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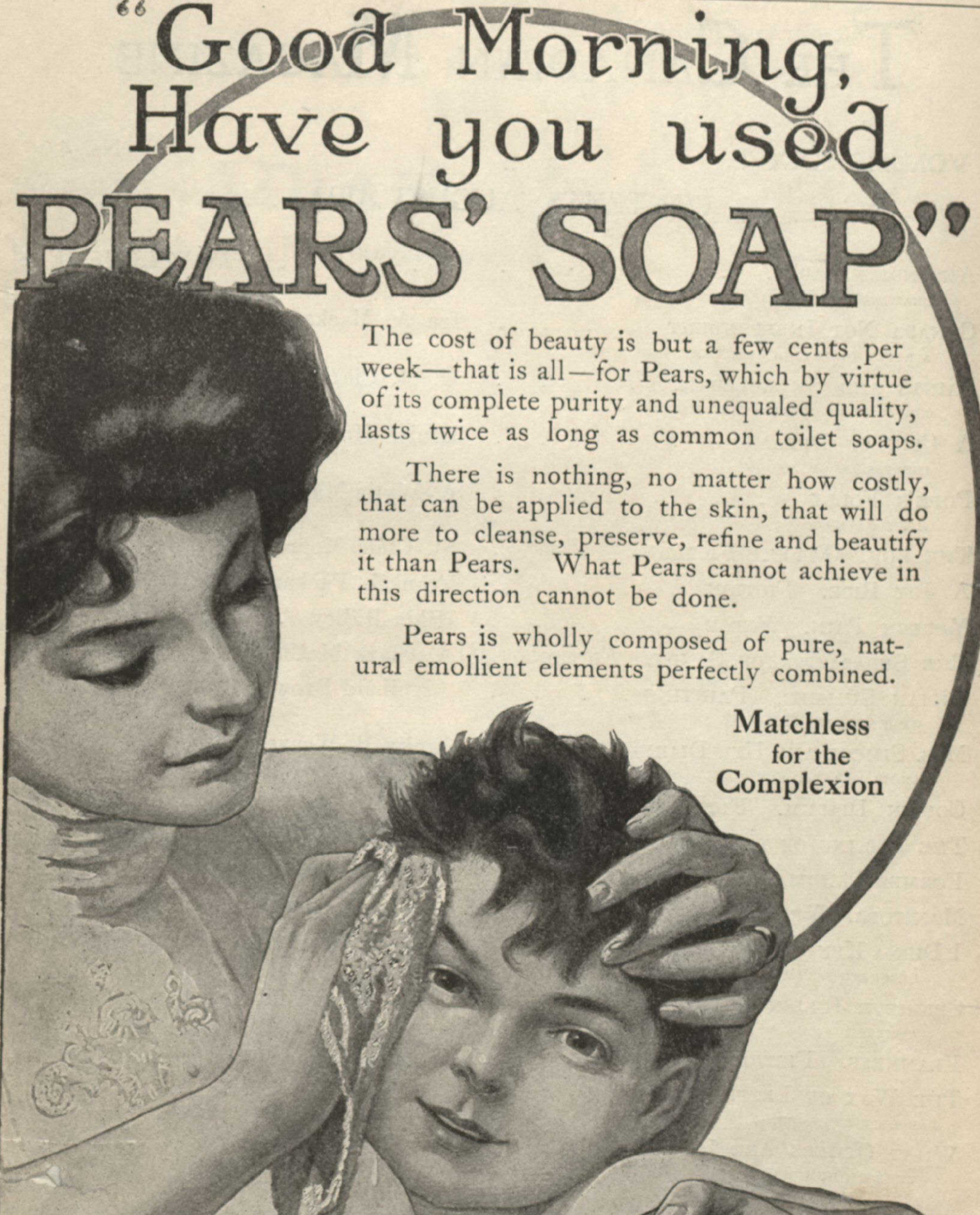

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXVII. No. 4

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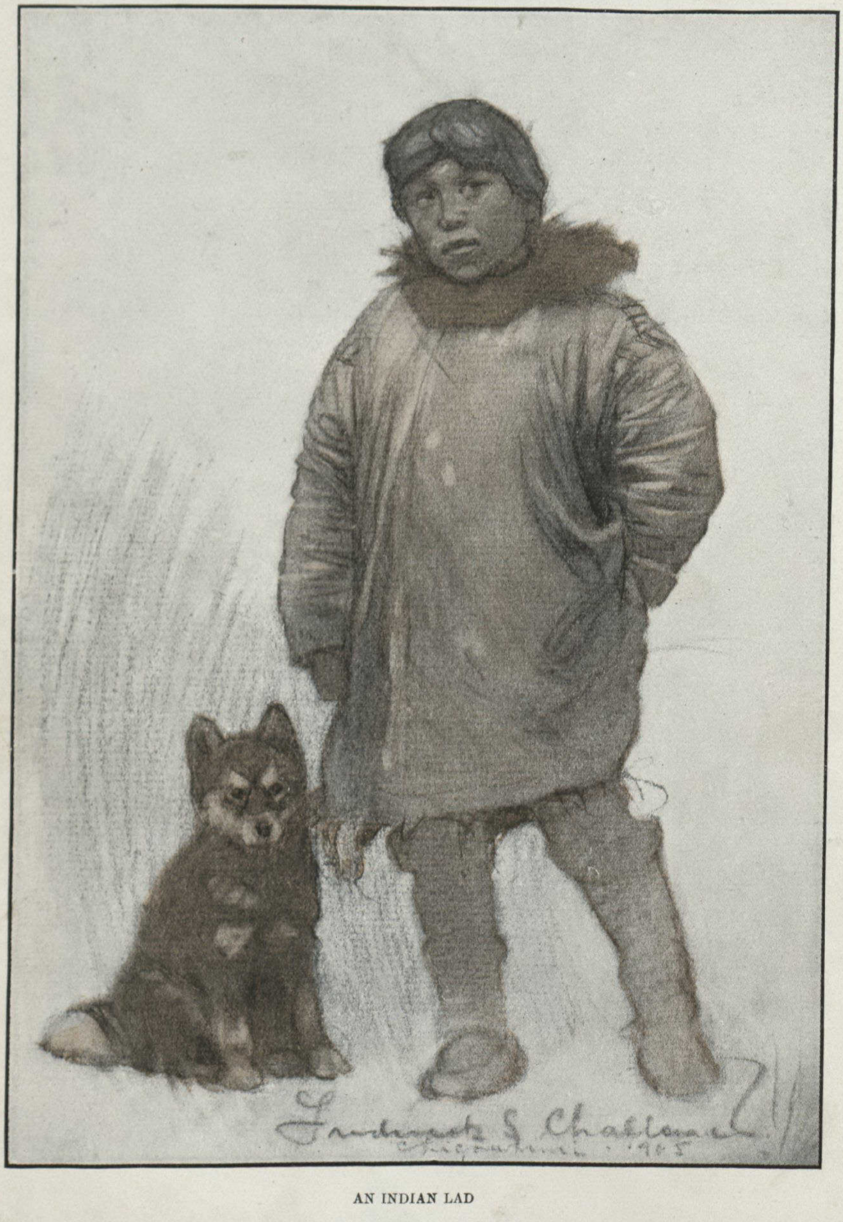

Frederick S. Challener
1905

AN INDIAN LAD

From the Pencil Sketch by Frederick S. Challener, R.C.A.

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVII TORONTO, AUGUST, 1911 No. 4

CANADA NOT INDEPENDENT

A REPLY TO MR. JOHN S. EWART'S ARTICLE ENTITLED "CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE"

BY IRA A. MACKAY

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

IN an article which appears in the May number of *The Canadian Magazine* Mr. John S. Ewart contends that Canada is even now an independent kingdom. "Speaking politically," he says, "there is only one bond which binds Great Britain and Canada, namely, the King. The relationship of Canada to the United Kingdom is that of two nations with the same Sovereign. Canada is not a part of the British Empire any more than the United Kingdom is a part of the Canadian Empire." Canada and Great Britain are two independent Kingdoms under one Crown, with this difference only, that the Sovereign of Canada is an absentee.

These statements startle us, coming as they do from a student of constitutional subjects of the very highest rank. Is Mr. Ewart's article written seriously or in irony. If written in irony, it is, indeed, well-timed, for it is time, indeed, that Canada at least cease her high-swelling note of national independence and begin to turn her attention carefully and for some definite practical purpose upon the actual facts of her relations to Great Britain. It is just possible that these facts may disclose to us that our national pride is unjustifiable and that our position in the Empire is really much less honourable than we sometimes vainly imagine it to be. If, however, Mr. Ewart intends that we should understand his words literally, we cannot see our way clear to accept his argument as of any value. The contention that all political connection between Great Britain and Canada has been finally reduced to allegiance to the same King may be startling, but it is only startling because it is wholly untrue. Great Britain and Canada are still bound together by many ties. Some of these ties, indeed, are so elementary as to be scarcely worthy of citation. It is doubtful even if a single one of the old ties which existed, say, half a century ago is yet broken, except, possibly, that Canada's independent right to make her own customs laws is now fully admitted. Canada's chief executive officer, the Governor-General, is an appointee of the British Executive. Canada's final Court of Appeal in law is the

Privy Council, a court of British judges. Great Britain and Canada pay allegiance to a common flag, at once the emblem and the legal warrant of a British protectorate over Canada and of British rights on Canadian soil and in Canadian waters. Canada relies almost solely upon Great Britain for protection on land and sea. Canada is represented at the courts of foreign nations by British embassies. She exercises no separate voice in the framing of international laws either of peace or war. She is not recognised as an independent kingdom by a single foreign power; if she has reached her majority it certainly has not yet been acknowledged by a single foreign state. In all international relations, indeed, Canada is wholly devoid of the attribute of political independence. Internationally, Canada is still in the state of legal infancy. We should always keep in mind, too, that international relations are the only relations which make an independent nation. No amount of self-government in home or internal affairs can make an independent nation. If powers of internal self-government made a nation, then any chartered company which owned and occupied a plot of land might claim to be an independent nation. It is the acknowledged right to treat directly with other nations which makes a nation independent.

There is, as we have already suggested, only one important exception to the rule that Canada is not internationally independent, and that is her admitted right to make customs or fiscal treaties or pacts with other foreign nations. But these treaties are no longer supposed to affect the political status of nations. They are now, for the most part, regarded as economic or business pacts and not as political treaties. National rights are based more upon personal rights and rights of property than upon trade rights. Trading transactions are naturally of a private character, and, therefore, largely beyond the control of Governments. The British free trade system at least frankly acknowledges the futility of governmental interference with the natural course of trade and commerce. Primarily governments are not business or trading institutions. The primary objects of governments always have been to frame constitutions, to make laws, to provide for national defence, and to make wars upon and treaties of peace with other nations. Industry and commerce are merely secondary subjects of legislation, and the wisdom of direct governmental interference in these subjects is at best highly questionable. Mr. Ewart confesses that he does not apprehend that any danger of political annexation will emerge from the pending reciprocity pact with the United States; why then does he regard Canadian customs autonomy as any evidence of our political separation from Great Britain?

If Canada is not an independent state internationally, neither is she wholly independent even in purely home or domestic government. We owe Great Britain for our entire system of law. We inherit the Common or Case Law of England complete. Not a few statutes, too, of the British Parliament, as, for example, the Colonial Laws Validity Act, the Foreign Enlistment Act, and some phases of the Bankruptcy Acts, extend to the Colonies by express words or necessary intendment, affecting as they do the personal rights of Canadian citizens and even affecting property rights in Canadian soil. About a half a hundred other Imperial statutes of great importance, as, for example, the Statute of Frauds, the Statutes of Elizabeth, and the Habeas Corpus Acts, have been inherited by the Colonies, and of those statutes which remain there is scarcely one, even of those of most recent date, which has not been either adopted or re-enacted by Canadian Parliaments. Most even of our Provincial statutes of importance are copied almost verbatim from Imperial acts. So far then as Imperial legislation and English law are applicable in any way to Canadian conditions Canada, in all her legislation, and in all the decisions of her courts, has been guided carefully by Great Britain, guided sometimes by constitutional necessity, sometimes by constitutional freedom, but always by a strong, if unexpressed, under-current of desire for that unity of law which in the long run is always the surest foundation for all political unity.

In the last paragraph we have mentioned some acts of the Imperial Parliament which expressly extend to the Colonies. Of these acts there is, as everyone knows, one act, The British North America Act, which is of supreme importance to Canada. This act is Canada's Charter or Letters Patents, received by *grant* from the Parliament of Great Britain. The act, however, is based solely upon the Colonial principle and operates clearly, therefore, as a legal admission by Canada of the colonial relationship. Any Canadian legislation inconsistent with the colonial relationship would be at once pronounced *ultra vires* and void alike by all British and Canadian courts. The terms of the act itself, moreover, are strictly binding upon Canada. The only method by which the act can be amended in the smallest particular is by a further act of the British Parliament. Under what circumstances the British Parliament would pass such amending act has never been as yet even remotely determined. Certainly, it would not be passed, for example, on a memorial supported by a bare majority vote in the Canadian House of Commons, nor even if supported by a unanimous vote of that House, if opposed by all the Provincial Legislatures. In any case the final and sovereign decision would rest with the mother parliament, and that decision would no doubt be freely acquiesced in by all Canadians as being not only the most patriotic, but also the most expedient, and the only legal method of settling the controversy. It still rests with the Imperial Parliament, therefore, to determine whether the Canadian constitution is to belong to the "rigid" or to the "flexible" type.

But if Canada cannot amend her own constitution, the Imperial Parliament can amend it at will, and solely of her own initiative, if she wishes. The Imperial Parliament is still sovereign over every acre of colonial soil. She has in no way divested herself of the slightest morsel of her ultimate sovereign power by granting the colonies their rights of self-government at home. The Imperial Parliament can pass legislation at any time affecting the minutest private or local interest on any part of colonial territory. She may pass legislation, for example, regulating the use of fire-escapes in the City of Saskatoon, confiscating a corner lot in the City of Winnipeg, or annulling the *ne temere* decree in the Province of Quebec. All this the Imperial Parliament can do, notwithstanding The British North America Act, if she wishes.

I have no desire to urge unduly, however, the argument in the last paragraph. The real question is not what the Imperial Parliament may do if she wishes, but what, in view of her past history, she is likely to do. Mr. Ewart, however, does not hesitate to use the argument to its full limit in urging what Canada may do. Indeed, the crux of his argument seems to be that Canada may do precisely as she wishes. This argument, however, is hopelessly wide of the mark. No one really disputes the statement that Canada may do as she wishes. She may declare her independence to-morrow if she wishes. So may the State of Prussia, in the German Empire. So may even the State of New York, in the American Commonwealth. King George V. may throw the whole of Great Britain into war or revolution to-morrow if he wishes. A recalcitrant attitude on the Parliament Bill would probably, indeed, cause a revolution of some kind. Who can compel his hand to move if he refuse to move it himself in the required direction? It is even open to the humblest citizen of any state to break his legally binding contracts if he wishes. Even the Criminal Code does not bind a man against his will. The philosophy of the matter is elementary. The prerogative of free action, although sometimes attributed to nations, is ultimately vested in individuals alone. Nations have no freedom, while, on the other hand, no power in existence can compel an individual to do what he ultimately refuses to do. We prefer, however, to proceed on the assumption that men will keep their contracts and obey the law. Indeed, society could not exist on any other assumption. We prefer, therefore, in this matter of Canada's relation to Great Britain, to proceed on the assumption that Canada will honourably perform her obligations. The question again is not what Canada may do, but what in honour and in law she ought to do.

Mr. Ewart next discusses the relation of Canada to British wars. Here also he maintains that Canada has plainly asserted her independence of Great Britain. This contention he bases for the most part on certain declarations made by Canada and Australia at the Conference of 1902 and upon another declaration made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the Canadian House of Commons in 1910. By this latter declaration the Premier of Canada declared that we shall or shall not take part in British wars as we think proper. Both this declaration, however, and the argument which Mr. Ewart bases upon it, are also hopelessly wide of the mark. The mark is that we are already, by mere force of our colonial relationship, exposed to attack by the enemies of Great Britain. So long as we remain a British colony every acre of Canadian soil and every Canadian port is liable to be made a British battlefield. It is the very existence of the Colonies, indeed, and the prospect that they may eventually unite with the Motherland into a powerful federation which forms the chief provoking cause of jealousy felt towards Great Britain by other nations. The most probable cause of any attack which might be made upon Great Britain would be, therefore, to separate her and her colonies and thus prevent all possibility of this proud federation ever coming to maturity. In such a war, indeed, Canada would be especially interested. No one can look at the map, and, noting Canada's strategic position between two oceans, her vast territory and resources, and the almost unlimited opportunity she offers of British expansion, and not draw the conclusion that an attack upon Great Britain virtually means an attack upon the Anglo-Canadian union. Should war be made upon Great Britain now the first point of attack might well be the Port of Halifax, in Nova Scotia, the obvious purpose being to cut off Great Britain's food supply from Canada, to prevent her using Nova Scotian coaling stations, and to preclude any possible dispatch of ships, men, or arms from Canadian ports. If the seat of war were the Orient our Pacific ports would also be carefully watched by the enemy in order to prevent the transport of British troops over Canadian railways, a privilege which we cannot deny to Great Britain as long as her flag floats over Canadian soil. That our shores in any case would be grievously harassed by the enemy there can be little doubt. Imagine Canada, then, devoid as she is of men and ships, proclaiming her neutrality under such circumstances! Is it not certain that we should be promptly informed by the enemy that we must decide at once between the alternatives of Empire or final and complete separation from the British Union? Should we not be justly informed that we must either pull down the British flag or be prepared to resist any attack which might be made upon it on Canadian territory? Should we not be justly told that it was not open to us to occupy the mean and equivocal position of claiming to be a colony of Great Britain protected by British power to-day and of being an independent Kingdom capable of defending ourselves to-morrow? Would this not certainly be the position which any hostile power would take and be amply justified in taking?

And then, again, what of the attitude of Great Britain herself towards the colonial relationship in time of war? If Great Britain decided to occupy Canadian ports or Canadian territory, or to transport men and arms over Canadian routes, how could Canada refuse her? Britain's legal right to do so is beyond the shadow of a doubt. Let us make no mistake! Times of war are very unlike times of peace. Under the stern storm and stress of war nations are usually forced to assert their legal rights. The very suggestion, however, that Canada would deny shelter and support to Great Britain in time of war is too unpatriotic to be even so much as mentioned. But we could not offer her shelter and support without *ipso facto* ourselves declaring war against the enemy. Then Canada is not independent of British wars.

As another argument in support of his general thesis, Mr. Ewart traverses once more the commonplace history that both British and Canadian representatives have sat in recent years on all Anglo-Canadian tribunals for the settlement of British disputes touching purely Canadian interests. He seems to assume that this history argues the gradual emergence of Canadian separation from Great Britain. This history appears to us, however, to argue directly against Mr. Ewart's contention. So far as we can see it only argues the admission of Canada to a greater measure of responsibility within the Empire, and not in any degree her separation from the Empire. Great Britain and Canada form but one party to the litigation. Indeed, in point of law, Great Britain herself is the only party and Canada is not internationally recognised in the proceedings in any way. From one point of view the controversy may appear to be of purely Canadian interest, but from another, it is primarily of British interest. If the dispute should fail of a peaceful settlement, then all the petty interests of Canada vanish almost completely before the prospect of a British war. The simple fact is that Canadian representatives are appointed to represent Great Britain and to cooperate with the British representatives because Canadians are more familiar with the facts and therefore in a better position to guard both British and Canadian interests and to ultimately arrive at a just and peaceful settlement.

There are many other bonds which bind Great Britain and Canada together in addition to those to which we have already referred. We are even bound to Great Britain fiscally. The British preference was certainly designed to encourage Anglo-Canadian trade, if, indeed, it was not primarily intended to be the first instalment of an all-British customs federation. We are bound, too, to Great Britain by a hundred thousand or more British settlers who come to our shores every year, and who still dream of the homeland. We are bound to Great Britain by common political liberties and common political ideals, as well as by the inexorable obligations of gratitude.

In view, then, of these many

bonds, it is surely absurd to maintain that Canada is an independent nation. Canada and Great Britain are really bound together at least in some measure by almost every tie which binds men to men and nation to nation. We are bound together by literature, history and law, by common liberties, common forms of government and common political ideals. Canada is not wholly independent fiscally, internationally or morally, or even executively and legislatively. There is not a single stratum in the whole pyramid of the Canadian constitution from apex to base where ties do not emerge which bind her to the Motherland. Some of these bonds may be stronger and some weaker, while some even may be almost invisible, but bonds they are, sanctioned by mutual usage and by mutual approval and consent. In the work of Empire some of these bonds may be destined to be broken, some to remain, some to be changed, and some to be strengthened, but to declare that they are even now all broken and repudiated is surely to use words and arguments in reckless disregard of truth.

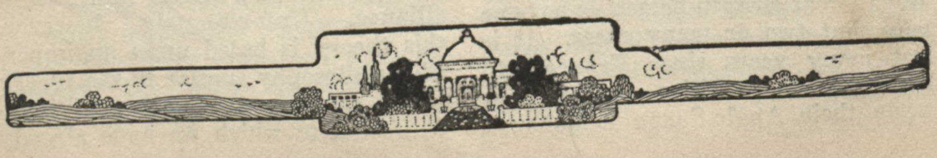
The real confusion, however, in this whole matter seems to hang about our conception of colonial autonomy or freedom. Canada is exceedingly jealous of her autonomy. This problem of freedom or autonomy is, indeed, a confusing one to the human mind, both in political and individual ethics. The modern mind, for example, has always manifested a distinct tendency to confuse autonomy with independence or isolation. Autonomy is conceived as the state of being without bonds. If Canada were independent she would at least be free. This conception of freedom, however, is really the exact reverse of the truth. Paradoxical as it may seem to say so, the state of autonomy is always necessarily a state of bondage. The more numerous and far-reaching the bonds the wider and fuller the range of freedom. The bonds which bind us to our fellows are the only possible wires or transit lines along which the energies of free-will can be effectually exercised. "Man," says Aristotle, "is a political animal." He can only exist and exercise his freedom under the bondage of political conditions. Men can exercise their freedom only by making contracts with their fellows, and by being bound by them when they are made. The man who refuses to make or to perform his contracts or to pay his debts is not a free man; he is merely a self-created outlaw who has denied himself all the prerogatives of freedom. Upon this conception of freedom or autonomy rests, we need hardly add, the whole fabric of civil and political rights alike in communities, nations and empires. The only true path of political freedom is the path of organic political development.

This conception of freedom or autonomy, then, being admitted to be the true one, the sole question for the Canadian autonomist is whether Canada, as a political unit, is likely to enjoy a greater measure of such freedom within or without the Empire. *Prima facie* the presumption is always against and not in favor of separation. *Prima facie* separation means loss of opportunity and loss of opportunity loss of freedom. The only possible method of rebutting this presumption is by showing that the colonial tie is a means of political oppression in the Colonies. We doubt, however, if any thinking man could be found in Canada who would be willing to advance this argument seriously. Canada surely has no grievances worthy of mention. On the contrary, it is admitted almost everywhere that the British Empire is the freest political community in the world. Under no other political system are human liberties so free and human rights so sure. British citizenship enjoys a measure of civil and political relationship of wider range, richer content, and greater opportunity for future development than any other citizenship in the world. There is scarcely an important article of liberty, indeed, in the government of Europe and America which has not been copied to some extent from Great Britain. For Canada, then, to cut adrift from this abounding source of original, civil and political freedom is certainly not the path of safety. For Canada to declare her independence, and thus at least to lessen in some measure the relationship which binds her to British liberties, traditions and political ideals, would certainly mean a very sensible diminution of personal liberty and personal richness of sentiment, character and citizenship for every Canadian citizen. It is probable, indeed, that history has never offered to any people a political ideal of such splendid opportunities for free development as the ideal of a united British Federation of freenations. Walter Pater says, in "Marius, the Epicurean," "The mere sense of belonging to a system —an Imperial system or organisation—has in itself the expanding power of a great experience," and he might have added that this power is itself nothing else than the expansive power of human freedom. Such an ideal is too attractive to minds of vision to easily pass away.

This problem of Canadian autonomy seems, however, to be of peculiar interest to some of the people of the French race in the Province of Quebec. Fortunately, however, the British Empire is not founded upon race. This is not to be an Anglo-Saxon, but a British Empire. Ethnologically, perhaps, the French people of Quebec are nearer the original British blend than any other race in the Empire. The Empire will, therefore, be theirs in a peculiar sense. Even Great Britain herself is not one race, but two or many races. It is not many years since France and Scotland were allies making war upon their Anglo-Saxon neighbours, and this friendship is not even yet forgotten. No true Imperialist can cavil for a moment with French sentiment. The French people of Quebec cherish their language, their religion and their race. They would be ingrates if they did not. All British people respect this sentiment in others as they cherish it in themselves. It is by cherishing, and not repressing, such noble sentiments, indeed, that nations and empires become vital and strong. The British Federation is designed solely as a political union, in which all races who dwell within its borders, and who are capable of self-government, will enjoy the very maximum of personal and political freedom consistent with Christian morals. Indeed, perhaps, the very finest result of such a union will be the final breaking down of that race prejudice which has been the cause of so much jealousy and war in the past, for we are to be not merely a British Union, but also a Christian Union. We propose to adopt British forms of government only because they are everywhere acknowledged to be the freest and the best, and because most of us have been living under them already for a century or more, and, perhaps, we may add, indeed, that this is the only sense in which the Empire can be called British at all. We have no quarrel with the Nationalist propaganda so far as it is designed to foster French sentiment, but where we do question it is at the point where it struggles to enlist that sentiment in the interests of a narrow and restricted Canadian sectionalism.

What then can Canada do? Possibly Mr. Ewart, like many others, thinks that we should formally declare Canadian independence and then allow the Empire to survive under the form of a merely sentimental alliance. Unfortunately, however, this theory is based upon an impossible philosophy similar to the theory which confuses autonomy and independence, to which we have already referred. A little elementary political psychology at once betrays the error. Sentiment *qua* sentiment is merely a subjective feeling. In itself sentiment is wholly worthless for political and social aims. The only real value of sentiment consists in its vitalising effect upon reason and conduct. No human institution really begins to exist until it has emerged in some measure at least from the sentimental stage. We can no more form an Empire from sentiment alone than we can form a joint stock company or a hospital board from sentiment alone. No amount of mere desire or greed for gain can organise a merger and charity does not consist of drivelling tears of sympathy. Unless political sentiment emerges into political organisation and action it is worthless. A merely sentimental alliance is only an empty pretence. A sentimental alliance existing merely at will, and, therefore, binding to-day and not binding to-morrow, is simply not an alliance at all. Some form of binding agreement is the very first possible step in the formation even of an alliance; indeed, on our part we fail to see in what respect an alliance is any less binding than a constitution. To put the matter in a few words: there are only three alternatives open to an alliance founded on sentiment: it may continue to do nothing and to say nothing; it may find expression in constant verbal protestations of sympathy and patriotic gratitude, or it may find expression in some form of practical organisation. The first alternative has no real existence, except, perhaps, in the case of rejected lovers; the second is palaver; the third is the true path of nature and of duty.

There is one thing, however, we can do. We can stop the flow of tiresome jingo Canadianism. The claim by the Colonies, for example, of political equality with Great Britain in the Empire of sister states, so often heard at Imperial Conferences, and admitted, indeed, in so kindly a way by the Motherland, is really most absurdly untrue to facts. Canada is but seven millions of people, Great Britain fifty millions; Canadian history is measured by decades, British history by centuries. Great Britain has never been behind the other nations in art, literature, science, and invention; Canada has not even one name of international reputation to offer to any of these essential departments of civilisation. Great Britain has been offering precedents in forms of law and government to the world for a thousand years; Canada, as yet, has shown no marked genius for originality in methods of government; indeed, as we have already said, even most of our local and private statute laws are copied almost verbatim from British legislation. Canada has no international status, Great Britain has laid the foundations of the greatest and freest Empire in history. Canada is contributing nothing to the work of Empire, Great Britain bears the whole burden. In view of these facts then, is it not clear that our present measure of privilege and freedom is abundantly adequate to our present importance? Until we really take part in the actual work of Empire we have no right to claim a voice in the councils of the Empire. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's luke-warm attitude towards this year's Conference, if true, would be entirely wholesome. The Canadian Government has nothing to offer and the old protestations of fidelity and gratitude to the Motherland are becoming rather tiresome. The time has come to do.



SAINTS AND SMUGGLERS

CORNWALL FROM SALTASH TO THE LIZARD

BY H. M. CLARK

Photographs by the Author

Cornish Cross

CORNWALL, the "Delectable Duchy," the County of Saints and Smugglers, should be entered by its ancient gateway — Saltash. Brunel's great railway bridge, spanning the beautiful Tamar, links Devon with Cornwall, and from it you have a wonderful view—the hills of Devon and Cornwall outstretched on either side and the river so far below that *Dreadnoughts* look like canoes. But if you cross this boundary line by boat, and if luck sends you a Saltash boatman, you will have an equally picturesque, but more intimate, introduction to Cornwall. For Saltash—unimposing, bescoffed but ancient Saltash—is the true gateway of Cornwall.

We passed among the great battleships lying off Devonport dockyard and crossed the bows of two torpedo-boat-destroyers.

"Thirty knots?" I queried.

"Yes—that and more," answered my boatman. "They build them faster and faster every year, same with the passenger boats. Far back as 1886 I heard the great Beecher in Brooklyn Tabernacle say, 'the day will come when I shall be able to preach here to-day and in Wesley's Chapel in the City Road, London, next Sunday.'" Cornishmen, like all Scotchmen, are great wanderers.

The landing slip at Saltash is shadowed by the piers of the railway bridge. Only since 1859 has this highway connected the country west of Tamar with the rest of the United Kingdom. Before that year the ferry was the sole link. Think of the isolation of Cornwall in those days! Small wonder that the Cornishman journeying to Devonshire talks of "going to England" and that he defines the Englishman as "a foreigner."

"Would you call me a foreigner?" I inquired of my boatman.

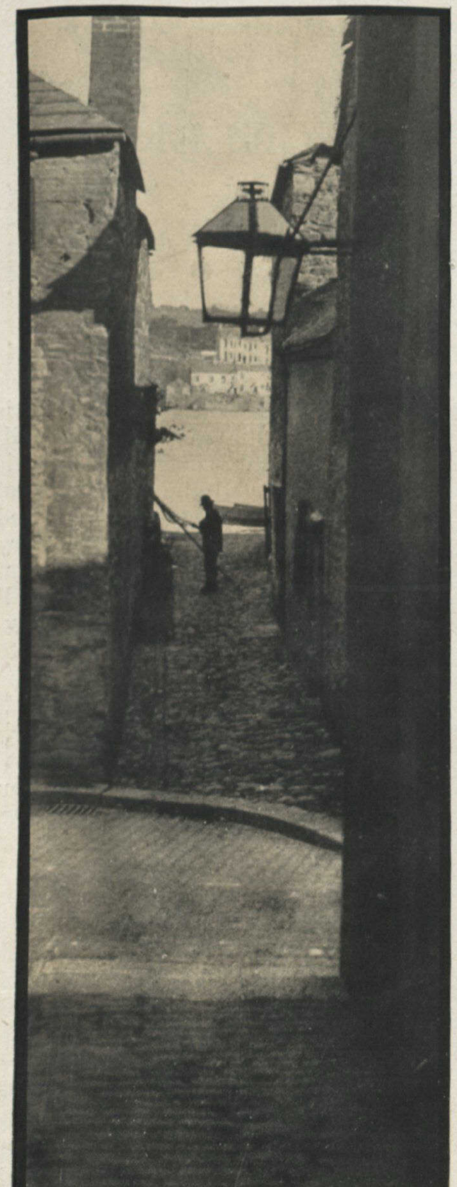
"If I was to put across to Devon they would call me a foreigner, wouldn't they?"

Saltash is a town with a past.

"Saltash was a borough town
When Plymouth was a fuzzy down."

To-day the position is reversed, and though the days of importance are long gone, the glory of Saltash has not entirely departed, for the picturesqueness which tempted Turner still lingers in her narrow streets. The road from the ferry permits of wheeled traffic, but in the lower town you may, with arms outstretched, touch the houses on both sides of the streets.

