at $1.50 a year under the present adverse conditions. If the duty were taken off paper, or if the postage on United States periodicals was raised, there might be some chance for a monthly of this character. True, *The Methodist Magazine* has succeeded, but its success is entirely due to the loyalty of the Methodist Church.

Would any student of Canadian affairs care to have a list of the most valuable Canadian books, with a short note on each, then let him get "The Literature of American History" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). This volume contains 600 large pages, of which 50 are specially devoted to Canada. The idea of the work came from the brain of a gifted and energetic Canadian, George Iles, of Montreal, who secured the co-operation of the American Library Association. The Canadian part is the work of William McLennan, the novelist, assisted by such men as Dr. James Bain, Ernest Cruikshank and Professor G. M. Wrong. The book is a marvel.

Morang's "Annual Register for 1901"* is a bulky volume of over 500 pages. "It is intended to afford the Canadian people from year to year a record of the principal events connected with the history and development of the Dominion." It is divided into sections as follows:

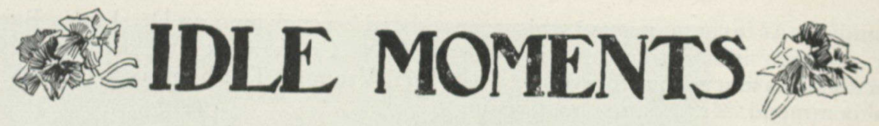
Agriculture, Mineral Development, Forests and Fisheries, Manufacturing Industries, Trade and Commerce, The Finances of Canada, Canada and the Crown, The Royal Tour, Canada and the War, Education, Transportation Interests, Population and Immigration, Government and Politics, The Canadian Militia, Financial Interests.

With this yearly volume, the two half-yearly volumes of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, and the Statistical Year Book, a man should have all the information he would be likely to need about current events for any particular year.

Rockhaven,† by Charles Clark Munn, who also wrote "Uncle Terry," is a charming story. From its first page to its last it abounds in humour. The scene is laid in one of the islands on the northeastern coasts of Massachusetts, and the various characters introduced are portrayed admirably. Mona, the heroine, is introduced in the first pages of the book, and the reader follows her career from that of a simple village maiden fond of music, to being the idol of the fashionable and cultured musical world, with an interest which never flags. Mona's story is interwoven with that of the hero, Winn Hardy, who was the manager of a joint stock company, whose sole object was the spoliation of the islanders where Mona had her home, and the aggrandizement of its promoters.

*Edited and compiled by J. Castell Hopkins. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Cloth, $3.00; Morocco, $4.00.

†Toronto: McLeod & Allen.



THE PRINCE'S AMBITION

LITTLE Prince Edward of Wales, whose picture will be found elsewhere in this issue, has fully made up his mind to be a sailor.

A few days ago the Prince of Wales went unexpectedly into the Royal nursery, and found his bonny son very busily engaged drawing on a bit of scrap paper the picture of a ship.

"Well, my little man," said the Prince, quite proud of his son's creditable performance, "I'm very pleased to see that you are fond of ships and sailors. I am a sailor, you know."

"Yes, daddy," cried Prince Edward excitedly, "and I want to be a sailor, too, when I'm grown up."

"Ah!" said the Prince of Wales, smiling, "and you want to be a sailor, do you? Because daddy's a sailor I suppose?"

"Not because of that, I think," said the young Prince, thoughtfully; "because I don't like doing my lessons always, and you needn't be clever to be a sailor, need you, daddy?"—*Selected.*

THE LETTERS WERE POSTED

"Now I'll stick these two letters in the band of your hat, so that you won't forget them when you go to town this morning, as they must go to-day," said she to her husband, the Little Fat Man.

"All right," said he, "I won't forget them;" and after breakfast he hurriedly donned his coat and hat and rushed out to connect with the street car.

A lady sitting opposite in the car smiled pleasantly at him, and each new arrival glanced his way, then looked again and smiled.

"Everbody seems to be in good humour this morning," he mused; and then he smiled himself so as not to appear odd. The conductor came along to collect the fares. "Got a job in the post office, eh?" said the car pilot with a wink.

"Must be absent-minded," remarked a grey-headed man in a corner seat, as he nudged his neighbour and nodded towards the Little Fat Man.

"Some people tie strings on their fingers to remember things," observed an elderly lady, with a meaning look in the direction of the Little Fat Man.

The car stopped, and the latter got out.

"See the new letter carrier!" yelled a newsboy to his brethren.

"Shoot the hat!"

"W'at's the tags fer?"

These and similar remarks came from the boys at the corner.

Everybody whom the Little Fat Man met looked steadily at him. Some smiled; some wore a surprised expression; others looked puzzled, while not a few affected a wise gaze as the Little Fat Man walked along the street in the direction of his office.

An elderly man with gold eye-glasses, walking briskly along, stopped suddenly when he saw the Little Fat Man, and was about to speak, when he changed his mind. "Ha, ha! I see," he laughed, and he resumed his brisk walk.

"Now, I wonder what ails that fellow?" mused the Little Fat Man.

A stout lady with an armful of bundles came along, and when she saw the Little Fat Man she started suddenly, dropping a bundle or two.

"Allow me, madam," said the Little Fat Man, as he picked up her bundles.

The stout lady thanked him. Then she laughed merrily, poking him in the ribs with her umbrella.

"I see," she said. "You are just like all the rest of the men."

"Everybody's gone mad this morning," said he. "Wonder what insane asylum is giving its inmates a holiday

now? I begin to feel queer myself."

A young and pretty lady pranced up to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"I beg your pardon," she began; but that was as far as she got, when he interrupted and said to her, in a kindly tone of voice:

"Yes, yes; I know all about it, my dear young lady—run right along now."

She appeared offended, and switched haughtily away from him.

The Little Fat Man turned into the doorway of the building in which his office is located, and as he mounted the stairs he muttered to himself:

"It's no use; I'll have to go and see a doctor. I've either got 'em myself, or else everybody else in the town is crazy."

He walked into the office, but had no sooner stepped into the door than his business partner burst into a hearty laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha! he, he, he! Say, old man, did you come all the way to town in that fore-and-aft rig? Ha, ha, ha! ha-a-a! That's where my wife puts 'em sometimes. Look in the glass, old man!"