Through the low archways and side turnings you have delightful peeps of narrow streets ending in the river, fishermen busy with nets, or a waggoner and his team waiting for the ferry. Climb the steep main street



SALTASH

"THE PICTURESQUENESS WHICH TEMPTED TURNER STILL LINGERS IN ITS NARROW STREETS"

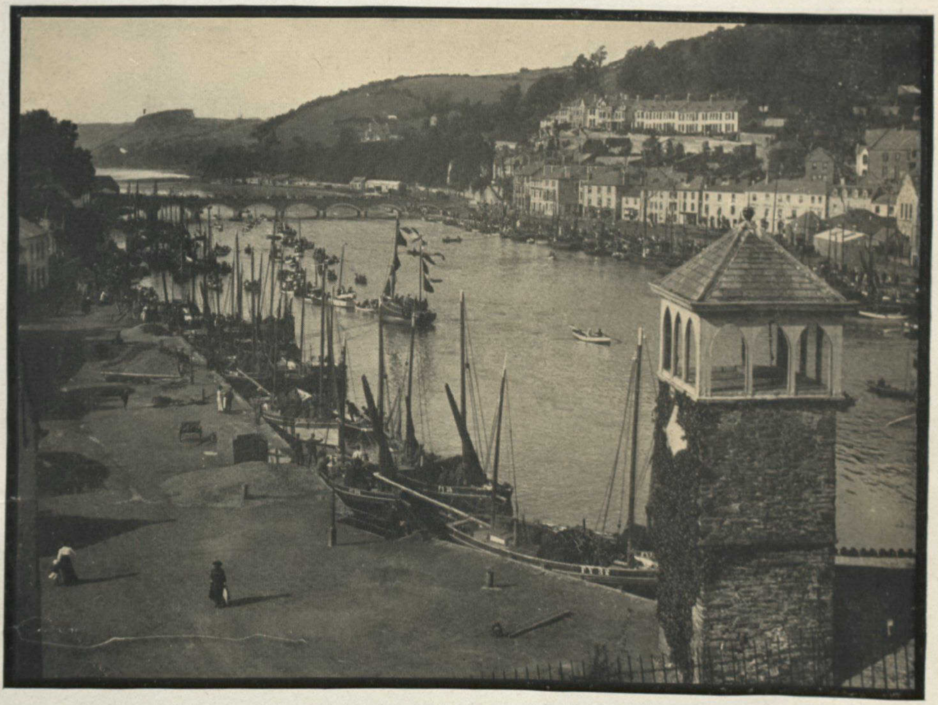
past the old "Cockle Shop" and you are soon a hundred feet above the river. The houses become more modern as you ascend, until at the crest of the hill, some bear a date so recent as 1800. There, turning through the gate, you strike into a meadow and stand entranced at the beauty of the landscape. The wide estuary of the Tamar, outspread like a lake of Italian blue, is fringed with velvety fields and beautiful wooded slopes, and from a mass of green foliage springs the square stone tower of Landulph Church. In the distance the hedged hills fade into the soft blue line of more distant Dartmoor and over a blue sky the white clouds drift slowly.

At a thatched cottage, boasting a garden of many colours, the good woman gave me a meal. Superstition dies hard in the West Country for on the wall among the pictures hung a discoloured piece of bread.

"Yes, it's bread," she said, in response to my question. "Bread baked last Good Friday—it hangs there the year round. It's not for anyone particular. It's good if anything ails the cattle or the family. We mixed a little up in a warm mash for the cow when she was sick."

Twilight brought train-time and an August moon nearing the full. A train is a commonplace, but the Tamar by moonlight is an event. Lingeringly, I left the woods of Warleigh and pulled slowly down stream. Mysterious shadows haunted the banks, no breath of air stirred the leaves, and the water, silvered by the moon, mirrored the still graces of the trees. The whole countryside was a fairyland, so beautiful as to seem unreal.

Westward from Saltash the road shows mile after mile of rolling moorland, golden with gorse in springtime, and purple when the heather blooms. Here and there you see the old mule tracks, which, stretching silently across the moor, were the highways of Cornwall before the roads were built—for little more than one hundred years ago freight in Cornwall was carried by packmen, with their mule trains—and soon you pass the Well of Saint Clear, a



"AT LOOE YOU HAVE AN IMPRESSION OF SOME SOUTHERN LAND

Cornish Saint. At one time saints in Cornwall must have been as numerous as sinners elsewhere. One wonders where they all came from. Local tradition states that they came from Ireland, sailing across the Irish channel to Cornwall on blocks of stone. Be that as it may, you will esteem their memory for the cool, crystal wells which they founded, and for the wayside crosses which you see on the high road, "where prayers may be made and travellers take some rest."

Swinging south towards the sea you pass the Well of Saint Keyne, the waters of which possess a peculiar interest for bridal couples, for the one who shall first drink thereof after the wedding will henceforth "hold the reins." The Cornish youth, of course, have no faith in such fancies, yet, on the wedding day, each of the contracting parties solemnly endeavours to be first at the well. And here the landscape begins to change, tender Devon gives place to Cornwall, stern and rugged on the moors, exotic—almost tropical—in the valleys.

From the many-arched stone bridge at Looe you have an impression of some southern land—strong sunlight and shadows, gabled stone houses—terraced gardens of myrtles and hydrangeas and hills so steep as to seem mountains. In the narrow streets you stumble against stone staircases, which are placed outside the small dwellings, and soon you reach the reading-room. Against its walls is set up the ancient pillory. Within the room hangs this cryptic notice:

"Gentlemen learning to read will

kindly use yesterday's newspaper."

Deep-coloured stone and quaint architecture group invitingly, and, sketchbook in hand, you seek the most picturesque "bit," but the houses frame a glimpse of golden sands and blue sea, and the beach claims you for a perfect swim.

POLPERRO WAS "PECULIARLY ADAPTED FOR SMUGGLING"

It was shorter to ferry from the "Ship" Inn to West Looe. A youth in seafaring garb, to whom I queried "Ferry?" replied:

"I pullth my vorlock tu'ee, but I'll be dalled—I've agot the dibs sure enough without aferryin' to-night."

He displayed a handful of pennies. acquired, his companion explained, in the regatta.

Leaving the port the path runs over the circling hills, but the heat of the day is passed and you climb steadily till, mid-way, you turn to the view. West Looe lies beneath you, showing but gabled roofs and the decks of fishing boats. Across the river, the terraces of East Looe are slowly losing the sun and, northward, the river vanishes between billowing green slopes that sink into the distant haze. The summit reveals the ocean—gray rocks and gorse are bathed in golden sunshine and the lightest breath of a breeze plays on the water. After the steep climb it is good to lie and watch the patches of ruffled surface drifting over the sea, the fishing boats asleep at anchor and the blaze of summer to the horizon.

But the sun dips low and Polperro must be reached in daylight; so you shoulder your knapsack and step out, your path on the edge of the cliff and the sea breeze murmuring in your ear. Tradition tells of a well-worn, sheltered trail between Looe and Polperro, along which, on dark nights, the smugglers hurried their contraband-laden mules. Perhaps it still exists, but though your thoughts may revert to the smugglers, no desire to seek their trail tempts you to leave a path twixt sea and sky.

With sheer delight you approach Polperro—the steep, rocky bluffs break off and suddenly you come upon a narrow cleft in the cliffs. Nothing is visible but apple-trees and a rushing stream that sings down the narrowest of valleys—until a bend in the road shows a huddled group of small stone houses. Through a labyrinth of winding, stone-paved alleys you reach a miniature harbour circling the little fishing fleet. The pier leaves but a narrow entrance and, in times of storm, even this is completely closed by means of wooden beams. The winter gales take their toll on this rough coast, and there is hardly a family that has not lost some relative at sea. A custom, sad as it is quaint, corrects children for bringing a loaf to table the cut side downwards—"it looks so like a boat bottom up."

FIFTEENTH CENTURY ARCHITECTURE AT FOWEY

With difficulty you realise that this sleepy, picturesque spot was once a hot-bed of smuggling. As the local historian quaintly remarks, "the deep sea cleft was peculiarly adapted for smuggling." All were interested in the traffic, the men built and sailed the swift luggers and the women and children assisted in the disposal of contraband when a "run of goods" was made. And, since honest men thought it no sin to cheat the revenue, the minister usually held the lantern. You may still see the places where the kegs disappeared, unexpected openings in the walls of the harbour, to enter which in a boat at high tide you must bend your head. Your cupboards may have false backs, and your rooms false floors—in Polperro.

FISH PACKING YARD AT CADGWITH

Those who seek to prove that Cornishmen were not smugglers may perhaps pause when they see a china jug bearing on one side a lugger under full sail—on the other side a mule with two kegs lashed to the saddle-pack, and on the front the words:

"Success to our trade,
William Quiller."

Fowey lies seven good miles of winding road from Polperro and, as you leave the valley, the westerly wind that whips the white horses is against you. But the taste of sea-salt on your lips, the brilliant sunshine and the life-compelling air make easy walking. Wild country is this Cornish upland, where every farm-house and cottage could tell of contraband, and every village of French raids. Outwardly the Cornishman has become modernised in places, but his thoughts and actions are still governed by the traditions of a dead past.

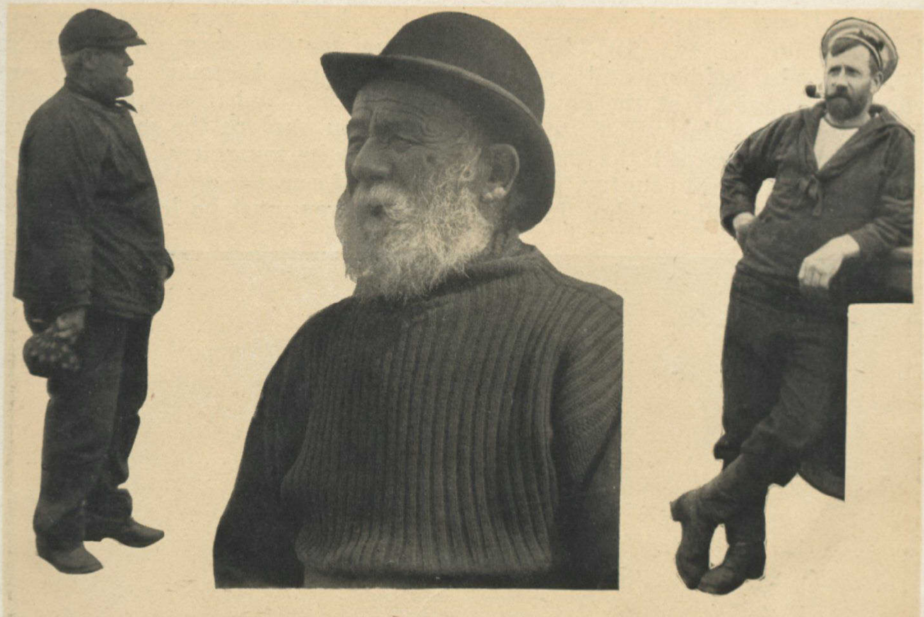
A horse-shoe over a stable door attracted my attention and of the stableman I asked:—

"What's that for?"

"That's to keep out witches."

"But, even if there were witches nowadays how could they hurt you?"

Slowly I drew it from him. You might find that your horses were "overlooked." Perhaps you yourself might suffer from the effects of the "evil eye." One can be "overlooked" in the twentieth century—in Cornwall—and the remedy is to discover the witch and prick her with a needle or pin until blood is drawn. He instanced an acquaintance, one



CORNWALL TYPES

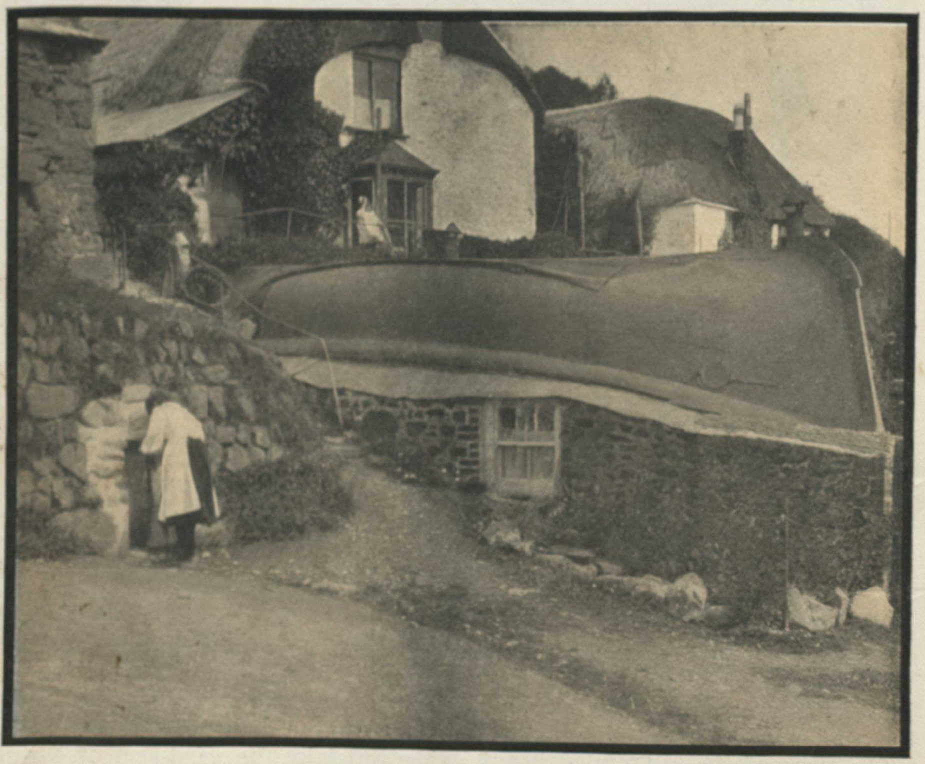
Ninnis, to whom had befallen a long series of lamentable occurrences "till he raped old mother Tapp's arm with a great rusty nail two or three times till the blood flowed, and she can't hurt him again."

A more healthy atmosphere of tradition envelops Fowey, which you see lying in a valley more beautiful even than those you have left. Through the sweet-smelling woodland the road winds until you come upon a full view of the hill-circled haven. Past neat, whitewashed cottages, with gardens of stocks and roses, you descend to the ferry, and as you cross Fowey River the breeze carries whiffs of sea-salt and tar. From your hotel on the steep bank you look down on the picturesque harbour, guarded by crumbling twin towers. A chain stretched between these towers barred entrance at night in the old fighting days. Think of it! In the eleventh century, Fowey was equipping the Crusaders for their long voyage to the Holy Land! To-day, though boatmen and boats are invitingly ready to take one fishing or sailing, the port does not live by visitors alone. The export of china-clay is a flourishing industry, and in the zig-zag streets you see "men of all the ports" from the vessels loading in the harbour.

The houses in the old port have a fine disregard for roads and stone dwellings boldly project midway into the street, while the buildings that fringe the harbour overhang the water, and one readily believes the story that a lady was disturbed at her toilet by the yard-arm of a ship entering her bedroom.

An atmosphere of immemorial shipping pervades the town, as you may observe in the nomenclature of the inns. Here you see, of course, "The Ship," and nearby "The Lugger Inn," "The Noah's Ark," and, further, "The Sailor's Return," and as you walk slowly on past mediæval porches and shady archways, with steep stone steps leading to blue water, you see the queer little Custom House, immortalised by the popular novelist of this "Troy Town," and higher still the castellated towers of Place House, the home of the Treffry family.

Place House figured in many of the raids on Fowey. In 1457 the French landed soldiers and seamen, who burnt one-half of the houses to the ground, and slew all whom they found. Some escaped the massacre by fleeing to the hill country, but the stoutest men, under John Treffry, Esquire, fortified themselves in his new-built house of Place, and, defending it throughout the night, compelled the French to retire.



AT PORTHOUSTOC LIFEBOAT INVERTED TO SERVE AS ROOF FOR DWELLING

No doubt such raids as these were provoked, and no doubt the Cornishmen, in vengeance, fired many a French town. But on this hot and peaceful afternoon, hearing only the rustling of the trees and the sound of sheep cropping, you gaze at the distant tower and think of the stout ancestor and his stalwart men who, high above the smoking town, fought through that night of terror four and a half or more centuries ago.

From the time-worn quay a burly, good-natured boatman takes you around the old harbour and lingeringly you explore the many creeks. Each his its smugglers' caves and a wealth of romance and tradition. But even Fowey must be left, and, murmuring with Shelley, that you "would fain stay here forever," you take your departure from this most beautiful of harbours.

If you would know for a leisurely journey the perfection of travelling you will let your boatman row you on the flowing tide to Lostwithiel. The oars lie on the water and you drift smoothly past the deep woods and hillside villages which flank the lovely river until the countryside levels out into the meadows of the most beautiful inland part of Cornwall. Too soon you see the spire of Lostwithiel Church, which Cromwell's prayerful soldiery turned into a stable, and at the font of which they christened a horse by the name of "Charles." In the straggling churchyard may be found, graven on a tombstone, this quaint epitaph:

"Here lies the landlord of the Lion,
He's buried here in hope of Zion.
His wife, resigned to Heaven's will,
Carries on the business still."

Equally practical is the signboard of the inn:

Town Arms Inn,
Lostwithiel.

"Since man to man has been unjust,
I do not know what man to trust,
I have trusted many to my sorrow,
So pay to-day and trust to-morrow.
"J. Stevens, Landlord, (1832)."

Beyond being Cornwall's half-way house and possessing the newest of English Anglican Cathedrals, Truro makes little claim on your attention. The Cathedral, closely hemmed in by humble dwellings like some French Abbey, is very new. The exterior, though lacking the delicate beauty of the old Gothic, is graceful, coldly graceful, in its lines. But the fresh brightness of the interior, with its jewel-like baptistry, is linked to the past by a fragment of the sixteenth-century church embodied in the south wall.

A narrow river, crossed by picturesque little bridges, winds through the town, which, like most Cornish towns, reveals strange contrasts. Within a hundred yards of the stately Cathedral you read, above the little store of a general merchant:

"Bibles, Bellows and Boots, Godly Bukes and
Grinding Stones, Trousers, Testaments and Tea Kettles,
Everything bought and sold here except Treacle,
Best prices given for Whalebone Staze."

Passing beyond the river you see an ingot of tin—prepared as ingots were prepared for export two thousand years ago—and, meditating on the age of this Cornish industry, you await the little steamboat.

But, if you quickly exhaust the charms of Truro, the river journey to Falmouth will make amends. The low green banks rise as the dazzling white towers of the Cathedral recede, and at a curve of the river the blue water becomes darker with the colour of thick woods which clothe the banks. High on the hill, you see a stately stone residence, and beneath, a hedge-lined road breaks through the dense trees, which grudgingly yield space for the ferryman's cottage. The blended shades of fairy green grow bolder as you run into the open waters of Falmouth harbour and watch the late sun silhouetting the slopes of the rambling town. And night, too, is beautiful, a long harmony of stars, and the lights of countless shipping twinkling in the purple-shadowed water.

"The greatest smuggling port in the Kingdom," said my old boatman, indicating Falmouth, with a wave of the hand. He spoke with pride. "Always has been, always will be. Many's the keg of brandy my father landed—and grandfather before him—and many's the gallon of gin my mother smuggled ashore under the noses of the revenue men."

"Your mother? How?"

"Why in bladders, fastened inside her skirts."

"But, surely," I ventured, "there's no more smuggling nowadays?"

"Oh! the Customs boats can't see everything that goes on on a dark night."

Across the river we pulled in alongside the pier. Sadly I parted from the boatman with the smuggling ancestry. No laments had he for the good old days of the "trade." Perhaps he, too, lands "many a keg."

As you move south on the Lizard Peninsula pleasant trees and friendly hedges leave you, changing to mighty rocks and summer sea. The cliffs of this treacherous coast form a picture of rare beauty, and contrast strangely with the scattered traces of wrecks. Near the Manacles, a liner's steel lifeboat serves as the water tank of a house, and in the next cove another ship's lifeboat inverted, forms the roof of a cottage. You listen to chill tales of wrecks on dark nights—the men working with the lifeboat, the women with fires and blankets, and above, in the Church of St. Keverne, with the white sea mist swirling through the porches, you read in granite and brass the records of the wrecks of a hundred years. But the sun breaks through, lighting the high road and showing a short cut across country. You skirt the wonderful fields south of St. Keverne—sixty bushels of wheat to the acre is the rule, and barley, sown and reaped in nine or ten weeks, gives seventy-five!

It is not good to cut across country. Those Cornish hedges! Steepest and most prickly of all hedges! The highway was a comforting sight and we sat on the gate smoking our pipes and extracting thorns. The old farmer was interested:

"Them's only thorns," he said—"there's no snakes here."

"What do you do in case of a snake-bite?" I asked.

"Some folks say a charm."

"What kind of charm?"

"Depends on the kind of snake."

"Well, for the bite of an adder?"

"In case of adder bite they say "Bradgty — Bradgty — Bradgty" three times before eight, eight before seven, seven before six, six before five, five before four, four before three, three before two, two before one, and one before every one."

"Every one what?"

"Oi don't know."

The Lizard road lay white in the sun. Now this road is excellent, but summer's afternoons and fresh breezes are made for sailing. The little "quaypont," safest of sailing boats, dips past the Manacles, a group of treacherous rocks, grim-looking and cruel even in the mellow sunlight, and skirts the gray crags of a picturesque coast, which teems with stories of smuggling and wrecking. Some will tell you that these stories are not true. Our boatman was a Cornishman. He should know.

"Did they smuggle?" said he, echoing the question. "You see that bit of a place? Two hundred and eighteen ankers of brandy they landed in one cargo."

"Proustock's" handful of thatched cottages looked innocent enough in the summer sunshine.

"Did they go wrecking?" he continued. "Many's the ship they brought ashore at night by driving a cow along the cliffs with a lamp on its tail. Why! the children used to finish their prayers, "Good-night, daddy, good-night, mammy, God send a ship ashore before morning."

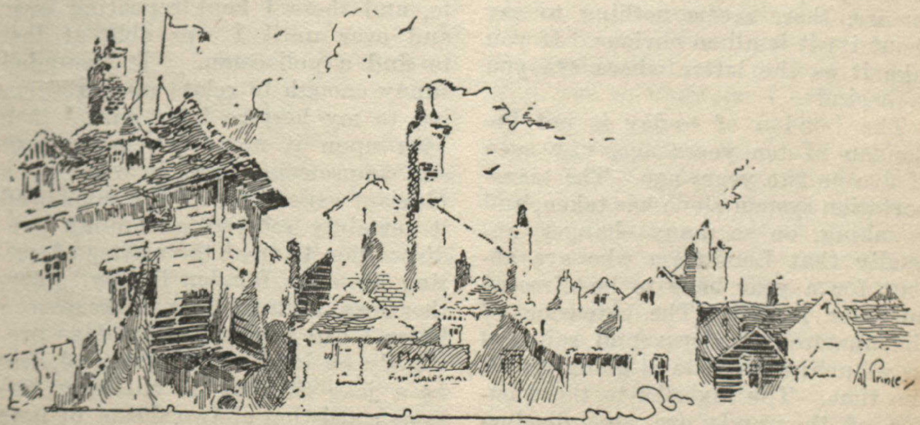
When a wreck came, "one and all" worked to remove everything of value from ship and crew. As with smuggling, many excellent men saw no harm in the practice. Indeed, when the door of a certain church opened during divine service to the cry, "A wreck! A wreck!" the minister exhorted his congregation to start fair—by waiting for him to remove his surplice.

Between the high cliffs of Cadgwith Cove the boat is beached, and, quite by accident, the coastguard watches you land. Slowly you wander among the net-hung walls and sweet-scented gardens, peeping into packing yards and seeing natural pillars of solid rock, lobster pots and boats and more nets. The charm of this little village holds you, and you linger among the thatched cottages, or on the steep, overhanging cliffs till the sun sinks, painting a last splendour on the drifted clouds in the south-east. Lizard town lies but a mile distant, but you set out hurriedly for your path lies "on the tops of the hedges" and it seems well to pass before daylight vanishes. The stone Cornish "hedge" is high and broad and on the top a strip of thick, grassy turf is worn by a delightful foot-path which follows the windings of the hedge between the harvested fields. In deep twilight you step from the hedge-path into the most southerly town in England. Lizard town in the dusk is not unlovely; the evening hush is on land and sea, and you hear the pulsing of a liner's engine as her lights go by "like a grand hotel," and on the cliff you watch the rays from the light-house piercing the horizon twenty-three miles distant.

If you would taste in one brief day the sheer delight of living, you will leave the Lizard by the coast-guard path and walk on the steep cliff's edge to Kynance. The pearl-gray sea-fog that dims the view slowly dissolves as you leave the point, revealing the rocky cliffs, and the carpet of green grass is splashed with white and purple heather. The colours dance in the sunshine and the perfume mingles with the salt smell of the sea. From meadows of sweet clover you gaze on towering black-scarred crags, against which the breaker's churn, whilst the whitewashed stones which mark your path lead to the cliff that shelters Kynance.

Only at low water may you see the full beauties of Kynance Cove, but the tide is on the ebb and willingly you wait, watching the distant shipping and the changing colours of sea and rock. Then, clambering down the narrow gorge, its steep sides bright with golden gorse, you cross the little stream in its bed of polished stones. The cove is full of delights—a bathe among green rocks in clear green water, sea-lit caves of serpentine stone, fire-shot and gleaming with green and purple, and, seaward, the most beautiful rocks and colours in Cornwall.

You lie on the slope of a crag breathing the beauty of this exquisite spot. With high noon passed, the wind has dropped and the ocean has lost its turmoil. The sea is the deepest blue, save where blue waves meet emerald rock and foam into white, and, even as you watch, white clouds throw tremulous lights, paling the blue and changing emerald to opal. Beneath you, faint blue ripplings streak the surface of the stream and silver splashes the golden sands. And about you are the cliffs, many-hued, and melting into distant sky, and the lazy wind and the sleeping sea.



A CITY OF DREAMS

BY LOUISE HAYTER BIRCHALL

"LONDON is such an inexhaustible subject of study, so vast a field of observation," says the guide book, that to attempt to write of it in a descriptive sense in a short sketch would be as unsatisfactory as it would be tedious. Besides, descriptions, I am told, do not make good reading upon the whole. Hence I can, perforce, only seek to treat the subject of the Empire's Metropolis in such a way as to recall to those happy mortals who have been at some time sensible of its thrill and its thrall, hours of past delights, and to stir the imagination of others who have yet to put themselves in the way of realising the same.

London is a Dream City and a City of Dreams. It is also a place in a thousand and a thousand places in one. It is at once so simple and so complex. If you take it as the former, there seems nothing to say about it; it is all so obvious. If you take it as the latter where are you to begin?

The London of to-day is not the London of ten years ago, nay even of five or two years ago. The transportation system alone has taken, and is taking, on so many changes annually that Londoners who are absent for a year have to be directed on their return. The extension of the numerous underground railways to suburban districts is going on all the time. The taxicabs to the number of thousands are an introduction of the last two years, as are also the motor 'buses, and it takes no vivid imagination to realise the almost entire elimination of the hansom cab and the horse 'bus—two institutions that have contributed more to the characteristic appearance of London traffic than anything else—in another two years. Simple as is the transportation system in vogue to-day when once understood, it is the most baffling problem, the most elusive nightmare, at first. To be at Euston, for instance, and to want to get to West Brompton, or to be at Oxford Circus and to want to get to Highbury—! Oh, well—! I remember finding myself in the Fulham Road a few days after my arrival, my mind in a state of confusion, which left me with a sense of every idea, my very consciousness itself slipping from me. With a sort of mental gasp I seemed to clutch in vague terror the two facts of my name and the place I wished to get to, and these I kept repeating over and over until I was able at last to find a policeman. It sounded funny enough to relate upon returning to my hospice later on. I look back upon it now with amazement and amusement. But it was not a pleasant experience all the same, and it certainly sobered me in my predisposition to treat the matter of getting about in London lightly. Furthermore, it taught me to treasure a letter I had received a few days previously on landing at Liverpool, less as a joke than as a curiosity, the same consisting of two sheets of note paper, six pages of which were closely covered with minute instructions of what to do upon reaching London and how to get to a certain house in Putney.

And yet—and yet—every man and woman must pay tribute to the prodigious fascination of London and London life before he or she has been twenty-four hours in its grime and smoke. I did Fulham Road notwithstanding.

A thousand places in one! Therein lies the secret of its power to charm and hold the interest of individuals as wide apart as the poles in taste and sympathy. Once upon landing in New York from England I ran into some shipmates in the hotel quite accidentally inside of eight hours of bidding them farewell on the dock. They were English and were going on next day, so they were occupying themselves in the interim with seeing New York. They asked what I recommended, and I mentioned several things—Wall Street, Trinity Church, Brooklyn Bridge, Broadway, Central Park, and the Metropolitan Museum of Arts. To each they answered, "We have seen that." I found myself about to suggest St. Patrick's Cathedral, when it occurred to me that to an Englishman trained to the appreciation of an historical value in the lines of every arch or the carving on every entrance, St. Patrick's scarcely justified a visit, except as to a church built entirely of white marble. In a final diminuendo of suggestion I named the theatres. It appeared that at that time there was nothing worth while on that had not already been produced and seen in London. That incident brought home to me more than anything else how small a modicum of novelty any one city in any part of the world can provide for the wayfarer, as compared with the Imperial Capital.

To the mere tourist, "the least interesting of God's creatures," the very outer husks are nibbled with a peculiar relish. These outer husks, listed in all guide books as "sights," keep him going for a week or two, or perhaps three, when he tears himself away, grumbling at an itinerary which allots so little time to London. He leaves with a confused sense of delight in the nation's historical monuments, its architectural and art treasures, the theatres, Clubland, and the parks, in the glimpse he may perhaps have obtained of Royalty, or the vision of the residences of the nobility and aristocracy, as seen from the top of a coach, a real wonder at the traffic and its management, and a personal gratitude to that "splendid force—the police," the first quotation to come to a tourist astray in London. If he has happened to lose anything during those days of sight seeing, perhaps his most lasting impression will be that left by what he has been able to see of the system in operation at Scotland Yard, which presides over this force. I had occasion to go there to look for a lost umbrella once and I shall never forget my surprise and amusement to find myself directed through labyrinths of passages by huge printed signs of lost umbrellas. When I at last arrived at a large room I found a number of others in the same plight, all bent on the same object. Two sides of the room were shelved off and divided into compartments, one wall being labelled "umbrellas" and the other "walking sticks." Several constables in a sort of undress uniform were in charge. One addressed me politely, asking if it was an umbrella I had lost and when.

"Any of these three shelves," he said, tacitly giving me permission to look for my own amongst the hundreds. Groups of shelves above and below and on either side represented the losses of other days, and I am sure there were not less than two hundred in each space. If not claimed inside a week the contents are removed to some other place. As I went over and over the three rows, looking for my quite ordinary and not entirely new article, I found three or four exactly like it—only that mine happened to have a repaired handle, which probably I alone could distinguish—but, alas, not my own. From the same group one lady drew out a jewelled-handled sunshade while I hunted, another a plain *en tout cas*, and a gentleman found his handsome gold-handled umbrella. The simplicity with which the identification was managed afforded me a subject for reflection as I walked home, which compensated me for my personal disappointment. The attendant opened a large book, after examining the label on each claimed article, found the entry, and put several questions to the claimant. If his answers as to where and when it was lost tallied with the record of where and when found, as in each case it did, identification was considered to be established. He was asked to put a value upon it, and one-eighth of this was charged, to be given as a reward to the cabman, 'bus-driver, or whoever had turned it in. Even so are those who serve the public encouraged to be honest by the authorities.

So much for the tourist. For the instinctive traveller, the cosmopolite. what opportunities does not London afford for study, diversion, and amusement in a sojourn which embraces, say, the four seasons of the year. It is not necessary that his term of residence should include a national disaster such as the death of King Edward, with its resultant train of brilliant pageants, its general mourning and utter desolation, to force upon him the human, vital and personal side of the great metropolis, but if it should so happen his knowledge of his fellow-men will be the profounder for it; he will feel in heart and soul henceforth and forever an integral part of the place, in whatsoever corner of the globe his material body may linger.

Circumstances forced me into a life of some excitement in London during the first months of this year, but I could have led the most peacefully romantic or romantically peaceful existence browsing amongst its antiquities just as easily. Nobody bothers you, and nobody bothers about you unless you wish, and if you wish they bother prodigiously and most kindly and hospitably, everyone you meet—given you have the right introductions. You may go out into the streets in a straw hat in winter, or in a fur coat in summer; you may paint your nose green or your hair purple; a man may wear a suit of violet cloth (as I saw one the other day), or envelop himself in a Mephistophelean circular cloak (as I saw one on the platform at Earl's Court), or go without a hat all the days of his life (as one does in the hotel where I am staying), or take a penny bun out of a paper bag and eat it (as I saw one in an underground carriage do one day), but no one will bother about him. Even if they did notice him, a Londoner carries with him so perfect an air of naturalness and self-confidence in performing any or all of these, to us eccentricities, that he disarms criticism, baffles curiosity.

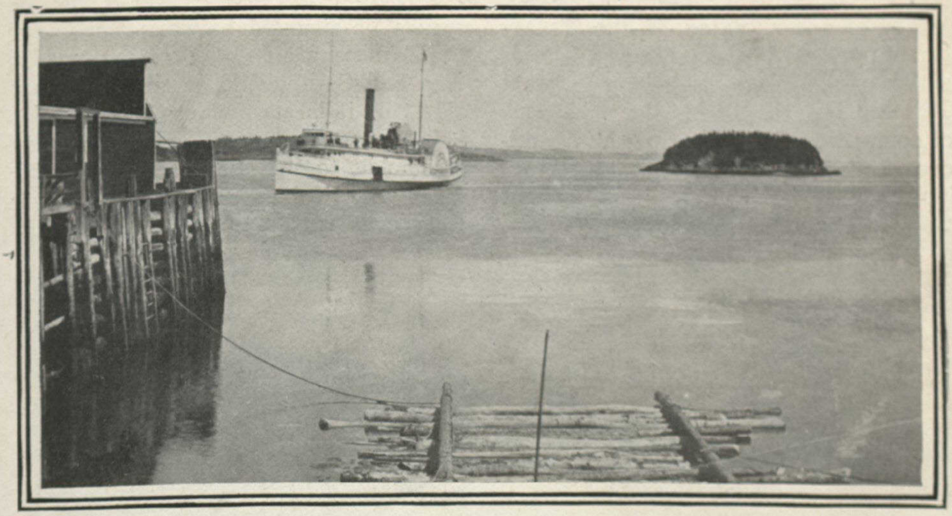
The fact that the traffic is seventy-five per cent. greater in the west end of London from May 1st is of far less moment to the cosmopolite than that he can stroll into the Savoy, Ritz, Carlton, Café Royal, or Jules any night, and for the price of a dinner amuse himself with watching the elegantly turned-out, brilliantly-jewelled, so-called smart women and their juvenile escorts, in many cases young enough to be their sons; or that he may follow at first hand criminal cases and legal battles of such world-wide interest as the Druce case, the Crippen murder, or the Black Pearl Swindle. All of these occurred and were heard to a finish in London inside a period of seven months. That of Miss Arabella Kenealy against Lord Northcliffe, as proprietor of *The Daily Mail*, of a more local interest, was read quite as widely throughout the British

Isles, every word of its highly-amusing evidence having been printed in full in the daily papers for over a week. Of the three cases cited, perhaps that of the Black Pearl Swindle was least generally known, because disposed of in one short paragraph, yet it presented features that might have advertised it widely, since it was so curiously manipulated that the law could not lay hold of the perpetrators. It originated in the purchase of a black pearl by a gentleman representing himself as a wealthy American and staying at one of the best hotels. He explained he was about to be married and wished for something unique to present to his fiancée as an engagement ring. Ten thousand pounds was the price of the jewel and he handed out the money unhesitatingly. At the end of six months he paid a second visit to the jeweller, explained that he had just returned from his honeymoon in Italy, and that his wife had a fancy for a pair of earrings instead of the ring. He instructed the head of the firm to obtain a mate for the one he had, if possible, at no matter what price. This the jeweller immediately set about doing, sending notices to Paris and Berlin, as well as communicating with all the big firms in London, and asking to be informed of any black pearls that might have come into the market. After a lapse of weeks a representative of an Amsterdam firm called upon him, bringing a flawless black pearl for sale, the exact counterpart in size of the other. He asked £17,000 for it, but after considerable parleying he agreed to accept £15,000, and the transaction was closed. When, however, the jeweller sent word to his customer he had vanished and he realised that he had bought back his own pearl at an advance of £5,000.

My own first definite thought about London was of its many-sidedness, and observation and reflections made possible by a six months' residence have convinced me that herein lies the explanation of the spell it casts over all sorts and conditions of people. The infinite variety even of what meets the eye in its labyrinth of streets pricks the curiosity and bids one investigate and ever investigate. I have got off an omnibus and have even paid a return visit to a neighborhood to look into something I have seen in passing. Why is Park Lane more attractive than Fifth Avenue? Is it not that each house therein bears the mark of an individual idea of beauty and convenience? And if this is true of the outside, which is reckoned with in relation to a whole scheme, how much more is it so of the interior of even quite ordinary dwelling-houses, where personal taste alone need count? And as with houses, so with everything that goes to make up a household. I have seen a curious looking private vehicle driven about in the streets of London during the season by a coachman, immaculately liveried, wearing a military or naval cockade. It consists of the body of an ordinary closed brougham on four wheels without a coachman's seat in front. Instead the horse is driven from a boxlike erection behind, like the hansom cab, and the invention obviously represents one person's idea of pleasure in an unobstructed view, and of perfect safety. I have also seen a coachman and footman on the box of an ordinary brougham, the body of which was turned back to front in such wise that those inside could only see the receding view. Here again is the evidence of courageous individual taste, for no carriage-maker is to be found who would construct such a grotesque vehicle for ordinary sale.

I wonder if there was ever a man or woman who has once lived in London but who has regarded himself as an exile if circumstances have thrust him into the outer world. How easily one seems to come into touch with the intimate lives and personalities of all the people who count in history, in fiction or in the modern world! A walk in Wimpole Street instantly brings before you the eager figure of the lover Browning, hurrying, bouquet in hand, to his shy and delicate invalid; or, astray in Baker Street you pause to try and recollect its connection with some person or thing in your mind, until suddenly you see the well-known untidy figure of Sherlock Holmes glide swiftly and furtively up the steps of a house, produce a latchkey and enter. Or, again, in the east end you live over every word you have read of Dickens. The things you look down upon from the top of an omnibus, the fast-disappearing old eating-houses in Fleet Street, the club life of Piccadilly, hotel life, social life, each presents a phase of existence as diverting as it is distinctively Londonesque. You may wrangle with an ultra-Radical over toasted cheese or beefsteak pie at the Cheshire Cheese, sitting in the same seat that Dr. Johnson used; or cross swords with a Tariff Reformer over a cigarette in the Lyceum Club lounge, or you may sit down at the electrophone with a number of people after a dinner-party and listen to an opera performance miles away; and each of these persons and their environment will represent something as different from the other as all are from the tail-coated, brass-buttoned, top-hatted and be-waistcoated old messengers in the city and the business that keeps them hurrying from one office to another.

Only the Londoner himself takes London all for granted. The born traveller never exhauts its mines of intellectual stimulus. To him it is always the City of Dreams.



POPE'S FOLLY, THE SMALL ISLAND ON THE RIGHT   FOR MANY YEARS THIS WAS DISPUTED TERRITORY BETWEEN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

POPE'S FOLLY

BY A. WYLIE MAHON

SAM SLICK says that with the Nova Scotians of his day every sizable hill was a mountain, and Trevelyan in his life of Lord Macaulay tells how his hero when a child called a little hill where he played "the Alps" and a wee hillock "Mount Sinai." Great Britain and the United States have manifested this tendency of children, and some children of a larger growth, to exaggerate in dealing with Pope's Folly, the rock of contention in Passamaquoddy Bay, which they have dignified with the name of island.

It has taken a good deal more than a hundred years to fix completely the boundary line between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick. Pope's Folly, the Island without a country — no-man's-land—was the last territory in dispute. The Commission, consisting of Ambassador Bryce and Secretary Knox, has now decided that this island belongs to the United States.

The Commission appointed by the terms of the Treaty of Ghent in 1814 to settle the international boundary line through Passamaquoddy Bay made the following report: "Commission appointed by virtue of the fourth article of the Treaty of Ghent have attended to the duties assigned them and have decided that Moose Island, Dudley Island, and Frederic Island, in the Bay of Passamaquoddy do each of them belong to the United States of America, and that all the other islands in the bay of Passamaquoddy do each of them belong to his Britannic Majesty, in conformity with the true intent of the second article of the Treaty of Paris of 1783."

The three islands mentioned as belonging to the United States are now called Moose, Allen, and Treat. Pope's Folly, which is not mentioned by the Commissioners in their report, probably because they thought that it was not worth mentioning, or perhaps because it had no name to mention, would according to a literal interpretation of the wording of the Treaty be grouped with the unnamed islands which were declared to belong to Great Britain; but the little islet, the rock of contention, is so near to the American shore that the most loyal Canadian, as he views the situation, cannot wonder that Ambassador Bryce and Secretary Knox awarded it to the United States. The only wonder is that anybody ever took enough interest in this worthless bit of rock to put two great nations to the trouble of settling such a dispute.

Great interest was taken this year in the work of the Commission on both sides of the internatonal boundary line. A few days before the result was made publc an American paper said: "It is not expected that any serious complications will follow, no matter which Government gets the island, but the final decision will be eagerly watched for and a flag-raising will probably take place as soon as it is known to which country Pope's Folly belongs. Passamaquoddy Bay must be a place of leisure, or the people must be island-fiends, if anybody would go to the trouble of a flag-raising on such a poor worthless spot."

The little rocky islet, which is crowned with a thick scrub growth of spruce, is situated between Lubec on the American side of Passamaquoddy Bay and Campobello on the Canadian side. If it is a worthless bit of rock, it is a picturesque bit, and contributes somewhat to the charm of one of the most beautiful spots that the eye of man ever rested upon This is the scene of Mr. William Hope's "Eastport," a beautiful picture which is now in possession of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and which has greatly enhanced the reputation of this well-known Canadian artist.

PRESIDENT TAFT AT TODD'S HEAD, THE MOST EASTERLY POINT IN THE UNITED STATES

No wonder De Monts and Champlain, as they sailed amongst these beautiful islands, through this enchanted region, during the summer of 1604, felt that their willing souls would gladly stay in such a land as this, and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss. During the winter of that year, when, as Champlain tells us, the cold was so intense that they sold cider by the pound, the souls of these brave French explorers learned another tune. They preferred to sing themselves away to Port Royal as soon as the spring opened.

There are two or three different legends as to how this little islet got its name, one of which has an interesting touch of romance about it. Pope was an old bachelor woman-hater, who in his younger and more susceptible days had been jilted by a fair heart-breaker. In order to escape from the wiles and witcheries of the female sirens he took up his abode on this lonely island. For some time all went well. He built himself a cabin and lived a kind of Robinson Crusoe life. He found some consolation in what the wild waves were saying. Every wave as it dashed itself against the rock-bound coast must have proclaimed in language which poor Pope could not fail to understand that it too had been jilted.

One day a boat containing a poor forlorn woman—a widow—was driven upon this rocky shore. Some versions of the legend aver that she allowed herself to drift upon the rock, but this is evidently a corruption of the story by one who was not a man, but only a miserable male. But however that may be, the lone bachelor flew to the rescue of the lone widow. His heart went out to her in her distress. The widow also lost her heart in saving Pope from his now famous folly.

THE MOOSE THAT PAID A VISIT TO POPE'S FOLLY

This is a romantic explanation of the origin of the name of this little island. The higher critics would no doubt dub this story a myth and relegate it to the Apocrypha, but it is no more improbable than the common explanation that this man Pope, during the war of 1812, established a trading-post there and lost all.

Shortly after Pope's Folly had become American territory the President of the United States visited Eastport. Some Canadian wag reported that Mr. Taft had come to take possession of his newly-acquired territory. The only way in which he could take possession of it in person was to enlarge the island or curtail the President. Neither of these schemes being immediately feasible, Mr. Taft landed at Todd's Head, the most easterly point of the United States, and looking out upon the newly-acquired island, proclaimed it American territory.

Whether President Taft's object in visiting Passamaquoddy Bay was to take possession of Pope's Folly or not, his visit was a happy one both for Americans and Canadians. In his public address he said: "You are close enough to Canada to know Canadians and to value them as neighbours. Canada is a great country—we are just beginning to learn how great a country it is. We have reached a time when neither ought to be envious of the other, but each ought to be convinced that the more prosperous the one is the more likely the other is to be prosperous, and that the growth of trade of one means the growth of the trade of the other. It is pleasant to see that all the controversies between Great Britain and the United States, which in the past have been many, are now settled or are in course of settlement by arbitration, and that this is the first time in the history of the two countries when that could be said."

The President came, he saw Pope's Folly, he conquered all hearts, American and Canadian, and he went away carrying a case of sardines, if we are to believe a picture in a Boston paper.

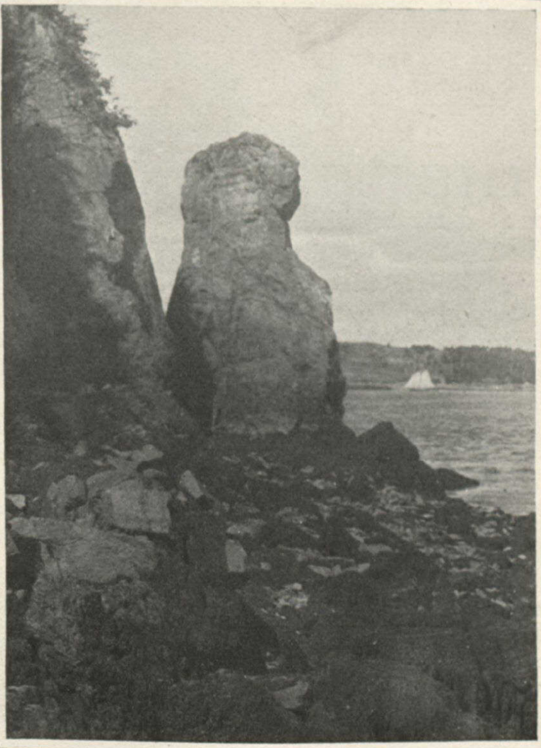
A few days before Mr. Taft arrived, a moose, stealing a march—or rather a swim—on the President, tried to take possession of Pope's Folly. It was thought to be a Canadian moose from Campobello whose righteous indignation had been aroused by the action of Ambassador Bryce in giving the island to the United States, and whose manifest intention was to keep the President from effecting a landing; but the island proved to be too cabined, cribbed, confined for this lordly denizen of the forest. He is said to have made two unsuccessful attempts to jump over the island before taking again to the water. He then made at once for Eastport, as if looking for new worlds to conquer, and landed at Todd's Head, just where the President a few days later had his picture taken. The moose also had his picture taken and both are now encircling the globe on picture post-cards.

A narrow channel separates Pope's Folly from Campobello, an island of unrivalled beauty, which has become a most popular summer resort, with its fashionable hostelries, cozy villages, winding tree-shaded roadways, handsome summer cottages, and enchanting glimpses of Passamaquoddy Bay on the one side and the Bay of Fundy on the other.

The picturesque headland of Campobello, which juts out towards Pope's Folly, is called Friar's Head from its supposed resemblance to the head of a monk. The emphasis in the preceding sentence falls on the word *supposed*. It looks about as much like a monk as the constellation Leo looks like a lion. The early settlers of this region were of a deeply religious bent which enabled them to see in almost every rock some Christian symbol. On Grand Manan, which lies a little distance off from Campobello, out in the Bay of Fundy, there is a rock which is called the Bishop, and another the Southern Cross.

Just across the Bay from Pope's Folly, in full view, is Indian Island. This "sea-nymph of the bay," as it has been called, has a most interesting history. It was the burying-ground of the Passamaquoddy Indians. It was to them a sacred place, to which they carried their dead. They could find no more beautiful spot from which to start their dead on their long voyage to the Islands of the Blessed, the Land of the Hereafter.

Here the first Englishman in these parts made his home and established



FRIAR'S HEAD, CAMPOBELLO, NEW BRUNSWICK.

a trading-post, to which the Indians came from far and near to exchange their furs for the fire-water which made them so warm inside that they could dance and whoop in all kinds of weather. This trading-post developed into a flourishing business place for traders from the West Indies.

It was to this island that during the American Revolutionary War an American colonel sent a company of Indians to make the leading business man of the place declare his love for George Washington. The red invaders were driven so precipitously from the island that they realised that this white man had no love for them whatever he might have for Washington.

It was here that the Fenians in 1866 captured the British flag, which waved over the custom house. The flag was sent to the Head-Centre office, New York, as the first flag taken on the field of battle. A few nights later they made another night attack upon Indian Island and burned four stores. These night attacks awakened intense excitement throughout the whole Province of New Brunswick. Troops and volunteers poured into all the border towns, and, British war-ships arriving, the Fenians folded their tents and silently stole away.

For nearly fifty years no enemy has disturbed the peace of these beautiful islands of Passamaquoddy, where, as President Taft said, Americans and Canadians live as friends and brothers; and we have good reason to cherish the hope that the time will never come when it will be otherwise.

THE LOUP GAROU*

BY ST. CLAIR MOORE

IT was on the occasion of my last visit to St. Bernard that this fantastic tale was related to me by Clovis Melancon, the old sexton. It was about the noon hour of an August day, the sun poured fierce rays upon the parched fields, and the stream lay low between its banks. Clovis, digging a grave near the wall of the little churchyard, seemed impervious to the heat. His dull blue cotton shirt unfastened left his hairy chest bare, and he worked away with a will, throwing up great clods of sun-baked clay. Raising his shaggy head he saw me watching him.

"Ah," he observed, "you have come back after all, but it is a long time since you have been seen in the parish." I answered that I had been away, and he went on:

"Travelling, I suppose. I also have travelled in my day, all over the parishes, and once even to Lewiston, but that was when I was young. But," he continued, reflectively, "if I could have had my wish in my time, I would have gone to France. Not now, of course, it would be too far for an old man like me, but in my time!" Then with an abrupt change of subject, "Would you believe it, this grave I am digging is for a boy who was confirmed with me? He was three years younger, yet I am making his bed, and to-morrow I will toll the bell for him. There, that reminds me; I must ask his reverence for another rope. This is the first death in three years. The very first I put away lies there," and he nodded towards the wall. "He was an old man, near ninety, and I not yet eighteen at the time he told me that strange story. Strange! yes, but true, for he was the son of Bibiane, and Marianne told it to her when they were both old together, many years after the death of M. Carolus."

"But Clovis," I cried in dismay at the rigmarole of names, "what was the son of Bibiane and Marianne and Bibiane herself and M. Carolus?"

"Bibiane," he rejoined obstinately, "was the daughter of Bonhomme Pilote, and M. Carolus was the child of Basile Vaubernier, the rich man. Marianne, she was his niece, a girl of twenty years or so at that time, with a face like the paintings of the Blessed Virgin and the heart and voice of an angel. Her parents were dead, and she lived with Basile, the proud old man whom God punished. He was a widower, and richer than any man in the parish, yet for all his fortune he worked harder than any of his neighbours, worked that he might increase his riches, and so further his ambition in regard to his son. Basile's pride knew no bounds, with his wealth he thought there was

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*To restore to his humanity the man who through his evil life or impiety has suffered the punishment of being changed into a *loup garou,* or were-wolf, it is necessary that the blood of the monster, if only a drop, be shed, when the transgressor is restored to his natural form and is given another chance.

no place to which the boy could not climb. There have been other rich men in St. Bernard, men who also loved their children, to whom in time their fortunes descended, but they were satisfied that their sons should remain in the station in which it had pleased God to place them. Basile was not one of these. No, he could not read his prayers, and at his marriage he signed his name with an "X." To be sure, there are many like him even nowadays. Everyone cannot read; I cannot, but then it is not necessary for me. But he, Basile, had his own ideas as to a grand future for his son. So when the boy was about eight years old he sent him to the seminary in the city that he might be well educated, and when he returned he could speak of nothing but the wonderful things he had seen, the great buildings, the beautiful Basilica, and the palace, with its gardens around it, where his holiness the bishop lived like a prince. And he would often explain that he had learned on his trip that a bishop is the same as a prince, because nobody but a prince or a bishop has a palace, which was reasonable enough. But he did not stop at what was reasonable; he began to have dreams of his boy Carolus living there one day, in a purple robe, with a purple diamond on his finger. And he made up his mind that he would educate Carolus for the church. The boy was quick to learn, very talented. His professors praised him, and Basile rejoiced, for no other father in the countryside had such a son, so young and yet so learned. Sometimes on summer evenings when the boy was at home Basile would walk with him to the presbytery to hearken while he chatted with the *curé,* and he himself would say little, satisfied to listen to Carolus and to smoke his pipe.

"He often spoke of the years to come when Carolus should be at the presbytery himself. Indeed, he always had his ideas that in the time to come his son would be among the great ones of the church; yet, with all his pride, he knew that that must take time, that many years must go by before it could come to pass. He looked forward to greater things, but in the meantime a *curé* was always a *curé,* above ordinary men. With Carolus here in the presbytery, while he lived yonder in his big house, he would be like a king in St. Bernard. It was a pleasure to him to dream of having the boy back home to stay, after their long separation. Well, all things went according to his wishes for many years. Carolus was about eighteen when the punishment of Basile's pride began. He had come home as usual that summer, but he seemed changed and sad. He made no more plans to be carried out for the benefit of the parish by-and-bye. And when Basile showed him how he had roofed the church and hung a larger bell in the steeple, all at his own expense, Carolus, either that he feared his father's anger, or that he was grieved to disappoint the old man, said nothing of his new desire, and a week after his return to the college Basile received a letter which the *curé* read to him, and in which Carolus announced that his conscience told him he had no vocation for the church, and he begged to be allowed to study law. With his letter came another from one of the chief professors, advising Basile not to refuse his son's request. In his opinion, the boy would make a successful lawyer, while it was a fixed thing that he would never become a priest. The professor warned Basile at the same time, that if in anger, he now removed his son from the college, not only would all the money he had spent on his education have been wasted, but he would spoil his life, having unfitted him for St. Bernard by too much learning, and for the great world by too little.

"Basile's anger was terrible. He shut himself up in his house, and for three weeks he refused to see or speak with anyone. Marianne attended to his wants, and in answer to the questions of the neighbours she said the old man's heart was bitter and unforgiving against his son. The first few days she was always trying to bring in the name of Carolus before him, that he might see the matter in a more reasonable light, but the father forbade her to mention his son's name, threatening to curse him should she do so.

"Well, one evening as the *curé* sat on his doorstep taking the air, Basile appeared before him with the letters in his hand, and asked him to answer them and say it was his wish that his son should study to be a lawyer. And all as if nothing had happened or as if he had changed his mind because the church was not good enough for Carolus. That was the nature of Basile, and from that day no one ever heard him say one word of regret that his son had not followed out his plans. He seldom mentioned the subject, and if he did it was to congratulate himself that he had seen fit to give the boy another profession, when, being so young, he might have made a mistake, and become a parish priest, with so little chance of advancement. So few men become bishops! Also it was a very lonely life. His son should marry well, some young lady in the class that he mixed with now, rich, and as accomplished as himself, and let the old man see his grand-children about him before he died. And when in time Carolus became a lawyer, there was nothing in all the world as proud as old Basile. He had a picture of him in his robes hung on the wall, and whenever he received a letter he would have *M. le curé* read it to him every evening in the week, and would take it to church with him on Sunday and wait at the doors as the neighbours came out after Mass, in order to show it to them, and to say, 'I have had a letter from *M. l'avocat*, or M. Carolus.' From that time he never spoke of his son in any other way.

"It was five years since M. Carolus had been seen in the parish, when one wintry night in the holiday season, when the snow was blowing across the fields, and the pines cracked in the wind, he drove up to his father's door. In honour of his return Basile gave a ball on Christmas Eve, and invited the neighbours from miles around. They were all there, the old people of St. Bernard, whose names I have forgotten if I ever knew them, and among the rest came Bibiane and her father. She was then about sixteen years of age, round as a snowbird, with a laughing child's face, big, black eyes, and cheeks like roses. With her came Athanase Thériault, who was courting her. Marianne had decorated the walls with pine branches, and the portrait of M. Carolus was hung between the blessed coloured paintings in their gilt frames. At the farther end of the room a long table was spread for the *réveillon.* The older people gathered about the stove, the men smoking, the women chattering over their knitting. There were many violins for Basile spared no expense, and the feet of the young dancers kept time with the tongues of the elders. But Bibiane, who was light as any butterfly, refused all partners, and Athanase also leaned against the wall with folded arms, and frowned all the time, for M. Carolus was at Bibiane's side from the moment she entered the room, and, flattered by his attention, she seemed to forget all about her lover. By and by when midnight drew near, and everyone was dressed ready for Mass, M. Carolus wrapped himself in his fur cloak and walked by the side of Bibiane across the snowy fields to the church. Here was something for the parish to talk about! Sitting by Bibiane all the evening, and again through the service, M. Carolus, who believed in nothing now, and who was so clever in his speech, that already he had tripped up *M. le curé* and made the good man appear as a liar even to himself. In words only, of course, I mean, and even of that Basile was proud! Another father would have been breaking his heart to see that his son had lost his faith like that, or would have disowned him, but when it was a matter of M. Carolus it was only another cause of pride for Basile. However, there was Carolus on his knees, with his head bowed, like any good Christian. He was there for Bibiane, she was his religion. From the moment his eyes rested on her he was mad for her.

"Marianne sang in the choir. She had, as I have told you, the voice of an angel. She was a good girl, gentle in her manners, and a famous housekeeper. Wherever there was sickness or sorrow in the parish there would one find Marianne, the nurse and consoler. Nevertheless, she had come to the age of twenty years, and was still unmarried. In St. Bernard our women marry early; in those days there were wives of fourteen and fifteen. An old maid has no place with us. Marianne had been courted by many, but she refused them all, saying that she preferred to remain with Basile and care for him in his old age. This appeared unnatural in a young woman.

"The days following the grand ball left little doubt as to the intentions of M. Carolus. Each day saw him at the house of Bonhomme Pilote, where he went on pretext of visiting the old man, and he did not think it beneath his dignity to bring in wood for Bibiane's fires and water from the well. That must have been an easy time for Père Pilote. While the young man did his work, he could sit by the stove and smoke his pipe and wait to see what would come next. What M. Carolus liked was necessarily perfect for Basile, so he began to show great friendship to Bonhomme Pilote, and often asked him and his daughter to spend the evening at his house. There while the two old men grumbled over their cards, and Marianne spun at her wheel, M. Carolus would pay his court to Bibiane, sitting apart from the others. Before the coming of M. Carolus everyone had expected that the girl would marry Athanase. Now she had neither a word nor a look for him, though he followed her about like a dog, so that the parish was in no way surprised when her betrothal to the rich man's son was made known. Pilote was happy that his daughter should make such a fine marriage. Basile, for all his ambition, loved his son too well to refuse him anything. So the old men clasped hands and blessed their children, but in another house, not far away, Marianne, trying to console him, wept with Athanase. The wedding was to take place the second week after Easter, which fell in March that year. The young people were to remain a little while with Basile, then M. Carolus would return to practise his profession. He made many gifts to his fiiancée at that time, such things as had never been seen in St. Bernard: dresses and ornaments, for her arms and neck and her head, such as the ladies of his acquaintance wore, and he would no longer allow her to do any work about the house. Pilote might arrange himself as best he could, Madame Carolus would have servants to do her work for her. The little girl obeyed, and had all her idle hours to think of the new life she was about to begin, among strange people, to whose customs she was a stranger, and of the coming separation from her own friends and family, all she had known and loved, until the coming of M. Carolus. Sometimes she thought of Athanase, who had loved her so long and so well, and whose heart she had broken. M. Carolus truly was a great man, very rich and distinguished, he had seen the world and he knew everything; he had a handsome face, and would have given his life for her;

but Athanase was nearer her own age, full of life and gaiety, and so good. He had never wished to teach her anything, never spoke of things she could not understand, and which confused her, but was altogether pleased with her as she was. From her window, as she sat with her idle hands folded on her knee, she could see the little house in which she would have lived had she married Athanese. Bibiane sometimes cried a little as she looked over her costly gifts and then blamed herself for thinking of such things when she was so soon to be the bride of M. Carolus. Towards the end of the month M. Carolus was called away by his affairs. Had it been possible he would have refused to go and leave Bibiane even for that short time, but much depended on it, so he kissed the little girl many times, promising to write to her every day. Bibiane embraced him, but she did not weep at the separation, and when his sleigh disappeared at the bend of the road she went back to the house, turned up her skirts, and immediately set about her housework. She washed and cooked, taking pleasure in her old occupations, and wondered how, as Madame Carolus, she would contrive to fill her empty days.

It was remarked at this time that she and Athanase began to be much together. At first he had spoken a few words in passing, which showed that his heart was not hard against her, then he had done her some little service; now he was always about the house and helped her with the work that M. Carolus had forbidden. The days went on, the Easter season was drawing near now, and with it the wedding day. M. Carolus, having arranged his business earlier than he had anticipated, returned home. He had not written of his coming, wishing to surprise Bibiane. Night was falling, but there was still a little twilight as he came through the deep snow towards Père Pilote's house. As he drew near he heard the sound of voices, while through the dusk he could discern the figures of a man and woman standing by the well, and as he watched them curiously he heard Bibiane lamenting her folly, declaring to her companion that she loved none but him, Athanase. Then the man let his bucket fall into the well, with a great splash, and took her in his arms, while M. Carolus turned away and went quickly homeward. During the next few days M. Carolus spent his time with Bibiane in the old way, and gave her the presents which his friends, hearing that he was about to be married, had sent to the bride. Athanase avoided Père Pilote's house, you see he was an honest man, and would have thought it a sin to be with her after the confession by the well; and all three were unhappy, but M. Carolus most of all, as he let the time pass, being undecided in what way to act; for he loved the little girl very dearly, and it was hard to give her up, even when he knew that she cared nothing for him. Perhaps he expected her to confess all to him, but that Bibiane would never have done, for she was resolved to bear the sorrow she had brought on herself, and to try and be a good wife in every way, since she had of her own will given her promise.

"Easter Sunday came, but M. Carolus was not seen at Mass. As I have already said, he was an atheist, and believed in nothing. He was too proud, in this he resembled his father; but the old man's pride in his possessions was less offensive to the good God than the young man's pride in his intellect, so that the punishment which had so long awaited them fell more lightly upon Basile. M. Carolus remained at home because he could not see his fiancée, who was making a three days' retreat in preparation for her marriage, and who after Mass spent nearly all the day in the church. M. Carolus, on his part, sat all day long by the stove smoking and wondering what he should do. At one moment he was minded to give Bibiane to her lover, to leave St. Bernard, and go back to his work in the world; the next moment, remembering how dear she was to him, his heart turned from the thought of so great a sacrifice; then he would resolve to hold her to her word. Young as she was, she must in time forget her girlish fancy in the happy life he would make for her. The day was done, and he sat there, thinking, thinking still. Basile had no idea that all was not well. He had been about all day making preparations for the wedding, and because he was tired he went to bed early. It grew dark in the kitchen, where M. Carolus sat with his head in his hands. It was a wild night, the trees were waving like bulrushes in the wind that whistled around the corners of the house and drifted the snow past the windows, and the moon, shining among banks of clouds, shed a ghostly light. Presently Marianne came in and set a lamp upon the table. She knew of her cousin's sorrow, for that afternoon he had opened his heart to her, and when she, taken by surprise, could find no words to comfort him, he had sighed wearily, going on to say that he was moved to set Bibiane free. He was not one to wed her against her will.

"Marianne went back to the little room off the kitchen and sat there late into the night. Once she rose and looked into the kitchen. M. Carolus sat at the table, with his back to the door, but in a little while he returned to his place by the stove. It was nearing midnight, but M. Carolus took no heed of time. He was thinking of a day when Bibiane had come with her father to his house, and, while the old men played cards, as was their custom, she had scolded him in her pretty way for his irreligion. Seven years since he had fulfilled his Easter duties! It was terrible! She wondered that he was not afraid. And Pilote had warned him over his shoulder, in his great voice, of the punishment that awaited such impiety. A punishment of inexpressible horror, to be changed into a *loup garou!* As he sat and watched the fire through the chinks of the stove, M. Carolus remembered the old man's words. What if this saying should be true after all. That would be a speedy ending to all his troubles. Surely as a beast, he would suffer less than as a man. He did not believe in such things any more than he believed in the Saints, but as he poked the burning wood he blasphemously wished that such a thing were possible, as if deliberately calling down the vengeance of Heaven upon himself. At the same moment a heavy gust of wind struck the house, and it shook as though about to fall. The young man shivered, like one stricken with a palsy, and, looking up at the clock, he saw the hands pointing to midnight. Then the door swung open with a great noise, and Marianne, running out to close it, saw a dark form as of some animal pass noiselessly across the snow, saw her cousin's chair empty, and, understanding, fell like dead across the threshold. When she came to her senses the winter dawn was breaking. She sat up, holding her forehead in her hands, wondering what had happened. Then the horror came back to her, and it seemed to her that she must go mad and run wildly out of the house. She dragged herself on her knees to the table and knelt there awhile, just holding on tight with her hands, unable to think. And then, as her mind became clearer and she remembered her cousin's words of the previous afternoon, she began to cry and to sob, and the band of iron around her head melted away. The shameful truth could remain hidden. It was but natural that M. Carolus should have gone in silence when he discovered that the girl who was to have been his bride loved another.

Marianne was frail to look upon, but she had a will of iron. She took the fur cap and overcoat of M. Carolus to her room, and, slitting open her *paillasse,* hid them in the straw, then she sewed up the rent. When Basile had breakfasted she went over to the presbytery and told the *curé* of that time all that her cousin had said to her, that he was missing now, and begged his reverence to come and break the news to Basile and Bibiane. The *curé* went, Marianne following him sick with shame and sorrow, and when by-and-bye the story went through the parish that M. Carolus had departed, leaving his bride to Athanase, few were sorry, for the most part for all his learning and riches, they had considered him, on account of his irreligion, unworthy of Bibiane, and had blamed Père Pilote. It was better, they said, that he should show himself unfaithful in this, as in greater things, before than after his marriage. At the first Basile merely wondered a little that his son should have left him in so strange a manner, but when the days grew to weeks and no letter came, nor could the old man discover by what means his son had left the village, he began to fear that all was not well, and in time he came to the conclusion that M. Carolus had begun his journey on foot, meaning to walk part of the way, and that in the storm he had missed his footing and fallen from the road to the frozen river beneath, where he would lie buried in snow until the spring, then to be driven with the moving ice down to the sea. This idea took possession of Basile's mind. Carolus, in whom he had centred all his great pride, was dead, and he was an unhappy, lonely, old man, poorer than his poorest neighbour, whose children still remained to him. From that time he began to fail in mind and body.

"Bibiane and Athanase were married within the year, and went to live in the little house a stone's throw from Pilote's. By-and-bye a child was born to them, and they were the happiest young people in three parishes. To the day of her death Bibiane never regretted her choice. As time went on all St. Bernard came to believe in the death of M. Carolus, and attributed to this cause both the weakened mind of the uncle and the strange habit the niece developed.