Then the horrible truth came home to the Little Fat Man. He snatched his hat from his head and saw the letters sticking up wing and wing in the hatband just where his wife had placed them.—*Selected.*

THE QUESTION THAT HAD MANY ANSWERS

Omar Ibn Al-Fresco had a daughter who was the most beautiful maiden in all the land. She was as the rose that blooms beside the wall; she was as the ruby that graces the setting marvellously wrought; she was as the dawn that studs the lawn with pearls. Now, there were many suitors for the maiden, and one day her father caused it to be published that he would give her to the man who should deliver the best answer to this question:

"If you were in my place and my daughter were your daughter, what kind of a husband would you choose for her?"

The answers were to be spoken in person to Omar on a certain day, and at the time appointed a large number of anxious young men presented themselves.

One said:

"I should desire that her husband might be brave, honest and kind to her."

Another answer was:

"I would have her become the wife of a man of great wealth."

A third said:

"If I were your daughter's father, I would not permit her to become the wife of any man who was not of noble birth."

Others declared that they would demand greatness and glory and mildness and patience and strength and beauty if they were choosing a husband for the girl, while the old man sat smiling and nodding as they approached, gave their answers to the question he had propounded, and then stood around waiting for his decision.

At last, when all of the suitors present had been heard, Omar Ibn Al-Fresco turned to a servant, saying:

"Summon my daughter."

The servant returned presently, and, falling upon his face before the old man, said:

"Thy daughter has fled with one who went to tell her his love while these were answering thy great question, my master!"

Omar Ibn Al-Fresco looked around upon the agonized young men who confronted him, and, permitting a smile to break over his face at last, cried out:

"There be many fools and only one who is wise. She has him. It is well."—*Selected.*

A STORY OF WILLIAM BLACK

Sir Wemyss Reid tells a good story about William Black. At a banquet of the Royal Academy at which he was present two rich gentlemen, with "self-made" written large over them, inquired with an air of patronage what line of business he was in. On his meekly replying that he wrote novels,

they expressed their surprise and pleasure at meeting a person of his class. The first gentleman said, "I like to meet littery people. I buy books. I've got a library of six hundred volumes all bound in full calf. I've got all the works of Thackeray and Dickenson, and if you'll tell me the names of yours I'll buy them too. I've never read them."

The second gentleman, anxious to atone for his friend's indiscretion, kicked his shins under the table and said, "Oh, yes, you have, but *you've forgotten them*."—*Selected.*

PING-PONG

Ping to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pong with mine;
We twain may win the challenge cup
If ping with pong combine.
The craze that in my soul doth rise
Is doubtless keen in thine;
I'll take the role of pinger up
If thou'lt be pongstress mine.

—*Westminster Gazette.*

CLEVER MARY

"Mary, didn't I tell you I liked my beef well done?"

"You did, marm, but I didn't say anything, did I? People can have ther whims, if they want to, for all o' me."—*Selected.*

THE GREAT AMERICAN

In London, recently, an American, boasting of the superiority of his country, was interrupted by an Englishman, who said:

"There's one thing in which this country surpasses America. You never saw on the other side of the Atlantic any fog that could match the one which hangs over London to-night."

"Fog! Fog!" came the unhesitating reply of the irate American; "why, this is nothing compared with some of the fogs we have around New York harbour. Sometimes the fog is so thick around there that it's a common thing for the captains of the ferry-boats to put on extra crews simply to pump the fog out of the cabins. Why, there's a corporation organizing in New Jersey right now to can American fog and supply the British people with 'the real thing.'"—*Argonaut.*

TWO NEW NEGRO STORIES

"Yo' say Mistah Johnsing am industrious?"

"Yeas, sah. Why, he spent two whole days tryin' to get his wife a job."

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in the court-room, speaking to an old negro.

"No, boss," was the reply. "I ain't done nothing to be called names like that. I'se got a lawyer here who does the defensing."

"Then who are you?"

"I'se the gentleman what stole the chickens."—*Selected.*

HER PART

An English paper tells a story of some children's theatricals. A party of children were giving a little drama of their own, in which courtships and weddings played a leading part in the plot. While the play was in progress one of the "grown ups" went behind the scenes and found a very small girl sitting in the corner.

"Why are you left out?" he asked. "Aren't you playing, too?"

"Oh, I'se not left out," came the reply. "I'se the baby waiting to be borned."

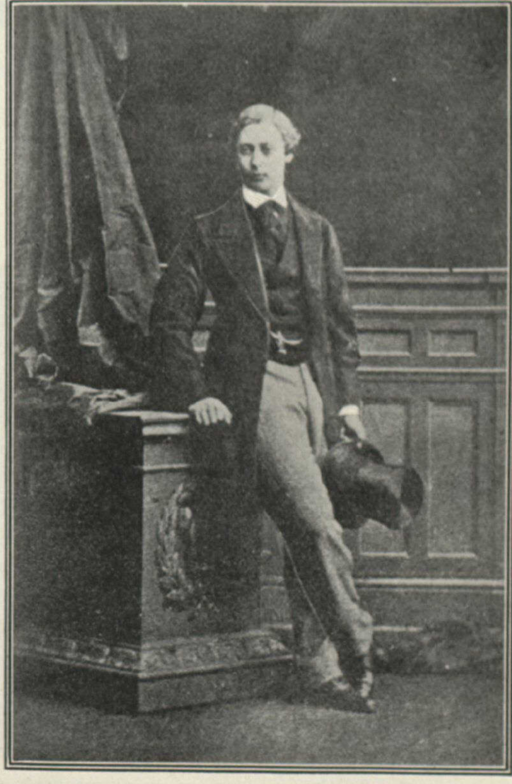
"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" "I'm going ping-ponging, sir," she said. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?" "Yes, if you like, kind sir," she said. She led him away to the ping-pong net; and then came an hour he'll never forget; for his shoulders ache from the many stoops to pick up the balls, and his eyelid droops, where she smote him twice with her racket small, which left her hand as she struck the ball; and he'll never ping where she pongs again, for she heard him swear when she pinged him then.