"Thereafter Marianne, unwatched by prying eyes, wandered throughout long nights among the trees. The leaves fell about her, the wintry winds chilled her; she saw the dawn of spring mornings and heard the frogs trilling in the summer darkness. Five years had gone by since Basile gave the ball to celebrate his son's return. A short time, but it had worked many changes. The once too proud old man, his mind gone, his powerful frame grown feeble as a little child's, seated in his armchair close to the stove, counted his possessions over on his fingers, and mumbled of the great things Carolus would do by-and-bye when he came back. Marianne, who had been spinning, arose to put more wood on the fire and trim the lamp, then, wrapping herself in a heavy cloak, she passed out into the moonlight and took her away across the fields to the woods, just as the bells rang out, calling the faithful to Midnight Mass. She crossed the stream and pressed on into the shadow of the pines; her long, black rosary was twisted about one hand, while the other grasped the handle of a keen, long-bladed knife. The frozen snow crackled under her feet, and the moonlight shining between the branches made all the way bright as day. She moved forward stealthily, praying, as she strained her eyes for some glimpse of the fearful form which she had beheld at distant intervals, but which had always fled like the wind at her approach. On she went, and still on, where the woods were denser and darker, but no sign of life met her eyes, no marks of awful footsteps could be seen upon the hard surface of the snow. Here the trees grew more closely together, and the young hemlocks met above her head and shook snow upon her, and, entangling her in their branches, brought her to her knees; still she pushed her way through and passed on, till she came to an open space, where the moonlight fell like rain, and there within a few feet of her, upon a high mound, looking down towards St. Bernard, stood the *loup garou.* Never yet had she crept so close to him, and her sharp blade flashed in the light as she made a forward step, and then stood still in dismay, for at the light crackling of the snow breaking beneath her feet, the monster stirred uneasily, and, turning his head, his eyes, the eyes of her cousin, Carolus, met hers. Then Marianne sprang forward, and, falling upon the mound, she plunged her knife to the hilt in the *loup garou's* heart, the next moment her strength failed her, and she lay with her face against the snow. 'Oh, tender, faithful heart,' she heard a voice say, and M. Carolus, standing there in his own person, as she had feared she might nevermore behold him, lifted her in his arms, and Marianne, weeping as she had not wept through all the long, sad years, laid her bloodstained hands about his neck.

You can perhaps imagine the excitement in St. Bernard when it was known that M. Carolus, so long mourned as dead, had returned. The church-bells, Basile's gift, were rung, and young and old rejoiced. As for the rich, old man, he never recovered his health, but he recognised his son, and his last days were made happy by his presence. He died shortly afterward, and on his death-bed he joined the hands of Marianne and M. Carolus and blessed them. They were married in the spring-time, when the young leaves were green upon the trees. The *curé* wore his finest vestments, and all the church was bright with flowers and lights and crowded to the doors. In one of the front pews sat Bibiane, smiling, in a bright-coloured dress, with her husband at her side, and her little Philéas (who, as an old man, told me this story) in her arms. In the bosom of her white dress the bride wore a knot of wild flowers M. Carolus had gathered for her in the woods beyond the stream.

Then they departed from St. Bernard, and went out into the world. His birth-place had grown hateful to M. Carolus, and in all the years that followed he never revisited it; but one morning, a half-century or so after that wedding-day, Marianne, a childless old woman, with strange dress and strange speech, came home, bringing the body of her husband to be laid among his own people, and, finding Bibiane still living, and, like herself, a widow, the two became famous friends and lived together all the rest of their lives.

"They lie there, yonder by the wall, Philéas, the son of Bibiane, whose grave I myself dug. There where the broken white stone shows among the vines rests M. Carolus, with his 'faithful heart' by his side; and there where the grass is burned brownest, rests Bibiane, the old-time beauty of St. Bernard. Poor woman! I know the place well, though there is nothing to mark it—she has no cross."

A voice in friendly greeting sounded at my shoulder, and I turned to meet the smiling gaze of the *curé* of St. Bernard, an acquaintance of many years.

"Clovis has been telling you his wonderful tale, eh? I was in time to recognise the names."

"Well, *M. le cure,*" returned Clovis, in his most obstinate manner, "well *M. le curé,* my reverend, you are very learned and wise, but with all your intelligence there are some things you cannot understand."

A JOY RIDE

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

IT is, most people will admit, startling enough to be suddenly confronted in the dark of one's own private grounds by a masked man and, coincidently, to have the muzzle of a revolver thrust between one's eyes, but that is as nothing compared with what followed.

"Lift your voice, utter a sound, make a move other than I direct and you are a dead man!"—was flung at me in a fierce, hoarse whisper.

He came closer until his eyes, and they seemed of abnormal size, glittering from behind the mask, were within an inch of mine.

"You are Josiah Quincy Hepburn, the millionaire, the Wall Street financier?"

This seemed to be more of a self-reassuring statement that he had made no mistake than a question, but by now I had recovered myself a little, and I answered him.

"I am," said I. "What is the meaning of this outrage?"

"No harm," said he gruffly. "No harm if you do as you are told. Now turn and walk ahead of me to the driving-off tee of your golf links."

I had no choice but to obey. There was something in the cold ring of the fellow's voice that did not invite question. I turned, and as I started along the path my steps crunched on the gravel.

"You are making too much noise"—curtly. "Walk on the turf."

"I did. It was quite dark under the trees, but as I reached their fringe and stepped out onto the open ground of the links I halted involuntarily at the sight of a great, white, ghostly and grotesque object a few yards ahead. The next instant I recognised it—as I had every reason to do, since I had spent many days during the fall at aviation meets and in the examination of different makes and models, with the idea of financing and marketing the one my fellow capitalists and myself should conclude was the most efficient and perfected.

"It's—it's a biplane!" I exclaimed.

My captor pushed his revolver into the back of my neck and shoved me forward. As we reached the machine he stooped suddenly and, producing a long, stiff, bulky affair, handed it to me.

"Put it on," he directed.

"But——"

"Put it on!"

I put it on. It was a wind jacket of some hard, unyielding material that wrapped me from my knees to my neck.

"Now this," he growled, and held out a face mask, punctured with great glass eye-goggles.

I put that on, too. It was like his, I saw, which accounted for the uncanny glitter of his eyes when he had first confronted me.

"Get in, and take the seat on this side," was the next order.

But here I balked. "I won't!" I said stubbornly. "I don't know what the meaning of this deviltry is nor what you're up to, but you've gone far enough. I don't propose to——"

"You'll get in there alive," he snarled, and the revolver punctuated his words as it tapped my breast, "or you'll stay here—dead!"

I got in. In an instant he had given the thing a shove, jumped in beside me and the aeroplane on its little rubber-tired wheels began to coast gently down the slope from the driving-tee. Then suddenly, as it gained momentum, there came a crackle of fierce explosions, a mighty tugging strain, and, with a whirr-r-r like the drumming of myriad partridges taking wing, we rose into the air.

The most agonising sensation seized me, as of a deathly nausea, while my stomach became bottomless. I yelled and stood up. He caught me by the tail of my wind jacket and yanked me violently back onto the seat. Then he laughed—and the laugh sounded to me like a pæan of ghoulish glee.

"You can make all the noise you like now and yell your lungs out," he jeered. "I've got you. Only keep still in your seat, that's all, or I'll throw you out."

I gasped and clung desperately to the hand rails. We were going higher and higher, up, up, up; and, with a shuddering glance through the open framework at my feet I caught, through black depths below us, the twinkling lights of a house—my house, perhaps.

The man at my side was chuckling to himself.

"I'm Christopher Kelb," said he. "You've heard of me."

"No, I haven't!" I managed to fling back, with some spirit.

"You have!" he shouted fiercely. "I tell you, you have. Everybody has. I'm Christopher Kelb, the inventor of the only air craft in the world that is practical."

My blood, which was chilly before, froze in my veins. Much better that I had risked a shot from his revolver than this! I was up, great God, I was up in mid-air with a maniac! I understood it now only too bitterly well. I was in the hands of a mad inventor and utterly helpless.

"I saw you at the aviation meets," he went on, as the biplane soared higher in dizzy spirals and I lurched horridly in my seat. "You were talking to some of those poor fools who think they have solved the problem of the air with their pitiful toys. I heard you. You were talking about buying some of their patents. Now you'll see mine, and then we'll form a company together, you and me. You put up the money and we'll make millions and millions."

I tried to control myself and answer him with some degree of composure. There was only one thing to do—humour him.

"All right," said I. "I'm interested. Let's go back to my place and talk business. We'll go into the figures and see what kind of an agreement we can come to."

"So we will, so we will," he chortled. "But not yet. You haven't seen what my machine can do. That's what you're here for."

"I'm satisfied," I said. "And the details, of course, would belong to the mechanical side of the business, which would devolve on you."

"Satisfied! Satisfied!" he screeched. "What are you satisfied of? You've seen nothing. You know nothing. You're trying to deceive me. Now watch!"

A row of tiny electric bulbs at my feet, each over some recording instrument, burst into light. The roar of the exhaust from the engine behind quickened and rose into the deafening reports of artillery. A needle on one of the dials began to creep around.

"See it, see it, see it!" he cried. "That's the speed meter. A hundred, a hundred and twenty—forty—sixty—two hundred miles an hour. I can make four hundred—a thousand! I'll show you. Oh, the poor fools!"

"Stop it! Stop it!" I yelled frantically—and the words were beaten back into my throat by the terrific rush of air.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" he screamed. "I'm going down now closer to earth so's you'll see. I'll give you the altitude test after. Look at the aerostat now; then look below."

He whipped over a plane as he spoke, and in a sudden swoop, fast as the bullet from the muzzle of a gun, we shot earthward. Mechanically, my eyes fastened on the aerostat for measuring the altitude. The pointer was flying backward from 2,000 to 1,800 to 1,500—down, down, down. A white, fleecy mist was around us, shutting out the stars above. In an instant this was gone and we were plunging through a dark, vaporous mass of cloud and I could see nothing either above or below. 1,000—with clinched teeth and hanging grimly to my seat, my eyes, fascinated, held on the aerostat. It swung back to 900, and then, as though a gigantic enveloping curtain had in a flash been wrenched aside, a panorama of dark-blotched masses of trees, interspersed with clearer spaces, where little points of light scintillated like diamonds in the night, was opened out before me.

"Whoop! Whoopee, whoop-whoop!" shrieked the maniac, readjusting the planes. "Now, we'll go. Straight ahead. I invented the engine, too. This is the controller, see? A million revolutions a minute."

The engine, which in the course of our drop he must have shut off, now broke into a soul-terrifying uproar far greater than before—and the biplane streaked forward like an arrow.

Beads of cold sweat were on my forehead. Desperately I grasped at the madman's shoulders. "Mr. Kelb!" I shouted. "Mr. Kelb, take——"

He shook me off savagely and pointed his revolver at me.

"I'll kill you," he bellowed, "if you touch me again!"

I sank back nerveless. The needle of the speed meter was mounting steadily on the dial. We were skimming the earth at an altitude of 800 feet. I stared below and ahead of me. A red flare from a wide-flung furnace door shot suddenly upward, a thin, luminous streak played along two white, glistening ribbons of steel, came a faint, dull, muffled rumble—and a train was lost in the distance behind.

"Ha! Ha, ha!" sneered the inventor. "The snail! Everything is a snail to me. See that?"—he pointed ahead. "That's New York."

A glow on the horizon, in colour like simmering molten metal in a foundry pot, caught my agonised glance. It grew brighter, with incredible rapidity. Masses of buildings took transient form, and millions of lights blended into one, I saw a bewildering chaos of cars, streets, pygmy, black, shadowy objects that were people and horses, towers, spires, roofs, a fantastic checker-board—and that, too, was gone.

And now, stretching out as far as the eye could reach was a silvery, undulating sheen—the Atlantic was below us. My mouth was dry. I tried to speak and could only rasp out brokenly:

"Turn back! Turn back! You're—you're going out over the ocean. I'll—I'll——"

He punched me playfully in the ribs with the revolver muzzle.

"Turn back!" he echoed, with a wild laugh. "We haven't started yet. Ha, ha, you old geezer, what do you say to doing Piccadilly at midnight. That'll please you, you old reprobate, eh? We're going to England, and we'll be there in three hours."

The wind was whistling by us, playing on the tight-stretched plane-cloths above with a noise as of the rustle of heavy silk; the vibration of the tense-strung frame from the flying engine shook me until my teeth knocked together like castanets. A mad impulse to spring upon him, throttle him, murder him swept over me, and only the realisation that even if I succeeded I would be worse off than ever, since I would then be in the toils of a still more insensate master, the aeroplane itself, held me back. Then, as I thought, inspiration came to me.

"If—if you go to England," I argued cunningly, through chattering teeth, "I won't be—be able to finance the company to-morrow."

"We'll be back in time," he snapped, glaring at me balefully through his goggles.

"But we might not," said I, craftily. "Piccadilly is very enticing and we might be delayed, you see. We can't afford to take any chances."

"No. He, he! He, he;" he tittered. "No, that's so. I'll show you the altitude test, then."

"No," I protested earnestly. "There really isn't any necessity. I am thoroughly convinced——"

"That'll do!" he snarled. "We're going up. Ha, ha! We're going up —way up. These fellows with their ten thousand feet make me sick. What's ten thousand? I can make fifty!"

I huddled, weak as a condemned man, back into my seat. The aeroplane was dancing in long spirals upwards. Then the circles became shorter and shorter and it seemed as though we were shooting like some spinning top up a vast, interminable aerial path. Banks of flying mist, stratas of heavier, darker clouds whisked by us. It began to grow cold.

"Yah!" yelled the maniac, rising half up in his seat and leaning over his levers. "Yah! Look at that! Twelve thousand and we're going up, up, up!"

We swept in a breath into a denser mass of cloud than any before. It closed upon us, enwrapping us like a pall. A splash of rain struck my face.

"Up, up, up!" he screeched. "Up, up—higher and higher——"

A terrific boom of thunder rolled through the atmosphere around us. Then a great forked-tongue of lightning cut the blackness, while a gust of wind, which seemed to come from all quarters at once and converge upon us, set the aeroplane to rocking on its outstretched pinions like a ship in an angry sea.

"Now I'll show you what she can do in a sawbuck," he screamed. "We're between two impinging laterals, but that's nothing. We'll go right up into the storm centre and——"

Another crash of thunder, wilder than the first, swallowed up his words, another followed, and another; lightning flash after lightning flash rent the heavens around us; the wind, a mad tempest now, tore fiercely at the planes until they bent and quivered; the aeroplane, like a straw in a vortex, spun now this way, now that, diving, rocketing, careening; above, around, below, the elements warred in wild delirium. I shrieked. I cried. I raved. It was as though the very gates of inferno were burst wide open.

Peal on peal of demoniacal laughter came from the madman. His form seemed to grow into gigantic proportions; and then, in a sudden, fearful plunge as the biplane pitched forward, he lost his balance. Before my eyes, as I clung with superhuman effort to the hand rail of the seat, flashed a shuddering vision of a spinning form, with great staring eye goggles; in my ears rang a bloodcurdling scream—and he shot over the side and went hurling into space.

A clap louder than the thunder sounded above me, and, ripping, tearing, a tangled mass, the plane-frames and cloths beat down upon my head, enmeshing me. In the winking of an eye the wrecked and shattered aeroplane turned upside down and dropped with me into the yawning gulf toward the sea, twelve thousand feet or more below.

I fell. Down, down, down through the void. Horror struck at me. A great cold, chilling, numbing was upon me. And then through the abyss and the abysmal awfulness, through the folds of entangling plane-cloths that were suffocating me, choking me, a clarion voice called my name:

"Josiah Quincy Hepburn!"

What mockery of my reeling brain was that! I was tumbling down, ever downward, sick with the horrid, fearful dizziness of falling. Down, down, down. The aeroplane whirled over and over. I caught a glimpse of the ocean. Mad with terror, I fought frantically to free myself from the plane-cloths that ensnarled me. I was nearer the water now, nearer. I tore at the cloths, my arms and hands beating furiously over my head like a windmill. In another instant I—thud!

"Josiah Quincy Hepburn," cried the voice again, and I recognised it now as my wife's voice—the tones colder than the chilly blast that blew in upon me from the open bedroom window, "I have no objection to you sleeping on the floor if you prefer it, but hand back those bedclothes and be right smart about it!"

MODERN PAIN

BY HILDA RIDLEY

I MET him on the noisy, crowded street,
And sought for tokens of abiding pain
In pallor and in scars, but sought in vain;
For calm and strong his face was and so sweet,
He hath forgotten quite, the years are fleet,
I thought, and they console, and we who fain
Would stay their course must yield, though we complain
Beneath the march of Time's triumphant feet.

But, ah, I wronged him—I forgot his pride—
And even while I pondered thus he turned
And knew me. It was late, too late to hide
What I in eagerness and love discerned;
For all the anguish that his soul had tried
In one illumined, transient look I learned.

THE SEPARATION OF SANDY

BY A. CLARK McCURDY

"YOU'S all mixit up, Sandy McIntyre. You's full of business when you's to home an' full o' sentiment when you's to store, an' that's no way to be, at all, at all. You's killin' me narves wid your shop talk, an' killin' your business wid your sentiment. Can't you keep them separate, Sandy, mon!" Mrs. McIntyre's eyes gleamed with her great discovery as to what ailed Sandy. She had been reading in an old family newspaper that the great Mr. Gladstone used to lock up his cares in the House of Parliament, but she did not divulge this to Sandy. She wanted him to think that she had thought out the grand explanation unaided.

"Aw be sensibles, Kate," grunted Sandy.

"I'll sensibles ye——" but her husband was out of earshot, striding with a rapid, slouching gait, down the hill from the house to the store.

Sandy chuckled. His wife's outbursts always did amuse him, but then he had a knack of seeing the funny side of things; this time, however, he knew her to be right, but was convinced that conditions were to blame rather than he.

He was a tall man of splendid physique and remarkable muscular endurance, but with a lazy, loafing, social attitude towards everything; whether sitting, standing or what not it was always in this lazy, lounging, social fashion which showed even in the droop of his sandy moustache, and in the expression of his broad, good-humoured mouth. He knew he was too easy in the store and that his wife's accusation "that he gives credit to every *calyah* (old woman) in the country" was only too true, but he had neither the heart nor any plausible excuse to change. He knew also that he talked a lot of shop at home, but he had to talk something, and there were several reasons why he could not talk on social subjects.

First of all, Mrs. McIntyre had inherited the store and all their property from her father, and most people knew that if it was not for that he would have married Nellie Morrison, who was now the Widow Finalson, with four hopefuls. So Sandy thought it his duty to talk over business with the owner of things. Moreover, Mrs. McIntyre wasn't sociably inclined, and always made him keep the four legs of his chair on the floor, and Sandy wanted to know who could be sociable sitting on a chair in that fashion. Not he. He was used to throwing a leg on each side of a chair and balancing himself on its hind legs, with a good T. D. clay pipe in his mouth, and then he could talk! But when he wasn't allowed to smoke in the house and had to sit on a chair in his wife's outlandish fashion, how could he be expected to show any sentiment?

Moreover, the house was scrupulously clean, and wasn't that an insurmountable obstacle to sociability?

Neither could he kiss his wife for she had grown both beard and moustache, which she kept stubby with scissors, and who in the world could kiss a mouth like that? Of course, he would like to be sociable —it was his nature—but his wife surrounded herself with circumstances too preposterously impossible.

So Sandy continued to talk business "to home," for want of some easier topic, and continued to give the *calyahs* lots of credit "to store" until Mrs. McIntyre made her momentous discovery as to his ailment.

"Separate yourself, Sandy, mon," his wife would din into his ears. "Locks your sentiment up in the house when you goes to store, an' locks your business up in the store when you comes to home—that's the ways."

Mrs. McIntyre became greatly filled with this grand idea. All the neighbours heard the ins and outs of Sandy's character, what ailed him, and the grand remedy. Indeed, the good woman spread it abroad so much that when people came to the store they would jovially inquire: "Is you still mixit up, Sandy, or is you separated yet?"

Sandy took this question in good part fifty times a day, but slowly began to grow desperate. Nor could his good wife see what a laughing stock she was making of herself, for the idea possessed her like a monomania, and she buttonholed everyone who would listen to her and told of what ailed Sandy and of her grand remedy if he would only take to it.

"Tells him, Mrs. McDonald, tells him yourself an' maybe he'll listen to yous, he's tired o' hearin' me tells him."

"Maybe if you'd gets the Widow Finalson to tells him he'd listen to her," retorted Mrs. McDonald, for it was well known that the Widow was an old sweetheart of Sandy's.

"Shut up, you *calyah,*" roared Mrs. McIntyre. "You knows well enough Sandy wouldna dares to talk to hers nor her brats neither, or I'd turns him out onto the street, for don't I owns everything? Tells me that, don't I owns everything? and what business has he to be talkin' to Widow Finalson? Widow Finalson, indit!—that *calyah!*"

"Is you still mixit up, Sandy, or has yous been separated yet?" The question had been asked a million times that day, Sandy thought, and now it was late and dark and he sat alone on a chair in the store, with the four legs on the floor, with murder in his heart.

Suddenly a waggon stopped at his door and a round, plump stranger entered. He had light hair, auburn moustache, and, rather inconsistently, very dark eyes.

He proved to be a smart, jolly, commercial traveller, who stood still in astonishment to see death-dealing destruction written on his good friend Sandy's face, with the four legs of his chair on the floor, and hear him chewing a clay pipe stem, grinding it in his teeth and spitting out the pieces. Clearly, he would have to get Sandy into good humour before he could sell him goods.

Sandy was nothing loath to unburden his heart to a sympathetic listener, and did so fully, and with such explosive wrath and fury that it took the traveller's breath away.

Soon, however, under the genial companionship, Sandy's natural good-humour returned and he ended by laughing at his own predicament and tilting back his chair in a natural manner. "The worst of it is, though," he finished up, "my character, past, present, and future, has been raked over the coals so much that I'll never gets it all back even if I don't murder someone before they gets tired of separating me."

Suddenly a light shone in the traveller's eyes. He leaned back and roared, then expounded such a remedy to the harassed storekeeper that that gentleman sat up and stared at his companion with a wild bewildered expression, mingled with dawning hope. The very audacity of the idea frightened, yet appealed, to him. And, as the traveller grew eloquent and argued its plausibility, Sandy began to chuckle, then Sandy began to laugh, then he rose and grasped the hand of the traveller as a drowning man would grasp a rescuer, and they both laughed.

"Have you any black hair dye? My hair and moustache are too light in colour."

Sandy hadn't, but when two desperate men get together they can improvise something.

It was half-past nine when the traveller drove off. Half an hour later Sandy, still chuckling prodigously, strode up to his house. He went cautiously in the kitchen way, then crept up and listened to the voices in the front room. Apparently satisfied that the time was ripe, he went back, slammed the door, and slouched in as usual, then tramped into the parlour.

A Hindoo, very dark skinned, black hair and black, slick moustache, sat cross-legged on the parlour table, rolling his eyes, with the entire iris showing, weirdly around the room.

Mrs. McIntyre was excited, extremely so. This Hindoo was the most wonderful man ever born. He had a marvelous mystic charm which could separate Sandy's two natures at will, and Sandy must take advantage of it; the opportunity was too good to lose.

"Hawch," grunted Sandy, disgustedly, and slouched out into the kitchen.

His wife pounced after him, however, and brought him back. "You must, Sandy. It's the chance of your life."

"I'd rather be mixit," growled Sandy. "I don't want to be separated."

"Talk to him, Mr. Singh," implored the excited woman.

"Here, sir," began the Hindoo, holding up what looked to be the bull's-eye from a lantern shade, dangling on the end of a small brass chain. "Notice this, sir. It is the great mystic crystal pendulum taken from the wonderful magic clock of the great Abdhur Rahman of the Punjab. That clock, sir, was famed for ten thousand years, and, when the British fired a cannon-ball through it, instead of breaking, it merely separated and each piece was endowed with the extraordinary mystic power of separating the two natures of man. This is the amazingly marvelous crystal pendulum, sir, that was given me by the great Abdhur Rahman himself for a valuable service rendered. I have been offered untold millions for this same mystic charm; but what no money could buy I am pleased to offer gratuitously to the pleading, siren eyes of your winsome wife to be used by her for the grand, noble purpose of separating the business and social nature of her husband, which accomplishment is so dear to her fond, gracious heart. The details of how it is used, Mr. McIntyre, can only be told to you yourself, and will be used upon entering and leaving the store; and no power on earth can change your nature until you come again under the mystic influence of this wonderful crystal pendulum."

So spake the great Hindoo, and, though Sandy remonstrated strongly, he was finally persuaded by his determined wife to accept the mystic charm, but growled: "Well, I'll takes it, but I won't be responsible for consequences. Mind you doesn't hold me responsible for consequences?"

"No, everything will be all rights now," declared the happy woman.

Sandy didn't dare sleep at his home that night, but went down to the store, where he could laugh and roar.

He kept the charm in his safe, and next day business was business, strictly. He answered the old question by saying yes, that he was separated, and that there was going to be no credit for those who had not paid their bills; and, moreover, all had to pay up or he would sell their farms and nets. There was not an atom of sentiment in him in business hours, and he was going to make them stand around. Nor could they help matters when his social nature was uppermost, for then he knew not one particle of business, and it was no use talking about it.

Business was business, and Sandy's debts got paid in a hurry without him making an enemy, for no one could be angry with a man separated in such a terrible, pitiful manner.

Business was business and Sandy, unfeeling Sandy, devoid of sentiment, brought his wife to task and made her deed over to him the store and all business property.

Nor, indeed, was the social side any better; in fact, it was much worse as far as Mrs. McIntyre was concerned. Sandy, good-naturedly, cared not a straw for her clean house, but balanced his chair on its hind legs, smoked his clay pipe and knocked out the ashes wherever convenient. He kissed her till she loathed a kiss, he stuck his dirty feet sociably on the table or wherever he wished. He went continually to see the Widow Finalson and sat on her doorstep playing with the children, of whom he was mighty fond, not having any of his own; he frequented Donald McLean's disreputable shanty on the beach of Ben Dhual's twin mountain at the mouth of the harbour. Here he took a social glass of McLean's inexhaustible whisky, with numerous convivial companions. This place had been strictly tabooed under the old regime, but his wife could not now hold him responsible, for was it not the dictates of his social nature devoid of business?

His wife scolded and threatened, but it was no use. Sandy was just smilingly sociable, with not an atom of sense in him, or else he was all sense, with not an atom of sentiment, and then he didn't care a rap.

Mrs. McIntyre bravely held out to the neighbours that things were going smilingly, until she finally unburdened herself in wild torrents of complaint. The neighbours laughed. Was it not her fault that they had to pay up their bills and had such a hard business man to deal with? What did they care for the way he acted while in his social state? They liked it. No, Mrs. McIntyre needn't expect any sympathy from them.

"For God's sake, Sandy, get mixit up again," exclaimed the woman who used to consider profanity a crime.

She was in despair. She wailed and she pleaded, but Sandy was either a hard-headed business man, or else jovially devoid of any sense whatever. No satisfaction could she gain from him one way or the other. He would either swear at her in his one mood or kiss her in the other.

In this strait the distracted woman finally decided to gain access to the wonderful mystic charm and smash it to smithereens. But here she had to decide which state she would leave to her poor husband. She finally decided that she would leave him in the business state, for he would be no manner of use in the social, and she "wasn't goin' to has him foolin' round that Finalson *calyah* and her dirty brats of kids."

She had, however, to gain the charm while he was in possession of his business nature, and here two difficulties presented themselves; first, he was always in the store at that time, and, second, she was mortally afraid that in handling the mystic charm she would herself become separated, which wouldn't do at all, at all.

So she watched the store stealthily at all times, and one day Sandy left her in charge, saying that he was going down to the beach to drive some codfish deals.

Here was her chance. Sandy would of a certainty have his business nature in driving a hard bargain with the fishermen. She watched him out of sight, then went to the office and opened the safe. There, in a drawer, was the marvelous crystal pendulum. She looked at it fascinated, then jumped back fearful that she would get separated. She went in search of a shovel and finally, with the aid of a stick, got it onto the blade and carried it outside and up to the house to the woodpile. She wiggled it onto a stone and hit it some resounding blows with the axe. She rained the blows upon it in furious hatred until it was pounded to dust. Then she took the shovel, gathered earth, and sprinkled it all over the horrid thing to bury it far from her sight forever; then she shivered because she had left its remains so handy to her house. But, God be praised, Sandy would have no more social nature. There would be no more trips to Donald McLean's horrible place; no more visits to that Finalson *calyah;* no more of those kisses she had come to loathe; no more smoking in her clean house, nor dirty boots on her parlour table; no, no, she had chosen wisely, the business part was all right; and now that it was all over she felt that if she had seen him in his social nature for one more day she would have collapsed. So she sighed a sigh of contentment and praised God for his manifold mercies. Of course, she had given Sandy the business property, but he was welcome to it—his social side was dead.

She sang gaily as she made some biscuits for supper, and smiled when Sandy came in, but when he took the first chair he came to, tilted it back and rested his muddy boots on her bread-board, she stood stiff and straight; she lost her breath and when it came she could only vociferate: "Sandy McIntyre!"

"What's up?" asked Sandy, sociably.

"Oh, God, it's the death o' me."

"What's the matter, Kate, dear?" trying to kiss her.

She jumped aside. "Where did you goes when you left me in the store? Tell me that."

"Och, just to call on pretty Nellie Finalson, and see the bonny bairns."

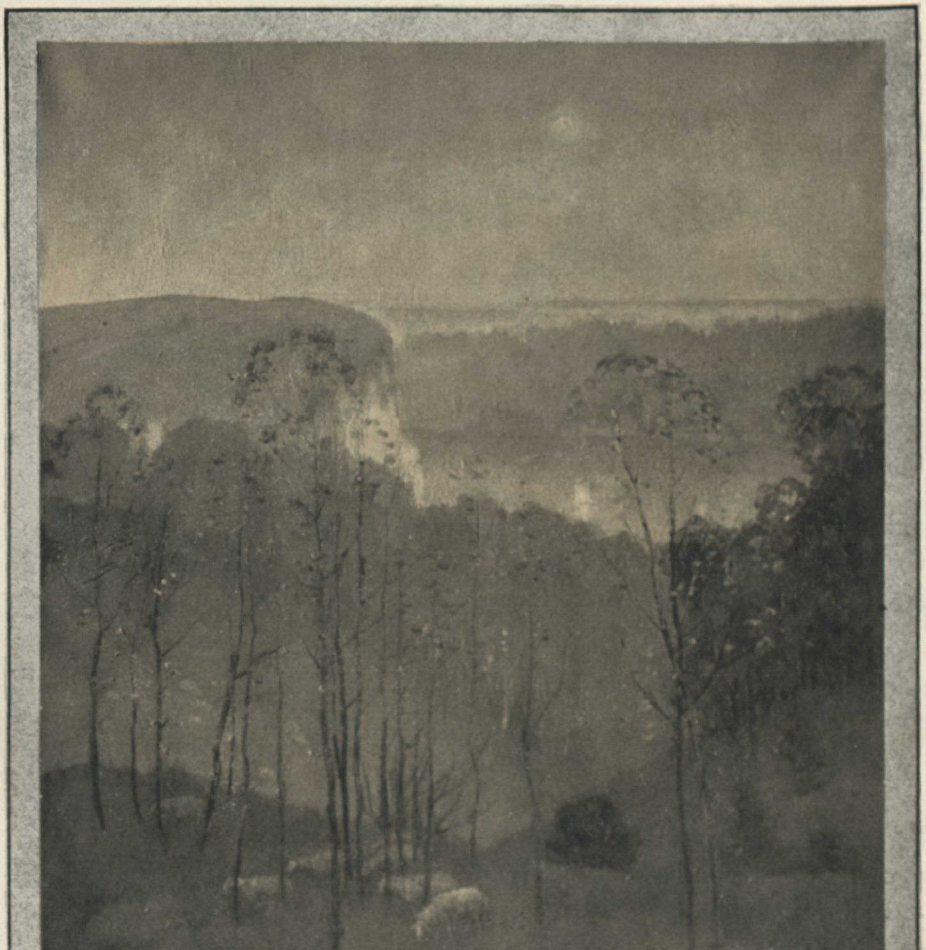
The good wife knew that no more sense would she ever get from Sandy. The skys had fallen; the cataclysm had come. "Oh, God, I's a dead woman," she exclaimed and sank into a chair, while Sandy's unwelcome face bent solicitously over her.

Sandy began then to have the time of his life. No more work, all sociability, with not a single business care—his own lazy master, while his wife tended store and bewailed her lot to the laughing customers.

On that first evening after supper Sandy balanced himself on the hind legs of his chair, looked into the glowing bowl of his clay pipe, and chuckled softly. "I'll takes a two weeks' good, roarin' high holiday, then I'll gets on one glorious spree, an' then I'll lets on that that has mixit me up again. You sees, I musn't be too hard on the good wife, for, after all's said an' done, whisperin' it on the quiet to me pipe, I knows mighty well I could nevers a got a better one." Without, however, having any intention of letting this last sentiment interfere with his holiday, he dropped the fore legs of his chair to the floor, placed his pipe between his teeth, picked up his cap, and slouched off for Donald McLean's.

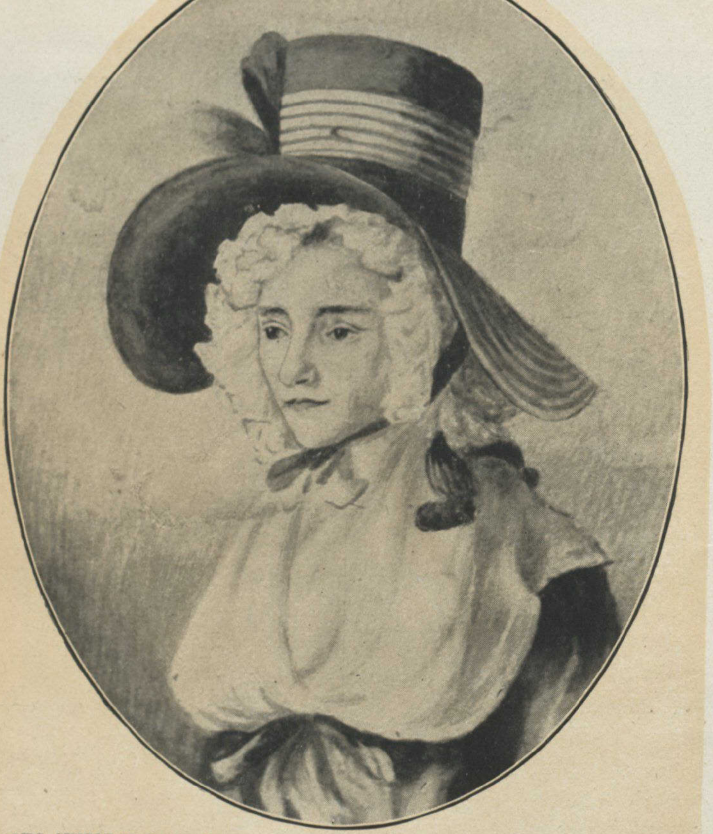
THE picture reproduced on the opposite page from this was painted recently by Mr. Archibald Browne. It interprets a mood of nature with which the artist is in full sympathy, and it is executed in a manner that harmonises well with the poetic majesty of the scene. Nature in this form is epic in significance, and when an artist properly interprets it, he achieves something worth while. This painting will be exhibited next autumn in London, England, together with other canvases by the same artist.

N. MacT.



INDIAN SUMMER

PAINTING BY ARCHIBALD BROWNE



MRS. SIMCOE IN WELSH DRESS

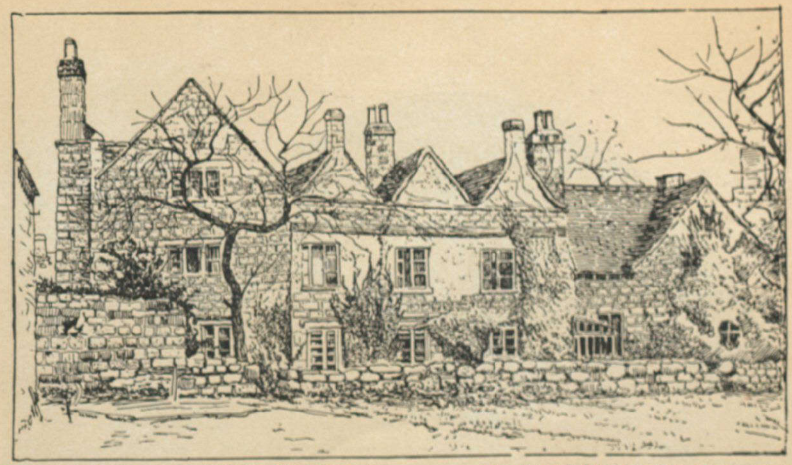
FROM A MINIATURE AT WOLFORD

MRS. SIMCOE AND HER DIARY

A REVIEW

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

NO doubt every student of the history of Upper Canada has formed, consciously or unconsciously, some idea of the character of the valiant soldier, the conscientious Christian gentleman, who was the first Lieutenant-Governor of this Province. In biography and sketch the personality of John Graves Simcoe has been limned for us by different historical writers, who with varying success have attempted to reproduce the form and the hues of life. Hitherto, however, the Governor's wife and helpmate, Elizabeth Posthuma Simcoe, has been presented to us in no portrait more realistic than an old-fashioned, almost featureless silhouette. Yet, all the time, lying forgotten among the family ar-

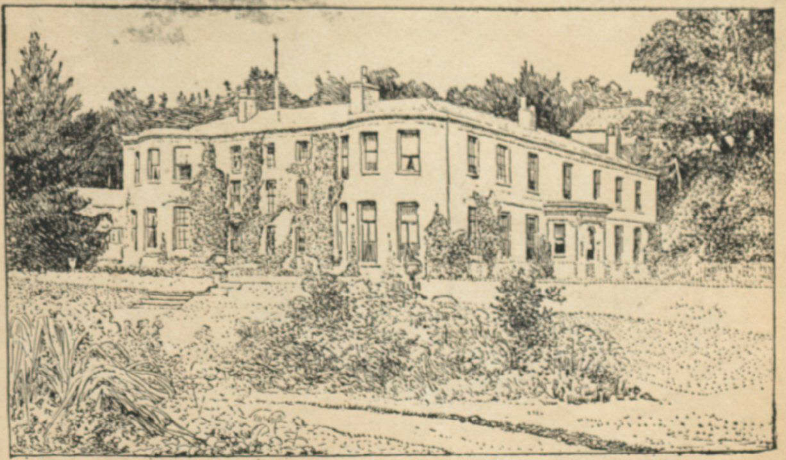


"OLD COURT," NEAR ROSS, HEREFORDSHIRE

FROM THE J. ROSS ROBERTSON COLLECTION

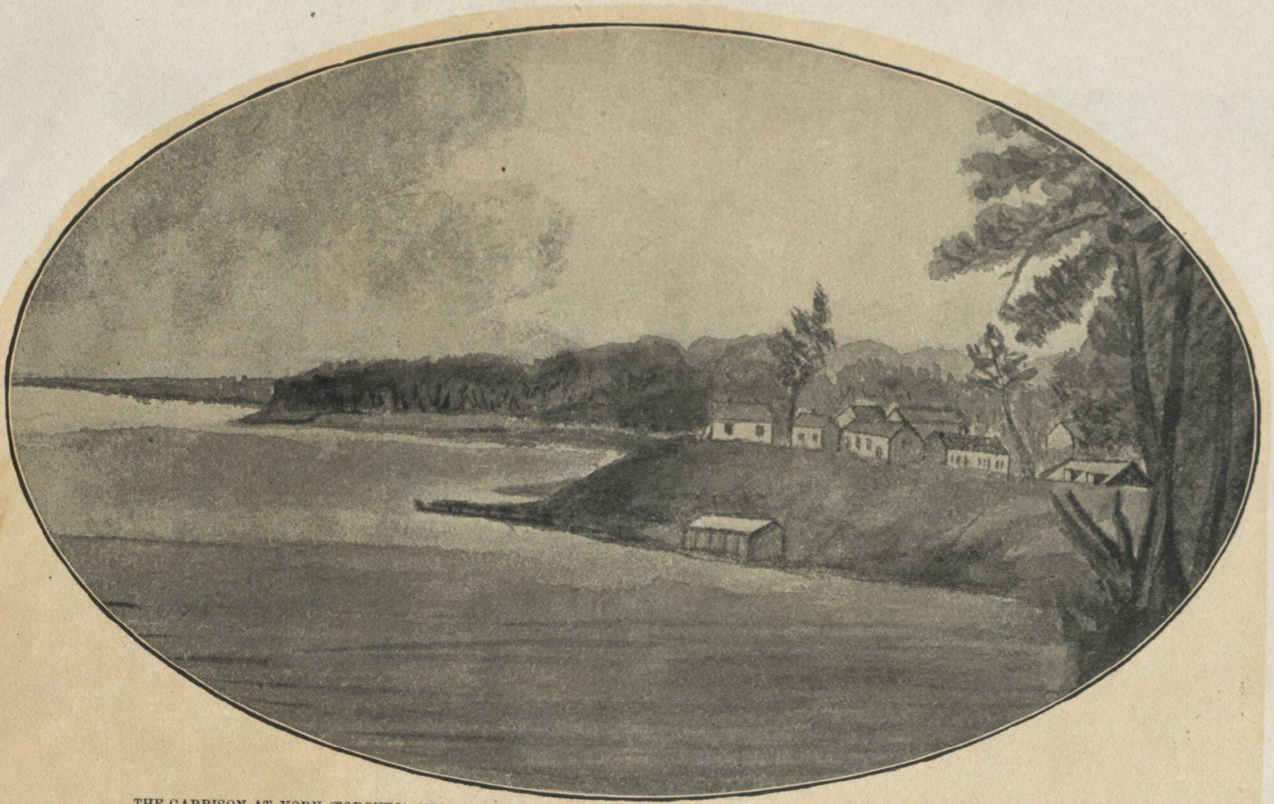
chives at Wolford, in Devonshire, there was material for a singularly effective sketch, and at last this has been given to us by Mr. J. Ross Robertson in the shape of a volume entitled "The Diary of Mrs. John Graves Simcoe . . . With Notes and a Biography." I have been favoured with the opportunity of examining the proof-sheets of this most interesting book. Some of the illustrations are here reproduced by permission of Mr. Robertson.

To speak first of the notes: These are incorporated with the text, though by the use of different-sized type they can be readily distinguished from it; and they deal with every man and woman and with a multitude of places and circumstances mentioned in the diary. Of course, they add immensely to the size of the book; but Mrs. Simcoe was in a position to meet many remarkable people, and these notes contain a store-house of information regarding the "makers of Canada" of a century ago. In fact, they might almost be regarded as a Canadian "Who's Who" for the period they



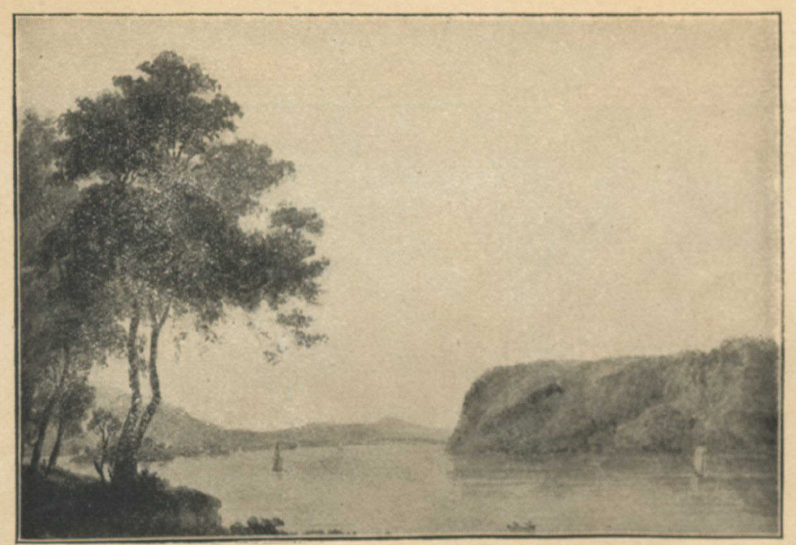
WOLFORD, NEAR HONITON, DEVON

FROM THE J. ROSS ROBERTSON COLLECTION



THE GARRISON AT YORK (TORONTO), 1796

SHOWING FIRST HOUSES IN THE FORT AND MAGAZINE ON THE SHORE.
FROM A DRAWING BY MRS. SIMCOE



A BEND IN THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE

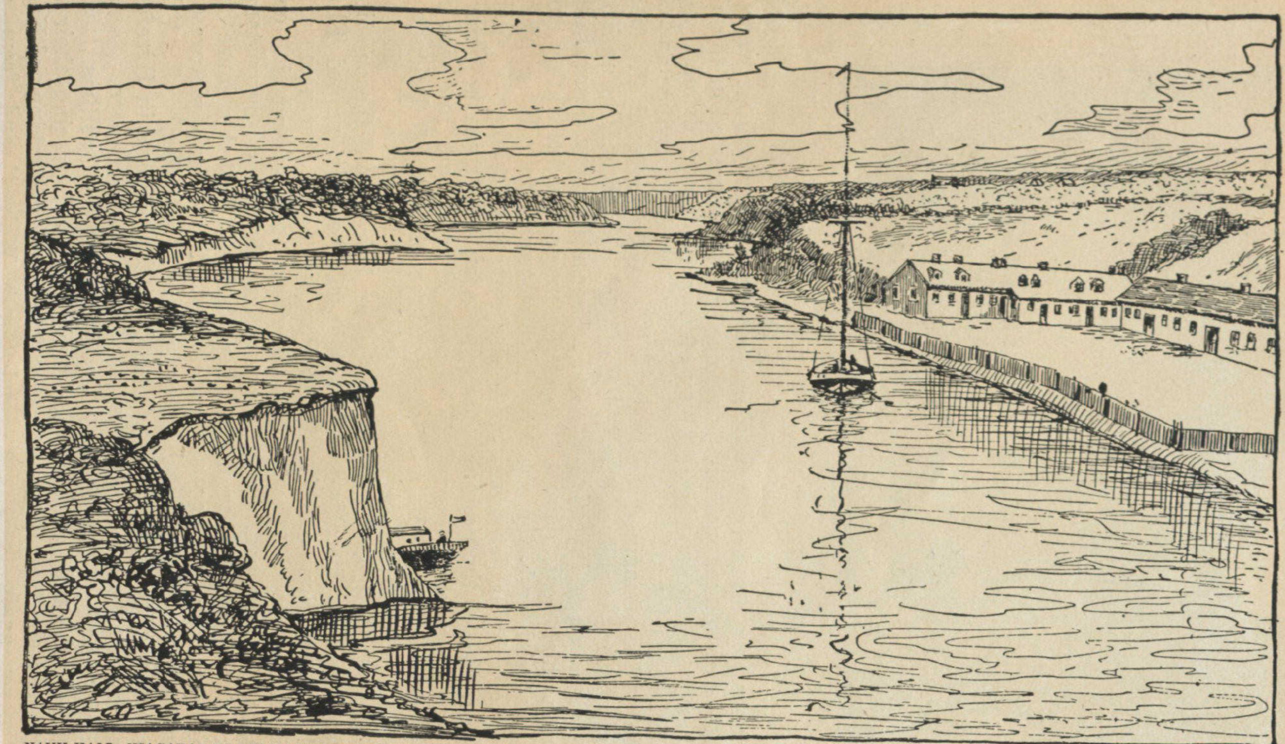
FROM A DRAWING BY MRS. SIMCOE

touch. The labour involved in the gathering together of this mass of information, which will be rendered available for reference by a full index, can scarcely be imagined by those who have never themselves attempted the same kind of investigation of minute historical details. Much of the material both for the notes and the biography has been furnished by descendants of the persons mentioned in the diary or is the result of a close study of such unimpeachable documents as army lists, church registers and the like. In addition, the work is most liberally illustrated with reproductions of original drawings and portraits of the more important persons mentioned, and the task of obtaining these illustrations has been almost as onerous as that of verifying the biographical details. One portrait, for instance, was discovered, after a long chase, in California, and another in the Hebrides. Indeed, the toil has been so great that Mr. Robertson says he is resolved "never again to edit a woman's diary."

That the publication of this particular woman's diary will be warmly welcomed by all interested in the history of Canada, especially of Upper Canada, goes without saying; and the editor has wisely prefaced the diary with a brief account of its author.

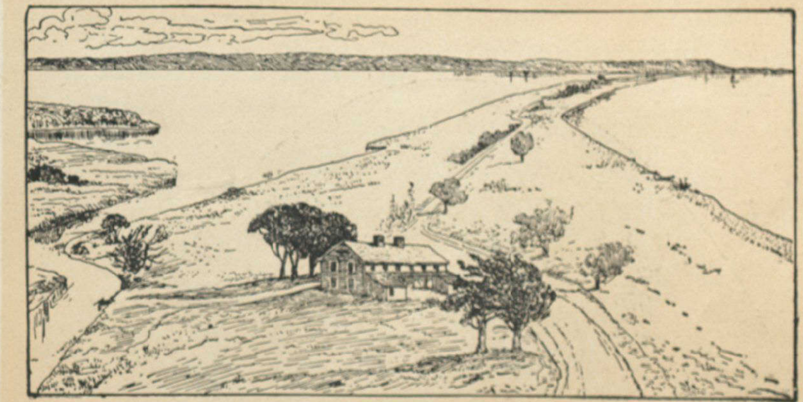
Mrs. Simcoe's history began sadly, for "she never saw her father, and in the first twenty-four hours of her life she lost her mother." "Her father was an officer in the army," who "served in Canada and was one of the three Majors of Brigade of General Wolfe at Quebec." He had married an heiress and the one little daughter of the pair, named Elizabeth Posthuma—the first name after her mother, the second in commemoration of the sad circumstances of her birth—inherited a large fortune, including the picturesque, many-gabled mansion of "Old Court," at Whitchurch, in Herefordshire, where she was born.

Her family, the Gwillims, "came of noble lineage," tracing their descent "from the early kings of North and South Wales," and from another monarch, the redoubtable William the Conqueror. Left an orphan



NAVY HALL, NIAGARA, 1792—FROM THE RIVER

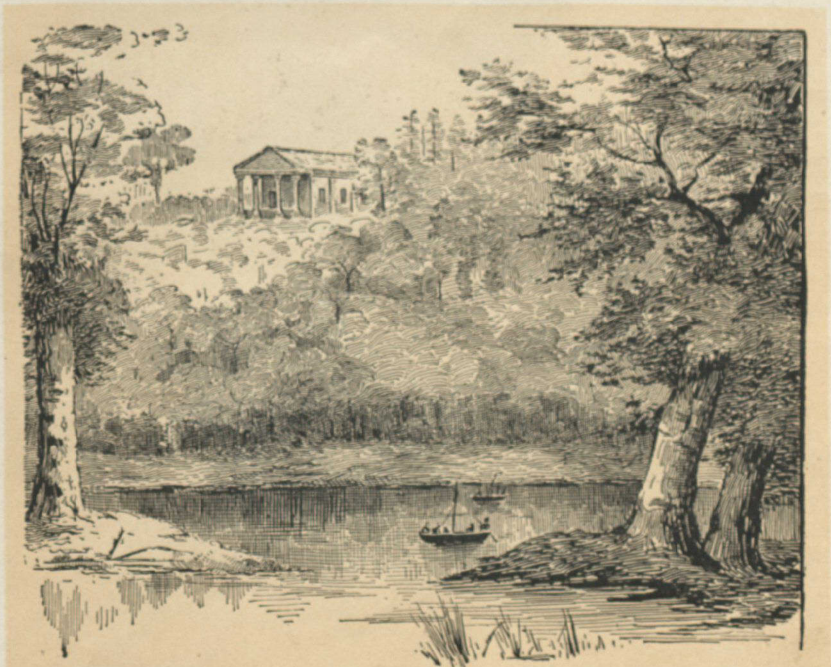
FROM A DRAWING BY MRS. SIMCOE



KING'S HEAD INN, BURLINGTON BAY

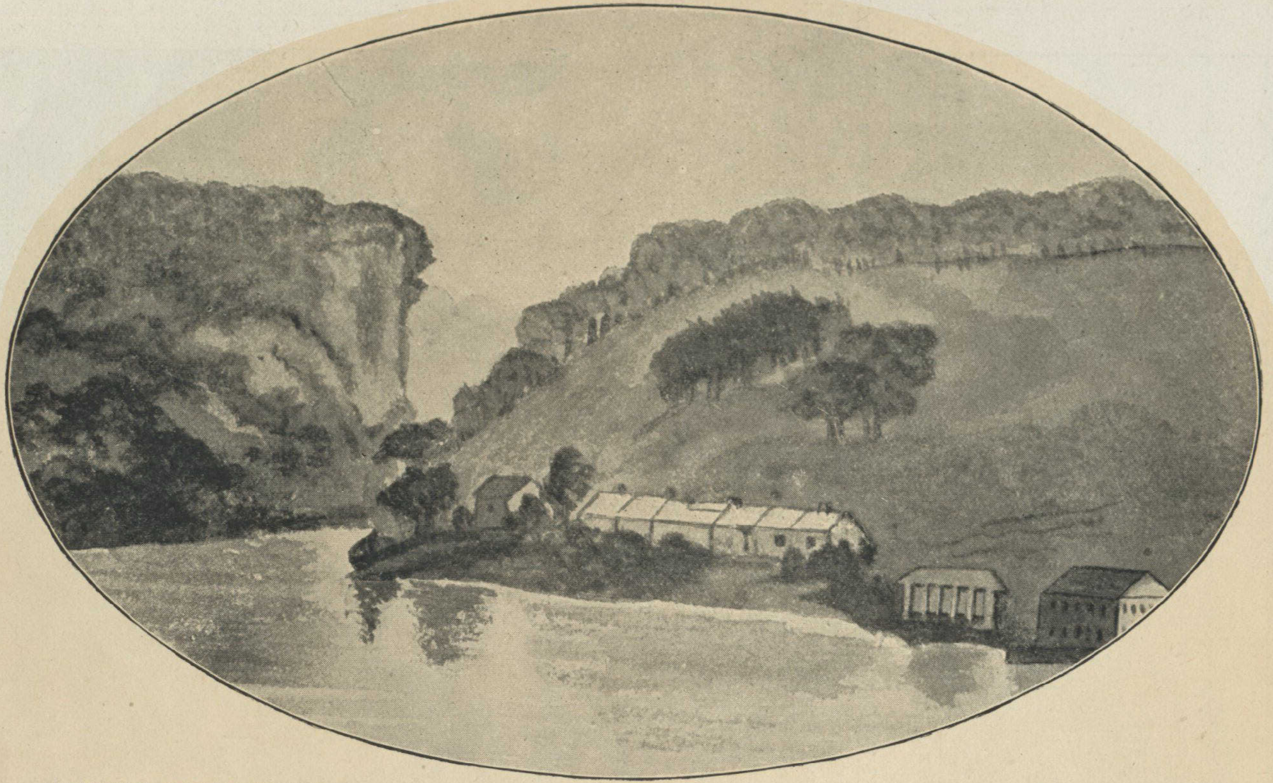
FROM A DRAWING BY MRS. SIMCOE

so early, Elizabeth was brought up by her aunt, the wife of Admiral Graves, spending her girlhood at a house called "Hembury Fort," some three miles from her future home at Wolford. The child was bright and clever. "She loved to ramble through the woods, where she could reproduce bits of landscape that are still so charming all around Hembury Fort. Her delight as a girl was to be skilled in pencil, pen and water-colour work," and "some of her water-colours that hang to-day on the walls of Wolford bear excellent evidence of her artistic skill." She was a good linguist, speaking French and German fluently and Spanish a little. "She was fond of gaiety and outdoor life. To whirl in the dance,



CASTLE FRANK IN 1796

FROM A DRAWING BY MRS. SIMCOE



QUEENSTOWN, OR THE LOWER LANDING

From a Painting by Mrs. Simcoe

to cross country with the hounds seemed second nature to her,'' but, ''though she had an excellent ear for music, she never sang nor played on any instrument.'' In figure she must have been small, for a brocaded satin skirt which she wore at Niagara ''at the opening of the first Legislature of Upper Canada'' measures no more than thirty-seven inches in length.

She was only sixteen years old when Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, who had won laurels and been wounded in the American Revolutionary War, came to visit his god-father, Admiral Graves. ''It is said to have been a case of love at first sight,'' and before the year was out the very youthful little heiress was married, at the parish church of Buckerall, to the gallant colonel, who was then in his thirtieth year. For a short time the newly-wedded couple lived at Exeter, the old cathedral city, where the Colonel had passed much of his boyhood. He wished to settle down in some quiet spot in lovely Devon, and soon his wife bought Wolford and the surrounding estate, though they did not actually go there to live for several years to come.

The Gwillim wealth ''was liberally spent, not only in improving the estate, but in making life enjoyable in the manor house.'' In those days the guest-rooms at Wolford were rarely unoccupied, but in the summer of 1791 Colonel Simcoe was offered an appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. He accepted it and Mrs. Simcoe immediately prepared to accompany him to Canada, taking her two youngest children, Sophia, aged two, and her only son, Francis, a baby of three months old. The four other children, of whom the eldest was only seven, had to be left behind. No doubt the parting with these little ones was a great trial to a mother so loving as Mrs. Simcoe is said to have been; but she left them in good keeping.

At this point begins the diary, which is practically a Canadian book throughout, covering the period from the latter part of 1791 to October, 1796; that is, the whole term of Colonel Simcoe's government of Upper Canada. It is full of vivid glimpses of the writer herself, of her husband (in his private capacity), of the notables and humbler folk, with whom they came in contact, and of the social life of the time. Probably under this last head it will appeal to the widest circle of readers, for who amongst us does not like to have some idea how our ancestors dressed and dined, amused themselves and travelled? Which of us does not welcome a little glimmer of light cast into the shadows of that not very far-away past, when our country was all in the making, when our great railways were unimagined, when our cities were only a dream, when eagles flew where the air is now darkened with the reek of factory chimneys, and when bears and wolves made dangerous places which now menace the community as city slums?

But, besides writing crisp little touches of description, Mrs. Simcoe still practised the art that had pleased her in childhood. Everywhere she went she made sketches, which give a better idea of the changes that have taken place in a hundred and twenty years than pages of elaborate explanation could do. In this book ninety of Mrs. Simcoe's sketches have been reproduced. ''The originals of these drawings are nearly all at Wolford,'' says Mr. Robertson, but, thirty-two in sepia (some of which are copies by Mrs. Simcoe of sketches made by Lieutenant Robert Pilkington) were presented by Colonel Simcoe to George III., and are now in the Royal Library of the British Museum.

Of course, the diary has its limitations. The writer is strangely silent on some events of the family history, and the narrative adds very little directly to our knowledge of the political history of the time. This is hardly surprising, however, when we remember that it was written and sent home week by week to the ladies who had been left in charge of the elder children at Wolford; and many of its details may have been intended for the amusement of the little ones themselves. Moreover, Mrs. Simcoe was far too good a wife to indulge in political gossip which might have embarrassed her husband in his responsible and difficult position. This diary is not one of those, presumably intended to take the place of confidant or remembrancer, into which the writer pours every kind of reflection that comes into his or her head. Its contents are indeed just such as might naturally find their way into letters from a somewhat reserved woman to an intimate friend.

The first entry, dated Saturday, 17th September, 1791, records the arrival of Colonel Simcoe's party at Weymouth, in Dorsetshire. This port was then a fashionable watering-place. The king, who was there at the time, had a house at Weymouth. The *Triton* frigate was awaiting Simcoe's convenience in the harbour, but some delay over the sealing of his commission hindered his departure. The travellers thus lost a favourable wind, and there was much discussion amongst naval men as to the possibility of their making the passage so late in the season.

At last, on September 26th, they set sail, and "Mrs. Simcoe's description of the trip from Weymouth to the New World forms an interesting commentary upon the ocean travel of a century ago. Long was the voyage and great was the discomfort even upon the *Triton*, which compared most favourably with the usual sailing craft of the day. With wind as the only motive power, the man-of-war which bore the Simcoe party towards the West took forty-six days upon a voyage which the fleet liner of to-day would make in less than five. And the gain in comfort has been no less marked." Mrs. Simcoe was soon well enough, however, to be "rather diverted at the difficulties we meet with at dinner, when, in spite of all care, the dishes are often tossed to every corner of the room." But, "after a very stiff gale," a temporary fit of depression inspired a vigorous account of their manifold discomforts. "Fine weather makes me very happy, but when it blows hard this abode is certainly horrid beyond the imagination of those who have not experienced it. The noises on board a ship, till one becomes accustomed to them, almost deprive one of one's senses; in bad weather they are doubled, every place wet and dirty, besides being bruised by sudden motions of the ship and half drowned by leaks in the cabin. . . . Those who are of a sanguine temper think we may get to New York; others foresee that we shall be driven to Barbadoes, where we must pass the winter, and in May sail for Antigua to refit. Colonel Simcoe is the only person who supposes it possible to reach Quebec. It will be so late before we come into the River St. Lawrence that the pilots will probably have quitted the Isle of Bic. . . . and the master of the *Triton* cannot carry her up without a pilot. In this case we must return to the Gulph, and, the season being too severe to keep in a northern latitude, we must steer for Barbadoes, and there shall meet with millions of those black beetles I so much detest . . . lizards, centipedes and scorpions besides."

Mrs. Simcoe's cabin was only "just large enough to swing a cot," and in rough weather the said cot struck against the side of the cabin most uncomfortably, until Colonel Simcoe "thought of the method used by the ancients to lessen the force of battering rams by hanging up feather beds to receive them. This device made the cot slide up and down very easily."

Another trial, already referred to, was the leakiness of the cabin. "One tempestuous night,'' says the diarist, ''it rained upon my bed, but a thick great coat covered me, and I slept well. This ship is a good sea boat, but so leaky in her upper works that the floor of my cabin is scarcely ever dry and the baize with which it is covered retains the wet. Therefore I always wear clogs.''

Even during the weeks at sea, Mrs. Simcoe never lacked employment, for when other amusements failed, she could always fall back upon her beloved drawing, copying maps or pictures of ships, and sketching the sea birds that flew about the vessel.

Off the coast of Gaspé, the *Triton* fell in with a terrible gale and snowstorm (it was now November 4th) and the ship ''pitched her forecastle under water continually.'' The tackle and ropes froze and had to be thawed frequently with boiling water, and the sailors, who had ''no clothing more than they would have on a West India voyage,'' suffered severely. It seemed that at the eleventh hour they would be driven to New York, or even to the West Indies, ''the men being so disabled by the frost and so many on the sick list that there are not enough to work the ship against adverse winds.'' Even in this doleful situation, however, Mrs. Simcoe had spirit to conclude triumphantly, ''The dinner overset, the tea things broke, but I eat broth without spilling it!'' Happily, just in time the weather moderated, and the *Triton* went gaily up the St. Lawrence, all sails set, ''even the sky scrapers,'' to land her passengers at Quebec on November 11th.

The old town looked so dismal under heavy rain that Mrs. Simcoe, after all their troubles, was by no means eager to leave the ship, but she was destined to spend many months in Quebec, and to enjoy its gaieties. Her husband, she says, complained of the Canadian capital that he found there, ''few men of learning or information, literary society not being necessary to the amusement of ladies;'' but, she adds, ''I am very well off amongst the women and really find this a delightful place. In the evening I go to balls, concerts, suppers . . . and to have every one I see assiduous to please me, and to have nothing to do but to follow my own fancy is a satisfactory mode of living, not always attainable on your side of the Atlantic.'' Of course, as always, she sketched diligently scenes, buildings and *calashes*, but it must be allowed that she was not very successful in the drawing of horses, and the pictures in which they appear are decidedly droll.

She anticipated with pleasure the thought of the long journey to Upper Canada in store for them, and ''the perpetual change of scene'' it would afford; and was not at all alarmed by the descriptions of the hardships of the way. Her account of the journey made in ''batteaux'' gives a hundred quaint glimpses into the life of the time, but it is impossible in the space at my command to make many or long quotations, though there are temptations to do so on every page. The ''delightful lake-like river,'' the sunsets, the songs of the boatmen, gave her a pleasure which offset the discomforts occasioned by the hot June sun, the attacks of mosquitoes, and undesirable stopping-places—in one case, indeed, the bed looked so unpromising that Mrs. Simcoe ''slept on a blanket upon the table.'' Often she preferred to sleep in a tent, though at first she was surprised that she did not catch cold.

Exclusive of a few days spent in Montreal, the travellers took fourteen days to make their way up the river to Kingston.

In that little town, then the most important place west of Montreal, Mrs. Simcoe was much amused to see Mississaga Indians sauntering up and down ''all day, with the apparent nonchalance, want of occupation and indifference that seems to possess the London beaux in Bond Street.''

After some months' residence at Niagara, Mrs. Simcoe wrote, ''the climate is delightful and the country plentiful and a pleasant society within a certain circle; in short, we have nothing to complain of but not seeing the children and the absence of some friends. . . . There are as many feathers, flowers, and gauze dresses at our balls (held every fortnight) as at a Honiton assembly.''

In the summer of 1793, Mrs. Simcoe paid her first visit to Toronto, and she writes of the oak groves on the shore, and ''the long spit of land, covered with wood,'' which ''breaks the horizon of the lake'' and ''greatly improves the view.'' Here it is almost as hard to recognise ''the Island'' of to-day as it is to realise that then ''the Bay'' was ''beautifully clear and transparent.'' In those days, too, the rivers and creeks about Toronto abounded with salmon, and quantities of whitefish and maskalonge were caught in the lake.

On the other hand, rattlesnakes figure frequently in the diary, though fortunately for herself the only ones seen by its author were imprisoned in a barrel; and wolves and bears were numerous. Once, when walking on the ice up the River Don, near Castle Frank, the dwelling named after her little son, Francis, Mrs. Simcoe saw the tracks of wolves and the head and hoofs of a deer they had destroyed.

But perhaps most of all the accounts of the modes of travelling in that day impress us with the changes time has wrought. The Governor himself made long journeys on foot, once travelling four hundred miles in that way. In spite of soldiers sent as ''expresses at regular intervals by way of post,'' news travelled slowly. For instance, Marie Antoinette died by the guillotine in October, 1793, but the tidings did not reach York till the following March 1st, when the official society in the embryo capital of Upper Canada put on mourning for the hapless queen.

With all its drawbacks, Mrs. Simcoe liked life in the wilds so well that when she had to bid farewell to York and her friends there she ''cried all day;'' and it was a passport to her favour when an acquaintance ''spoke with delight of Canada.''

The voyage home was rendered exciting by fears of the French, with whom England was then at war. The diary ends with the homeward journey, but the story of the after life of Colonel and Mrs. Simcoe is touched upon by another diary—the quaint work of an old man-servant, much given to moralising, who spent over thirty-seven years in service at Wolford. In her latter years, at least, it would appear that Mrs. Simcoe was something of an autocrat. There is a family tradition that she would not allow her daughters to seat themselves, uninvited, in her presence, and she resolutely set her face against the marriage of any one of the seven who lived to womanhood. But if she showed a somewhat tyrannical disposition in her home relations, Canadians, at least, owe her a debt of gratitude for her vivid pictures, with pen and pencil, of our country in its day of small things. Gratitude is also due to the painstaking editor and biographer, who has rendered Mrs. Simcoe's delightful work accessible to the general public. ''All who take interest in the pioneer days of the Province'' will surely read the book* with pleasure, and will be eager to give it a place in their library.