ODDITIES AND CURIOSITIES

RARE ROYAL PICTURES

CANADA possesses at least one photograph of His Majesty the King which is entirely her own. This is one which was taken during his visit as Prince of Wales to this country, and is reproduced herewith. For a youth of twenty years of age, he had a prepossessing appearance, and as a youth he is still remembered by many people in Canada. There are still living some sweet old ladies who treasure a copy of this photograph, and remember with pride the honour and pleasure of a dance with the Prince. He danced a great deal when here, and it is reported that he enjoyed the pleasure almost as much as his partners. He seldom missed a number on the programme and was never in a hurry to leave the balls given in his honour. Of course that is a long time ago, and with the change in personal appearance comes a change in desires and pleasures, and no doubt the King to-day, even when in good health, would hardly appreciate staying until three or four o'clock in the morning at a ball, even a Canadian ball.

There is also a rare portrait of Her Majesty in this country. It is an oil-painting made in London in 1863, and presents Queen Alexandra in her wedding dress. It was painted by the late M. Berthon, who afterwards came to Canada and settled in Toronto, bringing this portrait with him. M. Berthon was one of the best portrait-painters who ever lived here, and many of his portraits of leading Canadians now hang in Osgoode Hall, Toronto. The photograph reproduced herewith will give some idea of the excellence of his work. There can be no doubt, com-



KING EDWARD VII—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHEN HE VISITED CANADA IN 1860

FROM THE PAINTING BY M. BERTHON

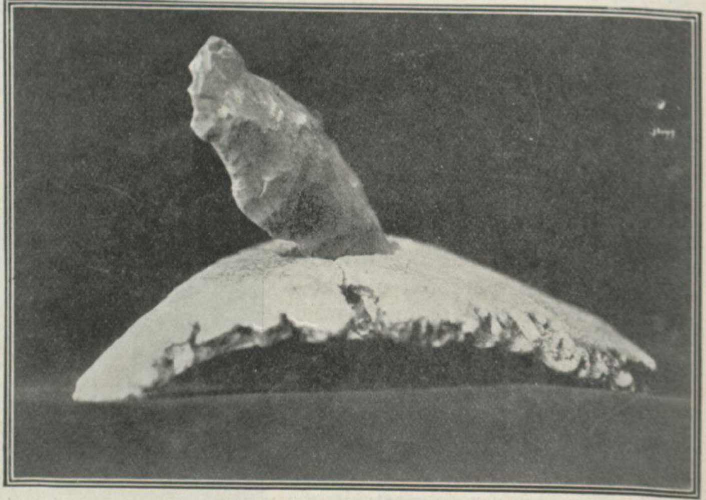
QUEEN ALEXANDRA AS A BRIDE

paring it with other pictures of the then Princess, that it is an excellent likeness of this most beautiful woman. An interesting comparison may be made between this photograph and the one published elsewhere in this issue.

A FLINT SPEAR-HEAD

A rather remarkable photograph is presented herewith showing how an Indian was killed. Not long ago, while excavating for a street in Sarnia, Ont., some workmen found a piece of skull, in which was embedded a flint spear-head. This curiosity was sent to the Provincial Museum, and a photograph of it was secured for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. It shows in a striking manner how severe were the wounds caused by the primitive Indian weapons. The man killed was probably a Huron or an invading Iroquois.

Such finds as these, and they are quite numerous, keep the North American peoples reminded of the progress that has been made in the past two centuries. The Indian's hunting grounds are now overrun by macadamized roads, steam railways and electric lines. Even the method of killing has improved and the leaden pellets flow from the Lee-Enfield at the rate of many per minute.



A PIECE OF AN INDIAN'S SKULL, WITH AN ARROW OR SPEAR-HEAD IMBEDDED IN IT. FOUND AT WINDSOR, ONT.

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The Ideal Picnic.

To thoroughly enjoy the day's outing, the luncheon should consist of substantial food, ready prepared, easy to carry, delicious to taste and easily digested, so as not to spoil the day's fun.

The ideal food for picnickers is Grape-Nuts, which is thoroughly cooked at the factory and is always ready to serve with the addition of cream.

A package of Grape-Nuts, a bottle of cream, some fruit, and you have a luncheon for home or abroad that is inexpensive, pleasing to the palate, and best of all, nourishing without causing internal heat or the draggy feeling caused by heavy food.

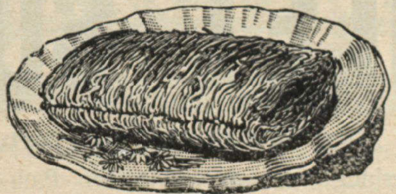
Grape-Nuts is the perfect food for hot weather, for in its predigested form it makes digestion easy, its crisp daintiness is charming to all and the escape from the hot stove appeals to the housewife.

For camping, Grape-Nuts proves a most convenient food and a goodly supply should always be taken; it is used by some epicures in frying fish, for it adds a delightful flavor and is naturally superior to the ordinary crumbed crackers or corn meal for this purpose.

Many easy, hot weather recipes are found in each package for luncheon and supper desserts.

Wash delicate things — handkerchiefs, laces, doilies etc.,(things which one cannot send to the ordinary wash,) in Pearline's way, viz. Soak, rinse, squeeze — directions on each packet. Spread smoothly while wet, on a mirror or window pane. When dry they require no ironing. Grand advice for bachelors, maidens, boarders and hotel guests, and for fabrics too delicate and valuable to risk to others hands. Pearline is trust-worthy for washing and cleaning where ever water can be used.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT



CAUSE 1

The primary cause of poor teeth, and therefore poor health, is the general use of white flour. In milling the mineral properties of the wheat that make teeth have been removed.

Your reason tells you to change your diet.

THE LAW

"The law is: "Naturally organized foods make possible natural conditions; there is no other way." In white flour the law is broken because a part of what nature has organized in the wheat has been removed, and in soft, cooked food the law has been broken by robbing the teeth of their natural uses.

CAUSE 2

Another cause for poor teeth, and therefore poor health, is the use of soft, cooked cereals. Being soft, they are swallowed without mastication. The vigorous use of the teeth is a necessary exercise, and the only way to mix saliva with the food.

Your reason tells you to change your diet.

Our Booklet, "THE VITAL QUESTION," will give you more light on the food subject. Sent free upon request.

The Natural Food Co.
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Shredded Wheat for Sale by all Grocers

WITHIN THE LAW

Shredded Wheat Biscuit is within the law because the whole wheat is used—nothing added—nothing taken away. The crispness of Shredded Wheat Biscuit compels mastication and causes the flow of saliva. It is therefore natural food.