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*''The Diary of Mrs. John Graves Simcoe.'' Edited by John Ross Robertson. Toronto: William Briggs.

COUSIN DIADEM

BY NINA E. BACON

A MOTOR CAR of long defunct pattern wheezed its asthmatic way up the smooth, weed-bordered slope of the Dollcart farm-road. Its driver was an unsophisticated farm-hand, with black, shaggy hair, bulging blue eyes, a narrow head, and a thin, long, red neck twisted to one side above a crimson string necktie. The whole gave him the appearance of a turkey looking for refuge from a hawk.

The one passenger was in no way remarkable. A snapshot of a college campus after lectures would show dozens of his type: smooth face, thick, brown hair, light tweeds, straw hat, and, for the rest, the freshness and verve of youth. The car itself was a derelict, which its disgusted owners had abandoned after many breakdowns. Mr. Benjamin Dollcart, with an acquisitiveness which had descended to him from some progenitor of the Eastern bazaars, had taken it in and tinkered it into a semblance of locomotion.

Alighting at Brome flag-station, the every-day young man had flushed at the sight of the equipage and the palpable amusement of the bystanders, and then, because he had always esteemed himself as above small vanities, he reddened still more.

"How is my uncle, Dave?" he asked the perpetually startled driver.

"Not to say well, Mr. Dollcart. Don't look as if he'd stand the racket long. He sot up to-day, and he didn't look wuth three cents' wuth o' cat meat, he didn't."

"Too bad," muttered Mr. Dollcart, junior.

In silence, but for the puff and rattle of the car, they finished the long, gradual ascent, and drew up before an old farm-house, with verandah on three sides, a green, wooden settee on each division, and in front, great spruces towering above the main roof.

Young Dollcart dashed up the steps, softly opened the French window, and as softly approached a great, roped bed, which had originally been a four-poster, but long ago had been bereft of its pristine wealth of posts, canopy and valance. Benjamin Dollcart, senior, was educated as to the haunts of germs.

A strong, old, dark face lay against the pillow. The thin aquiline nose and piercing eyes were the more striking, in as much as they were surrounded by a frame of soft, silvered curls.

"Well, uncle Ben," said the boy, when he saw he was noticed, "sorry to see you so knocked up. We'll have to get you out of here and have some of our tramps about the farm."

"Knocked up for keeps, this time, boy. Got my wire, did ye? I wanted someone around that didn't get on my nerves so. That fool of a Dave! He twists his neck and cocks one eye at me whenever I speak to him till I can't keep my hands off'n him hardly; and he can't come or go without lookin' in the glass at that fool gold tooth o' his, an' polishin' it up with the corner of his handkerchief. More money than brains, I tell him. A decent gap would look a sight better. What time'd ye get my wire?"

"Two-thirty, sir, and I came immediately. Just caught the three. Does it tire you to talk, uncle?"

"No, it doesn't," said Dollcart, testily. "I'm spoilin' to talk to a human being. That Dave isn't one. He's an ostrich at the table and a giraffe away from it. But, Ben, one thing does tire me. It's that young lady notion you've picked up of choppin' 'immediately' up into inch pieces, like ox-tails for pie. Im-med-i-ate-ly!" mimicked he. "Old-fashioned way's good enough for me."

"All right, uncle," laughed Ben. "We'll rub the corners off or melt 'em down."

"Well," said the old man, with a twinkle in his eye, "I'm going under —all in, you fellows say. I'm not exactly a pauper. I've scraped and niggered and put the best foot foremost. Folks used to say I took a hen along when I went in the buggy, to eat the oats scattered about at the tavern, but that's a lie, boy; just one of their jokes on the old man." He stopped to chuckle feebly, and then resumed: "One thing did happen to me once kind of comical. One day I see some good brush stuff, all right fer firewood, layin' along old Queen Street, and so I hitched Mark to the waggon and was gatherin' it up one day, when that new fellow that bought the Gample place come along, and he took a squint at Mark and a squint at me, and then he says, 'Do you live about these parts?' 'Yes,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'if ye tell me where, I'll fetch ye a load of wood when I'm hitched fer town. Don't say a word. I can afford it well,' says he, holdin' up his hand. Well, when I'm told to shut up, I shut up. I just says, 'I live in the frame house, top o' Dollcart Slope.' 'All right,' says he, smilin', an' off he went."

The old man laughed softly to himself.

"It must have been on account of Mark," said Ben, with a sly grin.

"I think myself it was my old green overcoat," responded Dollcart, senior. "Anyways," he went on, "along he come with the wood—good, generous hardwood. I was hoein' them pet strawberries by the gate. The wheat and oats looked great on that hundred, and, over beyond, the ensilage corn was flutterin' its ribbons and whisperin' happy things to itself. He kind o' started when he saw me. 'Oh, do you work fer Mr. Dollcart,' says he. 'Most days,' says I, as serious as the spink. 'Where 's your house?' says he. 'That's it,' says I, pointin' my hoe at this one. Well, he give me one look, wheeled his horses and went, lickety-scoot, down the hill. I didn't git the load of wood, an' I cracked my good hoe-han'le leanin' on it to laugh, but I swan, it was wuth it! I think, though," he ended, musing, "it added some to my reputation."

Outside was the droning of flies, and from the rear of the house was wafted by the light breeze the aroma of new milk. Ben was silently stroking the work-worn hand with his tanned, shapely one. Though breathing quickly, the old man gave occasional chuckles at thought of his practical joke, while his nephew hoped he would drop into the slumber he seemed to need.

"Ben, my boy," went on Mr. Dollcart, rousing himself, "I've talked around quite a bit, but I haven't reached the point yet. I want you to promise me to marry my little cousin Diadem. They say she's not little, though, now. She's a tall, fine frame of a woman. What do you say to it?"

"Uncle, don't ask me. Marriage is the last thing I'm thinking of. I'm going to take time for some research work when I finish."

"Just like me, my boy. Too busy to marry till that wet harvest. Wouldn't ha' done it then, but 'twas too wet to work at the grain. Oh, yes," he mused, with a far thought for his wife of but one short year.

Ben was busy thinking out a line of defence.

"Besides," said he, after a pause, "we've probably grown a thousand miles apart in every way. She, I have no doubt, would not consider for a moment the thought of me as a husband. It is utterly impossible, uncle."

"You remember her, Ben?" pleaded the old man, "a pretty little red-haired thing, with the winningest ways, and a strong head, yes, a strong head."

"She's probably developed into a suffragette," said Ben, cynically.

"See here, Ben, you'll never regret it. You'll get all I have if you please me in this."

"I can't think of it, uncle. It's degrading to me."

"Well, I made my will to that effect. It was drawed last Wednesday by Lawyer Staples, and I signed it a Thursday. It's short, but it's got the gist o' things there."

"Ask me anything else, uncle. I'm not given to getting smitten on pretty girls, and I have only the haziest remembrance of this one. She could beat me at most things, I know, but—— My work engrosses me, and this would spoil things."

"Marry her, Ben, my boy, and you'll be able to go into research work hullsale if you want to. You won't need to run any one-horse show."

"But doesn't this savour of the popular girls' novel?" said Ben, trying the effect of mild ridicule. "I can hardly think you wish to be taken seriously."

This touched a matter on which Dollcart, senior, held strong views.

"Lyin' romances! Ly-in' ro-mances!" he repeated, with increasing emphasis. Then he fell into reverie. "Never read one but once, boy. 'The Count o' Monte Christo,' it was. I wan't but twelve year old. It was a cortion sure enough." His eyes lighted up with the treasured joy of youth. "It was on'y a made-up story, ye know, but fer two weeks I moved an' lived an' had my bein' with them people, all manafactured by one man, an' him a furriner, mind ye. I had the book hid between the ticks o' my bed, an' I used to read by candle-light till I was scairt to go to sleep without searchin' behin- all the bar'ls in the dark room—a store place acrost the passage. That hunt used to scare me worse nor ever, but I had to do it. It was the neardest like a crypt I could sense, never havin' seen the real article. Mother nearly caught me one night when I was tuckin' away the book, an' made the husks rattle in the ticks; an' ol' Daniel Flynn, the school-teacher, got it at last, when I hadn't but two more chapters to read, an' I had it shoved in betwixt my shirt an' britches on the chance I might get at it an' find out the wind-up in study-hour."

The old man laughed to himself over what had been a boyhood tragedy.

"Didn't he give it back?" queried Ben, with fervour.

"No, but I bought another with the first money I 'arned pickin' berries—an' done more jugglin' than a Hindew-Chinee contortionist to get out o' lyin' about what I done with my berry money."

Ben laughed heartily, inwardly praying that this digression from the distasteful subject under discussion might lead to some other line of thought, but presently the old voice took up the theme again.

"Well, I went around limper than fried fishworms, an' doin' chores was worse'n chawin' saw-dust. So I thought if that was what readin' romances done to me I'd not be sucked in again by no malestorms o' that description." He paused, thinking. "No, Ben, this is the real thing. I want to do the square thing by both of you, an' you need a likely woman to look after you (perfessional men never have enough brains left over from their business to take care o' theirselves with), and this plan'll fix everything up fer both of you. Don't argue any more. I've sent fer her, an' you can't help liking her.''

Ben tried to whistle softly to himself, but his lips would persist in compressing themselves too closely, reflecting his condition of mind.

Wearied, the old man slept, still holding fast to the boy's hand.

The evening matured into night. In the kitchen, Dave, who was of a roaming habit like the turkey he resembled, laboriously penned a valentine-like epistle to the seventh damsel he had favoured with his affections within a month. This production was headed: ''In rembrans of David,'' and dwelt upon ''loanly spots'' and ''fer-git-me-nots'' for the space of four very crooked and hard-wrought lines.

''Dave,'' called Ben softly from the door.

''Consarn it,'' snarled Dave, under his breath, ''I never git worked up to the poetry stage without someone comes along an' spiles it. Yes, sir,'' he said aloud.

''There's a vehicle coming up the road—coming here.''

''A what?'' ejaculated the chronically startled Dave.

''A carriage,'' said Ben.

The carriage proved, upon inspection by lantern-light, to be the station-master's democrat, with two loose spokes and a rattling tail-board. This conveyance and an attendant steed, with what the pretty schoolma'am at the corners called ''many salient points,'' had brought a visitor and her baggage to Dollcart Farm.

Before Benjamin could offer assistance she had climbed down and stood revealed in the smoky light, a tall, angular young woman, with a mass of rather beautiful hair of a rich auburn shade. She was habited in a dark cloth suit of severe cut, with ill-fitting shoulders and collar, which betrayed its amateur origin.

''How is cousin to-night?'' she asked brusquely and unceremoniously.

''Resting quietly now,'' replied Ben, observing her coldly.

''And you are Ben, I suppose. You don't look the same boy at all. But you were just a little gaffer when I remember you.''

''Yes, there have been some long years since then.''

There was a tone of finality in Ben's voice. She looked at him critically with eyes too sharply blue to suit his taste.

''Well, I'll see cousin Benjamin. Who's been taking care of him?''

''Me,'' said Dave, looking as if the idea had never occurred to him before.

In one comprehensive glance she reviewed his characteristics.

''Humph!'' she commented.

Removing her coat and hat she hung them on the hooks in the hall, smoothed back her glossy hair, pulled out the ends of her tie and walked into the bed-room.

The old man had wakened.

''Oh, it's cousin Di, isn't it?'' said he, studying her with his fine, old, long-sighted eyes, while she bent over him.

As he looked, something funny seemed to dawn on him.

''Why, cousin Di, I've got two—Shut the door!'' he commanded.

Outside Ben had hurried Dave to the kitchen.

''Come, let's find something for that lady to eat. You've reduced me to starvation. My uncle is famishing, too. That's what's the matter with him. But I defy you to try it on her. Get busy! Where's the kindling?''

By this time Ben himself was breaking up some pieces of board, and Dave was standing with the kettle in one hand and the lid in the other, looking as if his surprise would certainly be fatal.

''Oh, Mr. Dollcart, sir, don't her eyes bore ye through an' through? I'd ruther have a lead bullet-hole shot through me with a shootin' gun, I would. Wouldn't you?''

Inwardly, Ben fervently assented. Outwardly, he said with haste:

''Ring off! Ring off! she's coming!''

Dave looked vaguely around. ''We ain't got no bell, have you?'' said he, as cousin Di sailed into the room, with a look of indignant protest on her face.

''No food since noon, eh?''

''Perhaps I am to blame,'' said Ben. ''You see, he wanted to talk to me, and then he fell into a doze and I feared to wake him, Miss Diadem.''

If Miss Diadem could descend to sniffing, she sniffed.

''I hope your talk relieved his mind. I'd hate to think he suffered in mind and body, too.''

Ben felt an inward qualm, but no sign appeared on the surface.

Meantime, Miss Di seemed to have found the pantry wanting. She turned on Dave.

''Where's the milk?''

''The cows ain't givin' much now. They was a little to-night an' I et it fer my supper.''

''Oh, you et it fer yer supper?'' mimicked Miss Diadem, pausing to let her contempt soak in. It ran off, however. ''And why ain't they givin' much?''

''Well, the pastur's done, an' I don't get time to milk 'em reg'lar—an' two laps of orchard fence is down (I used it to mend the line fence), an' I can't put 'em in there.''

Something savoury—minus milk, to be sure—was heating on the stove by now, and Miss Di stirred it vigorously, muttering to herself:

''It would take two laps to hold some babies. We'll see if we can do something to-morrow.''

She looked at Ben, walking about with an air of assumed nonchalence.

''Here, stir this a minute,'' she ordered. Dave watched her disappear into the pantry, and in the moment which elapsed before her return with the frying-pan and a piece of ham, he whispered to Ben, with a dispairing look:

''Say, ain't she heart-rendering!'' Ben's grin and a doleful shake of the head from Dave were interrupted by the lady's crisp tones.

''I'll cook you a slab or two of this,'' she said. ''Mind it while I feed that poor famine victim in there. Bad enough to starve humans to death in Indy without doin' it here in a Christian country like Canada. It don't seem to have took you down yet, judgin' from yer complection,'' she went on, looking at Dave, who had already reached the superlative appearance of surprise and so seemed unmoved. ''Guess it's like lightnin', can't strike twice in the same place.''

The door closed and Ben relieved his feelings by a grotesque, but silent, war-dance.

''Oh, Diadem, I'll die o'dem!'' he choked, with both hands over his mouth.

Dave stared, opened the door and betook himself to the yard, whence he gazed back open-mouthed at the kitchen door.

''Well, bald-headed gooseberries!'' he said, solemnly.

Next morning was all blue and gold, with the lake in the basin beneath the hill kissing back every tree and cloud that caressed it. Ben had sat far into the night with his uncle, whose female relative had already made her capable and efficient touch felt to the comfort and physical betterment of the household, and more especially of the invalid. Rising somewhat late, the young man bathed, dressed hurriedly, and descended, lilting a bit of favourite song. He was surprised to find everything very still, his uncle propped up with pillows, the white curls about his forehead lifted by the breeze laden with the spicy perfume of flowering currant.

''Say, Ben, I've been fairly hankerin' to get a taste of that sweetness. Ain't it good? It smells like honey tastes.''

Ben made a mental note of the preference for honey.

''Dave's gone to town fer things: stuff fer two panels o' fence, and cookin' stuff. And look out there! The cows ain't goin' to wait till he gets back, either, fer a good feed o' orchard grass. No, not if cousin Di knows what's what.''

Ben glanced from the window. The cows were feeding luxuriously in the lush grass and clover so long denied them. Across the gap, where the two laps were missing, was stretched a stout cord, one end fastened to the fence, the other wound loosely about Miss Di's arm at the nearer side, thus guarding the yellowing grain beyond from the inroads of the herd. A hand sewing-machine of primitive fashion, which she had brought in her trunk, was screwed to the top fence-board, and in this improvised sewing-room a night-shirt was being made with despatch. Her whole attention was concentrated on turning the crank with one hand and guiding the work with the other, since the vibration of the string warned her of the cows' proximity to the gap.

Ben laughed with huge enjoyment of the scene.

''Uncle, she's a brick! She caps anything, but I couldn't marry her if she'd have me, which she wouldn't.''

''You might do worse—an' my will's made, young man,'' retorted the invalid.

''Can't help it! You're getting better, uncle. You'll out-live me yet. You don't need a will,'' said Ben largely.

Arrested by the sound of voices Miss Di turned.

''You'll find your breakfast in the warming oven, Mr. Benjamin Dollcart, junior,'' said she, mildly sarcastic. And Ben took the hint and went in search of it.

About ten o'clock Ben ''did a stunt'' with the string while preparations were made for dinner. He balked at using the hurdy-gurdy, as he disrespectfully christened it. So the little sewing-machine, after generations of useful toil, perched idly on an orchard fence in the scented whirring, song-filled air, while a college youngster lazily sat beside it, and dreamed great careers, his eyes aimlessely following a cloud of dust on the distant road. This presently resolved itself into a slow-stepping team drawing a heavy waggon, whose contents were not clearly defined. Something vaguely brown loomed up in front and then faded into the general dust-cloud as the vehicle moved around the hill out of the range of vision. That anything in so common-place a scene should help to make the fabric of his future could not have been conceived by Ben in this absorbing moment filled with fame and dignities. We do not always know what is just around the corner in our lives.

The cows were content to eat and dream and switch their glossy sides with their tails far from the corded gap, and Ben had gone off into a series of trills and cadences in imitation of some wild canaries in the sun-flecked greenery, so that the advent of Dave with the team scarcely drew his attention.

That worthy approached now, with neck out-thrust and mouth opened ready to speak, but Ben finished elaborating the cadenza he was engaged on before he deigned to notice him.

''Mr. Dollcart, sir, she's out there,'' he said, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder.

''Oh, she is? Well, give her my compliments and tell her she's very welcome,'' said Ben, airily.

Dave paused, irresolute.

''She's got red hair, too,'' he insinuated.

''What! Another!'' said Dave, with mock surprise.

''Yes, consarn it.'' Dave felt that

he had sympathy now. "I brung her in the waggon."

Ben, beginning to find his position on the fence irksome, sprang down and strolled nonchalently around the corner of the house.

And there she was, sure enough. Rich masses of dark red hair, whose heavy braids could not gather in all the tendrils; translucent eyes, brown, with a glint of amber; laughing lips, curving about even, white teeth; and something in the poise of her tall, young figure which made one think of a great, simple, unaffected queen.

Ben stopped, for one instant altogether carried out of self.

"Ben," she said, holding out both hands, her eyes smiling into his.

"Why, it's—it's Diadem," stammered Ben.

"Yes, Diadem, your old playmate of so many years ago," she answered, with a far look, still holding Ben's hands in her light clasp.

"Then who in the hocus-pocus is this imposter here?"

Ben thought he had never heard chimes so sweet as her laugh.

"Imposter! Why it's my great, splendid cousin Diana, who does such noble things always, and who came to see what she could do till I arrived, I was so far away. Imposter!" She laughed again, and Ben wished she would never stop.

He held her at arm's length from him.

"Diadem," he said, as if some glorious light were dawning on him, "my uncle has laid a binding injunction on me. He says I must marry his cousin Diadem, and what my uncle says I will do."

"There's no command in the Bible to that effect," she said, her warm colour deepening.

"Diadem!" he muttered, with vast reproach, "would you have me disregard the wish of my aged relative?"

"You still plunge head-long into things, as you used to into the mill-pond!" she taunted him.

"Come, we must see uncle Benjamin," he urged, drawing her through the open door.

"Here is Diadem, uncle," said he, humility and triumph mingling in his voice. The old man's smiling eyes showed his comprehension as he looked at the laughing pair.

"You know you absolutely refused to marry her, Ben."

"You dismay me, sir," cried Ben, with gay humour.

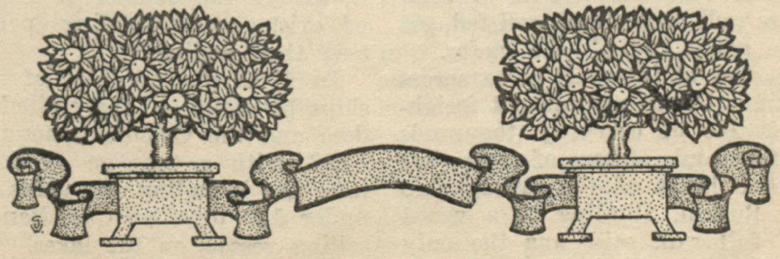
"Besides, I have quite decided to alter my will."

"Ironic fate!" sighed Ben.

"I must find cousin Diana," said Diadem.

"So must I," chanted Ben, following her.

"I am going to leave everything to Diadem, provided she doesn't marry anyone else," called Dollcart, senior, after them.



THE
PASSING OF THE SAILING SHIP

BY CHANDOS ST. JOHN BRENON

IN spite of the fact that the merchant service is the strongest link in our chain of commerce with foreign countries, very little is known or heard of that branch which comes under the head of "cargo ships" or "tramps." One reads very elaborate descriptions of the palatial moving hotels, which transport visitors to and from the various parts of the world; of the wonderful records broken; of the occasional disasters to those palaces, the news of which is flashed to the farthest ends of the earth and which stagger the whole civilised world. But the "tramp," which does the dirty work, which pokes its nose into the highways and byways of the world's markets is entirely ignored. If it goes down with all hands who ever hears of it? Such is, however, always the case, the silent toiler gets no credit. Their gaudy sisters, with their turbine engines, their exquisitely decorated quarters, their perfect equipment, and their full complement of crew who are well housed and well fed, get all the glory and all the *kudos*.

One does at intervals come across the name of some magnificent freighter capable of carrying thousands upon thousands of tons of cargo, but who ever hears of the sailing ship which Ruskin, alluding to a vessel under full sail, said was the only work of man which harmonised with nature.

These, far more than even the tramp steamer, were truly the "silent workers" on the deep. These were the true empire-builders, who forged the chain that has bound the commerce of the world together, and who helped to make the British Empire what she is to-day, who were the forerunners of civilisation, and who, as civilisation advanced, made the way possible for their gaily caparisoned sisters, who have now so nearly destroyed their usefulness. Dependent on the fickle breath of Aëolus for their motive power, they slowly ploughed their monotonous way to their ports of discharge, facing unlimited danger, ever at the mercy of the elements, and nine times out of ten short-handed and the few men they did carry underfed and underpaid.

Thousands of otherwise well-read people are to-day under the impression that the sailing ship is obsolete, but such is not the case. Far from it, though the number of their days of existence is coming perilously near their ending.

In 1909 the number of sailing ships belonging to the United Kingdom and the Colonies amounted to 1,883, with a tonnage of 1,209,995 tons, not including any ships of sail under 100 tons, or Canadian-owned sailing vessels on the lakes. In the British colonies during the year 1907, ninety-seven merchant vessels were launched, of which some thirty odd were sailing ships of more than 100 tons. While it is admitted that the present-day proportion of sailing ships to steamers is comparatively insignficant, the fact still remains that there are sail-propelled vessels, manned and victualled, which, with unfailing irregularity, sail practically around the globe continuously. Only thirty-five years ago the proportion of sail to steam was equal. *En passant,* it is to Canada that belongs the credit of having built and engined the first steamer to cross the Atlantic. This was the *Royal William,* launched at Wolfe's Cove, Quebec, in 1831. Two years later she steamed from Pictou, Nova Scotia, to Gravesend, England, in the wonderful time of twenty-two days.

It is not so much that no more sailing ships are being built as that steamships are being turned out in much greater numbers. While the sailing ship tonnage is gradually dwindling they still hold an important, if unobtrusive, position in the maritime world.

The splendid passages made nowadays by the ocean "greyhounds" leave no opening for the famous old clippers to put forward their claims, but there are many passenger steamers at the present time, known as "intermediate" boats, which take from nine to fourteen days to cross the Atlantic. With these trips some of those made by the old clippers compare very favourably.

The *Red Jacket* in 1854 crossed from New York to the mouth of the Mersey in thirteen days. In 1862 the *Dreadnought,* a full-rigged sailing ship of 1,413 tons, from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, left a record of nine days and seventeen hours that is still spoken of with pride in the forecastle of the present day "windjammer," and which will never be forgotten by the sailing ship man. These records hold their own with the average passage of a modern freighter covering the same trip, and, as a matter of fact, are a good deal better than many can boast of at the present time. A good trip from England to Australia takes thirty-five days, and this time is only made by the most modern ships of the latest design, specially built and under contract with the British Government to carry the mails. In 1868 the *Thermopylae,* a full-rigged ship, made the passage from London to Melboure in sixty days on her maiden voyage, which is not at all behind the same trip made to-day by ordinary tramp steamers. The *Patriarch,* another full-rigged ship, belonging to the famous old Aberdeen line, which firm likewise owned the *Thermopylae,* made the passage from the metropolis of the world to Sidney in sixty-eight days. The *City of Benares,* of which the writer was third officer in 1899, voyaged from New York to Freemantle, Western Australia, in the record time of seventy-seven days, and on her arrival in port found the remains of her sister ship, the *City of York,* which had left New York twenty-eight days ahead of her, piled up on the rocks, and the first news that greeted the captain of the *City of Benares* when he was priding himself on his wonderful passage, was that the coast guardsmen were then dragging for the body of his only son, who was the second mate of the ill-fated ship, and who had been drowned, with twenty-two more, when she struck the reef.

Many are the tales that could be told of the handling of these vessels, which carried in the neighbourhood of 40,000 square feet of canvas when all sail was set. How the captain of the *Thermopylae,* when his ship, tearing along "lee rail under" in half a gale, with all sail set, would padlock his upper yard haulyards so that they could not be lowered while he was below having a "nip" or sleeping, with the knowledge that his ship could sail even faster and her sticks still remain upright if she had a greater spread of canvas. How the captain of the *Red Jacket* swore a mighty oath that he would drive his ship to Melbourne in better time than that of the *Thermopylae* or else drive her to hell. How after raising Melbourne Heads in fifty-seven days he ran his ship on the rocks and lost his own life, as well as many of his crew. The whole history of sailing ships for fifty years back to the present time would make the most fascinating reading, for, at sea nothing is impossible and everything is probable, and the most seemingly improbable and impossible stories are known to be facts by the men who themselves were the heroes or the sufferers, as the case may be.

Uncomfortable, badly fed and badly housed, as was the merchant service sailor, he who had twice rounded the Horn and twice run his "Easting down" could at least say, "I have served my apprenticeship of suffering and truly earned my miserable pittance."

Try, for instance, to realise a passage, not a voyage, of 265 days' duration. Only once seeing land and that when the ship put into Batavia for water. Living on the coarsest of food, dished up in but three varieties, week in and week out. Seeing the same faces day after day until you get so that you want to punch them to alter their appearance, and thus in a measure break the monotony of their continual reappearance at the same hour for months at a time. Hauling on braces day after day, night after night. Trimming heavy yards to take advantage of every breath of air that might help to get the vessel farther on her way. Yet, such was the experience of the bark *Grace Harwar*, New York to Yokohama, in 1897. Not because she was a slow ship, but on account of either adverse winds or maybe no wind at all.

The food in those days, but a short fifteen years ago, had just commenced to earn the consideration of the Board of Trade, urged to the step by Havelock Wilson, M.P., sailors' friend and champion. When the outward-bound ship was moored at her berth in the dock waiting to take in her salt horse and salt pork, an inspector who had never been to sea would pick out a few barrels indiscriminately, knock out the bunghole plug and drive a wooden "fid" or sharp-pointed stick into the meat. If the odour did not make him blink when he placed this stick gingerly in the direction of his nose it was passed as fit for food. If by any chance he got the "fid" too close to his nasal organ and he seemed to be struck a blow in the face and had not previously interviewed the skipper in the cabin he would hold it up. The ship chandler would take it back and eventually some other ship, whose captain was more, shall we say diplomatic? would get it. It was a common and well-known habit of the ship-owners to buy up the condemned meat from the navy and pass it off on the unsuspecting mariner who was to toil so that this owner might benefit, and eat rotten meat in the toiling. I know whereof I speak. But that is done away with now and matters are improved, thanks to a few energetic spirits, who had the sailors' welfare at heart.

Numerous hardships were encountered then and are to-day at sea, be you a sailor on floating palace or on some wheezy old tramp furrowing her way out to the west coast of Africa. There are always the discomforts one expects, but it is the devil you don't know rather than the one you do that makes the life all the harder. The sailor knows that some day he will have to "round the Horn" in thirty degrees below zero, to shorten sail in the teeth of a freezing wind, laden with spindrift, as the gale whips the tops of mountainous waves into a froth that is carried high into the air. Reefing sail twenty minutes after "taking them in," when the little dead, white spots on your finger tips tell of frost bites, but you had no time to look to it nor any sympathy to expect. Hanging eighty feet in the air, battling with a thundering, whipping sheet of canvas stretched to the hardness of a steel plate, frost bites did not matter. The main thing was to try and keep your perch, for if you failed, frost bites would never trouble you more. Sleeping in wet clothes for weeks at a stretch, because everything you had was lying in the half a foot of water that had either oozed into your quarters or else had come helter-skelter through the scuttle by the liquid ton. Hauling on ropes, with cataracts of green water pouring over your head, frequently being washed and smashed from side to side of the ship as she rolled and staggered with the added weight of a goodly section of the ocean on her decks. If at night, uncertain as to whether you had been washed overboard or not. Abused by "bucco" mates. Living on cold, half-cooked, rotten beef, when you would have given half a month's pay for a piping hot cup of coffee. The food was cold because the galley fire and the galley itself had been inundated for two or three days. Hungry, worn out, half-frozen and wretched, anxiously watching for just the right slant of wind to get you round the "corner." Once around, however, the warm weather and the fact that misery had in a great measure been left behind cheered a great deal, then the trip ashore in the new land and finally the start for home. Home! For what? Yet the sailor always longed to be home. To be robbed of his hard-earned monies by the finest aggregation of crimps and thieves each and every port could muster. I have seen a sailor claimed by a woman as her husband, a woman who had never set eyes on him before, but who caught the poor devil in the right degree of drunkenness and when she was backed up by the crimps the sailor eventually believed that she was his wife. This and many other schemes to get hold of the homeward bounders' pay day. But the more the shellback was robbed the less he seemed to guard against it, and were conditions the same to-day the sailors' harpies would still haunt the dock front and read the maritime papers to get news of the ship that was coming in. But it is hardly worth while now, there are so few sailing ships anywhere.

The explanation is simple. Before the reaching of the steamer to the position it now holds, the sailing ship was the popular means of conveyance. It was cheaper. She carried less crew, had no coal to buy or expensive machinery to get out of order, and, because she could be operated at less cost, she could carry freight cheaper to any part of the world, with exceptions of Mediterranean ports and one or two other seaport towns. Their greatest trade was on the west coast of South America, going around Cape Horn and back by the Cape of Good Hope to Europe, with a cargo of saltpetre. The completion of the Panama Canal will drive them from this trade as the opening of the Suez Canal drove them out of the Indian Ocean. The time saved by the Panama route will cut so much off both time and distance that the steamer will be able to compete on an even basis with the sailing ship, and, with speed in her favour, her rival, the sailing vessel, will lose the control of the trade.

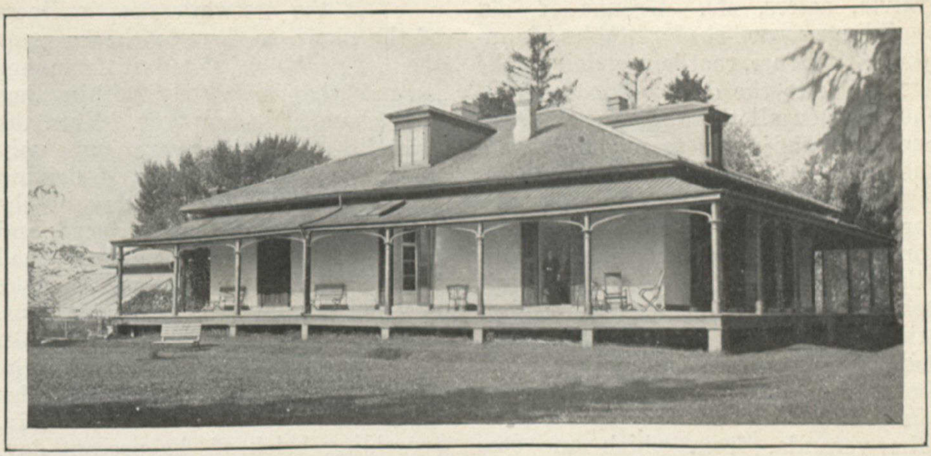
Calcutta offers an example of the decline of the sailing ship. Fifteen years ago Garden Reach, where all the sailing ships would anchor, looked like a veritable forest, so thickly was the horizon studded with masts and yards. To-day, four sailing ships at the same time would cause a great deal of comment. Yet at one time vessels of sail had to wait their turn to get into their tier to unload and captains would fret and fume about delays and speak threateningly of demurrage. New York was a veritable gold mine to the crimps and boarding-house runners, who would sail down as far as the Highland Light in their iniquitous endeavours to land a "windjammer" sailor and bleed him of his well-earned wage. To-day, if a deep-sea sailing ship comes alongside the pier, hundreds of people visit her as a wonderful sight. And so it is all over the world. They can still be found in Chilian ports, in Yokohama and here and there in Australia, but their arrivals are few and far between, and the mighty oceans, once dotted with their glistening sails at every latitude, to-day cradle them but very rarely.

The look-out man of the gorgeous mail boat watches for the black pall of smoke on the horizon that tells of a sister ship steaming her way at some wonderful speed to some port, but he never gives a thought to sighting a graceful clipper under a full spread of snowy canvas, her weather rigging singing to the strain as she leans over to the stiff breeze, reeling off her twelve knots, silent as the night, clean as a hound's tooth, in harmony with nature, a sight, if once seen, never forgotten.

The steamer has outpaced the "windjammer." It is faster, but not one whit safer. Any old salt will tell you he would rather be in a sailing ship "hove to" in a gale of wind than in any steamer that was ever built, under the same conditions. The sailing ship has no propeller to lose. She has masts upon which to spread her sails, not little toothpicks gummed to the deck, which are far too small to allow the old and rotten canvas that is put upon them to be of any use. Canvas that has in all probability been stowed away for months until it has become like paper. The sailing ship is safer in every way and will ride out any gale more staunchly and more gracefully than any steamer ever launched.

Just as the vessel of sail is disappearing, so is the real sailor becoming a thing of the past. These ships were too often under-manned, but every member of the crew was a sailor in the true sense of the word. He could splice anything in the way of a piece of rope and in many different styles. He could furl a royal alone, was never at a loss how to handle any job, a splendid helmsman, a wonder at all kinds of useful and fancy knots, and, above all, a "sailor man." Hard drinking, hard swearing, hard living, hard working, and hard to manage, he was generous to a fault, and always boasted that "every tooth in his mouth was a marlin spike, every hair on his head a rope yarn, and every drop of blood in his veins Stockholm tar. Now, as the steamship is driving the "lime-juicer" off the ocean highways, the shellback is gradually becoming as rare as the dodo. A different brand has sprung up and taken his place. Admittedly, a good brand, for "those who go down to the sea in ships" are a hardy race. But they do not have to be sailors as sailors were known a few years ago. Yet, to-day the man who applies for a berth on any ship, from A. B. to captain, gets the preference if he can show "wind-bag" discharges. But the time will come when even that fact will make no difference, for the march of modern improvement is making it unnecessary.

The enthralling stories that could be told of sail . . . ., but why talk of that? Public taste calls for tales dealing with flying machines, automobiles and *super-Mauretanias.* The ship of sail is out of date. The day the Panama Canal opens its gates to the shipping world the obituary on the sailing ship can then be prepared, and with its writing goes the real romance of the sea.



THE GWYNNE RESIDENCE, DUFFERIN STREET ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING LANDMARKS OF TORONTO

FORMER LANDMARKS OF TORONTO

BY MRS. FORSYTH GRANT

GOING down to the National Exhibition, towards the lake, one has often seen from the cars a long fence of wooden boards, with a small barred gate leading to an almost impenetrable growth of splendid old spruce and fir trees, the branches of which interlace across the driveway. At the end of this is the pretty old bungalow in which for many years lived the late Dr. Gwynne. A wide lawn surrounds the house, the grass growing up close to the verandah, which runs around three sides; and at the south end of the lawn, almost hidden by the over-growth of bushes and bracken, is probably the very last piece of snake fencing left in Toronto. When this homestead was built, in the early years of the last century, it was considered, of course, quite in the country; and the difficulty of bad or no roads made the distance a long one for a ride or drive.

At the east side of the grounds, bordering now on the street pavement, is an enormous willow tree, with huge gnarled trunk, reminding one forcibly of the splendid old willows in Annapolis Royal, planted two hundred years ago by the French. The story (a perfectly true one) is that Dr. Gwynne, in returning from a walk one day, plucked and carried in his hand a willow branch, and before going into the house carelessly stuck it in the ground, where it took root, and to-day is a magnificent tree. There must have been moisture in the ground from springs, streams, or what not, to have encouraged such wonderful growth. On one side of the house a break in the fence leads one into a dear old garden, where beds of flowers riot at their own sweet will; a glass grapery is also there, and another small garden has a wealth of bloom from dahlias, stocks, zinnias, nasturtiums, salvia, asters, etc. Groups of old buildings, wood-sheds, stables, laundries, ice-house, root-house, dairy, take one back to the days of one's childhood, when all these were considered necessary adjuncts to a gentleman's home.

Returning to the veranda, the open front door hospitably ushers one into a pretty, square hall, with the quaint old yellow "marble" paper familiar to one's early recollections. The hall is furnished as a sitting-room, and thence one goes into a bright,cheery room, with open fire, and long window opening on the veranda, from which one sees the lake. The drawing-rooms are well-proportioned, with high ceilings and walls, some two feet thick, the French windows also opening to the veranda on to the green lawn. The dining-room is a beautiful room, with deep window seats and quaint wooden fireplace. Across the hall, passing the entrance to pantry, storeroom and kitchen, is the tiny, queerly-built staircase, with a dangerous curve to its twisting steps, mounting to the upper floor, with its irregular ceilings and air of musty dinginess. There one finds fine gable windows, with such pretty vistas of lawns and gardens. The ghosts of a dead time seem to flit before one in the dim light of the oil lamps in the early twilight of the autumn day; and the glimpse of the long, crimson bell ropes on every wall, their tasselled ends descending from a big rosette-like ornament, bring long-forgotten memories to one's mind. Such a charming old home it might still be made; but the relentless march of advancement in property value has debarred any such thought. The many acres surrounding the house mean that dormant wealth must be realised, and soon this most picturesque and delightful old Toronto home will be a thing of the past.

The shriek of the engine, the rattle of the electric cars, the hoot of the automobile, all go to disturb the quiet of the erstwhile deep stillness of the place, so dear to the heart of the lady who inherited it from her parents that absolutely nothing has been changed in any way. Even the splendid old trees were cut only when the stern necessity of driving to the door on the sad day of the owner's funeral had to be faced, and some of the great intertwined branches had to be cut off to make way for the procession. The kitchens, with their pantries and cupboards, were rambling and roomy, and the thickness of the walls was a wonder when contrasted with the thin, crumbling brick of the present day. In times past, the place must have been quite charming, and the contrast between the hurry and bustle of life now, and what must have made the peaceful, even work of the days gone by, when the master of the place could have occupied himself for hours in the daily duties of a man of leisure, devoted to his home and its surroundings, is a thing one cannot quite take in in this country, where the towns make the life such a hurry-scurry.

One saunters down the broad drive, under the magnificent pines and firs, and, pausing at the primitive little wooden gate, one takes a last look at the low, white house, with the veranda shadowing the front door; at the long-grassed lawns, and glimpse of gardens beyond, with the trees everywhere, all ghostly in the gloaming. Then one passes out and the next moment is caught in the racket of another world, as though such an hour had been but a dream of an "Auld Hoose," with the "touch of a vanished hand and the sound of voice that is still" lingering pleasantly in the memory.

And, likewise, in going down time after time to the Woodbine racecourse, or to the eastern country clubs, to anyone with a love for that which is indicative of by-gone days, it is a most interesting pastime to watch from the tramway for the queer old places. No doubt, in the past these were scenes of gaiety and true hospitality in the small but brilliant society of Little York. Before one really leaves the city streets there are several houses which have been pointed out by those who knew as "where they used to give such parties and dances!" Then the men arrived in uniform, with clanking swords, set off, no doubt, by the simple frocks of daintiest embroidered muslins and sashes of pink and blue; with flowing curls and handsome cameo brooches and earrings (I have some now, belonging to a former belle, three inches long, set in swinging gold frames). The smooth parting of the ringlets was often marked by a delicate gold chain and tiny jewelled ornament on the forehead, called "drops."

One dear old house stands on the south side of King Street, near the bend of the erstwhile cow paths, along which now thunders the big electric street cars. The old porches and small-paned windows are as they were generations ago, and the queer twists and rooms lead into the pretty old garden, in which not so long ago the late Mr. John Small and Mrs. Small were photographed, with happiest results. The Don River still preserves a peaceful country aspect in part, especially the road which winds up the east side, and in the forties was a favourite ride and drive for the many who in those days rode and drove their own horses and ponies.

The road leading up to Chester was a great rendezvous for sleighing parties (all gone now, alas!), when the beautiful black bearskin robes made the pretty sleighs and cutters so comfortable. I can remember several of these great robes being used as rugs in Sleepy Hollow after the sleighs were gone, and the silvery music of the hills was quite enchanting in the wintry air.

Farther on is a fine old red brick wall, with big wooden gate, solid as iron almost, deep inset, with a smaller gate near by; behind are some splendid old trees, but the home formerly there has gone forever. Still farther on is the site of the first church in that part, the land being given by my grandfather, the late Sir John Beverley Robinson, whose sister, Mrs. Heward, had a delightful old home on the lake side of the road, where the remains of the orchard are still to be seen.

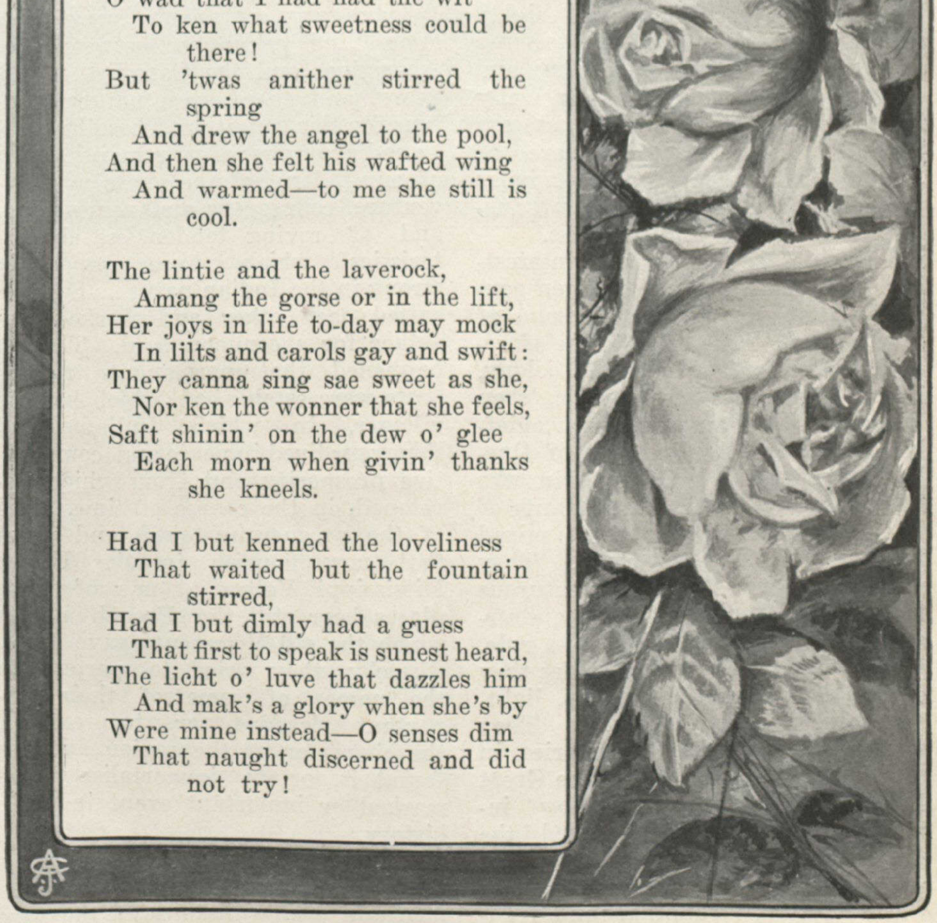
In those days a drive to "Aunt Heward's" was considered quite a country expedition. The big carriage was ordered, with the stout grays, the same team that drew Sir Peregrine Maitland, when Governor, on his historic Sunday drive from St. James's. As he came out of church the fire-bell rang (a dire sound at that time), and His Excellency, uniform, cocked hat, and all, jumped into the first carriage standing near by, and, with my father on the box, a small boy, delighting in the fun of the race, hurried the old coachman into a speed he had not allowed his beloved animals to attain, in the general anxiety to find out if the fire had attacked Government House. The roads being bad, no doubt it was a long drive to the homestead, but the hearty welcome, with delicious home-made dainties, was always ready to greet the visitors. My great-aunt was a notable housekeeper, and scarcely ever went out of the house, devoting herself to looking after the comfort and well-being of her home.

On the north side is a still charming site of an old home, where a pretty, placid lake lies embosomed in lovely green-wooded banks, with the remains of a long avenue, and glimpse of white palings beyond. Imagine for a moment the different vehicles which must have gone along that far-reaching highway! Old, old waggons, stage coaches, with passengers, and parcels galore; omnibuses, with their little wooden painted panels (I heard of a man making a most interesting collection of these from all parts of the country); with their neck-breaking flat roofs; old-fashioned barouches and landaus, pony phaetons and sleighs, with steps for the footman to stand on behind—winter and summer—four-in-hand tandems, for which the military men were famous; horses, with riders in flowing habits and high hats, the men with strapped riding trousers and beavers, and, years ago, a man and wife with pillion, (I have seen one in an old farm-house, used by the grandparents of the owners). All these are gone now to make way for the crowded tram cars, and the evil-smelling, rushing automobiles. Beyond all lies the lovely blue of Lake Ontario, which, however its surroundings may change, will ever be the same great inland sea.

MANITOBA

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

MY ways are simple and my speech is plain.
I am no weakling of an easy birth,
Caressed and humoured by indulgent hands,
But came to man's estate by dent of toil,
Youth in my blood and courage in my eyes.
Son of the West and daughter of the East,
I am no bastard of unworthy strain,
But, bred of man's ambition, woman's love,
Laugh in the sunlight of my own domain.
My youth is on me yet, to fear unknown!
Laggard discretion and slow penury
Whine at my gates, unwelcome, ill-at-ease.
Full quick to love and quicker to resent,
Free-handed, open-hearted, careless, gay,
I make you welcome at my common hearth,
Blood of my blood, kin of the West and East.
My dreams of yesterday are true to-day;
My visions—"fool" you called me in your pride—
Were but God's premonition of the wealth
You see to-day in market, store and street.
I bear no malice for your lack of trust;
A land of plenty, won by my own hands,
Is greater far than even your largesse.
Smiling, I reap the harvest of my toil.



I Didna Ken She Was Sae Fair

BY CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

UNTIL wi' luve her eyes were lit,
I didna ken she was sae fair.
O wad that I had had the wit
To ken what sweetness could be there!
But 'twas anither stirred the spring
And drew the angel to the pool,
And then she felt his wafted wing
And warmed—to me she still is cool.

The lintie and the laverock,
Amang the gorse or in the lift,
Her joys in life to-day may mock
In lilts and carols gay and swift:
They canna sing sae sweet as she,
Nor ken the wonner that she feels,
Saft shinin' on the dew o' glee
Each morn when givin' thanks she kneels.

Had I but kenned the loveliness
That waited but the fountain stirred,
Had I but dimly had a guess
That first to speak is sunest heard,
The licht o' luve that dazzles him
And mak's a glory when she's by
Were mine instead—O senses dim
That naught discerned and did not try!

Drawing by A.J. Clark

SEIGNEUR JULIEN DU BUQUE

BY SIPKO FRANCIS REDERUS

THE early settlement and development of that part of the United States known by the name of Middle-North-West, embracing parts of the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Illinois, furnishes a story which is of a highly fascinating nature. It is teeming with romance, acts of daring and charming adventure, and especially interesting to those who are possessed of a vivid imagination, are of a practical nature and admire those stern virtues that are productive of happiness and progress.

The chief actors on that interesting stage of history are the men generally known by the name of "Voyageurs," who came to the aforesaid region from the French colony, in the north-east of America, then known as New France, and now chiefly embracing the Province of Quebec and parts of Ontario, in the Dominion of Canada, descendants of French colonists, and of mixed French and Indian blood. They were a hardy and adventurous race, full of ambition, energy, courage, and perseverance, and, as a rule, religious, too. To such qualities they added the virtues of honesty, lightheartedness and sympathy. They would come to these territories in their canoes, by the way of the Great Lakes and rivers that flow into them, until they reached the Mississippi, which they also traversed, keeping themselves busy with hunting, trapping, and trading with the Indians. At first they came for the latter purpose, and were very successful in establishing commercial relations with them, which grew often into intimacy to such an extent that some of them married Indian wives and became members of the tribes.

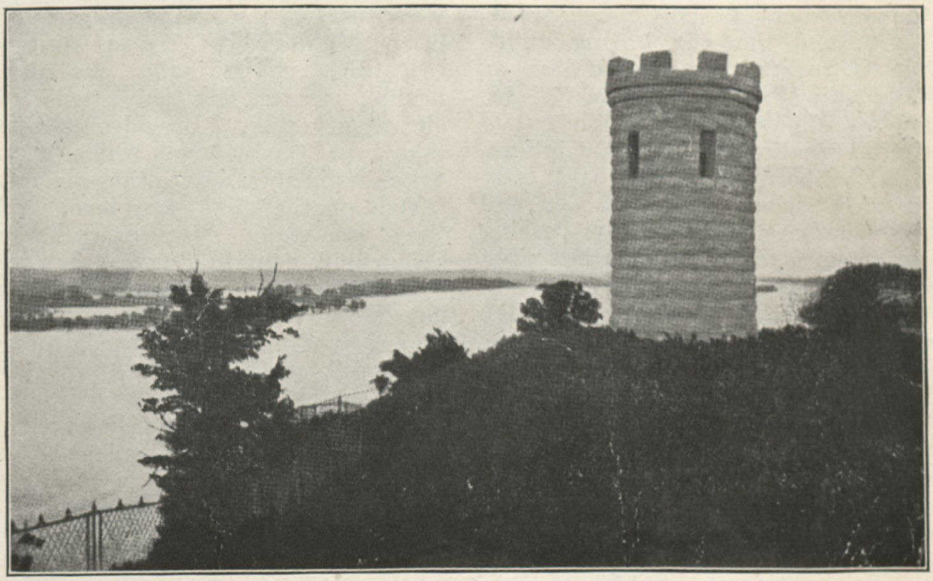
There was, as a rule, very little quarrelling going on between the Aborigines and the Canadian Voyageurs, and there were natural reasons for this condition. These French-Canadians were of a romantic turn of mind, fond of the chase and adventure, courageous and persevering, and of roving tendencies, characteristics which were especially strong in the Indian nature. So they suited each other and worked together for a common weal. Thus it happened that permanent trading posts were established, which became villages, in which Indian and Voyageur lived in peace and comparative prosperity and from which developed, in the course of time, some of the prosperous towns and cities that now flourish in the Upper Mississippi Valley. Some of these places bear still the French names which the old Voyageurs gave them, whereby they tried to perpetuate the names of some of their important leaders, or to express the character of the region as they found it, or to immortalise some marked or important event in their history.

We never grow tired of reading the records of that long ago, of its men and events that paved the way for a grand civilisation, which commands now the respect of the world.

They stimulate our imagination, and when we read of them the panorama of that past comes vividly before us, and we see the old Voyageurs, Indian Tribes and early pioneers before us. We see them in our imagination, once more travelling up and down the grand rivers, amid superb scenes, in beautiful Wisconsin, charming Minnesota, and the scenic parts of Iowa and on the great Mississippi.

Here we detect them as solitary travellers in birch-bark canoes, of Indian fashion, and there in the larger bateaux, in groups, all wearing a picturesque dress of a mixed French and Indian pattern, their cut and colours happily blended, bright red being prominent in the latter, sometimes relieved by the sombre hue of the habit of some Jesuit father who accompanies them, to teach them the elevating doctrines of the cross, to keep in check their turbulent spirits, and who following them into the Indian camps teaches the Red Man the same principles.

We see them in happy mood in spring and summer-time as they come floating down the "Father of Waters," lightly plying the oars, with hope in their bosom, singing songs of love, adventure and patriotism that awaken the echoes of forest and glen. We hear them relating their anecdotes, which relieves their weary feelings, breaks the monotony of the journey, and shortens the trip. We see them in fall returning from their trading expeditions, in their loaded canoes and bateaux, their faces beaming with joy, highly satisfied with the trade, although not so boisterous, because of the weariness of body and mind, caused by the tear and wear of long journey, their eyes steadily looking forward eager to catch the first sight of the landing place, which means a temporary rest and a season of amusement, both necessary for the recuperation of their strength and revival of their drooping spirits. And as we thus travel with them, on the bosom of the grand "Father of Waters," in



THE GRAVE OF JULIEN DU BUGUE

spring, summer and fall, what unique and ever charming scenes we see. Here castellated rocks, majestic and imposing, towering high above the stream, there picturesque hills, swelling gracefully from the river, covered with primeval forests, where the woodman's axe never made havoc, and the oak, having undisturbed outlived his thousand years, falls quietly into the arms of his sturdy fellows, who bury him out of sight, beneath their luxuriant foliage.

It is the paradise of wild creatures, of wolves, bear, and deer, and we sometimes see the latter rushing along the forest edge until lost sight of in the thicket, pursued by the hunter; or stealthily emerging from the forest, coming to the river to slake his thirst, but to flee for safety when suddenly he sees the Voyageur's boat emerging from behind a projecting precipice in the stream. And how glorious are some of these scenes in the quiet autumnal days, when the landscape is wrapped in a transparent veil of purple haze, through which the golden foliage is gleaming and the fire of the maple is glowing.

But we see the Voyageur also in very unattractive surroundings and in a serious mood in the dreamy November days, when the winds blow fiercely and rain comes pouring down in torrents, cold and penetrating, drenching him to the skin, still toiling onward, supported in his plight by the anticipation of home, with rest and comfort, which he is nearing with each sturdy stroke of the paddle. And in the winter months, when the snow lies thick, travelling through the forest on snowshoes, hunting and trapping, the thermometer at forty below zero, sometimes wandering, having lost the trail, with frozen limbs, half-starved, till he finds the Indian lodge, where the friendly Red Man nurses him back to health and strength. Or at another time we may find him engaged in the hard work of mining, under the most unfavorable circumstances, which slowly undermine his vigorous constitution.

Thus we picture in our imagination the old Voyageur in prosperity and adversity, eking out a bare subsistence or gathering wealth (the adventurer of the eighteenth century in the Middle-North-West of America), who, unknowingly, was preparing, under the direction of an all-governing Providence, for that broad civilisation which now flourishes in these interesting regions.

One of the most conspicuous of these romantic adventurers was Seigneur Julien Du Buque, who was born January 10th, 1762, in the village of St. Pierre les Brecquets, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, in the Province of Quebec, some fifty miles above the city of that name, in the district of Three Rivers. His parents appear to have been people of the better class, who gave him the best education which the Province afforded, having him reared in the Jesuit School of Sorel. There he made a fair show of his mental abilities, made fine progress and won the esteem of his instructors for his good behaviour and close application to study. His character was such that he made also a very favourable impression outside of the school, and people esteemed him for his gentle disposition, honesty, courage, and moral character. He was very popular also with the village urchins, whose superior he was in dash and daring, and who, as a rule, chose him as a leader in their sports and adventures, which were often imitations of exploits and explorations, characteristic of the times. These he loved in a marked degree, and it was his ambition some day to become a Voyageur, too, of whose discoveries and exploits such wonderful things were told.

At a very early age he gave already expressions to these desires, and he told his parents what wonderful things he would do in the untrodden wilderness beyond the Great Lakes if they would let him go. But his kinsfolk did not take a fancy to his wonderful ideals. They tried to discourage him, picturing to him in dark colours the hardships connected with such a life. But their arguments were of very little avail, and the more they talked against his wishes, the more he desired to go.

They did not try, however, to suppress his ambition altogether, but put him off with the gentle advice to wait until he was of age, hoping that by that time he would see the folly of such a course. But they were mistaken. Julien's desire to depart became at last a fixed purpose, and when he had become of age he begged them, still respecting their position, to let him go now. Seeing that it would be of no avail to oppose him any longer, and that his project might be to him a success, as it had been to others, and that, successful or not, he might anyway some day return, they gave at last their consent, and in the spring of 1785, at the age of twenty-three, he entered upon his journey. He was by this time a strong, muscular youth, of medium height, with dark complexion and keen, piercing eyes, in every way well fitted physically and mentally for such an arduous undertaking.

There was again a company of Voyageurs ready to make their annual trip up the St. Lawrence to try their luck along the Great Lakes and in the wilderness beyond. These he joined, and thus forever bade farewell to his dear ones and sweet scenes of youth at St. Pierre les Brecquets, (for his plan some day to return would never ripen into execution). The party stopped for some time at the city of Montreal to purchase supplies, and a light-hearted throng it was, who sang as they worked. When all the necessities had been secured they paddled westward, leaving soon the last vestige of civilisation behind. It was a hard and wearisome journey, and the paddles had almost incessantly to be plied to make headway against the strong current of the mighty St. Lawrence, and when they entered the lakes many a violent squall threatened them with destruction. To this was added the inconveniences of portages, when the boats had to be carried from one river to another through dense forest, over hills, and through marshes. But the occupants of the boats were not all bound for the same place. Some now and then would drop off to trade and trap in regions where they had been before, while others, having already journeyed for some distance, would get discouraged and return with the first party they met on their way homeward. Some, however, would continue the voyage to penetrate the wilderness and try their luck in regions where only a few had ventured or no white man ever had set his foot.

Julien Du Buque belonged to that venturesome remnant, pushing their way vigorously until they struck the Wisconsin River. This stream they descended and entered the great Mississippi, which reminded our young adventurer of the majestic St. Lawrence, of his native land, which filled his soul with a sweet homelike feeling in the strange country. Floating down the mighty stream, they came at last to a lonely trading-place, where they found some of their countrymen, who had established themselves there permanently, trading with the Indians. The place had already been settled by some of their predecessors in 1737, who had called it "Prairie du Chien," having named it after an Indian Tribe, which went by the name of Dogs, and was already a very busy place. They found here several log cabins and Indian lodges and a population of about two hundred people, Indians, Canadians, and Half-breeds, with their wives and children. The newcomers were received with great hospitality and Du Buque made up his mind to stay there, and try his luck. He had made a good choice, too, for the settlers remained friendly to him, because of his honest character, pleasant disposition, and good counsel.

With the Indians he became in particular a favourite and they trusted him and followed his advice, and soon he was engaged with them in extensive trade that brought him great profits. A greater white man had never lived among them, and they adopted him as a member of their tribes and gave him the poetic name of "Little Cloud." In the course of time Du Buque explored the region on both sides of the river and soon came to the discovery of rich lead ore, which might be turned to valuable account. He spoke of this to the Indians, who were well aware of the existence of the metal, but who had made very little use of it, because they did not find it beneficial nor valuable. They told him also how it had been discovered. In 1780 a certain squaw, by name of Peosta, had found it first in a specified region, where there was still an abundance of it, and which, perhaps, by some cunning white man could be used for more useful and profitable purposes. That was good news for young Du Buque, and he made up his mind to come in possession of the region, and by mining to obtain greater profits than by mere trading, for he was some kind of minerologist, and had also some knowledge of mining.

With this end in view, he opened up negotiations with the Indians, trying to obtain their permission to develop the mines, which they had abandoned. Being a very diplomatic man and possessing their confidence, it was not a hard matter for him to obtain their permission. In 1788, November 22nd, the chiefs and warriors assembled at Prairie du Chien to consider the matter, and their decision was most favourable for "Little Cloud," for they drew up a document, duly signed, which gave him the right asked for, and which is still in existence. It runs as follows: "We sell and abandon to Julien Du Buque all the coast and contents of the mines discovered by the wife of Peosta, so that no white man nor Indian shall make any pretensions to it without the consent of Seigneur Du Buque." The grant was written in the French language, and the amount of territory claimed by Du Buque, thus ceded to him by the Indians, was about nine miles wide, back of the river and reached from the little Maquoketa, several miles above the present city of Dubuque, near the mouth of the Tetes des Morts, then known by the Indian name of Mesquabygonques, several miles below.

Du Buque now moved across the river and occupied his territory, near the Fox Indian village, ruled over by Kettle Chief, taking with him ten French-Canadians from Prairie du Chien to assist him in the new work as miners, smelters, wood-choppers, and river men. Thus the first local industry was established in the wild regions of the Mississippi valley, which became an incentive to others to begin afterward enterprises of another nature, and which now are so numerous in the towns and cities of that region, especially in the beautiful busy town that bears the name of this first prospector and trader, Dubuque.

The mines were operated in a very primitive way by running drifts into the bluffs, from which the ore was removed by the simple instruments of shovel, crowbar, and pick-axe without the aid of powder or any other explosive, because they could not be obtained, and when the ore was separated from the rock it was carried out in baskets to the smelting furnaces.

Aged Indians and Squaws also helped in the work, for the young and middle-aged braves considered it to be beneath their dignity to engage in such a labour. Du Buque did not find it difficult to secure a market for his product. He could at once sell the melted ore in St. Louis, several hundred miles down the river, where he found also a profitable market for his furs and other material obtained by bartering with the Indians. Twice a year all that he had to sell, the lead being the principal material, was gathered together in the bateaux and the boats, which were well manned, and they floated down the river to the aforementioned large trading post below. The flotilla presented a unique spectacle, full of life and colour, of gaily-dressed Voyageurs, and Indians in gorgeous trappings and feathers, and when they started on the journey all uttered loud "hurrahs" while the gayest of the Voyageurs sang their lively tunes, which often were repeated when they passed lonely trading posts along the river.

Du Buque, when health permitted was always one of their number to superintend the voyage and the trading in St. Louis, and, as a rule, he was happy in mood like the rest. When they arrived at their destination they were received with shouts and songs, and in connection with the work there followed always a time of some sport and amusement. Thus attending to duty and pleasure, the days there rapidly passed by, and the last day of their stay was usually wound up with a Grand Ball in honour of the grand "Seigneur" Du Buque, whose position and cultivated manners had made him a favourite with the best feminine society of that peculiar period, for, notwithstanding his associations with rough characters, he remained the dignified and polished gentleman.

When the boats left, there were again enthusiastic shouts and songs on the shore and bateaux and the cheery Voyageurs, plying the paddles with the full strength of their sinewy arms, rowed stream upward, a heavy task, which, through their energy and perseverance, terminated as a rule in a safe landing at their destination. Their home-coming, too, was also a happy occasion, and friends and relatives would receive them with great demonstrations of joy. A busy time followed then, and there was for many a day great hustle and bustle at the settlement.

In 1762 France had ceded the Province of Louisiana to Spain, and so at the time when Du Buque operated the mines it belonged to that country and was governed by the Baron De Carondelet. Well knowing that his territory in the course of time would grow in importance, but fearing that his title to it, which he had obtained from the Indians, might no be binding enough to leave him in permanent possession of it, he petitioned that official, in a very suave language, to confirm his grant with his official seal. The Governor was satisfied with his explanation and being also favourably impressed with his polished address, granted him the request and confirmed him in his claims.

Thus firmly established in his rights by the Spanish Government, he called his territory now, in compliment to its generosity, "The Mines of Spain." The order was issued November 10th, 1796, and it was accompanied with the good wishes of the Governor that prosperity and health might remain the portion of His Honour Seigneur Julien Du Buque. Thus an important point was gained by the prospector, and his industry began to flourish and expand, and soon Du Buque's name was known all over the North-West. His influence with the Indians, which was very marked already, became now greater too, not merely because he had become a more powerful man, but a better man, too, their greater friend. They found out more and more, now, that his advice followed, which always had been good, was still the very best advice.

In establishing his own prosperity and that of his race, he established that of the Indians, too. A greater and better Medicine Man had never spoken to them. He was the greatest mounth-piece of the Great Spirit for the Indians. So Du Buque became more and more the esteemed leader of the whites and the Indians, and it seemed as if an unclouded future was opening up for the great prospector and trader. But Providence had not destined it to be so. Reverses were soon to come and to multiply, and the sunny day of the good and in many respects wise man was to terminate in tempest and darkness. His great prosperity had been noised abroad, and it had lured other adventurers to his place, who were not only persistent competitors, but often cunning and unscrupulous schemers. Du Buque came sometimes in collision with some of them, and that terminated often in litigations, in which he became the loser, which impeded his progress and crippled his resources. Thereby he had made the fatal mistake, after having secured from the Spanish Government, as he thought, a permanent title to his land, to operate his business on too large a scale, with the result that his expenses far exceeded his income.

But he flattered himself with the idea that some day his enterprises would pay and cover all his losses, because of the inevitable development of the country, which was daily going on before his eyes. So he continued his policy and borrowed larger sums of money, which involved him gradually deeper in his debts. He owed the largest sums to Auguste Chouteau, a merchant of St. Louis, and finally in order to extricate himself partly from his incumbrances he settled with that man by turning over to him seven-tenths of his possessions, October, 1804. This loss did not discourage him, however; on the other hand, it gave him new energy, being set afloat free, and then he believed also that the changed political condition of Louisiana was most favourable now to his interests, for the Province had again changed masters. Spain had transferred it back to France, and France in turn, at the command of Napoleon, had sold it to the newly established Republic of the United States, in which he saw his safety and progress. Like all French-Canadians of his time, Seigneur Du Buque had no liking for England, which had conquered his beloved New France and severed it from the mother country. He had always expected that that country would some day also secure Louisiana, and in such a case he feared for the safety of the title of his land and enterprise. But now when it had come into possession of the young Republic—the country of the free—that so emphatically had proclaimed the rights of the individual and no doubt would grow to magnificent proportions, reaching beyond the Mississippi, including his territory, and which therefore would increase in value, he worked harder than ever.

But Du Buque would soon find out how mistaken he was. The new Government proved to be fatal to his interests. It would not recognise the legality of his claim, as he had first secured it from the Indians, though the former Spanish Governor had affixed his seal to it. Litigation followed, which incurred to him great expense. This continued till the United States courts and the law decided against him and he lost his land. It was the severest blow that ever fell upon him, but the indomitable man was not crushed yet. He rose from the fall with new courage, for he was still in the vigour of life, and he saw, as he thought, his opportunities. Once more he placed himself with firm hand at the helm of the ship that was foundering, and, with the tempest thickening around him, he tried to steer the prow in the direction of the Promised Land. Alas! for poor Du Buque, he was never to see it, for his ship went down in mid-ocean, swept asunder by the tempest that caused also the death of the master.