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REFRESHING.

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TOILET SOAP

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Most refreshing and agreeable for Bath or Toilet use, prevents infection, and has a healthy and beneficial effect on the skin and complexion.

6d. *tablets and* **1/6** *(* **3**-*tab.) boxes at Chemists, Grocers, Stores, &c.*

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2. Granulated. Measured with spoon, like sugar.
3. Dissolves quickest—in two minutes.
4. "Sets" quickest—in half an hour.
5. Makes more jelly—two full quarts to package.
6. Clear and Sparkling—needs no clarifying.
7. Pink color for fancy desserts in every package.

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Send me the label (or Signature) from the box, with the name of your grocer, and I will mail you *free* my book of seventy "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

Or, send me 5 cents for full pint sample, 15c. for full 2-quart packet, 25c. for two full packets. Money returned if unsatisfied.

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INFANTS FED ON NESTLÉ'S FOOD ARE STRONG AND ROBUST, BECAUSE THEY ARE WELL AND PROPERLY NOURISHED. IT IS EASILY DIGESTED AND ASSIMILATED, AND QUICKLY PREPARED. WE WANT YOU TO PROVE THIS FOR YOURSELF, AND WISH TO SEND YOU A FREE SAMPLE OF NESTLÉ'S FOOD, CONTAINING ENOUGH FOR SEVERAL MEALS, AND OUR BOOK FOR MOTHERS.
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Priestley's Black Dress Goods are noted for their wearing qualities. Economy as well as style prompts their purchase.

Fall, 1902

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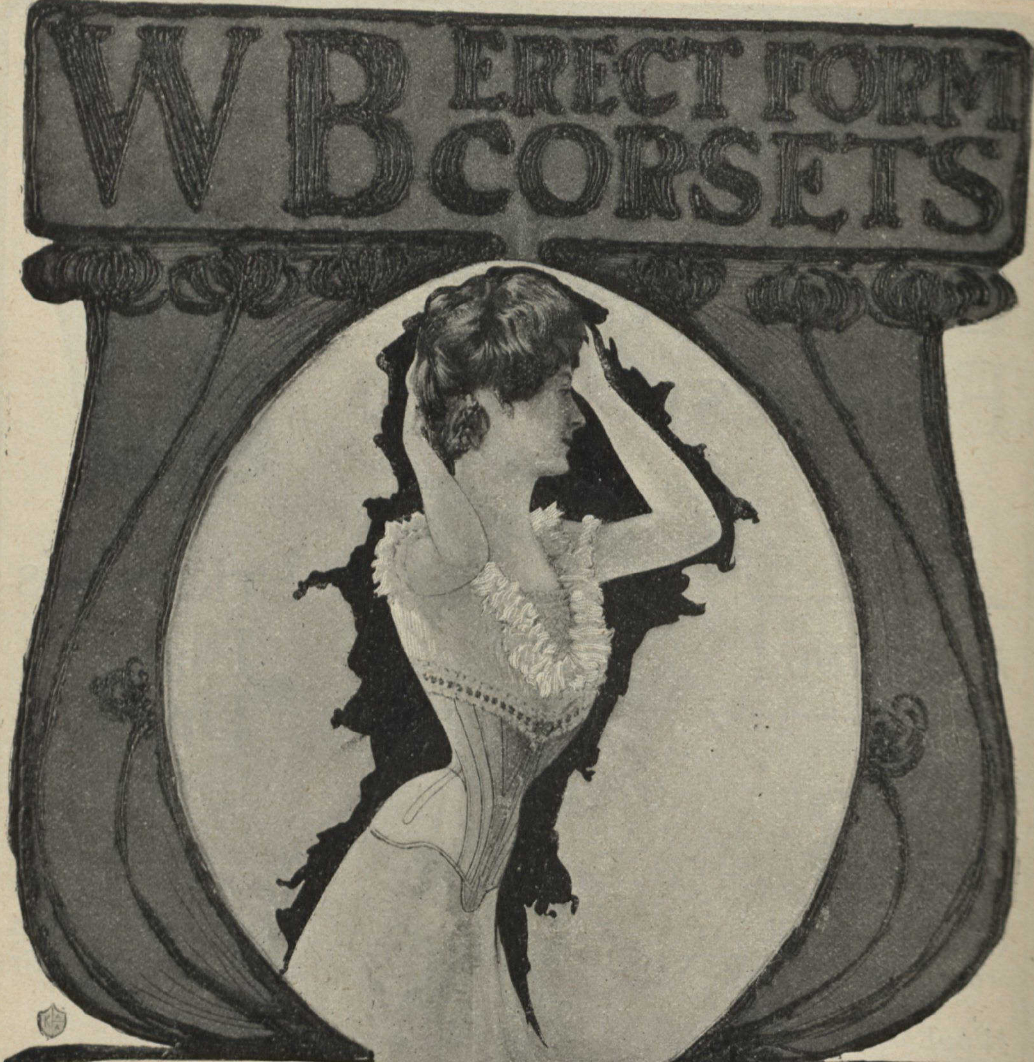

The New Long Hip "Erect Form" Corset

Last Spring when we introduced this Long Hip Corset, there were just two models—No. 711 and No. 713. But so popular was their reception that we have determined to place two more Long Hip Models on the market—

ERECT FORM 989 and ERECT FORM 992

All dealers in every part of Canada will supply the Long Hip Erect Form. You must wear this Corset if you wear the new style skirts. The extra length at the sides produces the most beautiful hip curves, and insures a set to the skirt without a wrinkle. If your dealer cannot supply you, mention his name and forward money order or check to

WEINGARTEN BROS. 377-379 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Dept. Canadian **Largest Manufacturers of Corsets in the World**

Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color it used to have. The hair stops falling, grows long and heavy, and all dandruff disappears. An elegant dressing for the hair, keeping it soft and glossy, and preventing splitting at the ends. A high-class preparation in every way.

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A FULL LINE OF
W. B. CORSETS
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There are Imitations, but No Substitutes

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RITCHIE & RAMSAY
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THE "NEW GEM" SAFETY RAZOR

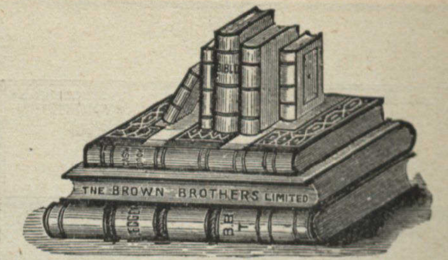
Shaves the STRONGEST as well as the MILDEST BEARDS—utterly impossible to cut the face. It is the Simplest and Surest shaving device ever invented. The AUTOMATIC STROPPING MACHINE KEEPS THE BLADES IN KEEN CUTTING ORDER—a novice gets as good results as an expert. Sold by leading Cutlery and Jewelry dealers all over the civilized world, or mailed postpaid by the makers at the following prices:

Razor in Tin Box, ... **$2.00**
Razor with Two Blades in Handsome Morocco Case, 3.50
Automatic Stropping Machine, with Strop, .. **2.00**

When making your purchase be sure and take none without the above "Trade Mark" and guarantee ticket. It permits you to have the blades REHONED or RESHARPENED FREE OF CHARGE. Catalogue Mailed Free on request.

Works, 19 Reade Street, N.Y., U.S.A.

If your dealer does not handle the Gem Safety Razor, order of John Fernell & Son, Berlin, Ont.; Wood-Vallance & Co., Hamilton, Ont.; Hobbs Hardware Co., Hamilton, Ont.; Graves Bros., Ottawa, Ont.; H. S. Howland, Son & Co., Toronto, Ont.; The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Toronto, Ont.; Caverhill, Learmont & Co., Montreal, Can.; Black Bros. & Co., Halifax, N.S.; J. H. Ashdown Hardware Co., Winnipeg, Man.



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Exquisite Flavor

Great Strength

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This tea is grown in India, under European supervision, for the English market, the most exacting in the world. It is not an expensive tea, for though it costs a little more per pound it more than makes up the difference in strength. It is put up in sealed packets only. Ask your grocer for

Uniform Quality

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Delicate Aroma

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COOKS LIKE MAGIC
BREAD
There is a fascination about cooking when using
"A SOUVENIR."
There's none to compare with this range for appearance, convenience, durability, appointments and improvements. They are not more expensive to buy, and one will last a lifetime. Sold everywhere.
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Every House-keeper

Who will send us their address and the name of their Druggist, will receive per return mail, free, a ten cent Sample Package of

Electric Polishing Fibre

the Cloth that cleans silverware and all bright metals without powder or polish.

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Sold by Druggists and Notion Dealers. Address

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Delightful after Bathing. A Luxury after Shaving
A positive relief for **Prickly Heat, Chafing** and **Sunburn,** and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. **Get MENNEN'S** (the original), *a little higher in price, perhaps, than worthless substitutes, but there is a reason for it.*
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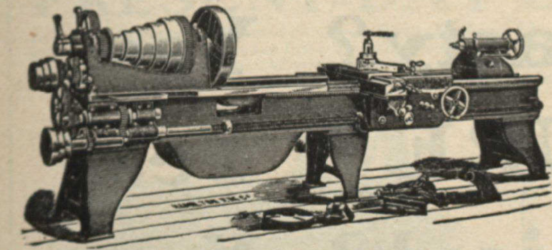

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Consisting of Machine Tools for working Iron, Steel or Brass.

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I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,
But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they call

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

APIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies.

A REMEDY FOR ALL AILMENTS. Superseding Bitter Apple, Pil Cochia, Pennyroyal, etc. Order of all Chemists, or post free for $1.50 from EVANS & SONS, LIMITED, TORONTO.
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GOLD MEDAL Woman's Exhibition, London, (Eng.) 1900

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FOR INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS AND THE AGED

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Gentlemen.—Enclosed I am sending you a photo of our girl twins—seven months old. They have been fed on your Food since being nine days old, and have never had an hour's illness all the time. They are perfect in temper, and the admiration of the town for their healthy appearance. Many mothers have specially called to ask Mrs. Lee how she feeds them. I thought you would like to see some fruits of your excellent Food for Infants.

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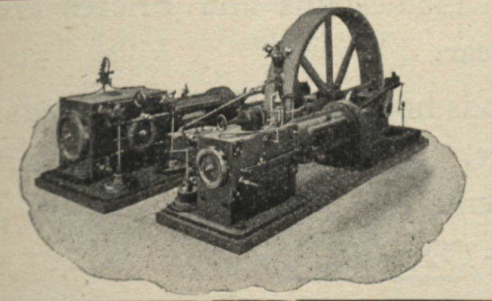

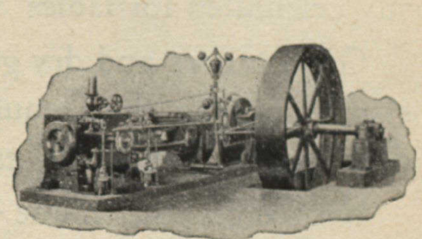

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BY ROYAL
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REGISTERED
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MILLERS TO
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(IN CRYSTALS OR POWDER) is prepared from and contains all the constituents of the famous

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The **CARLSBAD SPRUDEL SALT** in *Powder* has the great advantage in not being affected by change of temperature or exposure to the atmosphere, and therefore in this form is the most reliable and best adapted for export.

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I know you want to reduce your weight, but probably you think it impossible or are afraid the remedy is worse than the disease. Now, let me tell you that not only can the obesity be reduced in a short time, but your face, form and complexion will be improved, and in health you will be wonderfully benefited. **I am a regular practicing physician,** having made a specialty of this subject. Here is what I will do for you. First, I send you a blank to fill out; when it comes, I forward a five weeks' treatment. You make no radical change in your food, but eat as much or as often as you please. No bandages or tight lacing. No harmful drugs nor sickening pills. The treatment can be taken privately. You will lose from **3 to 5 pounds weekly,** according to age and condition of body. At the end of five weeks you are to report to me and I will send further treatment if necessary. When you have reduced your flesh to the desired weight, you can retain it. You will not become stout again. Your face and figure will be well shaped, your skin will be clear and handsome; you will feel years younger. Ailments of the heart and other vital organs will be cured. Double chin, heavy abdomen, flabby cheeks and other disagreeable evidences of obesity are remedied speedily. All patients receive my personal attention, whether being treated by mail or in person; all correspondence is strictly confidential. Treatment for either sex. Plain sealed envelopes and packages sent. Distance makes no difference. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for my new book on obesity; its cause and cure ;—it will convince you. Address

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"Our UNDERWOODS have stood an immense amount of work for three years, and are in excellent condition."