The March winds had swept the valley, chilly and penetrating, accompanied with rain and sleet. Du Buque's robust constitution, which for so many years successfully had withstood all kinds of weather, not minding November squalls nor wintry blizzards, had this time found March weather too severe a strain. He caught a cold, it penetrated his vigorous system, it developed into pneumonia, and after a short and painful illness heroic Julien Du Buque breathed his last March 24th, 1810. He was fated never to see his beloved native land again, with dear relatives and friends, whom he had expected to meet some day as a wealthy man, to spend with them his last days amid familiar scenes. His death came as a shock to all who had known him and felt his good influences for hundreds of miles around. They knew that a great man had fallen, which was all the more deplorable, because much was yet expected from one who was only in the forty-eighth year of his life at his death.

He was unquestionably the greatest of all the French-Canadians who have been instrumental in building up civilisation in the Upper Mississippi Valley and adjacent regions, and the greatest friend of the down-trodden Indians. In consequence of this there was great mourning about him among both races, especially among the Fox Indians, with whom he had lived so long, and who knew him best. He was buried with great honours and the impressive ceremonials of the Roman Catholic Church, and laid to rest upon a promontory towering more than two hundred feet above the Mississippi, from which he had so often looked down upon the mighty stream and magnificent country.

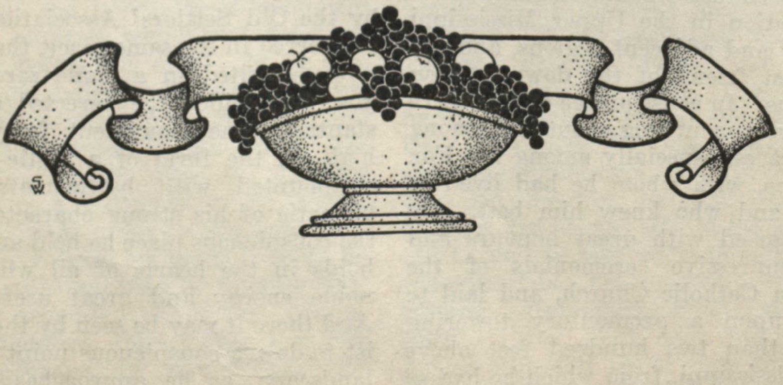
White people and Indians had come from far and near to form the long procession that followed his bier, which was a wonderfully picturesque train, composed of different ages, and of men and women, prominent among them, the Voyageurs, in their unique garment, and Indians, in gorgeous attire and feathers. As they bore his body slowly up the hill, along the winding trail in the forest, the Indian women chanted their doleful death songs and the braves looked sad and grave, and many a sturdy Voyageur wept, some loudly sobbing as they went along. Arriving at the grave, impressive speeches were delivered and rare oratory uttered by the chiefs, such as the Indian only can render, extolling his virtues, calling him the father, the brother, and the great friend of their race. When all these honours had been paid to him his body was reverently lowered into the sepulchre, which was excavated in the rock and carefully covered with slabs of stone. They made the tomb an elaborate affair, partly of wood and partly of stone, and erected over it a large cedar cross, the grave itself bearing this inscription in the French language in large characters:

"Seigneur Julien Du Buque, mineur des mines d'Espange, mort, March 24, 1810—48 ans et 6 mois."

In 1896 his remains were taken up by the Old Settlers' Association and reinterred in the same place, the body now deposited in a stone sarcophagus, over which they erected a substantial stone monument forty feet high, in the form of a castle-tower, surmounted with battlements, emblematic of his strong character and the conspicuous place he held and still holds in the hearts of all who love noble energy and great usefulness. And there it may be seen by the tourist to-day, a conspicuous point in the landscape, as he approaches it by land or water, reminding him of a great man's deeds and influences even on generations to come. And he will feel well paid if he ascends the rock and meditates a while by the lonely sepulchre, thinking about the sleeper beneath the tower, his life and his times. He will vividly bring before his imagination such scenes as we referred to at the beginning of the sketch, and, awaking from his reverie and looking around, be wonderfully impressed with the grand scenes of civilisation, of which Julien Du Buque laid the foundation. For a moment he may feel the pathos of the termination of the great man's career, ruined after an active and successful life; of his heroic efforts to retrieve his fortunes, when death struck him down in the strength of his years.

How that valley has changed since Du Buque and his associates disappeared from it! The wilderness is no more and a great civilisation thrives in its place, with busy towns and cities, cultivated fields and charming hills, sprinkled with lovely homesteads, intersected with a network of roads and railways. And, at our feet, is the river, with floating palaces, all for the service of a peaceful and prosperous population. And there before us is the magnificent city, stretching along the Father of Waters, built partly on towering rocks and partly in the valley, with spires and graceful towers that locate temple and legislative hall and school in which lessons for time and eternity are taught and the rights of men defended. And from numerous tall chimneys we see the smoke ascending that indicates extensive industries—wonderful improvements on Du Buque's attempts in that locality. And as we stand there thus impressed we may indulge in the poetic fancy to see Seigneur Du Buque looking out from the battlements of his tower with a smile of satisfaction on his pallid countenance, seeing the development of his "Mines d'Espagne."

Their sun has set, their fascinating presence
Has fled fore'er from the romantic vale.
Bateaux, Tepee, the Voyageur, the Indian,
France and Castile, they all have told their tale.
But listening to the story, fancy wanders,
And dreams sweet dreams of the enchanting past,
To the sweet music of the river listening
And by the gentle, roving winds carressed.



"FLANNELS"

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY

"WHO'S that short-sighted chap that comes late on parade every night?" asked the drill sergeant, as he crammed a load into his pipe.

"Guess you mean our future war correspondent, Mr. Travis, of B Company," was the answer.

"When I was with the Battery—Kingston—you know," he added, as if we didn't, "I met a chap of the same sort, same stupid face, same string tying his specks to his ear, and same gorilla-like walk, only more so. Thought he was a bloomin' Kipling. We let him think it; it paid us, too.

"We caught sight of him outside the gate reading the enlistment poster, and the sergeant, thinking he could rope him in and get his little bit of graft, went out to bring him into the fold. He returned, leading this little innocent by the ear so to speak.

"'What 'ave you got,' says one of us, 'a rooky?' 'Gawd 'elp the Batt'ry when it comes to that,' says the sergeant, ''E's a reporter. 'Ere trumpeter, show this man around the barracks.' And he leaves the dear boy on my hands.

"I showed his nibs around, pointing out the old souvenir cannon and the canteen and other points of interest. He didn't seem properly amused, and finally said, 'I wish they'd let me stay in that cell-room.'

"'Guard-room,' I snorted, 'if you ever get in the cells you will know the difference.'

"'Anyway,' he says, 'it's just like one of Kipling's stories. I suppose you have read them all.'

"'No, but Mickey Dolan and I acts parts of them sometimes at the Christmas concert.'

"'What!' he almost yells, 'where is he? He's just the man I want.'

"I explained cautiously that Mickey was at present doing a tow-path at the far gate. This was a lie, but it would afford me time to think. Mickey was back in the guard-room, wondering what was keeping me so long.

"I added, as a precaution, lest we miss anything good, that we would both be off duty the following afternoon.

"He gulped the bait down whole. 'Meet me,' he says, 'at the head of the bridge at three o'clock, and we will go for a row on the river. The Canadian soldier has been neglected too long! I'm going to write him up! I will be the Canadian Kipling.' And for the first time I saw even a spark of interest showing back of those black-rimmed goggles. Just then the sergeant came down the path, asking me, oh so politely, if there was any part I had forgotten to show the gentleman, as, if so, he would show him round personally and save time. Mr. Kipling, junior, disappeared. I was glad, my mind was so full of ideas I needed a little rest to develop them.

"When I got back I tackled Mickey while the irons were hot.

"'Mickey, my boy,' I said, to begin with, 'will you come with me to-morrow on an innocent little scheme of mine or will you not?'

"'What's the lay-out?' he asks. 'Last time you took one of these mystery fits ye trotted me all over Barriefield after a red-headed girl you were afraid to speak to.'

"'Is it doubting me you are, you potato-lipped Irishman?' I answered scornfully. 'Does the District Officer Commanding inform you of the nature of the inspection? No! As sure as you prepare for a review he will order a field day, and if you pray for manoeuvres he will order parade. Will you come or will you not?'

"'I'll come,' he says finally, 'for anything that will make you talk sensible for ten minutes must have some special attraction.'

"So when we came off duty we hustled over to the dry canteen and dug up the book and studied it up.

"For the first time in six months, I guess, we missed the moving picture shows, and when the battery boys tried to sing the chorus of "Meet me in Rosetime, Rosy,' they fell flat without me and Mickey's tenor voices to guide them.

"Well, sirs, next afternoon we was down at the bridge, the whole three of us (we had took on Hank Moore because he could talk Cockney, which was my idea), and I'll be hanged if we didn't think we'd been hoaxed. At last he came, rounding the bend in a little livery skiff, and, faith, when we crowded in we had to hold some of the refreshments in our arms to make room.

"'Where to?' says Mickey, as he rolled up his sleeves. 'Whisky Island,' says the boy, 'there's a fine nook there.' 'Faith, and I know that one,' says Mickey, and he landed us in a shady little spot near the old tower there.

"Say, when we carried up the stuff it near broke our hearts by making us think of Christmas festivities. Everything a man could want except a corkscrew. We showed him how to open a bottle without breaking the neck or pulling the cork, though, and, man alive, but he was tickled.

"'*Carpe diem,*' he says. We never could find the regiment that motto belong to; maybe you chaps would know, heh?

"Well, anyway, '*Carpe diem,*' he says, 'we might as well enjoy the day before *tempus* has *fugited.* So we fell to.

"Presently he notes the bits of ribbon we had sewed on our pockets. 'What's those,' he says, 'I don't recollect them.'

"'Oh,' I said, careless, 'strike dooty, Hamilton, ask Mickey. He's got the silver tongue.'

"But Mickey didn't seem to hear him. He says to 'Flannels' (for such we called him for his clothes), 'was you ever crossed in love?' and the boy says 'No.' 'Then,' says Mickey, 'you've never been in love,' and the boy allowed as he hadn't.

"'Well, sorr,' said Mickey, 'there was a gurrl up in Hamilton as nigh broke my heart in that strike affair, an' 'twas no fault of mine. To think that by now I might be rockin' a couple of kids to sleep instead of combin' the dust out of a battery hoss.

"'She was a peach, sorr, an' I wish you could have seen her. She had red hair, with more or less freckles, but her eyes was as soft an' blue like the water out yonder. She was sellin' books in a de-part-a-mental store when I met her, an' she says to me, "You soldiers must be lonely without your old friends." I took to her at once, an' the next Sunday walks to church with her and had half the detatchment jealous.

"'We was there a couple of weeks, an' things grew worse, but I didn't care, for as soon as I come off dooty I would round to Kathleen's. Her pa was one of the big guys among the strikers and wore a cork leg. He used to hop up on a box at the corner and preach to the bunch that were hangin' round rubbin' the dirt into our boys, and stirred them up ferocious.

" 'Finally one day they started in with the boulders and several of our chaps got hurt. The old man was dancin' around yellin', "Kill the whelps," an' me as good as engaged to his daughter.

" 'Then someone started shooting. Captain Jones, who was bleeding from a cut in the head, says to me, "Do you see that old devil with the whiskers?" I says, "Yes." "Well," says he, "wing him in the leg." So I shot and busted up the works in that forty-dollar leg so that he drops as though kilt.

" 'Then Kathleen run out from the crowd, for the women was as thick as the men and swearing as bad, too, more shame to them. "Are you kilt, father?" she cries. "Yes, an' 'twas your Mickey as done it, the deceivin' hound," he answered, and his language was terrible.

" 'So I never called on them again. In a couple of days we was called home again, and I left without makin' up to her. An' it wasn't my fault, for I often went into the bookshop to speak to her, but she would start and dust or do something so that the other gurrl there would have to wait on me. And since then I've been trying to ferget her, but there's no such gurrls as Kathleen Donovan bred on this side of the watther. I have her picture taken with me in uniform in my kit box yet, an' I'll show it to you some time, sorr.'

"That is about as much as I can remember of the way Mickey told it. Indeed, if it had been Mickey that had done the writing the story might have got into print, but, as 'Flannels' confessed afterwards, he mishandled the dialect shameful.

"We had made that one yarn last all afternoon, and it was near sunset before we drained the last bottle to Mickey's favourite toast, 'Women, the whole bloomin' bunch,' and the boy closed his pocket notebook.

"So one way or another we kept ourselves in drinks the whole summer, to the astonishment of the whole battery and the joy of the colonel, for we didn't come up on the mat during the whole season.

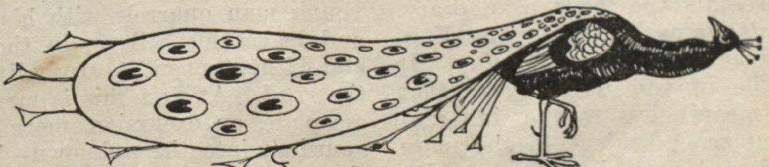
"Then Mickey spoilt the whole campaign by introducing 'Flannels' to his girl one Sunday afternoon. He had spoken to me about it, and I had warned him not to, but he couldn't see the harm.

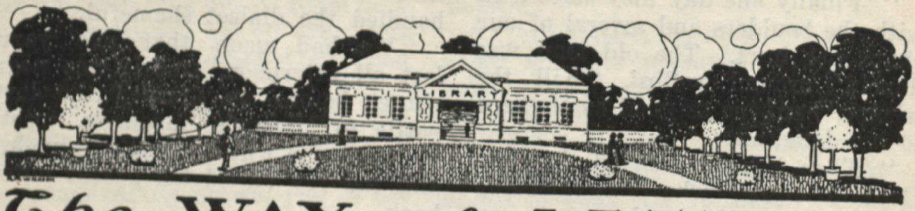
"Then one afternoon when we saw the two of them crossing the bridge towards the volunteer camp, we knew we had killed the goose that layed the golden eggs.

"So we went back to the canteen and drunk the old toast, ' 'Ere's to women, the whole bloomin' bunch,' and I guess we must have overdone it, for when the canteen sergeant ordered us out we started to argue, and along came the guard and run us in.

"Well, it's getting late, but let's have a drink to the old times before we break up. Come on, boys, 'The Times that was; the Times that was!'

"And then we filed out to where the arc lights were twinkling in the rain."





The WAY of LETTERS

THE "girl in" we have had in almost every combination that would catch the popular fancy—the American girl in London, the English girl in America, and the English girl in France. It remained for Marthe Troly-Curtin to present the brightest of them all in "Phrynette and London," obviously a French girl in the English metropolis. A "delightful" book would probably be the feminine description of this feminine story. *Phrynette* is a French miss of quaint ideas, and the ability of presenting them in the cleverest, most effective phrases and descriptions—a girl whose English life is the result of the death of a hand-to-mouth father who left her nothing but her artistic instincts and a great, blind affection for his memory. The heroine is a delightfully—funny how that word clings in discussing the book—a delightfully frank, ingenuous, inexperienced, entrancing girl, with a *penchant* for picking up English slang and misusing English words most embarrassingly. Everybody loves her, including herself; and everyone is surprisingly frank about it—also including *Phrynette* herself, who presents the book as a diary. *Phrynette* is as Frenchy as an English writer could have made her. It would be unkind to suggest that events meaningless to the innocent girl, but most evident to the more sophisticated, are dwelt upon with undue force when there must have been so many things happening full of import to this guileless student of English life and customs. The story is insignificant, but the brightness of judgment and cleverness of phrasing make the book worth while on every page, and the kindly criticism of English life is essentially from a French point of view. That it is for the most part commendatory naturally impels approval from the Canadian or English reader. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

IN "None Other Gods," Robert Hugh Benson has given us something to make us think. It is not a sermon and it does not point a moral, yet it has a message for us if we care to look for it. This implies that the message is not obvious; one may not read it running, but must study a little and turn it over in the mind. Even then, it is probable that no two people will find exactly the same message. In this lies its value for the seeker. On the other hand if one does not care to bother about messages one may enjoy a good story, well-written, and go one's way. A young man quarrels with his father and leaves his college, in the night and without a cent, to study life upon the *road.* At first this is merely an escapade, an excursion, more or less amusing, into the unknown—how it changes into something very different and very wonderful the book must tell. In a word, the young man loses all, but gains his own soul. But the book is not an evangelistic tract; it does not draw conclusions; it does not preach or dogmatise—it tells a story—and makes one think! (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

⁂

A SOUTHERN story of stormy old times in North Carolina and Tennessee, is "The Prodigal Judge," by Vaughan Kester. One is so accustomed to prudence, poise and all other estimable virtues in association with the office of "judge" that the title proves suggestive and piquant, thereby fulfilling the author's ideal. The story of the criminal clan and its doings is as thrilling as the most ardent lover of adventure could desire, while the delineation of the *Judge* and his incorrigible friend, *Solomon Mahaffy,* is an excellent blending of boldness and delicacy. The villains of the tale are of the requisite blackness, without the vestige of redeeming virtues, and it affords the gentle reader pure joy when they are tumbled over cliffs or into dark rivers, to meet due punishment. *Betty Malroy,* the heroine, is of the traditional Southern type—sweet, spirited and most daintily feminine. She has the old-time tribulations and is almost carried off by the darkest of the villains. However, the reader will follow all these diverting adventures for himself. But the unforgettable feature of the book is the reprobate old judge, whose tragedy is never without its comic aspect. To read the book is to fall under the spell of a crumpled and yet pathetic character, and it is quite impossible not to love *Judge Slocum Price*—whose final name would betray the secret of the story. The illustrations of the modern novel are not, as a rule, either suitable or inspiring. In this matter, the artist of "The Prodigal Judge," M. Leone Bracker, is a joyous exception, and one recognises with gladness an illustrator who is actually in sympathy with the spirit of the narrative and the essential humanity of the character. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen).

⁂

THE society of modern London appears to afford an inexhaustible field to the novelist. The latest writer of fiction to reap a harvest of epigrams and character study from this soil is Patrick Rushden, whose first novel, "The Sea Lion," is much better than the average "best seller." There is the old situation of amazing physical similarity between two characters, who belong to different moral hemispheres. How the fastidious heroine, *Sybil,* is so purblind as to mistake *S. Thornfield* for the original "sea lion" is difficult to explain, and one is strongly tempted to expostulate with that young lady concerning her infatuation with an absolute "bounder." However, as she has her eyes effectually opened in time to save her from matrimonial disillusions, the reader is consoled by the escape from *S. Thornfield's* enthralling power. *Sir James Ripley* is, perhaps, the most arresting character in a group where no one is commonplace. His uncanny influence over his wife—who is a rather tiresome and flabby personality—and his desire to play the *deus ex machina* in the affairs of his acquaintances lead to dramatic consequences. The occult element in the plot is subtly and not sensationally handled. The book arouses unusual interest. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

⁂

DIOGENES'S celebrated pervestigation has furnished the basis for many a later occupation. *Gilead Balm,* in the book of the same name, by Bernard Capes, undertook something of the same task in his Quest—don't forget the capital—for the truth—here omit the capital. Capes's use of the capital was innocently well-advised, since the Quest was a much more important thing than the truth. About the only truth revealed throughout the story is one not intended by the author—that *Balm* was rather over-poweringly a fool. The hero, with his great instincts for the truth, was fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to have untold wealth left him; whereupon he encounters the opportunity of revealing through his investigations of the Agony Column of *The Daily Post* that Providence made a slip by not selecting someone with brains for the handling of so much money. It is not the intention of the author to have *Gilead Balm* (the name's bad enough to forecast the book) appear in anything but a favourable light, but both of them failed in the search for the truth. A prolific theme has been spoilt for some more capable writer. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company).

*

"A BOOK of Dear Dead Women," is the singular title of a volume of short stories by Edna Worthley Underwood. Doubtless, some readers would be fascinated by these tales, but just wherein their fascination lies one can scarcely say. For instance, the author takes Napoleon and weaves a romance into his march on the retreat from Moscow. Throughout, the stories are highly imaginative and full of colour, but perhaps that is the most that can be said for them. (Boston: Little, Brown & Company).

*

"I'VE never cared for anybody in my whole life, I think—I want to be honest for once—I've done so much pretending." This avowal, which comes towards the end of "The Legacy," by Mary S. Watts, just about sounds the keynote of *Letty Breen's* character. Here is a woman who was confronted in the heyday of her life with a legacy in the form of family traits and relatives. She married a man, after having carefully calculated the prospect, and one would judge that her case almost proves that it is possible to compel happiness to oneself even in the face of unpropitious surroundings. The story of this woman is compelling, notwithstanding its treatment of sordid aspects of life. But one does not wonder at that, coming, as the book does, from the author of "Nathan Burke." (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

NOT many years ago, Mr. George Pattullo, whose home is in Woodstock, Ontario, was engaged in reportorial work on one of the Montreal newspapers. He got the idea that he could make his way in a larger field, so he went over to Boston and gradually drifted into magazine work. He wrote short stories and sketches for several publications, and now his first book appears under the title of "The Untamed." This book deals mostly with animals, but they are strong common-sense character studies, reasonable in conception, and excellent in execution. They form a most interesting set of modern animal tales. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen).

*

SELDOM in a work of so much significance and importance as "The West in the East" does one encounter a clear and unbiased report with respect to affairs that are of international and inter-continental moment. The author of this book, Mr. Price Collier, is an American, and a good many persons would naturally conclude in advance that he would write about India with a bias against British rule there. While one could search in vain for anything that could be regarded as partial in any sense, Mr. Collier writes in a charming manner about one of the most fascinating countries and peoples in the world and with the keen insight and broad sympathy that should follow long experience in travel and social study. The author seems to have approached the subject with an open mind, with an abundance of excellent credentials and introductions, and with sufficient residence in India to enable him to write after good observation, but not too close to the matter in hand. He was received into the highest circles in India and was enabled to form an opinion of diplomatic relations there, with the result that his book is one of the most valuable of the kind that has appeared within recent years. (Toronto: McClelland & Goodchild).

*

NOW Arnold Bennett gives publicity to a new book, entitled "Mental Efficiency." The title indicates something very different from "Paris Nights," "The Old Wives' Tales," and "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," and, indeed, it is different. But, while it is philosophical under the crust, it is not dry philosophy, for the author has the happy knack of beguiling his readers into the meshes of his reasoning and pleasing them while he administers culture and good advice. The book is divided into chapters, such as "Marriage," "Success," "The Secret of Content." (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

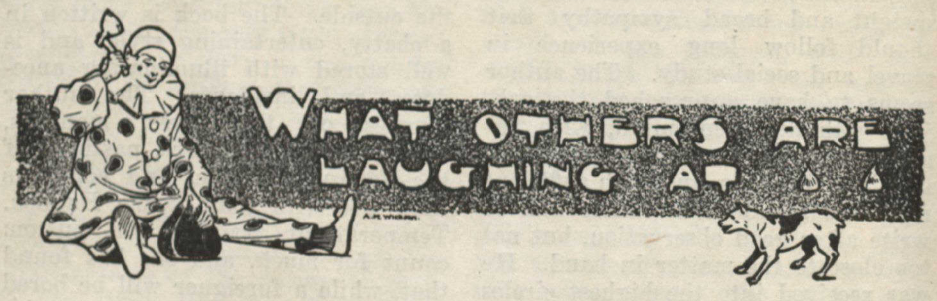
A GOOD many illusions about Japan are dispelled in the reading of "Behind the Screens in Japan," by Evelyn Adam. Miss Adam lived six years in Japan, and during that time she was enabled to observe things from the inside instead of, as is usually the case, from the outside. The book is written in a chatty, entertaining style, and is well stored with illuminating anecdotes and incidents. The author touches on the dress, manners, habits, sports, pleasures, pastimes of the Japanese people, and contrasts their life with that of the English. Temperament, training and custom count for much, and she has found that, while a foreigner will be bored unbearably by a succession, for instance, of *Geisha* dances, the natives will watch the same thing over and over again for hours without displaying the least semblance of fatigue. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons).

*

OWEN WISTER'S latest book of Western tales, "Members of the Family," promises to be almost as popular as "The Virginian." It consists of a number of short stories, each distinct in itself, but all more or less related one to another. The novel part is the preface. In a book of this kind one hardly knows why there should be a preface at all, but if any reader should find the tales dull (which is not probable) he can turn for amusement to the preface. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

"THE hammock or the after deck is the place for "The People of Popham," the latest novel by Mary C. E. Wemyss. But in any place it is an amusing story of country life and characters in England. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).


WHAT OTHERS ARE LAUGHING AT

The Easiest Way

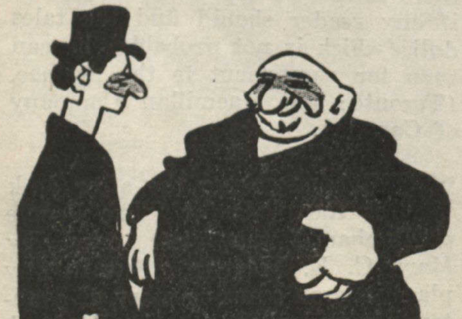
Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston wouldn't let Frances Starr play in that city in Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way."

The young lady had a conference with the Mayor about it. The Mayor was firm.

"Well, Mr. Mayor," said Miss Starr, "next year I'll come back with a play you can't object to."

"We shall be glad to see you, Miss Starr," said the Mayor. "What will that play be?"

"Why, I am going to have that book, 'How to Know the Wild Flowers' dramatised."—*Saturday Evening Post.*



"Oh, you've heard it before."
"Well, not exactly the same."

—*Jugend*

Shifting the Blame

An Indiana assessor had trouble getting people to list dogs for taxes.

"Got a dawg?" he asked.

"No," was the answer.

"Well, I'll 'sess you one anyway—not my fault if hain't got any—plenty of dawgs."—*Success.*

⁂

"Party gowns will be cut lower in the back this year."

"Is that so? Then we'll have to make our belts narrower."—*Toledo Blade.*

⁂

Uncommon Sense

Dr. Abernethy, the famous Scotch surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match—in a woman. She called at his office in Edinburgh, one day, with a hand badly inflamed and swollen. The following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place.

"Burn?"

"Bruise."

"Poultice."

The next day the woman called, and the dialogue was as follows:

"Better?"

"Worse."

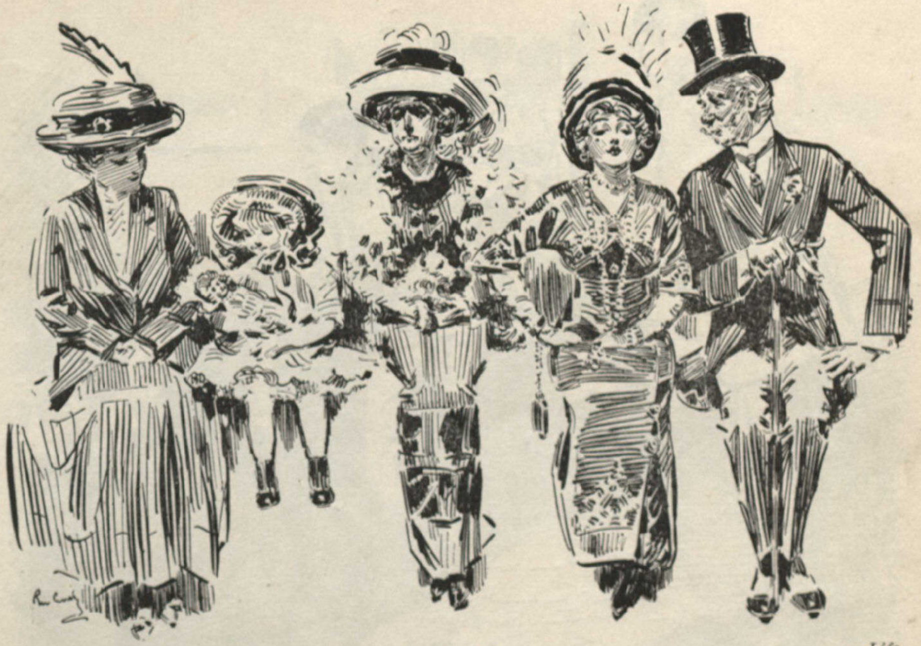
"More Poultice."

Two days later the woman made another call.

"Better?"

"Well. Fee?"

"Nothing. Most sensible woman I ever saw."—*Everybody's.*



DOLLS —*Life*

The Way of the Transgressor

When Miss Cheney, one of the popular teachers in the Swarthmore schools, had to deal with a boy who played "hookey," she failed to impress him with the evil of his ways.

"Don't you know what becomes of little boys who stay away from school to play baseball?" asked Miss Cheney.

"Yessum," replied the lad promptly. "Some of 'em gits to be good players and pitch in the big leagues." —*Philadelphia Times.*

*

On His Way

Patient—"Say, that isn't the tooth I want pulled."

Dentist—"Never mind. I'm coming to it."—*Boston Transcript.*

*

Couldn't Lose Him

Patience—"And did her father follow them when they eloped?"

Patience—"Sure! He's living with them yet!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Sacrificial

Sweet Girl (affectionately) —"Papa, you wouldn't like me to leave you, would you?"

Papa (fondly)—"Indeed, I would not, my darling."

Sweet Girl—"Well, then, I'll marry Mr. Poorchap. He is willing to live here."—*New York Weekly.*

*

The Other Side of the Case

"This car," said the agent, "will be just as good twenty years from now as it is to-day."

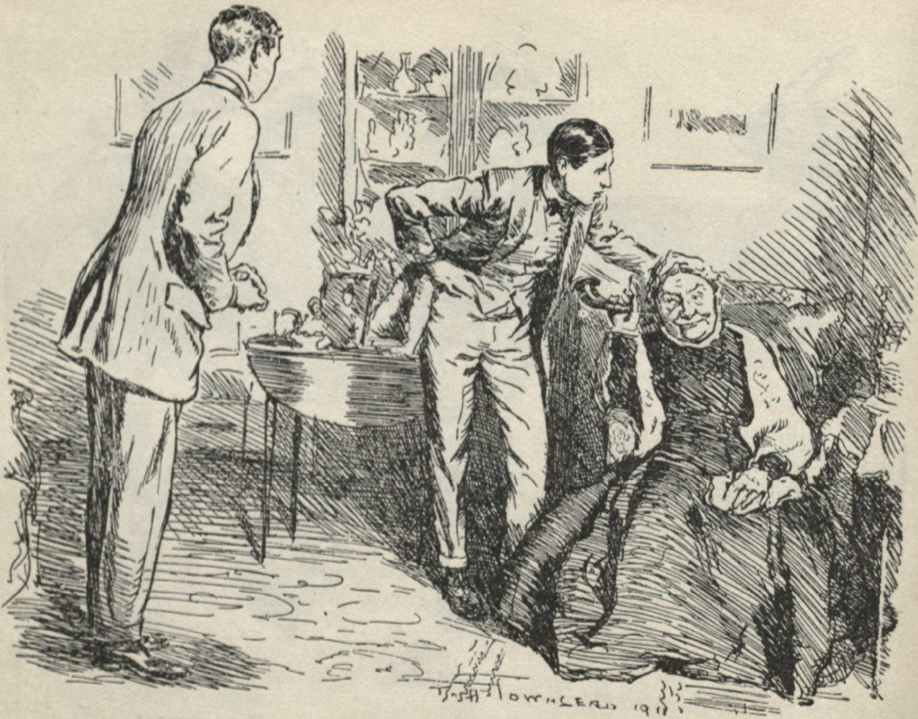
"It looks it," said Blinks. "What I want, though, is a car that'll be a darn sight better to-day than it will be after I've had it twenty years."—*Harper's Weekly.*

*

Revenged

"Johnny, I have great news for you; I'm going to marry your sister. What do you think about that?"

"I think it serves her right."—*Houston Post.*



"Aunt Mary, this is my frrend, Mr. Spiffkins."
"I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch the name."
"Mr. Spiffkins."
"I'm really very deaf; would you mind repeating it."
"Mr. Spiffkins."
"I'm afraid I must give it up—it sounds to me like 'Spiffkins.'"
—*Punch*

In the Light of Reason

A farmer, returning home late at night, found a man standing beside the house, with a lighted lantern in his hand. "What are you doing here?" he asked, savagely, suspecting he had caught a criminal. For answer came a chuckle, and—"It's only mee, zur."

The farmer recognised John, his shepherd.

"It's you, John, is it? What on earth are you doing here this time o' night?"

Another chuckle. "I'm a-coortin' Ann, zur."

"And so you've come courting with a lantern, you fool. Why, I never took a lantern when I courted your mistress."

"No, zur, you didn't, zur," John chuckled. "We can all zee you didn't, zur."—*Answers.*

Three Times and Out

He—"Is Miss Smith in?"

Maid—"No, she's out."

He—"Well, then, call Miss Smythe."

Maid—"She's out, too."

He—"I guess I'll sit by the fire and wait."

Maid—"I'm sorry, but the fire is out."—*Sphinx.*

⁂

The Proof

"You say he has untold wealth?"

"Hasn't filed a tax statement for years."—*Washington Herald.*

⁂

Cured

The Smitten Man (fervently)—"Love you, darling? Why, before I met you, I thought only of having a good time in life."—*Puck.*