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is not as harmless as it seems. It brings into the house many undesirable things which it picks up with its hairy, cup-shaped feet. Among them are disease germs. After a fly has entered your home it is a menace to your family's health—you should make it harmless. But you cannot do it without

TANGLEFOOT
Sticky Fly Paper,

which catches the fly and the germs it carries and coats them both over with a varnish from which they can never escape.

Poisoning the fly will not do—as the germ is not poisoned.

A fly trap will not do—as the buzzing of the fly will blow the germs through the meshes and you will inhale them.

So **TANGLEFOOT** is the only remedy. Every dealer has it. It is an inexpensive safeguard.

Quotation of price, without reference to quality, is no criterion of worth. If your silverware is stamped with this trade mark the value is guaranteed.

STANDARD. SILVER. CO. LTD. TORONTO

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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$3,000 for Photographs

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Special Booklet tells about the Classes and Conditions

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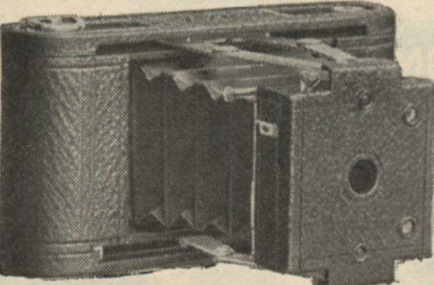
A New Folding



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KODAK

for the pocket, almost for the vest pocket, at six dollars. Makes Pictures 1⅝ x 2½ inches, loads in daylight, has a fine Meniscus Lens, Brilliant Finder, Automatic Shutter — in fact, has the "Kodak Quality" all the way through.

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Transparent Film Cartridge, 12 exposures, 1⅝ x 2½	.25
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Certified by Dr. Hassall to be absolutely free from opium or morphia; hence safest and best. Distinguished for the public's protection by trade mark, a gum lancet. Don't be talked into having others.

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Double Cylinder Engines a Specialty

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Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic

will bring back the rose to your cheek and the sparkle to your eye, besides making blood, muscle and nerve by increasing the appetite and strengthening the digestion. All druggists sell The "Best" Tonic. Provide yourself with a few bottles to-day.

Some people are pale because of thin and impoverised blood. Such folks need a blood maker like

Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic

This great tonic acts on both the food and the stomach. It helps the work of digestion and is itself a rich, nutritious food, readily taken up into the system. With better digestion comes better blood. Try it for a month and your Mirror will reflect a change.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

Is used by every one who can afford to use the Best.

Beware of Manufacturers who attempt to sell a WORTHLESS imitation.

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is one of the most wonderful discoveries of the age. It was brought about by the scientific study of Baldness—its causes and cure. It will effect a positive cure in

NINETY-NINE CASES

out of every hundred of partial or total baldness, and prevent the hair falling. It has brought joy and satisfaction to hundreds who had lost hope because everything else failed. Will you share their joy? Free treatment—Free Booklet.

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All kinds of floor wax, polishing brushes, etc.

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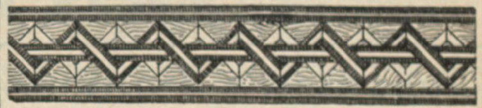
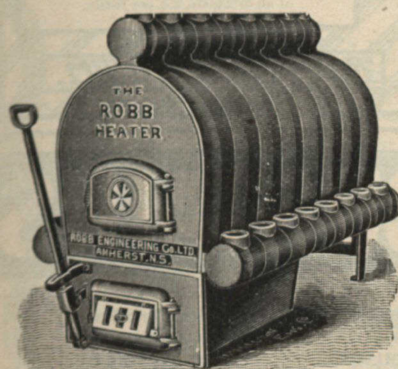
TORONTO **HAMILTON**



A Self-Cleaning Heater



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Other forms of hot-water heaters require frequent cleaning, but usually are not properly attended to.

A heater that is clean all the time heats quicker and uses less fuel than one that is clean only part of the time.

ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Limited

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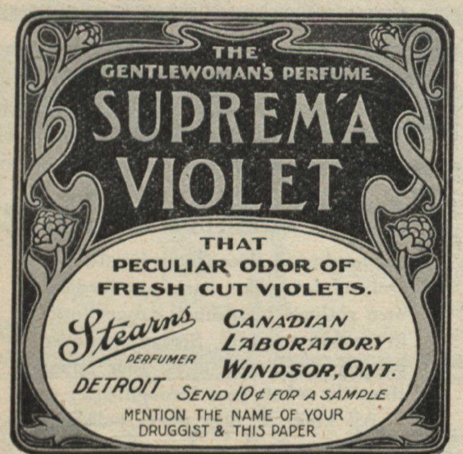

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IS A DELIGHT TO ALL WHO USE

WINSOR & NEWTON'S

Oil Colors, Water Colors, Etc.

The greatest artist color makers in the world. Ask your dealer.

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FOR NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA
HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, Etc.
FREE SAMPLES K.D.C. AND PILLS. Write for them.
K.D.C. CO. Ltd., Boston, U.S., and New Glasgow, Can.

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy
No adulteration. Never cakes.

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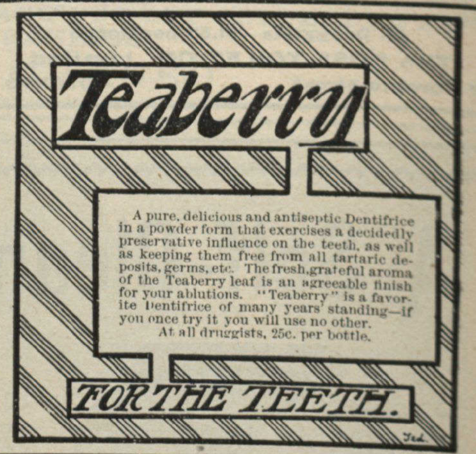

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LACE CURTAINS,	MADRAS MUSLINS,	CAPES,	LADIES' AND GENTS'
REAL SWISS	ROLLER BLINDS,	BLOUSES,	LOOM HOSIERY,
GUIPURE D'ART.	LACES, ALL MAKES.	COLLARETTES.	HOUSEHOLD LINENS.

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*Customers throughout the Empire testify to the reliable work, Marvellous Value and Durability.
First Prize Medals, Toronto, 1892; Chicago, 1893.

S. PEACH & SONS, Lister Gate, Nottingham, England. ESTABLISHED 1857

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Elephant killed by Mr. Marcel Hendricks, of Mossamédès, Africa, with a .303 SAVAGE Rifle using the Expanding Bullet. *Le Sporte Universel Illustre* contains an article, with illustration, by Mr. Hendricks, relative to the killing of the above

Savage Arms Co., Utica, N.Y., U.S.A.

KEEP UP WITH THE TIMES.

Do not buy a rifle until you have examined into the merits of the

SAVAGE

which is the TWENTIETH CENTURY ARM.

Only Hammerless Repeating Rifle in the world. **Absolutely Safe, Strongest Shooter, Flattest Trajectory,** also neatest and most effective rifle manufactured. **Highest Development of Sporting Rifles.** Constructed to shoot **Six Different Cartridges,** or may be used as a single shot without the slightest change in the mechanism. Adapted for **Grizzly Bears and Rabbits.** .303 and 30-30 calibres. Every rifle thoroughly guaranteed. Awarded Grand Gold Medal at Paris in competition with all other styles of Repeating Rifles. Write for new Illustrated Catalogue "O."

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the *MARGUERITE* Cigar has the largest sale in Canada is because it's the best 10c. cigar in the Dominion, and therefore the most popular.

The "*Karnak Cigarette,*" crimped, no paste, is fast displacing older goods.

Both these Celebrated Brands are Manufactured by

The Tuckett Cigar Co. Limited

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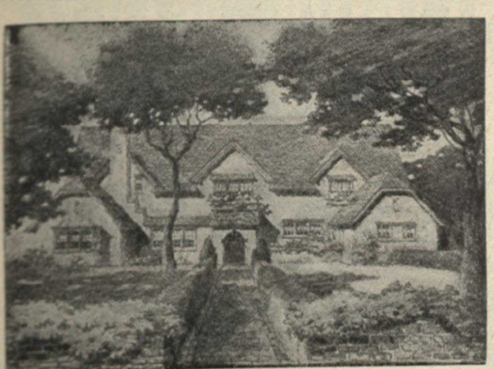

An Old House

built before scientific heating had reached its present development, need not continue to suffer from that disadvantage. For such an one heating by hot water solves the difficulty. Without in any way disturbing present arrangements, such a system can be installed, insuring comfortable winters for years to come. It will last for generations.

If you care to learn more about our system, write for our booklet *Hot-Water Heating*. A postal will bring it.

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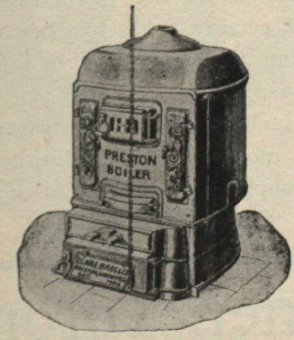

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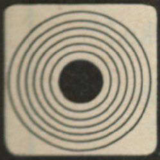

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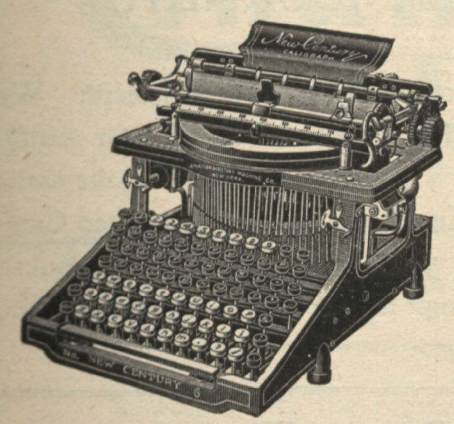

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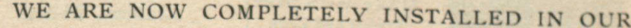
Armand's New Hair Store



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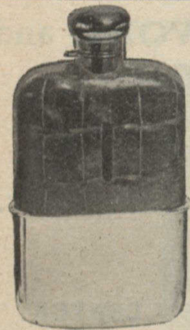

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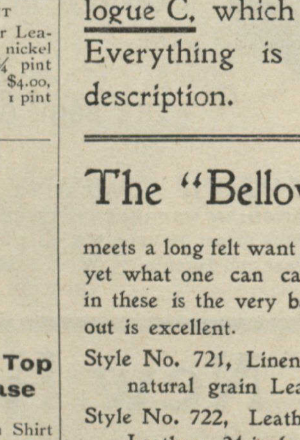

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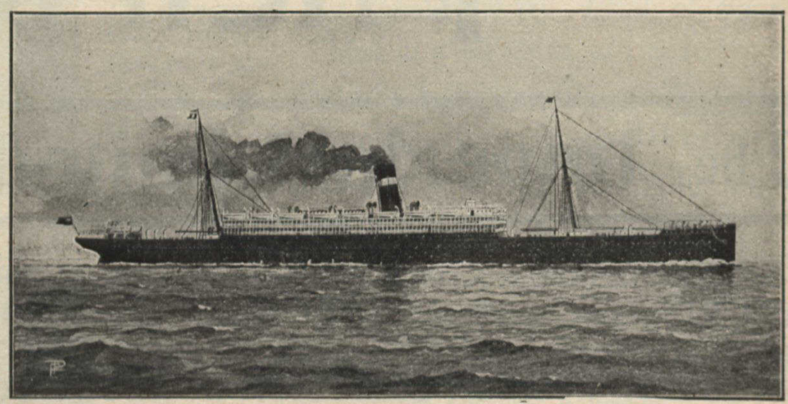

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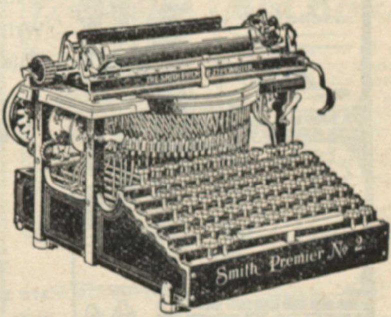

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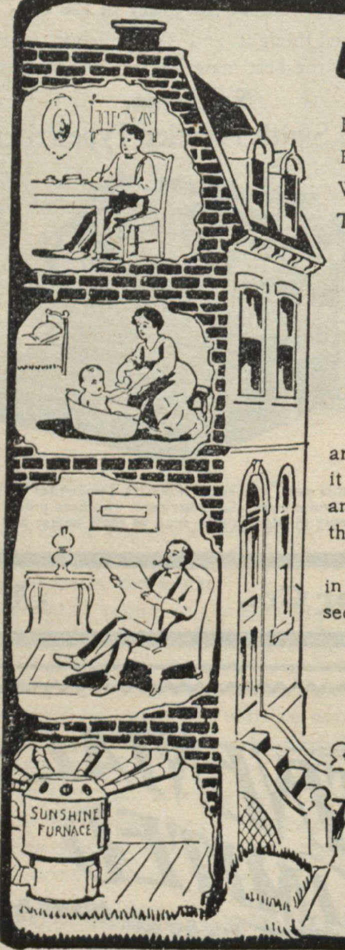

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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 53 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *hauton* (a patient):—"*As young ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

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Also found in New York City at R. H. Macey's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. ☞ Beware of base imitations. $1,000 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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The worst possible spavin can be cured in 45 minutes. **Ringbones, Curbs and Splints** just as quick. Not painful and never has failed. Detailed information about this new method sent free to horse owners.

Write today. Ask for pamphlet No. 221

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Tooth Powder

Big Box, 25c.

At the request of a number of Dentists I have made an analysis of Van Buskirk's SOZODONT, which I purchased in open market in this city. The analysis shows that there is nothing in it injurious to the teeth or gums, but that it contains compounds that are of benefit as deodorizers, antiseptics, cleansing agents and preservatives.

HERBERT M. HILL, PH.D.,
Analytical Chemist and Assayer,
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SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, used in conjunction with SOZODONT Liquid, makes an Ideal Dentifrice. Each, 25c.; large sizes together, 75c.; at the stores or by mail for the price.

Substitutes should be declined.

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Guests Are Arriving Daily at the New Summer Resort.

The opening of the new Royal Muskoka Hotel, on Lake Rosseau, Muskoka Lakes district, for the season of 1902 has been a source of satisfaction to the proprietors, and the reservations that have been made up to the present for accommodation at this resort assures the success of the venture. Guests are arriving daily, and by next week hundreds of people will be enjoying the beauties of Muskoka with the advantage of sojourning in one of the best summer hotels in America.

Among the guests at the hotel now are prominent people from Buffalo, Chicago, New York and other American cities, as well as many Canadians.

The Ontario Government, in conjunction with the Grand Trunk Railway system, is continuing the policy inaugurated last year of restocking the Muskoka lakes with parent bass. The first car load was deposited in Lake Rosseau June 20, and a finer lot of bass have seldom been seen. Last year 10,000 fish were transplanted into the Northern Lakes with much success. The fishing this year in the Muskoka Lakes is good, some excellent catches having been made, the bass running from two to four pounds, and pickerel from two to eight pounds.

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Who wish to succeed in business should read the new book

"How Department Stores Are Carried On"

By W. B. PHILLIPS
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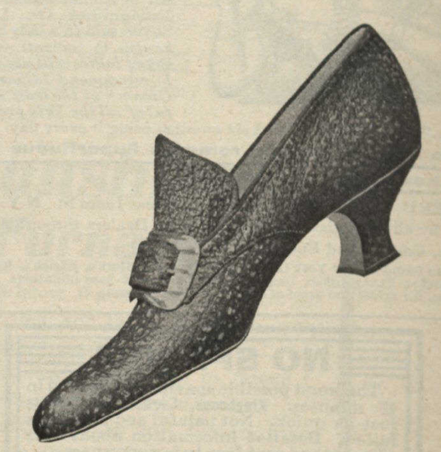

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There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness, vanish as if by magic, whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth supple, healthy skin.

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SPANISH CANTHARIDES produces hair on bald heads, and those disfigured with alopecia baldness should use it. The fungus is quickly removed from the epidermis, and the hair then grows. $1.00.

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HANDKERCHIEF
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More Sprightly and Invigorating than Cologne.

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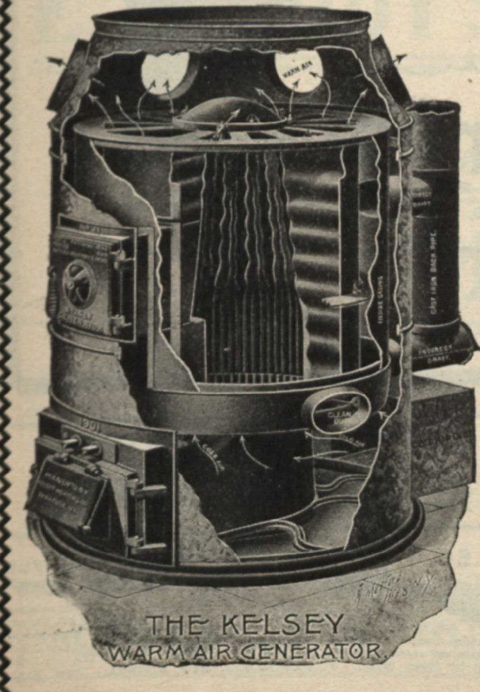

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is built on scientific principles with due regard to economy and durability. When properly installed it is guaranteed to warm every portion of your home.

Large Radiating Surface, Weight, Perfect Construction, Economical Consumption of Fuel, and the bountiful supply of **Rich, Pure, Mild Air,** call forth in highest terms recommendations from those who have enjoyed Kelsey comfort from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A Post Card will bring you our 1902 Booklet. Read the opinions from satisfied people.

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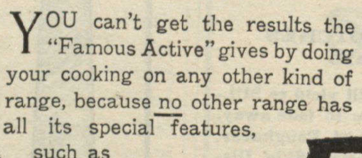

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Oxydonor will cause the cure of **Rheumatism, Asthma, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Insomnia, Dyspepsia,** and all Nervous Disorders.

It will improve the appetite and strengthen the nerves, giving sound sleep and soothing the overworked brain. It is invaluable for all diseases of men, women and children. Can be used for all the family, and will last a life-time.

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Asthma.— MRS. JOHN E. ESTEY, Jacksontown, N.B., writes, Mar. 25, 1901; "Have been troubled several years with Asthma. Have used Oxydonor at times for over a year, and have never had asthma since I began to use it."

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Ladies', from 84c. per doz.
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